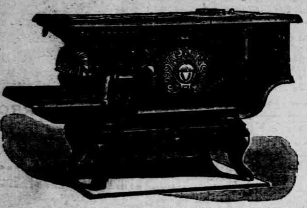
A. L. DAVIS,
The Cash Hardware Merchant, sells the celebrated Acorn Stove, the acknowledged king.



Also handles the DANGLER GASOLINE STOVE, the most durable, convenient and economical stove made. Come in and see it.
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in bulk, warranted fresh. If you need any article in our line come and see us and we will save you money. A. L. DAVIS.

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I am prepared this season, as usual, to furnish the people of North Platte with a first-class quality of ice cut from my lake and frozen from pure well water. This ice is far superior to river ice. All orders will be promptly filled.
WM. EDIS.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
February 24th, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on April 14th, 1894, viz: DeWitt VanBrocklin who made H. E. No. 13450, for the southeast quarter of section 24, township 11, range 20 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Edwin L. Garrison, Orrin Bacon, Abner Votaw, and William Powell, all of Elizabeth, Neb.

A. S. BALDWIN,
86 Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
February 19th, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on April 21st, 1894, viz: Ella I. Dickey, widow of John H. Dickey, deceased, who made Homestead Entry No. 12,880 for the southeast quarter section 24, township 15 north, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz: John J. Berger, Lester Walker, John Beyerly and William Hubartt, all of North Platte, Neb.

76 A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

U. P. TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

No. 8—Atlantic Express	Dept 12:30 A. M.
No. 6—Chicago Express	" 6:30 A. M.
No. 4—Fast Mail	8 50 A. M.
No. 2—Limited	" 10:05 A. M.
No. 28—Freight	" 7:50 A. M.
No. 18—Freight	" 6:00 P. M.
No. 22—Freight	" 4:05 A. M.

GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME.

No. 7—Pacific Express	Dept 4:40 A. M
No. 5—Denver Express	" 10:30 P. M
No. 1—Limited	" 10:00 P. M
No. 21—Freight	" 4:30 P. M
No. 23—Freight	" 6:10 A. M

N. B. OLDS. Agent.

GRIMES & WILCOX,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over North Platte National Bank.

A. H. CHURCH,
LAWYER,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office: Hinman Block, Spruce Street.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON,
Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over Streitz's Drug Store.

WM. EVES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA
Office: Neville's Block. Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.

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DEALER IN
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Crude Petroleum and
Coal Gas Tar.
Leave orders at Evans' Book Store.

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SIXTH STREET
MEAT MARKET.
Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

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W. C. RITNER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Monuments, Headstones,
Curbing, Building Stone,
And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery Work.
Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimates freely given.

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Has 200,000 acres of U. P. R. R. land for sale on the ten year plan. Call and see him if you want a bargain.

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OF ALL KINDS,
Farm and Spring Wagons,
Buggies, Road Carts,
Wind Mills, Pumps, Barb Wire, Etc.
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R. D. THOMSON,
Architect,
Contractor and Builder.
127 Sixth St. Cor. of Vine,
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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Fresh, Salted and Smoked
MEATS.
Hams, Bacon, Fresh Sausage Poultry, Eggs, Etc.
Cash Paid for Hides and Furs.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited and we will aim to please you at all times.

E. B. WARNER.
Funeral Director.
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A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock.
NORTH PLATTE, - NEBBRSKA.
Telegraph orders promptly attended to.

4,000 Columns
—OF—
Good Reading
—FOR—
$1.30.
The Tribune and
Weekly Inter Ocean
Both one year $1.30.

77
DR. HUMPHREYS'
New Specific No. Seventy-Seven
FOR THE CURE OF
GRIPPE
With all its symptoms of Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat and general Prostration and Fever. Taken early it cuts it short promptly; taken during its prevalence, prevents its invasion; taken while suffering from it, a relief is speedily realized, which is continued to an entire cure.
This being a New Remedy, if your Druggist will not get it for you, it will be sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for $1.00.
HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,
Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

DOT LONG HANDLED DIPPER.

