Notice!

This sale will continue on the premises of Mrs. M. S. DRAKE & CO., Columbus, Neb.

Due time of our grand opening of our magnificent new store on Thirteenth street, opposite the Commercial bank will be announced later.

We will carry one of the largest stocks of Dry Goods, Carpets, Upholstery and Millinery in Nebraska.

BARBER & DAYKIN.

To Make this Sale Interesting!

We quote prices never yet known in this county or its surroundings.

LOT 1.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's MILAN HATS 15c, worth up to 50c.

LOT 2.
Ladies' WOOL FELT HATS 50c, worth $1.00.

LOT 3.
Ladies' FUR FELT HATS $1.00, worth up to $1.75.

LOT 4.
Boys' TRIMMED HATS and CAPS 25c, never sold less than 75c and $1.00.

LOT 5.
Misses' TRIMMED HATS, assorted colors, $1.00, worth up to $3.00.

LOT 6.
Ladies' and Misses' TRIMMED HATS, all colors and shapes, $1.25, worth up to $3.50.

LOT 7.
Ladies' TRIMMED HATS $1.50, actual value $4.00.

Economical buyers should look forward to this Sale, as these prices cannot be duplicated.

BARBER & DAYKIN.

CONTINUATION SALE

OF THE STOCK OF

MRS. M. S. DRAKE & COMP'Y.

As the time is now drawing nearer our grand opening day, we have

MARKED DOWN EVERY ARTICLE

BARBER & DAYKIN,

13th St., Opp. Commercial Bank, Columbus, Nebraska.

At cost and many at less THAN HALF PRICE. Extra efforts are being made to close out the entire Stock before

SEPTEMBER 14th.

All who are in need of

MILLINERY, NECKWEAR, NOTIONS, YARNS, HANKF'S, Gloves AND Mitts,

SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SALE.

A RARE OCCASION!

Select your Wants and Save Money.

LADIES' SILK GLOVES all colors 25c, always sold at 75c.

LADIES' BLACK and COLORED PURE SILK MITTS 30c, cheap at 50c.

LADIES' and MISSES' LISLE THREAD MITTS 12½c, all colors and worth 25c.

LADIES' LACE GLOVES and MITTS odd sizes, choice 10c pair, worth up to 50c.

LADIES' JERSEY GLOVES 20c worth 50c.

MISSES' and CHILDREN'S BERLIN GLOVES embroidered backs and improved finger ends 15c worth 35c.

BUTTONS, BUTTONS, BUTTONS.

LOT 1.
25c per doz. all kinds worth up to $1.00.

LOT 2.
Choice for 10c per doz., sold as high as 50c.

LOT 3.
Choice for 50c, worth up to $1.25.

All our FEATHERS, TIPS and GARNITURES of all descriptions going at less than half price.

BARBER & DAYKIN.

MORE BARGAINS

Ribbon Chenille, pure silk all shades, 15c per doz. skain.

Florence Filoselle, 20c per doz. skain.

Costicelle Rope Silk, washing colors especially adapted for fancy work.

Embroidered Silks, 10c per doz.

Ladies' Hair Nets, 5c each.

Hair Crimpers, kid covered, 15c, worth double.

BARBER & DAYKIN.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

'Twas the clipping from a paper
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage;
So I read it every letter,
Saying that I'd seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there.
But in smiling contemplation
Of the humorist's creation,
Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started
And the smile from lips departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in uncut column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.

So, I thought, come grief and pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure;
You may laugh,
For some other one is wailing,
For the tear is smiles unfailing
Other half.

—Columbus Dispatch.

MUTINY ON A GOLD SHIP.

It was our last Friday night at Castle Bluff boarding school. Most of the girls were gone, and the few who lived in or around New York, and were obliged to remain until Saturday morning, were counting the hours of captivity.

It was a dismal night. The rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the piazza roof, while the honeysuckle scraped an accompaniment upon the panes; the wind piped shrilly, and every now and then, as it shifted, we could hear the roar of the breakers at Forlorn Hope. We were huddled together, seven girls, in the study parlor, grumbling because the evening train for New York was an express, and so did not stop at Castle Bluff.

