

things a man cannot do. If you wish to restore me to your mother's friendship, write to my father at Pained Post. He can tell you all.

"And with that John raised his hat and departed, never looking back, while Ella, her eyes full of tears of mortification, went back home saying to herself all the way:

"How proud he is. Yet I'm sure he loves me. But how shall I make mother see him with my eyes?"

That difficulty has been felt by other daughters many a time.

When Ella got home she looked herself up in her room and wrote a letter which she brought down and showed her mother before posting.

"There," she said, "I've made up my mind to find out the truth. I met Mr. Armstrong, and he refuses to call here as long as you entertain unworthy suspicions of him. He refuses even to explain. He refers me to his father, who saw all the affair, for an account of it. Have you any objection to my sending him this letter?"

The old lady hesitated.

"Not if you think me unjust—"

"I do, I do, I do," said Ella, vehemently. "You have condemned him unheard; have given him no chance to say a word. He is too proud to defend himself, and leaves it all to an eye-witness. Do you refuse to let me send this letter?"

The old lady was moved.

"No, my dear. I do not; but I think it would be better, should write. I can do it in better taste than you, as the widow of Sergeant Armstrong's colonel."

"And will you?" asked Ella, her face lighting up.

"I will. Let me see that letter."

Ella gave it to her, and her mother added a postscript and gave it back.

"There is nothing to be objected to. It is a lady's letter. You can send it. But at least do justice to Mr. Stryker. If it turns out to be a mistake. He has never directly accused Armstrong."

Ella smiled bitterly.

"Not a word. No. Well, I will go to the post-office station."

And she was again, walking rapidly.

That evening, Mr. James Stryker, in the parlor, announced that he felt he could move out next day, and observed, looking at Ella:

"My absence may give more pleasure than pain to some people, though to me all the pain I have suffered is as nothing to that of going away."

Ella tossed her head and went on with her work, when her mother with a shy nod at James slipped out of the room and Stryker continued:

"Why do you hate me so, Miss Morton? Heaven knows I've no wish but to please you, and if you would only accept all I have in the world, I would devote the rest of my life to making you happy. I have already spoken to your mother, and she heartily approves of my suit. I am rich enough to give you luxury and ease; to take you and your mother from this poor locality and take you to Europe, anywhere, everywhere. I have sold out my business on purpose to be free to minister to your pleasure, and all I ask in return from you is that you would try to love me a little. Ella, won't you try?"

She looked up at him steadily.

"Did you ask my mother for me?"

"Of course I did, first; but she told me she could not force you."

"She was right. We are not living in that Europe you admire so much."

"But which you would like to visit, and which you can visit at once, as my wife, if you consent?"

"But I thought you were too weak to travel," she said, sneering slightly.

He colored as he replied:

"You saw that I exaggerated my weakness. I own it. But it was only to be near to you a little longer. I don't perfectly want to leave you, Ella. I cannot leave you, I love you so."

She turned on him sharply as he tried to approach.

"Keep your distance. I don't love you, and you know it. I can never forgive you for first meeting me! You tried to insult a poor friendless girl and another man punished you for it."

"I own it. I deserved it," he said, with exaggerated humility; "but even then I loved you. I was only too bold. But I have reformed, repented—"

"Repented! You!"

Only two words, but accompanied by such a withering look that he saw she knew him thoroughly.

"Mr. Stryker," she said presently, with the coolest of voices. "I thank you for your offer, but decline it. If you will not take that for an answer, and change the subject, I shall leave the room."

He turned away, grinding his teeth, but took the hint and kept silence for a little while. At last he murmured with the air of a martyr:

"I did not expect to be insulted for paying you the highest compliment a man can pay, but I submit. The time may come when you may regret the harshness you have shown. I may have injured others; you never."

She went on working quietly, and he was emboldened to add:

"I never thought it before, but I see it is true what I have heard cynics say."

"And what is that?" she asked, when he stopped.

"Only that the most delicate women are those who most admire brawn and muscle, and look with most contempt on intellect."

She raised her eyes composedly.

"By which I am to understand that you consider yourself an intellectual paragon?"

The Chase in Assam.

Being Real Experiences of a British Officer.

EDITED BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

VII.—Mangled by an Elephant.

NEXT morning, after early breakfast, we set out again, in two parties, as before, young B—and I matched against the police superintendent and planter. As to my partner and self, our day's hunt proved almost barren, for, although we caught sight of both gar and gyal, that was all, neither letting us approach for any chance of a successful shot.

All we got was a sambar deer—a doe at that—and with this we trudged home, somewhat out of conceit with ourselves.

Hoping against hope, we had kept the field till the latest hour of daylight, and it was after night when we arrived at our quarters in the Garrow village. Of course, we expected to find the others there, with no end of chase trophies, and ready to make mock at us and our solitary sambar. The evening before we had triumphed over them, but on this one the tables would be turned on us.

Somewhat to our surprise, they had not yet got back, though at first this gave us no anxiety. The chase might have led them a long way, while the game they were after might have been of such an attractive sort as to make them careless about time. Possibly they had fallen in with a herd of gar, and were engaged in slaughtering them as long as the light lasted.

Like ourselves, they had two men with them, and these ought to know the way back to their own village, though the night was ever so dark.

