

DERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

One good effect seemed to result from this altercation evidently increased, and as Ellen inherited much of her grandmother's resemblance, and took great interest in the records of olden times, she came in for a large share of his affection too. The poor girl was still wasting slowly away, and furnished the little family with an object of peculiar care and solicitude, among the many which pressed upon their thoughts.

On the reception into the garrison of a numerous reinforcement in troops, driven, with their attendant crowds of fugitives, from the neighboring stations, it was found needful to provide accommodations for them at the expense of almost all the little remaining comfort of the inhabitants. The M'Alisters contrived to spare a portion of their small abode; the elder lady taking Ellen into her apartment, which, being on the ground floor, was more accessible to the invalid; while Letitia and her mother occupied a bed in the attic, an adjoining closet serving the purpose of a store; and Magrath, with his uncle, stowed their couches side by side in the little cell already mentioned. The female servant only attended in the house during the day; and Bryan, when not on duty, slept at his former home. By this arrangement, two comfortable apartments on the intermediate floor were appropriated to some respectable soldiers, whose care to prevent any encroachment on the family repaid the hospitable shelter which they enjoyed.

It was not long, however, before another interesting individual was added to the household, in the person of a venerable man, whose silver hairs, and care-worn but meek and placid countenance, attracted Bryan's attention. He was quartered in a noisy barrack-room, and M'Alister overheard him reprove some blasphemous language from a half-drunken soldier, in terms that left no doubt on his mind as to the religious feelings of the old man. Politely introducing himself, he received ample confirmation of his hope; and finding that Basil, as his new acquaintance was called, possessed the manner of one accustomed to far different society, he consulted his family, prevailed on the soldiers to resign the smaller of their two apartments, and conducted the old man to a home which he entered with expressions of the deepest thankfulness.

Hitherto, no demonstration of an actual attack had been made against the city; but on the very evening following that of Basil's reception into his family, Bryan entered, accompanied as usual by Ross, and communicated the intelligence, that the combined Irish and French army, with James at their head, would immediately appear to demand that surrender which the traitor Lundy and his confederates had assured them of. A capitulation had indeed been agreed upon by most of the leading men—some assenting through intimidation, while others acted on the treacherous principle, or rather want of principle, which swayed their leader. The bulk of the people, however, were strenuously opposed to this measure; and, in answer to the anxious inquiries of the trembling women, Bryan assured them that the citizens' resolution was unalterable.

"Ay!" exclaimed Ross, "we'll hang the rascals over the gates before we open them to the popish party."

"Lundy," added Bryan, "has nearly cast away all semblance of decency. His villainy is trying to keep Mr. Walker outside the walls, after all his faithful and gallant conduct, was insufferable. You know that his little party only got in by downright force."

"I do not like to hear of a fighting clergyman," remarked Letitia; "and they say Mr. Walker is one."

"He has rendered us most important service, however," rejoined her brother; "and, helpless as we are, we must not quarrel with his voluntary aid." "At this moment another of the apprentice youths entered in breathless haste and agitation, exclaiming, "M'Alister—Ross—sure, boys, you've lost a most edifying scene! You know how our trusty governor and his crew have been deliberating behind closed doors, even denying admittance to Crofton and his true fellow-soldiers—Well, what think you was the result? Just a resolution to send back the supplies from England, and to go forth en masse, with halters about their necks, in prostrate submission to King James."

"Halters!" ejaculated Bryan, Ross and Shane, in a breath.

"Nay, I won't swear to the halters; but a most abject submission was resolved on. The greater number of white-livered potroons, overawed by the representations of others, signed it; but two or three honest fellows refused, and gave a hint to the people without, who surrounded the doors, and very audibly promised to treat both governor and council with a swig. Yet we verily think that an official com-

munication has been despatched, and some agreement propounded to his popish majesty. And if it comes to that, the villains may settle the ratification in person, for we'll shoot them from our cannons' mouths in the enemy's teeth."

"Ay, that will we!" exclaimed Ross. "Let's be off, M'Alister, we are wanted."

With a hasty farewell, Bryan tore himself from his trembling mother and sisters, accompanying his fiery comrades; while Magrath, who had privately left the apartment to summon Basil, attended him into the room, and in considerable agitation placed himself behind the lady's chair.

