

ONLY TEN YEARS.

Only ten years of joys and tears—
It seems not very long—
Only ten years of hopes and fears
That to my memory throng.

THE CLERK'S STORY.

In the fall of 1866 I was employed as a clerk in a general store at a cross roads in southern Indiana. The store, a church and a blacksmith shop, with two residences, made up the buildings, and the families of the merchant and the blacksmith were the only residents.

He showed me a shotgun, a revolver and a spring gun, which were used, or on hand to be used, to defend the place, and the windows were protected with stout blinds and the doors by double locks. The close of the war had drifted a bad population into Indiana.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

OF POTENTATE AND POET

ONE ISSUES A URSAE; THE OTHER CELEBRATES HIS BIRTHDAY.

Interesting Sketches of the Czar of All the Russias and of England's Port-Liaison, Accompanied by the Latest Portrait of Each.

Two prominent men in the Old World have lately become a little more prominent than usual—one by a birthday and the other by a urae. They represent the very extremes of human activity, and the sharp



ALEXANDER III. (Reproduced from his latest photograph.)

contrast between them, taken with the comments of their admirers, has in it something of the unusual. They are Lord Tennyson, who has just passed his eighty-second birthday, and Czar Alexander III, who has just celebrated the anniversary of the world by forbidding the export of rye.

The strange feature of the czar's case is that his chief friends outside of his own dominion are in republican France. His royal reception of the French fleet, the fetes at Cronstadt, Peterhof and St. Petersburg in honor of the French naval forces, and the czar's evident willingness to join in humbling Germany, have quite won the hearts of the French.

There, whispered the man at the combination as he let go of it, "I won't fool here another minute. That kid knows the combination, and we can make him work it. Come on."

They were coming up stairs. The best place for me would be at the head of the stairway. The stairs had a half turn in them, and I would fire upon the first man who came within range.

The one who came first had the candle, and as he got to the head of the stairs I saw a knife in his other hand. They made no delay in approaching my room, and with a great effort I braced myself for what I saw must happen.

It was as I suspected. The three had pitched down together. The top of one's head had been blown off by the shot, a second had a hole in his chest as big as your fist, while the third, who was severely wounded in both legs, it was three months before he could be put on trial, and he then got four years in prison.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

There were two strange faces in the crowd that evening. One belonged to a roughly dressed, evil eyed man, who announced himself as a driver, and the other as a professional tramp.

GERTRUDE MORGAN'S ROMANCE.

Abandoned When a Baby, Unknown Person Now Sees Her Gifts.

Mrs. Gertrude Morgan is a lovely eighteen-year-old, at 125 Twenty-second street, Chicago, about whom is gathered a strange mystery of abandonment, adoption and probably attempted restoration by her father. The mystery began at the opening of the Beigs House, May 8, 1873, when there was a general rejoicing at the rebuilding of the hotel after the great fire.



GERTRUDE MORGAN.

It was a good omen, thought the proprietors. Much to do was made about it and the child was christened May Gertrude Morgan. Ten days later the nurse returned from a walk to find the baby with its hands and feet bound together and the babe asleep with this note pinned to its clothing: "Little baby not wanted, please take care of her."

The young lady is not only bright and handsome, but has a clear, sweet voice and great talent for music. Her wish is to devote her gifts and to do something for Mrs. Morgan, but so far the unknown father (if such he is) has not made himself known. And as reasons for attending to a child under such circumstances, every reader is left to his own conjectures.

CONVICTED OF WIFE MURDER.

A Once Popular Physician Under the Shadow of the Gallows.

Ary of Washington county, Va., has de- creased death by the rope to the accomplished, scholarly and once very popular Dr. John A. P. Baker. Not only Abingdon, but all the adjacent region was intensely interested in the trial, for Dr. Baker was but a few years ago universally popular, noted for his general intelligence and inexhaustible fund of humor and anecdotes.

There are several older towns than this, however, in New England, and the most notable are Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed in 1620, and Boston, where John Winthrop's party settled in 1630. Or Boston I need not speak. Every school-boy knows her history by heart, and if he does not, he should waste no time in learning much more of it than could ever be hinted at in a newspaper article.

A Wild Cat Conquered by Chloroform. Dr. S. A. Collins, a Connecticut physician, probably recognizes the appropriateness of the name, "Devil's Hop Yard," given to a stretch of forest lying in the northeastern part of the state.

Fate of an Ambitious Fisherman. How many men have been brought forward in the last ten years to "do" John L. Sullivan? Probably a hundred, and of that number half perhaps have stood up against the champion. What has become of them all? It is hard to say, but the story of one has just floated into print.

He Won the Bet. Here is a story of Hans Von Bulow. An old acquaintance whom Von Bulow wanted to drop out after a long absence, saying, "How do you do? I bet, though, that you don't remember my name."

Two Metallic Representatives. The following was recently told us by a Galveston high school teacher: At one time there was visiting in that city the famous Tom Ochiltree and Mr. Mackay, the California millionaire, and the teacher gave out one day "Our Visitors" as the subject for a composition.