Just this it became ere long—black as a pot of pitch. Still we had no idea of any mishap having befallen our friends. We were a little vexed at not being able to sit down to dinner, as, in momentary expectation of their arrival, we did not like to begin it without them. But as time passed and they came not we could wait no longer, both of us being hungry as wolves. So we swallowed the meal in a somewhat mechanical manner, all the while wondering at their prolonged absence.

Notwithstanding our hunger, the best dishes our accomplished cook set before us had little relish. But we were fast becoming apprehensive about our friends; the fear growing upon us, that they had met with some mischance. Of course, our anxiety increased as the hours passed on, reaching its maximum at midnight, and no sign of them yet—no word! Till this hour we thought not of giving them up; but then we did. Still, by a sort of reaction, we consoled ourselves with the idea, or hope, that, after having finished their hunt, finding themselves too far away from the village to reach it during daylight, they had made up their minds to camp out. The thing was natural enough, even probable. For all, it failed to satisfy us, or allay our apprehensions. We both felt a sort of presentiment—almost a conviction—that some disaster had happened to our friends, though what its kind or nature we could not give a guess.

A restless night young B—and I spent; on his part a sleepless one, as he told me afterwards. He had more reason than myself for keeping awake; a brother in danger—it might be dead!

When morning came we were both up at earliest light; and, snatching the merest morsel of breakfast, started off to the hills over which we had hunted the day before.

Our first strike was for the place where the four of us, after taking a nip of cognac together and smoking a cheroot, had separated for the day.

Arriving at this we fired off several shots, and listened for a response. But none coming, we kept further on; to direction, without either guide or guess as to the direction we ought to take. It was all blind chances, with ten to one, or even twenty, against our going right.

Skill at intervals we kept discharging our guns signal fashion, and stopping to listen for the answer.

This we at length heard, bearing it with a thrill of joy. A shot fired afar off, and our faintly a response to ours; for who but our friends could have fired it? No other hunters with guns were likely to be on the Garrow Hills; so, with hearts now lighter, and more hopeful, we pressed on toward the place where the shot seemed to proceed.

As we drew near it, the ground became more open, till at length it was all grass sward, with here and there a top of trees, and others standing solitary. Under one of these last, dimly discernible in its shadow, we saw the men who were shot and answered ours. There were three of them, one lying prostrate along the earth, the other two standing beside him. In the recumbent form I recognized Henry B—, his brother identifying him at the same time, or, like my own, the two men who stood beside, and bending over him, were the Garrow guides, their attitude proclaiming disaster.

Hurrying up we saw what this was, so far as concerned the superintendent. His leg was broken, the thigh bone snapped across just above the knee, with other wounds over his limbs and body. He was weak through loss of blood, but conscious, and suffering great pain, which almost maddened him. Fortunately I had my brandy flask with me; and, pouring some down his throat, I was able to give him temporary relief.

"But what caused it? And where is Mr. Edwards?" I asked, addressing myself to his attendants.

"The *mucknah*, sahib," was the answer to my first question; the second having for response: "We don't know where he is; the *mucknah* carried him off."

Mysterious and little intelligible as the answers may seem, my companion and I, who had comprehended them, demanding the particulars of what had occurred. This the Garrow men gave us on the instant—a sad, tragical tale.

It appeared that the two hunters were walking quietly along, with no thought of any danger, when they were charged by a dangerous kind, when they were charged by a *mucknah*, or tuskless elephant. It came from out a top of trees, and in a rush straight at them. They could see it was *mucknah*, and were well aware of their great danger. But the suddenness of its attack made it impossible for them to avoid it, and they had to stand their ground. The superintendent, who was in the lead, fired his gun right in the elephant's face. But, though his shot hit, it failed to turn the mad animal, which came on, first knocking him down with its trunk, then trampling over him; his thigh bone, under its ponderous weight, snapping in twain like a pipe-stem.

But for his fall it might have been worse with him, as it proved for the unfortunate planter still upon his feet. He, in his turn assailed by the furious *mucknah*, gave it the contents of his gun, the last shot he ever fired. For instantly after the trunk of the elephant was around his body, which was hoisted high in air; and he was borne off, whether the Garrow men not. They themselves had not followed, knowing there were tigers near, which made it necessary for them to stay by the helpless superintendent.

My young companion and I, as we discovered the places, or rather places, to which the unfortunate planter had been carried. Dead we felt sure he would be; and so it proved. But we were not prepared to find his corpse, as we did find it, in fragments! They were all within a hundred yards of the place where the two men had been attacked; part of the planter's clothing caught on a thorny branch, then another, then something more substantial, more horrifying—a human limb, wrenched clean out of its socket, and lying along the ground! Further on another with scraps of skin and pieces of flesh scattered about, till the whole body was accounted for. It was a succession of spectacles that, while saddening, maddened us; so much we both resolved on following up the *mucknah*,

regardless how far, or in what direction the pursuit might carry us.

In truth, we were careful for what had happened, as if the animal had been a human being, and the most hated of foes. So, taking our own two shikaris with us, we continued along its spoor.

Knowing the elephant to be must, and well aware of what that meant, we advanced with all due caution. To go otherwise would have been madness, equaling that of the brute itself. For, from the description given of it by the Garrow men, to say nothing of what had occurred, there could be no doubt of its being mad, or at least under that paroxysm of excitement which often afflicts the adult male elephant.

