THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

Having decided to finish the year in Italy, I looked around me for a dwelling, to be had upon reasonable terms. I found what I wanthd in the outskirts of the ancient city of Lucca, one of the lovliest spots on the peninsula. The house was quite new, and in every way desirable, while the rent asked for it was absurdly low. I questioned the agent in regard to this circumstance. Having my money safe, he could afford to be truthful.

"There is nothing against the house itself, but the grounds have the reputation of being haunted. Strange sounds are suid to be heard near the ledge of are said to be heard near the ledge of rock in the park yonder. We Italians are superstitions, signor," he added, with a bow, "but I presume to an American a ghost is no objection." "So little," I replied laughing; "that I am obliged to you for the opportunity of meting the superintence of the opportunity

of making the acquaintance of this one." Such superstitions are common in Italy, and the agent's story made very little impression upon me.

During a tour of inspection around the premises, I came upon the rock in question. It consisted of two walls of granite, perhaps twenty feet in height, meetite, permaps twenty itee in degue, never ing at an oblique angle, covered over their greater extent with wild vines. It struck me as an exceedingly beautiful ing at an oblique angle, covered over nook, and appropriate for my hours of outdoor lounging.

On the following morning, provided with a book and a cigar, I went thither and disposed myself comfortably in the shade of an olive. I had become ab-sorbed in the volume, when I was startwas evidently that of a woman, wonder fully soft and sweet, singing one of the ballads of the country. I could distin-guish the words as perfectly as if spoken at arm's length from me.

I started up in amazement. I had no visitors, and my only servant was an old man. Nevertheless, I made a thorough exploration of the neighborhood, and satisfied myself that there was no one in the grounds. The only public road was half a mile distant. The nearest dwelling was directly opposite, across a level plain-in sight, but far out of earshot. In a word, I could make nothing out of

I observed that when I left my original position under the olive, the voice became instantly silent. It was only with, in the circumference of a circle of about two yards in diameter that it was audible at all.

It appeared to proceed from the angle between the two walls of rock. The minutest examination failed to reveal anything but the bare rock. Yet it was out of this bare rock that the voice issued.

I returned to my former station in downright bewilderment. The agent's story occurred to me, but even now I attached no weight to it, I am a practi-cal man, and was firmiy convinced that there must be some rational explanation of the mystery, if I could but discover it. The voice was certainly that of a young girl. But where was she? Was the old fable of the wood nymph a truth after all? Had I discovered a dryad embosomed in in the rock? I smiled scornfully even as these fancies ran through my head.

For more than half an heur the sing-you wish me to stay." "How can I help though I waited patiently for renewal, I heard no more of it that day. When I never shall see you. What am I to I returned to the house I mide no men- von?" tion of the matter, resolving to keep it to myself until I had solved the mystery. The next morning at an early hour I returned to the spot. After a tedious interval the singing began again. It went softly and dreamily through one verse of song then ceased. Presently I heard a deep sigh and then in a slow tone, the voice said: "Oh, how lonesome it! is Am I to pass my whole life in this drary place?" There was no answer. Evidently the person was only soliloquizng. Could she hear me if I spoke, as I heard her? supposing her to be a living being at all. I determined to hazird the experiment. "Who is that speaking?" I sked. For some minutes there was no reply, then in a low, frightened wlisper, the voice said: "What was it? I heard a voce!" "Yes, I answered, "you hard mine.

said the voice, "I was so terrified. Am I doing wrong to come?" "Are you still afraid of me?"

"Not exactly, but it is so strange." "Will you tell me your name?"

"I don't know-Lenore. What

yours?" "George," I answered, imitating her example and giving my first name only.

Shall we not be friends, Lenore?" "Oh, yes," answered the voice with a silvery peal of laughter. Evidently its owner was getting over her fears. "Don't be offended, George. It is so strange-two people who cannot see each

other and perhaps never will, making friends." "I will solve the mystery yet, Lenore I answered, "and find out what you are.

Would you be glad to see me in my proper person?" "Yes," she replied, "I should like to the 10:k.

e you "And I would give a great deal to see

you, Lonore. You must be very beautiful if your face is like your voice.

"Oh, hush!" was the agitated answer. 'It is not right to speak thus.'

"Why not? Do you know, Lenore, that if this goes on, I shall end by falling in love with you, though I never see

I am going now."

"But you will come again to-morrow,

Lenore? "If you promise to be more discreet, George, yes.

As may be imagined, I did not fail to keep my engagement with my invisible led by the sound of a voice near me. It friend. For many consecutive days these strange meetings continued. As absurd as it may seem, the voice was beginning to make a powerful impression upon me. I felt in its soft tones the manifestation of a sweet, refined woman's soul.

