

WORK AND WAIT.
A Bavarian who many years
has plowed his fields and sown his
seed every day with his hands and
feet.

"I'll be glad to see you and your
wife and children in my garden."
The old man said to the young
man who came to his door.

"My dog is lying on the lawn,
The house is empty—they yield no
fruit to the iron—'till I see you."

While yet he spoke a knock
came from the door, and he heard
the voice of a woman who said:
"The house is empty—they yield no
fruit to the iron—'till I see you."

"A mighty hand, more skilled than
mine, has made the doors of my
house open to my guests."

"Man can be hard; God can be
kind; but they work and wait
Have their reward, though it come late."

"Look up to heaven, be bold and
brave, and let the clouds and
thunder in the sky be
an answer to thy doubts and fears."

He looked, and to a cloud
draped in white, he saw a
vision of his father's face.
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every throb and pain
Was rising up to meet the
face that came to him with
a smile.

And all the clouds he saw again
The heaven of God with men,
He written with His rainbow pen:
"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My faith and promise shall prevail."

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.
About a mile from Weithelm,
in the midst of a solitary wood, there
was a house in which, in 1819, lived a
forester whose name was Merkel. He
had three children; the eldest was a
girl of seventeen, handsome, strong,
and resolute.

"Won't you be frightened in these
unsettled times?" asked her father,
when he with her mother and the two
younger children were starting on
Christmas morning to go to church.

"Frightened?" said the brave girl,
laughing. "Up stairs hang your guns,
two double-barreled."

"Take care, Kate," said the father,
"they are loaded with ball!"

"All the better for that," said the
girl; "Sultan is with me, and I shall
shoot up and bar the windows down
stairs."

As they left the house she began to
close and bar all the windows on the
ground floor.

Then she not only locked and bolted
the door, but placed a heap of
blocks of wood against it inside, and
calling the great dog to her in the
kitchen, she began to prepare for
cooking the family dinner, as her
mother had directed. When this was
arranged, she went up stairs, and
carried all the powder which her father
kept in a large jar into the upper
room, and the bullets, too, of which
her father had a large supply.

Outside, the snow lay thickly upon
the trees and the ground; the cold
was cutting and severe.

Merkel was a well-to-do man; but
considered much richer than he really
was.

Kate's parents and brothers might
just have reached Weithelm, when
she saw a half-frozen old man, leaning
on his staff, approach the house.
She remarked how he trembled at the
frost, and how disappointed he looked
when he saw all the shutters closed,
as if no one was at home.

His snow white beard nearly covered
his face, and seemed to reach all
most up to the cap of foxskin which
he wore on his head, with the foxtail
hanging down behind.

The old man, he could not get on his
legs, seemed scarcely able to carry him
now; and in this weather he ran the
greater danger of being frozen to death.

She went to the window of the second
story, and asked him what he wanted.

"Oh! my good child, he cried up
with a faint voice, "I want to warm
myself, for I am thoroughly frozen.
I cannot get any further on my way
to Weithelm, for I have not tasted
food today!"

The kind heart of the maiden was
softened and overcome.

She hastened down stairs, moved
away her means of defense, and opened
the door; but scarcely was the old man
in the room, than she locked the
door again, little thinking that she
had now to defend herself against an
enemy within. She showed the old
man into the warm room, and made
him sit down in her father's arm
chair, which stood near the large
stove.

"Something hot will be the best to
warm and revive you," she said kindly.
"There is some coffee, which we
only drink on Sundays and festival
days; I will warm it for you."

It seemed strange that the great dog,
Sultan, ran about in an angry, excited
manner, growling and showing his
teeth from the time the old man had
entered the house. Only with diffi-
culty could she keep him quiet. And
now, when she went into the kitchen
to get the coffee ready, the dog pressed
up closer to her, and looked dis-
tressfully at the old man, who was
resting in the arm chair.

The dog's strange conduct made her
suspicious. As in many old German
houses, there was an opening in the
wall, a sort of window with a slide
between the kitchen and the room
inhabited by the family, through
which the dishes were passed from
one to the other.

This window was just behind the
arm chair, and since this morning,
when the mother had put the coffee
and milk-pots through it, it had been
left half open.

With gentle tread she went up to
this window, and looked into the
room. What she beheld there indeed
filled her with horror.

Before her eyes, the old man took
off the fur cap, and the white beard-
less, raised up his bent down, power-
less figure, and now there stood be-
fore her quite a different man than
the one she in her pity had admitted.
The first was a feeble, old, frozen
old man—this was a strong young
man, of savage and wicked appear-
ance; and the smile of joy at his suc-
cessful trick, which passed over his
face, had an expression which filled
the girl's heart with terror.

So overcome was she at this change
in her guest, that for a few moments
she had no idea how it would be best
to act.

The robber did not know that he
could be seen. He went up to the
window which the good natured girl
had opened, and from which she had
drawn back the shutters. It looked
toward the wood, which extended on
that side of the house. The man
started out, and then waved his hand
kerchief; he then drew from under
his old ragged coat a long, broad
knife, examining carefully the point
and blade.

