THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

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The following is a letter of recommendation recently received from Mr. F. W. Root, under whose instruction he has been for the past two summers:
CHICAGO, August 24th, 1875.
I take pleasure in giving an opinion of Mr. E. M. Lippitt as a musician, and hope that what is said may assist him to a position where his ability may be made of the greatest use.
The statement is briefly this: I have known Mr. Lippitt for three or four years, and have come to regard him as possessing excellent talent and sterling perseverance. He has, under our direction, been made acquainted with those methods of voice, piano and harmony, which we believe to be the best, and has gone far toward mastering the principles of them in his own performance. Believing that Mr. L. will never be superficial in imparting what he knows, I do not hesitate to recommend him as teacher of music in any community.
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WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. [24-1y.

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.

A STORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER VII.

A little later—it was in the early days of May—a steamboat stopped at "Damarin's Landing," just after dawn, to put on shore a messenger; and the long hoped for pet and pride of the family was received into the arms of his mother, father and sister.

The wonderful transformation which youths undergo in a collegiate course of learning and dissipation has been a common theme for novelists, though the plowboy-poet says they only

"Gang in stirks and come out asses;"

but here was a change worthy to be contemplated. Four years before, the subject of it had left Stone House as much of a plowboy as Burns himself, with only a good school education and only farm-house manners. He returned, at the age of twenty-four, with every aspect of a thoroughbred soldier, used to command, and tutored in self-reliance and self-respect. He had seen something, too, of the social world, and though he could not claim the polite distinction of being a man of the world, was yet very far from being the boy of the farm he was when, at the fall of Sumter, he buckled to his side the first sword he had ever beheld in his life. His face was decidedly handsome, with large blue eyes, a Roman nose, a mouth whose well defined shape the full wavy beard he wore could not hide, dark chestnut hair, and a complexion naturally fair.

Tall, full chested, well proportioned, and well jointed, he was of that Northwestern pattern of man upon which nature, working under free conditions and on a virginial soil, has modeled ten millions of people, who sufficiently prove that the human race need not degenerate in America. Men of such a type can never be clownish, nor can any thing short of positively bad bringing up render one of them awkward. Having no idea of social inequality among neighbors, their manners are based on a sense of justice, and like the maple and walnut trees of their forests, though rough in bark, they are fine in grain, and capable of receiving any degree of polish.

When Bella, hearing of the arrival, rose and dressed herself to go down and do obeisance to her captor, she made her little toilet with some care; for to say that she was indifferent to the imprsesion she would make on him were to say what has never been true of any female captive since Cleopatra captivated Cæsar.

But, for all that, she hated him—persistently and on principle—and conceived her duty to South Carolina also required her to despise him and his family for their low birth and inferior breeding, though her own superior breeding taught her to keep this last sentiment to herself. She was glad he was come, for now she hoped to be allowed to go directly to her home, and yet dreaded the awkwardness of meeting him; and for that reason did not make her appearance until all the family were seated at breakfast.

He rose, however, as soon as she entered the room—rose like a real gentleman, as it struck her—and went and took her hand as if it were that of an old friend, though he had evident difficulty to restrain a smile at her excessive dignity and reserve.

There was no going to school that day for Polly, and one girl never went without the other. But Bella could bear no part in the family holiday, so wandering into the garden, and thro' it into the old orchard on the river's bank, where, seating herself on the canoe-bench that has been named, she flung off the sun-bonnet which her head was becoming too hot to bear, and remained moodily regarding the opposite Kentucky shore, while her thoughts, following the direction of her eyes, went southward too; but while her eyes lingered on the great hill-side, where the opening flowers of the redbud and dog-wood flecked with pink and white the young green surface of awakening vegetation, her thoughts traveled far beyond, to the land where the ilex and magnolia waited for no spring to renew their evergreen robes, to the land where violets and roses had bloomed months before, and to her home of long ago, made beautiful by them all. Southward, southward she looked for deliverance, and southward went her hopes, her prayers, and complaints. Where was her father that he came not for his child? or her brothers, that they came not for their sister? And those in the house heard her calling aloud the names of her brothers, and hushed their conversation to listen and sympathize.

