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SEWING MACHINES,
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The undersigned also constantly keeps on hand all kinds of
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Second Hand Machines
sold at exceedingly low prices.
Repairing promptly attended to.
Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth of these statements.
F. O. HOSTERMAN.

Behind the Tapestry.

Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too; and when the grave closed over my husband I thought that there was no place left for me in the world. I was rich, young; and my friends and my own reflections in the glass, told me that I was beautiful. I did not care for the people who flattered and made much of me, but I turned, even in the first days of my trouble, to one friend. She, too, was young and beautiful. We were schoolfellows; we were engaged at the same time; we were married in the same month of the same year.

During the three years of my married life we had seen little of each other, but when my husband died, and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, I answered back her love. She asked me to stay with her and I went.

I stayed with the Cliffords a couple of months. During that time the house was quiet, visitors few—they eschewed company for my sake.

At the end of two months I left them, comforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by-and-by.

Circumstances, however, too varied and too many to mention, prevented that second visit taking place for a couple of years. At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again. I must write to her and promise a visit. I did so.

By return of post I got a short but characteristic reply: "DEAREST HONOR: Of course I long to see you, but unfortunately the house is full. Large as it is, it is crammed from cellar to attic.

"My dear, I don't want to refuse you. I do long to see you. Will you sleep in the Tapestry room? for of course it is empty. I dare not put anybody else there, but I don't think you, Honor, will be afraid of the ghost. If the Tapestry room will do, come, and a thousand welcomes. I can put up your maid. Your loving friend, MARY CLIFFORD."

To this letter I made a short answer: "I do not believe in the ghost. The Tapestry room will do beautifully. Expect me to-morrow."

The next evening I arrived at Aspen's Vale in time for dinner. The Tapestry room looked charming. I fell in love with it at once, and vowed laughingly that the ghost and I would make friends.

My maid, however, looked grave over my jesting remarks; it was plain that she believed in supernatural visitations.

The Tapestry room was quite away from the rest of the house—it was at the extreme end of the wing. No other bedrooms were in the wing.

Altogether, this wing of the old house seemed dead. Visitors only came to it out of curiosity; they paid brief visits, and preferred doing so in broad daylight.

Old as the other rooms in the wing looked, the Tapestry room bore quite the palm of ancient appearance.

The furniture was all of the blackest oak; the bedstead the usual four-poster on which our ancestors loved to stretch themselves. But the curious feature of the room, that which gave it its name, was the tapestry. Not an inch of the walls was to be seen; they were hung completely with very ancient and very faded tapestry. One Dame Clifford, of long, long-by-gone days, had worked it, with the help of her maids. She had come to an untimely end on the very day on which the great work of her life had been completed.

It does not matter to this story what became of the proud and fair dame, but it was her ghost which was said to haunt the wing, and the Tapestry chamber in particular. Warden, my maid, as she helped me to undress, looked quite pale with terror.

"They do say, ma'am, as Dame Clare Clifford appears with her head tucked under her arm, and threads from the old tapestry hanging to her skeleton fingers. She's dressed in gray silk, that don't rustle never a bit, though 'tis so thick it might stand all alone, they do say. 'Tis awful lonesome for you, ma'am, to sleep here alone, and I'll stay with you with pleasure if it comes to that, though my nerves aren't none of the strongest."

I thanked Warden, however, and as sure as her that I was not in the least afraid; and she, with a well-relieved face left me alone. I heard her foot steps echoing down the corridor—they died away. I was now out of reach of all human help, for in this distant room, in this distant wing, no possible

sounds could reach any other inhabitants of Aspen's Vale.

I think I have implied that I was brave. In my childhood, in my short married life, even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I had never known physical fear; nevertheless when the last of Warden's footsteps echoed out and died, and that profound stillness followed which can be oppressive, I had a curious sensation.

I did not call it fear, I did not know it for that grim and pale-faced tyrant; but it made me uncomfortable, and caused my heart to beat irregularly.

The sensation was this—I felt that I was not alone.

Of course it was fancy; and what had I to do with fancy?

I determined to banish this uncomfortable feeling from my mind, and stirring the fire to a cheerful blaze, I drew one of the black oak chairs near it and sat down.

Warden had looked so pale and frightened before she left me, that out of consideration for her feeling I had allowed her to leave the jewels which I had worn that evening on the dressing-table.