Der poet may sing of "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"
Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell,
Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggedasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.
I don'd take some schtock in dot manner of trinking.
It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink,
Dhere vos more sadisfactions in my vay off trinking
Mit dot long handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

"How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive it"—
Dot vould sound pooty goot, eef it only vas true,
Der vater schbills ofer, you petter believe it,
Und runs down your schleeve und schlops indo your shoe.
Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle
Und makes your eyes vater so gvick as a vink.
I dells you dot bookit it don't hold a candle
To dot long handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter vedder,
Vhen it settles right down to a coldt, freezing rain,
To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher
Und findt dot der bookit vas broke off der chain!
Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,
Vhile into your back cooms an oldt fashioned kink.
I bet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
For dot long handled dipper dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen give oup der bookit und pails to der horses,
Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem dheir fill.
Gife me dot pure vater dot all der time courses
Droo dhose pipes dot run down from der schpring on der hill.
Und eef der goot dings off dis vorld I gets rich in,
Und frendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink,
I schtill vill remember dot oldt coundtry kitchen
Und dot long handle dipper dot hangs py der sink.

—Charles Follen Adams.

BY THE RED DEATH.

About the middle of the seventeenth century there lived in Venice a certain haughty duke so rich and powerful as to be feared by friend as well as foe, for that was a period of constant murder and assassination.

It was the custom of this nobleman to give costly banquets in the great hall of his palace, but there was always one thing to mar the festivity of the occasion—the constant dread of some secret agent of death.

And what tended still more to mystery and fear on these occasions of festivity was the presence of the Red Mask. Next to the lord of the feast, on his left hand, always sat a silent, mysterious figure in a red domino, with a blood red mask concealing every feature.

Before the guests separated he always rose, gave his hand to the noble host, and then went slowly, solemnly and silently around the table, shaking hands with each.

As all believed that he was the duke's secret poisoner, he was regarded with awe and dread and came in time to be spoken of and known as the Red Death. How his fatal purpose was effected none could say, but it was conjectured that upon one of his jeweled fingers he wore what was known as the "death ring"—a ring curiously constructed, with deadly poison in the interior, which could be injected, by a sudden pressure upon a concealed spring, into the hand of any one taken in apparent friendship.

In the very zenith of his life and power the duke one day received the singular intelligence that a gentleman had made his appearance in Venice so closely resembling him in face and figure that more than one person had mistaken him for his grace.

"Who is this adventurer?" angrily demanded the duke. "Go, seek him out and say it is my pleasure to see him at my palace!"

The stranger was found and readily accepted the invitation of the nobleman, who received him in his private apartments, with only one attendant present.

The resemblance of the two was certainly very striking.

"Who are you?" demanded the duke in an imperious tone.

"I am the Count of Palmera!"

At the mention of this title the attendant of the duke gave a slight, quick start and fixed his eyes searchingly upon the stranger.

"I am glad at least to hear you are a nobleman," pursued the duke, "as the thought of having my likeness borne by a plebeian would have been too humiliating. There should be but one such face in Venice, count!"

"So think I, duke!"

"I may hope, then, you will take early leave of our proud city!"

"I was in hopes your race had made arrangements to quit the country!"

"You are insolent, count!"

"So are you, duke!"

"By the bones of St. Mark!" the duke began in a malignant rage, but added, in quite a different tone, with a forced smile:

"Your pardon, count; I am too hasty. It is not the fault of either of us that we look alike and have tempers alike. If we cannot be friends, there is no need of our being enemies."

"I am disposed to meet your grace half way in either anger or friendship."

"I thank your lordship, and trust you will honor my banquet on Friday evening next with your presence, when I will do myself the pleasure to introduce your lordship to some of the first nobles of Venice."

As Antonio left the presence of his noble master, he seized the first opportunity to say to the count:

"My lord, I have a private word for your ear. We are countrymen."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," pursued Antonio, speaking low and in Spanish. "I know your house well, and I would serve you. Your life is in danger here."

"So I believe."

"I think this banquet is given expressly to destroy you!"

"I had my fears."

"Yet if you will come to it and follow my instructions you shall not only be saved, but you will become duke of Francavella."

"How? Speak!"

"Seem indifferent to my remarks now, my lord. Have you ever heard of the Red Death, my lord?"

"Never, to my knowledge."

"It is briefly this: On the nights of festivity a figure in red domino and red mask sits near the duke. At the close of the feast this figure shakes hands with all present, and it is rarely that some one of the number does not die shortly after. Does your lordship comprehend?"

"I think I do—secret poison."

"When this Red Mask takes your hand on that night, he will leave within it a paper of instruction, which you must find an opportunity to read in secret and follow to the letter."

"How do you know this?"