"Oh, those are heavy crosses!" said the old man as he looked on the party before him; "but to God's children they are merciful chastisements, not wrathful visitations. Let us bow the knee, dear ladies, to Him who is near when troubles press the hardest. Prayer, prayer is the balsam for all wounds."

They knelt; and Magrath, instead of retiring as usual, remained with his clasped hands resting on the chair back, and his forehead bowed upon them; his intense anxiety had not been unnoticed; and, while it somewhat soothed their feelings, it tended also to increase their fears.

"You could tell us much, Magrath," said Mrs. M'Alister, looking earnestly at him.

"No, madam; not more than you know, or can guess at, anyhow. But it's myself can tell you, that not a hair of your heads shall be touched while Larry Magrath has a drop of blood in his veins to shed for you."

"Oh, and will there be fighting?" cried Ellen.

"Be calm, my love," replied her mother; "there will be nothing but what the Lord permits."

"But Bryan—our own Bryan?"

"The mother could only reply by a fresh burst of tears, while the Lady, raising her eyes, said, "The buckler of the Highest is around him; the eye of a reconciled Father is upon him; the prayer of faith still bears him before the throne, our treasure—our precious boy;—her voice failed, and Basil added, "The only son of his mother and she a widow."

There was something in the allusion that fell sweetly upon every heart; a grateful smile beamed through the mother's tears, as she said, "I will think of Nain, and trust, and not be afraid."

Neither Bryan nor the soldiers returned to the house that night; but the former sent a cheering message, desiring them to persevere in prayer, for that a great crisis was at hand, and help would not be withheld by Him who was mighty to save.

On the following morning by sunrise Bryan took his post on the flat roof of the cathedral, and beheld a scene well calculated to thrill his every nerve. As far as the eye could reach, dense columns of infantry, shrouded at times in the dust raised by vast bodies of horse, approached the devoted spot. Situated within an abrupt bend of Lough Fopic, Derry is two-thirds surrounded by its waters; at that spot not more than half a mile in width. Not only was the town in process of investment by a line of troops, whose extreme right and left rested on the edge of the Lough, but batteries were being erected on the opposite side, and the prophet's imagery—"a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, a besieged city"—presented itself to the mind of young M'Alister, with a force and a pathos that dimmed his bright eye as he scanned the accumulating host without, and pondered on the treacherous leaven that wrought on the multitudes within. Eager interest in the scene, as it regarded his country and his faith, together with the ardent risings of inherent courage, soon overcame these saddening feelings, and, aided by a small telescope, he took a scrutinizing survey of the advancing foe.

Proudly waving in the breeze, he derided the royal standard of England, which left upon his mind no doubt of James's personal approach at the head of his army, surrounded by a galaxy of nobles and commanders, whose armor flashed in the far distance. It was, indeed, that unhappy and misguided tool of priestcraft, who, after exercising in Dublin the brief authority again acquired in a manner sufficient to prove his infatuated devotion to the will of spiritual tyrants, now came to overawe by his kingly presence the cluster of determined Protestants engaged within those walls. And it had surely been an easy conquest but for the Omnipotent Guardian of a praying people—a small number, who mingled in the mass, nerving by their incessant supplications the arms which were too prone to boast as though their own strength upheld them. Wonderful, indeed, were the incidents of that protracted siege, and most astonishing the deliverances vouchsafed! Let the praise be rendered to Him who wills not that His glory be given to others!

The flat roof of Derry cathedral furnished at once a post of observation and a battery; and while beneath the word of life was dealt forth, the engines of destruction stood ready charged above, to sweep immortal souls from earth to the judgment-seat. The thought pressed heavily on Bryan's spirit as the front of war expanded before his gaze;

but his reveries were quickly interrupted by the ascent of many eager footsteps, while the citizens crowded to partake the commanding view. One of these presently pointed out to Bryan a party of cavalry, exultingly announcing them as belonging to Colonel Murray, a faithful and gallant ally, who at the head of his troop galloped up to the ship quay gates, demanding entrance.

"See, see!" exclaimed Bryan's informant, "if the villainous governor has not refused them admittance, after fighting their way thus far!"

