FOLLOWING THE SEA.

A Man Who Has Done It For Nearly Fifty Years.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Sea life is hard to give up. I have talked with several captains on the subject and they all agree. An old captain who has been to sea for more than forty years, said to me the other day:

"You fellows who live on land don't know anything about the hardships of sea life. You growl all day because you have to work so hard, and then go home, turn in for all night, and forget all about it. But how would you like to be hauled out of a bunk with a 'call all hands to shorten sail,' and get out on the end of a yard arm with nothing underneath you but the black water, and the wind blowing hard enough to take the buttons of your coat? And the worst of the matter is, we hardly make a living at it."

Capt. Isaac Sherman, of Maine, has been going to sea for fifty years. He is perhaps the oldest active sea captain afloat. He was born in 1823. His father was a sea captain, and the son seems to have inherited his taste for salt water, for he says that when he was a small boy he used to look out over his native cliffs at Penobscot bay and long for the time when he could tread the quarter deck of a clipper. When he was 15 he started out with his father, and has been going to sea ever since. He has been around the globe some twenty times and has never been at home more than a year and a half at a time. He is one of the most popular men in the American carrying trade, and he is known at shipping ports all over the world.

CAPT. ISAAC SHERMAN.

Strange to say, although Capt. Sherman has been going to sea for nearly fifty years, he has never lost a vessel or had a mishap. This is a remarkable record. He now has command of the Frederick Billings, a fine American ship, carrying over 4,000 tons, dead weight. Two years ago she cost $145,000. Capt. Sherman went through a hurricane in this ship off the coast of Ireland, near Cape Clear, and his description of it is vivid in the extreme. It blew great guns for seven hours, and if the Frederick Billings had not been a stanch ship she would have certainly gone down. Capt. Sherman has a remarkable memory. The other day I was down at a ship chandler's store in South street, which is a rendezvous here for sea captains from all parts of the world, and an old fellow brought up Capt. Sherman's name.

"The first time I met him," he said, "was in Appalachicola, Fla., and I never saw anything more of him for ten years. One day I was walking along one of the streets of Liverpool, and some one came up and slapped me on the back. I turned around and, by George, it was Sherman. He knew me right away, although he hadn't seen me for ten years, and came up astern at that."

Most seafaring men have remarkable memories, and I account for it by the fact that they pass so much time by themselves. All the events of their lives are gone over daily. Every incident, the slightest detail, becomes so familiar that it leaves an indelible impression. In the course of their wanderings around the world they mingle with every stratum of the human race, and a talk with an old sea captain, when one can be drawn out, is more interesting than the most exciting book of travels ever written.

TOM MASSON.

EUNICE MAHWEE.

The Last Representative of the Pequod Tribe of Indians.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—The journals recently contained an item announcing the death, at the age of 115, of Eunice Cottrell, of North Stonington, Conn., a great-grandchild of the noted Philip, of Mount Hope, and many persons confounded her with Eunice Mahwee, who died several years ago, over 100 years old. Eunice Cottrell was not the "Last of the Pequods," as King Philip was a Wampanoag; but Eunice Mahwee undoubtedly was the last pure blooded Pequod the last Indian descendant of the few captives saved alive in that great raid which destroyed a nation. When the whites landed in New England, Sassacus, chief or emperor of the Pequods, ruled over twenty-six chiefs who could together bring 4,000 warriors into the field. But he quarreled with the English, a portion of his own people revolted, some of the subject tribes rose in rebellion, and in May, 1637, Capt. John Mason led against the Pequod stronghold a motley force, including nearly 100 white men and three times as many friendly Indians. Early in June they surrounded the Pequod stronghold at dawn; every school boy knows the rest—how the solitary sentinel roused the Indians with the cry, "Owahnux! Owahnux!" (Englishmen), how the fort was burned and 700 Indians destroyed; how the remnant of the nation was attacked again and again, till only a handful escaped to the Mohawks, by whom Sassacus was murdered. The painfully pious report of Mason concludes:

EUNICE MAHWEE.

"God is above us! He laughs his enemies and the enemies of the English to scorn. Thus does the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies!"

In these days New Englanders teach many beautiful lessons on an "Indian policy" to far western men; but in those days, as a witty descendant has put it, "they first fell on their knees and then fell on the aborigines."

