

THE DYING TRAMP.

BY MR. SMITH.

of the day being shut beneath western lid
a guest arrived at a cottage door in a
a half of ivy hid;
d was stretched to welcome him, no
was raised to greet
teran of the tireless host that live up-
the street.

ny a man of his turn of mind had
n that way before,
little woman had often vowed she
r would heed them more.

ned against the arbor, heaved a sub-
anean sigh,
ked, with the air of a broken man,
he might lie down and die
h that rustling ivy, mid the sun's de-
ing rays,

ose his eyes in a spot so like the home
his early days,
on a distant river's bank, my mother's
ne and mine,
illage whose name you may have
r—Old Bingen on the Rhine.

mother married a nobleman, and I
set drift
my bread by the sweat of my brow
any a grievous shift;
hen I arrived at man's estate I turned
he golden West,

the star of Hope seemed beckoning
across the Ocean's crest.
ruggled mid encouragements, I've
ggle with despair,
he only hour I spent in peace was the
I spent in prayer.

asped and I've failed in turn, with
tune's doleful breath,
win seeking the land of my birth I
I've found my death.

ver yonder, gentle friend, that house
he forest trees,
the universal parson lives, they
me poisoned cheese,
as it's apart of their creed to think
as better for all concerned
me a boon to the only bourne whence
amp has never returned.

my life work's ended; there's a rat-
ing in my throat,
yritals feed as though I'd swallowed
animal's dog.

ystor—'a-roshe stopped the man,
soothed him as he lay,
and got the doctor, just a half a mile
ay."

uffer rolled his bloodshot eye—
were more than he could ask;
e gratitude of that hollow voice would
eou a vinegar cask.

her feet were tired, she hastened on,
her strength was from above,
sbo, of pity is nearly or quite as light
labor of love.

essional man began to frown at the
tion of the case,
king her in, they started off at a more
n professional pace.

all too true, his spirit had fled, but
carcass had done the same,
a missing silver testified he had won
little game;

at wasn't all, on the kitchen door
found an inscription in chalk,
which said the vagabond knew how
write as well as he knew how to talk.

erue my life work's ended, out death
th decline;
so easy to kill a man from 'Bingen
the Rhine."

erage Bingen soldier, with a half-inch
in his breast,
sloaf a dirge of fourteen rhymes with-
out once taking a rest.

ow could you think that a seasoned
man, who can live for a week on grass,
yield to a spoonful of arsenic or an
eat of pounded glass?

at that sort, I'll go you, now, my
ons against your stumps,
I ruin a wholesale druggist to poison
ozon tramps."

being "backed the eye" of day and
g out her silvery lamp,
he Maa in the Moon with a kindly
leeked down on a prostrate tramp
tered nobly by an old stone wall,
er the snakes and the wild flowers
grew,

he mouth open and eyes well shut, he
led in the evening dew,
he spoons were his pillow, the
th his couch and his garments covered
with dust.

sleep, if not sweeter, was certainly
per than most of the "sleep of the
just."

HICKMAN AND CANADA
BILL.

Canada Bill one time was passing
his Washington on his way to New
after a successful gambling trip on
bamboos of the western and south-
western.

The thought struck him
he would stop and see Beau Hick-
the great way, then world-famous
clever trickster. The two sports
on the steps of the huge capitol,
man had been pointed out to Can-
bill by a bootblack.

your name Hickman, pard?" in-
Bill, extending his hand.
e same, sir. Where hand might
e the honor of pressing?" returned
man, thinking that his new ac-
quaintance was a newly arrived western
per of congress.

he hand you grasp?" responded Bill,
e generally known as being more
e deal cleverly than fairly, I, like
elf, am one of society's razor stro-
ps."

Canada Bill, by gum!"
ake the number-two-times—for I'm
o meet you, Hickman."

ow long are you going to stop in
opped off expressly to make your
intance."

re you known in this city?"
hen I'll turn you to good account.
much money have you to venture
ure thing?"

ut \$6,000."
ith you?"

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ure thing?"

down family. If you will aid them please
ask no further questions, but give what
you see fit."

In the entire hotel the gentlemanly
beggar only received three donations of
twenty-five cents each. The others
waived him apparently aside, while some
plainly told him he was an old imposter.

Before leaving, he said quietly to the
three gentlemen who had given him the
money:

"This will be repaid you tenfold to-
morrow evening at this hour."