"I would have cut the closing exercises and taken the 2 o'clock train if the 'General' would have let me," said Sarah Priest, frowning.

"The General" was our name for our principal, Mrs. M., whose imposing carriage suggested the title which Dickens bestows on one of his characters.

"Our sacerdotal friend seems pensive tonight," I remarked, mischievously. "What entertainment would your Reverence be pleased to countenance?" I added, turning to Sarah. The poor girl had to answer to a great many punning variations of her name. Indeed, we all bore school names. Mine was "Gaul," given me by the class in "Cæsar's Commentaries," as an improvement on "France," otherwise Frances. Minnie Walsh, the most diminutive girl in school, was "Cardiff Giant," abbreviated to "Cardie;" Jennie Shepherd was known as "Shepherdess" or "Bopeep;" Bertha Hein, who was always "willin'," was "Barkis;" "Lib" Chamberlain, a high spirited, independent girl, was called "Liberty."

I had been reading aloud from "Our Mutual Friend," but finding my audience too restless to listen, I closed the book and walked to the window.

"No use to watch for the steamer to-night, girls," I said; "you couldn't sight the Great Eastern a boat's length away."

"Oh, how nautical!" remarked Jennie. "Have you been taking lessons of Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, I'm not so sure that it wouldn't be a good idea to have a lesson from Mrs. Jones," I said. "What do you say to one of her 'sailors' yarns,' as she calls them?"

"Just the thing," exclaimed Alice.

"Let's get her to tell us a real live blood-and-thunder-your-money-or-your-life pirate story."

"Run along and prepare her, Gaul," said Lib, Alice's chum. "We will follow in a procession."

"Come, girls," cried Alice, "form a line. Choose partners! 'But as for me,'" seizing her chum, "'give me Liberty, or give me death!'"

We found the matron sitting before a little wood fire, working a cushion for a fair.

It was almost equal to a voyage around the world to go into Mrs. Jones' room. On the mantel and shelves were foreign shells and different kinds of corals, from the massive brain coral of the West Indies to the delicate pink specimens from the Micronesian Islands, also stuffed birds, bits of ore from Australia and Spanish souvenirs. Over a photograph of Windsor castle the Stars and Stripes mingled their folds with those of the Union Jack. Above the flags hung a colored lithograph of H.M.S. Three Jolly Tars, which, although represented as scudding before a "large" wind on a heavy sea, had all her canvas set.

Mrs. Jones was fond of young people, and glad to relax the strict rules of school discipline.

"Is that you, Miss Bailey?" said she. "Come in, and Miss Priest, too. How many girls are there of you?" she asked, catching sight of a line in the hall.

"We are seven," said Alice, as we distributed ourselves about the room.

"I wish there were twice as many!" said the matron, with one of her genial laughs. "I suppose you are all glad to be off duty and done with that examining board for the term."

"In what country were you born, Mrs. Jones?" I asked, partly to set the ball rolling and partly to settle a disputed point.

"In no country," answered the lady. "I'm the woman 'without a country.'" After enjoying our perplexity for a while she added, "I was born on the high seas."

"But of what nationality are you?" I persisted.

"I can hardly tell you, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Jones. "Perhaps African, as much as any, for I was born at sea off Cape of Good Hope. My father was an English sea captain, and he married my mother, who was a Spanish lady, in Madrid.

"I lived on board ship—the Three Jolly Tars—until I was 14, so you see that picture is a view of my birthplace and early home. My father was captain of that vessel for twenty-eight years.

"When I was 16 I was married in England, and went to housekeeping in Australia. I married a sea captain and made many voyages with him, so that much of my life has been passed on shipboard. It would really seem more home like to me than living on land, if my husband and children were alive and could be with me."

"But isn't it dreadfully monotonous—the same thing, day after day?" inquired Jennie.