Among the captured Pequods was one Mahweesum, and 100 years later his descendant, Gideon Mahwee, became sachem of a little band composed of the surviving Pequods, Narragansetts and others. In 1741 the Moravian missionaries converted King Mahwee and many others; the tribe flourished greatly for a while, but afterward declined or faded away by intermarriage, till but one pure blooded Pequod remained, namely, Eunice Mahwee, granddaughter of King Gideon. One hundred years after the conversion of the king a farmer plowed up a headstone, bearing an inscription in the German language. The Moravian Historical society of Bethlehem, Pa., heard of it, and sent an agent, who proved it to be the headstone of Gottlieb Buttner, one of the two earliest missionaries at Shekomeko. Eunice Mahwee was born in Derby, Conn., in 1759, and lived to be over 100 years old. Her father was King Gideon's second son, and the family lived in the white men's fashion from her earliest recollection, but often received visits from their wilder kinsmen, of whom she in childhood was terribly afraid. She was twice married and the mother of nine children, all of whom she outlived. Her descendants were numerous, all of mixed blood, and long before her death there was not a pure blooded Indian on the little reservation. Thus, after outliving all her race and sinking into second childhood, the last of the Pequods died of pure old age.

LEWIS F. PILCHER.

Tonight and Tomorrow Night,

And each day and night this week, you can get at T. J. Casper's drug store, 41 east Main street, Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of coughs, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and consumption. Get a bottle today and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

Robert Louis Stevenson says that the poet is in every man. And the editor exclaims: "Ah, there! Stay there!"

How often do we hear of the sudden and fatal termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ayer's Almanac for the new year is out. Get one.

SHALL I LOOK BACK?

From some dim height of being, undescried,
Shall I look back, and trace the weary way
By which my feet are journeying to-day—
The toilsome path that climbs the mountain side
Or leads into the valley, sun denied,
Where, through the darkness, hapless wanderers stray,
Unblessed, uncheered, ungladdened by a ray
Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back, and see the great things small—
The toilsome path God's training for my feet,
The pains that never had been worth my tears?
Will some great light of rapture, bathing all,
Make bygone woe seem joy; past bitter, sweet—
Shall I look back and wonder at my fears?

—Louise Chandler Moulton in Youth's Companion.

CAPTURE OF AMELIA.

One evening last winter, as I was impatiently walking up and down the platform at a Paris railroad station, waiting for the 7:30 express train, I received a tremendous thump on the back. I turned around, and lo and behold! it was my friend Jacques.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Nice."

"I am going to Nice, too."

"That is first rate. We will travel together."

The train had in the meantime arrived, and as we went to take our places in the coupe, we passed the postal car.

"I shouldn't like to be employed in one of those postal cars with all those dirty letter bags. They have to stand up all the time, too. I should think they would be tired out," I remarked.

"Yes, it is not agreeable to travel in one of those cars. I traveled 200 miles in one of them once, and I don't think I ever suffered as much in my life."

"How did that happen?"

"It's a right funny story. Let us get our places, and then I'll tell you all about it."

We got into the coupe, and Jacques told the following yarn, which I think is worth repeating:

"At the time to which I refer," said Jacques, "I was acquainted with a certain blonde countess. You knew her, because several times I caught you trying to flirt with her. She was living at that time at her villa near Var. Her name is Amelia. We used to write to each other daily. I wrote to keep her thoroughly informed of the fact that I loved her madly. She wrote to me because life is very tedious out in the country, and she had to do something to kill time. Her letters were rather cold, and I was much afraid that she was not going to make much of an effort to reciprocate my affections. Just at this crisis I was carrying on a correspondence of pretty much the same character with another lady whose name was not Amelia, but Louisa, and who was living in Normandy."

"A nice man you are."

"It is the prerogative of innocence to project the initiatory bowkler," responded Jacques, lighting a cigarette.

"I suppose you mean to quote that 'he who is without sin among you should cast the first stone.'"

"Just so," resumed Jacques. "Miss Louisa, this Normandy correspondent of mine, was no countess. Neither was she a blonde. We had reached that point in our correspondence when she felt it incumbent on her to inform me almost every day that she loved me for myself alone. I replied very coolly and indifferently, for I was desirous of giving her no encouragement whatever. I was trying to give Louisa what is known as the cold shake, but I wanted to do it genteelly, as a gentleman should."

"I presume the countess is the one that had the most money," I remarked cynically.

"You are a good guesser. The countess was very wealthy and Louisa was not. Poor Louisa! I did hate to go back on her. It was not her fault, nor mine either for that matter, that she was impecunious. There was something about her looks that reminded me of the countess," and Jacques sighed heavily.

"What has all this got to do with the postal car?"