"He then took the address of each, ask-
ing them to not fail to be in the parlor
next evening to get their money, and
cautioning them to speak to no one of
his promise—that he was Sir Orlando
Mattersson, president of the Royal Lon-
don Society for the Encouragement of
Benevolence."

As a matter of course, before he had
got a block away from the hotel every
one knew all that he had said and done,
and all considered him some crazy fanat-
ic. Then a report got about that he was
immensely rich but an in-
sane English nobleman, who
spent yearly hundreds of thou-
sands of dollars in seeking those who
were willing to lend aid to the needy,
and in rewarding them afterwards, so that
according to his cracked brain, the cause
of charity might be in a general way ac-
celerated.

The next evening he came again ask-
ing alms, and everyone was on the look-
out for him. He first singled out the
three gentlemen who had given him 25
cents each, and very quietly passed each
an envelope containing \$2.50, and a small
card, upon which was printed: "Give,
and you shall receive." "Cast your bread
on the waters and it shall be returned to
you tenfold." Remember the example of
Sir Orlando Mattersson, as you jour-
ney through life."

Sir Orlando Mattersson, took \$75 in do-
nations from the house that night and it
was noticeable that those whom his ex-
ample has thus quickened were very
careful that he should have their correct
address. The same result followed in
each of the scores of hotels and sample-
rooms which he had initiated on the night
before. The third night he, with a
solemn face, returned to each donor of
the previous night the exact tenfold
promised.

"It would be a joy which I would con-
sider cheaply purchased," said he confi-
dently to a dozen gentlemen, "if at the
cost of half a million dollars I could teach
the citizens of this beautiful city to be
thoroughly generous to the poor."

This night he was like a ticket-seller
at the railroad depot. One, two, five
ten, and even twenty dollar bills were
shoved at him on all sides, so great had
been the awakening in the cause of
benevolence, which the example of Sir
Orlando Mattersson had aroused. A
benign smile hovered about his mouth,
and a tear that glittered betimes in his
mid, kind eye proclaimed the joy his
soul felt as he shoved bill after bill into
his pockets, and gazed with the look of
a father upon his converts.

That night Canada Bill showed up to
Beau Hickman something over eighteen
thousand dollars.

"We'll split her now," suggested Bill,
as he ceased counting.

"I wouldn't give you \$12,000," quoth
Hickman. "Let it be till to-morrow
night. I think I can raise a little 'hush
money' on this racket."

Next night Beau Hickman went the
rounds, and found groups of expectant
converts waiting to see Sir Orlando Mat-
tersson. One at a time, as fast as he
could do so, he would take one after an-
other of the most prominent gentlemen
aside, and whisper in his ear:

"I have got a little subscription book
here which was handed to me by a friend
as he took the train this morning for
New York. Sorry you got sold on Sir
Orlando Mattersson. He's skipped out.
That was Canada Bill the three card
monte man."

"Is that so?"

"Sure. Here's the book with your
name in for \$20."

"Well for gracious sake, Beau, don't
show that note book to anyone. And
scratch my name off of it, will you?"

"Certainly," returned Hickman, as he
scratched over the name with his pencil.
"but governor, I'm kind-a-short-to-night.
Couldn't you lend me \$20 till to-mor-
row?"

With a wry face the victim would
pull forth his pocketbook, and, placing
the bill demanded in Hickman's hand,
would slip quietly from the hotel to the
street.

That night the two worthies divided,
and the share of each was over twelve
thousand dollars.

Both Beau Hickman and Canada Bill,
whose tricks on the unwary obtained for
them thousands of dollars, died poor,
and were buried as paupers; and the
moral is, that no matter how much a man
makes dishonestly or by trickery, he will
sooner or later be found out and doubt-
less die a miserable, deserted outcast.

A Medina boy invited several of his
friends to his father's house to have a
good time the other evening. The boys
were given the dining room "all to them-
selves." When the lady of the house
ventured to look in upon the happy party,
the picture presented was not exactly
of a kind to quiet her nerves. An ad-
joining room had been despoiled of its bed.
The straw tick had been placed in the
middle of the dining room, and one of the
lads had worked his way inside of it
until all that appeared was his head. A
battle was in progress, and pillows were
used as weapons. Several squirt-guns
also did good service on the flanks and
wall paper, while various kinds of liquids
served as ammunition. In the midst of
all this the lady of the house meekly in-
quired if that was the way they acted
when they went visiting. "Sho! that's
nothing," said one. "Down at B—"
the other night, we got his fat hog into
the parlor, tapped the cistern and let the
water out, and then took down the kit-
chen stove and set it up in the garret."

