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NELLIE'S HERO.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

"It was talked about when you were in your cradle, dear, and even then there was a jostling agreement, that when you two grew up you should be married. And surely you might do worse than marry Mr. Allen Trevor."

Nurse Gleason, who was just like a mother to motherless Nellie Huntly, finished pouring the jelly she was making into a gorgeous mould, untied her white cap strings, and taking off her spectacles, rubbed them energetically.

"And now, Miss Nellie, do get down from that table—there's a dear child—and go dress for the company. Your father will be waiting, and right angry he'll be, too. Come, dearie."

"No, I won't!" The diminutive figure, perched upon the kitchen table, swung its little slippered feet back and forth, and pushing a cloud of yellow hair from a rosy face, looked up into the honest countenance of the woman with a pair of mischievous eyes.

"No, Nellie—that's a darling—don't make me go. I've been shut up in that horrid boarding-school for two years—now that I'm home for good, don't make a martyr of me. I can't bear it—indeed I can't! And I won't."

"She added, *very* voice."

"But, Miss Nellie," continued the good woman, a smile beginning to creep around the corners of her mouth, in spite of her efforts to look grave, "you forget that you're a young lady now—seventeen, remember—and since your poor dear mother died, you as the only child, are expected to fill her place, and assist your papa in his hospitalities. So many nice gentlemen, too, dearie, and Mr. Allen Trevor among the rest."

"I hate him—bah! Let old Miss Renshaw take my place. She's my chaperone and it's her duty. Besides, I'm sick, and don't feel like going to the drawing-room to-day. It's a heap nicer down here with you, than to be sitting prim and stiff up stairs; not allowed for a moment to forget position, family, and all that stuff. So be it!"

She sprang lightly from her high and undignified seat, and began pacing up and down the wide old kitchen—so cool and beautifully clean—her lovely head held aloft, with mock dignity, a smirking smile on her face, and a mischievous eye—very ridiculous. She paused in front of a mound of jelly—clear and transparent—and aiming herself with a spoon confidantly at a generous portion.

"Queen in the kitchen, eating bread and honey," she sang, gaily.

She turned suddenly as she spoke, and with a dexterous movement, flung the white cap over the decorous old woman's head, and perched it lightly upon her own. Then, seizing the spectacles, she placed them upon her nose straight and rather diminutive nose, and then, deaf to Nurse Gleason's remonstrances, she folded her arms sedately upon her bosom, and walked towards the door, just as it opened from without, and a tall form stood upon the threshold—Mr. Allen Trevor!

"I beg your pardon," he began, hastily. "I mistook the way. Like Paul Pry, I hope I don't intrude?"

"No," responded Nellie, saucily, and a trifle coolly, "not any more than he did."

A flash shot across the clear, dark cheeks of the intruder.

He replaced the hat which he had doffed, and with a low bow, disappeared.

"Miss Nellie Huntly, I've a mind to be downright angry with you!" exclaimed Nurse Gleason, as the door closed. "The very nicest young man in the country, and the one your papa wishes you to be especially gracious to."

"That's just it, Nurse! I don't like nice young men. They are so prim and stiff, and goody. A man must be gay and dashing, brave and chivalrous to win my esteem. I'm in earnest, I assure you; and I never shall marry a man who has not proved his worthiness by some deed of daring—something to establish his claim to the title of manhood. In short, he must be a hero, and accomplish something noble before I could care to playmate for him. Did Allen Trevor ever do a brave deed? If so, the world has kept very silent concerning it, or his noble actions must have been performed in darkness and have never yet been illuminated, or eliminated, either."

She paused to draw a long breath, and restore the old woman's cap to its legitimate resting place. Had she not been thus pre-occupied, her quick eye might have caught a glimpse through the wide-open window of a tall form and a dark, handsome face, whose owner had paused to light a cigar, and had overheard every word the little witch had uttered.

Allen Trevor smiled to himself—a queer little smile it was, too, and meant volumes—and puffing leisurely at his cigar, strolled away.

A few days afterwards, a party set off from Huntly Place for the purpose of passing the day among some old ruins, which were considered picturesque, and quite the thing for excursionists to "do." They were going on horseback, and a merry time was anticipated.

They reached the ancient ruins, found them "all that fancy palated them," strolled around the garden connected with the old buildings, played croquet and flirted, and finally sat down to dinner, about as contented a party as one would wish to see.