"You shall hear. Both of these correspondents of mine had the mania to send me orders to fill. Hardly a day passed that I did not have to buy something and mail it to them. I was at Paris, you know, and they were in the country. I was eternally hunting up samples of dress goods and sending them by mail.

"Well, one morning I got two letters. One full of love and devotion from Louisa. She also wanted me to pick out a sample of merino and send it to her. The other letter was from the countess. It was a very gossipy sort of a document, but there was nothing gushing about it. She also desired me to pick out some samples of silks and mail them to her. Louisa was merino and the countess was silk with a big S. That was the difference between them.

"I immediately sat down and composed two love letters—one of them, however, without much love in it. The other letter—the one to the Countess Amelia—was running over with affection and hints at suicide. The one to Louisa was philosophical and non-committal; very much so, indeed. As I had something to attend to, I hurried to a dry goods store, selected the patterns, and put them with the letters in the envelopes, and put them in my pocket. Just at this moment, who should I see driving past in his buggy but my friend Maxime. He called to me to get in. I did so, and just as we were passing the postoffice it occurred to me post the letters."

"Yes, I begin to understand."

"I got out, bought two stamps, stuck one of them on the letter to the countess, shoved it through the hole, and was about to do the same for Louisa's epistle, when I felt faint. I gasped for air. I had addressed my letter to Louisa to the countess at Var and posted it. In my hand was the letter to the countess with the samples of silk, addressed to Louisa in Normandy."

"You were in a fix."

"Never was in so hideous a fix in all my life. Unless I regained that letter it was all up with the beautiful countess, who, as I told you, was as rich as she was pretty."

"Yes, you told me she was quite wealthy."

"Not only that, but I was really desperately in love with her besides. I went right into the postoffice and asked the clerk to hand me out the letter. The clerk began to cross-examine me, and intimated that I was a candidate for the penitentiary. As my answers did not suit him, he refused to hand out the letter. I remembered that I had a friend who was a high official in the postoffice department. I jumped into a hack and was driven to his office. He was not in. Then I went to his residence. I found him, explained matters, and armed with an official document drove back to the postoffice. The mail was already made up and on board the postal car. I jumped aboard just as the train moved off. The postal officers in the car, under the impression that I was trying to rob, hurled me to the floor, and while one kneeled on my breast the others choked me and searched me for arms. As soon as I got a chance to speak I showed my document and explained. Profuse apologies were offered and accepted. However, my collar was torn off and my clothes suffered in the scuffle."

"Did they give you your letter?"

"The car was packed up to the roof with sacks of mail matter. The official said:

"'My dear sir, from four or five hundred thousand letters you can't expect us to pick out yours. Besides, we are forbidden under any circumstances to deliver any mail en route.'"

"What did you do?"

"There was nothing for me to do except to grin and bear it. I took a seat on the mail bags in order to rest myself, and think the sacks were not as comfortable as a pillow. They seemed to be full of hard and irregular shaped articles mixed up with letters. I wondered if it was possible that I was sitting on the identical bag that contained my affectionate letter to the countess. Perhaps there was nothing between me and that accursed document except an eighth of an inch of leather, and I whistled quietly, 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

"I should think, Jacques, that your conscience would have troubled you:"

"No, my conscience did not trouble me, but my stomach made me wish that I were dead. There is no doubt that I suffered internally. I am very sensitive about smells, and the car was full of them. There was evidently something rotten in Denmark, as far as the postoffice department is concerned. The worst smell was that damp leather. Judging by the smells in the car, the people of France were in the habit of sending Limburger cheese, sausage seasoned with garlic and the like, through the mails. It was very warm, damp weather. The motion of the cars made things worse inside of me. In order to be more comfortable the clerks removed their shoes. At last the crisis came on. I needed fresh air. My bosom heaved convulsively. How I wished I had not eaten that hearty breakfast. 'Oh, Amelia, Amelia!' I groaned, 'how little do you know how my bosom heaves for thee! How little dost thou dream what sacrifices I make on account of my love for thee!'"

"You must have enjoyed yourself very much on the excursion."

"That was only the beginning of my sufferings," resumed Jacques. "After the spasms and convulsions in my breast had subsided, owing to the vile smells and the racket I could not get a wink of sleep until about 3 o'clock in the morning. The clerks kept distributing mail all night, and do you believe it, when they came across that letter they woke me up to show it to me, but refused to give it to me. I could have murdered them."

"Did you get it at last?"

