MISSING SKELETON.

It Laid the Foundation for a Love Story Before It Turned Up.

The first night in the new house—how in effably dreary it was!

May day had dawned with blue sky and winds full of treacherous balminess, but long before noon it had clouded over, and with the dusk a fine, needle-pricking sort of rain had set in, which, without making much outward show, had yet contrived to drench us girls through and through as we made our way along the streets with the parrot's cage, the music box and the best duplex lamp with the jeweled glass shade, the three household treasures which for the life of us we dared not trust to the tender mercies of the truckman, in spite of his manifold vows and declarations that he had moved the very best families in New York, and some of 'em every May day for ten years.

We eked out our painfully insufficient income, Beulah and I, by letting lodgings, and we did not always have luck in the business.

To speak paradoxically, the new house was an old house, and not in the best of repair. The yard gate was off its hinges; one window blind banged distractingly against the north side whenever the wind took a lurch in that direction, and as Beulah endeavored to warm a can of cold tea above the flickering gas jet we could distinctly hear the rain leaking through on the floor above our heads with a "drop-drop" like the ticking of a clock.

As for me, I had cut my fingers trying to open a box of sardines, and was dolorously endeavoring to stanch the blood with a f- from immaculate pocket-handkerchief when the last load came.

The truckman and his assistant were tired and cross, and a little the worse for beer; the old horse was played out; the rain drove harder and harder, and the wind blew out the shadeless gas in the hall just as the little old assistant dropped the basket that contained the best crockery with a crash. And we were glad enough when at length the last bundle of disorganized stovepipes was flung into the basement hall, and the truckman vanished like an ugly dream into the mist and darkness.

It was not until the next day that we discovered the trunk.

There it stood up against the wall, just exactly as if it belonged there—a snug, square box, neatly covered with canvas, and bearing innumerable hotel labels, foreign and domestic, pasted on it, while the one initial "C" faced us at either end in black paint.

"Gracious me!" said Beulah. "What's this?"

"Perhaps it belongs to one of the lodgers," said I.

"They don't any of 'em begin with 'C,'" reasoned Beulah. "I mean their names don't."

"It's a mistake, then," said I. "Some one will be sending for it directly."

But day after day overlapped one another, and no one sent for the trunk.

"The truckman ought to know," said Beulah.

"We haven't got the truckman's address," said I.

"No, to be sure," sighed Beulah.

"I wonder what is in it, anyway," said I. "Do you know, Beulah? I almost think that one of that bunch of rusty keys we found in the basement pantry would fit it."

"We oughtn't to think of such a thing," said Beulah, severely.

"Why not?" said I. "Suppose the contents are perishable?"

"It would be equal to highway robbery," remonstrated Beulah.

"No, it wouldn't," said I, "and the old thing is so dreadfully in one's way. If we could only get it up into the store-room before the new lodgers come."

"Let's try," said Beulah.

So between us we hoisted the trunk up two flights of stairs and put it away in the angle of a chimney.

"It's awfully heavy," said Beulah, "and there's something rattles inside of it."

"I've heard of dead bodies being cut up and packed in trunks sometimes," said I, in a whisper.

"Letty, don't talk nonsense," said Beulah with a shudder.

We had had the trunk about a week in our possession when I went back to the old house that we had left to get a little bed key which had somehow been overlooked on the top shelf of a corner cupboard.

Mrs. Dawson, the old lady who had moved in, was disconsolate.

"I've lost my boarder," said she, "already."

"Dear me!" said I, "that's a pity."

"As nice a young doctor as ever you set eyes on," said she, "as wanted the front room for an office and the back parlor for bed room."

"That would have been very nice," said I.

"And all because he couldn't find his bones," said Mrs. Dawson.

"Couldn't find his bones?" echoed I.

"Surgical things and anatomies, you know," explained Mrs Dawson. "He as good as intimated as I'd stole 'em. Now, what sort of use could I make of a lot of bones all wired together? Is it likely I'd steal 'em?"

Mrs. Dawson was so solemn and plaintive and the idea was so supremely ridiculous that I went off into a spasmodic fit of giggling.