"Dear, no!" said the matron. "If you are not a mere passenger impatient to be at your journey's end, you can have as much home life on shipboard as anywhere. As to monotony, the sea is the most variable thing in the world, hardly alike two days in succession."

"Didn't you ever meet any nice pirates or have any mutinies on board, or anything of that sort, you know?" Alice remarked persuasively.

Mrs. Jones laughed. "Not exactly," she said; "but we had a bit of a scare on one voyage. Perhaps you would like to hear about that?"

We gathered around, and she began:

"My husband was captain of the Bonanza, a ship running between Melbourne and Liverpool, some twenty-five years ago. I shall never forget the first voyage I made with him. Vessels did not go so fast then as they do now, and I remember that we were just five months and three days from Phillips' dock, Liverpool.

"Our freight was gold dust for the return trip, and the worst of it was that we could get a crew only of convicts. Our own sailors caught the gold fever, which was running very high then, and while the ship was lying at Melbourne ran away to the gold fields to prospect for themselves. These convicts were old sailors who had been transported for crime, but who had served out their terms and wished to return to England by working their passage. David—that was my husband's name—said we could do no better than to take them, and he hadn't the slightest fear that they would make any trouble; they were too anxious to get back to England.

"All seemed to go well for a while, but after we had been out to sea for some time, it seemed to my husband as if the Bonanza was a little off her bearings; so the first bright day he took an observation. He was shut up for about an hour making the calculations. When he came out I saw by his face that something was wrong. He went aft and spent some time with the helmsman. He had found that the Bonanza was off her bearings, sure enough. The man at the wheel told him that she wouldn't mind her helm—that she was water logged. This got about among the passengers, and they began to be nervous; so my husband announced that he would make an examination, and invited two of the passengers to accompany him into the hold. They went down into the lower hold, where the ballast is stowed, and found the ship was all right. The captain sent the boatswain aloft to give out through the trumpet that the report was false.

"After this I could see that David was uneasy, although I did not then understand why.

"I awoke one night just before seven bells struck. When I heard the bells, I knew that it was only half past 3, and was trying to get to sleep again, when my ears, which are exceptionally quick, caught a peculiar scraping sound under the berth. There would not seem to be anything alarming about this, for most ships are full of rats, but the fact was, that the gold tank was built into the ship just under the captain's berth, the only entrance being by a trap door. If this scraping came from the tank it could not be rats, for no rat who had any respect for his teeth would be likely to experiment on the zinc lining. A few nights afterward I heard the noise again, and felt sure it was some sharp instrument working on a metallic surface. I awakened David, but he could not hear anything, and said that it must be my imagination.

"Soon after this, I noticed that a curious change had come over Arnie, our cabin boy. His whole name was Arnold McIntyre. He was really very young for the place, but I had been pleased with his appearance and induced my husband to take him. This was the boy's first trip. His father had been a prosperous squatter in Australia, a Scotchman by birth, and a fine man.

"One night the father was awakened by the barking of the dogs, and on going to the door found a gang of bush rangers surrounding the house. They evidently knew that he had been selling cattle that day and had brought home a large sum of money. It is not likely that they intended to harm him, for it was only the money that they were after, but he showed fight and knocked two of them down.

"Well, the end of it was that the poor Scotchman got a bullet through his head, and the bush rangers rode away with everything valuable. Mrs. McIntyre was never the same again. She lost her wits, let the baby fall on its head (in consequence of which it died not long afterward), and she took no notice of Arnie. He was a bright, clever lad, and it seemed a pity that he should go to destruction, so we took care of him. He was very fond of us, and I took great pleasure in teaching him, for he was very grateful and a quick scholar.

"All at once, as I said, a great change seemed to have come over him. He came into the cabin one morning as white as a piece of canvas, and I noticed that his arm shook so that he had to carry the captain's coffee cup with both hands. He declared he was well, and seemed to be startled when we spoke suddenly to him; but during breakfast I often noticed that he was gazing at us with an indescribable expression. I have seen something like it in the face of a dumb animal when it is trying in vain to make itself understood by a human being.

