

# MISJUDGED

By W. HEIMBURG.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was Christmas eve. A perfect hurricane was raging through the streets of Dresden; light flurries of snow were blown from the roofs, the statues and the branches of the trees, and a few heavy rain-drops were driven through the air by the strong wind; the streets were covered with soft mud, which splashed up to the tops of the carriages and the hats of the passers-by. It was bad weather for Christmas, every one said. The big rain-drops pattered also against the panes of Herr Jussnitz studio in the quiet suburban street, but that only made it seem all the more comfortable in the large, well-warmed room which might seem very simple to the ordinary observer. The walls, covered with a cheap pale yellow paper, were adorned here and there with productions of some celebrated old Gobel tapestry; between these hung antique weapons, and enormous Chinese vases stood about here and there. The floor was covered with an admirable imitation of an old oriental carpet, in which even the spots and holes were not wanting. There was but little furniture; a divan covered with a Smyrna carpet, a very deep, comfortable arm-chair covered with Persian saddle-bags, a small table in front of the stove—that was all.

Before this table, which still bore the remains of a luncheon, sat Aunt Polly in a genuine Renaissance chair, slowly consuming a cigar-roll, with her eyes steadfastly fixed on her niece or Herr Jussnitz.

Hilda was standing on one side of the easel in a costume of yellow brocade trimmed with black lace; the mantilla fell from the back of her head over her beautiful neck, her right hand held the fan, her left had grasped the heavy folds of her dress, which she was crushing between her fingers; she stood there as if she were disgusted with the whole thing, and had the greatest mind in the world to go away.

"Heaven knows," cried Jussnitz, looking at the girl, "that you manage somehow to look different every day of your life! Now your eyes have such a look in them that a dagger might be more suitable for you than a fan. Drink a glass of sherry, Hilda, you are chilly; and don't be so horribly impatient; your trials will soon be over. Hildegarde von Svedorf gave a hard, short laugh.

"Oh, yes," she said; "it is quite time, and auntie will be thankful enough to be released; won't you, Aunt Polly?"

She turned her head so hastily that the long gold ring-rings with the movable stones glittered, and looked gloomily at the little woman, at the same time casting a glance at her which said plainly:

"You will say yes, at once!"

"Yes," said Aunt Polly; "my household affairs will go on better when I can stay at home more."

"And I," added Hilda, with quivering lips—"I shall probably go home for a while."

Leo was painting her hair and was so absorbed that he did not hear this last remark.

"I shall probably go home for a few weeks," she added, opening and shutting her fan.

"Indeed?" he said "How happens that? It will not be very good for your studies."

She looked at him with a strange expression, a her eyes, a look as of unshed tears. But she laughed again.

"Well, I have not asked you why you are going into the country to spend Christmas."

Again he made no reply; he had stepped back and was contemplating his picture.

"Just look here, Hilda; look at this face and then look at your own in the glass. Are they not alike?"

"No," the replied shortly, without moving.

"I should really like to know," he continued, now looking into her pretty, piquant face with an expression of concern, "what is the matter with you? You ought to see a doctor, Hilda. I fear I must reproach myself for—"

"You!" she interrupted him, in a shrill, constrained tone of contempt.

"No; you may feel perfectly easy, if you please; there is nothing the matter with me, nothing at all."

"You are in a bad temper to-day, Hilda, and you upset me, too," he exclaimed, putting his mahlstick away in the corner. "I can make the few changes just as well without you. I will put the dress on the lay-figure. I hope in the next and last sitting you will be more graciously disposed."

"Then I am dismissed for to-day?" she said, with a smile that did not hide her pain.

"What an expression! I see it is hard for you and I will not torment you any longer."

Hilda turned away and went through the portiere into the adjoining room, where she was in the habit of changing her dress. Leo, in the meantime, went up to Aunt Polly.

"We have a tree, though it is only an amusement for children, but we must have a little pleasure once in a while. Hilda will be delighted, for she has no one to give her presents except me. And, of course, I can only give her useful things."

She put the little packet into her pompadour bag under the gray woolen stocking, and got up to put on her cloak.

Jussnitz forgot to help her. He had gone back to his easel and was looking at his picture.

In a few moments the girl re-

appeared. She came up to him with a firm step.

"Good-by," she said shortly, giving him her hand without looking at him.

"Good-by, Hilda," he replied, holding the burning little hand firmly in his own. "Good-by, Hilda. Auf Wiedersehen, and a happy Christmas!"

He felt how she trembled. She hastily snatched her hand away so that her rather large woolen gloves remained between his fingers.

