

A Night in a Maine Forest.

TELL the story to my friend told it to me. We were in the produce business, in the early part of the civil war. I was a young man then, and a wagon engaged Tom Hunter, a lively stable keeper, to go with me. He was a careful, reliable man, and good company, too.

It was bright and early one morning in June when we set out on our long drive, a drive that was destined to be not without adventure. Neither of us knew the way. I bought a state-survey map, and picked out the roads from that. They were in a wretched condition. Stumps and deep ruts, recent heavy rains rendered them almost impassable. Two of my horses were under harness for the first time, and they acted very badly. It took all our patience and skill to get them into a kind of shape.

It was only after the beasts got tired out that they settled down to slow, steady pulling.

The first twenty miles were through open country, after which we now and then came to a small grove of trees, in which, somewhere, we were told, stood an inn. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we drove up to a shanty at the edge of the forest. A typical backwoodsman sat on the fence, smoking a pipe.

"Can I put up here for the night?" I asked.

The man surveyed me, horses and all, a full minute without moving. Then he ejaculated with an upward drawl: "Now."

"How far is it to the next house?" I asked.

"A matter of eight miles," was the answer.

"Can't I stop here? I'm pretty tired."

"You can stop, but I can't accommodate you."

"Then that's the end of it," I said, driving on. I reflected, however, that horses had got settled down to work, we ought to make eight miles in two hours. Anyhow we could get there before dark.

When we entered the forest, the road became infinitely worse than it had been and that fact saying a good deal. It grew dark surprisingly fast, owing partly to the denseness of the forest, but more to ominous clouds gathering in the southwest, from which mutterings of thunder were heard. We walked the horses every step of the way. It became so dark that I could not see even the hind ones. It was only when the lightning flashed that we could move a few steps forward. At last the storm burst upon us. Getting out, Tom tied the leaders to trees, and he and I squatted under the wagon for shelter.

"Tom," said I, "this beats all." "It does indeed, sir," said Tom.

The horses stood fairly well during the half-hour or so that the storm shook that forest. I am not afraid of thunder and lightning, when I am properly situated, but I don't like such a time to be among trees. However, the fury of the elements at last gave way to gentle rain, and by 10 o'clock, just as we drove up to the inn, a bright moon was sailing among the clouds.

"Hello!" I shouted. A man appeared at the door.

"We want to spend the night here, two men and four horses," I said.

"I don't see how I can accommodate you," he said.

"You must!" I cried. "Here, Tom, take the horses to the barn, and find some fodder. You've got a barn, haven't you?" turning to mine host.

"Well, yes, just a cover for my sheep, and I kinder hate to turn them out, for there's wolves about. But I'll risk it, and your horses can go inside."

It was true. The rude shelter housed about a dozen sheep. These were put into the pen, and the horses were glad enough to get a dry place to stand upon, and some hay. They were fretted nearly to death.

Then Tom and I went inside the house. It contained one room for sleeping, eating and visiting, with a ladder in one corner leading to a loft. A bed was on one side, and a fire in an open fireplace upon another. Besides the host, there were an old woman and a young girl, as pretty a girl as one often sees, clean and buxom, and a real flirt, too. I coaxed her a little that way myself, but Tom was much more successful, and it kept me in constant amazement to see the eyes they made at each other. The old woman cooked cornmeal mush in a kettle over the fire. That, with a pitcher of good milk, made our supper, and let me tell you, it was a good way from starving on mush and milk.

Having eaten, we were given the only candle the house contained, with directions to hand it down when we were ready for bed. Then we were ready for bed. We were taken to the foot of the ladder and bidden to ascend and "bunk into one of them beds."

The loft, or attic, was simply the space under the pointed roof, the only place where I could stand erect being the ridge-pole.

Besides the beds, there were two chairs, one going with each bed. There were no windows, and had it not been for the storm which had just wet and cooled the roof, it would have been insufferably hot. I did not quite like the looks of things. By pulling away the ladder we could easily be made prisoners. Tom said he guessed it was all right, and proceeded to make himself ready for bed in short order. I had partly undressed when I felt a sharp prick on my leg. By the light of the candle, I saw an enormous ant, certainly two inches long, with its jaws fastened to me. I killed it, but the bite was painful and troublesome for days. After that, spiders and insects of all sorts seemed to be running riot over the room, or hanging from the rafters.

I must have fallen asleep, when I heard the noise of new arrivals. I was therefore not much surprised to see two men come up the ladder bearing the same candle which had been headed off by me, and which I killed. They appropriated the other bed. Tom's loud breathing proclaimed that he was already asleep. With one eye and ear half-open I discovered that one of the new-comers was a colonel,

or at least that his companion called him so. The other was a private in the army. They handed down the candle to the old man I had done, and for the rest of the night quiet reigned.

