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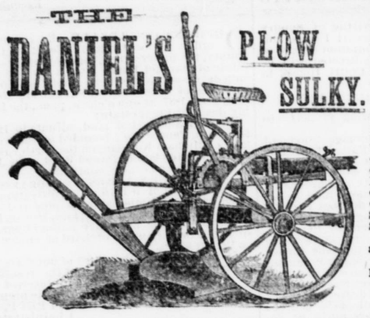
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NOVEMBER EVE.

Fred Scott was certainly the most bashful youth in Fanville, as well as the most honest and manly, and everybody rather laughed at poor Fred, for his blushes, his stammerings, his painful embarrassment when in the presence of ladies tended to make him appear decidedly ridiculous.

Now, Fanville was a country town pretty and picturesque, and Fred lived about a mile from its centre, being one of those blest beings, a well to-do farmer. His father was dead, and his mother and he, with their farm hands and "help" lived comfortably in the pleasant, roomy farm house, which was sketched by every artist that came to the neighborhood, even by the beautiful young lady who was visiting at 'Squire Hale's and who was his wife's niece from the city.

Fred had first seen her sitting under one of the great maples busy with her pencil, the shadows lightly touching her bright hair, her face, her fleecy dress, her very attitude a poem to him. And then and there standing at a distance and watching her, the poor, bashful fellow fell in love with the graceful city belle, who had so tired of men's admiration that she had come to this quiet, unfashionable place to escape it.

And when she looked up at last from her sketch and, seeing him, left her seat and went gracefully toward him, it really seemed to the poor fellow that he would give his farm, his favorite black horse—anything he owned—to be ten good miles away; and he was meditating taking to his heels when the sweetest voice he had ever heard arrested his intention and sent the blood first to his heart and then to his face.

"I am tresspassing," the sweet voice said to him, "but my excuse must be the beauty of this quaint old place, which I could not resist making a sketch of. Will you look at it and tell me whether I have done it justice?"

Fred could only blush more deeply and removed his broad straw hat while he stammered something, he never knew what.

She was holding out the sketch to him, and he didn't know what in the world to do. Finally, trembling violently, he took it from her.

"It—it is well done," he said slowly and with difficulty. "It is very true."

"Do you always hold a sketch in that way when you examine it?" The lady asked, with a smile; and poor Fred then saw that he had in his confusion held the sketch upside down. This made the perspiration start out on his forehead, and he hastily righted it.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "I am afraid I am a poor judge of such things. Will—will you go to the house? My mother——"

"Would wonder at my visit. Not to-day, thank you. But Mona had talked of taking me to call on Mrs. Scott."

Mona was 'Squire Hale's daughter, and about the only girl among his acquaintances of whom Fred was not mortally afraid. In his delight at the prospect of seeing this beautiful girl again he could only stammer some unmeaningable words, and grow warmer and more uncomfortable than ever.

"I knew it was not good, but that is scarcely kind of you," she said reproachfully. And poor Fred nearly fainted, for he saw that in his confusion he had destroyed the sketch.

"I—I am very sorry," he faltered. "I—I was not thinking."

"Oh, it is of no consequence," she said, looking curiously at him. I will make another some day, with your permission."

"Oh, will you?" he asked eagerly; and then she smiled and bade him a pleasant adieu, and went away through the sunset, leaving the sketch in his hands, and from that day he was more bashful and retiring then ever, and when Mona brought her beautiful cousin to call on his mother, and introduced her to him, he could not say a word to her.

"What do you think of Fred, Elaine?" Mona asked, as they were driving homeward. Miss Darrel smiled.

"He is decidely handsome, but wretchedly conscious. I really was tempted to assure him that we were quite harmless, Mona, he seemed so afraid of us."

"Of you," Mona laughed; "he dosen't mind me in the least, but poor Fred is to be pitied: he is afraid to draw his breath where there are ladies. You'd never think he had taken his degree at Rutger's would you?"