"To cut things short, when we got to Lyons the postmaster was very polite, but he said he could not let me have the letter because the order was not countersigned by the postmaster general. I kept right along with that letter, undergoing all manner of exposures and hardships, until it got to Var, which is a very small country town. I had to ride to that place on a wagon without any springs, alongside of the driver, the letter bag containing that infernal document I had written to Louisa and addressed to the Countess Amelia being under the seat. I could not bribe the mail carrier, as I had only about twenty francs in my pocket. I intended to make a final appeal to the postmaster at Var, and, if successful, return at once to Paris. The more I thought of this plan the more I became convinced it would not work. Var was only a few miles from the villa of the countess. You know what gossips these country people are. In a few days at most the countess would hear that a strange gentleman from Paris, without any baggage except a gold headed cane, had arrived at Var and had obtained from the postmaster a letter addressed to her. From the description she would know who it was. That would never do. I learned that half an hour after the mail arrived at Var, a letter carrier set out on foot with the mail for the villa of the countess and the immediate vicinity. I determined to get my letter from the carrier by hook or crook.

"That was a nice way to get to the penitentiary."

"I knew that well enough, but rather than have Amelia read the letter to Louisa I was willing to take any risks. On our arrival at Var the bag containing my letter was turned over to the postmaster. I went to the local tavern and got a square meal. I saw the letter carrier start out on the road to Amelia's villa. I joined him, and we soon became quite familiar. He was a dull, stupid peasant. I had a flask with me, and, after taking a small drink myself, he took a healthy pull at it. I encouraged him in his debauchery, and in passing through a village I set 'em up again. After two more pulls at the flask he was beautifully drunk, and staggered helplessly. Coming to a gully, I tripped him up. He fell like a log. A moment more and, under the pretext of helping him up, I had opened the bag and secured that long sought letter and shoved it into my pocket. I heard a noise, and looking up I saw a dog cart. There was a lady driving. I felt myself turning pale all over, for the lady was none other than the Countess Amelia herself. She recognized me, but at first she was too astonished to speak. I thought to myself: 'Old boy, if you have got any presence of mind, now is your time to show it.'

"'Great God!' screamed Amelia, 'what has happened? How do you come to be in this condition, Jacques?'

"'Amelia, do you believe in omens? Night before last, while I was writing to you, I heard you call my name three times.'

As I said this tears ran down my cheeks, for I had caught a fearful cold, and pulling out my handkerchief to wipe my eyes, out dropped that accursed letter. I grabbed it and again shoved it into my pocket.

"'You heard me call your name, Jacques?' asked Amelia, her eyes as large as saucers, with amazement.

"'Yes, Amelia, and I left on the next train, just dressed as I was, to come to you. I thought it was one of those mysterious warnings that notify people of the death of loved ones, and, Amelia, oh, how I love you!' and here I dropped down in the mud on my knees. The rest of the story is short," continued Jasques. "Amelia's eyes filled with tears at this proof of my devotion, and, although I looked like a tramp, she asked me to get in the dog cart with her. I did so, and before we got to the villa she had consented to become my wife. That, my friend, is the story of our marriage. I have since told my wife all about it, and she laughed until I thought she would have hysterics. I really thought I should have to send for a doctor."—Translated from the German by Alex. E. Sweet.

Town Bred Hunting Dogs.

Country hunters always laugh at city men when they go out to hunt, carrying town bred dogs with them, and they're right, too, for there's not one in a hundred dogs trained in a city that can hunt with a country dog and keep up his end of the work. I think it is because the town dog is fed too much and too irregularly. I have some hunting dogs that have made a reputation in the country. Whenever I take them out on a hunt I feed them heartily the night before, and the next day they don't get a morsel until the hunt is over. Then I feed them while they're warm from work, and the next day they're ready to do more good hunting. I have heard of hunters who starved their dogs twenty-four and some forty-eight hours before a hunt, but I think that this is carrying the plan to an extreme which weakens the dog and spoils him.—Globe-Democrat.

The opinion of the people is that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best and cheapest remedy for coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, etc.

The healing and purifying qualities of Salvation Oil render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores. Price only 25c.

Mrs. Potter speaks of "my sister actresses."

"I was troubled with an eruption on my face, which was a source of constant annoyance when I wished to appear in company. After using ten bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the humor entirely disappeared."—Mary M. Wood, 40 Adams street, Lowell, Mass.

POST-MERIDIAN.

AFTERNOON.