It must have been midnight, when I was thoroughly awakened by terrific noises below—loud talking, swearing and the scuffling of feet, as if a crowd of rough men had taken possession of the inn. I lay in bed, and by the dim light coming up through the hole in the floor saw the colonel partly dressed and with a revolver in hand, peering into the room below.

"What's up?" I said in a low tone.

"There's a lot of scoundrels in this opinion, on their way to Canada to escape drafting into the army," answered the colonel. "Leave them to me," he added. "Come here and look."

I did look. It was a regular pandemonium. The boys, about a dozen of them, were making things generally lively. They were half-tipsy, and were quarreling with each other. The old man had pushed his wife and daughter into a corner and stood in front of them, keeping the miscreants off by a well-directed blow here and there. The fellow who had taken possession of the room, however, could see the old man had pushed his wife and daughter into a corner and stood in front of them, keeping the miscreants off by a well-directed blow here and there.

"Here you!" he called out. "There's fellows here as wants them beds, and mighty quick. You can just turn out, and give 'em to your betters, or—"

The threat was not finished, for the colonel sprang forward, caught the man by the collar, raised his revolver against his forehead, and shouted in tones that even woke Tom: "You insolent pup! You hound! (with plenty of oaths interjected) I'll teach you who's going to sleep in these beds, and it isn't you, nor any of your friends. One word more of your impudence, and you are a dead man."

"You didn't know you had a war on hand to deal with. But you have, and one that's going to command the whole crew of you."

So saying, the colonel flung the man to the floor, where he fell in a heap. He and I then pulled up the ladder. The crowd had become very quiet. The colonel used his advantage.

"Now, you fellows, drop, wherever you are, right on the floor. Not one of you dares to touch the bed, which belongs to the ladies. Those of you that make any trouble will hear from me, for I shall sit here and watch you all night with this six-barreled revolver, each ball of which is good for two. Down now."

I never saw such a sudden and complete downing. They dropped, every one of them, and the floor was covered.

"Now let the ladies lie down on the bed, and you, addressing the old man, 'put on some more fire-wood, so that I can see the room and everybody in it.'"

The colonel was obeyed in every respect. The women lay down upon the bed, the man replenished the fire, and seated himself in an arm-chair, where he could doze and be comfortable.

"Did you kill him?" I asked the colonel, meaning the man whom he had thrown down the ladder.

"Watch a few minutes and see," was the reply. "I don't know before I saw signs of life, careful movement, such as raising the hand to the head; but the man did not speak nor attempt to rise."

"Are you really going to sit here and guard all night?" I asked the colonel.

"Not if I know myself," he replied, laughing silently. "In a few minutes they will be asleep. Why they're half-drunk, you know, and they're drowsy as well as cowardly. One man with a weapon could manage twenty such."

After that the shanty was quiet. Not a sound was heard except the snoring of the men. I was not a sound asleep, but I was nearly so.

"Do you think our horses are in danger of being stolen?" I asked the colonel once more, before settling myself to another nap.

"Well, these fellows would rather ride than walk, of course," was the answer. "I think you and I will do well to get an early start. But once asleep, most of the boys won't wake up before 9 o'clock."

After that I had four hours of capital sleep. It seemed as if it were worth a whole regiment of soldiers, and I felt as easy in my mind as if I had been at home.

It was daylight when the colonel awoke me, saying, "I'm going out for some fresh air, so many in such a hole makes bad breathing. Besides, we may as well look after the horses."

I arose and quickly dressed, roused Tom, followed the colonel down the ladder which he had put in place, and together we picked our way among the sleepers, through the unlocked door, until we were outside. Never did the open air seem so fresh and clean. The colonel and I drew in long breaths. The barn was in good shape, and the horses had not been disturbed. The old man was there, keeping guard for us. The idea had also entered his head that his latest arrival guests might steal our horses, and he sat quietly and eyed us with his gun beside him, to keep intruders away. I thanked him heartily, and added an extra coin to the payment for our night's lodging. After that we had no more adventures. I got the horses through all right, and shipped them.

Next summer I went again to Bangor, to purchase a pair of horses for our firm in New York. While there I looked up Tom Hunter, my companion of the year before. He was married, and keeping house very comfortably. His wife was the pretty daughter of the old man and woman who kept the inn. She made Tom an excellent wife, and a lodging house this morning with a small profit. He was taken to the post house, and the authorities are making preparations for a rigorous quarantine.