What was to be done? That was
the question; but there was short
time for the poor young girl to con-
sider it.

She must be a fool who would not
decisively rescue from without, and
leave to the thief the care of himself,
and the property of her family. It
was a matter of life and death, and
she took a hasty look around the
room, and seeing a heavy axe which
was used for chopping wood, lying
on a table, she quickly seized it.
The axe was hot, but she did not
hesitate to use the plan which she
had decided on.

She poured the boiling liquid into a
small tin plate, and quite deter-
mined to see what she would do to the

door of the room, the plate with the
smoking coffee in her left hand, the
heavy axe in her right.

"I have both hands full," she cried,
standing before the door; "be so good
as to open the door for me."

Not suspecting what was about to
happen, the robber quickly opened
the door, standing in the middle of
the threshold. In a moment the
whole of the boiling coffee flew into
his face. With a furious exclamation
of pain, he bent forward, and rubbed
both hands, the coffee from his
eyes.

Availing herself of this moment of
his helplessness, the brave girl, with
the broad side of the axe, dealt him
such a violent blow on the head, that
he fell down senseless at her feet.

Quick as thought, pushing aside
his body, she sprang to the window,
which she had before opened herself,
closed it securely and put up the shut-
ters. Then she hastened back, took
the key out of the door, which was
in her inside, called "Sultan, keep
still," and pushing the great dog
still lay senseless, she locked the door
from the outside. Then, after again
building up her wall of defense against
the house door, she hastened up to
the second story.

The dog was growling from within
and trying to get out, and at the same
moment there was a violent knock-
ing at the house door.

The girl took her father's double-
barreled shot-gun from the wall and
opened the window, she inquired:
"What's there below?"

From the window she saw before
the door a man, with the appearance
of a huntsman, of savage and forbid-
ding aspect, quite a stranger to her.
He called out to her in a commanding
tone: "Open the door!"

"When I choose to do so," replied
the girl.

"If you do not open it, I shall
shoot you," cried the huntsman, angrily.
"I will shoot open the door, and then you
will see what will happen."

"We are a long way off from that
yet," was the girl's reply.

"We shall see," cried the hunts-
man, taking his gun from his shoulder,
and before the robber could turn
around, there was a loud report above,
and a bullet had shattered his right
arm.

His gun dropped from his hand,
and he fell to the ground. He uttered
a cry of pain, and rolled over in
the snow which he reddened with
his blood. But before the girl could
take up her father's shot-gun, he had
risen and fled into the wood.

Kate quickly loaded the gun again,
and prepared for a struggle of life and
death; for she felt certain that these
two were not alone, but had compan-
ions in the forest.

Her courage did not fail, but she
threw herself down upon her knees
and prayed for help to Him who is our
defense and shield. The snow
which she gives is the right courage.
He makes the soul strong for the
most difficult things.

Now she heard a noise in the room
below, where Sultan and the robber
were. She listened. She heard the
dog's growling and the man's cry of
pain.

The struggle between them lasted
for about ten minutes; and then the
robber came up. She then, with an
awful silence.

Poor Kate felt that if more enemies
came, her position was a desperate
one. How could she defend herself
for any time against a number of rob-
bers?

She could scarcely reckon upon the
dog, for she dared not let him out,
she could not be certain whether the
man in the room below was dead or
alive.

And if they should attack the house
from before and behind at the same
time, she knew that she was lost, for
she had no help could come to her, for
in such severe weather, would be likely
to be passing on even the high
road, which went through the wood
not far from the house?

One moment she prayed earnestly for
help from above. At first she looked
round the house to see if any free-
dancer was threatening and perceiv-
ing nothing, she went back to the
room where her weapon lay, to see
what was going on before the door,
the dog kept barking in the room be-
low.

Just as she got to the window she
saw an armed man looking feigning
around the house. At first he tried to
be polite and inquired:
"Have you seen an old man pass by
here?"

"No," replied the girl.

"Where is he? Have you let him
in?"

These words were spoken in a fierce
and insolent tone.

"I shall only answer civil ques-
tions," replied the girl.

"Where is he?" cried the robber
with an oath. "Have you in your
mind? Then command your soul to
God."

"I have a helper below, my father's
wolf dog, who has fought with him,
and as you hear, the dog is the victor
More than this I know nothing of
him."

"Open the door then, that I may
see after him—he is my brother!"
cried the robber.

"That may be," replied the girl,
"the dog will then serve you as he did
your brother!"

"Bah!" cried the robber; "my
double-barreled gun has two bullets—
one for you, the other for the dog."
"Open quickly!"

The girl leaped back, seized her
weapon, and took aim at the robber,
when a blow from the robber sent
her to the door tremble.

"Bah!" cried she "or I'll show
you my brother!"

He jumped back a few steps, and
quickly pointed his gun up toward
the window; but at the same moment
there was a flash, and a report from
above, and the robber fell senseless,
and then fell backward in the snow
a stream of blood pouring from
a wound in his breast.

