

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**  
 THE DAILY JOURNAL is a 4-column paper published daily except on Monday, at \$5.00 per month in advance. Delivered to city subscribers at 50 cents per month.  
 NEW BERNE JOURNAL, a 36 column paper published every Thursday at \$2.50 per month.  
**ADVERTISING RATES (DAILY)**—One inch 10 cents; one week, \$2.00; one month, \$5.00; three months, \$12.00; six months, \$20.00; one year, \$35.00.  
 Advertisements under "City Items" will be charged for each insertion.  
 Advertisements will be inserted between 10 and 12 o'clock at any price.  
 Notices of Marriages or Deaths, not to exceed 10 lines, will be inserted free. All additional lines will be charged 10 cents per line.  
 Payments for transient advertisements must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end of each month.  
 Communications containing news or articles of local interest are solicited. No communication must expect to be published that contains offensive personalities; withhold the name of the author; or that will make more than one issue of this paper.  
 Any person feeling aggrieved at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and showing wherein the grievance exists.

**THE JOURNAL.**  
 Editor.  
 NEW BERNE, N. C., DEC. 12 1894.  
 Entered at the Post office at New Berne, N. C., as second-class matter.

**GEN. GRANT** has refused a pension.  
**MESSEURS. CARLISLE** and **MORRISON**, the great revenue reformers of the House, are opposed to tampering with the tariff during the present session.

**CHAT FROM THE CAPITAL.**  
 New York World.  
 WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Some of the Republicans still are unrepentant. They spend their nights and days discussing what might have been. None, however, have been better able to give an illustration indicative of their feelings than Judge Wilshire, a former member of Congress, but now engaged in the practice of law in this city. He says that he finds consolation in the phrase of an old darky preacher he once heard tell of down in Arkansas. The old fellow in one of his sermons had dwelt upon the idea that whatever happened was for the best. No misfortune could happen to one that was not for the best, although it might be very trying to the soul of faith to be always able to make the exact application of the lesson. There was one colored friend in the congregation who rebelled at the theory. He rose up in meeting and recited his objections at some length to the theory that bad luck as well as good was to be equally considered as a blessing. The preacher saw the revolt in the congregation and determined to put it down with a thundering denunciation from the pulpit. Said he, with his most impressive manner: "Remember that water happens to us in this vale of tears to be result of de direct act of an unscrupulous (inscrutable) Providence." The Judge thinks that the election result was very much the work of an unscrupulous Providence.

Senator Edmunds has talked in a gloomy way with friends about the ungrateful remarks that have been passed upon his conduct during the late election. He has vaguely threatened not to be a candidate for re-election to the Senate. This is a very prudent move upon the part of St. Jerome. He has heard of the movement against him in Vermont. If the feeling there should become very strong the Senator will certainly not be a candidate for re-election. He must have given up something of his political ambitions, as he is about to build a very handsome house here. He has paid \$14,500 for the lot—more than his parent small place is worth. He is too shrewd in noting the result following public men building too handsome houses here to start out with a grand place for himself if he had not at last discovered that his personal unpopularity is enough to stand as a bar to any future advancement.

He is as arbitrary with the Senate over which he presides as any pedagogue with a country school. To his credit he has driven out all of the cheap lobbyists who used to lounge about the Senate cloak-rooms and loll upon the sofas at the rear of the Chamber. Some of the Senators think that Edmunds goes too far. No one is permitted now to send in a card to a Senator until a clock in the afternoon, and even when the Senate is adjourned no one is permitted to enter the Senate Chamber until twenty minutes have elapsed. A Senator in commenting upon the exclusiveness of the Senate Chamber said: "I dare say it is all right. It gives an awful look of morality at any rate, and that is something."

Gen. S. W. Crawford, of the Army, is here for the winter. He is the only surviving officer who was in West Sumter at the surrender under Major Anderson. An army officer in discussing Crawford said: "He has been a failure as a military officer. He should have remained in the medical department of the army. He was the direct means of Gen. Warren's being relieved at the battle of Five Forks. Crawford had a division in Warren's corps and he was so incompetent that Warren had to remain almost all the time with him, so that when Gen. Sheridan suddenly came upon the field he did not find Warren where he thought he should be, and as he would accept no explanations Warren was relieved of his command."

Mr. Andrew Devine, one of the best stenographers in the country, and who reported Mr. Blaine's speeches during his Western campaign tour, is putting them together for publication in book form.