A Swiss locksmith has invented a tar-
get which, by means of electricity, shows
upon another target set up at the firing
station the exact spot where the bullet
strikes, and thus does away with the ne-
cessity of a marker to signal the result of
each shot.

Francis Murphy may be a good man,
but the sooner he gets through mixing
up the name of the Heavenly Father with
his own signature, the better it will be
for years truly, Francis Murphy.—[De-
troit Free Press.

Fashion is full of caprice. All at once
there is a general desire for a certain
thing, and nothing else is seen. The
next day people tire of it, and it vanishes
as suddenly as it came.

A MYSTERY.

[Continued From Third Page.]

and thence through a window, unfortu-
nately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair;
the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally
stepping to look back and gesticulate at
its pursuer, until the latter had nearly
come up with it. In this manner the
chase continued for a long time. The
streets were profoundly quiet, as it was
nearly three o'clock in the morning. In
passing an alley in the rear of the Rue
Morgue, the fugitive's attention was ar-
rested by a light gleaming from the open
window of Madame L'Espanaye's
chamber, in the fourth story of her
house. Rushing to the building, he per-
ceived the lightning-rod, clambered up
with inconceivable agility, grasped the
shutter, which lay thrown fully back
against the wall, and, by its means
swung itself directly upon the headboard
of the bed. The whole feat did not oc-
cupy a minute. The shutter was kicked
open again by the Ourang-Outang as it
entered the room.

The sailor in the meantime, was both
rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong
hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it
could scarcely escape from the trap into
which it had ventured, except by the door,
where it might be intercepted as it came
down. On the other hand, there was
much cause for anxiety as to what it
might do in the house. This latter re-
flection urged the man still to follow the
fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended
without difficulty, especially by a sailor,
but when he had arrived as high as the
window, which lay far to his left, his car-
eer was stopped; for the most that he could
accomplish was to reach over so as to
obtain a glimpse of the
interior of the room. At this glimpse he
nearly fell from his hold through excess
of horror. Now it was that those hide-
ous shrieks arose upon the night, which
had startled from slumber the inmates
of her daughter, habited in their night
clothes, had apparently been occupied in
arranging some papers in the iron chest
already mentioned, which had been
wheeled into the middle of the room. It
was open, and its contents lay beside it
on the floor. The victims must have
been sitting with their backs toward the
window; and from the time
elapsing between the ingress of the beast
and the screams, it seemed probable that
it was not immediately perceived. The
flapping-to of the shutter would natu-
rally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic
animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye
by the hair, (which was loose, as she had
been combing it,) and was flourishing the
razor about her face, in imitation of the
motions of a barber. The daughter lay
prostrate and motionless; she had
swooned. The screams and struggles of
the old lady (during which the hair was
torn from her head) had the effect of
changing the probably pacific purposes
of the Ourang-Outang into those of
wrath. With one determined sweep of
its muscular arm it nearly severed her
head from her body. The sight of blood
inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnash-
ing its teeth and flashing fire from its
eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl,
and imbedded its fearful talons in her
throat, retaining its grasp until she ex-
pired. Its wandering and wild glances
fell at this moment upon the head of
the bed, over which the face of its
master, rigid with horror, was just dis-
cernable.