"I was sitting on deck with my work, one pleasant morning soon after, when, happening to need a book which was below, I sent Arnie down to get it. When he handed it to me there was a folded slip of paper between the leaves; a single word was scrawled upon it—the word 'Mutiny.'

"That day when we had finished our dinner, the captain rose in his place and made a short speech. He said something like this:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to have a few straight words with you. I don'tlike wish to cause alarm, and hope there is no occasion for any, but I think it best that there should be a fair understanding between us, as to how matters stand. I have reason to believe that all is not right on board—that there is mischief brewing among the crew. If I can have the support of the passengers I feel sure that I can manage the men. There must be no panic among you. It is absolutely necessary that all be calm, watchful and self controlled. I believe that you will be. I think I can trust you and shall expect you to sustain me. We will look this danger in the face, and we shall see whether a dozen true Englishmen can be cowed by a gang of convicts!'

"The speech had the effect my husband desired. The passengers felt that he trusted to their honor and courage, and the gentlemen all promised to be ready to stand by him in any emergency. The captain had all hands piped on deck and we followed. The crew were a hard looking set of fellows, most of them, with rough, unshaven, scarred faces, and they glowered at the captain from under their heavy eyebrows like wild beasts.

"'My husband will not much of an orator, but when a man's blood is up he can talk, if he ever can; and I assure you he laid down the law to those men in words they could understand.

"'There is not a man of you,' he said, 'who dares look me in the eye and say that he has received anything but fair play from me, or the subordinate officers, since he shipped on the Bonanza. Your past lives have not been such as would lead a man to put confidence in you. The world has not been the better for your living in it, but I have treated you as if you had been the most honorable men in England. You have had a chance to show that there was something of true manhood left in you, yet. Now, how have you returned this? I will tell you! You mean mischief! I understand this as well as you do. Your plot is known to me, and the time has come for you to give an account of it. You will find that I am not a man to be trifled with. I am master of this ship, and I intend to remain so. The Bonanza is freighted with gold dust, and I shall defend her with my life! I command you all, as true British sailors, to bring forward your arms and lay them on the captain!'

"'You may not know that it is against the shipping articles for sailors to carry arms—one of the first questions asked when a man ships before the mast is, 'Have you any weapons?'

"There was silence among the men when the captain ceased. We could hear the soft flapping of the sails overhead, and the occasional scraping of a heel, as some one eased his muscles by shifting his weight from one foot to the other. I was standing by the main shrouds and remember counting the ratlines over and over, to help keep my self control. It seemed a brief lifetime to me, but I suppose it was hardly thirty seconds before four men came forward and laid down horse pistols. Not another man stirred. I saw my husband's face redden and his eyes flash angrily.

"'Is no one else true?' he shouted.

"I began to tremble lest he should lose his self control.

"He called for some chalk. Chalk is always kept on board for whitening spots when a ship comes into port. He stooped down and began to draw two lines across the deck in front of him. Suddenly there was a sharp click. My husband had drawn a pistol and cocked it! An instant after he rose to his feet and cried in a voice like thunder, 'You may walk up to that first line and lay down your arms, but if any man crosses the second line I'll shoot him dead!'

"I closed my eyes, but when I looked again I could hardly see the top of the capstan for the bowie knives and pistols that covered it!

"The captain called the sailmaker and whispered a word in his ear. He went below and came up with the irons. The passengers lent a hand, and in a few minutes we had the ringleaders provided for.

"Then the captain thought of Arnie. He said, 'I understand you have got Arnie in tow. Bring him up.' He was brought up, pale as death.

"'Now,' says the captain, 'you've got to tell all you know about this business.'

"The child's lips quivered. 'If I do they will kill me,' he said.

"'You shan't be touched,' said the captain. Still Arnold was afraid to speak. He was trembling in every limb. He was such a little fellow his head did not reach up to my shoulder. It was the hardest work to make him tell what he knew. David had to promise that he should stay in the cabin all the way, and at last he told the whole story and we found everything to be just as he said. He had heard it all while lying in his bunk, and the men bound him by a dreadful oath to secrecy, and swore they would murder him and throw his body overboard if he should betray them. He believed they would, but he felt that he must warn us. He tried to let the captain know in some way without breaking his oath, but could not make him understand, and had given me the scrap of paper as a last resort.