During the whole day Nellie's father had been endeavoring to bring the young couple together, an intention which the young lady immediately divined and understood, and straightway Mr. Huntly had his hands full.

"When a woman will it—when she may depend upon it. And when she won't—she won't—and there is an end of it!"

And every unappreciated and apparently innocent effort on the part of Mr. Huntly only made the demure maiden shun Mr. Trevor the more.

As I was saying, the party were sitting at dinner, an improvised table laden with good things, plenty of ice and long-necked bottles being predominant. In the midst of merry laughter and gay badinage, a low rumbling noise fell upon their ears, followed by a loud crash.

All sprang to their feet in an instant, the ladies pale and trembling—the men somewhat startled.

"What is it?" Nellie's face was pale, as she asked the question. Without a word Allan Trevor sprang upon his horse, and rode away in the direction of the sound, followed by a half a dozen of the gentlemen.

In a short time a horseman was seen returning, galloping like mad toward them. It was Mr. Huntly. He threw himself from his panting horse, and hurried forward—pale and agitated.

"It is in the coal mine over there!" he exclaimed hurriedly. "There has been an explosion; a portion of the shaft has fallen in, and nobody knows how many are buried alive there."

A scene of excitement followed the dreadful announcement. Some of the ladies fainted—all were terrified; but Nellie Huntly stood quiet, and outwardly calm. When her father had finished his little speech, he said to her:

"Get my horse, please, papa!" she said. "I want to go there, I may be of some assistance!"

"Nellie, are you crazy, child? You must not think of such a thing!"

"Yes, I know all that, papa, I'm not going to think about it—I'm going right at once. Miss Renshaw and some of the ladies will accompany me, I am sure!"

Those who have believed it of those gay ladies of fashion and frivolity—but no one foresaw our little maiden in her own errand.

The horses were hastily saddled—the servant who had accompanied them followed with ice and wine, in case some unfortunate should be rescued, and they set off at once.

Arriving at the spot they found a terrible scene of excitement. A crowd had collected around the shaft. There were wailing and wringing their hands; women on their knees, beseeching Heaven for mercy on the dear ones shut out from their eyes by that awful bank of earth.

There were men standing sullen and gloomy, with arms folded on their breasts, and in their faces grim despair—while the very air seemed heavy with groans, and sobs, and prayers, and ejaculations.

As our party approached, a full fell on the tempest of grief—something seemed going on; a group had gathered around a tall form and were begging and expostulating. It was Allan Trevor. Nellie's heart stood still as she heard his words, in a firm clear tone.

"Do not try to dissuade me. I am convinced that there is hope, and if you assist me, I may save some life. There is an opening sufficiently large for one man to descend with a rope!"

Before Nellie could approach him, he had hastened to the pit; the necessary preparation was made, and he had disappeared from sight in the bowels of the earth. With a horrible feeling at her heart, Nellie sank upon her knees. She dared not pray. She knew that at any moment the bank of earth, stayed in its progress, might easily become detached (the slightest jar would do it), and would bury the mouth of the shaft from view. This was the awful fear which filled the hearts of all gathered there.

It seemed hours—ages—that she knelt there mutely imploring Heaven's mercy. At last a wild shout pealed upon the air, the rope was pulled from below, as though a weight was attached to it. Slowly they drew it up, and so one man was saved. In a few words he explained the case. The miners were all disabled, and must certainly have perished, but for the superhuman efforts of Allen Trevor, who bearing each man in his strong arms to where the rope was waiting, proposed to fasten it to their bodies, and so they would be rescued.

I cannot tell you in detail of that heroic deed. One after another of

the miners was brought to the surface some bruised and bleeding, and some were dying. All were received by our party and kindly and tenderly ministered to.

At last there came a moment—if Nellie should live to see the next Centennial, she will never forget that moment, when the last man was safely landed and the rope came up alone. At that instant a low rumbling sound was plainly audible; Nellie bowed her head.

"Oh, my God, what shall I do?" she wailed; with sudden desperation, she sprang forward.

"Lower the rope once more!" she cried. In her heart she had determined "if he does not come up this time, I shall go down there myself. At least we can die together."

With deferential glances at the young girl, the men obeyed her mandate while the others stood near, awed and silent.