"You shall know if you come."

"I will come—though how am I to know you mean me well?"

"If I meant you ill, my lord, what need to warn you?"

"True—it is enough—I will be here."

Punctual to the appointed time, the Count of Palmera appeared at the banquet of the Duke of Francavella. At the close came the handshaking round of the dreaded Red Death.

The count, being a stranger, seemed the most indifferent of any, as was natural he should. He poured out more wine and drank and then seemed to reflect. In this mood he held the small paper which he had just received in such a way that he could peruse it without being suspected. This paper contained these words:

Feign illness and be shown to a private apartment. I will be there to complete the design.

In a few minutes the duke, who had been furtively watching the count, remarked, with seeming concern, that he feared his lordship was ill.

The nobles exchanged glances, and each breathed freer as he fancied he had discovered the victim in other than himself.

But the count, instead of getting better, seemed to grow more faint, and his kind host suggested that he should be shown to a private apartment and his chief physician be summoned.

He offered his arm to the count, who leaned heavily on it, and thus left the hall. Passing through an anteroom, they entered one hung with damask and richly furnished.

The Red Mask, who had left the banqueting hall before them, was standing here as if awaiting their coming. As the duke assisted his guest to a divan the Red Mask quietly closed and bolted the door.

Then, producing a small rope with the slipknot of a hangman, he glided up to the duke as he bent over the count, and throwing the noose around his neck drew it tight and strangled him before he could comprehend his murderous design and raise his voice for help.

When the duke was quite dead, the mask was removed, and the face of Antonio appeared before the count.

"Quick, my lord!" said Antonio, pale and trembling at what he had done. "Disrobe, put on the dress of the duke, return to the hall and be lord of the palace. If you succeed in deceiving the assembled guests—which I trust your close resemblance will enable you to do—we are safe; if you fail, we are lost."

Assisted by Antonio, the Count of Palmera was soon dressed in the gorgeous robes of the Duke of Francavella, and the counterfeit was so perfect that none but a wife could have detected the difference.

The plan of the iniquitous schemer succeeded perfectly, and all the guests that night retired in the belief that the false duke was the real.

The next day the Count of Palmera appeared in St. Mark's place and other parts of Venice in his own proper person.

This destroyed the suspicion that he had been poisoned, as all at the banquet believed.

In fact, it was only through the dying confessions of the count himself that the truth came out at all, which many would not believe even then.

Long before this event, however, the Red Death had ceased to appear because of the real death of Antonio, whom his new master had murdered in turn for fear of being himself murdered or betrayed by the only one who possessed his fatal secret.—Exchange.

An Old German Tradition.

The Germans have a saying, which has almost become a proverb, that "a duke of Brunswick never died at home." It received corroboration by the death of the last duke, who followed in the footsteps of five of his predecessors—to wit, his grandfather, who died at Ottensen from wounds received at Auerstadt; his father, who fell at the battle of Ligny; his brother, who died at Geneva, where he lies entombed in the well known piecemontee; his ancestor, Julius Leopold, who was drowned in an inundation of the Oder, and William, who died in a hamlet far from his estates, though nearer to them than the death spot of any of the others.

HER WORLD.

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide.
"Yonder," he said, "old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide."
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red.
"Yonder," she thought, "with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep."
They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea
And Naples slept beneath her olive trees.
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still ran one longing through her smiles and sighs—
"If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!"
Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed,
Her baby lying warm against her breast.
"What does she see?" he whispered. "Can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?"
"Ah, no," she said. "She shuts him safe from harms
Within the love locked harbor of her arms.
No fear of coming fate could make me sad
If so tonight I held my little lad."
"If you could choose," he said, "a royal boon
Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?"
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall,
Swam in the mist of tears along the wall.
"Not power," she said, "nor riches nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad tonight!"
—Emily H. Miller in Independent.

XANTIPPE.

Daphne stepped lightly out over the threshold of her door. The sun was shining with an intolerable glare on the white marble walls of the houses around and on the white lime dust of the pavement, causing Daphne's bright, laughing eyes to wink and blink involuntarily. She drew a thin, gauzy veil over her head and face and slipped, keeping carefully within the sparse shadow cast by the walls of the houses, to a dwelling near by. Raising a heavy curtain hanging before the entrance door, she tripped softly inside. The room, however, was quite empty. It was a small, square room, the walls colored dark red; its only furniture a tripod, on which were burning dimly two chased silver lamps.