"The convicts had a large supply of weapons, and had bribed the steersman to turn the ship from her course little by little, intending to mutiny and take possession of her. They wished to take her to some strange port and then scuttle her, going ashore in the boats and leaving us to our fate.

"Arnold told which men had weapons in their lockers and where the keys were, and the captain sent and seized the arms. He told us, also, that the ship's cutlasses, which had seemed in good condition at the last inspection, had been deprived of their blades, so that, as we found, only the sheaths and handles remained, and we could not have used them for our defense.

"The boy also told us that two or three attempts had been made to cut through the gold tank, and, on examining, we discovered several places at the side where some sharp instrument had been used. This explained the filing sound I had heard twice.

"Arnie saved our lives, and you may be sure we did not forget it.

"We reached England in safety, and before landing the passengers made up a handsome purse for the boy. He was sent to a good school and well educated, and today Arnold McIntyre is an officer in the royal navy and one of the finest men in her majesty's service."—Frances Stoughton Bailey in St. Nicholas.

His Little Family.

"Do you get all the work you can do?" asked a gentleman of a negro whom he had hired to do some outdoor jobs for him.

"Yes, sah, 'bout all; en I needs hit to keep my little fam'ly a-goin', sah."

"How much of a family have you?"

"Well, lemme see. Dar's me en my ole woman, dat's two; en Lizy en Marthy en Berthena en Andy en Sidney en Jimmy en Billy en Sally en Minty, dat's nine single ones; en den dar's de twins, Ad'naram en Eb'nezer—'leben in all. Yo' see dat's quite a considerable few, sah."

The gentleman thought it was.—Youth's Companion.

Eighteen Rattlers at One Shot.

Mike Payton declares that he is the boss snake killer. He killed six rattlesnakes a week ago in going from the Marguerite mine to the Northern Belle. One of them measured four feet and ten inches. He says that Keystone ravine is chuck full of them. Charles Castagua did a little better than that. He killed eighteen not long since with one shot.—Sierra City Tribune.

TWO LOVES.

I wonder if a certain lane
So happily is faring,
As when my first love, Ellen Jane,
There took her daily airing.

My lollipops I shared with her,
And, daintiest of minxes,
For every sweet, without demur,
She paid me off with kisses.

My latest love is Eleanor,
The Jane is quite derided,
And though I still divide with her,
My pay is undecided.

Sometimes when sweets and flowers most rare,
I on her shrine am showering,
Her smiles with sunshine fill the air,
But ah! too oft she's lowering.

No matter how I strive and woo,
No more for me such bliss is
To see her—as she used to do—
Put up her mouth for kisses.

Sweet Eleanor, though grown are we,
My love bring more of pain
Than when your summers numbered three
And you were Ellen Jane.

—Cora Stuart Wheeler in Century.

TIT FOR TAT.

In the days when all the world was romantic, and no one was ashamed of it, two gentlemen of England conceived the preposterous, but at the same time rather fashionable, idea that, because they were friends, their son and daughter, then infants in their cradles, must love each other when they grew to be man and woman; and, having compared notes and found that they quite agreed on this point, set to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause to arrange matters so that they must turn out exactly as they desired.

Consequently, each made a will and matters were so arranged that if either of the young people declined the hand of the other, the young person would be penniless, and his or her estate would go to the other young person who was willing.

After some years the gentleman whose child was a daughter left his native England for America, while the other, who was a widower, his wife having given her life for that son, remained in England, so that the ocean rolled between the romantic friends.

The English resident was named Edmund Harrington; the American, Charles Seabright.

Both were wealthy and brought their children up carefully.

As they grew older they permitted them to correspond with each other, but each detested the task so that the letters were written by the elders themselves.

