

AS WE PREDICTED, the Don Carlos letter turns out to be a mere "Quaker gun."

THE REAL ESTATE market has been very scrutinizingly watched in New York and Boston during the present fall as a kind of barometrical index of the financial tendency of the times.

But Com. Ammen's report shows that under his command real work has been done. The survey for fixing the best practicable route for an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and also across the Isthmus of Panama, has been completed, and the point where the tide waters of the two oceans most nearly approach has been fixed.

Within the last two months a little knot of capitalists have been quietly buying, under assumed names, all the best property which has been offered at the auction rooms.

From all the indications the Times concludes that as to real estate in that city the bottom has been reached; and that "before the winter is over a very great revival will occur in the price of real estate."

STREET RAILROAD TYRANNY. The courts have concluded to surrender all there is left of Hunt street to the street railroad confederates.

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government has never required service of its officers to the extent of making complete hydrographic surveys of our own coasts.

There was nothing masculine, however that Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character, and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or actual danger.

When I was sixteen and Julia was eighteen my father hired a laborer named Hans Schmidt, a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who, at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment.

He was a powerful man, with a heavy, imbruted countenance, and both Julia and myself were struck, at the very first, with an intuitive dread of him.

One evening she read of a horrible murder that thrilled her blood, and upon turning her eyes from the paper they encountered those of Hans Schmidt.

Soon after this Julia and I were left alone in the house, both father and mother being absent on a visit until the following day, and we happened to be without a servant at the time, for we kept more than one.

"I declare," she said, "the evening is so pleasant that it is a pity to remain indoors. I don't feel a bit sleepy; let's go down on the lawn!"

We descended the stairs. How little I imagined what was in Julia's heart! Harry Irving came up just as we reached the lawn. He was only casually passing the house.

Julia engaged him in conversation and he joined us.

"Where are Tom and Edgar and Will?" she asked.

"Oh," replied Harry, "they are over to my uncle's. They will be coming back soon."

The three young men soon appeared upon the road, and, to my surprise, Julia arose at their approach and called us aside from the door.

"Now, Mary, you need not be nervous," she said. "Keep quiet and do not speak above your breath. There is a man under our bed—there, there—and he is clanking his mouth."

They all provided themselves with big sticks, and then, guided by Julia, ascended the stairs.

As to myself, I could not follow them, but remained trembling and leaning upon the doorposts. Never did I experience a greater sense of relief than when the assailing party descended, looking partly astounded and partly amused, having found nothing to justify their sudden alarm.

Julia was in agony of mortification and wept piteously; for although but half convinced that her apprehensions had been groundless, the idea that she, who had never till now feared anything, had shown herself so indelicately in the eyes of those men, was insupportable.

The man, she said, must have taken the alarm and fled out the back door, for she could not have been so deceived.

Our young friends, more in pity for her mortification than from any belief in the reality of the night intruder, offered to remain in the vicinity till morning; but she would not listen to the proposition, and they took their departure.

I was sorry to see them go, and watched their forms till they were out of sight, for the affair of the evening had almost frightened me into hysterics.

Julia, however, at once rushed to the room, and flinging herself on the bed, continued bitterly weeping. She had exhibited herself so indelicately in the eyes of those men, and "her man under the bed" would be the talk of the neighborhood.

I followed her, but neither of us could sleep. The clock on the mantel struck eleven, and then "tick, tick, tick," it went on for the next dreary hour.

Julia at length ceased weeping and lay in thought, only an occasional sigh betraying her weariness.

As we were not long in suspense. Horrid exclamations, half German, half English, chilled our very hearts, and we knew that there, in the midnight, only the lid of an old chest was between ourselves and Hans Schmidt!

At times she started up, and once or twice she uttered a faint cry in the twilight. Then, finding our combined weight too much for his strength, it would become evident that he was endeavoring to force out an end of the chest. But he could not work to advantage. Cramped within such limits his giant power of muscle was not wholly available. He could neither kick nor strike with full force, and hence his chief resource rested upon his ability to lift us up, lid and all.

Even then, in the absolute terror that might have been supposed to possess her, a queer feeling of exultation sprang up in Julia's heart.

"It was right, Mary," she cried, "they won't think me a fool now, will they? I shan't be ashamed to see Harry Irving!"

For Julia, under the circumstances, the idea was really ludicrous; but nature will everywhere assert itself, and Julia bated a coward.

Thump! thump! thump! Lid and side and end alternately took the cramped, powerful blows. Two came the straining lid, and Julia cheered me when the cover shook, and rose, and trembled.

"He can't get out, Mary! We are safe; only stay, keep your full weight on the lid, and don't be nervous, either; it is almost morning!"

A NIGHT OF ALARM.

My sister Julia was very courageous. In our youth the country was wilder than now; but it might be said of her that she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl.

There was nothing masculine, however that Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character, and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or actual danger.

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of the case, for his exertions had been prodigious. There was a faint streak of morning in the sky; and there, upon the sheet we sat, and watched for the gleam to broaden.

Suddenly there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final effort. At my end of the chest there was a crash, and the German's feet protruded through the aperture that had forced in the board.

So horrible now appeared our position that I uttered a scream such as I do not think I ever, at any other time could have had the power to imitate. To get off the lid in order to defeat the movement through the chest end would have instantly been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the chest, we caught at the projecting feet.