"She will be in the Gynakeion," said Daphne to herself softly, and raising another curtain, which hung exactly opposite, she passed through into a second room. There, under a portico which led out into a courtyard, upon a circular marble bench, sat the one whom she was seeking—a young and beautiful woman. A long white garment, with a border embroidered in crimson, lay in heavy, graceful folds about her small outstretched feet; an upper garment (the chiton) of the same color as the robe was gathered closely up about her neck, but left her slender arms quite bare, one of which rested languidly upon the carved back of the seat. The woman's small head was bound with three narrow scarlet silken fillets, her wavy hair caught up in a loose knot at the back of her neck. Hearing the curtain rustle, she turned her head and smiled as her dark eyes caught sight of Daphne's smiling face peeping from among its folds. Kissing her hand, she pointed toward the court and shook her head as a warning to the newcomer not to speak too loud. In the court, regardless of the sun's hot rays, by the side of a fountain—a lion's head, from whose open mouth a slender stream of water fell into a shallow basin—two men were seated in earnest conversation.

Daphne glided noiselessly up to her friend's side, and seating herself upon the ground laid her head upon the other's knees. She sat there some moments in silence, endeavoring to catch what it was the men were discussing. In vain. She could hear only the sound of their voices. That of the principal speaker—a dark, swarthy man, of middle age, with a flat nose and thick, protruding lips—was sonorous and mellow; his companion's, high pitched and squeaking. After a few minutes' silence, Daphne whispered:

"How ugly he is—thy Socrates!"

"But so learned, so wise, so great," murmured the other in answer, but she sighed as she spoke.

"Thou sighest. Hast wearied on the first day of thy wedded life with thy philosopher?" inquired Daphne, with a bright, sidelong glance.

"No," answered Xantippe proudly. "Is he not the most learned, the wisest man in all Athens? And I am happy to think he considered me worthy to be his wife. Thou shouldst have heard the speech with which he welcomed me to his roof yesterday. Among other things he told me that there were evil demons who lurked in corners and cupboards to tempt young wives to be neglectful of their duties. But there was also a deity who, living under our roof, would take me under his protection, guard me from evil and help me to resist temptation, whom I must propitiate by humility and wifely obedience. But how can I do this when Socrates himself prevents me?"

"Socrates—prevent thee! Speak, and tell me how this can be. Thou knowest I was wedded against my will to Antisthenes, preferring Glaucus, to whom my parents refused me. Should I learn from thee, however, that the wife of a philosopher has reason to complain of her lot, I shall no longer reproach my parents in my heart for bestowing me on the merchant and denying me to the scholar."

"Thou knowest," answered Xantippe, "that it is my duty to see that my lord's table is well supplied with suitable food. But how can I do this when he gives me no money? Three times I went this morning to him, asking him gently, "Give me, I pray thee, a tetrobolon, that I may buy fish and vegetables for the midday meal." Twice he gave me no answer; the third he spoke not to me, but to Euclid, who arrived here this morning from Megara, "Euclid, why does this woman trouble us and disturb us at our discourse?"

Before Daphne could open her mouth to speak the words of sympathy trembling on her lips, Socrates, leaving his seat at the fountain, approached, followed by his friend.

"According to the sun, it should be midday, my Xantippe. I am hungry. If the midday meal is prepared, we will partake of it. Euclid, too, will bear us company."

Daphne smiled maliciously at the thought that the philosopher and his pupil were likely this day at least to go hungry.

Xantippe, however, blushed with shame. She arose from her seat trembling, and standing with downcast head before her husband in faltering tones explained why the midday meal was not prepared.

She had asked him hours ago for money to buy food, but he had given her none.

Euclid laughed jeeringly at her words, but Socrates replied mildly: "Justice is one of the chiefest virtues belonging to man. As I gave thee no money at thy request, the fault is mine. The next time, however, my Xantippe, when I do not heed thy words, raise thy voice and continue speaking until thou succeedest in attracting my attention. Let the evening meal, therefore, be prepared earlier than usual. And now fetch us a vessel of wine, that we may continue our discourse with minds and bodies refreshed."

Xantippe's beautiful face cleared up at Socrates' quiet words. "Thou seest," she whispered when she and Daphne were alone together again, "how kind and just he is."

And she kept her husband's advice, to raise her voice while speaking to him, fixed firmly in her memory.