While in this state, they are vicious to an extreme degree, and will attack any living thing that chances to be near their way, be it man or beast. But, what is stranger still, they are also at such times exceedingly cunning, and will keep under cover, as if lying in ambush, to waylay the unwary traveler!

Having no knowledge of these peculiarities of the *mucknah* elephant, my young comrade and I proceeded on, with such coolness as we could command under the excited state of our feelings. The spoor was easily traced in the trampled grass, and here and there by a sprinkling of blood on the bushes from the bullet wounds which the two hunters had succeeded in giving the fierce brute ere it got up to them. But none were likely to prove fatal, as we could tell by the animal's tracks showing regular and steady.

We had followed them some three miles or more, and were working up a narrow ravine, in the channel of a small stream now dry, along which the elephant had but lately passed.

The shelving banks were covered with tall grass and a tangle of creepers, which in places met intertwiningly across the path.

Young B— was up on the bank, I down in the bed, each with a Garrow carrying his spare gun behind. I knew myself to be in an awkward situation, should I meet the *mucknah*, and was making all haste to get clear of the ravine, when suddenly my ears were assailed with an unearthly shriek, and, looking ahead, I saw the monster standing not twenty paces distant. But he stood no longer; instead, instantly lowering his trunk, and giving out a second roar, he came full tilt toward me, breaking through the tangle of creepers as though they had been cobwebs.

There was neither time nor chance for avoiding the attack. Unless I succeeded in stopping him with my lucky shot, he would be down upon me in another instant, which meant instant death. So, summoning all the coolness at my command, I took aim and fired.

The bullet hit, as I could see, but, unfortunately, it failed—only to increase the animal's fury and the force of its rushing charge. My Garrow manfully stood his ground, handing me the spare rifle; but, before I could bring the gun to my shoulder, the crack of another rung through the ravine, and the huge monster, turning on its heel, fell at my feet, his trunk, now limp and nerveless, almost touching them!

Young B—, from the bank above, had made a splendid shot, striking the elephant in the temple, thus averting the death of poor Edwards, and saving me to my brother.

Returning to where the latter lay, we collected the remains of the ill-fated planter and took them on to the Garrow village, with the disabled superintendent borne on a bamboo stretcher, which our shikaris had constructed for the purpose.

Needless to say that the lamentable catastrophe brought our hunting to an end, and, with our wounded comrade, we made our way by easy stages back to Rungpoon.

The sad events of poor Edwards's body received interment, and after the sad ceremony I left to rejoin my regiment, bearing with me such pleasant memories of our expedition "Up the Burmanpoor."

THE END.

Stoning a Squaw to Death.

It will be remembered, says the *Reco (New) Gazette*, that old Winnemucca, the aged chief of the Putes, died on the 21st of October; that previous to his death he accused his young squaw of having bewitched him and made him sick, and that he had ordered her to be stoned to death. The young squaw was ordered to go to a spring and wash herself, that she might appear before the Great Spirit in the happy hunting-grounds in a becoming condition of cleanliness. She feigned obedience, and, knowing her fate, she was stripped and washed her from head to foot, and then sprinkled her with fine ashes. They then started for a range of hills a few miles from Coppersmith Station, leading the squaw, naked and barefoot. Upon arriving at a chosen spot they built a circle of fire, and lit it up. A space of ground about 100 feet in diameter. In the center of this was a stump eight or ten inches high, to which the trembling squaw was securely bound by one foot with a rawhide strap. She still held her head high, and little pappoose about two years old. When she had been secured each buck sought for a certain number of stones about the size of a man's fist, and laid them in a pile within the circle of fire.

Then all sat ready for the sacrifice the Indian John handed and began a monotonous chant, which lasted for a few minutes, when one of them stepped within the ring and began to baragoo them. As he continued to speak the poor agonized squaw gave vent to her feelings by shrieking, crawling upon the ground and pressing her babe to her breast. This lasted for some moments. Then at a signal there was silence, except the wailing of the intended victim. Suddenly the speaker sprang toward her and grasped the arm. She struggled frantically but unavailingly to retain it, and was compelled by force to let it go. The fiend immediately swung the infant around his head, holding it by the ankles, bowing like a demon, and being echoed by the rest of the tribe; but the squaw did not raise her head nor emit a single sound. Suddenly he dashed the child upon a rock and killed it instantly. Then he resumed his place in the circle, which swung around again, chanting as before, till the one who killed the babe came opposite the pile of stones, he had collected, when the movement stopped. Stepping forward he picked up a stone, and going to within ten feet of the crouching victim he hurled it at her with all the strength possessed by his breast and arm. The missile struck her on the side and was answered by a shriek of anguish. He returned to his place and the circle revolved again until an Indian was entitled to a murderous fling.

The wretched creature at the stake was crouching in such a attitude that only her head and neck were exposed. It was forbidden to hit her upon the head; and the second savage, choosing the most available target, lanced a rock at her with the projectile force of a catapult, striking her between the shoulders and cutting a fearful gash, from which the blood flowed down her back in a small rivulet. He then retired to his place and the circle moved on as before.