Once, at the age of 14, when news came that little Harold Harrington had fallen from a tree and broken his leg, Elsie Seabright was desired to reply that she felt great regret and sent her best love and wishes for his speedy recovery, but the girl, who could never listen to the boy's name with anything like patience, refused to write one word of this amiable epistle.

"I wish he had broken his neck, so that I might never hear any more about him," she said, with a stamp of her slipper foot, "and I won't write! silly!"

So again mamma wrote the letter, having first locked Elsie up in a dark pantry by way of punishment.

"And I am sorry to find a child of mine so unfeeling," she said. "A broken leg causes great pain and may make one lame for life."

"A nice thing for me that would be if I am to marry him," said Elsie.

Indeed, if she had been as sympathetic as her mother desired, Elsie would have had opportunity enough to exercise these feelings, for her young betrothed was always in some pickle, and had nearly drowned and nearly shot himself a dozen times, to say nothing of ordinary troubles.

It was tit for tat, at all events, for when Elsie had the measles Master Harold had received the information with a contemptuous indifference amounting to heartlessness, and had indeed said that he did not care.

He hated girls, and this one the worst of them all.

So, with the ocean between them, the young people grew to maturity, and the year approached in which they were to meet.

But meanwhile all sorts of sad things happened. Elsie lost both her father and mother, and, away in England, Mr. Harrington died suddenly of apoplexy. So the two men, who had looked forward for so many years to meeting when their children were married, never met again.

Mr. Harrington would not bring his son to America to see his lovely Elsie, as he had proposed, and but for these obstinate wills the matter would have been dropped, for the last thing the young people desired was to meet each other.

But the young man was of age and the young lady also, and the property must be settled, and could not until the match was either on or off.

The old lawyers in whose hands the affair rested knew the feelings of their wards, but they judged that a meeting might mend matters. At least it was necessary that they should meet.

Harold, as in duty bound, was to cross the ocean to meet his betrothed and give her an opportunity to refuse him.

The news of his arrival brought into full activity those feelings of repugnance that Elsie had conceived for Harold in her childhood.

She had for a while resolved to yield to her dead father's wishes, but now she felt that it was impossible.

Yet there was enough of worldly wisdom in her head to teach her how much better it was to be rich than it was to be poor.

If he refused her, her fortune, and his also, would be her own by law.

She would force him to refuse her, and then she would return him his fortune, and all would be as it should be. But how could she do this?

The girl sat for a while in deep reverie, and then arose and clasped her hands together.

A thought had struck her.

There was in the house a seamstress, with as much conceit as any young beauty was ever blessed with.

Her rough manners and ways of speech had become proverbial among her own class, the other servants speaking of her generally as Crusty Betsy. And this girl had of late been occupied in the room of her young mistress over some new dresses.

Straight to this apartment Elsie flew, and, locking the door, sat down opposite Betsy and said:

"I have something for you to do, Betsy, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Just name it then," said Betsy.

"When I was a little girl, Betsy," said Elsie, "poor papa promised that I should marry a young gentleman who lives in England when I was grown, and that if I did not I should lose my fortune. Now the time is come, and he is coming; and I can't marry him. Betsy, I want him to refuse me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Betsy, "and if I were you I'd huff him off quick enough, and make him glad to go, that I would."

"And I can't think how to do it, Betsy," said Elsie, "and if you can, you must do it for me. While he stays you must pretend that you are Miss Seabright; you must wear my clothes, and take all the airs you possibly can, and make him as unhappy as possible, so that he'll have to refuse you—that is, me, you know. Be sharp as you can with him, Betsy—never the least bit kind or nice. You'll try, won't you, Betsy?"

Then the two girls left all other work to examine Elsie's wardrobe, and soon Betsy was dressed in the most elegant attire.

"And I," said Elsie—I will be your poor companion, and you must call me Miss Smith, and snub me and order me about."

Thus it was all arranged when the little letter Elsie had so long been expecting arrived, and breaking its blue seal she read that Mr. Harrington would pay his respects to Miss Seabright in the course of an hour.