**A RAVEN STORY.**  
 A boy who lived in the city of New York a great many years ago, once saw a number of children tormenting a raven, and out of pity he paid them a shilling for the bird, and took it home. The poor thing was very much hurt, but he nursed it to health, keeping it in his bedroom, and feeding it himself. As it grew better it objected to leaving him at any time, and chose to perch upon his shoulder whenever he went anywhere.  
 He taught it to do many curious tricks—play a sort of game of cat-cradle, pick out the notes of a tune with its bill on a piano, spell words with letter-blocks, and to talk better and more to the point than any parrot.  
 It was quite a delight to him to have this knowing bird on his shoulder while he was a boy, but as he became a man, of course he did not wish to be conspicuous, or to be looked on as an odd and eccentric person, and Sphinx—which was the raven's name—was generally left at home.  
 Often, however, she would escape and follow him, and several times appeared at church, where she conducted herself in a very correct and serious manner, and said the responses with the congregation, having perched herself too high to be easily ejected, to wit, on the top of the organ.  
 When Alfred, her owner, was employed by a large business firm down, she frequently appeared there and soon became a great favorite with everybody. On one occasion a drunken porter attacked Alfred violently, but Sphinx, at that moment perched on a chair back in the office, flew at him, and so determinedly pecked at the brute's eyes that he fled in terror. Otherwise Alfred, being alone, young, slender and delicate, and the porter a man of six feet four, and stout in proportion, would have had a very poor chance of escaping injury.  
 In fact, Sphinx became so well known on the road between his master's house and place of business that he often perched unnoted on the roof of a stage which went that way, and got off at the proper street, like any other passenger.  
 One day, exactly how or why I do not know, it became Alfred's duty to take a large sum of money from one point to another, and in doing so to cross what was called the Collect. It was a marshy spot, lying, I believe, where that queer Egyptian building called the Tombs now stands, and greatly feared after nightfall. Alfred carried a pistol, but he was, as we have said, small and slight, and when in the middle of the Collect he was attacked by three men, he was powerless. He was bound and gagged, and as they led him away the men threw a cloak over him. He could not call out for help, and the constable who was passed by the group thought the young man in the cloak intoxicated.  
 Only one living thing knew what had happened. Sphinx, who had followed him, as she often did without his knowledge, flew several times into the men's faces, and only left them at the door into which they pushed him, cursing the black bird, who seemed to them demonic.  
 Once within the house, they dragged him to a room, in which was only one high window, and tied him to a ring in the floor.  
 The poor boy, who was distracted with helpless misery, begged them to tell him why, since they could have taken the money without taking him, they had done so. One of them coolly replied from behind his mask that they did it in order that he should be suspected of the theft.  
 "While they search for you, we can get away to Europe," he said. "Murder is dangerous. We shan't kill you. Some one will feed you every day. Meanwhile, as this has been a private madhouse, you will do nothing by making a noise even if it is heard. A madman shrieked in one of these rooms ten years before he died."  
 Left to himself, the poor boy almost lost his own senses.  
 The grief of his parents would be terrible, and that his employers should think him dishonest was beyond all bearing. The loss of liberty was much in itself, and he

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally she flew to a table, and took from it his hat. It was a trick Alfred had taught her. When he put it on his head, she hopped to the floor, and hopped on, looking back, saying, "follow me," as plainly as a dog does.  
 The old Quaker gentleman obeyed, and the bird led him through the public streets, until she reached a low building that sat far back in what was once a garden, now a wilderness of sunflowers and other strong coarse weeds. Up the path of this deserted place she hopped, passing a cistern full of ill-smelling water and a broken blue pump. Boards were nailed across the porch. It had the air of an empty house, but Sphinx, flying up to the sill of a queer little window, with a broken sash, looked down and screamed in heartrending tones:  
 "Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred. Poor Alfred! Here's Alfred," until the street rang.  
 There was not, the old gentleman used to say, the least doubt in his mind as to the fact that Alfred was in the building. He sat down on the pump-box, and calling a small boy, sent him to the nearest magistrate with a note, written on a torn leaf of his pocket-book.  
 Meanwhile, he would not leave his post. The house seemed deserted, but about noon a man opened the gate and came in with a basket in his hand. He did not see the Quaker gentleman, but going to a spot concealed from the street by the rank foliage, began to unlock the padlock of a cellar door. At this instant the Quaker called to him:  
 "Do you like here, friend?"  
 "No," said the man. "I only come in here to eat my dinner. I'm a poor working-man. The house is empty."  
 "Don't go away then," said the Quaker. "I am a man of peace; but thee must sit down and be quiet for a while, or I may make thee uncomfortable."  
 The man laughed uneasily.  
 "There used to be a crazy man here," he said. "Seems to me you're another."  
 "Poor Alfred! Alfred's here!" shrieked the raven from the window.  
 The man uttered a curse, and dashed toward the street. The Quaker caught him by the arm, and at that moment the help for which he had sent arrived.  
 The house was entered, Alfred found tied to the floor, and liberated, to his unspeakable joy; and through his description of the men, and the confessions of their accomplice, they were secured before they could make away with their booty.  
 Sphinx had saved her master's life, perhaps, as well as his reputation, for they were desperate men who had him in their power.  
 He rewarded her by an ardent affection; and it lasted all his life—for she outlived him. When she died, she was believed to be ninety years old, and her black form, carefully stuffed and protected by a glass case, is still in the possession of a lady of the family. Upon the pedestal of the case is engraved, in letters of gold, her name, *Sphinx*; and it is claimed that her brain is four times as large as that of any ordinary raven. That, however, may be the doing of the taxidermist.  
 —N. Y. Ledger.

implored his persecutors to set him free. They only laughed at him. They left him alone. Shortly after, a man brought him bread and cheese, and some beer, and unbending his right hand, held a pistol to his temple while he swallowed some of the food; rebinding him when he declared that he could eat no more.  
 Left to himself, he had relapsed into maddening misery, when a low caw fell on his ear, and looking up, he saw in the patch of moonlight that fell upon the wall through the window high above his head, the shadow of a bird.  
 He looked up. The bird had entered through a broken pane, and stood on the window-sill. A thrill of hope entered his soul. He called "Sphinx," and the winged creature dropped through the air toward him. It was his raven. She showed every sign of affection and it comforted him to have her nestle against his neck as he sank to sleep.  
 He talked to her as though she had been a human being, and she repeated her cry: "Poor Alfred! Poor Alfred!" piteously, and that other with which she used to greet his coming: "Alfred's here! Here's Alfred!" but with the unlocking of the door she flew away, perched on the window-sill and finally vanished.  
 She went straight to the office where Alfred's disappearance was just discovered, and perched on the deck of the head of the establishment.  
 He was a fine old Quaker with quick observation, and when he looked at her, he saw a cut upon her neck and some ruffling of her feathers. The bird had had an adventure of some sort. She was trembling, and seemed to desire him to do something. Finally