



THE ESCAPE OF MARY.

BY KATHERINE GRAVES



On a cold, bleak evening a woman enveloped in a weather-bent plaid cloak was seen hurrying along the sidewalk of a fashionable street in one of the Atlantic cities.

starting up and seizing Mrs. Leonard's hand, which she pressed to her lips. "Stay," said Mrs. Leonard, disengaging her hand with an air that showed that she was slightly annoyed, "if you remain, there are several conditions which you must promise to comply with."

"I will comply with any condition that you wish. All I ask is that you will suffer me to stay."

"The first condition is that you must under no pretext whatever leave the house except to attend church on the Sabbath, and then it must be in company with some person whom I shall provide to go with you."

"That will suit me exactly—I do not wish to go out."

"Another is that you must not attempt to hold any correspondence with your old associates."

"There is not a person on earth with whom I wish to hold any correspondence."

"The third and last condition is that should any of your old acquaintances call you will refuse to see them."

"All that you require I should have performed voluntarily."

"Well, then, you had better take off your cloak and hood, for the room is rather too warm to require such garments."

She withdrew to the opposite side of the apartment, and Percy observed that at the moment she removed her hood she tore a wreath of flowers from her hair and crushed it in her hand, which soon afterward, when she imagined she was not noticed, she threw into the fire.

When divested of her cloak and hood, with her rich dress exactly fitted to her form and bright golden hair entwined with pearls, Mrs. Leonard could not help confessing to herself that she had never seen a woman so beautiful. If the admiration of Percy was graduated on a lower scale his countenance was no true index of his mind, and the idea of his proposed visit into the country began to grow exceedingly distasteful to him.

The next morning at the breakfast table Miss Leviston appeared in a calico morning dress which Mrs. Leonard had provided for her, with her hair, which was plainly parted on her forehead, compressed into one heavy, rich braid, which shone with luster nearly equal to the small gold comb which confined it to the back part of the head. Her demeanor was modest to bashfulness, her color varying with every motion from the palest hue of the blush-rose to that which gives the leaves nearest its heart. Mrs. Leonard was at a loss whether to attribute this fitful varying of her complexion to modesty or guilt, but Percy, who had a great deal of chivalry about him, would not have hesitated had it been the custom in those degenerate days to break a lance with the bravest man in the country in vindication of her innocence.

Mrs. Leonard, thinking it best not to tax the skill of her new needlewoman too severely at first, gave her a cambric handkerchief to hem, which being performed with neatness and dispatch, she ventured to trust her with a pair of fine linen bands, which, according to the old fashion, when women probably found it difficult to fill up all the time, were to be stitched twice across, each stitch to embrace just two threads. She had finished one band entirely to Mrs. Leonard's satisfaction, when the doorbell rang. Miss Leviston gave a nervous start, and rising from her chair, requested Mrs. Leonard's leave to retire to her own apartments. The person who rung proved to be Mrs. Reading, a lady with whom Mrs. Leonard was intimately acquainted, and to whom she determined to mention the case of her new seamstress, and ask her advice relative to the propriety of permitting her to remain. Mrs. Reading had something important to communicate, and commenced by saying:

"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Leonard?"

"No, indeed—what news?"

"You know old Mr. Draper, don't you?"

"I know there is such a person, though I am not acquainted with him."

"And you have heard of the beautiful Miss Winthrop, his niece and ward?"

"Yes."

"And of old Barner, whose property is said to exceed a million?"

"I have."

"Well, it seems that Barner took a fancy to Miss Winthrop and asked her guardian's leave to propose to her. Mr. Draper's consent being readily obtained, he proposed and was rejected. Not satisfied with this, he continued to persecute her with his addresses and finally, it is said, offered her guardian a heavy sum if he would either by persuasion or threats induce her to marry him. 'Make yourself easy, Mr. Barner,' said he, 'she shall be your bride.' He found, however, that he had undertaken a difficult task, and, despairing of other means to effect his wishes, locked her into her own apartment and gave out that she had left town on a visit."

"For several weeks she remained obstinate, but knowing herself to be entirely in her guardian's power, and becoming weary of her imprisonment, she told him if he would release her she would marry Mr. Barner. As he suspected that she intended to evade her promise, he told her that he could not trust her with her liberty till the hour arrived for the performance of

the marriage ceremony. Knowing that remonstrances would prove vain, she, to all appearance, meekly acquiesced. Yesterday morning was the time Mr. Draper wished it to take place, but she insisted on its being deferred till the evening. A splendid bridal dress had been prepared, in which she was duly arrayed, and Mr. Barner, fine as a tailor could make him, was punctual to the moment. One of the bridesmaids now entered the apartment and whispered to Mr. Draper, requesting him to give her the key to unlock the door, as her assistant had just called to her and told her that Miss Winthrop was quite ready.

