

## JESSIE'S AWAKENING.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

"Ratner uncouth, is he not?" asked Whitney DeVane of his cousin Jessie Barnes.

"I had never thought of him as such," answered Jessie; but when a moment later she compared Frank Graves, the subject of their remarks, with this elegant, city-bred cousin, she thought the description might perhaps apply.

Frank lived on the adjoining farm, and Jessie had known him from early childhood.

He had been a constant visitor at her home until since the arrival of the city cousin, when his visits gradually grew less, and now had almost ceased.

Whitney DeVane had neither seen nor visited his country relatives before this summer, but being worn out, as he said, with city life, he had come to spend his vacation with them.

He stated that he was corresponding clerk in a large bank, and that the close, confining labor to which he had been subjected had worn upon his health.

He professed to be delighted with his surroundings and the country air and fare, and evinced by the most flattering manner that his cousin Jessie had made a deep impression on his heart. Jessie had been well educated, and was as pretty and sprightly a girl as the county afforded.

She was quite dazzled by the attention and flattery bestowed by her elegant cousin, and had grown almost discontented with her country life and friends.

Before her cousin's arrival Frank Graves had been her ideal of manly strength, and it spoke much for the change that had been wrought in her that she would have mentally agreed to her cousin's comment that he was "uncouth."

"Thanks, Jessie," Frank had said the night previous, as he bade her good-night at an evening party. "I shall call on you, perhaps, after your cousin's visit has terminated, unless you should have decided to go with him; but not before."

Jessie felt a little stung at this careless reply, and the color rose swiftly to her face at the intimation it contained.

Her cousin leaned gracefully against a tree awaiting her, during this conversation. "Could he have heard Frank's remark?" she asked herself. His manner was unusually tender as they walked home through the moonlight.

"Thank heaven! I've managed to get rid of that boor," the courtly Mr. DeVane said to himself as he entered his room that night; "he promised to be the greatest obstacle to my plans."

Jessie had gone to the woods one day, a short time afterward, to gather ferns to adorn the parlor.

"Whitney admires ferns so much, I shall gratify his tastes," she thought as she plucked the long cool fronds, when a conversation carried on in the road near by, broke upon her musing.

A woman and child stood talking to a man on horseback.

"He has never paid me one cent for his washing this four weeks, Mr. Frank, and puts me off again to-day. Aside from my labor, I have been at the expense of wood, soap and starch for him, an expense I can ill afford to bear."

"Contemptible creature!" muttered Frank.

"Besides, he has poisoned Annie's mind with his flattery, with the papers he has brought her to read, and with his talk of city life. Do you think it would do any good to speak to Miss Jessie about him? She is always kind."

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. Bennett," replied the man, with a short, unimpassioned laugh; "Jessie is more infatuated than Annie, and, I judge, proposes for herself a life of misery by marrying him."

"Can't you talk with her, sir? It seems a dreadful pity."

"Talk with her?" bitterly. "I have no influence. I am only a clodhopper compared with her city cousin."

And then their voices were borne away, but what had been revealed to Jessie was enough, for she felt stunned and humiliated.

She hurried home and was glad to hear her father say, "Well, Jessie, I have decided to go to Stanton to-morrow, to make the purchases we have so long talked of, and will take you instead of mother, as she is not feeling well."

Stanton was seventy miles away, and was the place in which Mr. DeVane had stated that he resided.

"We'll call on Whitney's employers and give them an account of his conduct," he added, laughingly. "Get any letter or messages you may have to send ready to-night, Whitney, as we shall start on the ten o'clock train from the village to-morrow."

Whitney gave a startled glance at this intelligence, but soon assumed his usual self-possession manner.

"Curse the luck!" he muttered, on reaching his room; "I would have married the girl and got some property in that way, little greenhorn that she is; but if the old duffer goes to Stanton and finds out I've never seen the place, that'll end that matter. So I'll be forced to get at the strong box, where I know he keeps a good pile. The old lady is feeble, and can be easily managed. Frank Graves and his father are away threshing, so there'll be no fear from that quarter. I'll go over to Lehigh to-morrow for my old pal, Charles Douglas, tell the old lady I'll be gone for two or three days, but come back late in the afternoon, and finish up the job."

He left early in the morning, telling Jessie that the sunshine of the house

would depart with her presence, and that he did not expect to "live," but merely to "drag out a blank existence" until he saw her again.

A furtive gleam of distrust in the eyes which hitherto had only cast on him admiring glances, served to further confirm his purpose of carrying out his plans that day.