Thus they continued their murderous pastime until the poor pitiful object lay prone upon the

ground, a bleeding, senseless mass of mangled flesh. As she lay upon her back the savage who had baragooed the band at first, raised a large rock over his head with both hands and inflicted the coup de grace by smashing her skull. Then there was pandemonium for a few moments, after which they dispersed and collected wood for a pile, upon which the remains of the luckless squaw and her babe were burned. A few were left to keep up the sacrificial fire, while the other returned to old Winnemucca to comfort his dying moments with the assurance that his young squaw had preceded him to the Indians' happy hunting ground.

Ethiopian Ethics.

BY REV. JULIUS JOHNSING.

"I am Black, but Comely."

"PRAISE me, feller niggers, it am 'bont time de culud question, considered simply on its own merits, was played out. If dere am any white folks in de worl', I hesn't see'd dem, an' mo' dan dat, I doesn't want ter see dem. Ter my mind dey wouldn't be de mos' 'reactive objects in creation by a consid'able quantity. De true am, dere isn't any white folkses. Dey is all culud, when it comes ter dat, an' it am only a question ob a shade er two ob diffrunce dat de huz racket am 'bout anyway."

But de parties what keeps it up wid de greatest vim, am de 'riginal culud folkses demselvs. I means dem ob de pronounced type. When we lets up on callin' each oder niggers, 'bout dat time we kin 'spect de flesh-culud population ter faller out. Der ain't no use sighin' fer de millennium 'fore dat period. Ef any one 'spects ter work a reformation 'long ob human natur', he better believe he got ter begin to home. De fust pesson ter be reformed is de individual what yer sees in de lookin'-glass. Example am de preacher what makes de converts dat stays put."

"Nex' thing yer wants ter know, I reckon, how ye is gwine ter sot about it. De fust thing ter be did am ter git over bein' so mighty 'shamed' an' yo' jus' notice when yer reads de yer complexion dan yer nootral tinted brothering an' sistern. When ye hes got dat fur, ye has made patty good headway in reformin' public sentiment. Den, 'bout de time dat ye comes ter de conclusion dat de colors what yer sports may be jist es good es de nex' one's, ef dey isn't quite so fashionable, ye'll git ter thinkin' dat dere am humbler folkses 'bove ground dan yo' is. An' ye won't be so fur off de trufe when ye does."

"Kiss why. What de tex' say? An' who writ dat tex'? An' what de teachin' it am 'tended ter corrawe? Dese am de questions what fact'ally comes up in de consideration ob de subject. Solomon writ de tex'. An' who he? He tells yer hisself who he am, an' 'recker he cut it ter know, of anybody did. He war de wisest man dat eber lived. Jist so. An' what he say? 'Brack, but comely.' Not yaller, nor saddle-color, nor ginger-cake color, but brack, dat de word. An' de wise man don't go 'round de stump ter say it. He done de tex' ob de plain, flat-footed. Yer don't catch him sayin' 'culud, kase he know dat don't mean nothin' when ebery livin' soul am some color; but he come right out an' call things by dere right names. Dere war none ob de culud an' cont'agand business 'bout him. He had right smart too much sense fer dat kind ob talk."

"An', long wid dat, yer see how Solomon done brag 'bout his good looks. Dat ain't de kind ob talk fer a wise man, es a gw'ral thing, but it war done wid a purpose on de occasion, an' ter teach de lesson what de tex' am 'tended ter corrawe. Yer wouldn't catch a man ob his persition an' edercation takin' de strouble ob puttin' it down in brack an' white, lessen he mean business."

"An' de hind ob preachin' had its 'fect in dem times, an' it gwine ter hev its 'fect jist as often as yer mind ter try it on. De color question didn't agterate de minds ob de communities nowwar dat I recalls 'bout ariez dat period; an' yo' jist notice when yer reads de Scrip'tur's fer de ages later on, dat ef anybody felt like puttin' on frills 'bout de culud population, dey hed sense enough ter keep dere moufs shut."

JOSH BILLINGS says he has never known a second wife but what was boss of the situation.

A DRESSMAKER who was at the point of departure, and the local paper headed the item "Survival of the Fittest."

A MAN running for office in Texas was detected drinking water, and was defeated by the biggest majority ever known in the district.

A BROOKLYN wife has been arrested for whipping her husband. Instead of being a good-for-nothing woman, she is good for thumping.

A LADY says: "If you want to know how to tell the most stylish dress, just get in a crowd and among the one all the women turn up their noses at."

A LITTLE fellow on going for the first time to a church where the pews were very high, was asked on coming out what he did in the church, when he replied:—"I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on a shelf!"

WHEN you hear a young man declare there isn't a girl in the world he would marry do not misjudge him. Probably in his very peculiar circle of lady acquaintances there isn't a girl whom anybody would marry.

"I DON'T mind the pi-amer much," said a fond but perplexed mother recently, "but when Marier gets to sallyin' around in front of de lockin' glass and disappin' in French with her own shadder, it makes me right nervous."

Every man has his own idea of gratitude. When a lawyer freed a shoulder-bitter from the clutches of the law, the man of muscle said: "Oh! sir, I only wish some one would knock you down and trample on you; you'd see how quickly I would revenge you."

A FASHION writer of the female sex says: "In dress we are wouldn't be monkeys." The writer may be an exception, but who ever saw a monkey attired in a corset, a \$23 hat, seventeen-button gloves, a lot of false hair, and several hundred dollars' worth of dry-goods.