The next day, therefore, when Socrates turned a deaf ear to her request for money—he being at that time in earnest conversation with Daphne's husband, Antisthenes—she raised her voice, as she had been bidden by him, and as he still continued oblivious to her request she screamed, in a voice so shrill and loud that she herself was startled at the sound of it, "Socrates, give me some money!"

The philosopher, disturbed and anxious to continue his discourse with his friend, promptly complied with her demand.

In a very few days, however, Socrates' ears became accustomed to his wife's tones, shrill as they had grown. And Xantippe, on her part, found it impossible—accustomed as she was by this time to the high key necessary to make herself audible to her husband—to lower her voice when speaking to others.

Daphne therefore remarked complainingly to Xantippe's friends and her own: "Xantippe's voice grows harsher and shriller every day. Not content with screaming at her philosopher, she begins now to scream at us."

Xantippe soon found it necessary to ask Socrates for money to buy new garments. When she succeeded at last in making her husband understand what it was she required, he shook his head doubtfully and answered:

"In my eyes, my Xantippe, thou art beautiful and lovely in thy present garments—old and shabby though they be. Beware of vanity, which is also a demon."

Xantippe, however, was not satisfied with this judgment of her husband, philosopher though he was, concerning the garment she was wearing. Daphne, too, assured her that the robe was not fit to be worn.

When, therefore, Xantippe for a second time, with tears and shrill upbraidings, insisted on Socrates complying with her desire, the philosopher, to be rid of her, gave her three times as much money as she had asked for. And Xantippe, overjoyed, was able to buy for herself, besides the coveted garments, a fillet of gold for her hair, and an armlet in the shape of a serpent, of an Egyptian who sold jewelry in the bazar.

From that day Xantippe's voice grew louder and louder, until her husband grew to shudder at the very sound of it.

And not only Daphne, but soon all Athens—all Greece—all the world—proclaimed Xantippe a scold and a shrew who, by her complaints and upbraidings, made the life of her philosopher husband a burden to him.

Poor Xantippe!—Translated From the German For Short Stories.

Hyperbolical.

Man of Fashion (reading in a newspaper that a village schoolmaster had shot himself because he could not pay a debt of 50 marks)—Ridiculous! Why, if I were to shoot myself for every 50 marks that I owe, I should be kept at it all the year round!—Fliegende Blatter.

A LYRIC.

When winds blow high, and frost is white,
And roads are steel, and trees are ice,
And window panes wear tracings light,
And all the world bears cold's device,
Night falls, and careful mothers pray
In sweet content, though storm wind whirls,
"Beneath one roof, till break of day
Sleep safe the careless boys and girls!"

All safe and under one rooftree,
All safe because the mother heart
Is near them; soft and tenderly
It broods until the clouds depart.
The time will come when birds must go
From out the parent nest away—
When lonely, though no wild winds blow,
The mother heart will sadly stay.

Ah, mother heart, ah, mother heart,
How lonely are the hours that pass,
When sleet and hail from heaven dart,
Or when there's sunshine on the grass;
How often you wish back the night
When the storm's fury seemed to fall;
How often strive to stay Time's flight,
And that drear winter backward call!

What matters storm? Ah, welcome rain
And the weird shrieking of the wind
Rather than sunshine and the pain
Of loss that saddens heart and mind.
The dumb cry for the wandering!
Come war without, if peace within—
If love beneath the rooftree sing,
What evil thing can enter in?
—Catholic Family Annual.

LOCKED IN.

Was it a dream?

As I opened my eyes a strange spectacle presented itself. In front of me was a scaffold supporting a guillotine. A man was pinioned, with his neck resting on the block, the tall executioner standing ready to pull the cord and liberate the shining blade that hung aloft. Around were grouped a priest and state officials dressed in French costumes of the last century. And the pale moon shed its somber light over all. In a moment I recollected that I must be in the chamber of horrors of Paul's waxwork exhibition.

I was spending a week in town, sightseeing. The preceding day had been a very fatiguing one, but I had promised myself an evening at the waxworks, and I had made arrangements for every other night during my short stay, so I went.

There is nothing so tiring as an exhibition, no matter what its character may be, and after walking up and down long galleries and climbing and descending stairs for sevearl hours I was completely "dead beat." Consequently, when I found a large block of wood—an executioner's block, I have since ascertained it to have been—in a secluded corner of the chamber of horrors, I sat down to rest.

