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OFFICE: NO. 78 OHIO LEVEE. OFFICIAL PAPER OF ALEXANDER COUNTY. ENTERED AT THE CAIRO POSTOFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.

HEY, RUBE! Who was he? Only a circus performer—a leaper who was accustomed to doing flying trapeze acts and leaping from a spring board amid the plaudits of the spectators...

The doctor at the hospital was accustomed to dying men, accustomed to sorrowful heart histories, to sad, sad scenes of parting and death. But he had nothing to do with them. He was there to learn something of interest to science; to study the laws of anatomy; to reduce a fracture successfully or kill a fever.

The doctor's watch lay on the table and counted and ticked off the minutes. When the hour-hand pointed to midnight the ward was asleep, and strange, drifting shadows, like intangible visitors, swept up and down the long vista and wrapped all the suffering inmates in their beneficent arms.

Now, there was something strange in the fact that when one of the little fellows died—as he did suddenly and unexpectedly as children do—he in dying talked only of this man. And it was strange that the doctor saw nothing of interest in his patient until his other boy going the rounds with him pulled at his coat and whispered:

"It's Bertie's circus man, papa; the one that jumped over all the horses and into the air, and went over and over. Oh, papa! won't you mend him up?"

When the doctor knew who the man was he thought of his dead boy, and at once began the task of making death easy to him. That was all he could do, just smooth with kindness that sure descent which we must all tread.

The day which would have to-morrow came at last to the sick man, and all the morning he lay sleeping and dozing, and at night he was dying; his cheeks were red with fever heat; his eyes were closed, and he imagined himself in the circus, listening to the plaudits of the crowd. The doctor's ministrations were as powerless as water. The last fitful flashings of escaping life were superhumanly bright. Over and over again he repeated the name of Lulu.

"Who is Lulu?" asked the doctor, with a hope of releasing the troubled spirit from dwelling on the past. "An angel," said the dying man faintly and brokenly; "an angel in Heaven now. But she was my good angel on earth—mine—mine—mine! Do you hear, doctor? I defy you to part us there—you cannot! You dare not!"

The doctor gave him a soothing draught, but he grew wilder and raved of Lulu, only Lulu. "Listen," he cried, "do you hear that call? It means trouble in the circus! Not among the animals, the wild savage beasts, but among men, ay, and women, too! Oh, doctor, she was all I had; just my little Lulu. We had thought it so cruel—not to have known and loved each other all our lives—but she was a wife before I knew her. Great God! how he abused her, and when they told her he was dead, the poor child went out into the world for herself, and I found her—quick, doctor, give me water—I am strangled!"

The doctor lifted his head, and the water gurgled in the throat of the dying man. He could no longer swallow but it cooled his parched lips! "I taught her to do the trapeze business. She was small, and light, and quick. She was beautiful and innocent. How I loved her! And after we had been together a year she married me, and we were so happy—so happy! And she played so well. Her eyes shone with her new happiness. Her heart was so light that she attracted crowds; and one night in the season here—oh, doctor, it is hard for a dying man to talk!—she was just took the house by storm. There was an ovation. She was recalled again and again! The manager doubled her salary on the spot—but we didn't care for that. It was just the triumph in her art—we loved each other, and the life, too."

The leaper who was never again to hear the applause he once coveted, lifted the portrait in his hand to his lips and kissed it reverently. He looked so strong and bright that a neophyte in matters of life and death would have mistaken him for a well man. But the doctor knew.

"The next night Lulu was to give them a new and dangerous feat, and the house was full, crowded, and she never looked so lovely. I mingled my great leap and ran out of the ring, and found Lulu waiting to go on. She

looked so small and sweet, so like a lovely, affectionate child, she was so innocent and altogether lovely that I took her in my arms and kissed her. Oh, my God, that was the last time!" "Tollie," said she, laying her soft cheek against mine; "Tollie, we've been happy, haven't we?" "And will be as long as we live," I said. "Then I saw that she had been crying, and I was going to say she should not go on, when the call for her came and she was gone. She turned and looked at me as she went in—yes, yes, Lulu, I'm coming."

The doctor did not move; there was no irregularity in the man's breathing now, and he spoke distinctly and fast but the medical man was not deceived. It was the beginning of the end. Even then his thoughts wandered and he held imaginary conversations with that Lulu he loved.