A rope was now brought to that part of the walls, and an offer evidently made to admit Murray singly by such unilitary conveyance; while a messenger from the council directed the transaction. Colonel Murray wheeled his horse in marked disdain, and addressed a few words to his followers; but ere he could conclude, the gate was flung wide open by the officer in command; and, greeted with the loudest acclamations, Murray led his men into the town, where he was presently hemmed in by the agitated populace, imploring his assistance against their betrayers. The party on the cathedral rapidly descended to join their voices with the rest.

A night of fear had ended, and the morning had brought to the household of M'Alister tidings confirmatory of their worst surmises. On the first assurance that the enemy was actually taking post around the walls, Shane had sallied forth; and Magrath appeared disposed to follow, but was withheld by the entreaties of the girls. A short but encouraging visit from Malcolm revived in some measure their fainting spirits; and several of Bryan's young companions looked in from time to time, with a few hasty words, often of contradictory import. The Bible lay open before the Lady, and many a promise did she cull from its abundant stores to sustain her own firm mind—now tried to its utmost stretch—as well as those of her less energetic companions. Magrath, indeed, was energy embodied, as he paced the room, and busied himself in every imaginable way to curb his impatience. No countenance exhibited so intense an expression of quick and watchful solicitude; he seemed on the very tiptoe of eager expectation, mingled with most painful doubts. Basil showed the calm endurance of one too well acquainted with such scenes, and assisted the Lady in her task of consolation.

The tumult occasioned by Murray's reception had now subsided; and its origin had been explained by a passing friend, who described it as a most auspicious event. Another half-hour elapsed, and with increasing anxiety the coming of Bryan was expected when suddenly a thundering peal of artillery burst forth, the roar of cannon drowning the fainter report of musketry, while every building seemed to rock, and every roof to respond the dreadful salutation. For a moment it paused; and then the shrieks of terror might be heard, resounding from streets and neighboring houses; but again the batteries renewed their fierce explosion, and clouds of smoke rolled by, impregnating every breath with their sulphurous effluvia.

What words may suffice to portray the agony of those bewildered females? The dreadful reality was at length arrived; the substance of those troubled visions which had frequently haunted their pillow, and even in the brightest hours of day overclouded their minds with foreboding apprehension. It was come, and terrible, indeed, was that hour. A vague desire to flee from the surrounding peril was immediately succeeded by a deep consciousness that no possible way of escape existed for them. Enclosed on every side, they must await the issue; and await it they did in meek and holy resignation. No scream escaped them, no violent contortion appeared; they gazed on each other, and on Basil, and simultaneously knelt down, but to articulate was as impossible as it would have been vain, amid that deafening uproar; Magrath wrung his hands, and struck repeatedly upon his breast—now he hurried towards the door, and then lingered and went back, when some imploring eye turned towards him. Poor Ellen was soon seized with a violent cough, as the tainted air assailed her lungs, and he hastened to procure a cup of water; then looked to the entrance of the house as resolved to issue forth; but she grasped his arm, and uttered a cry.

"In the name of all the saints, Miss Ellen, dear, do, do let me go see for the master," he said, when an interval of the firing allowed of it. His arm was immediately liberated; but before he could reach the door his egress was impeded.

CHAPTER V.

"Your handkerchiefs, girls, your handkerchiefs!" shouted Bryan, as he dashed into the room, followed by two or three more; and he snatched them from the astonished females, rendering them in two, and tossing the divided portions to his companions, who, as well as himself, proceeded most busily to fasten each of them a fragment round his right arm.

Again the cannon thundered, and again ceased, with a longer pause than before; and Bryan was able to reply to the broken sentences of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh, such a deliverance! Murray, gallant Murray, has it all his own way. No surrender! James is retreating—the council stoic off!"

"And Lundy?" asked Magrath. "Gone to the bottomless pit, for aught we can make out," replied some of the young men.

"And this," continued Bryan, striking his left hand forcibly on the linen that encircled his right arm, "this is the badge of NO SURRENDER! We who wear it are sworn to perish to a man rather than hear of capitulation."

"Good-luck to you, then!" exclaimed Magrath, triumphant delight blazing in his countenance, while the guns drowning the remainder of his speech, he tore his neckerchief in two, and threw the half of it to Basil, twisting the other round his own arm.