The general asked his sister to go to her friend; but Polly waited till her outcry ceased to be audible—for she well knew how Bella should be treated—and then went and sat down beside her, glided an arm around her waist, laid the drooping head against her own, and so remained, saying not a word.

A skiff, crossing from the Kentucky shore, and which the five-mile current had carried far down stream, now appeared near enough to where the girls sat for the persons in it to be observed. The passenger who was being ferried over was a young man of medium size, dressed in a Confederate uniform, from which the gilt cord and other insignia had been removed. His hat was slouched and somewhat torn, and his boots were of reddish cowhide, into the tops of which the pantaloons were tucked.

As the boat touched land, the stranger, taking a small valise in his hand, stepped on shore, turned and looked about, asked a few questions of the boatman as the latter was rowing away, and then began to ascend the bank.

But he did not take the path which would have led up to the house: he took a road which, sloping round into a ravine that came to the river some little distance to the right of the house, conducted by a wide circuit to the avenue behind it, and in that way to the highway beyond, the road in question being the public way to the ferry, of which Mr. Damarin was proprietor.

He had not gone many steps, however, when Bella, who had started to her feet and been watching him with increased agitation from the moment he came near enough for her to discern the color of his clothes, flew down the pathway, and flung herself on his breast, crying, "Brother! brother! brother!" and, as if unable to utter any other than that dear word, continued to repeat it in every possible intonation of affection and joy.

The brother, for such indeed he was, as soon as he could disengage himself so as to see her face, exclaimed, with equal delight, and greater surprise:

"Bella! My God! is it you, safe and alive? My poor, sweet, dear little sister, alive and safe—and here?"

"I knew you would come for me, Charles," she said, with her arms still about him, and her cheek pressed to his shoulder. "I knew some of you would—you, or Edward, or father. And where are they? Where is father? Have they killed him, as they did mother?"

"You knew of mother's death, then? But—yes," he added, evasively, "Ned is well now. He was badly hurt twice; but he's well now."

"And father?" broke in Bella, impetuously.

He renewed his kisses, while thinking on what he should say; then resumed:

"Bella, my darling, you are a true Carolina girl, are you not? We of the South have got hardened in suffering and disaster, have we not? Tidings of death have been our daily news for so long—"

"When did he die?" said the girl, as, drawing away from her brother, she stood and regarded him with apparent calmness.

"Father soon followed mother," was the reply.

She remained for a few moments still as a statue, save for the violent heaving of her bosom, as if expecting a powerful will to master a powerful emotion.

At length, flinging up her arms and eyes, and exclaiming, hoarsely, "An orphan!" she cast herself on the ground, and clutched her fingers deep into the sand. And there she lay, breathing heavily, but without uttering word or moan. Her brother would have raised her up, but while he stooped to do so, Polly, who had remained aloof till she saw Bella fall, and had then swiftly but quietly approached, laid a gentle hand on his arm, saying, as he turned toward her, "Please, Sir, let her be as she is; it's the best way to do when she has such a turn. We always leave her to herself. You are her brother, Sir?"

"I am, miss; and may I ask how my sister happened to find protection where they know how to treat her so kindly and considerately?"

And while Bella lay with her face to the earth, Polly told, in simple terms, the story the reader already knows, and told it with such effect that the listener, when it was done, realized how happy a refuge the orphan and exile had found—far better than she herself seemed to realize it.

"And we all love her," the farmer's daughter continued; "yes, indeed, every one of us; and now we shall be so glad you have come, for she did long for you so much. And you'll take her back to Multiflora, to her own beautiful, grand home she has told me all about. I know it's ever so much better than the one we have been able to give her here. And she'll be so happy with you all there; but"—and here the sobs came—"it will break our hearts to part with her. I'm sure it will mine."

And seating herself on the ground by her friend, she, contrary to her own prescription, put both arms about her waist and raised her up. Bella turned and stared at Polly as if she had never known her. After a little while, however, she appeared to come to herself, and approaching her burning lips to those of her comforter, kissed them; then looking in her eyes, found there the best medicine for her own tearless distress—namely, love and sympathy and weeping; and seated on the shore they both wept together.