Sinking upon her knees, Nellie waited in awful suspense, for that which was to come. The rope descended; it dangled loosely for a while, then there came a feeble pull. With loud cheers of encouragement, the men above drew it slowly up.

Oh, the agony to the waiting heart, which now for the first time was unveiled, for Nellie knew beyond doubting, that she loved Allan Trevor.

At last—at last, the end of the rope, and fastened to it, pallid and nearly lifeless, the form of the brave man who had nobly risked his life. Risked in behalf of the rough and uncouth men, who, as the death-white face of their preserver appeared above the awful chasm rushed forward, and wounded and bleeding as they were, lifted him in their arms and bore him away triumphant. They would not lose sight of him. They hovered around and waited for his eyes to open, that they might grasp his hands, and pour forth their wild and incoherent gratitude.

Last of all came a white-faced girl agitated and worn with suffering. She knelt by the side of the brave man, and laid both her hands in his. And so Nellie found her hero after all.

Some of our fair-haired daughters who like to boast of their ignorance of all ordinary art, might profitably take a lesson from the accomplished wife of the President of the United States. She is an adept in cooking, and a few weeks ago, among other notable ladies, gave her name as a scholar, to a noted teacher of art.

Another example worthy of note was the wife of President Millard Fillmore. While he was Vice President, an old friend from the rural district sent him as a present a barrel of flour and a box of honey. He acknowledged the gift, and paid a compliment to his excellent wife at the same time.

After returning thanks, he says: "The honey is uncommonly fine, and its pure sweetness enhanced by the thought that no life of the little industrious insect—a splendid pattern of man in his highest condition to follow—was sacrificed or endangered by depriving them of this portion of their precious hoard. The barrel of flour has been duly inspected, and pronounced of the first quality. You should see the doughnuts—my favorite cakes—which my wife, who prides herself in making, has made out of this flour. They would make the mouth of an epicure water."

The *Inter-Ocean* would like to impress upon all its young lady readers that they can make no graver mistake, in the estimation of every sensible man, than to neglect to acquire a knowledge of good cooking. We are in nowise averse to any and all accomplishments, but the art of keeping the home in order, and making glad the heart of every one that is seated at the table in the dining-room, are accomplishments for a lady more desirable than even to play well the most difficult music, or be marked for ease and grace in the drawing-room. The world just now is in need of sensible men and women. There is an abundance of drones and creatures who live for society, giddy butterflies that do not know they were made. If this class would take to dying young, the great life world which wants workers in every field would not miss them. Labor is honorable, and the young man or young woman—rich or poor—that does not work with head or hand, should stop and think, and at once order away the method of their lives.—*Inter-Ocean*.

A young man, son of a professor in the gymnasium at Darmstadt, walked with his betrothed, a young and pretty girl, to a pond some two miles off in the adjoining woods; they there tied themselves together and jumped in, intending to end their troubles in suicide; however, the cold water brought the gentleman to his senses and he contrived to free himself and scrambled out, leaving the poor girl, in spite of her cries, to drown, which she did. He was sentenced to three years and nine months' imprisonment for the offense.

Persons of sedentary pursuits are predisposed to Constipation: such should always use Dr. Bull's Balding Pills which insure safety against Constipation and all of its disastrous consequences.

KATE HANSON'S FORTUNE.

Twenty-two Years Away from Home—Leaving Her Parents to Avoid a Dissolute Lover.

(From the New York Times.)

ELMIRA, N. Y., May 31.—Twenty-two years ago Kate Hanson disappeared from her home in Tioga county, Pa. She was only eighteen years of age, and had grown up among the lumber woods of Pennsylvania. She had a predilection for masculine ways. She was expert with the rifle and fishing rod, and spent much of her time in the woods. Her family was highly respectable, and she was more than usually intelligent. In spite of her dislike for the pursuits of her own sex, she bore an unsullied reputation. She left home one day with her rifle, which her father had given her. She never came back. Nothing was ever heard of her. Her father advertised throughout the country for traces of her, and visited all the large cities in the State seeking for tidings of her. It being known in the neighborhood where the Hansons lived that Kate had formed an attachment for a worthless young man named Johnson, and that her parents had positively forbidden her having anything to do with him, many believed that she had run away from home for that reason to lead a life of shame. Others held that she had either accidentally shot herself in the woods, or had become lost and died in some out-of-the-way part of a forest. Her parents, after searching a year or two, gave her up as dead.