THE evil-doer is sure to meet his fate at last. This is like the Irishman who covered himself with mud in England in the acquisition of a herd of cows by one of the great railway companies in order to supply fresh milk to the travelers on their line. "If an American railway company were to keep cows, it would be to supply the fresh milk for milk punches at the 'bar' which graces almost every station."

Popular Poems.

THE PEOPLE'S DAY.

Not with the blare of trumpets,  
Not with the beat of drums,  
Not with the glare of banners,  
The day of the people comes.

It comes with the thrilling music,  
Of hearts that throb in tune,  
To the rhythm of busy purpose,  
And the voice of a priceless boon.

It comes with a power the grandest  
The world has ever known,  
With a might that has vanquished error  
And conquered many a throne.

It comes from the toiling lowly,  
It comes from the wealthy throng,  
Who manfully, bravely battle,  
For the right against the wrong.

DOT LAMBS WHAT MARY HAF GOT.

Mary haf got a beetle lambs already;  
Dose vod vos vite like shiny;  
Und ebery times dot Mary dit vend out,  
Dot lambs vent also out, vid Mary.

Dot lambs dit follow Mary von day of der schoo-  
house;  
Vich vos obbosition to der rules of der schoolmas-  
ter.

Also, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmilc out  
loud;  
Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der inside of der  
schoolhouse.

Und zo dot schoolmaster dit klick der lambs gwick  
out;  
Efkesen dot lambs did loaf around on der out side,  
Und dit shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud,  
Undlil Mary dit come also, from dot schoolhouse  
out.

Und den dot lambs dit run right awer gwick to Mary,  
Und dit make her come on Mary's arms;  
Like he would said, "I don't was shamed,  
Mary would kept me from droubles enlowh!"

"Vot vos der reasons about it, of dot lambs und  
Mary?"  
Dose schillen dit ask it, dot schoolmaster;  
"Vell, don't you know it, dot Mary lufe dose lambs  
already!"  
Dot schoolmaster dit said.

A POPULAR OLD STORY.

There lived once a planter,  
With his son, his only lov;,  
To whom upon his birthday,  
A bran new ax he giv.

The planter had a garden,  
All filled with apple trees,  
Which for the city market,  
He was trying for to reeze.

The boy he takes the hatchet,  
Quite jolly and jocund;  
And going to the apple trees  
He chops them for the ground.

The father called his servants  
And ranged them in a row;  
"Who has chopped down my apple trees  
And killed them root and bow?"

The servants stand amazed,  
All drawn up in a line;  
They comes a-running up to him  
His young and youthful sins.

"I cannot tell a lie, pa-pa,  
The youthful boy begun;  
"Twas I that chopped the apple trees;  
"Twas I, your little son."

Now who, then, was this father,  
And who his filial kin?  
It was the noble Bushrod,  
And young G. Washington.

Then whose takes a hatchet  
And apple trees chops down,  
If he lives long enough will be  
A great and pious mown.

TWO OF THEM.

In the farm-house porch the farmer sat  
With his daughter, having a cosy chat;  
She was his only child, and he  
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.

A wee bit jealous the old man grew,  
If he fancied any might come to woo;  
His one pet lamb and her loving care,  
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be two of you, child," said he—  
"There should be two to welcome me—  
When I come home from the field at night;  
Two would make the old home bright.

There's neighbor Gray, with his children four,  
To be glad together. Had I one more,  
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,  
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate, "neath the old elm tree,  
Donald waited alone; and she  
For whom his own father had  
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.

"Father," she cried, and knelt her down,  
And kissed the hand that was old and brown.  
"Father, there may be two if you will,  
And I—your only daughter still."

"Two to welcome you home at night,  
Two to make the old home bright;  
I—and somebody else," "I see,"  
Said the farmer; "and who may somebody be?"

Oh, the dimples on Bessie's cheek,  
That played with the blushes at hide and seek!  
Away from his gaze she turned her head—  
"One of neighbor Gray's children, sir," she said.

"I'm!" said the farmer; "make it plain.  
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"  
Another kiss on the aged hand,  
To help the farmer to be glad and grand—  
"I'm!" said the farmer; "yes, I see;  
It's two for yourself, and one for me.  
But Bessie said, 'There can be but one  
For me and my heart till life is done.'"  
—Chicago Tribune.

THE TALE OF A CHICKEN BONE.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

She sat in the car on the cast ahead;  
Her hair was wavy, and almost red;  
Her voice had a dulcet tone;  
Her face was lovely, her look was bland,  
She held in her pretty and slender hand  
A savory chicken bone.

Her teeth were perfect, and white as milk,  
Her lashes long and as soft as silk,  
And her eyes with splendor shone;  
Beautiful, jolly and full of fun,  
With laugh, with giggle, and girlish pun,  
She nibbled her chicken bone.

She shook her head, and she tossed her chin;  
She twist'd her red tongue out and in;  
She pouted her lips, so sweet,  
She tilted upward her pretty nose,  
She showed the stripes on her brilliant hose,  
And patted the floor with her feet.</

# Headle's Weekly

COPYRIGHTED IN 1882 BY HEADLE AND ADAMS.

Vol. I.