At nine o'clock a carriage drove to the door, a curly head was thrust from the window, then a dainty little foot was seen on the step, and soon a fairy form was rushing up the walk.

"Why, Dollie," cried Jessie, ecstatically, as she hastened on to the porch, "is it really you come at last, and when I least expected you? How glad I am!"

Then ensued a fervent embrace and the interchange of many kisses.

"Yes," said Dollie, breathlessly, "I was in Stanton visiting a cousin, and I would not go back home without coming to see you."

This welcome arrival quite changed Jessie's plans, and it was hastily decided that Mrs. Barnes should accompany her husband, and the two girls stay at home.

They were enchanted with the prospect of a long, happy day to themselves, in which they would talk over old school-days, girlish secrets, new dresses, and many other charming things.

The day passed all too rapidly, and late in the afternoon they betook themselves into the parlor to play duets and sing until the early twilight fell, when supper-getting was in order.

"Don't you feel afraid to be alone, Jessie?" asked Dollie, once.

"Oh, no; mamma and papa will come back on the eleven o'clock train, and we can put a lamp in the port-hole window if we feel alarmed, and Frank Graves will come over. We made that arrangement with each other two years ago, but it never has been necessary to carry it into effect."

"I always carry a little pistol when I travel, and it is in my trunk now; so we can defend ourselves, since you are such an expert in target practice," said Dollie.

A half-hour later a pair of sinister eyes peered at the young girls through the window-blinds, as they still sat in the parlor.

"Jessie and another girl!" was the startled mental comment of the intruder. "Bah, the game is not so easy as I thought. Cursed creatures, what are they doing here? I'll slip out to the barn and tell Charlie how the land lies."

"Jessie, I hear footsteps," said Dollie, in a low tone; "let us go quickly and lock all the house. It may be some tramp who knows we are alone."

The girls acted hastily upon this suggestion, and the front and back doors were closed and barred simultaneously as the two men issued from the barn.

A torrent of muttered curses greeted the sound of the closing doors.

"They suspect something," whispered Douglas. "Are you sure there are but two of them? I heard some one answer from up stairs a while ago when one of them called."

"Oh! well, suppose there are three. I know there are no firearms in the house. Come on; we can manage them."

Twilight had fallen, but the movements of one of the stealthily approaching figures, as Jessie watched it from the side-lights of the back door, were strangely familiar, and her heart sank within her.

Some intuition warned her of what was about to happen. "Dollie, get your pistol, quick," she said, "and I'll get mine. We haven't a moment to lose. I'm sure the house will be attacked."

"I'm thankful I never mentioned to Whitney that I had a pistol," she thought.

No lamps were lighted, and the girls kept their ears on the alert to catch any sound.

"They are on the porch," whispered Dollie, "fortunately the house is not large and can be more easily guarded."

The windows were the first point of attack.

The parlor shutters were turned and a hand thrust through. The window would next have been broken, when suddenly a pistol-shot rang on the air. Dollie had aimed at the casement opposite the hand and hit it squarely.

The enemy was evidently taken by complete surprise by this movement, and for a long time all was still.

Jessie ran swiftly up the steps in this interval and set the signal light in the port-hole window.

"Watch on that side and I will watch on this," was Dollie's command when she returned, "and we may baffle them yet."

The crash of breaking glass at the dining-room window, warned Jessie that that point was being attacked, and she hastily fired.

A terrible oath showed that some mischief had been wrought by the shot, and then all was still.

"There are three of them," whispered Douglas, "one is up stairs guarding that point, and there is a man among 'em; let's give it up, Jack; so much firing 'll bring people."

"Coward!" hissed the other, "I tell you I'll have some money or die."

Meantime, the young girls, sustained by the courage of desperation, watched every loophole. A half-hour of tense expectation elapsed.

"Ah, Jessie, why does not your friend come?" asked Dollie, in an agonized whisper, "I can't hold out much longer."

"They may have climbed the veranda, and turned a window-catch up stairs without our hearing. I'll slip up and see."

"Oh! Jessie, don't, for heaven's sake, I beg you not to go," said Dollie.

But it was too late. Jessie was al-

ready speeding noiselessly up the steps.

A struggling ray of light from the signal lamp in the hall window revealed a man in the room opposite rifling the drawers. His back was toward her, but his every gesture was familiar. Paralyzed for a moment by terror she could not move. Then she flew forward to lock the burglar in; but at the sound he turned and fired, and she fell unconscious in the hall.

"I didn't mean to hurt the little fool," he muttered, "but it couldn't be helped."

"Hist! some one is coming from the outside. I'll get out of this while I can. Little devils, they've delayed and thwarted me after all."