"And now, Mr. Bryan, sir,"—for Magrath never called him M'Alister;—"when the cat's away, the mice will play, as uncle says; and I'm after your honor to the last drop—again the cannon could alone be heard."

Old Shane now bustled in as the young men hastened out; and seeing Magrath with the badge, bestowed on him a cordial embrace—then throwing himself into his chair, answered the queries that flowed in upon him, with a confirmation of the tidings that the besiegers were cut into great panic.

"And will they not come here then?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"Here! Och, bless your simple heart; why it isn't in them to look at the walls! Out and out frightened they were, from the minute the boys let loose the gunpowder. There's a gay chap killed, they say, as close to King James as the pratee to the stalk; and himself's off at a hard-gallop, out of reach of ane and entirely, to complain to Pope Joan, maybe."

"Oh, brother," said Basil, "do not exult over a fallen king! Unhappy as guilty, he is betrayed by others; and even here he came to look for homage, and dreamed not of resistance."

"True for you, sir; maybe he didn't know that we have but few Jacobites here," replied the old man, rather bitterly.

"He is no Jacobite, Shane," said the Lady; "but he feels that a head once anointed is no meet object for mockery. Let us rather pray that his present sufferings may lead him to repentance."

"Your Ladyship can, sure," answered Shane, sulkily; adding in a lower tone, "It's myself that'll fight for King William, let who will pray for old James."

The assurance of no attack from without being contemplated, somewhat reconciled the household to the discharges which at intervals still shook their abode; and in the evening they were gladdened by a visit from Malcolm and Ross, who brought a promise of Bryan's appearance; a temporary couch was formed for poor Ellen, whose disorder was greatly aggravated by the impregnation of the air with gunpowder. Magrath, who returned with Ross, occupied his usual place a little in the rear of Shane's seat by the chimney corner.

An occasional cannonade, interrupting the repose of their little apartment, furnished a striking commentary on the pious and appropriate remarks of the Lady and Malcolm. The latter seemed to be still in a state of much excitement, and frequently paced the room, or stood within the attentive circle who hung upon his words.

"It was marvellous," he said, "to behold the spirit which animated our heterogeneous mass of population when the enemy drew on towards the wall. Mutual distrust had chilled their spirits, and unnerved many an arm. Unable to look to an invisible Leader, the multitude had no rallying-point, no common centre of respect and obedience, hope and confidence, until the good providence of God sent them that true-hearted Murray, round whom they rallied to a man. I trust that he is the Gideon raised up to deliver our afflicted Israel; the more so, as his presence struck an almost supernatural panic into those traitors of the council-board, sending them self-exiled from the spot, reluctantly to disprove their own unprincipled misrepresentations."

"And judge you," asked the Lady, "that all who remain are faithful?"

"Of leading men, unquestionably so; and among the troops heroic ardor prevails. Our own citizens have never wavered in fidelity, though some were for a space deluded by specious pretenses of assured defeat. The first roar of our artillery broke many a spell, and scattered the fears of hundreds. I doubt not but the arm of the Lord is on our side, and that He will gird us with strength unto the battle. May He glorify Himself, be it by the mortal weal or woe of His chosen ones! Blood will flow even within these walls; and the Foyle may carry a crimson streak into the northern main. We are compassed on every side; they come about us like bees; and yonder Sennacherib will lie down among his motley host this night, counting perchance on a banquet of carnage for the morrow; but our Shepherd watches His fold, and the wolves approach in vain; for we even we, in the name of the Lord, will destroy them."

"Alas, alas!" said the old stranger, "that ever the carnal weapon should be drawn to fight the battles of the Lord's people! Better yield our throats to the knife, as befits the character of sheep for the slaughter."

"You speak not well, brother," observed Malcolm; "we defeated the ark from a company of uncircumcised Philistines, who seek its capture. Know you not that herein is the very citadel of the Protestant faith, and that he who is on the Lord's side must draw the sword as of old?"

"You are a minister, sir," answered Basil, meekly. "It is not for me to gainsay your words. But he, too, was a minister, whose teaching I followed; ay, and follow it yet, hoping that the day is not far distant when, like him, I shall go down in peace to the grave, and my spirit rejoice before the throne, with my master, my glorified master, holy Bedell!"

(To be Continued.)

Dramatic Taste in San Francisco.