"Thank you, Hilda!" he cried with a laugh. It sounded as constrained as her own a moment before. He put made it seem all the more comfortable in the large, well-warmed room which might seem very simple to the ordinary observer. The walls, covered with a cheap pale yellow paper, were adorned here and there with productions of some celebrated old Gobel tapestry; between these hung antique weapons, and enormous Chinese vases stood about here and there. The floor was covered with an admirable imitation of an old oriental carpet, in which even the spots and holes were not wanting. There was but little furniture; a divan covered with a Smyrna carpet, a very deep, comfortable arm-chair covered with Persian saddle-bags, a small table in front of the stove—that was all.

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stars, crying indefatigably: Only ten pfennigs. They are the last, gracious lady!"

The child staggered backward, and the tears gushed out of his eyes. "Oh now, now, said a stately man, as he picked up the boy and set him on his feet, 'the little fellow isn't made of wood!' But when he saw the girl's face with its dark eyes, pale and rigid in its angry scorn, he said no more, and hurrying on, muttered to himself: "By Jove, she looks desperate, though!"

Aunt Polly did not notice, when she stopped in front of a shop-window now and then, that the girl stamped her foot angrily on the pavement; she did not notice her pallor and the blue, tightly-compressed lips, until they came out of the fish-shop where she had been bargaining for the tiniest carp that had ever been caught.

"Good gracious, what ails you?" she asked then.

"Homesickness!" was the court reply.

"Homesickness? You?" cried Aunt Polly, incredulously; and as Hilda was silent, she added: "I should sooner have thought of the skies falling than of your being homesick."

But Aunt Polly was obliged to believe in it at last, for her niece was so pale and still as she sat in the little sitting-room, she paid so little heed to the mysterious allusions of Santa Claus, who had something worth while this time, that poor Aunt Polly set up the tiny Christmas tree in the best room with a sigh and a shake of the head, and thought to herself that it was better to be quite alone on such a day than to be with some one who was so cross and disagreeable as her niece.

A box had arrived from the Zwedorfs in Altwedel, and Aunt Polly set it on the table under the tree and added several pair of stockings she had knitted; then she went into the kitchen and dressed her tiny carp. When it got dark she would light the lamps.

Hilda remained motionless in the sitting-room. She had not spoken falsely; she was homesick, or at least she imagined so. She thought how her mother would be slipping into the Christmas room now, with her few poor little presents hidden in her apron, but with a happy face. They always had presents in her poverty stricken home, even though they were ever so insignificant; their father never allowed Christmas to go without its little pleasures. He began to save up again for the New Year for the next Christmas, and each one found something at her place. There is something touching in a love like that, and it does exist in spite of poverty. Oh, if she were only at home now, if only for a quarter of an hour!

But, no, she would not go if she could. All at once she sat up straight in her old high-backed chair, which had belonged to the deceased Berger. What should she do at home? Submit to questions as to what she had been doing? What had she gained and attained in that strange world where she had hoped to make her fortune?

She gave a low, bitter laugh. "Nothing!" she said half-aloud; nothing! nothing!" she repeated again, clenching her little fist.

She had gained nothing, she had only lost—her young heart.

And he to whom she had given it did not think it was worth the trouble of stooping for, or at least he acted as if he did not. During all this time he had looked at her with longing eyes; her smiles had made him happy, her frowns had made him dejected; she could have twisted him round her little finger, as Aunt Polly said, if she only wanted to; but Hilda was proud, and she carefully preserved the appearance of caring nothing for this man's favor. They had made merry in the pauses of the panting, and they had had long and earnest conversations; she had fastened the flowers he gave her at her breast, and every day she had mounted the steps of the studio with a beating heart and with the sweet secret hope in her heart: "To-day—to-day, he will tell me that he loves me!" But he had never spoken.

To be continued.

**Was Easily Satisfied.**

"Whazzer masser wif this car? Don't it go to Euclid Beach?" asked a much befuddled individual of a conductor on a Broadway street car recently.

"This is a Broadway car," said the conductor, who was a pompous sort of a man.

About five minutes intervened and then the conductor passed transfer checks around.

"Say, does this car go to Forest City Park?" asked the man of the conductor.

"This is a Broadway car," reiterated the conductor, wearily.

When the car reached the downtown section the befuddled individual arose and beckoned to the conductor.

"Shay, I want to go home. Don't this car pass Pearl street?" he asked.

"This car is still a Broadway car," said the conductor, in a tone that would have made a Boston maiden envious.

"Well, I jus' wanted to ride, anyway," said the man as he settled himself back in his seat and rode around the loop with the conductor.

C?

There is a farmer who is very Enough to take his ee, And study nature with his ii And think of what he cc. He hears the chatter of the JJ As they each other tte, And sees that when a tree dkk It makes a home for bb.