"No; I would not think he had ever been beyond the confines of his own picturesque farm," Miss Darrel laughed.

The following Sunday Fred met the two girls as they were all walking, and Mona accosted him like an old friend, he was obliged to walk with them as far as Squire Hale's gate, but he scarcely opened his lips on the way, defeating all Miss Darrel's efforts to draw him out by his strange bashfulness.

"Oh, he would provoke me terribly were I to meet him often," that young lady said to Mona, when he had left them.

"He would enchant you were he to conquer his timidity, and talk to you as he can talk," Mona said, stoutly; and Miss Darrell shrugged her shoulders.

A week later and one night there was a great excitement in Fanville; a large building had taken fire, and before the flames had been noticed there was no possibity of saving it. As is the case in all country villages, everybody was out to see the fire, and, as there was no engine within four miles, many hands held buckets, and there was a general running hither and thither without much good being accomplished in the confusion.

Mona and her cousin had gone out with their neighbors and had been separated by the crowd. Elaine stood at a safe distance, watching the flames rise, hungry and rapid in the calm of the night, licking the light walls with tongues of destruction.

"How grand it is!" she thought, when suddenly her face paled and her eyes took the expression of horror. At an upper window, with the fire playing about its white face and sunny hair, with its little hands held forth pleadingly, she saw a child, and a cry of horror went through the crowd above which rang the voice of a woman wild with despair.

"My child! my child! I had forgotten her! My child will be burned to death! Save her! Oh, my God, save my child!"

There was a sudden hush. Life was dear to all, and it would be death to enter there. Under the soaring flames every face grew white. Some women fell on their knees and sobbed aloud. Women are too weak! they can only weep and pray.

Then a tall form sprang from the crowd, dashed over the lighted space and disappeared in the smoke and flame. A woman near Elaine shrieked aloud.

"It is my son! and he has gone to his death!"

It was Mrs. Scott, and the girl went to her and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"God will save him," she said solemnly; "he is too noble to die in his youth."

Then a cheer rang wildly in the air, for the young man had appeared at the upper window and they had seen him lift the child in his arms.

Then there was a hush like death, broken only by whispered prayers. Mrs. Scott and Elaine held each others hands and both were praying.

Then another cheer swelling high and ringing far into the night, rushed from throats of men and women, for a figure had come staggeringly from the smoke and flames clasping a child in its arms, and it was drawn tenderly from danger amid a shower of sobbing blessings.

Mrs. Scott and Elaine pressed forward, and they found him panting and blackened, his clothing scorched, his hands burned his eyes haggard, after their view of death, and the mother uttered a low cry as she flung her arms about him.

Elaine's face was white as death, her eyes were dim with tears, her swelling sympathy in this hero act, she lifted one of his poor burned hands and laid her lips on it, and Fred seeing her there, tears in her eyes, her face ashen, her lips trembling, lost his usual timidity and caught her hands in his.

"It was so little to bring me this gladness," he whispered; "I know now that you will at least remember me."

"We do not forget our heroes," she said tremulously. "God will remember you, Mr. Scott, you have saved a life."

* * * * * *

September came and went; Miss Darrel never came now to the farm, but she remained in Fanville, and Fred saw her some times, but not often. October came, and he wondered why she still lingered so far from the fashionable world. The fashionable world wondered too, but Mona Hale knew, and she kept her cousin where she knew it pleased Elaine to best remain; and then she sent out invitations for a small party on November eve.

We all know how merry they are, those gatherings of young people, where apples are roasted and cider is hissing and nuts are chosen to point out the ones who love and will be faithful, where lead is poured hissing into the water, and apple pealing are flung laughingly over young shoulders, to form an initial on the floor.

It was all new to Miss Darrel, and she entered into the merriment with true girlish zest. Fred was there, and a dozen young people from the vicinity; but poor Fred had a severe attack of his old enemy and kept as much as possible in the back-ground. At last Mona called him to the fire to see Elaine burn two nuts she had named. As he approached her Elaine blushed as deeply as himself, but said nothing; and there was a perfect silence in the great kitchen, all eyes being fastened on the nuts that continued to burn pleasantly side by side. Suddenly one hissed, sputtered and nestled close to the other, and Mona clapped her hands.