A San Francisco audience will be much more amused by the manner in which the professor breaks down Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge's ceiling than it will over the splendid mornment of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Malvolio. It is like the French audience, which is infinitely more amused by wit than by humor.

But comedy is not held in great favor here. The San Franciscans being the most pleasure loving of people, prefer tragedy. A good, old fashioned, blood spilling tragedy, where every one is killed in the last act, is highly approved of. If Edwin Forrest were alive today, he would count his most frantic admirers in the city by the Golden Gate.

Tragedy as he must have understood it—tragedy played with all the force of the lungs—tragedy where the murdered victim and the despairing suicide took half an hour to die and died acrobatically from the footlights to the door at the back of the stage—would meet with the heartiest approval here. The element in the theaters which loved and worshipped Forrest and his energetic methods is larger in San Francisco than in most cities of its size. It is not that the audiences here do not contain individual spectators of the highest artistic insight and cultivation, it is that the majority of the audience is formed of spectators whose taste in the drama is very much on the same lines as the taste in the drama of the gods in the gallery. The spectators of insignificant education and uncultivated taste are more numerous than the spectators of cultured mind and trained powers of appreciation, and the majority rules.—San Francisco Argonaut.

"Toad Bone" Was a Wonder.

All early writers attribute wonderful qualities to toads and frogs and the various parts of their bodies. Pliny believed, for instance, that if a toad was brought into the midst of a mob or other large and unruly concourse of people "silence would instantly prevail." A small bone, found in the right side of toads "of the proper age" was also believed to have powers over the various elements. "By throwing this bone into a vessel of boiling water," says Pliny, "it will immediately cool it, the water refusing to boil again until the bone has been removed. To find this bone, expose the dead toad on an ant hill. When the ants have eaten her all away except the bones, take each bone separately and drop it into boiling water. Thus may the wondrous toad bone be discovered." This antihill bone of course had its opposite.

In another portion of his work Pliny says: "On the other hand, again, in the left side of this reptile there is another bone which when thrown into water has all the appearance of making it boil. The name given this bone is 'apocymon,' which signifies 'dog averting,' because it has the power and property of assuaging the fury of the fiercest dogs." It was also a sovereign remedy for love and other trouble, would conciliate estranged friends, and if water in which a "toad bone" had been steeped be used mixed with lamb's tallow as an ointment "the person using the same might without the least effort see ghosts and divers spirits both by the day and by the night."—St. Louis Republic.

Claiming the Dentist.

"Talk about the exports of gold upsetting our financial system," said the economic reformer as he bit a crescent out of a doughnut in a Park row lunch bazaar. "It isn't the exporting that is driving our gold out of the treasury. No, sir. The trouble is with the pluggers—the high toned tooth pluggers. They are rammng a cool \$1,000,000 worth of gold away into the back teeth of the American people every year. That means just so much of the yellow metal lost to trade and commerce every 12 months—lost completely and irretrievably. This must be stopped. Let congress pass a law prohibiting the use of gold in filling teeth, and the monetary pressure will begin to ease up in no time. When our gold is drawn away from us by business transactions with foreign nations, we can get it back in due time through the natural processes of trade, but when it is plugged away in the cavernous molars of our purse proud dukes and millionaires it is locked up so tight that a writ of foreign attachment couldn't reach it. This business must stop, or the government will slump before the next shad season opens."—New York Herald.

A New Car Brake.

An attempt is being made in England to utilize the power absorbed in the application of the brakes to tram cars, so as to render aid in restarting the car. A spring is charged, which can be released and will start the car without the aid of the horses. A forward, and not a recoil movement, is at once given to the wheels, but its action can be reversed in case of need—such as overrunning points at junctions. A trial of several months has been given to the apparatus with satisfactory results.—New York Telegram.

A Cruel Query.

Mrs. Watts—Oh, we had such a time at home last night! Mr. Watts thought there was a burglar in the house, and he got his revolver, and it went off, and the ball went right through my hair. Mrs. Potts—Indeed! And were you anywhere in the vicinity when it happened?—Indianapolis Journal.

Against tailor cut dresses draped by women we enter no kind of caveat, yet it would seem to the highest degree desirable that the department of millinery should not be invaded by men. The advocates of female labor contend, it is true, that men suffer from an incurable incapacity to build bonnets. Commercially they may be practically "man milliners," but technically and artistically it is only a daughter of Eve who can construct that airy, mysterious and altogether delightful structure, a first rate fashionable bonnet.