I could not help it, standing there on a chair, with half my head and shoulders in the closet. I hope she didn't hear me!

However, I found my bed-key and departed, and when I got home I told the story of the young doctor and the bones to Beulah and even grave Beulah laughed.

"But I'm sorry that the poor old lady has lost her boarder," said Beulah, gently.

"So am I!" I cried, overwhelmed by a sudden remorse; "and I wouldn't have laughed if I could have helped it, Beulah. But I couldn't help it!"

Half an hour afterward I heard Beulah calling me. But I did not answer, for the very good reason that at that especial moment I was a martyr to curiosity.

To speak truth, I was on my knees before the mysterious trunk, trying to fit one of the equally mysterious bunch of keys to it, and I had just reached that most aggravating stage when a key had been got in and absolutely declined either to turn the lock or to come out again.

So I kept very quiet and presently my sister got tired of calling and I could hear her go out and close the door behind her.

How I worked at that stupendously obstinate key! how I got a feather and lubricated it with machine oil! how I pushed and pulled and turned and twisted and resolved over and over again never more to meddle with what was no business of mine—until, all of a sudden, without the slightest notice, the key gave a little spasmodic quiver in the lock and the lid flew up.

Over I fell, with a shriek like those of Bluebeard's wife.

At the same moment the door behind me opened and in walked my sister Beulah, old Mrs. Dawson, and a tall, fine-looking young man, with a silky brown mustache and dark eyes, that, in the one glance I got of them, seemed full of suppressed laughter.

"Gracious me, Letty! what's the matter?" cried Beulah. "And how came that trunk open?"

"This is the very trunk," said the tall young man. "Initialed 'C'—for Carson, you know."

"And I hope no one'll never accuse me of stealing human bones no more," said Mrs. Dawson, unfolding a prodigious white pocket-handkerchief, as if prepared to burst into tears on the shortest notice.

"It's—it's full of—bones!" I gasped.

"Certainly," assented the young man. "It would be decidedly awkward to carry my office skeleton through the streets on the top of a load of furniture, so I disarticulated it and packed it into this trunk. But now that it is to be delivered here I can not imagine how it was through the stupidity of anyone else."

Then I [illegible] gasped I knew.

"What would Mrs. Dorchester have said, Beulah," I whispered, "if she had known that there was a skeleton over her head for all this week? Or old Mrs. Dussaudet?"

The young doctor exchanged amused glances with me; he laughed low. But Mrs. Dawson stared steadily into her pocket-handkerchief and Beulah looked as grave as a tombstone. I knew I was behaving very badly, but what could I do?

"I'm sorry I opened the trunk," said I, "but I was so dreadfully, awfully curious to know what was in it."

"Believe me, Miss Barry," said the young doctor, "I shall not prosecute you."

"It was very wrong of Lettie," said solemn Beulah.

"I'm always doing something wrong," said I, disconsolately.

"But it was so very thoughtful of you," said the doctor to Beulah, "to remember that this trunk might possibly belong to me. It sets all the little complications at rest at once."

"And you won't give up Mrs. Dawson's rooms now?" said Beulah—kind Beulah, who was always thinking of other people.

"Most assuredly not," said Dr. Carson.

But after they had gone away I went up to my room and cried.

The idea of being caught—I, a grown-up young woman—opening trunks with a bunch of false keys on the sly!

And I could not be comforted until Dr. Carson laughed me out of my scruples and mortification.

He came often to the house to call afterward. He said he owed so much to Beulah.

And one day, when I was feeling very cross and miserable, Beulah came to me.

"Letty," said she, "guess what Dr. Carson asked me to-day."

"It would require no fortune-teller to guess," said I. "He asked you to marry him, and he has made a wise, wise choice!"

And I hugged and kissed her tenderly.

"What nonsense!" said Beulah,—"and I five years older than he at the very least. No, dear little Letty, he asked me if I thought you would be willing to endure the trials and privations of a young doctor's wife."

"And did you say yes?" I cried, coloring like a rose.