How Miss Seabright laughed as she sat waiting in the drawing room, watching Betsy sail up and down with all the new assumption of dignity. Betsy, with the most amiable intentions, would have been sure of offending; but Betsy, bent on being unpleasant, would be a grand success.

Just then Betsy herself leaned from the window.

"Oh, miss!" she cried, "there's a carriage at the door, and there's a gentleman coming out of it. Bless us! if that is him I don't wonder you want to be off your match. Deary, oh! deary me!"

But before she could explain a servant had brought Elsie a card bearing the name of Harold Harrington, and as she arose the most extraordinary figure entered the room.

It was a very tall young man, between whose shoulders, nevertheless, grew a hump. He also, though he seemed to move actively enough, walked on crutches.

On his head, from which he had removed his cap, was a black silk skull cap, such as entirely bald old gentlemen then wore.

His nose was certainly well shaped, but it was much the color of red flannel; and about his throat was a muffler.

This was Harold Harrington.

Elsie's surprise was so great that she sank into a chair and forgot to prompt Betsy as she intended.

But Betsy needed no prompting. She was not in the least embarrassed.

She advanced to meet Mr. Harrington with a grin of supreme insolence upon her face, and burst into a loud laugh.

"Well," she said, "you are my young man, are you? I must say, whoever picked you out showed no mighty great taste; 'twasn't for your beauty, that's plain."

"No, madam," said the arrival, "it was not for my beauty. Do I address Miss Seabright?"

"Why, who else should I be?" cried Betsy. "'Twas not for your cleverness, neither, you were chosen. But now you've come, sit down. Been in the wars, haven't you?"

"My infirmities," sighed the young man, "are the result of my recklessness as a boy. I had a most sympathizing letter from you upon the fall that broke my limb. You remember it? You also condoled with me upon the careless shot which cost me my eye, though you did not know how serious was the result.

"It was while I was on a trip to Switzerland that I injured my back, and while endeavoring to drink some boiling tea the housekeeper had left carelessly on the table I scalded all the hair from my head. This scar upon my cheek is the result of having attempted to shave myself with my poor father's razor. It was injudicious of him not to tell you the result of my injuries, but now you see them for yourself, I will not go into further particulars. You remember all my accidents."

"Yes," said Betsy, "and a fine figure of a man they've made you; you'd do to scare the crows from an orchard, I must say, and you're sent to me, that I might have my pick and offers to marry. It's enough to make one die of laughing."

"Then you refuse me?" said the young man eagerly.

"Oh, no," said Betsy. "Oh, no, I don't; there's the fortune, you know. Money is money, and even an object like you is better than poverty. I'll have you; though how folks will laugh to see us paired off together! One comfort, though; so broken as you must be you can't last long."

"On the contrary, I expect to live to be eighty," said the young man.

"Expectations don't go for much," said Betsy. "Look how the old folks went."

"We were deprived of their affections very suddenly," said the young man sighing. "My father loved yours dearly, Miss Seabright."

"Folks will take queer notions," said Betsy. "Well, I must say you are an object. I can't help laughing whenever I look at you."

"We shall have a very merry life together," said Harold, "if your disposition continues."

"Oh, I shan't see much of you," said Betsy, "I can promise you, after the ring is on. What possessed you to smash yourself up so? But I shan't refuse you 'It's money makes the mare go,' says the old song."

"It may be," said Harold. "But let the mare stand still for me, then. I quite decline to fulfill the engagement. So, madam, you have the fortune without any incumbrance in my person."

"And a good riddance of bad rubbish, say I," cried Betsy. "There are better fish in the sea than you, or women would be poorly off. You're going, eh? Well, the sooner the better. Miss Smith, ring the bell."

Elsie arose and touched the bell.

But now the deed was done and her object attained, she felt dreadfully ashamed of herself.

Certainly a more unhappy and singular object than this before her could not well be imagined.

Indeed, compassionate as was her heart, she felt that his appearance was not only painful, but almost ludicrous but all the more should he have been tenderly used.