For many minutes Charles Johnson walked back and forth on the shore by the water's edge, with folded arms and fixed look, as if in anxious consultation with himself. Suddenly he stopped, as if he had decided what course to pursue, and, taking, his valise in his hand, mounted by the path to the top of the bank, and opening the garden gate approached the house. He was received at the door by Mr. Damarin, to whom he made himself known as Captain Johnston, of the Confederate army, and who invited him to enter the parlor, where he was presented to Mrs. Damarin and the general. Addressing himself more particularly to Mrs. Damarin, he proceeded to thank them all in the most appropriate manner for their goodness to his sister.

"You have been a mother, madam," he concluded, "to an orphan girl—to a creature more needing protection than the most helpless infant; you have filled the part of the protector the most needed of all others; and may God Almighty bless you for it!" He then explained that himself and brother had just returned from the only visit to their home they had been able to make since the death of their father in 1863.

"Your father is then no longer living?" interrupted Mr. Damarin."

"No, Sir; he died not far from here, as I will explain."

The young man then went on to say that they had found the plantation in such a condition—its mills and barns burned, and the house at Multiflora stripped of everything, even to books and papers, and occupied by about fifty of the late slaves—that nothing could be done to reclaim the property without a considerable capital, whereas they had none at all. He had therefore come to the North to search for the proceeds of the cargo of rice (which must have sold for more than thirty thousand dollars in gold), and which he knew it was his father's intention to place in safe hands somewhere outside of the Confederacy, to remain as a resource in case of the very disaster that had occurred. It was at the time when Morgan's raid was being turned into a retreat that Mr. Johnston had surprised his son, who held command in the raiding forces, by joining them, and asking permission to accompany the march, which he expected would escort him safely through the Federal lines on his way home.

From this down to the time of his death, which took place on the day following, the exigencies of the movement had permitted little conversation between him and them. He was shot by a bush-whacker, and died soon after, without recovering consciousness. No paper or memorandum had been found to give any clue to the disposition made of the funds, and the only filament of one they possessed was the surname merely of a friend of their father with whom he had sometimes corresponded. His name was Richardson, and his residence was then, or formerly, in Chicago; he was a banker, they thought. The captain's brother, Major Edward Johnston, had come with him as far as the new oil fields in West Virginia, where he had remained to look for employment.

Most appropriately to the story would have come a request for Bella to be permitted to remain where she was until her brother returned from his errand of search; but this was prevented by Mr. and Mrs. Damarin both speaking at once, and begging she might be left with them, not merely till then, but until such time as a better home could be provided for her elsewhere, to which he was only too glad to consent.

"Where are the girls?" exclaimed the general, rather abruptly. "Shall we not go, captain, and look them up?" And he led the way into the garden, where, walking slowly, and speaking in a low tone, he continued: "I know very well how hard the fortunes of war bear on gentlemen of the Confederate service. You will need money, perhaps, to make your journey. How much shall I lend you?"

With some difficulty the Confederate was made to accept fifty dollars, acknowledging the favor in phrases intended to conceal how pressing was his need, but in tones that quite sufficiently revealed it.

At the further gate of the garden they were met by those whom they sought. Bella ran up to her brother with almost a smile and many kisses, and then entwining both her arms round one of his, asked,

"And when shall we go back to dear old Multiflora? To-day? Right now, shall we not? Oh yes, yes; this minute, this very minute!"

"Not immediately, my dear," was the reply. "It is important for us all I should make a long journey first; and should I happen to fail in the business I go upon, it may be necessary for you to remain some little time longer with your excellent friends, to whom you already owe more than your utmost gratitude can ever repay. Mr. and Mrs. Damarin have most kindly invited me to leave you with them, and I have consented."