The sound of horses' feet rapidly approaching caused him to hasten; but he was too late. Two men on foot were already in the yard, and after a terrible scuffle he was taken by them, pinioned and led away.

"Open to friends," cried Frank Graves' deep voice as he knocked at the front door.

Dollie, whose terror was almost overpowering from hearing the firing above and the noise in the yard below, dragged herself forward and unbolted the door, then fell fainting at her rescuer's feet.

She was lifted by strong arms, and when a light was obtained was placed upon the sofa.

Frank's surprise was great at seeing a stranger's face upon the pillow, and he rushed to the foot of the steps and called out, "Jessie, where are you?"

No response came, and he ran swiftly up the steps to find the one he sought lying in marble beauty on the floor, while a red stream trickled to his feet.

"He has killed her!" he cried, mad with despair, and lifting her tenderly bore her to the light where he looked in wild haste for her wound.

The pretty arm was all lacerated and torn, but no other hurt could be discovered.

With a great sigh of relief he placed her on the bed, and sent one of the men for a physician.

In the meantime poor, wilted little Dollie returned to consciousness, crying out, "Where is Jessie?" She was tenderly soothed, and was soon able to give an account of the terrible siege they had sustained.

No words would depict the regret and amazement of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, when they had returned, at what had occurred, nor express their deep gratitude to Frank Graves and those he had brought to the rescue.

"Father and I came home very late," Frank said, "or we would have relieved the poor girls at least a half hour earlier."

"And to think," cried Mrs. Barnes in horror, "that the villain who attacked them, and shot our child, was the man we have treated as a friend and relative for weeks. We learned a part of his perfidy in Stanton to-day, but did not dream the whole."

"If you had been here alone, he would have made way with you, I have no doubt," said her husband, with a shudder.

"Brave girls!" cried Frank enthusiastically, "their pluck and perseverance is worthy of a medal. I can never be thankful enough that I gave Jessie that little pistol, and taught her to shoot."

Dollie soon recovered from her fright, and in a day or two was as bright and sunny as ever. But though Jessie's wound was slight and grew rapidly better, she seemed to droop as the days went on.

Frank called every morning, but after a brief inquiry as to her health, devoted himself exclusively to Dollie.

They sang duets together, while Jessie lay listening; they took horseback rides where, from the window, she could see them start; they brought her flowers they had plucked together.

"They were very kind, of course," poor Jessie said to herself, petulantly, "but why should they do everything together?"

Frank had never seemed so manly to her, nor so handsome. His voice had never been so rich and full, nor his manner so filled with strength and tenderness as when she saw him with Dollie.

She felt humiliated at what she imagined his opinion of her to be. "He holds my weakness in contempt, I know," she often thought, "and can never really respect me again," which thought bore for her far more bitterness than the remembrance of her rude awakening.

One day, however, a sudden change was wrought in her, both mentally and physically. It was brought about through a short conversation.

"To think," said Dollie, indignantly, one morning, "that that rascal should have pretended to be corresponding clerk in the bank at Stanton; why, Jessie," with a blush and a drop of the pretty head, "I am engaged to the corresponding clerk in the bank at Stanton myself, and I assure you he is very nice, indeed."

"Engaged!" cried Jessie, rising upon her elbow, while a sudden flush spread upon her cheek; "I thought you were engaged to Frank Graves."

"Oh! no," with a soft little laugh, "he is in love with—some one else."

Jessie lay down again with quickened breath.

"You know who it is, Jessie. Now don't you think, dear, you made a great mistake in preferring Whitney DeVane to one so noble and manly as Frank Graves?"

"Preferred him!" cried Jessie. "In my heart I never preferred him. I was only foolish and silly, and allowed myself to be dazzled by fine dress, a good appearance, and a plausible tongue. Frank is worth ten thousand such, but

he despises me, I know he does, whereupon she burst into a flood of tears.

"Indeed, darling, he does not," cried Frank, coming forward at this juncture and taking her in his arms; "look at me once and see."

"Forgive me for eavesdropping," he begged, a moment later, when Jessie's tears had been kissed away. "Miss Dollie and I have been carrying out a preconceived plan for days, and I could not resist being present to hear what you had to say in answer to her remarks this morning."

Jessie was too happy not to forgive anything to her handsome lover, and all through the future years she spent with him felt a keen sense of gratitude that she had met her "awakening" at the time and in the way she had, terrible though it had been.

Whitney DeVane, alias Jack Parker, who had once before been convicted, was sent again to the penitentiary, and Jessie never saw him afterward.

