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Paris, Tenn., Jan. 20th, 1894. Dear Sir:—I have used Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil for Barbs and Saddle Galls, Scratches and Barb Wire Cuts with perfect satisfaction, and I heartily recommend it to all Livestock and Stockmen.

C. B. IRVINE, Livestock and Feed Dealer, BABY BURNED.

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Paris, Tenn., January 25, 1894. C. T. LEWIS.

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J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. E. F. YARBOROUGH, Associate Ed. ONE YEAR, \$1.50 SIX MONTHS, 75 FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1896

THE RIVER.

I am a river flowing from God's sea. Through devious ways, I mapped my course for me; I cannot change it; mine alone the toll To keep the waters free from grime and soil. The winding river ends where it began; And when my life has compassed its brief span I must return to that mysterious source. So let me gather daily on my course The perfume from the blossoms as I pass. Halm from the pines and healing from the grass. And carry down my current as I go Not common stones but precious gems to show. And tears (the holy water from sad eyes) Back to God's sea, which from all rivers rise. Let me convey; not blood from wounded hearts. Nor poison which the upas tree imparts. When over flowery vales I leap with joy, Let me not devastate them, nor destroy. But rather leave them fairer to the sight. Mine be the lot, to comfort, and delight. And if down awful chasms I needs must leap, Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep On bravely to the end without fear. Knowing that He who planned my ways stands near. Love sent me forth, to Love I go again, For Love is all, and over all. Amen. —Ella W. Wilcox, in N. Y. Independent.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

If there are those inclined to doubt the probability of the following story, told to me as the truth by an eminent and trustworthy gentleman of San Francisco, they have yet to learn and comprehend some of the most vital things of life. He said to me: "A few summers ago my family left town to spend some weeks in the country. I gave the servants a vacation and arranged to stay alone at my house. For a change I had a bed placed in the drawing-room, which was in the front of the house on the lower floor. On one side of this room was the vestibule, into which the outer door opened, and on the other an exterior passage which opened upon the street through a gate, and which ran back alongside the house in the rear of the premises. It was paved with boards, some of which had worn slightly loose. The gate was closed with an ordinary lift latch.

"We had lived in the house a number of years, but I had never slept in that room before. The front of the room was taken up by a bay window, which was furnished on the inside with ordinary slat blinds. My bed was placed at the opposite end of the room, against the sliding doors.

"I had arranged to take my meals downtown. On the first evening of my solitary occupancy I returned to the house shortly after dinner and read in my improvised bedroom until ten o'clock. Then I pulled down one of the upper sashes of the window, closed the blinds and went to bed.

"Ordinarily, I would fall quickly asleep on retiring, but the novelty of my position, and perhaps some business anxieties, kept me awake for an hour or two. This worried me and made me nervous. The stillness of the night came on, but still I remained awake. It was while I was lying in this state that I heard the latch of the gate opening into the side passage cautiously raised, then some one stepped cautiously within, leaving the gate open, and then footfalls proceeding stealthily toward the rear of the house, causing a loose board here and there to squeak.

"I listened with the most eager and strained alertness, for my immediate conclusion was that a burglar, perhaps having observed the departure of the family and assuming that the house had been temporarily deserted, had come to plunder the place. I heard him try and then abandon the securely barred door opening from the rear porch upon the passage.

"A lattice extended from the lower rear porch to the upper. Without moving, I heard the intruder slowly but nimbly scale the lattice and step upon the floor of the upper porch. A hall door and a bed chamber window both opened upon this porch, and I was curious to note which the burglar would attack, and began to wonder if they had been locked.

"He chose the window. I heard the sash lock snap under the pressure of his old chisel. After a pause he stepped into the room and proceeded to ransack it. It was my wife's room, and although I knew that she had provided elsewhere for the safe care of her furs and other more valuable clothes, I reflected there must have been left a number of things which a burglar might think worthy of attention. I heard him strip a blanket from the bed, spread it upon the floor and proceed to pile upon it the plunder which he found in the trunks, chiffonieres, closets and the like. Then he stepped to the opening door into the passage and stood listening for a moment.

"These occurrences had a surprising effect upon my nerves. The door between my temporary bedroom and the vestibule was open for ventilation, and I realized that I was almost in physical touch with the man who would not hesitate to kill me should that prove necessary to his safety. I knew that sooner or later he would descend the stairs, at the foot of which was the open door of my room. It would not have been difficult for me to waylay him and make an effort to cripple or kill him in the darkness with one of a dozen of the convenient articles which I remembered were the room, including a heavy poker, some bronze statuettes, chairs, stools and the like. Ordinarily, as you are aware, I am not a timid man, but I tell you now that a headless unaccountable fear assailed me and held me prisoner. It requires a good deal of candor to make that admission, but it is necessary to a complete understanding of this remarkable experience.