Why had she played this childish prank, and allowed a vulgar woman to insult him in her presence?

And this gentleman—for hideous as he was, he was a gentleman by breeding as well as by birth—how would he henceforth think of her?

He would always believe that she had uttered those rude words—she, and none other.

And as he left the room she followed him, and the servant who had answered the bell retired at her nod and left the two together in the long hall, where they could hear the long and violent explosions of laughter with which Betsy was now filling the drawing room.

"Mr. Harrington," said Elsie, her face crimson as she spoke, "I cannot let you go without a word of explanation. I—I have been so grieved that you should be insulted. I never meant"——

"My dear young lady, you have nothing to do with it, and my feelings are not in the least hurt," replied the young man. Who would care for anything a person like the woman we have just left could say? But I am amazed that she should be Miss Seabright. I know she is a lady by birth. I understood that she was beautiful and gentle. I"——

"Oh, Mr. Harrington," cried Elsie, "I have been such a foolish girl! She is not Miss Seabright. I am Miss Seabright. I—I—it was a ridiculous stratagem of mine. I hate the idea of a betrothal to a stranger, and I desired that you should take the initiative in breaking off the match. But believe me, I had no knowledge of your infirmities, which could only be a subject for sympathy to me, and I beg you to forgive me for placing that coarse woman in a position in which she could insult you. Prove it by remaining with me until I can offer you some refreshments after your journey."

The young man bowed, looked at her a moment and then replied frankly:

"Madam, I quite appreciate your motives and entirely forgive you. I am pleased to accept your invitation."

It was the custom in well arranged houses at that day to send the guests to their room a while before dinner.

Accordingly, Miss Seabright ordered a servant to show Mr. Harrington to an apartment on the upper floor and retired to her own room to dress for dinner.

Ten minutes after her entrance into this apartment the servant brought her a large bundle and a small note—a few inches square. She opened the note first and read these words:

MY DEAR MISS SEABRIGHT—I have a confession to make. I, also, before I met you, had resolved that you should be the one to decline the condition of our fathers' wills, intending afterward to give you back your share of the property. Consequently I set about devising a scheme, and, reading my school day letters, it occurred to me that no one ever went through so many accidents quite unscathed and unmarred before. I knew that few women would choose to marry a very hideous man; consequently I concocted a disguise which I fancy would make me repugnant to the least particular of the fair sex.

Allow me to lay at your feet my crutches, which I have never needed, thank heaven; my hump, which was a feather pillow; the skull cap, which did not hide a bald pate, and all my bandages and patches. The vermilion which adorned my nose I have removed with a little water, and though I obtained my invitation to dinner under false pretenses, I beg to be allowed to pay my respects to you in proper person, and to apologize for my trick, which, after all, dear madam, was only tit for tat.

At first Elsie was unreasonably angry, but her anger did not last long.

They met at dinner, and before they parted it was quite concluded that they should carry out the wishes of their parents by agreeing to dine together always.

If it were not for the Bible and common prayer book in the vulgar tongue we could hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us 100 years ago.—Swift.

Found the Melon.

During the melon season in Persia a few years ago a soldier picked a melon and devoured it without paying the peasant the stipulated price. The peasant went to complain to Massoud Mirza, the shah's oldest son, whose ear is always open to the lowest. After listening to his plaint he said: "Well, you shall have justice. I will test this matter to the core. Bring in the soldier." The gormandizing soldier was brought in. "Cut this man's belly open," he said to the executioner. "If there is a melon inside," he added to the peasant, "you will get your money; if not, off goes your head." The soldier was cut open, the melon found and the peasant paid.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Better Than a Safety Vault.

Highwayman (halting lady in carriage)—Stop, madam! Your money or your life!

Lady—My money is in my pocket, sir, and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minutes, and there is a large party of brethren tourists coming up the hill, I would advise you to let me pass.

Highwayman—Thanks, madam, your advice is worth heeding. Good day.—Burlington Free Press.

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The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT Sold by Dowty & Becher at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents. mar7y

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