Kate's courage now gave place to an
anxious sorrow of heart. Her eyes
were fixed on that terrible sight of
the dead body. Her ball had killed
him!

What maiden's heart could bear
such a thought as that?

In her despair, she fired the other
barrel of the gun out of the window,
and then both barrels of the second
gun. Quickly she looked down at
the robber, and then she saw that he
was still there. She did five times.

Then she perceived, with dismay,
that her supply of powder was getting
low, and she was not sure that the
robber she had wounded would not
collect his wounds.

But her distress lasted only a short
time. Two mounted policemen were
riding up the road from Weithelm,
having heard the dog's bark from a
distance, that he had been three times
seen barking about there.

They galloped up and saw that the
robber was lying on the ground, and
the girl was standing by his side, and
she was holding a bloody knife in her
hand, and she was looking at it with
a look of horror.

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them at first for robbers in disguise;
but when they came nearer, she recog-
nized the two men whom she had
often seen before.

"Kate!" cried one to her, "you
was a maester and a good deed, too,
for this is one of the worst rascals
among the mountains—a robber whom
we have long been pursuing, but never
able to catch. It is all over with him
now, for you have shot him through
the heart!"

A shiver passed through the brave
girl at these words.

"Oh! God be thanked and praised
that you have come, otherwise I
should have died of terror; for in the
room below I have another, with
whom our Sultan has been fighting."

"Come then, and open the door
quickly!" exclaimed both.

Kate moved her barricade of wood
from the door and opened it.

The dog barked for joy when he heard
the girl's voice.

Scarcely was the room-door opened
when he jumped out to greet Kate,
but she pushed him back, filled with
horror, when she saw that his mouth
and throat were stained with blood.
There was not a sound in the room.

One of the police went in and opened
the shutter. Then they beheld a
dreadful sight. On the ground lay a
man, with his clothes hanging in lat-
ters upon him while his face and
throat bore terrible marks of the dog's
teeth.

The floor was covered with blood,
and every thing showed that there
must have been a fierce struggle be-
tween the man and the dog.

The latter was unhurt, for the rob-
ber had not been able, in the dark-
ness, to find the knife which lay upon
the table, and was dead.

Kate had now to tell all the circum-
stances to the police.

Before noon they arrested the wound-
ed robber at an inn, where rogues and
thieves frequently found refuge.

Kate's fame was spread abroad
throughout the whole country; but it
was some time before she recovered
the shock of this dreadful event.

Kate afterward married a brave
forester, who became her father's
successor; and I saw her in her matur-
er years, the mother of a blooming
family of children, still a handsome
woman, in whom masculine courage
was united with female tenderness
and who enjoyed the esteem and love
of all who knew her.

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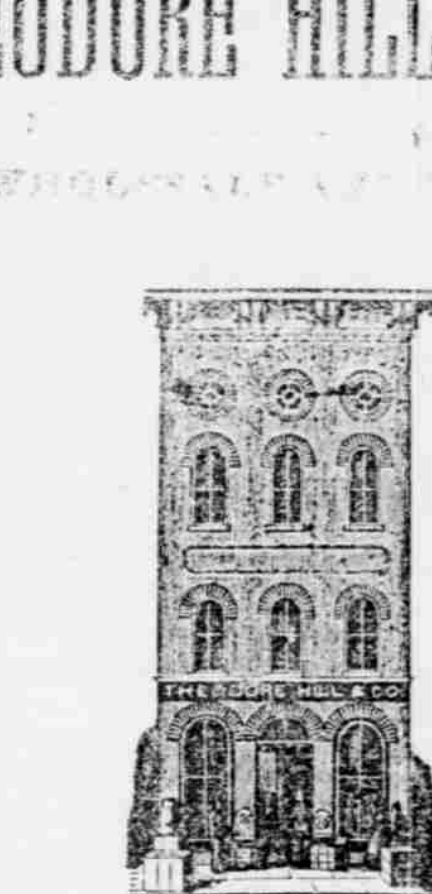


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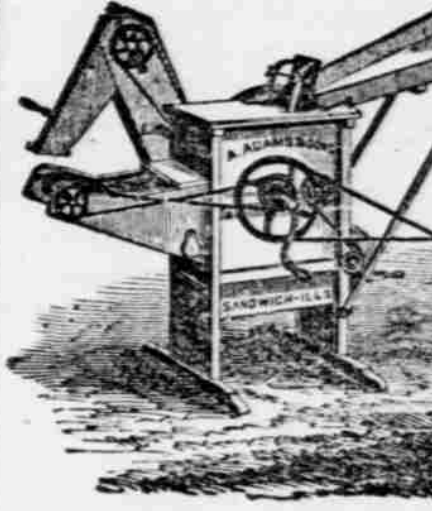


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WE FEEL THANKFUL TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND
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WE FEEL THANKFUL TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND
GENEROUS PATRONS
for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to us, and we shall by
FAIR DEALING
endeavor to merit a continuance of the same, and increase our large trade now established.

No. 27, SIGN OF THE RED STOVE & PLOW.
In the old Regulator Store.
TISDEL & RICHARDS.