An optimist has declared that if a female of fair capacity, good taste and approved skill as a needlewoman were locked up by herself in a top attic with nothing on her work table but an onion, a tomato, some bits of colored paper, a few feathers and some red and white tape and green floss she would be able in the course of a few hours to construct a most elegant bonnet which, however coarse in texture it might appear to the eye, would photograph in a most picturesque and symmetrical aspect, whereas, were the skillfullest of male artificers intrusted with a similar task and with carte blanche in the way of silk, velvet, plated straw, rare feathers, beads, jet, spangles and artificial flowers, he would not succeed in producing anything beyond a rude, clumsy and ungainly simulacrum of a bonnet.

As a maker of hats, equality with if not superiority over the other sex may perhaps be claimed for the man. He invented the lady's hat, he adorned it, he beribboned it, he plumed it and he handed it over to Rubens, Vanduyke, Gainsborough and Reynolds to be perpetuated as a monument of mastery skill and elegance in their deathless canvases.—London Telegraph.

The Sailors Got Seclusion.

Years ago, when the full rigged man-of-war was "right in line," the Hartford put into Boston harbor and dropped anchor off the Charlestown navy yard one fine day. The Hartford at that time was as much an object of wonder and admiration as the gallant New York or Boston is today, and visitors flocked aboard her in great numbers. Her captain, an obliging man, made every effort to see that his visitors were well cared for, and personally he showed party after party over the ship. At the mess hour it was his habit to take the curious down to the berth deck that they might see how the sailors ate their meals. That was before they had tables on board the vessels of war, and when the mess cloth was spread on the deck.

The sailors did not mind this at first, but after a time it became irksome. They came to the conclusion that their privacy was being interfered with, and so finally they decided to put a stop to it. The next time the captain took a party down to show them his happy family as it paid tribute to the innerman an old salt, the acknowledged leader, reached for a certain bowl. This was the signal, and forthwith a dozen sunburned, brawny arms were stretched forward toward that self same bowl, and a lively tussle for possession ensued. The captain stood aghast. Such unseemly conduct paralyzed him, but before he could recover there was an apparently vicious "scrap" going on, and before his visitors too. This was too much for him, and afterward the sailors partook of their meals uninterrupted.—Boston Globe.

Solubility on Pike's Peak.

One of the sublimest effects in nature is occasionally seen by those who climb the tall and isolated peaks of the Rocky mountains in Colorado. The dryness of the air and the strong heat of the afternoon sun cause a rapid evaporation from the brooks, springs and snowbanks on the mountain sides, and this moisture, rising on the warmer air, condenses as it reaches the cooler, thinner atmosphere about the mountain top. The traveler, looking down, sees clouds literally forming below him and growing thick and black every instant, so that as they reached his level they roll skyward and in huge masses of vapor that eclipse the view and bury him in darkness. Lightning occasionally leaps from the clouds, and a mountain top is a particularly bad place to be in at such a time. The stone signal service station on Pike's peak has been nearly wrecked by lightning more than once.—New York Sun.

The Well of Frozen Air.

Near Dayton, Or., there is a well locally known as the "well of frozen air." In drilling it a stratum of frozen clay and gravel was encountered at a depth of 55 feet. After passing through five feet of this numerous cavities were encountered from which cold air came with sharp gusts. The escape of the air from the well may be heard a distance of nearly 200 yards, and it is so frigid that it is not possible for any one to hold his hand over the opening for more than a few minutes without having it frozen stiff. A bucketful of water set near the mouth of the well will freeze through during one night's time. It is needless to add that work on the well was abandoned as soon as these frigid blasts found vent through the opening made by the drill.—Philadelphia Press.

A New Street Car Brake.

An attempt is being made in England to utilize the power absorbed in the application of the brakes to tram cars, so as to render aid in restarting the car. A spring is charged, which can be released and will start the car without the aid of the horses. A forward, and not a recoil movement, is at once given to the wheels, but its action can be reversed in case of need—such as overrunning points at junctions. A trial of several months has been given to the apparatus with satisfactory results.—New York Telegram.

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