"The smoothest possible course I predict for that true love," she said merrily; and her cousin blushed again, while poor Fred turned very pale and retired to his corner.

Presently Maud proposed a game, from which all were to have the greatest possible enjoyment, provided they would implicitly obey her commands, and whispering a word to each gentleman, she sent them off, some to the parlor, some to her father's study, some to the hall, one or two even out to the veranda; there each was to await the fair lady who was to go to him, and after whispering a word, or replying to a question allow him to return. If anything could strike one as being stupid on November eve, this might, but it did not; and Fred, who was sent to the study, wondered why Mona had given him such questions to ask of the lady who would be sent him; and when a moment after, Miss Darrel glided in, he turned red, and began to tremble

"I have promised to answer truthfully any questions you may put to me, Mr. Scott," she said, with a smile.

"Then, who—who did you name with yourself, when you burned the nuts?" he asked, repeating what Mona had told him to.

Miss Darrel blushed warmly, but laid her hand on his arm as she answered:

"You."

Half an hour after they went back to the kitchen and found the young people gathered about Mona reproaching her for having made them all seem so silly. She turned to Fred and Elaine.

"This is more than I can bear," she said, laughingly, "come, and tell them I did it to make you two happy; and I have succeeded– I see it by your faces."

"You have indeed," said Fred blushing like a girl. "You are a treasure, cousin Mona."

A MAN UP A TREE.

How a Union Captain Spotted Him in a Dense Oak in Mississippi.

Many thrilling accounts are told by veterans of the annoyance caused our forces throughout the army, by rebel sharpshooters hanging on the skirts of encampments during the late war.

Early on the morning of the——a skirmish line, composed mainly of the Forty-eighth Illinois, was thrown out in advance of our army, lying near Jackson, Mississippi, confronting General Joseph Johnson. The men had constructed a few temporary shelters by standing rails upright, leaning against each other, tops being bound together.

Behind one of these little fortress—though in a rather exposed position—Captain F. D. Stephenson, of the Forty-eighth was sitting on a turned-up bucket, taking his morning coffee. As he threw back his head in drinking, a whiz was heard and a ball sped by within half an inch of his face directly across the eyes taking effect in a little dogwood tree beside him.

The captain rose quietly and taking a ramrod stuck it in the ground, so that its top would be in the space lately occupied by his nose; he then went behind the tree and sighted from the bullet-hole over the top of the rod, thus ascertaining the direction taken by the ball in its flight. Directly in this line rose the top of a large oak, with great sheets and streamers of southern moss hanging dependent from its boughs.

"Boys," said Stephenson, evenly, "our man is among the branches on that tree yonder." "Now," taking a soldier's cap and placing it on the end of a knotted stick, "you all load up and lie low. When I shove this hat into view, he will fire again. There's your chance, let drive."

When all was ready he slowly elevated the cap until just in sight from the tree.

A puff of white smoke burst from its leaves and the cap turned round on its stick support, letting the daylight through a large jagged hole in its crown.

A moment later, six Springfield rifles spoke from the rail pile and a man dropped from the oak tree, clutching wildly at moss and branches as he fell. His last shot was fired.

OLD CORNSTALK.

The Denson boys had committed a foul murder, and the entire neighborhood was up in arms against them. Jack Dover, the victim, had dared to face the boys, and tell them that they were infringing on his rights by pulling down his fence and allowing their cattle to range in his fields. For this assumption he was shot down. The Denson, four in number, fled to the mountains. The governor issued a proclamation, calling on all good citizens to assist in their arrest. Men turned loose their plow handles and rallied to the support of the law. It reminded one of the beginning of the war, when farmers suddenly became soldiers. The posse was under the command of Sheriff Guilding, a bold man, who brought home three wounds from Gettysburg, and among the avengers was an old fellow named Cornstalk Johnson. Why this name was given him is not known, unless it befor the fact that he had but one ear, and it is said that a stalk of corn in the Oak Flat neighborhood never bore but one ear. Cornstalk took with him an old rifle which he declared was presented to his grandfather by Davy Crockett. The neighbors held their own opinions concerning the historical value of the gun, and some of them hinted that he "nipped" the rifle during the Brooks-Baxter war, but as every one desired to be on good terms with the old fellow, he was allowed to have his own way.

