

1887.

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WORKING CLASSES A BARTON prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home the whole of the time, or for their spare moments.

CORNISH ORGANS. Reduced to almost cost to build. Buy direct of Old Established Manufacturers, and avoid paying Middle-men's profits.

REMEMBER! We do not wish you to send us money for all we have to give you. We will send you our valuable Organ, and find it unnecessary to send us money.

TO THE PUBLIC! Having purchased the business formerly conducted under the firm name of E. Galsner & Son, Clarksville, Tenn., and changed the name of that of Louis E. Galsner, I take pleasure in stating to the public and my patrons generally that the business will be conducted as before, only on an improved method.

TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

Maud Estabrook had just turned to retrace her steps up the avenue, when, glancing round, she saw a young man emerging from the shadow of one of the great willows that guarded the gate.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, fanning himself with his straw hat as he spoke, "but can you tell me if Mr. Estabrook is here?"

"Oh," thought Maud, "one of Tom's friends." Then, aloud, "Yes—that is, he lives here, but he isn't at home to-day."

As the newcomer stood irresolute, Maud gave him another quick look, which summed up his whole appearance, from his six feet of stature and the light pedestrian garb that set it off, to the knapsack hanging over his broad shoulders.

Mr. Follitt's manner was again hesitating, as he half glanced toward Maud. "I really ought not to take advantage of you," he began.

But Mrs. Estabrook, a nervous, excitable woman, given to starts and broken sentences, interrupted him: "No, no, pray don't say so. Really, it would relieve my mind, now that my son is away and of course Peter must choose this very time—Maud, Peter isn't come back yet? No, not a man on the place, and this is such a solitary neighborhood."

So the young man accepted the urgent invitation, and the afternoon wore away pleasantly, with music and conversation, and strolling about the grounds.

It was almost tea time. The two ladies with their guest were sitting on the breezy piazza when a telegraph messenger came up the steps, delivered his yellow covered missive and was off again like a shot out of sight.

"From Tom, probably," said Mrs. Estabrook. "Mr. Follitt, you will excuse me?" She broke open the envelope, while the conversation between the two young people went on.

"I hope you have received no bad news," began Mr. Follitt. But as he advanced Mrs. Estabrook waved him back, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Oh, no, not bad at all—only a little—little—unexpected." Then she conveyed a silent summons to Maud's anxious eye, adding with the same forced lightness, "If you will excuse our leaving you alone for a moment, Mr. Follitt, I have a little household matter to arrange with my daughter. That is all, indeed. It is only for a moment—only a moment, I assure you."

As they withdrew she sedulously returned Mr. Follitt's bow, all the while preserving a set smile strangely at variance with her pale face.

"Maud, what shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Estabrook, sinking into a seat. "And we have actually invited him to tea—a burglar! Well, for a friend, I thought he seemed very uncertain about Tom."

"I noticed that too," answered Maud, with bent brow, recalling a certain unsteadiness of tone and manner which had struck her as strange at the time.

"Mamma," she continued, "we must send Bridget or Maggie over to the village for help." "No," almost screamed Mrs. Estabrook, "not another person must leave the house! Oh, how could Peter choose the very day Tom was gone? When he knows how nervous I am, too—and to think I told that—that desperado out there, that there wasn't a man about the place! Maud! Maud! what shall we do?"

"I think I have a plan, mamma," said Maud, raising her head from her brown study. "Wait a moment." She flew upstairs and down again. "Now come out on the piazza. He musn't suspect anything."

The two ladies rejoined their unwelcome guest, and Mrs. Estabrook rushed into feverish conversation with him. But her talk was of a singularly warlike kind, turning mainly upon revolvers and the proficiency attained in the use of these deadly weapons by Bridget and Maggie, two unsophisticated handmaids, who in fact would not have known a toy pistol from a Gatling gun.

smilingly indicated the room where his knapsack had been left. No sooner had he stepped within than, quick as a flash, the girl shut the door and locked it on the outside, where she had already placed the key.

For a few moments there was perfect stillness as if he were trying to realize the meaning of that click of the lock; then she heard him go to the door and turn the handle, first softly, then louder and louder.

"Miss Estabrook! Are you still there?" "Yes," answered Maud, holding her breath.

"You are not aware that you have locked me in?" Maud hesitated for an instant. But since the explanation must come, it might as well come at once.

"In—deed!" The blended accent of this word made her feel hysterical again. "Perhaps you would not mind telling me why you did it?"

"Because you are a burglar," answered the girl, concisely. "There was an indistinct mutter which might or might not have been an expletive. Then, after a silence, the voice inquired, quite formally, "And might I ask what you mean to do with me?"

"Keep you shut up here until my brother or the gardener comes back; and then—"

"Then," replied Maud with a sudden inspiration, "we will let you go, if you will go peacefully."

There was a sound of suppressed laughter at this. Then the voice rejoined politely: "Thanks. I will give you any assurance you require."

"Oh, mamma, anything to keep him quiet and good tempered!" said Maud. "And you know he was to have taken tea with us."

"But if he should burn the house down smoking them?" anxiously suggested her mother.

"Well, perhaps it's safer to give him something to use his matches with," answered Maud, with a mastery stroke of logic. "And they always do have matches," she concluded, indefinitely.

"The hall clock had just struck the quarter before 2, when the silence of the house was disturbed by a little sound which seemed preternaturally loud to their strained ears.