When in thy glass thou studiest thy face,
Not long, nor yet not seldom, half repelled
And half attracted: when thou hast beheld
Of Time's slow ravages the crumbling trace
(Deciphered now with many an interspace
The characters erewhile that Beauty spelled),
And in thy throat a choking fear hath swelled
Of Love, grown cold, eluding thy embrace:
Could'st thou but read my gaze of tenderness—
Affection fused with pity—precious tears
Would bring relief to thy unjust distress;
Thy visage, even as it to me appears,
Would seem to thee transfigured; thou would'st bless
Me, who am also, Dearest, scarred with years!

EVENING.

Age can not wither her whom not gray hairs
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of Time;
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,
And violets know the victory is theirs.
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime;
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene
With sense of duty done without complaint!
O venerable crown!—a living green,
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint—
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but been
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint!

—Wendell P. Garrison in Century.

RESCUED BY LUCK.

In the fall of 1866 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in southern Indiana. The store, a church and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant and the blacksmith were the only residents. The country about was thickly settled up, however, and trade was always good. Before the merchant engaged me he announced that I would have to sleep in the store o' nights, and that unless I had pluck enough to defend the place against marauders he did not want me at any price. He showed me a shotgun, a revolver, and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds, and the doors by double locks. The close of the war had drifted a bad population into Indiana. The highways were full of tramps, and there were hundreds of men who had determined to make a living by some other means than labor. Several attempts had been made to rob the store, and it had come to that pass that no clerk wanted to sleep there alone.

The merchant seemed satisfied with the answers I gave him, and on a certain Monday morning I went to work. That same night a store about four miles away was broken into and robbed and the clerk seriously wounded. Two nights later three horses were stolen in our neighborhood. At the end of the week a farmer who was on his way home from our store was robbed on the highway. If I had not been a light sleeper from habit these occurrences would have tended to prevent too lengthy dreams as I lay in my little bedroom at the front of the second story. The revolver was always placed under my pillow and the shotgun stood within reach. The spring gun was set about midway of the lower floor. It was a double barreled shotgun, each barrel containing a big charge of buckshot, and the man who kicked the string and discharged the weapon would never know what hurt him.

It did not seem possible that any one could break into the store without arousing me. There was no door to my room, and after the people in the neighborhood had gone to bed I could hear the slightest noise in the store. I had looked the place over for a weak spot, and had failed to find it, but my own confidence came near proving my destruction. I should have told you, in describing the store, that just over the spot where we set the spring gun was an opening through which we hoisted and lowered such goods as were stored for a time on the second floor. When not in use this opening was covered by a trap door. Toward evening, on the tenth day of my clerkship, I hoisted up a lot of pails and tubs, and had just finished when trade became so brisk that I was called to wait upon customers. Later on I saw that I had left the trap door open, and I said to myself that I would let it go until I went to bed. The store had the only burglar proof safe for miles around, and it was customary for the farmer who had $100 or so to leave it with us. He received an envelope in which to inclose it, and he could take out and put in as he liked. On this evening four or five farmers came in to deposit, and, as I afterward figured up, we had about $1,500 in the safe.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a drover, and the other to a professional tramp. I gave the latter a piece of tobacco and some crackers and cheese and he soon went away, and we were so busy up to 9 o'clock that I did not give the drover much attention. When we came to shut up the store he had gone from my mind altogether. We counted up the cash, made some charges in the day book, and it was about 10 o'clock when the merchant left. I was tired out, and I took a candle and made the circuit of the store, set the spring gun and went to bed. I had to pass within six feet of the trap door as I went to my room, but I did not see it. It was a rather chilly night in October, and we had no fires yet, and as I got under the blankets the warmth was so grateful that I soon fell asleep. It was the first night I had gone to bed without thinking of robbers and wondering how I should act in case they came in. I did not know when I fell asleep. I suddenly found myself half upright in bed, and there was an echo in the store, as if the fall of something had aroused me. It was 1 o'clock, and I had been asleep almost three hours. Leaning on my elbow, I strained my ears to catch the slightest sound, and after a minute I heard a movement down stairs. While I could not say what it was, a sort of instinct told me that it was made by some human being.