It was known that the Denson boys had friends in the mountains, and that a desperate resistence would be made.

Quite a number of men who at first were eager to serve the state, became discouraged when the excitement had died away, and finally Sheriff Guilding, just as the posse was entering the mountain defiles, stood high in his stirrups, and exclaimed:

"I want you fellers to understand one thing. There's going to be some music round here, and a coward has no business in this gang. If anybody wants to go back, now's the time for him to git."

The appellation of coward had effect, and for a time no one was disposed to accept the humilitating terms of discharge. Finally, old Cornstalk rode from the ranks and said:

"I know as well as I know my name that some o' you fellers are skeered. I don't want to see no man hurt, an' some of you need a leader what is got the moral backbone. Jis' let me say, Mr. Sheriff, that you can count me out o' this here undertakin'."

"Shame on him!" exclaimed several voices. "Coward! traitor!"

'Cornstalk,' said the sheriff, 'I thought you would fight, but I see you ain't got no more grit than a worm. Go on back with your rake-handle that you stole during the Brooks-Baxter fight, and don't never speak to me no more.'

'If it wan't on sich a solemn occasion,' replied old Cornstalk, 'I'd whup ye fur callin' this old gun a rake-handle, an'then arter yer sorter tekivered yerse'f I'd wnup yer tur sayin' I stold bit.'

'Yes; you've always got some excuse. Go on back and tell the wimmin folks that you'll tote water and make fires for 'em.'

None of the murmurers now had the courage to face the indignation of the sheriff and his more determined followers, and as they rode on, losing sight of Cornstalk, no one dared to lift a voice against the expedition. For a time they proceeded in silence; the clank of the horses' hoofs and the occasional splash of water falling from the grim rocks above were the only sounds to break the still quiet of the rugged region of solitude.

'We've got to be mighty careful along here, fellers,' said the sheriff, turning and looking over his men who filed along the new steep pathway. Reaching a place of high prominence, the leader stopped a moment, and shading his eyes from the sun which blazed over a distant peak, he surveyed the ravine below, and then led his men down the dangerous slope. The last man had desended, and the sheriff and an adviser were debating as to the proper course to be taken, when from up among the rocky ledges puffs of smoke arose, and the sharp crack of the rifle and the jarring bang of the shot-gun threw the men into confusion. Two men fell from their horses and were borne away by their companions. Each man sprang from his horse and took refuge as best he could. The surprise was complete, though it might have been expected, and several minutes elapsed before the sheriff's men returned the fire, and when a shower of bullets and shot was sent up rattling among the rocks, no effect resulted, for the Denson boys and their lawless friends were safely concealed from view. Again a volley came from above, but by this time the sheriff's men were under the protection of rocks, behind which they crouched. Duke Denson, leader of the outlaws, recognizing the uselessness of firing under such circumstances crawled from his niche of concealment, br ving the fire from below, and posted himself behind a rock overlooking nearly every position taken by the pursuers. Taking deliberate aim he fired, and Jack Simons leaped into the air and fell dead.

'Great Lord!' exclaimed the sheriff, 'this will never do. Lay close, boys, or he'll kill you. Don't run. The other fellers will kill you before you can reach shelter.'

Duke Denson coolly surveyed the situation, and selecting another mark, he fired. Old John Patterson turned over, dead. Duke was preparing for another shot, when, far up the mountain, a rifle cracked. Duke writhed from behind the rock, and fell on the sharp rocks below. The sheriff's men shouted. Jack Denson sought his brother's position, but the rifle, far up the mountain, cracked again, and Jake rolled out and joined his dead brother.