"Maud, what is that noise?" said Mrs. Estabrook, with the calmness of despair. Maud declined to commit herself prematurely.

"Maud," said her mother, "it's down at the piazza window. It's—it's a confederate of that man in there! Oh, don't tell me! I know!"

Maud frowned thoughtfully. Her mother's idea seemed only too plausible. "He'll get in and let the other one out," pursued Mrs. Estabrook, breathlessly. "And then they'll go through the house and rob and murder us all. Oh, dear! Oh-h!"

"Don't, mamma, dear! pray don't," entreated Maud, as the poor lady, overwhelmed by her own picture, showed signs of becoming hysterical, and uttered several small screams. Upon this the occupant of the next room, who hitherto had given no sign of life, began to knock on the door between the two chambers.

"Excuse me, but is anything wrong?" Maud hesitated. Mrs. Estabrook meantime had checked herself, and was holding her breath to listen. Receiving no answer, he presently spoke again.

"What is that noise I hear down stairs?" "What do you know," said Maud; "but—"

would not move until a given time he would be released. As he readily agreed to the conditions the girl stole out into the passage, turned the key very softly, and then flew back into her own room, which she locked in hot haste.

"Not at all. It was a pleasure to me. He was infringing on my rights, you know."

Silence followed, broken by another rap. "Miss Estabrook, I am waiting to be locked in again."

"Do you really mean?" began Maud. "Certainly, I must insist, if you please. I'll stay here till you give me the word."

"Be quick, Maud," whispered Mrs. Estabrook, very distrustful of this extraordinary burglar. "The man is either a criminal or a lunatic. Run and turn the key, child, before he changes his mind."

Thus urged, the girl made another sortie. Once more the key clicked in the lock, and then all was silence again.

Not for long, however. Suddenly there was a confused clatter at the outside door, while the bell pealed loudly through the house.

"That man back again!" faltered Mrs. Estabrook. "Oh, mamma, no!" said Maud, reassuringly. "A burglar would never ring the bell. Why, it's Tom!" she cried, with sudden conviction.

"Tom it was, indeed, and very anxious about the safety of the household. As the brother and sister met in the gray of the early dawn he hastily explained how, having called in to see Amelia, she had given him no peace until he promised to return at once to The Willows; how he had done so, in some vacation at what he considered her fussiness, until everything had suddenly been driven out of his mind by the sight of a blood stain on the piazza.

"But who winged the burglar, then?" he asked. "Was it you, Maud?" "Hush-sh!" breathed his mother, with warning finger upraised. "He's in there, you know."

"In there! Why, I thought you said he was gone? And what on earth is Peter in there for?"

"No, no, not Peter, the—the burglar!" "The burglar!" Tom jumped up. "You don't mean you've trapped the fellow! Bravo!" And he was hurrying to the door, when his sister laid a hand on his arm.

"Oh, wait, Tom," she said. "That is the oddest part of it all." And she told the tale of their strange guest. "It doesn't seem like his being a burglar, but I don't think he can be in his right mind," she concluded.

"By jove! I should say not! Wanted to be locked up again? Why, the man must be a first class crank. Well, I'll have a look at him."

He left the room, and the two women heard the key turn in the lock. They held their breath to listen, but all they could distinguish in the next room was a confused sound of voices and laughter.

Presently Tom came back, accompanied by the suspicious burglar. "My mother and sister, Mr. Follitt," said Tom, with a wave of the hand and a twinkle of the eye. "Mother, this is my friend Mr. Follitt, who seems to think there is some mystery that needs clearing up."

The real burglar was never found. Therefore Tom Estabrook was unable to settle the question if that "suspicious stranger" resembled Mr. Marston Follitt in anything beyond the scar. Even that had nearly disappeared before Mr. Follitt left The Willows, so that when Amelia first saw her future brother-in-law she gravely remarked that she could not imagine how mamma and Maud could have made such a singular mistake.

She was sure she never could. Which, from the cause of the whole misunderstanding, was certainly rather trying. But then Amelia was trying sometimes, as people without a sense of humor are apt to be.—Kate Putnam Osgood in Harper's Bazar.

Logan's Love of Knuckle Down. Logan Logan was very fond of playing with the children, said a lady who has for many years been a frequenter of the Logan household. "The senator used to get so absorbed when he was playing with the little ones that he cared nothing for what was going on around him. He was very fond of his grandson, Lieut. Tucker's boy, about 6 years old. I remember that just one day before he was taken ill he was playing marbles in a room with the boy. The game was pretty evenly matched and the general was absorbed in it. While the game was at its height the servant brought in a card to him. It was that of a prominent senator. The general, who was down on his knees at the time, and about to shoot his marble, took the card, looked at it a moment, then said to the servant: "Tell the senator to take a seat and I'll be there in five minutes. I want to finish this game for the boy is ahead of me now."—Washington Letter.

Keep Your Thoughts Pure. Your value and charm for others as a companion depends far more on what you think than on what you say. If your thought is all pure, clear, bright, confident and courageous you are a value, and an increasing value, wherever you go. People will always be glad to see you. When you bring yourself (your thought), you bring an actual pleasure to people. You bring also a power and strength to them. Your thought helps to strengthen their bodies. They feel better for seeing you. You are as a fountain of health and pleasure wherever you go.—Prentice Mulford's "White Cross."