Bella, who had hardly waited for him to be done, here burst forth:

"Leave me here—in yon stone prison house, where I have borne a bitter captivity of nearly three years' duration—where I have been able to endure life only because of my daily hope that you would come, beneath the triumphant banners of the South, and reclaim me by force, as by force I was captured—where I never prayed for your coming without uttering a curse longer than my prayer against your enemies and mine? And now—now that you come to me—come to your sister, with every badge of a soldier stripped from your coat, I think the least you can do is to lead quickly away the poor emancipated captive, and not conspire with her enemies to prolong her imprisonment—"

"Bella! Bella!" interrupted her brother, astonished and alarmed. "Do you forget peace has been proclaimed?"

"Peace!" she replied. "There can never be peace between us and them, except the peace of death. If they will only exterminate us all, we will promise to be quiet. Will you—will the men of the South consent to remain under subjugation, not to the cowardly Yankees, but the more cowardly negroes, whom they have raised up to insult and degrade us more effectually than they could do it themselves? No! Southerners will not submit! They will take to the swamps and the mountains, with arms in their hands and fight while they live! Charles, if ever again you would have me call you brother, rally to the fastnesses nature has made as as refuges for desperate men, and then raise anew the flag of the palmetto and rattlesnake, and this time let the ground they are painted on be black. Raise that flag, and I will go with you and carry it—I will, so help me God!"

Her brother, who seemed to have given up all thought of reasoning with the infuriated wretch—who, by the way, looked furiously beautiful the while—let her run on at will; and the two soldiers listened and looked, the one with mingled admiration, amusement and concern, the other with feelings of a sadder shade. When at length she paused from exhaustion, the brother quietly remarked,

"Such talk as this, general, may be pleasant to indulge in as a parlor amusement. Southern women have been very fond of it, but Southern men—those who survive—have had enough of it. Bella!" he exclaimed, as she was beginning afresh, "be done! Not another word! I'm ashamed of you; you, a lady born, the daughter of a South Carolina gentleman—how dare you requite the hospitality of this family, which you have so long enjoyed, with such vile nonsense, such vulgar rants as this?" As he said this he approached his face to hers with a severe expression, and looked sternly in her eye, as if it were that of a wild beast he would quell with a glance.

Bella quailed. Perhaps the emotions of the day had exhausted her nervous power; or maybe the idea of her language, which to her seemed magnificent, being thought nonsensical and, what was worse, vulgar, struck her with such astonishment as to arrest the flow of her wormwood and gall; or else it was because she had at length met her match, and her brother's terrible eye had done its work. But she was cowed—stood silent; astonished and alarmed, perhaps, but certainly sulky, until, for the second time since morning, that sedative water of heaven called tears descended to bless her.

"Brother," said Polly, approaching the general, "don't mind the poor thing's raving. She's half crazed with her troubles; she don't mean a bit of what she says—she don't indeed. She gets over it right away, and when she isn't angry you don't know how good and sweet she is!"

The general smiled, and merely remarked aside to his sister,

"It's well the fits don't last long, or she would be apt to die of them."

But the present fit, in its sulky stage at least, was not so quickly got ever. it lasted a week or more. And though she now permitted her apologist to lead her into the house, yet no sooner had they entered it than she broke away, flew to the chamber occupied by them both, and turned the key of the door against the swiftly pursuing Polly, as she did that of her heart against all entreaties for admission. And there she remained all day, except when, at the rather peremptory summons of Mrs. Damarin, she appeared for a minute to bid her brother a gloomy farewell as he was about to go on board the Cincinnati packet, which stopped at the landing on its way down the river about the middle of the afternoon.

At the twelve-o'clock dinner Captain Johnston was not a little surprised, considering the evidence of competence, if not wealth, he witnessed, to see the farm people make their appearance. The general, too, was surprised to find how much the same circumstance annoyed himself. But Robert Hagan was more affected than either when a timid glance up the table informed him Bella's seat was vacant. He never dared look that way more than once during a meal, but the knowledge that she was there was something to him—how much he could not reckon or imagine; but it was something.

CHAPTER VIII.