E. F. Headle, William Adams, David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1882.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. (One copy, four months, \$1.00 One copy, one year, . . . 3.00 Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00)

No. 7

## UNDER THE SNOW.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

To-day I found beneath the snow  
A little flower, whose face  
Was like a sunbeam in the air  
About its dwelling-place.  
I thought of many dreary lives  
Wherein, if we could see,  
Some little flower of hope springs up  
To tell of what may be.  
Oh, never yet a heart so cold  
That it could not grow  
One flower of hope to brighten it,  
And bloom beneath its snow.

## Jack Simons, Detective; OR, The Wolves of Washington.

A Drama of Lives and Mysteries at the  
Gay Capital.

BY ANTHONY P. MORRIS,  
AUTHOR OF "AZHOUT, THE AXMAN," "THE FIRE  
FIENDS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

THE DETECTIVE GAINS AN OBJECT.  
HENRY DAYMON, totally oblivious of the fact,  
was a closely-shadowed man.

When he started for the Allsworth mansion,  
there was a keen-eyed figure on his track; when  
he conversed with Finfin at the gate—and  
when he was confronted by the cool and desper-  
ate highwayman—this figure was near,  
crouching in and concealed by the shade of the  
high brown-stone steps.

The distance between the steps and the gate  
was such that the stealthy trailer could not  
distinguish a word of the dialogue either with  
the girl, or, afterward, with the man; neither  
did he see the sparkle of the jeweled bracelet;  
the gleam of the threatening knife was hidden  
from his view because the form of the young  
man was between him and the robber.

But the blow and the fall Jack Simons did  
see, and instantly sprang forward.

By the time he reached the prostrate victim,  
the assassin had flitted from sight around the  
corner of the garden-wall, into the court at the  
rear.

The stranger wore a high, light-colored felt  
hat, a light sack coat, English whiskers, and  
carried a dainty cane.

Daymon writhed on the pavement. He was  
severely hurt but not unconscious.

"I hope you are not wounded badly, sir."

"I cannot say. He struck here with his  
knife," indicating his shoulder.

"The villain! I saw the dastardly deed and  
hastened to your assistance, but too late, it  
seems."

"Where is the wretch?"

"Whisked off—gone! Do you think you are  
able to rise? Let me aid you. My name is  
Smyrck—Jerry Smyrck—"

He was interrupted by a cry from the young  
man, who started, staggering to his feet. He  
had, the instant he collected his senses, felt nervously  
of his inside pocket.

"It was empty! The bracelet was gone!"

"Of course some action will have to be taken  
in this matter," pursued the stranger, ignorant  
of the cause of the other's exclamation, but at-  
tributing it to the pain of the wound occasioned  
by the movement. "It will not do for such a  
bloody-minded fellow as that to be at large. He  
must be found and juggled."

"Found?" burst from Daymon, in great  
agitation. "Ay, he must be apprehended at  
any cost!"

"That's it. I like to see such brutes dealt  
with determinedly."

"He has succeeded in robbing me of some-  
thing that, besides its being of great value, I  
would not have parted with for the world."

"May I ask what it was?"

"No matter. But I shall depend upon you  
to—"

"Certainly. I am at your service if the fel-  
low is caught. I am stopping at the St. James.  
But your wound? That needs attention."

Daymon knew that he was bleeding. The  
immediate service of a physician was impera-  
tive.

"Let me assist you, sir. You are weak from  
this shock."

"If you will be so kind. My name is Day-  
mon. I live at No. — Thirtieth street."

"Oh, that is not far. Come, I shall accom-  
pany you."

Leaving on the sustaining arm of Jerry  
Smyrck, the young insurance-agent was soon  
at his rooms, where his wound was examined.  
The assassin's knife had entered and slashed  
a little below the shoulder, inflicting an ugly  
but—as Smyrck cheerily remarked—by no  
means a deep or fatal thrust.

"Get yourself into bed, Mr. Daymon. I will  
summon the landlady, who had better remain  
with you while I go for a doctor."

"You are very kind," said Daymon, grate-  
fully.

Within half an hour the physician was at his  
bedside.

"Not a dangerous wound at all," he pro-  
nounced. "But for fear of exciting a fever, I  
would advise your keeping to your couch for a  
time. In that case you should have a nurse or  
attendant."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Jerry Smyrck,  
almost eagerly. "I have an intimate friend  
who has seen considerable hospital service—a  
man. He would suit exactly."

"For male patients I rather prefer a man  
nurse," declared the doctor.

"Then, if Mr. Daymon does not object—"

"I am willing and thankful for anything you  
are kind enough to suggest."

"By the by, would you recognize your assa-  
illant if you saw him again?"

"No, I fear not."

"What a pity! It will be up-hill work to  
catch him, then."

"But I tell you he shall be caught, if it takes  
the last dollar I have in the world and leaves  
me in poverty."

"It must have been something valuable, in-  
deed, that he took."

"It was."

"If there was only some item in his appear-  
ance—"

"His back was to the moonlight; his face was  
additionally shaded by a large-rimmed hat. I  
could make out nothing distinctly but a pair of  
small eyes that were like a very serpent's. I  
am sure, however, that he was a Frenchman."



But the blow and the fall Jack Simons did see, and instantly sprang forward.

"Why not advertise a reward and no ques-  
tions asked?"