The fury of the beast, who no doubt
bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was
instantly converted into fear. Conscious
of having deserved punishment, it seem-
ed desirous of concealing its bloody
deeds, and skipped about the chamber in
an agony of nervous agitation; throwing
down and breaking the furniture as it
moved, and dragging the bed from the
bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first
the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it
up the chimney, as it was found; then
that of the old lady, which it immedi-
ately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement
with its mutilated burden, the sailor
shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather
gliding than clambering down it, hurried
at once home—dreading the conse-
quences of the butchery, and gladly
abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude
about the fate of the Ourang-Outang.
The words heard by the party upon the
staircase were the Frenchman's excla-
mations of horror and affright, com-
mingled with the fiendish jabberings of
the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The
Ourang-Outang must have escaped from
the chamber, by the rod, just before the
breaking of the door. It must have
closed the window as it passed through it.
It was subsequently caught by the
owner himself, who obtained for it a
very large sum at the Jardin des
Plantes. Le Bon was instantly re-
leased, upon our narration of the cir-
cumstances (with some comments from
Dupin) at the bureau of the Prefect of
Police. The functionary, however well
disposed to my friend, could not
altogether conceal his chagrin at the
turn which affairs had taken, and was
fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two,
about the propriety of every person
minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had
not thought it necessary to reply. "Let
him discourse; it will ease his con-
science. I am satisfied with having de-
feated him in his own castle. Never-
theless, that he failed in the solution of
this mystery, is by no means that mat-
ter for wonder which he supposes it; for,
in truth, our friend the Prefect is some-
what too cunning to be profound. His
wisdom is no stamen. It is all head
and no body, like the pictures of the
Goddess of Laverna—or, at best, all
head and shoulders, like a codfish. But
he is a good creature after all. I like
him especially for one master stroke of
cant, by which he has attained his repu-
tation for ingenuity. I mean the way
he has 'de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer
ce qui n'est pas.'"

*Rosaire—Nuv. lle Heloise.

To the young ladies: Dress neatly at
all times. If you knew what a sickly
sensation it causes in the pit of a man's
stomach to see you shuffle around in a
pair of slippers, with a hole in the heel of
your stocking and fresh gray all over
the front of your dress, to say nothing
about your hair looking like the business
end of a mop, you would take pains to
put on a clean dress once in a while, and
comb your hair twice a week in cold
weather.—[Elmira Gazette.

Paris apothecaries print on their labels
the nearest doctor's address.

SENATOR VOORHEES.—HE IS INTERVIEWED.

WE THINK THE POTTER COMMITTEE
ARE MAKING ASSES OF THEMSELVES,
AND THAT THURMAN IS THE
COMING MAN.

The Illinois State Register prints the
following as the result of an interview
with Senator Voorhees:

Reporter—What is your opinion of
the Potter investigation?

Mr. Voorhees—I think it comes to late.
Had it taken place prior to the 4th of
March, 1877, a different result would
have been reached from that which will
be by the present investigation.

Reporter—What do you think would
have been the result in that event?

Mr. Voorhees—I think it would have
been clearly demonstrated that Tilden
and Hendricks were elected President
and Vice-President of the United States.

Reporter—Is it not possible that the
present investigation will demonstrate
the same thing?

Mr. Voorhees—No. The Republicans
have fortified all the avenues of knowl-
edge as to the election frauds in Louisiana
and Florida.

Reporter—But, let me suppose that it
were possible, and that the Potter com-
mittee should demonstrate that the Dem-
ocratic candidates were really elected,
what then?

Mr. Voorhees—The finding would be
fruitless. The passage of the electoral
commission bill, its approval by the
President, the decision of the commission,
the ratification of that decision by the
Forty-fourth Congress, and the subse-
quent approval by the Forty-fifth Con-
gress, places the reopening of the presi-
dential question beyond the range of
possibility.

Reporter—In what estimation will the
movers of the investigation be held by
the public generally?

Mr. Voorhees—They can only be re-
garded as disturbers of the public peace,
engaged in a profitless undertaking, and
if they do not become the laughing stock
of the country it will not be their fault.

Reporter—What is the political out-
look in Indiana?

Mr. Voorhees—The three parties,
Democrats, Republicans and Nationals,
seem determined to contest every inch
of ground. In my country the Nationals
have a clear majority, and the Terre
Haute Express, the leading organ of the
Nationals in the State, is exercising a
wide influence. It claims that the Na-
tionals will be successful at the polls in
October.

Reporter—But what of the Democracy?

Mr. Voorhees—They are well organ-
ized and confident of victory, notwithstanding
the pretensions of the Nationals.

Reporter—How does the Republican
party stand?

Mr. Voorhees—Since the loss of their
great leader, Morton, they seem not to
have an efficient organizer, and the only
hope they have of success is through the
inroads made upon the Democrat party
by the Nationals.

Reporter—Do you think they have any
good reason to hope they will carry the
Legislature?

Mr. Voorhees—I think not.

Reporter—Are you a candidate for re-
election?

Mr. Voorhees—I am. I have organ-
ized with that view, and will make a
thorough canvass of the State.

Reporter—What is your opinion as to
the strength of the National party in the
United States?

Mr. Voorhees—I think it much strong-
er to-day than it has been any time since
its organization, notwithstanding the
financial problems seem to have been
well-nigh settled by common consent of
the two old parties.