The further northward the ex-Confederate traveled, the less respect was accorded him. Throughout the South, in Kentucky, and even in the lower portions of the Northern Border States, it is possible for one with clean person, good morals, and inoffensive deportment to go in threadbare jeans and battered hat and boots, and yet receive such tolerable degree of deference as will permit him to retain his own self-respect. But when such a one journeys into the more civilized regions of further North, and looks for even the least consideration at the hands of the bureaucracy of boats, trains and hotels, he will find that not the front of jove, nor the grace of D'Orsy, nor the air and port of a crown prince, can avail to save him from contempt. It wore terribly on the spirit of the young Carolinian, representing, as he did, a family sprung from baronial stock, and connected with the Alstons, Middletons, Haynes, and Hugers—accustomed to contemn and not be contemned—to find himself taken by the elbow and pushed about, addressed, and "snubbed," not by any means as if all men were equal, but as if, on the other hand, they were very unequal indeed, and he one of the most inconsiderable. He was not philosophic enough to find consolation in the thought that a gentleman disguised by misfortune can be discerned at first sight only by such as are themselves gentlemen, or connoisseurs of gentlemen; and he was galled to the very tissue of his nerves, and arrived at Chicago fuming with more hostility toward his late enemies than he had felt even in the heat of warfare, and was half sorry it was impracticable to follow Bella's advice, and find refuge in Pedee swamps or Appalachian gorges for a vulgarity so brutal. Thus, when he set out next morning in pursuit of his father's correspondent, his condition was far from what should be that of one who goes about a difficult search. He was discouraged in advance.

From the City Directory he made a list of the addresses of persons of the name of Richardson, which, judging from the occupations affixed, might include the address of the Mr. Richardson he wanted to find; then set out to call upon them in turn. The first on the list was a pork merchant, a pleasant enough person, who received him kindly, being used to deal with hog-drovers, but who soon satisfied him he could not be the object of his search. The next visit was to an old grizzly lawyer, lately come to Chicago, who in reply to one question popped off a dozen, which explored the case to the bottom, and then in a few words showed clearly that he could not be the man. The next was a railroad secretary, who left his desk and approached the person, who, from the outside of the office railing, requested the favor of a few words with, "Well, what's wanted?" and on the business being opened to him, returned again to his desk, saying as he went "I know nothing of such a person; you will have to look further."

Another Richardson was evidently too young; while another still, who was absent from the city, was a Scotchman, and very old, and therefore could not be the person wanted. And so the last name on the list was reached, which was also that of the Richardson whom some of the others thought might be the depositary of the funds. He was a banker, which circumstance, and that of his initials sounding rather familiarly to Johnston's ear, led him to entertain something like hope. But each of the three times he called at the office of the banker the latter was either absent or too busy to be seen, and a fourth attempt had to be deferred till evening, and made at his residence.

As early as seven o'clock Johnston was pulling the bell at the door of an elegant mansion, such as bankers are able to dwell in. Yes, Mr. Richardson was at home, and the flunky would learn if he could be seen, if the visitor would wait in the hall. Presently a man, sixty years old, of heavy aspect, with white hair but black eyebrows, came out of the parlor, and on hearing the name of Captain Johnston, of the late Confederate army, seemed rather surprised, though not displeased, and conducted him into a magnificent parlor, where he asked him to be seated.

"Well," remarked the banker, as they sat down, at the same time surveying the visitor from head to foot, and smiling strangely, "I suppose you are pretty effectually used up down South about these days?"

"Very much so," replied Johnston, whom something in the other's manner repelled, and made him resolve to go cautiously about his inquiries. "May I ask, Sir, if you ever corresponded with my father, Mr. James Johnston, of Georgetown District, South Carolina?"

"Johnston? Johnston?" repeated the banker. "When I was in the pork-packing business I used to deal with planters in all parts of the south, and I think I do remember making shipments to one of that name in South Carolina; but"—looking keenly at his questioner—"why do you want to know?"

"Another question, Sir, if you please; did you ever meet my father in person?"

"Very likely I have; but why do you ask?"

"Please permit me one single inquiry further: did he call upon you when he came to the North in 1863?"

"I don't think, my friend, you will make much further progress with me until I know your reasons for putting these questions."