"I have strong reasons for preferring not.  
As soon as I am able I will see detectives—  
stay, a delay may result in the loss of the ar-  
ticle forever. Would you also be so kind as to  
summon one of those professional gentlemen to  
me?"

"With pleasure. And now, good-night. I  
will send the nurse."

He proceeded straightway to the St. James  
and registered—showing that Jerry Smyrck  
had lied a little when declaring that he was al-  
ready stopping there.

"It will be all square in that direction, in the  
event of an inquiry," he muttered, as, after  
remaining in his room for the brief space of five  
minutes, he left the hotel. "And now to see  
about the nurse who is to attend Daymon. It  
must be somebody who can properly play into  
my game."

He turned down Sixth street as far as the  
B. & P. R. depot, thence to the right along  
the narrow street there. With the exception of  
a saloon or two, the locality had a spectral air  
of desertion.

As he walked along, Jerry Smyrck performed  
a very singular feat.

Taking off his hat he rammed it inside out—  
not wholly, but converting it into a low-crown,  
square-top stiff of black color; then off came  
the whiskers, and in their stead a heavy black  
mustache was adjusted to the lip. He removed  
his coat, turning it and redonning it. Its color  
now was black, and coat-tails, that had been  
pinned up, now dropped, making it frock pat-  
tern.

Jerry Smyrck had vanished. During the  
transformation his identity was revealed as  
Jack Simons, the detective.

"John Smedley, Esq.," he muttered, to him-  
self, and the voice was neither that of Simons  
nor Smyrck.

In this altered disguise he emerged upon  
Pennsylvania avenue at Seventh street, took a  
car going west and soon entered the agency on  
Fifteenth street.

He found his chief there alone, enjoying a  
cigar and newspaper.

"Hello, Smedley!"

Lyon was familiar with this disguise of his  
assistant and also the name assumed with it.

"How do you progress?"

"First class, so far."

"How?"

"I have formed a very friendly acquaintance  
with my game."

"Good. Anything else?"

"Nothing to unload at present."

"Which the astute chief knew to mean that  
Simons, even in that short time, had accom-  
plished some work which he purposed keeping  
to himself until the proper moment.

"Mr. Lyon, I want a nurse."

"A nurse! Why, what in the name of—"

"Henry Daymon was stabbed to-night."

"The deuce!—fatally?"

"No. Keep it shady, though. I have ob-  
tained the promises of the landlady, the  
physician and himself to maintain strictest se-  
crecy regarding the occurrence and his con-  
dition, as the only means of enabling detectives  
to get on the track of the would-be assassin."

"What was the difficulty?"

"Merely a bold robbery on the open street, I  
judge. But it has brought me into friendly  
relations with Daymon. I happened to be on  
hand—just in time to be too late to save him  
from the thrust. He wants a detective employ-

ed immediately. I have an object in wishing  
to handle this new case, also. But about the  
nurse?"

"When is she wanted?"

"He! It must be a man whom I may use."

"Oh, I see."

"I want him as soon as possible."

"Well, I guess we can easily arrange for—  
Hush!"

His utterance broke short with a warning  
whisper.

Both glanced surprisedly toward the door-  
way.

A rather tall lady had entered. She was  
clad plainly but neatly in a dark suit; her face  
was completely hidden by a thick veil.

"Is this the office of Messrs. Lyon & Gatch?"  
she inquired.

"Yes, madam."

"I have come on business."

"My name is Lyon. Be seated, please."

"You are engaged in connection with the  
disappearance of the Allsworth jewels, I be-  
lieve."

The chief merely looked at her steadily, with-  
out answering.

At which, after the pause, she drew aside her  
veil, saying:

"My name is Madeline Damer. I am gov-  
erness to Mr. Allsworth's little daughter, Amy."

"Ah! Lyon vouchsafed, politely."

"I called more expressly to see the gentle-  
man who is working on this case—his name is  
Simons, I understand."

The two detectives exchanged glances.

"He is in the back room, now," promptly  
spoke the disguised Simons.

"Call him in, Mr. Smedley," said Lyon.

"Here I'll just slip out at the side door. Good-  
evening, Mr. Lyon."

"Good-evening, sir. Call again."

Entering the rear room, Simons removed his  
disguise in a twinkling, then returned to the  
outer office in propria persona, wearing a cap,  
and having changed his coat back to its light-  
colored sack pattern.

"I understand you wish to see me?" address-  
ing Miss Damer.

"Yes."

"Step this way, please."

He felt satisfied that her visit concerned the  
case of the Allsworth jewels in some way. De-  
tective-like, he considered any or all informa-  
tion, connected with the matter on which he  
was detailed, his own private property until the  
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was detailed, his own private property until the  
investigation should reach the point for "clos-  
ing in."

The detective listened with deep interest.  
Henry Daymon had avowed that his murderous  
assailant was a Frenchman.

Very clearly, and with an admirable imita-  
tion of the two distinct parts, Madeline Damer  
related the following as having passed between  
Finfin and the man at the gate:

"Aha! Finfin, my pretty, you are here."

"Yes, for you promised to come."

"I have kept ze agreement."

"Give me the paper, now, anxiously."

"Parbleu! how fast. Wait a leetle."

"You brought it?"

"Yes. I have it alway wiz me."