There they lay, a set of very valuable brilliants. There was an old-fashioned mirror over the mantle piece, and as I sat by the fire I saw the reflection of my diamonds in the glass. As I noticed their sparkle, again that strange sensation returned; this time more strongly, this time with a cold shiver. I was not alone.

Who was in the Tapestry chamber? Was it the ghost? Was that story true, after all? Of course I did not believe it. I laughed aloud at the idea came to me. I felt that I was getting quite silly and nervous. There was nothing for me but to get into bed as quickly as possible.

I was about to rise from my easy-chair and go over to the old-fashioned four-poster, when again my attention was attracted to the glass over my head. It was hung in such a way as to reveal a large portion of the room, and I now saw, not the diamonds, but—something else.

In the folds of the dim and old-world tapestry I saw something move and glitter. I looked again; there was no mistaking it—it was an eye, a human eye, looking fixedly at me through a hole in the canvas. Now I knew why I felt that I was not alone.

There was some one hidden between the tapestry hangings and the wall of the chamber. Some one—not a ghost. That eye was human, or I had never looked on human eye before. I was alone with a thief, perhaps with worse and gems of immense value lay within his reach. I was absolutely alone, and a soul could hear the most agonized cry for help in this distant room.

Now I knew—if I had ever doubted it before—that I was a very brave woman.

The imminence of the peril steadied the nerves which a few minutes before were beginning strangely to quiver. I never started nor exclaimed. I felt that I had in no way betrayed my knowledge to my terrible guest. I sat perfectly still, thinking out the situation and my chances of escape.

Nothing but perfect coolness could win the victory. I resolved to be very cool. With a fervent and passionate cry to One above for succor, I rose from my chair, and going to the dressing-table, I slipped several costly rings off my fingers. I left the scatter carelessly about. I donned my self of all but my wedding-ring.

Then I put the extinguisher on the candles—they were wax, and stood in massive silver candlesticks. The room, however, was still brilliant with the light of the fire on the hearth.

I got into bed, laid my head on the pillow and closed my eyes.

It may have been to minutes—it seemed more like an hour to my strained senses—before I heard the faintest movement. Then I discovered a little rustle behind the tapestry, and a man got out. When he did so I opened my eyes wide; at that distance he could not possibly see whether they were open or shut. He was a powerful man, of great height and breadth. He had a black beard, and a quantity of thick black hair. I noticed his features, which were tolerably regular.

I also noticed another peculiarity: among his raven locks was one perfectly white. One rather thick white lock was flung back off his forehead—so white was it that the fire instantly revealed it to me.

The man did not glance toward the bed, he went straight, with no particular quiet step, to the dressing-table. I closed my eyes now, but I heard him taking up my trinkets and dropping them again. Then he approached the bedside. I felt him come close, I felt his breath as he bent over me. I was lying on my side, my eyes were shut, I was breathing gently.

He went away again; he returned to the dressing-table. I heard him rather noisily strike a match, then with a lighted candle in his hand he once more approached the bed. This time he bent very low indeed, and I felt the heat of the flame as he passed it softly before my closed eyes. I lay still however; not a movement, not a horrid breath, betrayed me.

I heard him give a short satisfied sigh. Again, candle in hand he returned to the dressing-table. Once more I heard the clinking sound of my trinkets as they fell through his fingers.

There was a pause, and then—for no reason that I ever could explain—he left the trinkets untouched on the table, and went to the door.

He opened the door and went out. I know not what he went for—perhaps to fetch a companion, certainly to return—but I did know that my opportunity had come.

In an instant quicker than thought, I had started from my feigned slumbers; I was at the door, I had bolted and locked it. There were several bolts to this old-fashioned door, there were even chains.

I drew every bolt, I made every rusty chain secure. I was not an instant too soon. I had scarcely fastened the last chain, with fingers that trembled, before the thief returned.

He saw that he had been outwitted, and his savage anger knew no bounds. He kicked at the door, he called on me wildly to open it; he assured me that he had accomplices outside, that they would soon burst the old door from its hinges, and my life would be the forfeit.

To my terror, I perceived that his words were no idle boast. The old door, secured by its many fastenings on one side, was weak on the other; its hinges were nearly eaten through with rust; they needed but some vigorous kicks to burst them from their resting-places in the wood.

I knew that I was only protected for a few minutes, that even if the thief was alone he had but to continue to assail the door as vigorously as he was now doing for a little longer, to gain a fresh entrance into my chamber.

I rushed to the window, I threw up the sash, and bent half out. Into the clear calm air of the night I sent my strong young voice.