The other burglar could not be found.

### In a Mexican Restaurant.

From the Military Plaza in San Antonio a half-dozen narrow streets branch off. Down the narrowest of these, which seems but a passage-way between the rows of somber houses that line either side—for this is "grease town"—is a restaurant. The presiding genius of the place is a fat and handsome Mexican, whose unctuous complexion glistens in the glow of the charcoal fire that blazes softly in a cavernous, horizontal slit in the gigantic chimney. It is like no other cooking arrangement that ever was seen, and the method of the chef "is beyond compare." Dozens of shiny saucepans and skillets, set upon the coals, crowd the opening very much like inviolated teeth in some great ogre's mouth, and in each of the little skillets and saucepans is the portion for one person.

The treasures of earth could not induce that oily cook to consolidate his dishes, and more especially to fry more than one egg at a time in his egg-pan; his laws are fixed and unalterable, and he regards the protests of his guests against cold eggs served in congealed oil with Mexican indifference.

Thirteen plates for the thirteen waiting customers stand ready to his hand, and the long-handled frying-pan makes thirteen separate journeys, with thirteen separate eggs, the while that two assistants, a degree dirtier, oilier, and less fat, chop onions and grate cheese, which are spread finally over the chilled eggs and cold oil and placed before the hungry people, whom a day's anticipatory fast has prepared to accept anything with gratitude. In lieu of a fork a very flat pancake, called a "tortilla," is doled out to each one. Years of practice are required for the successful manipulation of this most useful article, which, when you have done with as a scoop and have diligently and successfully chased the particles of food in the sea of oil that fills your plate, you are expected to eat as a final course—a most cleanly and labor-saving arrangement.—John McIntyre, in Home Journal.

### Contagion by Mail.

The possibility of the communication of contagious diseases by mail has more than once been proven, but a physician of Watertown, N. Y., reports a case which should be underscored. A little girl dying with scarlet fever wished to send a dying kiss to a little friend. She pressed her lips to a letter which her mother was writing to a relative, and a circle was drawn around the spot that was kissed. The letter passed through the mails, and the little friend received the message of love by kissing the circumscribed spot on the letter. What could be more natural and affectionate? Shortly afterward the child was attacked by the scarlet fever and died, and as it was the only case in the place the physician believes that the contagion was communicated by the letter. Cases have been reported of the transmission of contagious diseases in books that were read by sick persons. No time nor distance serves to destroy the germs of contagion, and there is some reason to believe that paper is quite as likely to absorb them as clothing and other porous materials. One who has seen the infinitesimal germs of disease multiplying under a microscope can readily understand how a single germ, though only one twenty-thousandth of an inch in length, communicated by a letter or a paper or a book, may carry disease or death in its train. People receiving letters from places known to be infected with small-pox or scarlet fever or diphtheria would do well to take their own precautions against contagion. Fumigation with sulphur is generally effective to kill the germs. Better, perhaps, is exposure to steam-heat. Heat of the degree of boiling water is death to all microbe life.—Springfield Union.

### Plain Coon Hunting.

"Raccoon" may do with people who never saw one of these animals, but those who hunt them are not going to use the word. What would you think of a man who would invite you to go a "raccoon hunting" with him? You would know at once he was a dude. But when you see an old-time darky, with one gallus on, a horn worn smooth with long use, a sharp ax sticking out at his shirt-collar behind, a business-looking half-breed that puts on no airs, a bob tailed, yaller cur, considerably scared up, and a half-grown pup that he carries along "to see if he won't learn some sense," you may know that he means business. He is going a "coon hunting."—Spartanburg (S. C.) Spartan.

NEITHER the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

## HOADLY AND FORAKER.

Correspondence Between the Democratic and Republican Candidates for Governor of Ohio.

(Columbus (Ohio) dispatch.)

Judge Foraker, Republican candidate for Governor, in his speech at Paulding, yesterday, became exasperated over the fact that some Prohibitionists asked him to define himself on the temperance issue, and immediately announced that he would challenge Governor Hoadly to a discussion on the issues of the campaign. This was on the ground, as he claimed, that Governor Hoadly had been instrumental in having the questions put to him by outsiders while he was speaking at different points. The following correspondence in relation to the matter has been made public:

COLUMBUS, Sept. 26.

Hon. Thomas E. Powell, Chairman, etc.: DEAR SIR—As to Hoadly, through certain allies of your party calling themselves Prohibitionists, has seen fit to propound questions to our candidate for Governor at long range, I am authorized to challenge him to a discussion of the issues of the campaign with Judge Foraker, at such times and places as may be agreed upon by us. Yours very truly, A. S. BUSHNELL, Chairman.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 26.