"Then give it to me."

"Not yet, my Finfin."

"What! Monsieur Jacques, you are quite  
wicked, but you would not perjure yourself?"

"Ah! no."

"You swore, the night yu spoke to me at  
the side door, that if I would just so much as  
tell you where ma'mselle, my mistress's window  
opened upon the garden, it would be the last  
time I should have to serve you, and that you  
would return to me the paper to set me free  
from you."

"C'est vrai. But, my pretty, I have a-not  
ze all of what I t'ink I would get. You admit  
to me zat ma'mselle have of ze jewels a ne k-  
lace, a breastpin, ear-rings and two bracelets—  
eh?"

"Yes, I saw them plainly—all."

"A—well, Lepo, my good, sly Lepo, he  
bring to me not two but one of ze bracelets.  
Ha! Lepo is vair smart. You know zat. To him  
you owe your liberty from ze ugly prison in  
France—eh? He would not have leave behind  
ze o'er bracelet, so shiny wiz ze diamond, oh, no!  
Zis time you have not serve me faithful, Finfin."

"Oh! I am tired of this life," groaned the  
girl, wringing her hands. "Give me the paper,  
Jacques, as you vowed you would."

"But ze bracelet—ze o'er bracelet?"

"I know not where it is."

"Ah! you are so cunning, Finfin. You t'ink  
zat you will keep zat yourself—eh?"

"But I swear to you I k ow nothing of it."

"You mean zat for true?"

"Yes."

"'Tis vair strange."

"Now give me the paper, Jacques."

Madeline Damer here resumed in her own  
way:

"Just then the man uttered a warning hiss  
and vanished. In a few seconds another man  
stepped to the gate. This last was Henry Day-  
mon. They addressed each other, but their  
voices sunk so low I could not hear any-  
thing further. When they had evidently ex-  
changed a few words, Henry Daymon produced  
and held toward her the bracelet I have de-  
scribed as being in his hand when I saw him  
standing before the arbor in the same hour in  
which the robbery occurred. The girl, from  
some cause, uttered a cry and fled to the house.  
At the same time Mr. Daymon stepped very  
suddenly away from the gate. There was no  
further sound, and I left the spot. Now, Mr.  
Simons, I have some theories."

"What are they?"

"There is a league of robbers in this city.  
Henry Daymon is in the league. There is  
something between Daymon and Finfin. Per-  
haps Daymon is the head and genius. The  
Frenchman, Jacques—whoever he may be, if  
that is his real name—is also in the league; he  
has a personal and remarkable assistant in some  
one called Lepo."

Jack Simons had begun walking the room

thoughtfully while she was speaking. Could it  
be that he was on an entirely wrong scent? A  
complication was presented. It looked as if  
Finfin and Jacques, the Frenchman—judging  
by what Madeline Damer exposed—were more  
likely to be the guilty parties he should be  
after.

"In one thing you are mistaken," at last he  
said.

"What is that?"

"I feel sure there can be no criminal connec-  
tion between Daymon and the Frenchman."

"Tell me why you think so?"

"Because that same Frenchman stabbed and  
robbed him to-night."

And to himself he added: "Ten to one the  
article Daymon lost was that very bracelet. I  
shall soon know."

Pausing directly before her and regarding  
her keenly, he said:

"You seem to take an extraordinary interest  
in this affair, Miss Damer."

"Granted."

"What is your object, pray?"

"Vengeance!" she declared, with flashing  
eyes.

"This was an astonishing. His brows raised.  
"Vengeance! Upon whom—for what?"

"Upon Henry Daymon."

"What has he done to you?"

"To me direct—nothing. But he has wronged  
one who is very dear to me."

"This is a riddle."

"Henry Daymon has no right to marry Ce-  
cilia Allsworth."

"Why?"

"He has a wife already living."

"Astonisher No. 2."

"You are strangely posted," he expressed  
himself.

"It is not strange. It is natural that I should  
be. That wronged wife—and she has been ter-  
ribly wronged—is my own sister."

"Whew?"

"Mr. Simons, I want you to take me into this  
case with you."

"Astonisher No. 3."

"I am sure I can be of great service," she  
urged. "I will have a double motive. I still  
am firm in my conviction that Henry Daymon  
is concerned in the disappearance of the jewels.  
His face, to me, plainly bears the stamp of a  
burdened mind."

He smiled.

"I know what you would say," she con-  
tinued, rapidly. "You suppose that I, a wo-  
man, cannot possibly have any knowledge of  
what is required for the detective business.  
You err. I believe I inherit capabilities for  
that special vocation. My father, William  
Damer, was a noted detective located in the  
city of Richmond for many years."

"But, Miss Damer, your position as gov-  
erness in Mr. Allsworth's house? His case may  
terminate abruptly, and you be out of a situa-  
tion?"

"Fah! Do you suppose I am dependent  
upon that? I have been there scarcely a  
month. Let me tell you my story. When  
my father died my sister and myself were  
all that remained of the family. He left  
property sufficient for our support without any  
need of our working out a livelihood. But  
I was not born for an idle life. I obtained a  
position as teacher in a private school. One  
day I returned to my home to find my sister  
gone. She had eloped with a man who called  
himself Robert Donald. Why my sister, Cora-  
lie, had eloped to marry him, I could not then