Reporter—In what States is the Na-
tional party most formidable?

Mr. Voorhees—It's strongest hold is
upon the Western States. In Ohio the
movement exhibits great vitality, while in
Michigan they are very hopeful of carry-
ing the State.

Reporter—How is it in the South?

Mr. Voorhees—Until recently the
party has been but little known or
thought of there. Of late, however,
meetings have been held in various
Southern States and primary organiza-
tions adopted, which would indicate that
the party intends to put on a bold front
in 1880.

Reporter—Do you think the Republi-
cans will nominate Gen. Grant in
1880?

Mr. Voorhees—Every thing points
that way.

Reporter—Who do you think will be
the Democratic nominee?

Mr. Voorhees—Present indications
point to Hon. A. G. Thurman, or Ohio,
as the coming man.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

By virtue of a certified copy of a decree, to
me directed from the United States Circuit
court for the district of Indiana, I will, on
Thursday, September 12th, 1878, between
the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M.,
at the court house door in the city of Terre
Haute, Vigo county, state of Indiana, offer
for sale at public auction the rents and pri-
vileges for a term not exceeding seven years,
of the following described real estate situated
in the county of Vigo and state of Indiana,
to-wit:

The north half of the north half of out-lot
number thirty four (34) in the city of Terre
Haute, as the same is known and designated
upon the original plat of the town, now city,
of Terre Haute, and recorded in the record-
er's office of said Vigo county, and upon fail-
ure to realize a sum sufficient to satisfy the
demand I will, at the same time and place
and in like manner, offer for sale the fee sim-
ple of the same.

Ordered to be sold as the property of Rob-
ert N. Hudson at the suit of George P. Bis-
sard trustee against Robert N. Hudson, and
others.

Sale to be made without any relief what-
ever from valuation or appraisement laws.
EEN. J. SPONDER,
Special Commissioner.

James A. Buchanan,
Indianaapolis, July 17, 1878.

Canada Southern Railway Lines.

The only through route to Canada under
American Management.

Line to the East via
Buffalo and Niagara Falls

THE SHORT AND QUICK

Direct connection made at Toledo in same
depot with all Wabash Railway trains.
Connections made at Buffalo and Niagara
Falls with New York Central and
Erie Railways.

Wagner Sleeping and Palace Cars

On all trains to principal points east.

The Canada Southern is one of the best
constructed and equipped roads on the con-
tinent, and its fast increasing business is
evidence that its superiority over its com-
petitors is acknowledged and appreciated by
the traveling public.

Any information as to tickets, connections,
sleeping car accommodations, etc. cheer-
fully given on application to the under-
signed.

FRANK E. SNOW,

Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree and order of sale
issued from the Vigo Circuit Court, I
me directed and delivered, in favor of
Herman Hulman and Robert S. Cox
and against Fielding W. Romine, Mary
A. Romine, Benjamin D. Wheat and
John Paddock, guardian of John C. Gross
I am ordered to sell the following de-
scribed real estate, situated in Vigo
County, Indiana, to-wit:

The undivided one half (1/2) of (10)
acres heretofore set off to the widow of
William Ferguson, deceased, described
as follows: Part of the west side of the
northwest quarter (1/4) of section two
(2) township ten (10) north range ten
(10) west; also the undivided one half
(1/2) of ten (10) acres heretofore set off
to the widow of William Ferguson, de-
ceased, described as follows: A part of
the southeast quarter (1/4) of the north-
west quarter (1/4) of section twelve (12)
townships ten (10) north range ten (10)
west, and on

SATURDAY, the 20th day of July,
1878,

within the legal hours of said day, at the
court house door in Terre Haute, I will
offer the rents and profits of the above
described real estate, together with all
privileges and appurtenances to the same
belonging, for a term, not exceeding
seven years, to the highest bidder for
cash, and upon failure to realize a sum
sufficient to satisfy said order
of sale and costs, I will
then and there offer the fee-simple,
in and to said real estate, to the highest
bidder for cash to satisfy the same. This
25th day of June, 1878.

GEO. W. CARICO,
Sheriff.

P's. fee \$8.00

NO. 10,336. STATE OF INDIANA,
COUNTY OF VIGO, IN THE VI-
GO CIRCUIT COURT. ABSA-
LOM NEVINS, vs. JOHN VANCE
SARAH B. A. BYERS, MARY E.