Everything on the street was as silent as the grave. My window curtain was up, and I could see that the sky had thickened up and was very black. I did not wait for the noise to be repeated. I was just as sure that some one was in the store as if I had already seen him, and I crept softly out of bed, drew on my trousers, and moved out into the big room, having the revolver in my hand. There was no door at the head of the stairs. I intended to go there and listen down the stairway. As I was moving across the room, which was then pretty clear of goods as far as the trap door, I suddenly recollected this opening and changed my course to reach it. It was terribly dark in the room, and one unfamiliar with the place would not have dared to move a foot. Half way to the trap I got down on my hands and knees, and as I reached the opening, I settled down on my stomach. There was a dim light down stairs. That settled the fact that some one was in the store. After a minute I heard whispers, then the movement of feet, then a certain sound which located the intruders to a foot. I drew myself forward and looked down the opening. I could see a lighted candle and two or three dark figures at the safe, and I could hear the combination being worked. My first thought was to drop my hand down and open fire in their direction, but I remembered that we had so many articles hanging up that no bullet had a chance of reaching to the safe. I was wondering what to do when I heard one of the men whisper:

"It's all d——d nonsense. We might work here a week and not hit it."

"But I told you to bring the tools and you wouldn't," protested another.

"Oh, dry up!" put in a third voice. "What we want to do is to go up and bring that counterhopper down and make him open the box."

"I'll give the cussed thing a few more trials," said the first man, and I heard him working away again. My eyes could not have told me the number of robbers, but my ears had. There were three of them, and they were no doubt desperate and determined men. They spoke of bringing me down to open the safe as if no resistance was anticipated or taken into account. Indeed, they might well reason that they had me at their mercy. The rain was now falling, the night was very dark, and a pistol shot in the store could not have been heard in either of the dwellings. If they had reflected that I might be armed, they would have offset it with the fact that I was a boy of 18, with a girl's face and probably a girl's nerve. I don't deny that I was a bit rattled, and that my lip would quiver in spite of me, but I was at the same time fully determined to protect the store if it cost me my life. How to get at the fellows was what bothered me, but that trouble was soon solved.

"There," whispered the man at the combination, as he let go of it, "I won't fool here another minute. That kid knows the combination, and we can make him work it. Come on."

They were coming up stairs. The best place for me would be at the head of the stairway. The stairs had a half turn in them, and I would fire upon the first man who came within range. I heard the men coming back to the stairway, and my nerve gave way. It wasn't from cowardice, but the knowledge that I was to kill a human being upset me. I decided to retreat to my room, and, if they persisted in coming that far, I would shoot. The trio had rubbers on their feet, but they came up stairs without trying very hard to prevent making a noise. The one who came first had the candle, and, as he got to the head of the stairs, I saw a knife in his other hand. They made no delay in approaching my room, and with a great effort I braced myself for what I saw must happen. They could not see me until within three or four feet of the door, and their first intimation that I was out of bed was when they heard me call out:

"Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

I had them covered with the weapon, and for fifteen seconds there was dead silence. Then they got a plan. The man with the candle dashed it on the floor, and I suppose they meant to rush in on me in the dark, but I checkmated it by opening fire. They then either meant to retreat down stairs or toward the rear of the floor, for I saw the three together moving off, and fired at their dim figures. Three seconds later there was a great shout of horror, followed by the tremendous report of the double barreled spring gun, and then there was absolute silence. I think I stood in the door shaking like a leaf, for fully three minutes before the silence was broken by a groan. Then it came to me that the robbers had fallen through the open door upon the cord leading to the gun. I struck a match, lighted my own candle, and, going to the opening, saw three bodies lying below. Running back to the bedroom to recharge my revolver, I then went down stairs to investigate. It was as I suspected. The three had pitched down together. The top of one's head had been blown off by the shot, a second had a hole in his chest as big as your fist, while the third, who was responsible for the groans, was severely wounded in both legs. It was three months before he could be put on trial, and he then got four years in prison. The whole thing was a put up job. The "drover" was a Chicago burglar called "Clawhammer Dick," and he had hidden himself in the store that night, and then let his pals in by the back door. They had a horse and wagon in the rear of the building, and the plan was to rob the store of goods as well as to get at the money in the safe. A bit of carelessness on my part not only saved the store and probably my life, but wiped out a very desperate gang.—New York Sun.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my sense can perceive,
I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine *revelation* in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, of falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

A debutante should not wear a dress that does not cover her shoulders. Such a dress makes her look too much as if she wanted to blossom out, which is bad for the blossom.

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Roseate gums above, beneath,
And her breath, how sweet, how pure!
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She believes in, daily uses,
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The Price.—1. The best always first and cheapest. 2. The best is the promptest, safest, surest, most permanent. 3. The benefits derived are beyond price. 4. Examples show that no competition can show like results. 5. It is the best.

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