SMALLPOX ON THE COLUMBIA.

The Daily, Feb. 23.—S. Monahan, a stockman who arrived here from the East a day or two ago was found in a lodging house this morning sick with smallpox. He will be taken to the post house, and the authorities are making preparations for a rigorous quarantine.

ELECTRIC PULSOMETER.

A pulsometer has been invented with which, it is claimed, it is possible to tell a fraction of a second the position of the heart beat. An electric pen traces on prepared paper the on-goings, haltings and precise peregrinations of the blood, showing with the fidelity of science the strength or weakness of the telltale pulse. This should, it is considered, be of special advantage to life-insurance doctors, as well as to the profession at large.

IMMENSE AMOUNT SPENT IN NEW YORK.

By Wives of American Millionaires.

Pin Money Spent in Sums to Make a Poor Man Stand Aghast especially in the "Hard Time" Season.

Some fabulous sums, under the fictitious title of pin money, are spent yearly by the wealthy women of the metropolis.

Pin money to most persons means some insignificant sum anywhere from a few dollars up to five hundred a year. The average young girl or matron would consider herself richly blessed were she certain of \$300 pin money per annum, and would willingly consent to furnish all her wants with it, wardrobe included. To the immensely rich woman \$300 a year would seem quite a fabulous amount for clothes and the trifles of every-day life.

But pin money to the tune of sixty thousand a year—five thousand a month, or twenty hundred a week—barely supplies the needs of some of the fashionable women of New York. There are two score women in the metropolis who have that much, and a great deal more, to spend upon purely feminine wants. They are so well off that oftentimes they have something unpaid at the end of the year.

Others get rid of their money more satisfactorily. These are the women who have inherited a charitable fund, spending liberally upon the poor of the tenements, and cheering the sick in the hospitals with dainties which only a well-filled purse can procure.

Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, wife of one of the sugar trust kings, possibly spends more money than any other woman in New York, although her husband is not as wealthy as a large number of other men. In addition to having a house of her own, which she occupies with her family, she has the prettiest house in town, Mrs. Havemeyer maintains it on a most elaborate scale.

Aside from these expenses, says an intimate friend of the lady, she disposes of her time in many ways. She is a devotee of the theater, and spends five thousand dollars a year on purely personal matters. The fashionable modistes, furriers and milliners, and all classes of tradespeople who have dealings with the swaggar set, would be glad to have her as a customer. She is a devotee of the theater, and spends five thousand dollars a year on purely personal matters.

She has the reputation of having never been known to ask the price of any article in a store. If she fancies it she says "Send it home." Those are golden words to the shop-keeper. It is not only small things that she buys in the way. She purchased a \$1,500 fur opera cloak without knowing or asking the price and footed the bill with the reply, "Send it home." Those are golden words to the shop-keeper. It is not only small things that she buys in the way. She purchased a \$1,500 fur opera cloak without knowing or asking the price and footed the bill with the reply, "Send it home." Those are golden words to the shop-keeper.

Her custom is too valuable to jeopardize by overcharging.

Mrs. Havemeyer is fond of flowers. She buys lavishly, and has spent as much as \$600 for a great basket of orchids. She also shows great ingenuity in devising schemes for spending money so that her friends will benefit therefrom.

Last Christmas she had a Santa Claus party at which there were seventy-five guests. There was dancing, and a Christmas tree hung with seventy-five gifts, every one being a trinket of gold. Some of these were set jewels, and some little old-fashioned things. The total cost was \$2,500.

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ordinary woman parts with a \$2 bill. Mrs. George Gould has an allowance of fifty thousand a year for her personal expenses, and she spends every cent of it. Mrs. Gould is interested in many charitable projects, particularly those for the benefit of children.

She is unusually fond of fine gowns and opera cloaks. Of the latter she has some, extending nearly fifty in number, costing as high as \$6,000. Mrs. Gould is also fond of jewelry, but she does not buy as generously as Mrs. Astor.

Mrs. Pagan Stevens' weakness lies in the direction of gay-colored gowns, and she spends about twenty thousand a year on her wardrobe and trifles. Other heavy spenders of pin money are Mrs. Edridge T. Gerry, Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Mrs. Adolphus Loeb, Mrs. H. L. Grand Canyon, Mrs. Anna Gould, and Mrs. Orme Wilson.

FOR FARMERS WITH BOYS.

Whether or not a boy can be content to remain with his father on the farm, depends greatly upon the character of the boy. Many boys are fond of excitement, and are more attracted to the city life than they are to the life of the farm. They are more attracted to the city life than they are to the life of the farm. They are more attracted to the city life than they are to the life of the farm.

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