"Help, help!—thieves!—fire!—danger!—help, help!"

I shouted these words over and over, but there was no response, except an echo. My room looked into a distant shrubbery; the hour was late, the whole household was in bed.

The thief outside was evidently making way with the rusty hinges, and I was preparing, at the risk of any consequences, the moment he entered the room to leap from the window, when I heard a dog bark.

I redoubled my cries. The bark of the dog was followed by footsteps; they came nearer, treading down fallen branches, which crackled under the welcome steps. The next instant a man came and stood under the window and looked up at me. I perceived by his dress that he was a villager, probably taking a short cut to his house. He stood under the window; he seemed terrified; perhaps he took me for the ghost. He was not, however, all a coward, for he spoke.

"What is wrong?" he said.

"This is wrong," I answered; "I am in extreme danger—extreme danger. There is not a moment to lose. Go instantly—instantly, and wake up the house, and say that I, Mrs. Crawford am in extreme danger in the Tapestry wing. Go at once—at once!"

I spoke distinctly, and the man seemed to understand. He flew away, the dog following him.

I instantly threw myself on my knees, in the terrible moments that followed I prayed as I had never prayed before. Would the man be in time? Must my young life be sacrificed? Ah! no. God was good. I heard joyful sound; the thief's attack on the door ceased suddenly, and the next instant the squire's hearty voice was heard:

"Let me in, Honor! What is wrong child?"

I did let him in, and his wife, and several alarmed-looking servants who followed after.

We instantly began to look for the thief, but—mystery of mysteries—he had disappeared.

The terrible man with the black hair and white lock over his forehead had vanished as completely as though he had never been.

Except for the marks he had made with his feet on the old oak door, there was not a trace of his existence. I believe the servants doubted that he had ever been, and only thought that the young lady who was foolish enough to sleep in the Tapestry chamber had been visited by a new form of the ghost. Be that as it may, we never got a clue to where or how the man

had disappeared.

Ten years later I was again on a visit at Aspen's Vale. This time I did not sleep in the Tapestry room.

I now occupied a most cheerful, modern and unghost-like room, and but for one circumstance my visit would have been thoroughly unremarkable.

This was the circumstance which seems in a wonderful way to point a moral to my curious tale. I paid my visit to the Cliffords during the Assizes. Squire Clifford, as one of the most influential county magnates, was necessarily much occupied with his magisterial duties during that time. Every morning he went early into Lewis, the town where the Assizes were held. One morning he told us of a case which interested him.

"He is a hardened villain," he said; "he has again and again been brought before me, but has never yet been convicted. He is unquestionably a thief indeed, one of the notorious characters in the place; but he is such a slippery dog, no jury has yet found him guilty. Well, he is to be tried again to-day, and I do hope we shall have some luck with him this time.

The squire went away, and it came into his wife's head and mine to pay a visit to the court, and see for ourselves the prisoner in whom he was interested.

No sooner said than done. We drove into Lewis, and presently found ourselves in the large and crowded building. When we entered, the case under discussion had not begun, but a moment after a fresh prisoner was ushered into the dock.

What was the matter with me? I found my sight growing dim. I found myself bending forward, and peering hard. The memory of an old error came back, the sensation of a couple of hours of mortal agony returned to me again. Who was in the prisoner's dock? I knew the man. He was my guest of the Tapestry chamber of ten years ago.

There he stood, surly, indifferent, with his vast breadth and height, his raven black hair, and that peculiar white lock flung back from his brow. He did not glance at any one, but kept his eyes on the ground.

I could not contain myself; I forgot every thing but my sense of discovery. I started on my feet, and spoke.

"Mr. Clifford, I know that man; he was in my room ten years ago. Do you remember the night when I got the terrible fright in the Tapestry chamber in your house? There is the man who frightened me. I could never forget his face. There he stands."

Whatever effect my words had on the Squire and the Judge, there is no doubt at all of their remarkable significance to the prisoner. His indifference left him; he started with wide open and terrified eyes at me. It was plain that if I recognized him, he also recognized me. All his bravado left him; he muttered something, his face was blanched, then suddenly he fell on his knees and covered it with his hands.

My evidence was remarkable and conclusive; and that day, for the first time, Hercules Armstrong was committed to prison. He had long been the terror of the neighborhood, and no one regretted the just punishment which had fallen on him. What his subsequent career may be I know not; this is the present end of a strange and perfectly true story.

A Sociable Policeman.