I must have immediately fallen asleep and escaped the notice of the attendants when they closed the building for the night. When I awoke, the chamber was as still as a tomb, and bright moonlight, streaming in through the tall window, gave the place a weird and unearthly appearance as it fell on the hideous throng of the world's great criminals.

I rose from my seat and glanced around. I am not a superstitious man, nor am I particularly nervous, but a queer sensation crept over me. Perhaps the night air was chilly. Perhaps I had taken cold. I must get out of the place somehow.

The moon was now hidden behind a bank of clouds, and the place became quite dark. I stretched out my hand, and it touched something. Ugh! Cold, like the flesh of a dead man! It was the face of one of that murderous crew.

What a fool I was! They were only wax figures. That was all, of course. I tried to laugh at my absurd situation, but the attempt was a failure and left me more uncomfortable than ever. Perhaps they were smiling at me in the darkness. Absurd! How could wax figures smile?

And yet suppose that the spirits of these evil men and women haunted their counterfeit presentments. Living criminals, it was said, could not resist returning to the scenes of their crimes, and these mute statues were clothed in the very garments in which the crimes had been committed—garments from which the guilty stains had never been washed.

What was that?

I had taken hold of something made of cold metal. Horror! I felt it to be one of the knives with which murder had been committed. I was behaving like an idiot. I knew it, and I told myself so. But it was no use. I could not help wishing I were anywhere else. A vault or a crypt would be cheerful compared with this horrible place. The very air seemed to smell of crime. I crept forward until I came to some steps. Perhaps this was the way out. I went up and reached out into the darkness.

A hand! A foot! A body kneeling! Great heavens! I had ascended the scaffold—was the one solitary living being present at that awful mute mummery going on in the darkness of the night."

This sort of thing leads to madness," I told myself, as I crawled backward down the stairs. But what was to be done? I must get out somehow, or my nerves would not stand the strain.

Never until now had I realized how weak one's intellect really is. If anybody had told me a few hours before that I had so much dormant imbecility in me, I should have been indignant. I am, moreover, an imaginative man, and imagination is a curse on such occasions.

However, I determined that I would not give way in this manner. Advancing in another dircetion, I was stopped by a wooden wall or partition. Just then the moon came out for a few moments, and I saw that I was looking into a prisoner's dock.

There, close in front of me, stood some of the men and women who during the present century had become most notorious in crime. Their features were, in a number of cases, familiar to me from old books and recent prints.

I instantly recognized, among others, Burke and Hare, the former of whom was convicted in 1829 of a horrible series of murders on the evidence of his accomplice; James Bloomfield Rush, the Stanfield Hall murderer of 1848; Maria and George Manning, the two atrocious criminals of 1849; William Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner of 1856, and William Fish, Catherine Wilson, Henry Wainwright, the Stauntons, Lefroy and Lipski of later dates.

What a blood guilty assemblage with which to pass the night! How the crime of every individual seemed indelibly written on his face!

One man's expression transfixed me, held me spellbound and filled me with loathing and horror. Who he was I did not know, but I could not take my eyes from his face. And when the place again grew dark I saw it still standing out alone in the surrounding gloom, with the suppressed grin of a cruel and unrelenting fiend.

I hid my face in my hands. I threw myself on the floor until the vision slowly faded away, leaving me trembling in every limb. I dare not get up nor open my eyes for fear that I should see it again.

Suddenly a peculiar sound of jangling and creaking fell on my ears. What could it be? It seemed to come from the corner of the chamber where the instruments of torture were arranged for exhibition. The thumbscrews, tongue pinchers, branding irons, masks and cinctures, the gressilon, the moltiere, the cubitoire—all seemed to my excited imagination to be in movement and rattling one against the other.

Thoughts came into my mind of all the unspeakable agonies that had been inflicted by those diabolical inventions. This place would kill me. I felt I was going mad. Let me get free somehow—anyhow! I sprang to my feet and rushed like a maniac in the darkness, striking wildly at everything in my way in search for the door. Figure after figure I hurled to the ground as it came in my path.

All at once I felt strong arms close around me! I was struggling madly for life with this terrible unseen something that held me by the throat and was strangling me in the dark. I now saw again that fearful face! Was it that of my antagonist? I tried to cry out, but I was choking. Gradually I relaxed my hold, and everything became a blank.

* * * * * *

"You have been very ill, George, dear, but you are better now."