Colonel Grant Wilson, of Philadelphia, was spending the winter in 1876 in Cuba. During his stay there he met Major James Hopkins, formerly of Ohio, who served in General Thomas' division during the late war. Major Hopkins owned a fine plantation in the interior of this island, and Colonel Wilson accepted his invitation to become his guest during his stay in Cuba. The Major's family consisted of a handsome and dignified wife of about 40 and two interesting children. When Colonel Wilson left Cuba he was intrusted with an errand in this country by Mrs. Hopkins. On arriving in New York he started at once for Tioga county, Penn., and found the family of Eliza Hanson. He caused great rejoicing by the announcement that he knew their long lost daughter, Katie, that she was alive and well, and preparing to pay the old homestead a visit in the summer of the present year. Katie Hanson and Mrs. Major Hopkins were one and the same, and the following was the strange story she told to the friend she found in Colonel Wilson:

The young man Johnson referred to above was in the habit of accompanying Katie Hanson on her hunting expeditions, and being an excellent woodsman and hunter, was a most congenial companion to her. His family was dissolute and ignorant. When her father ordered her to cease associating with Johnson, Katie rebelled against the order for a time. The last day she left her house with her rifle she concluded that the association was not a proper one for her, but she could see no way for its dissolution but by leaving home. She passed that night in the woods, and the next day went to the cabin of some hunters in the vicinity. The hunters were not in the cabin, but she appropriated a suit of their clothes, and disguised herself in them. Her features and short hair favored the deception. She reached Dunkirk, N. Y., in her wanderings. She secured the position of cook in a lake boat running between Detroit and Buffalo. This position and life was entirely to her liking.

One day in Buffalo she read in one of the papers an advertisement offering a reward for any information of where she was, and giving a minute description of her. This alarmed her, for she feared that she would be apprehended and returned home. On returning to Detroit, she gave up her position and went to Cincinnati. She found employment on an Ohio River steamer. She continued on the steamer until the breaking out of the war. No one had ever suspected her sex. She determined to enlist, and joined an Ohio regiment, and was in all of the engagements of General Thomas' division. In 1863 she was promoted to Sergeant in her company. In 1864, her Captain met her one day as she was returning from stationing a guard. He said to her that he had long suspected that she was a woman, and demanded to know if such was the case. The charge was so sudden and unexpected that she lost her self possession and convicted herself by her reply. She begged the Captain not to reveal her secret, but he took her before General Thomas and made the strange fact known to him.

Katie was at once sent back to the rear, and ordered to resume her proper attire. She became a nurse in the hospital, and soon had in her care her Captain, he having been wounded in a skirmish. Between the Captain and the nurse, whom he had detected in the ranks of his company, a strong affection formed. At the close of the war they were married, the Captain, meanwhile, having been promoted to the rank of Major. Major Hopkins' family was one of the best in Ohio, and it refused to recognize his wife. She had \$300 which she had saved from her earnings on the steamer. This was in a Cincinnati bank. She drew it out, and, with her husband, went to Cuba. There they prospered, and were found by Colonel Wilson in 1876. Word has been received from Mrs. Hopkins that she and her husband and children will sail for New York in August, and visit the home she so mysteriously left nearly a quarter of a century ago.

A private letter from Col. T. H. Brighurst, dated at Parrat, Mexico, May 10, 1879, shows that the preparations for extensive and successful silver-mining operations are progressing very satisfactorily. In the letter the Colonel gives the following narration: "Last week, in Chihuahua, a woman went into a shoemaker's shop in front of his dwelling and was measured for a pair of shoes. The son of Crispin said to the woman: 'You have a very pretty foot.' 'Do you think so?' said she. He replied: 'Yes. That is the prettiest foot in Mexico.' The woman was to come back next day and leave one dollar, when the shoes were to be come out. The shoemaker's wife, hearing all, said nothing. The next day the shoemaker was out when the woman with the pretty foot called according to agreement, and the wife got her into the back room and stabbed her to death. The wife then cut a steak out of the dead woman's leg and packed the body under the bed. The shoemaker came home and ate his dinner. He answered that it was the best he had ever eaten." The wife then told him he had eaten a part of the prettiest leg in Mexico. He asked her what she meant? She showed him the body under the bed, and made a dash at him with a knife, but he escaped and ran to the Palace and told the judge what had happened. The judge summoned a guard of soldiers and went to the house. He asked the wife if she had committed the murder, and when she answered yes and attempted to justify the act he ordered her to be shot on the spot by the soldiers, and his orders were promptly obeyed."