The remining outlaws, with one impulse, scrambled from their hiding places and attempted to climb the rugged steep, but the sheriff's men, taking deliberate aim, shot them down.

'Well fellers, how air yer gettin' along down thar?'

'It's old Cornstalk,' exclaimed the sheriff.

'That's about the size o' it,' and the old man climbed down. 'Yer see, I didn't like the way yer was duttin' o' the kerds, Mr. Sheriff, an' I thought I'd whip' and see how the land laid.

Been hangin' 'rou' on yer outskirt all the time. Say, beleeve I heerd somebody talk erbout a rifle what was stold durin' the Brooks Baxter scrimmage?'

No one replied.

'Now, sheriff, did you eyer hear sich a repo't?'

'I have always understood,' replied the sheriff 'that *your* rifle was one owned by Davy Crockett.'

'Correck,' said old Cornstalk. 'Now let's take care o' the po' fellers what have suffered in this here transaxshun.

—*Texas Siftings.*

THE BEAUBIEN'S CLAIM.

They Want Twenty Millions Worth of Chicago at $135 Per Acre.

A claim of gigantic proportions was made in the United States Circuit Court recently by Catherine L. Beaubien, the widow of the widow of the late Jean Baptiste Beaubien, one of Chicago's earliest settlers, and her eleven children. They lay claim to the equitable ownership of almost untold millions of dollars' worth of property in the very heart of Chicago, and sue to recover possession of the same. It's boundaries are Madison on the south, State street on the west, the Chicago river on the north and Lake Michigan on the east. This district is nearly all comprised of lands valued at $1,000 per front foot and upward, and nearly all of it is covered with magnificent business blocks, the improvements themselves being worth probable $20,000,000. Nearly every wholesale grocery house in the city, many of the wholesale hardware, dry goods and boot and shoe houses, many of the leading retail dry goods stores, besides countless other establishments, of like character, are located in this district, and the wealth represented in it, including lands, buildings, stocks of goods, etc., would probably not fall far short of $150,000,000, and might exceed that amount.

The complainants represent that when Fort Dearborn was erected, in 1803 or 1804 its southern boundary was marked by a rail fence, running southeast and northeast across a neck of land formed by the bend of the Chicago river. The land just outside this enclosure was occupied until 1812 by a Canadian, who sold it to Jean Baptiste Beaubien, who at once took possession of the property. A man named John Dean built a house in 1816 on the same fractional quarter-section, and Beaubien bought his claim, living in the Dean house until 1840, when the United States Government ejected him from its posession. Acts were passed by Congress in 1813 and 1816, providing that actual settlers on government lands, not reserved or divided into lots, should be given the preferene in the sales of such lands. Under these acts it is therefore claimed that Jean Baptiste Beaubien acquired original title to the property which is now worth so many millions. The government, it is claimed, had, only a naked legal title to the property, the reason for Beaubiens ejectment being his refusal or failure to comply with the land laws. In fact, the government did in 1824 specifically withdraw the land in question by declaring it reserved for military purposes. In 1831 Beaubien made application to buy it and was refused permission to do so. In 1835 he secured a land registrar's certificate of purchase of fractional section 10 at the price of $125 an acre. He had prior to that filed notice of his preference under the act of Congress of 1816. The land in question was subdivided in 1839 by the Federal Government and was sold for upwards of $100,000. Poor Beaubien's claim was ignored and he was again rejected.

In March, 1854, Congress passed an act extinguishing Beaubien's title to the lands giving him title to some other property in settlement of his claim. He died in 1864. It is now claimed by his heirs that Congress gave Beaubien the lots mentioned on account of his poverty and not in settlement of his claim to the property from which he had been ejected. The Beaubien's now propose to take the land, the Court willing at the price of $125 per acre, and when they get it they will be among the wealthiest families of the world.