True, I had made no progress towards unraveling the mystery. Nevertheless, was confident that through some inexplicable dispensation of Providence I had been permitted to hold communion with a real, living, lovely woman, from an unknown distance. She had not yet told me more than her first name, and I did not press her for more as yet. Her only answer to my question as to where she was, was, "In the garden." She did not seem capable of grasping the fact that I was not invisibly near her. She seemed content with matters as they stood, and for the present I could do no more

I made no one my confidant as to my daily occupation; first, because I knew that I should be regarded as a madman upon my mere statement of the facts and next, because I shrank from baving an auditor at my mysterious conference. Will it be believed? I was in love with the invisible girl-in love with a voice. Absurd, of course, but I am not the first man who has fallen in love with a woman's voice. Besides, I was confident that it was only a matter of time before I should see the girl in person. One day, toward the end of summer.

we had been talking, as usual, and I had said, "My stay in Italy is nearly over, Lenore "Ah," was the quick reply, "you will

leave me, George." "No, Lenore," I answered, "not if

"How can I help it, George, whether

"You could not be more," she replied

naively, "you are no less." "Now that we meet as solid, material beings," I continued, "are you willing to ratify the contract we made when we were only voice, Lenore? Your father gives us permission." It may be supposed that I received a

satisfactory answer, when the good-na-tured count found it discreet to turn away his eyes during my reception of it.

As to the strange circumstance which was the means of uniting us, a series of tests revealed a remarkable accoustic property in the rock, by which persons standing in certain positions with refer-ence to it, were able to hear each other with ease, more than a quarter of a mile apart. It is a matter of fact solution of the mystery, but Lenore and I are none the less grateful for the good offices of

A Woman's Business Success.

An immense business success has been reached by the proprietress of the largest and most respected German daily paper in New York. This lady was left a widow with six small children, and a little newspaper which she desired to sell. Only \$500 was the largest sum offered for it. Hoping to find a more generous purchaser later on, she persuaded its editor to remain at its head for a short time, but no one wanted the little journal. Its editor was a clever writer and a judicious selecter of news, and month by month the popularity of the little sheet grew and grew, and at last, after a year or two, she relinquished the plan of parting with it at all. She married the editor, but she always kept the business of the publication under her own care, learning by each experience how to purchase paper with more intelligence, employ work people, manage money, and yet find 'time to watch over and direct the education of her boys and girls. After a time she became rich, fell into the habit of driving down to her handsome and retired office daily at 10 o'clock, to return again at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to an elegant home, from which her accomplished daughters were happily married, and from which her honored sons went forth to homes of their own. She has erected with her earnings one of the handsomest buildings in New York. She recently gave \$50,000 to an old ladies' home(German) and during all these years of prosperous toil she has never been persecut-ed or oppressed by men. Indeed, they have not even desired to rise in her path or stand in her way, and she has never ceased to be a lady of high breeding and sweet, womanly sympathies. Der Staats-Zeitung is the leading German newspaper, and Der Zeitung building is a most beautiful monument of woman's capacity to do the very best bread-winning work in the world, provided she gives her mind, heart and enthusiasm to its accomplishment. This tender mother who must needs provide for her young, wrought with such materials as she had within reach, and she never cried out to the world to ask if she might .- N. Y. Letter to Boston Trayeller.

A Daucing Lesson.

Au old dancing master in New York thinks that the modern mode of dancing as seen at public balls and Long Branch hops is most inelegant, ill-bred, immodest and unnecessary. A lady w well and gracefully maintains her independence of motion and a perfect balance. The moment she becomes a clingidg vine and allows her head to rest on a man's shoulder and his arm to embrace instead of support her, she shows not only a shocking lack of refinement but everywhere. of good dancing, and impedes her partner's movements as well as her own. This most judicious of men and sensible of teachers lays down the following as the proper position in a round dance: "The gentleman should take the lady's right hand in his left, and she place her left hand upon his shoulder, the fingers appearing in front. The gentleman should rest his right hand cently upon the lady's back near the waist, and both should stand on parallel lines looking over the other's right shoulder, the lady turning her head slightly to the left. Both should bend the upper part of the person slightly, so that the shoulders should not be more than four inches apart and the hands that are clasped should remain only a few inches from the person, not allowing for wild stick-out of arms recently adopted. In the grouping there is no more contact of person than a lady taking a gentleman's arm for walking. But to put the whole matter in a nutshell, the vulgar and vicious waltz vulgarly and viciously, the innocent and refined in a refined and innocent manner."