There is one subject well worthy the careful study of every housekeeper; and that is, how she may simplify work. If she will sit down daily, with pencil in hand, and jot down items as they occur to the mind when running through mentally the day's routine, she will see where time, strength and labor may be very properly saved. A simple pudding for dessert takes much less time to make than a pie or two, and is far more healthful and quite as appetizing. Yet, how many women slave over a hot kitchen stove baking pies interminably for the family dinner. To be good, nearly every kind of pie should be eaten the day it is baked; so the same process needs to be gone through with every morning. Some sedately pampered households make this demand on a housekeeper's strength three times a day, and usually reap the fruits of their folly in miserable years of dyspepsia and a hundred kindred ills. It is mainly in cooking that a housewife can save herself, and that too with equal profit to the family purse and health. Simply cooked vegetables in abundance, a beautiful dish of oat meal, with rich milk, and sugar if you like it, bread and butter, and meat of some sort, make a bill of fare fit for a prince. Indeed, the little princes across the ocean are much simpler than our children, and are not allowed to taste the highly spiced, elaborate dishes such as our good housewives set daily upon their tables. High physical culture and long life are considered two desirable considerations for possible heirs to a crown. I am sure we mothers desire quite as strongly to see our children grow up strong and beautiful, and that length of days may be granted them. Let us strive to do nothing that shall work against either, and let us be equally careful to avoid shortening our days, by unnecessary over work.

The Galveston News is authority for the statement that the Texas Legislature is doing business wrong and fast. To make its meaning clear, the News says: "There was the case of the gentleman whose morning dram had been a little too much for him, and who in snuffing his horse got the wrong end first. A friend came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: 'How do you know which way I am going?' In this instance the horse represents the people, and if the rider wants to see his way clear he had better place himself in a position to be able to do so. Last session the saddle was on wrong end foremost." This is a fair picture of the average Democratic Legislature. Drawn by a Democratic paper it is significant.

While a man was dashing with all his might and main down the street to catch a train one day last week, a gamin rushed after him and shouted: "Hey, mister, have you got a pin?" "I have," responded the man, coming to a sudden halt and feeling under the lapel of his vest. "Well, then," yelled the boy, as he jumped out of the way, "you had better fasten your ears together behind your head so you won't smash any swingin' signs with 'em." The pedestrian passed on unheeded of the advice given him.—*Exchange*.

This Union is just as hateful to us to-day, just as abhorrent, and just as unnatural, as it was in 1861; but we have come back to stay, and what is more, we have come back to rule. Why? Because the Southern people and their sympathizers in the North constitute a quarter million majority of the population of the United States.—*Okolona Southern States*.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth at least all that is asked for them, and one we know of—How Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have met of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—*Tribune*.

Both masculine and feminine pedestrians wearing out the muscles of their limbs in money-getting, and grave men who have worn out their brains and nervous system with the self-same object in view do not consider themselves inconsistent when they savagely denounce the men and women walkers. Still, one had better walk themselves lame than to brain-walk themselves into the asylum or grave. More moderation all around is desirable.—*Foot's Monthly for June*.

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Guilty of Wrong.

No party can perpetuate its power unless it adheres with an iron hand to good appointments, economical expenditures and honest elections. The smart rascals who may be found in every political organization that claiming that they have contributed to carrying elections by illegal methods and demanding rewards by appointments to office are a curse to any party, and good men are driven out if they are to be rewarded within. The demand of the day is for honest elections, and the day is not far distant when the better class of men in all parties will demand the punishment of election frauds, and will not hesitate to render a verdict of guilty against men of their own party who are overtaken in a scheme to corrupt the ballot-box and thwart the will of the people. The time has already come when the great mass of Republicans disapprove of appointments given as a reward for such services.

The Democratic party in Indiana has placed itself upon record as favoring election frauds, by stubbornly resisting all laws and constitutional amendments having for their object the purification of the ballot-box.

The Republican party has, on the other hand, favored every amendment proposed which would add new security and furnish additional safeguards for free elections. This will be a leading issue in future Indiana elections, until the constitutional amendment is adopted, and laws made in pursuance of it which will guarantee to every citizen that his vote will be counted as one, and not be killed by that of