This extreme caution made the young man feel sure that he had at last found the depositary of the rice money, while at the same time that depositary, from some motives, good or bad, would be very slow to admit himself such.

"I had supposed, Sir," said Johnston, so much agitated as he felt himself nearing the hidden treasure he could hardly command his utterance, "that as the war was closed there would no longer be any occasion for further secrecy concerning the transactions between you and my father; but, in order that you may be frank with me, I will mention that my father is no longer living, and that I, as his representative, am come to ask you, if perfectly convenient, to give me a statement of the account he kept with you. I allude more particularly to the moneys he placed in your hands when he visited you in 1863."

"Hum!" grimly interjected the banker, his covetous under-lip pushing up and over-lapping the upper one. "What did you say the amount was?"

"That, Sir," returned Johnston, feeling the importance of concealing that he had no proofs of the deposit, "depends on the price of gold at that time. I have not the memorandum in my pocket at this moment, but think the cargo must have sold for as much as thirty thousand dollars in specie; must it not?"

"Thirty thousand in specie," was repeated in the same tone; and a suspicious nose moved downward to meet the covetous lip. "And if your father had placed that sum with me do you know what I would have done with it?" Here the eyes snapped out sparks of fire. "I would have had it confiscated before the sun went down! Thirty thousand dollars is less than a third of what your Southern gentlemen swindled me out of before they rebelled. They were brave enough to steal long before they found the courage to fight, and months before they dared fire a shot they repudiated their honest debts. The swindling, scoundrelly traitors! And now you have done your worst, and been whipped, cowed, and beggared, you have the impudence to come and demand payment of debts which you pretend Northern men owe you! Yes, with your hands hardly washed clean of the blood of loyal men, and the butternut rags still hanging about you, you are traveling through the loyal States on a collecting tour. If I had my way, every mother's son of you should hang for a traitor, and every horse, mule, cow, hog, sheep, and chicken that runs over it should be given to your slaves."

"So you deny the debt then?" interrupted his hearer, white as a sheet.

"Deny the debt! Ha! ha! It so happens there's no debt to deny in the present case. No, no; if any bloody traitor ever brought money to Chicago, he gave it to some Copperheads to keep, and not to John Richardson, the rebel-hater."

The rebel-hater's visitor knocked him down, and rushed from the house.

"When does the first train leave for the south?" inquired Johnston of the clerk at the Sherman House.

"It is too late for the Cairo train, but one leaves for Cincinnati in twenty minutes. The omnibus is at the door now."

"Have my baggage brought down, if you please."

And he was soon speeding southward over the moon-lit prairie. Of course all idea of further continuing the search was abondoned—abandoned—abandoned in disgust and self-contempt that he could ever have been fool enough to look for honesty, or honor, or generosity to a fallen foe from a race he had always known to be vile, though he had never personally known them at all.

He reached the steamboat landing at Cincinnati next day too late for any of the up-river packets except one bound for Wheeling, on which he embarked; being assured by the clerk he would be put off at Damarin's Landing about nine o'clock the same evening. His head was busy with forming plans for the future, but as yet he had decided on none of these, and his mind was in condition to be drifted away easily by any side current that might come.

Soon after the cabin lamps were lit, a passenger approached him with a proposition to make up a game of euchre. "Only for amusement," said the man; "I never play in any other way. Johnston accepted, though quite aware that two or more of the players would be professed gamblers; for he had acquired remarkable skill at cards, and was not so wholly innocent of the various tricks of the profession but that he could meet and foil them. He won—won repeatedly, and pocketed considerable sums. The excitement obout the table was high, for the company appreciated and enjoyed the state of things. Thus, when the bell rung for Damarin's Landing, and the clerk informed Johnston of it, he was not disposed to quit his winning game, and declined to go on shore. Late in the night he rose from the cards several hundred dollars richer than when he sat down.