"But why were you not there to assist them?" inquired Mr. Draper. "I arrived rather late," she replied, "and as you happened to be out, I could not gain admittance."

"Five minutes elapsed, but the bride did not appear. Mr. Barner kept his eyes constantly fastened on the door by which she was to enter. Another five minutes passed, and Mr. Barner's eyes began to ache, so that he was obliged not only to wink, but even to rub them."

"What does the girl mean by keeping us waiting so long?" said Mr. Draper and he rang the bell.

"A girl appeared at the door. 'Go tell Miss Winthrop,' said he, 'that she will oblige us by not keeping us waiting any longer.'"

"The girl obeyed, and after an absence of a few minutes returned, saying that Miss Winthrop's chamber was empty."

"I should not wonder if she had contrived to make her escape," said Mr. Draper, starting up and rushing toward the staircase, followed closely by Mr. Barner. They soon proved the truth of what the girl had told them by a peep into the deserted chamber. Bride and bridesmaids all were gone. Mr. Barner ran downstairs, and, going to the front door, inquired of some persons who were passing if they had seen a lady in the dress of a bride. Being answered in the negative, he ran down the street like an insane man, asking the same question of everyone he met. Every exertion has been made on the part of her guardian to find her, but up to this time she has eluded all search."

Mrs. Leonard, who had listened to Mrs. Reading's account without interrupting her, told her, when she had finished, that she doubted not that Miss Winthrop was at that moment beneath her roof. She then related to her the incidents of the preceding evening.

"It must be she," replied Mrs. Reading. "I know her perfectly well and your description suits her exactly."

"She did wrong," said Mrs. Leonard, "not to confide in me. I was inclined to regard her in a very unfavorable light, and had it not been for Percy, who for the sake of her remaining consented to leave town, I should have turned her away."

"As she was wholly unacquainted with you," replied Mrs. Reading, "she could not tell whether it would be safe to repose confidence in you or not."

"That is true. There are some who might have taken measures to return her to her guardian, or rather to him who has proved himself so base a betrayer of his trust."

Both ladies agreed that it would be best for Mrs. Leonard to inform her immediately that she had discovered who she was, and to quiet her fears by assuring her that, as Mr. Draper had exceeded the limits of lawful control by confining her to her chamber in order to compel her to marry a person that was disagreeable to her, he would not be suffered to resume his guardianship.

That evening, in a letter to her nephew, Mrs. Leonard related the whole story, and the next evening but one she had the pleasure of welcoming him home.

More to tease Mr. Draper than for any other reason, the secret of Miss Winthrop's abode was not suffered to transpire, and he, as well as the public, about two months afterward was first enlightened on the subject by the following paragraph in one of the daily newspapers:

"MARRIED—Yesterday morning, at the residence of Mrs. Leonard, in C— street, Percy Leonard, Esq., to Miss Leviston Winthrop, daughter of the late Judge Winthrop of this city."

A Clever Military Trick.

After some skirmishing between Kashmir and Pashawar the enemy took to the top of a hill whence they could roll rocks down, and from which their dislodgment was difficult. At last a villager came in and told me that although the enemy occupied the top of the mountain all day they were in the habit of coming to springs half-way down to cook and rest at night. Acting on this information I sent for some herdsmen of the district, and, showing them a handful of gold coins, promised them to give them if the men would take up a bugler and some odds and ends that they must carry with them to the top of the hill after the enemy has retired from the heights for the night. A bargain was made, and the next evening my little party was ready for starting. The bugler was disguised as a shepherd, and the villagers (three in number) carried each half a dozen pots filled with powder, with fuses attached. These they were to take to the top of the hill and lay out in a row, and at 9 at night, on a small rocket being fired from camp, they were to light all the fuses, the bugler would blow all the calls he knew, and then the whole party were to make the best of their way back to camp. The ruse was successful; the hillmen fled in a panic, and the youthful commander obtained a bloodless victory. — From "Lumsden of the Guides."

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Worse and Worse. Lady (engaging new housemaid)—"Daphne? That is much too romantic a name, with young men in the house. I suppose you would not object to be called by your surname?" Applicant—"Oh, no, ma'am, in fact, I'm quite used to it." Lady—"What is your surname?" Applicant—"Daring."—Answers.

The total catch of seals by Canadian sealing vessels during the past season was 34,344, as compared with a total for the preceding year of 28,552.

Father and Son Killed. New Martinsville, W. Va. (Special.)—William Smith and son were killed by an explosion of glycerine. They were bringing glycerine down the creek in a skiff and when about three-quarters of a mile above the city the explosion took place.

WORKING MEN.....

cannot afford to lose any time. Sick or well, they have to go to work early in the morning and often get home late. The loss of a single day means a thinner envelope on pay day and perhaps extra family privation. The confinement and bad ventilation of the workroom, together with the cold dinners many of them are obliged to eat, have a bad effect on the physical system and lead on to ill health.

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