I looked around me. I was in a strange bedroom, and my sister Lucy was bending over me. I convinced her that it would be best for her to explain at once all that happened, for my terrible experience in the dark chamber now came back to me.

She said that the night watchman, thinking he heard sounds in the chamber of horrors, had descended to the place, when I immediately ran into his arms in the dark. In the struggle I had fainted. Brain fever followed, and I had narrowly escaped with my life.

My address had been found in my pocket, and my friends communicated with. The peculiar sounds that I had heard and exaggerated were doubtless produced by the keys of the watchman as he unlocked the door of the chamber.—London Tit-Bits.

A LITTLE LOVE OF MINE.

I know a clever little maid
And sweet, who claims me for her knight,
And I confess I'm half afraid
She thinks whate'er I do is right.
The reason why I may not tell.
She's five, while I am twenty-nine,
And yet we love each other well,
I and this little love of mine.

She has a slender, lissom form,
Brown eyes where trust and truth abide,
A Cupid's mouth where kisses swarm,
Rose cheeks where dimples deftly hide,
A smile she borrowed from the skies
In some rare hour of summer time
That's sweet or serious, glad or wise,
As suits this little love of mine.

La reine petite, the little queen,
Swift to forgive as to command,
The daintiest monarch ever seen—
She keeps her subjects well in hand,
Their happiness her only task.
She rules by childhood's right divine,
And richer kingdom none may ask
Than has this little love of mine.

The boundary of her empire lies
In home's fair walls; her wealth untold,
The lovelight in her mother's eyes—
A treasure greater far than gold.
Aye, running over is her cup
With love's most rare and costly wine,
And she—she gayly drinks it up,
This charming little love of mine.

Fresh be the draft! I wish the hours
May bring her what she most may prize,
Soft dewy dawns, and fragrant flowers,
And light winds calling to the skies.
But if my soul might win the bliss
To beg a boon from Father Time
'Twould be to leave her as she is,
This dainty little love of mine.
—Ross Deforris in Youth's Companion.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

When I was a boy, I attended a public school in a New England town not many miles from the Hub. The teacher of classics in that institution was a man of the name of Virgil Monson, who was by birth and training a Puritan, but one whom culture had somewhat liberalized, though he retained many prejudices of the average Yankee.

In person he was short, heavy and thickset. His head was dome shaped, but it appeared to me that his bumps of veneration and combativeness had been unduly developed at the expense of the bumps of conjugal affection, which was sufficient explanation of the fact that he had not yet committed matrimony, though he had turned 35 at the time I first knew him.

Whatever may have been his defects, I must do him the justice to say that his forehead was broad and high, sure sign of intellectuality; his nose of the Roman variety, which always indicates strength of character and tenacity of opinion, while his manner of compressing his lips pointed not the less certainly to his firmness, to which a square chin also contributed.

His disposition was by no means lamblike, nor his temper equable, as his red hair—what there was of it—and red beard bore abundant testimony to the contrary. I grieve to say that much learning had made Mr. Monson not mad, but bald. The dome part of his head was wont to shine like the golden dome of the state capitol in Boston, especially after the vigorous polishings he gave it in his toilet. A fringe of sandy hair surrounded the aforesaid bald surface like the diverging rays of light around the aurora borealis.

Add to the foregoing an excitable temperament, a quick and nervous manner, a love of pedantic display, a fondness for Greek and Latin roots and most of all for natural science, and you have a tolerably fair description of an interesting personality.

It was our professor's habit to seek recreation in the woods during the intervals of pedagogical labor, and there, amid the sighings of trees, the singing of birds and the chirpings of crickets, to combine his pursuit of health with the study of natural science. After spending an afternoon in the fragrant seclusion of the forest he would return with his pockets full of botanical and entomological specimens. Among the last may be mentioned caterpillars, moths, butterflies and other denizens of the woods.

His room was next door to mine and had the appearance of a museum. There were numerous books, of course, on all sorts of subjects, ferneries, cabinets of minerals and chloroformed butterflies, suspicious bottles containing queer creatures in all stages of alcoholic intoxication and aquaria containing living fish, toads, lizards and so on.

Absorbed as he was in his duties at school, his favorite studies and pursuits, Mr. Monson had had little time to think of matrimony, and though some designing mammas had pressed the question home to him his invariable reply had been:

"I don't need a wife. I am happy enough as I am."