"After standing in a listening attitude a moment, the burglar slowly and cautiously descended the stairs, and, as I expected, left my room alone and proceeded to the dining-room. I knew that the solid silverware had been sent away for safekeeping, and so I was not surprised when the burglar, after hand-

ling the plated ware which he found and making it tinkle softly and gently, left it, made an unprofitable search of other rooms and returned to the foot of the stairs. This brought him again to my door. He paused on the threshold, listened in silence a moment and then started upstairs. In that moment I suffered such a reasonless agony of terror as cannot be explained on ordinary grounds. I held my breath until I was nearly suffocated, and when the man turned to leave was cold to the marrow.

"He reentered the stairs, tied up his bundle, passed through the window and closed it, dropped the parcel over the rail, clambered down the lattice and went away as he had come, shutting the gate behind him.

"I felt intensely relieved when he had gone, and a reaction set in that composed my nerves for slumber. Drowsiness was already approaching when I was startled by the soft creaking of the gate latch. It was very unlikely that the same burglar had returned, and would have been extraordinary if another had come. And yet, try as hard as I might to reason out some other possibility, there came the steady foot-steps of a thief on the boards of the outer passage. I studied this step so intently and analytically that I was certain the intruder was not the same as the first. Then I began to wonder what he would do.

"I was not surprised to hear him try the door of the lower porch and find it strongly barred within, nor greatly to hear him climb the lattice as the other had done. I was curious to see whether he would attack the door of the window after he landed on the porch. By a singular coincidence he chose the window. I heard him try it, and imagined that he started on discovering that the latch had been broken. It was evident that upon entering the room he was surprised and confused by the door being closed. But he drew a sheet from the bed and spread it out on the floor and proceeded to ransack the room. Evidently his bewilderment increased, and he must have been discouraged to find so little worth taking.

"He was not long in completing the looting of the room, and then he went to the door and stood a moment in the passage, listening intently. After that he began carefully to descend the stairs. His conduct thenceforward was exactly a repetition of his predecessor's. He passed my door, tinkled the plated silverware in the dining-room, left it alone, returned to the vestibule, stood a moment listening at my open door, cautiously retraced his steps upstairs, passed through the window, closed it, dropped his parcel to the ground, clambered down the lattice and passed out, closing the gate behind him.

"It may be supposed that the coincidence amazed me beyond measure. This, more than anything else, seemed to unnerve me all the more. All this time I realized I had been acting the part of a coward. Merely to have lighted the gas in my room would have cleared the house of the second burglar, but I had not the courage to do that.

"My alarm and nervousness became so great that I arose from bed and was just about to strike a match with which to light the gas in the chandelier when I heard the gate latch click for the third time. My watch remained unstruck, and I listened with a fascinated intensity to this identical with the second, down to the point when the burglar descended the stairs and passed my own door on his way to the dining-room. To light the gas then would have been to place the man in a corner and compel him to fight. I realized not only that it is taking one's life in his own hands, to cut off a burglar's retreat before attacking him (as a knowledge of a chance of escape diverts his attention from the necessity for self-defense and renders him easier to overcome), but that I was now in a condition in which I lacked both the courage and the strength to make the attempt.

"The position which I now occupied in the room was half way between the bed and the window. As I was so much nearer the window than before, I could hear sounds from without with much more distinctness. While I stood there listening to the third burglar tinkle the plated ware I was startled to hear which the clerk again and the footfall of a fourth burglar on the board-paved passage. As he was climbing the lattice a fifth entered the gate, then a sixth, then others, until burglars in an endless procession were entering my premises and rifling my house on one common and unvarying plan.

"It is useless to say that an intelligent man should not have entertained such an idea for a moment. We know that I might have reasoned that perhaps that there had been only one, or at most, two, burglars, after all, and that the fright which they gave me caused me to conjure up the others from a fear-deranged imagination. It might be profitable to indulge in a great many other speculations on this subject, but the truth remains that I could not reason at all.

"In simple desperation, perhaps moved by a sort of fascination, I crept to the window in order to observe with idle curiosity the procession of burglars entering the gate. I turned the sash of a lower blind and looked out. Not a soul visible, and yet burglars were still pouring through the gate!

"The explanation came like a shocking revelation. The wind was playing with some loose blind slats immediately above my head as I stood there, and out of that slight and varying sound my imagination had constructed the phantasmagoria of beginning to end. No burglar at all had invaded my house. I amused and teased myself for some time afterward by compelling my attention to leave the rattling slats at intervals and fill my house with burglars."—San Francisco Call.

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