"I said she went on; she did her part splendidly and won round after round of applause and came off, but I did not see her, as I had another leap to make, and as I went into the ring the first person I saw was a cross-eyed man. We show people are superstitious, doctor, and—oh, this pain!—I knew that meant bad luck. I was just balancing for the leap when there came a cry—Oh, doctor, I can hear it yet—the cry that stands for 'help!' among circus people. It was Lulu, and her voice rang out over the whole crowd, 'Hey, Rube!' I heard it, and the shot that followed, but I was balanced for the leap and could not stop—and I fell short—and that was why they left me here."

"And Lulu?" suggested the doctor, as he saw the dying man's attention wander. "Lulu is dead! Shot, they told me afterwards, by her husband, who was alive after all. But it's all right, doctor, all right! There is no marriage or giving in marriage there! Yes—yes, my darling, I am coming—coming—coming!"

The doctor's watch lay on the table and counted and ticked off the minutes. When the hour-hand pointed to midnight the ward was asleep, and strange, drifting shadows, like intangible visitors, swept up and down the long vista and wrapped all the suffering inmates in their beneficent arms.

The Gay Head Indians. The Gay Head Indians inhabit the recently incorporated town of Gay Head (brought into notice by the wreck of the Columbus), on the westerly end of the County of Duques, which embraces the whole of the island of Martha's Vineyard. This Indian town has an area of about 240 acres, which is divided into three peninsulas, Nashantiqua, Spinnocket and Gay Head. This town is nearly severed from the rest of the island by Menemsha pond.

At the present time there are about 200 Indians at Gay Head, and unlike many other remnants of Indian tribes in the Commonwealth, they have for a few years past been gradually increasing in numbers. There are about fifty families, and the people here have been marked through a series of years for seeking more profitable sources of income than their isolated situation naturally afforded, and some of them have achieved some distinction as efficient masters of vessels. The morals, education and marked indications of civilized advancement among them are so striking that they attract attention among those who chance to visit their sequestered island home.

It there is a spot in all New England where a recluse might wish to find perpetual repose, free from the troubles and anxieties of life, Gay Head is the place, and yet the Gay Headers are quite jealous of the influence and approaches of foreigners, having had a good deal of trouble with those who have married some of their daughters and settled among them.

Formerly any member of this tribe at Gay Head could take up fence in and improve as much of the land as he pleased, and when inclosed it became his own. It might very naturally be inferred that such a state of things would engender many disputes and quarrels, but such was not the case. Such a state of things was a kind of "imprimus in imperio," not conducted by any code of laws except bone and muscle of those taking up the land. The Gay Head Indians are a mixture of the red, white and black races, and there is, too, some Southern blood among them, and also Portuguese and Dutch; for listen, here are some of the names among them, to-wit: John Randolph, Madison, Corsa, Sylvia and Vanderhoop. Through the intermarrying and the coming in of foreigners it has almost pushed out the purely Indian names. They are, on the whole, a moral, a frugal, industrious and temperate people, and are quite equal in these respects to white people, with similar surroundings.—Boston Post.

Correcting a Poet. An amateur poet who is wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Minnesota sends to a paper a poem beginning: "I met her at our resting place, At edge of field beside the bars, And gazing in her pure, sweet face, I kissed her 'neath the cold, sweet face, The fellow must be an idiot, or else he don't know good goods when he sees them. If the seraph who molds the religious course of this paper had done that job, his report to headquarters would have read: "I met her at our resting place, At edge of field where dairy cows, And gazing in her pure, sweet face, I kissed her 'neath the cold, pale nose."—Bismarck Tribune.

A veteran of eighty-one years was recently seen dancing a double shuffle at Lubec, Me. A town treasurer in Lincoln county is eighty-two years old, has held office fourteen years, and has cut and hauled ten cords of wood this winter, besides doing his chores.

Twins in His Family. He did look dejected enough, as he stood at the door, with his long straying out of his boots, the prying joint of his trousers worn very thin, and his coat of mail in so many places that it would be classed as third-class postal matter and sent by freight. His voice was of that tenacious character which bespoke sympathy, as he said to the lady of the house: "Please, ma'am, I'm an unfortun' one bein'. Won't you buy a box of corn salve. I have twins in the family, and—"

"Oh, certainly, if you are in needy circumstances, I don't feel the need of corn salve. Are the twins pretty? How old are they?" "Not very handsome, no. They're boys, seventeen years old last June. Much obliged to ye for the salve!"—Harvard Post.

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