This reply served as a wet blanket to the enthusiastic interest his lady acquaintances entertained in his happiness. Though his character and disposition were not such as to make him popular with the fair sex, still the few who knew him respected him, wondered at his prodigious learning, which he took no pains to conceal, and secretly laughed at his eccentricities and hobbies.

Having evaded Cupid's darts so long and with such signal success, no one supposed for a moment that he would succumb at last to the charms of a coquettish country girl. But so it turned out, thus proving the truth of the old adage that there is no fool like an old fool. He fell a victim to love so late in life that, like mumps and measles, it attacked him with greater virulence than it would have done in his younger days.

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The girl, whom we will simply call Lilian, was a brunette of fascinating manners, but rather homely features. But if she satisfied Mr. Monson's notions of an ideal woman no one else had a right to complain. She was still attending school, though past 21 years of age, and as fate would have it was boarding in the same house as the professor. It was observed by the landlady and her daughter that after Lilian's advent Mr. Monson was changed from his own self. He paid more attention to his toilet than before, brushing his fringe of hair with unusual care and having his beard trimmed oftener than had been his wont. At the table he had alternate fits of abstraction and loquacity. He lingered there as long as Lilian remained and would, after a supper, follow her to the sitting room, where he would talk to her by the hour about some Greek poet or some natural phenomenon. And when he showed her his various bugs, insects and reptiles, making a running commentary on their peculiarities, the landlady formed the very natural conclusion that the professor was badly "stuck."

The girl was a splendid listener and flattered Mr. Monson's vanity by her attention rather than by words of praise.

In about three months the professor had wound himself in a net as completely as the silkworm in its cocoon. As he grew more persistent in his attentions the girl became more coquettish. She would be very kind one day and distant and hard to please the next, thus tormenting the very life out of him.

At last, unable to bear the strain, he determined to risk all by a test question. A favorable opportunity presented itself one night when everybody had retired and the twain were alone in the parlor.

What took place there had better be told in the words of the young lady, who related the affair afterward to the landlady's daughter, not knowing that I was listening and taking it all in.

"Well," she said, "to begin from the beginning, your mother left the parlor as the clock struck 9, taking care to close the door after her. This emboldened him to draw his chair closer to mine. 'Do you think one can be happier when married than single?' he asked. I replied that I didn't know, not having had the experience of a married woman.

" 'Well, don't you think so or believe so?'

" 'Why, that depends on circumstances, Mr. Monson,' I answered. I knew what was coming all the time, but didn't want to show it.

" 'But if there is love in the marriage, don't you think that there will be happiness?'

At this point he seized my hand and squeezed it until it fairly turned blue and said excitedly:

" 'Then marry me, Miss Lilian. No man can love a woman more than I love you. Say but yes, and my very life is at your disposal to do as you please with it. Your happiness will be my first consideration. Here, on my knees, I ask you to grant my suit.'

"I turned my face around to look at him, and, oh! what do you think? You can never guess. I laugh every time I think of it. One of those nasty caterpillars had crept out of his pocket during the excitement and was making its way over his shoulder toward his collar. I nearly died with laughter at the comical situation. Upon this he got very mad and excited beyond control, but he remained on his knees the while. Said he:

" 'You are laughing at a very serious matter. You trifle with me. Is this the way to treat the proffered love of an honest man?'

" 'I am sorry, Mr. Monson. I was not laughing at you, but at something else.'

"I had barely finished saying that when that worm stood on the poor man's collar, and bracing its hind feet on it made a grab for his hair with its front feet. The nasty thing was so comical in all its movements that I laughed right out, making no attempt to control my merriment. He arose from his knees. His face was scarlet with rage. But as he turned the doorknob I commanded my risibilities enough to say to him:

" 'Mr. Monson, I am very, very sorry for what has happened. I respect and esteem you as a friend, but I can never be your wife. But if you don't want another girl to laugh at you the next time you go a-courting you leave worms and bugs behind.'

"By this time the caterpillar had reached his bald spot and from that elevated perch was looking on the scene with placid enjoyment. He caught my eyes as they were bent toward the intruder, and just then, his excitement having subsided a little and no doubt feeling the nasty thing on top of his head, he caught it in his hand, crushing the poor worm at the same time. He then made a dart for the stairs, going over three steps at a time. That is all there was to this little romance of mine."

The next week the professor resigned his position in the school and left the town forever.—Yan Phon Lee in St. Louis Republic.

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