In the morning his enticer approached him with a proposition to be his confederate in a gambling expedition to the oil regions of West Virginia, where vast sums were being lost and won by the in-gathering adventurers from all quarters of the land. The captain's skill at cards was such, he said, that if it were associated with some of his own professional experience and knowledge of men, there would be no doubt of their making "a big thing," as he expressed it. Johnston did not consent to this disgraceful proposal, but he did not absolutely refuse, and when the two left the boat at Parkersburg they stopped at the same hotel for the night, and the next day were seen traveling together in the direction of the new oil wells.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Somebody in My Bed.

"I believe, Captain," said the doctor, "I never told you my adventure with a woman at my boarding house, when I was attending the lectures."

"No, let's have it," replied a short, flabby, fat man, about fifty, with nervous temperament, and a very red face.

"I boarded at a house in which there were no females except the landlady and an old colored cook—"

The Captain, by way of requesting him to go on, said, "Well!"

"I often felt the want of female society, to soften the severe labors of deep study, and dispel the ennui to which I was subject—"

"Well!"

"One evening, after listening to a long lecture on physical anatomy, and after dissecting a large negro, fatigued in body and mind, I went to my lodgings—"

"Well!"

"I went into the hall, took a large lamp, and went directly into the room it being then after 1 o'clock—"

"Well!"

"I placed the light on the table and and commenced undressing. I had hardly got my coat off, when my attention was attracted to a frock and a quantity of petticoats lying on the chair near the bed—"

"Well!"

"And a pair of beautiful small shoes and stockings on the floor. Of course I thought it strange, and was about to retire—but then I thought as it was my room, I had at least a right to know who was in my bed—"

"Exactly so," said the Captain, and "Well!"

"So I took the light, went softly to the bed, and with trembling hand drew aside the curtain. Heavens, what a sight! A young girl—I sho'd say an angel—of about eighteen, was in there asleep—"

"Well!"

"As I gazed upon her, I thought I had never witnessed anything more beautiful. From underneath a little night-cap rivaling the snow in whiteness, fell a stray ringlet over a neck and shoulders of alabaster—"

"Well!" said the excited Captain.

"Never did I look upon a bust more finely formed; I took hold of the coverlid, and softly pulled it down—"

"Well!" said the Captain, "make haste!"

"She had on a night-dress, buttoned up before; but softly I opened the first two buttons—"

"Well!" said the Captain, "how now?"

"And then, ye gods! what a sight to gaze upon—a Hebe—pshaw, words fail. Just then—"

"*Well!* said the Captain, "I am in suspense!"

"I thought I was taking a mean advantage of her; so I covered her up, seized my coat and boots, and went and slept in another room!"

"*It's a lie!*" shouted the excited Captain, jumping up and kicking over his chair—"*It's a lie!*"

Brant Geese.

Mr. Hapgood gives in Forest and Stream, an interesting article on brant geese, and concludes that they breed in the open polar sea north of 82 degrees. He quotes the observations of many Arctic explorers to show that they reach a high latitude and are seen moving on beyond even 82 deg. That when kept as decoys in considerable numbers at Cape Cod, they have not been known to breed. That some years there are no young birds, in which case the season is supposed to be too short to sufficiently mature the young for the long flight south, beginning in September. These geese are found in very great numbers, and yet only one instance is mentioned of their eggs. They appear to breed beyond haunts of men, and have never been successfully domesticated.

Quick Work.

A certain earnest clergymen one Sunday morning was exhorting those who had anxious and troubled consciences to be sure and call on their pastor for guidance and prayer. Said he;

"To show you my brethren, the blessed results of these visits with your pastor, I will state to you that only yesterday a gentleman of wealth called on me for counsel and instruction; and now, to-day, my friends—to-day—he sits among us a happy husband and a father and a christian."

A young lady in the audience whispered to a matron:

Wa'n't that pretty quick work?"

It is a Kansas reporter who says that "Howard Glyndon" (Miss Redden) "has two bright, soulful blue eyes that are soft as a gazelle's with which she sees." The idea of a lady with such eyes as those putting them to such a base use as seeing, is one at which the fastidious mind may justly be shocked.

An Illinois man named Storms has named his three sons Hale Storms, Rayne Storms, and snow storms.