A yoke of oxen he will uu With many haws and gg. And their mistakes he will xqq. When plowing for his pp. He little buys, but much he sells. And therefore little oo; And when he hoos his soil by spells He also soils his hose.



## MISS HALLOWEEN.

### HOLLOWE'EN DOINGS IN THE EARLY DAYS

It is a matter of astonishment when we note to what extremes the young, and those of maturer years even, were led by the spirit of conviviality which developed during this Halloween festival season, in the early history of our city. The rights of none were held sacred; sufficient reason for this might be found in the fact that a loose line had been drawn over them, and it permitted the leaders to take the bits in their teeth and ride the town into danger, and often almost to its death.

There was, at this time, in our embryo city, a dare-devil element that defied the law, which was rather lax and consequently gave the authorities no end of trouble and worry. Those who composed it were known as the "red-shirts," and were the sons of down-east lumbermen; they had cut loose from home environments and the restrictions of older civilization, and had accepted in their stead the freedom of a western pioneer life.

This freedom did not induce them to stoop to downright viciousness, but for unbridled, don't-care-for-expense fun, more especially on days and nights when fun and frolic were to predominate, they had no equal.

It would take more space and time than is at my disposal, or yours, to enumerate one-half the "snap shot" incidents that present themselves to my mind; but I will narrate some, which are undoubtedly far similes of what have been produced many times before and since.

An eye witness to a considerable number of the exploits could not well avoid being a participant to a certain extent, in order to have the mischief prove successful and no "give aways," although he need not necessarily be designated as a promoter of the schemes or responsible for results.

During the whole of the afternoon preceding Halloween eve all the tin shops in town were busily engaged manufacturing the horns of assorted sizes, so selected that they might give forth all the special notes that savored of pandemonium; these horns came up to expectation fully, when tested later on.

Secret meetings were held in lumber offices or some convenient livery stable, to formulate plans for carrying out the program that was to be adopted, so as to preclude all possibility of a missing number.

In those days we were not metropolitan enough to have elevators, but the well-developed muscles of about 200 sturdy, pork-and-bean fed lumbermen could elevate almost anything without the aid of modern appliances.

This was evidenced by the fact that the next morning the plank sidewalk on a business thoroughfare was found to be at least five feet from the ground, securely braced and nailed, as if it was so placed per order of the city council, R. B. Graves, mayor, and attested by W. W. Wales, city clerk.

This "elevation" would often extend for nearly a block at different locations in front of business houses, and necessitated considerable work on the part of the proprietor and clerks to get matters in shape to receive their morning customers.

The Mississippi river, could it tell tales, might give us many reminiscences of those Halloween nights, when she was compelled, willy-nilly, to float to the gulf a load of hay or wood that had been left on her banks

escorted to the city calaboose to serve out a week's sentence. It was a rare thing, however, to find them within the enclosure the following morning, as their numerous friends were ever ready to unloose the shackles and set open the doors; that the imprisoned might once again breathe the air of freedom. Prison walls had no great terrors for the wrong doer, as he well knew that a little effort on his own part from the inside, and considerably more from his friends on the outside, would soon again gain for him that "bliss for which he sighed."

History repeats itself year after year, whenever these old-time customs are observed; but in this, operations have become considerably modified since the gentler influences of the East have intermingled theirs with the crude and lawless ones of the "wild and woolly West," and these tendencies have become milder in character, so much so, that the observers of Halloween privileges are now satisfied with "Jack-o'-lantern" parades and the accompaniment of proper music (?), and inside they engage in the mirth-provoking games that were inaugurated in the days of "Auld lang syne."

CHILDREN'S HALLOWE'EN.

Children approve entirely and enthusiastically of Halloween and have their own ways of celebrating the occasion. There is, of course, more fun than superstition about their pet practices. The abracadabra verses, handed down from generation to generation, are almost without number.

One of the oldest is the "Shooting Star," familiar to the children of the South and Southwest:

If I a shooting star can see, And before it falls count "one, two, three," I'll find my love in the nearest tree. For I hunt him and he hunts me.

In the darkness of the night, as every child who has grown up in the country knows, it is a spooky thing to feel your way around the barn. But plenty of little girls will make the trip this year, as in the years of the past, on Halloween eve. With almost every step they will repeat, with bated breath:

Three times around the barn we go, In order our true loves to know; Unless old maids we're going to be, Some bright young chap we'll surely see.

Perhaps the oldest and most nearly universal plan is simply to gaze for a long time in a mirror.

On Halloween night you must look in the glass, For you look long enough your true love will pass.

The truth of this verse has never been questioned, but many a dainty little maiden has kept her eyes fixed on the mirror till she has gone off into dreamland and Prince Charming has appeared as he never could appear in real life.