"No," said Beulah. "I left that for you to say yourself."—Saturday Night.

"THEY'VE each got a touch of brimstone in their tempers." "Is that so? Then they ought to make a good match."—N. Y. Press.

A MINIATURE ivory chariot, perfect in every respect, with movable wheels, has been made by Max Kaufman, a Berlin jeweler. It weighs only two grains.

THE engineers on the early roads would not run during rain, on the theory that the track was so slippery the engine would run off.

A lady at Tooleys, La., was very sick with bilious colic when M. C. Tisler, a prominent merchant of the town gave her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. He says she was well in forty minutes after taking the first dose. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

The Queen's New-Year Gifts.

The Queen's New-Year gifts to the poor of Windsor, Holy Trinity and [illegible] distributed in the [illegible] Clewer were [illegible] school, Windsor Castle. The gifts consisted of beef and coal, the joints varying from three pounds to seven pounds in weight, according to the number in each family, and the total weight being upward of a ton and a half. The coal weighed over sixty tons and was delivered at the homes of the recipients in quantities of from one to three hundred-weight. The total value of the Queen's gifts this year amounted to £500, which included £100 presented to the Royal Clothing Club. During the distribution, which took place in the presence of the clergy and laity of the three parishes, the bells of St. John's Church rang out merry peals

Shooting Under Water.

Trials of the submarine torpedo gun, at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) navy yard, resulted in conclusive proof that the projectile so fired will, at short ranges, easily penetrate the torpedo nettings of a ship, and impinge upon her hull with destructive force. The full range of the gun has not yet been demonstrated; but the evidence is beyond question that this method of warfare must speedily revolutionize all old forms, and that the submarine torpedo constitutes the most effective possible means of harbor protection.

They Want Names.

The Russel Art Publishing Co., of 928 Arch street, Philadelphia, desire the names and address of a few people in every town who are interested in the works of art, and to secure them they offer to send free, "Cupid Guides the Boat," a superbly executed water color picture, size 10x13 inches, suitable for framing, and sixteen other pictures about same size, in colors, to anyone sending them at once the names and address of ten persons (admirers of fine pictures) together with six two-cent stamps to cover expense of mailing, etc. The regular price of these pictures is $1, but they can be secured free by any person fowarding the names and stamps promptly.

NOTE—The editor of this paper has already received copies of above pictures and considers them really "Gems of art." 4t

4,000 rolls wall paper, fresh goods and new designs, with borders and ceilings to match, just received, will be sold at hard times prices.

tjel. JOS. T. PETERS & CO.

NOTICE.

To Whom it May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that by order of the common council made and entered on the 3rd day of May, 1894, I was authorized and directed to advertise the matters substantially contained in the docket of city liens of the assessment of property for the construction of an 8-inch terra cotta sewer in Lincoln street as provided by special ordinance No. 285, which passed the common council of Dalles City March 12th, 1894, and was approved by the mayor March 13th, 1894.

That the assessments which have not been paid upon the property as now appears in said lien docket are as follows:

Lots 8 and 9, block 1 Trevitt's Addition, Capt. McNulty	$49 30
Lots 4, 5 and 6, block 1, Trevitt's Addition; Mrs. Mary Booth ...	73 95
Lot 3, block 1, Trevitt's Addition, J. L. Thompson	24 65
Lots 1 and 2 and s½ of 3, block 5 Trevitt's Addn Catholic church	123 25
Lot 8, block 2, Trevitt's Addition Mrs. T. W. Sparks	24 65
Lot 4, block 4, Trevitt's Addition, Mary Bonzey	24 65

That unless within five days from the final publication of this notice, to-wit, Monday, May 28th, 1894, as required by Sec. 74 of the charter of Dalles City, said sums above mentioned are not wholly paid to the city treasurer and a duplicate receipt therefor filed with the recorder of Dalles City, the council will order a warrant for the collection of the same, to be issued by the recorder and directed to the marshal.

Dated at Dalles City, Oregon, this 8th day of May, 1894.

DOUGLAS S. DUFUR,
m8-14t Recorder of Dalles City.