In doing this, however, we partially lost our balance, and the sudden heaving up of the muscular shape below, so forced open the lid that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Schmidt were thrust forth, and with a fearful clutch he seized Julia by the throat.

Just then a heavy crash was heard at the door below, the foot tramps springing up as if some person was tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daybreak hardly revealed his identity, but I had a faint perception that Harry Irving had come to us in our peril.

Some time during the morning I found myself in bed with Julia, and several of the neighbors standing about me. Julia clasped me to her arms and cried: "We are safe, Mary? Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned after seeming to go home. The least scream he would have heard, as he at last heard yours; but I am glad you did not scream before, for now we have had an experience and know what we can do."

Hans Schmidt had decided upon the chest as a much safer hiding place than that in which Julia had first discovered him.

Upon the morning on which Harry Irving returned and secured the ruffian in our room, the officers of justice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel in a supposed murderer, and he was soon convicted and hung.

Julia became the wife of Harry Irving, and a most excellent wife she was. Magnanimous and unrequited, she was perhaps the only person who felt no gratification at the fate of Hans Schmidt, but rather a pity for the ignorance which had steeped him in crime.

Can the Pope Grant Titles? A Frenchman of wealth and some prominence in public life (says a Paris letter) has just been granted a title by the Pope—in recognition of his money, I fancy, rather than his services—and the French Government refuses to recognize the title or to permit the newly-made nobleman to bear it.

The number of Frenchmen enabled by the Pope's considerable, and many members of noble French families have received new titles from Rome. An example is found in the Comte de La Rochefoucauld, who was created Duc de Bissaccia by the Pope, and who was always called Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Bissaccia, much to the disgust of the old Duc, who was the chief of this distinguished family. Many of our countrymen have their titles from "the Holy Roman Empire."

This decision on the part of the French Government opens up a curious question, for if the Pope can grant titles, can he grant the decorations that are scattered about so liberally? If those decorations are recognized by the Chancellor, why should it refuse to recognize the titles? This action on the part of the Government is not very well received in any quarter, for the number of men who dream of getting titles for themselves from the Pope is simply incredible. I fear that this decision will be resented at the Vatican also, for if it is no longer allowed to grant such favors the number of its ardent partisans may be sensibly diminished.

A farmer just living out of Vicksburg was reading in an agricultural paper the other day an article headed "Be Kind to Your Cow." He went out to milk with a heart full of kindness, and as he sat down he whispered: "So boss—arrand—good creature—little—little—there—there, you intelligent and kind hearted old bossy." About two minutes after that his wife heard him yelling and whooping, and as she ran to the door he called out: "Bring me the axe, Maria, and the spade, and that big club there, and the butcher-knife, and that shogun, for I'll be darned if this old heilion shall ever live to kick me in the jaws again!"

The latest Parisian enterprise for the amelioration of the miseries of mankind is the organization of a society to war upon the pump-handle practice, styled by the French la *shake hand*. The good Abbe Dufourney has resorted to the movement with an appeal to piety against the practice, which, he says, originated among the Free-masons, and of course had some diabolical significance, and he has petitioned the Pope to forbid it "in the name of religion and decency."

The "good Abbe Dufourney" had certainly never read Shakespeare, or he would know that "When palm meets palm, 'tis Holy Palmer's kiss."

The little sense of moral obligation that a baby has is a marvel. That he has any duties in life never occurs to him. In the present only he lives, with an idea evidently that nothing is expected of him but to grow. Where his dinner comes from matters not to him so long as he gets it. Though it may be that the milk which he is to be brought of right to another baby, the ethical question which at once arises troubleth him not.

When Adam got tired hearing his descendants, and when he got half through, he said: "Let's quit and call the rest Smith."

But Eve wouldn't agree to that. A family rumour ensued. She wanted something more arid. She finally compromised on one-half Smith, and the other half Brown.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every family. A slight cough, if unchecked, is often the forerunner of Consumption, and a timely dose of this wonderful medicine has rescued many from an early grave.

ELASTIC TRUSS. This new Truss is worn with ease, day and night, and adapts itself to every motion of the body, relieving the patient under the heaviest exertion or severe rest, and is sold cheaply by the ELASTIC TRUSS CO.

No. 682 Broadway, New York City, and sent by mail, call or send for circular and be cured. BRANCH OFFICE: No. 41 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN. Depot, Fifth and Hooply. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

NEW YORK AND CINCINNATI. Depot, Front and Elmore. Time, 4 minutes slow. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA FARMERSBURG. Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO, VIA COLUMBUS. Depot, Kilgour and Front. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND DAYTON. Depot, Fifth and Hooply. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

CINCINNATI, RICHMOND AND CHICAGO. Depot, Fifth and Hooply. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

CINCINNATI, HAMILTON AND INDIANAPOLIS. Depot, Fifth and Hooply. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

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RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

DAYTON SHORT-LINE AND CLEVELAND. Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

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CINCINNATI AND SANDUSKY. Depot, Pearl and Plum. Time, 7 minutes fast. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LAFAYETTE. Depot, Pearl and Plum. City time. Depart. Arrive. Depart. Arrive.

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J. S. Burdsal & Co., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, N. W. Cor. Main and Front Streets, Have in stock a full line of Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Proprietary Goods, Druggists' Sundries, in fact everything needed by the trade. Buyers are invited to call.

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