Hon. A. S. Bushnell, Chairman, etc.: Your letter has just been received, in which you claim that the Prohibitionists, as allies of our party, have propounded certain questions to your candidate for Governor. The Prohibition party is not an ally of the Democratic party. We are against them and the Prohibition party. They, on the other hand, are against us and for prohibition. If Judge Foraker will declare whether he is an ally or an enemy to the Prohibition party, whether the is in favor of prohibition or against, we will be pleased to meet with you and the Chairman of the Prohibition State Executive Committee and arrange for a discussion by all three candidates upon this and all other questions involved in the present canvass. Yours truly, T. E. POWELL, Chairman.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 26.

Hon. Thomas E. Powell, Chairman, etc.: DEAR SIR—By your favor of this afternoon I am pleased to see that you do not deny that Gov. Hoadly, through Prohibition allies, has been engaged in the small work of propounding questions to our candidate for Governor. From your well-known truthfulness I did not suppose you would have the hardihood to do this after the occurrences at Paulding on yesterday, when the undignified scheme was exposed. Under all the circumstances, I do not wonder that you even condescend to crawl for the purpose of keeping Gov. Hoadly from meeting a manly antagonist in a manly manner. Yours very truly, A. S. BUSHNELL.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 26.

To Hon. A. S. Bushnell. DEAR SIR—Your last favor has just been received. Gov. Hoadly has not been engaged in the work of proposing questions to Judge Foraker, through Prohibitionists or any other persons, nor has the Democratic party done so. Our candidate, however, has the courage to answer all questions put to him on the stump or through the public press. If your candidate has not equal courage it is not our fault, but your misfortune. If you can induce Judge Foraker to answer the questions plainly put to him in our last letter, or if your committee will answer them for him, we will be pleased to meet you and arrange for a joint debate, as indicated in our answer. Yours respectfully, T. E. POWELL, Chairman.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 27.

Hon. Thomas E. Powell, Chairman Democratic State Executive Committee: DEAR SIR—I have just received from Judge Foraker the following, which explains itself. In accordance therewith, I hereby repeat his challenge for a joint discussion with Gov. Hoadly, and request an early conference for the arrangement of details. A. S. BUSHNELL, Chairman.

DAYTON, Ohio, Sept. 26.

DEAR SIR—I telegraphed you last night from Paulding, asking you to challenge Gov. Hoadly to a joint discussion of the issues involved in this campaign. I knew nothing of what has since transpired until this moment, when, on my arrival, I am handed telegraphic copies of the correspondence that has passed between the committees. In view of the circumstances at Paulding leading to the challenge, I desired a debate between Gov. Hoadly and myself, but the Democratic committee seem unwilling to consent, except upon condition that Dr. Leonard be also brought into the discussion. You have already declined a debate between Dr. Leonard and myself, and I have no control of him; but you are hereby authorized and requested to immediately repeat my challenge to the Democratic committee, and say to them that, if Gov. Hoadly insists upon the aid of Dr. Leonard, I waive all objection to his coming into the discussion. But I shall expect him to come upon the invitation of Gov. Hoadly, and that Gov. Hoadly will share his time with him. This is accepted, please arrange at once for a series of meetings. I suggest not less than four. Very truly, etc., J. B. FORAKER.

### SMALL-POX.

Terrible Ravages of the Disease in Montreal.

(Telegram from Montreal.)

There is no abatement in the small-pox epidemic here yet, but there are hopes that the new measures coming into operation of compelling all to be vaccinated and those suffering from the disease to be isolated, will lessen the mortality. The daily deaths in city and suburbs last week averaged forty-five. There are 130 patients under treatment in the civil hospital. The greatest energy on the part of the health authorities, both provincial and city, is being employed, with the assistance of leading merchants and clergy of all denominations, to get the malady under control. The sanitary laws passed by Parliament for combating the epidemic, and which give arbitrary powers to the Board of Health, have been invoked, and special Stipendiary Magistrates are to sit daily to enforce the rules submitted by the local board for stamping out the scourge. A large force of doctors employed by the Health Board will commence a systematic vaccination from house to house all over the city on Monday, and all who refuse will be brought before the Magistrates and fined.

### THIS AND THAT.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S private fortune is estimated at about \$30,000,000.

A LONDON syndicate has agreed to take the Northern Pacific second-mortgage bonds.

THE upper classes of Princeton have formed a law and order society to prevent the hazing of freshmen.