Colonel John F. Hoy, a temperance lecturer of considerable repute, was asked by a reporter in Louisville, Ky.: "In what portion of the United States does drunkenness prevail to the greatest extent ?"

Brunkenness in Clucinnati.

Carlor & Carlos

"The least amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed in the New England States. As you come West and South the habit increases. The worst city in the world is Cincinnati. There is more whisky and beer drank there, and more of the evil, misery and crime resultant from the use of liquors, than in any place in which I have over been, either in this country or Europe. That remark of a Boston paper was crucially correct. was to the effect that though somebody had styled Cincinnati the 'Paris of America,' it was the 'Hell of the World.

If Harrison, the boy preacher, converts that town he'll perform a gigantic work." "To what class of society does the appetite for drink cause the greatest havoc ?" "Among the laboring and poor classes.

places of resort, the only places where they can meet associates. The wealthy can purchase other pleasures, and are generally organized into circles for mutual amusement and recreation. Of course drinking exists among them as well as among the lowly, but its consequences are not nearly so fatal.'

matism, Neuralgis and Gout. Hundreds of testimonials given to Dr. Henley, un-solicited, are in his possession from his own towns-men, living right here smong us, testifying to the wonderful curative powers of his Rheumatic Neu-tralizer. Dr. Henley refers only to the testimonials given by well known parties in our midst, and never relies on far off and unknown individuals, as sup-porting, what he claims to be true of his Rheumatic Neutralizer, that is, it will cure any case of Rheuma-tiam in existence. The doctor long since discovered the folly of applying external remedies for a discase that has its neat in the deepest channels of the blood, and therefore set to work to discover a rem-edy for Rheumatism, and mankind may rejoice in his Rheumatic Neutralizer. A DEFINITION ON BIEUMATISM.

edy for Rheumatism, and mankind may rejoice in his Rheumatic Neutralizer. A DEFINITION ON INEUMATISM. If you have a thorn or splinter in your finger and you put on Chloroform, or some other drug, you stop the sensibility of pain for a time only. The thorn is still there, and as soon as the effect of the drug dice sway the pain returns. In order to get rid of the pain you must have that thorn plucked out of the fish. That is precisely the same way with Rheumatism; you might rub on the skin some drug to stop the pain for a little time, but the pain is sure to return as soon as the effect of the drug dies away. Now it has been proven beyond the slightest doubt that Rheumatism is in the deepest Channels of the Blood, and that there is no other way to reach it only through the Blool. This has been demon-strated right here in Portland by dozens of people that have been cured by Dr. Healey's Rheumatic Neutralizer. That it is the only Medicine that has Ever Reached the case and made Lasting and Per-mated Cures. In fact, the ouly true principal for Kradicating Rheumatism from the system is through the Blood. It is pack of nonsense to attempt any other method, that is, if you would wish a Perma-nent and Lasting Cure. nent and Lasting Cure, orvice: 203 Third street, near Taylor, Portland

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OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

OREGON TO MASSACH USETTS. Some time ago Meases. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, and ditor of that state, was afficied with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter: COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. } Anditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. II. 1881. Measrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Sirs-I have no hesitation in asying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has iroubled me for six or eight years. I can hearthy recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable rendy. I shall test its virtues for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully your: MAS. H. LADD, The original of this letter can be seen by calling on duesrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any



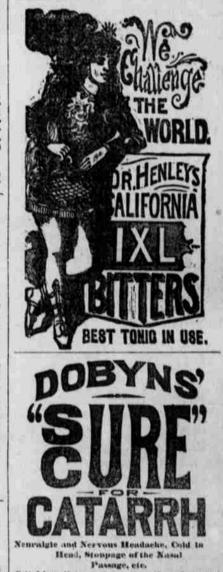


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I snoke to you." "Who are, you?" asked the wice trem-

uonsly; "are you a spirit?" "I am a living man," I returned. "Can you not see me?"

"No," answered the voice "I can only hear you. Oh, where ire you? Pray do not frighten me. Cone out of your concealment and let me se you."

"Indeed, I don't wish to alam you," I replied. "I am not hidde. I am standing directly in front of he spot whence your voice seems to come."

"You are invisible," was the tembling answer. "Your voice comes t me out of the air. Holy Virgin! you must be a spirit. What have I done to deserve veil.' this?

"Have no fear of me, I entreatyon," I said, earnestly. "It is as much o a mystery to me as it is to you. I har you speak but you are otherwise inisible."

"Are you a real living being' asked the voice, doubtfully. "Then wy do I not see ycu? Come to me. I vill sit here. I will not fly." "Tell me where I am to come?'I said.

"Here in my garden in the arbr."