In parts of the country where the sunflower is still blooming late in October the petals of a sunflower are pulled off one by one, while the watcher says slowly:

Sunflower, sunflower, tell to me, Who my true love is to be. Is he rich, poor, tall or fat? Sunflower, sunflower, tell me that!

Of course there is no prophecies in this case, unless the pulling off of the last petal falls on the word "rich," or "poor," or "tall" or "fat," but the experimenter is at liberty to destroy as many sunflowers as she pleases.

Watching at a window for the first boy who passes is common enough, too. Sometimes this does not require any abracadabra, but it is often assisted by the following verse:

He whom first through glass I spy,

Is the one for whom I sigh, Wanting him I am forlorn, Be he prince or peasant born: Faith in these things is a lot easier to the happy years while the mystery of love and the mystery of life are still matters of guesswork. Fun is easily gotten out of them, too. Even fatally itself is a joke to little Miss Phantore. She will learn better we and ly.—New York Herald.

HALLOWE'EN FOLLIES.

A game that is not entirely new and yet especially appropriate for Halloween is known as "clairvoyance." It is especially enjoyable for an evening of mystery, because it always proves mystifying to the uninitiated. Take some particular person who understands the game to play the role of medium, and send her from the room, an empty chair being reserved for her next to the person who is in collusion with her. When she leaves the room some word is determined upon by the rest of the party, for instance "horse," and when the medium returns her task is to tell what the word is without any questions. She is summoned, sits down next to her friend, and while all present are seated in a circle, with joined hands, the one who was in the room, and hence knows the word, spells it to the medium by tapping with a finger upon the palm of her hand, the number of taps being equal to the number of the letter in the alphabet. For instance, eight taps for H, then quite a pause, fifteen taps for O, etc. When the medium announces the word successfully those not knowing the secret cannot understand it at all, and it is even more mystifying when it is explained that it is based upon some peculiar mental action.

HALLOWE'EN.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoarded nits Are round an' round divided, An' monie lads an' lassies' fates Are there that night decided; Some kindle, coothise, side by side, And burn together trimly; Some start awa wi' saucy pride, An' jump out over the chimblee Fu' high that night. —Burns.

TRIED TO KILL JACKSON.

An Attempt On Old Hickory's Life Described.

The New York Sun says: "Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of this city, has a letter describing the attempt to assassinate President Jackson, written by Congressman Howell, of New York, to her aunt, Mrs. Frances Cameron. Congressman Howell was a witness of the attempt to kill President Jackson. His letter is dated at Washington, January 30, 1835, on the evening of the day of the event. The letter is in part as follows:

"I have been under a high degree of excitement all the afternoon at a most daring attempt to assassinate the president of the capital today. We had been attending the funeral of a deceased member, Congressman Davis, of South Carolina, and the president, as is usual on such occasions, was present.

"As the president came out of the rotunda a man advanced toward him from the front, and when he approached within two yards he presented a pistol and attempted to discharge it at the president's breast. It was with a percussion lock, which is primed with a little copper cap containing percussion or detonating powder, a material the most combustible and constituting a means of firing any weapon with the most fatal certainty. This cap exploded without discharging the pistol, which was instantly dropped by the miscreant and another drawn from his bosom and snapped at the president with a certainty that prevented all possible interference by the bystanders and resistance by him.

"But the president observed the attack and the lion was aroused at once. He raised his cane (the only weapon in his reach) and aimed a blow at the assassin. At the same time Captain Gedney seized the assassin and threw him down. Mr. Woodbury, who had held the president's arm, immediately assisted and he was disarmed and secured.

"The passions of the president were up and for a few minutes his frown was appalling. He is certainly the most extraordinary man of the age. No blanching, no timid misgiving even for a moment affected him. Every trace of age had fled—he stood a giant in his youth, and towered above all his attendants, as the falcon towers above partridges in her swoop upon the quary.

"The monster was taken before the judge and examined, but no light is thrown upon this mysterious transaction. It has only transpired that the name of the culprit is Lawrence, by trade a printer, raised in this city and hitherto of good character; but all inducement to the perpetration of the dreadful crime is undiscoverable. Strange surmises are afoot. By some it is regarded as the effect of insanity, which receives some countenance from the strange desperation of the attempt that was so made as to render all hope of escape impossible, and also by the circumstance of his stating to the marshal while in his custody an inquiry why he had made such a nefarious attempt upon the life of the president that the president had killed his father, when the fact is that his father died in this city some years ago, which he well knew."

Measure For Measure.

Do not look for wrong and evil— You will find them if you do; As you measure for your neighbor, He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness; look for gladness; You will meet them all the while. If you bring a smiling visage To the glass you meet a smile.

Harvard has a system of honors for especially proficient contestants in the entrance examinations.