A gentleman who rented a country house near New York City, experienced much annoyance from thieves who robbed the apple trees, but was never able to catch any of them. Coming out unexpectedly one afternoon, he discovered a man hidden among the foliage of an apple tree, presumably with larcenous intent.

"You had better come down from there or I'll send for one of the mounted police and have you arrested," said the man who was trying to raise apples.

The offender cooned it backwards down the tree, when to the amazement of the amateur horticulturist, who should the guilty party be, but the mounted policeman.

"I thought I heard you say you wanted a policeman," said the uniformed protector of property, as he picked up some more fruit, and concealed it in his bulging pockets.

"Well, you are a cool one. Don't you want to borrow a basket to carry some more home?"

The policeman mounted his horse, which was tied outside of the fence, and as he rode off with his booty, he said:—"We mounted police in the suburbs don't put on as much style as them New York City cops. We are more sociable, we are."—Texas Siftings.

There are 100,000 Quakers in the United States.

It is said that a first-class duke's title in good order, can now be bought in republican France for about \$10,000.

Mary Garfield Larrabee, a sister of President Garfield, died at Solon, Ohio, recently, aged sixty years.

Two Can Play at It.

A War Incident.

Col. Johnson, commanding the 1008th Reg't Ill. Vol. Inf'ty during the late war up to the time he fairly earned and secured his 'Single Star,' was a strict disciplinarian. Straggling and foraging were especially tabooed by him; certain and severe was the punishment of the culprit who was caught away from his command without authority, and if any foraged provisions were found on the scoundrel they were at once confiscated. As it was not practicable to return the provisions to the lawful owner, the Col. would have them served up at his own Mess table, to keep them from going to waste.

As a consequence, the Colonel was cordially hated by many of his men, and many were the plans laid down by them 'to get even' and circumvent him, but owing to his astuteness, they generally came to grief.

One day a soldier of the regiment, who had the reputation of being 'a first class, single handed forager,' but who had nevertheless, been repeatedly compelled to disgorge his irregularly produced supply of fresh meat, and as repeatedly to pass an interval of his valuable time in the Regimental Bull Pen, slipped away from camp and, after an absence of several hours, returned with a loaded haversack and tried to get to his tent without attracting any attention. He was noticed, however, arrested, and escorted to Regimental Headquarters.

'Omar, you infernal scoundrel, you have been foraging again,' said the Colonel.

'No, I haven't!'
'Hav'n't, eh! Let's see what is in your haversack. Leg o' mutton, eh! Killed some person's sheep,' said the Colonel. Omar was sent to the Guard House as usual, and the foraged property to the Colonel's cook.

The Regimental Mess, consisting of most of the field and staff officers, had fresh meat for supper and breakfast. During the latter meal, the Colonel happened to look out from under the tent fly, that was in use as a Mess room, and noticed Omar, who was under guard cleaning up around Headquarters, eying him very closely. The Colonel remarked, 'Well, prisoner, what is it?'

'Nothing Colonel,' replied Omar, 'except I was just wondering how you liked your breakfast of fried dog.'

Consternation seized the party at the table. With an exclamation of expletive every one of them sprang to their feet, and from under the tent fly.

'Omar! 'it out' for his life, and at once, as per preconcerted agreement, over half the men in the regiment commenced howling and barking like dogs—big dogs—little dogs—boarse and fine—bass and soprano—Fortissimo and Mezzo soprano—ff. and pp. —Dogs 'round the corner and dogs under the house; in short there was the dog-oddest kind of a racket made until the Colonel got control of his bearing muscles—grasped his sword, and foaming with rage, rushed for the men's tents, but they were too old to be caught.

For a long time though they would regulate the Colonel, if he showed signs of being excessive, by barking, but at their peril, for he would certainly have killed a barker if discovered.

After that breakfast, the Regimental Mess strictly abstained from eating any second hand foraged meat.—Texas Siftings.

Nearly 2,000 watches are made every day in New England.

A Columbia county [Fla.] farmer is making vinegar from tomatoes.

Mississippi has increased in taxable wealth over \$11,000,000 since 1883.

An ex-governor in Ohio, once a man of large property, is now selling cigars by sample.

China is the largest consumer of pig tin. It is chiefly used for the manufacture of idols.

An electric railway in full operation is among the attractions of the Mechanics' Fair, Boston.

During the great cholera visitation at Naples by far the greatest number of victims were women.

Since the cholera appeared in Europe about five months ago there have been over 15,000 deaths from the disease.