Young Lady Customer—Why, this box of writing paper is perfumed with a violet odor. How queer! What do you do that for? Clerk—So that your correspondence can be kept invisible, madam. "How nice. I'll take four boxes."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Gubernatorial Headquarters. "Can I stay here to-night?" inquired the traveler at the hotel in Charleston, W. Va. "Sorry to disappoint you, sir," replied the clerk, briskly, "but our house is full and running over. All the governors of the state are stopping here."—Chicago News.

OLD TOWNS OF AMERICA.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., TO CELEBRATE HER QUARTER MILLENNIAL.

Other Cities of About Equal Age Scattered Throughout the United States. Some Nearly Forgotten, Others Great and Prosperous.



THE MAYFLOWER.

INCE the great celebration of the centennial of Independence American cities have been much given to make festivals of occasions which indicated that this town of glory or the third church college had reached its hundredth or perhaps two hundredth birthday.

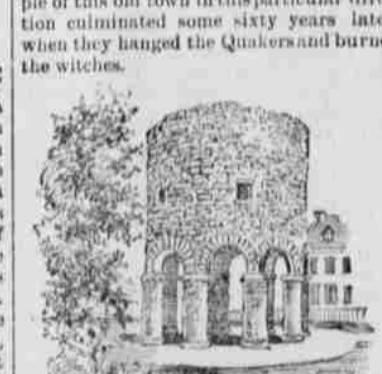
From local history and local biography we can get more intimate acquaintance with a people than in any other way, and so shrewd an observer and authority as Professor Bryce in his great work, "The American Commonwealth," said that this was particularly so in the United States.



THE MAYFLOWER.

Professor Bryce in his great work, "The American Commonwealth," said that this was particularly so in the United States. Therefore, I think it will be wise to continue these anniversary celebrations in all parts of the country.

There are several older towns than this, however, in New England, and the most notable are Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed in 1620, and Boston, where John Winthrop's party settled in 1630.



THE NEWPORT TOWER.

In Connecticut and in Rhode Island there are also old towns which are in a general sense of contemporary origin with those of Massachusetts. New Haven, for instance, was settled in 1637, and for twenty-four years continued to be a distinct colony; then it was united to Connecticut.

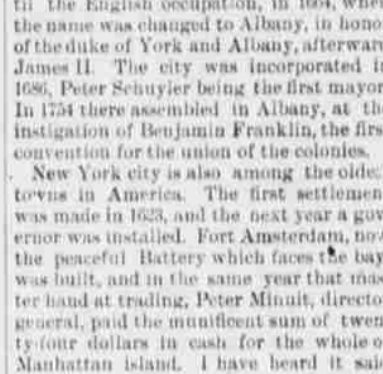
Every schoolboy in America knows that Jamestown, in Virginia, was the first permanent town settled in any of the original thirteen colonies, and he will not need a word for a moment in telling you that the date of this settlement was 1607.

It looks as though the projected Commonwealth of Australia is not to become an accomplished fact. Already New South Wales and New Zealand have declared against federation.

THE SIEGE OF NEW ULM.

A Monument Appropriately Marks the Historic Spot.

Ever since the Sioux outbreak of 1862, in Minnesota, the people of New Ulm and vicinity have had a pleasant custom of assembling on the anniversary of the siege of that place to commemorate the dead and honor the living defenders.



THE MONUMENT.

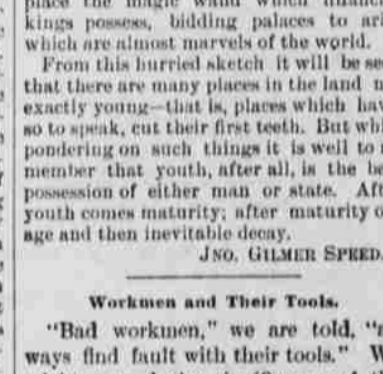
The Sioux knew of the civil war and saw that the young white men left the country. Ambitious leaders, convinced that this was the time to recover their old heritage, and the delayed arrival of annuity goods served to bring the mass of the tribe up to the desired pitch of anger.

There can be but small pleasure in European travel at the present time if the reports regarding the weather in all sections of the Continent are to be believed. Visitors to Switzerland complain of persistent storms, and say that the sight of magnificent rainbows was the only reward of their ship and snowdrifts are of frequent occurrence.



A Famous Old Mansion.

A recent extension of West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, New York city, compelled the destruction of a building about 100 years old. The occupant who had to leave it, greatly to his regret, looks very much older than the building, though he is but of the most advanced middle age and has had a most curious history.



THE OLD TIAMAN DWELLING.

In good condition. The heavy timbers were massive and sound. He bought it of Thomas Buckley, who got it in 1807 of parties who obtained it from the representatives of an Englishman named Laelles, who was living in it in 1732.

While it was untenanted after his death, a band of thieves made it their rendezvous. A mob attacked them and many of them were killed—one tradition says as many as twenty—and their corpses lay in the hall for several days.

A Preparation for the Bath. Those who are troubled with offensive perspiration would do well when taking a bath to use a preparation made as follows: Take of soap powder and powdered borax each one-half ounce; essence of bergamot, six drags; oil of lemon and oil of neroli, of each two drags; oil of rosemary, thirty drops; star of roses, five drops.

The Truth About It. "Don't be in such an awful hurry," said Old Uncle Tobias to his nephews and nieces. "You lose a great deal by being in such an awful hurry. Lightnin' never catches an awful hurry."—London Tid Bits.