"There is no arbor here," I murned only a solid rock, "out of which you seem to be speaking."

• "Saints protect me," answerd the voice, "It is too awful. I dare bt stay here longer, Spirit or man, farewil."

"But you will come again," I paded. "Let me hear you speak once mor Will you not be here to-morrow th same hour?"

"I dare not-but yet your voice ands as if you would do me no harm. les, I will come?"

Then there was utter silence-thmysterious speaker had gone. I retrued home in a state of stupid wonder, ues-tioning myself if I had lost my sases, and if the whole occurrence wasn't a delusion. I was faithful to my appintment with the voice on the folloing morning, however. I had waited pt a quiringly. few moments, when the soft, treming accents broke the silence, saying:

"I am here."

"And I too," I answered; "I am gate-

ful to you for coming." "Are you disappoint "I have not slept the whole nist," I what you expected?"

you go or stay? I have never seen you;

"All the world, Lenore," I answered. "Ours has been a strange experience. Without knowing each other as people ordinarily do we have been close friends. You are more to me than a friend. I love vou, Lenore.'

There was a quick. suppressed cry; no other reply.

"Be truthful, Lenore. Tell me your heart. If you love me, trust to me to discover your whereabouts and come to you. If you do not, say it, and I will spare you the pain of meeting me, and let us never speak again."

There was a pause; then she tremulously said:

"I have never seen you, but my heart tells me to trust you. I know you are good and noble, and I am willing to leave my fate in your hands. Yes, George, I love you.

Even as she said the words she uttered a cry of alarm. Then, a gruff man's voice spoke:

"Go to your room, Lenore. As to this villain with whom you have been holding these secret meetings, we shall soon find him and punish him, as he deserves. Search for the rascal, Antonio, and bring him to me."

There was a quick trampling of feet and crushing shrubbery, as if the men were breaking through it. Then another

man's voice spoke: "He has disappeared, your excellence."

"Very well, we shall find bim yet. He cannot escape me. This is a fine piece of business, surely-the daughter of Count Villani holding secret meeting with some common vagabond. Lenore shall take the

"Yes," I cried, "the bridal veil, Count. I shall pay my respects in person to-day."

Then, leaving them to get over their astonishment as best they might, I returned to the house in high spirits. The name Count Villani had given me the clue to the whereabouts of Lenore. The dwelling of which I have spoken as situated across the plain, and opposite the rock, was the residence of Count Villani. I had met the old gentleman in the city, and formed a speaking acquaintance with him. As neither of us had mentioned our private affairs, I had no means of connecting his daughter with my invisible girl.

That afternoon I presented myself to the Count, and after amazing him with my story, which a few tests convinced him was true, formally proposed for his daughter's hand. As my wealth and social positions are well known, he offered no objections, and his daughter

was sent for. As she entered the room I saw that my idea of her had been less than true. I had never seen so lovely a woman, nor one who so perfectly embodied my highest conception of grace and beauty. Her dark eyes, still with tears, met mine in-

"Lenore," said I, "I have come as I promised." "George," she cried, with a radiant

smile, "is that you?" "Are you disappointed?" I asked, "am

Curious Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

An eminent English jurist once said: Everything that could tend to throw light upon the facts in the case ought to be admitted as evidence, even to the wagging of a dog's tail." The concluding portion of the sentence, the reader will perhaps think, might have been omitted. It will be discovered, however, that the whole point of the story which follows, hinges upon what would seem the irrele-vant words of the utterance. The incident occurred at the trial of Capt. Moonlight's gang, before the Court of Assizes in England, and runs in this wise:

The prisoners, seven in number, were charged with having attacked and broken into the dwelling house of Catherine Fitzgerald, on Decembr 7, 1881. Captain Moonlight himself turned informer, but his testimony, which his previous bad record tended to impeach, was confirmed as to some of his accomplices named Twohig in the fol-lowing curious way: A dog belonging to the Twohigs had followed them to Mrs. Fitzgerald's house that night, and had been left behind. McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgerald's servant, gave the dog up to the police, and the informer told them to whom it belonged. The dog was put in a bag by the police, taken to a spot near the house of the Twohigs and then released. It immediately ran into the house, and, when it saw Pat Twohig, it put back its ears, wagged its tail and greeted him with all the demonstrations of fidelity and affection of its canine nature. The jury found the prisoners guilty, and they were sentenced to seven years penal servitude.

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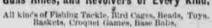
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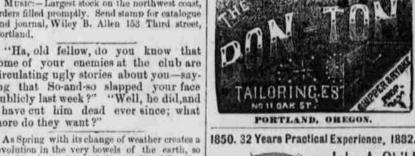
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