

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.



SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance; If not paid in Advance, \$1.50.

VOL. VIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887.

No. 42.

## DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.  
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
State's Attorney.—Frank C. Norwood.  
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.  
**Orphan's Court.**  
Judges.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Robert Stokes.  
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.  
County Commissioners.—J. Hiram Taylor, Elias Gaver, Wm. H. Lakin, James U. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.  
Sheriff.—Luther C. Dorr.  
Tax Collector.—J. Wm. Bangham.  
Surveyor.—William H. Hillyary.  
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutton, Herman L. Rutzahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.  
Examining.—F. R. Neighbors.

**Emmitsburg District.**  
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, I. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.  
Registrar.—E. S. Tancy.  
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosensteel.  
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, C. T. Zacharias.  
Burgess.—William G. Blair.  
Town Commissioners.—Daniel Sheets, Jas. O. Hopp, E. H. Howe, Joseph Smauer, Michael Hoke, George T. Gelwicks.  
Town Constable and Collector.—William H. Ashbaugh.

**CHURCHES.**  
**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 8 o'clock, a. m., infants Sunday School 14 p. m.

**Church of the Incarnation (Ref. d.).**  
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

**St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic).**  
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. Osborn Belt. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

**MAILS.**  
**Arrive.**  
Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:10, p. m., Hagerstown, 5:05, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:10, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.

**Depart.**  
Baltimore, Way 8:35, a. m., Mechanics-town, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:35, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:35, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 3:30, p. m., Frederick, 3:30, p. m., Motter's, 3:30, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:30, a. m.  
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

**SOCIETIES.**  
**Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: E. C. Wenschhof, Sach.; Wm. Morrison, Sen. S.; Wm. Deewes, Jun. S.; John F. Adlesberger, C. of R.; Charles S. Zeck, K. of W.; Daniel R. Gelwicks, Prophet; Wm. Morrison, and Joseph H. Bowers, Representative to Great Council of Maryland.

**Emerald Beneficial Association.**  
J. T. Bussey, President; F. A. Adlesberger, Vice President; T. E. Bussey, Secretary. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. R. Grindler's building, West main street.  
**Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.**  
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Joseph W. Davidson; Surgeon, E. C. Wenschhof; Officer of the Day, Geo. T. Eyster; Officer of the Guard, Wm. A. Friley; Quartermaster, Jno. H. Mentzer; George L. Gillelan, Adjutant and Representative to the State Encampment.  
**Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Secretary, Albert S. Rowe; Vice-President, L. D. Cook; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., G. W. Bushman.  
**Emmit Building Association.**  
Pres't, C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't., D. Lawrence; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Beam, Jos. Snouffer, J. A. Rowe, S. R. Grindler, N. Baker, John F. Hopp.  
**Union Building Association.**  
President, W. S. Guthrie; Vice-President, Jas. A. Rowe; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Directors, F. A. Maxwell, D. Lawrence, Jno. G. Hess, Michael Hoke, Jno. T. Long, Geo. W. Rowe.  
**Farmers and Mechanics Building and Loan Association.**—President, George T. Gelwicks; Vice-President, T. G. Seltzer; Secretary, James O. Hopp; Treasurer, Joseph A. Baker; Directors, James M. Kerrigan, James V. Rider, Joseph V. Tyson, Dan'l R. Gelwicks, F. A. Adlesberger, James F. Hickey.  
**Emmitsburg Water Company.**  
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. J. A. Elder; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, J. A. Elder, O. A. Horner, John Donghue, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, I. S. Annan.

## J. K. WRIGLEY, M. D.,

**HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, EMMITSBURG, MD.**  
Having been engaged in the practice of medicine for the past ten years, and lately located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon, to the people of that place and vicinity. Office next door to the residence of Mr. Waddles. Jan 22-3

**Dr. J. H. HICKEY,**  
**DENTIST, EMMITSBURG, MD.**  
Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public.—Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office Geo. W. Rowe's building, West Main St. Jan 5-11

**C. V. S. LEVY,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD.**  
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**Edward S. Eichelberger,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD.**  
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 9-11

**Dr. GEO. S. FOUKE,**  
**DENTIST, WESTMINSTER, MD.**  
Next door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug 16-17

**H. CLAY ANDERS, D.D.S., FRANK K. WHITE, D.D.S.,**  
**ANDERS & WHITE,**  
**SURGEON DENTISTS, MECHANICSTOWN, MD.**  
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## PATIENCE.

Behold how patiently the year  
Awaits the coming of the spring!  
Through frosty winter, chill and drear  
We feel the days are drawing near  
To set the trees a-blossoming.  
And in the bitter pinch of cold,  
We know that June, with rosy glee,  
Again his hand will hold  
And scatter wide the green and gold  
Of nature's lavish charity.

Why should we then at heart repine,  
Though tempests overflow the sky?  
Since summer suns again will shine  
And bring the scarlet columbine—  
The palace of the butterfly?

Life has its winters cold as those  
That drop their mantles on the plain,  
But through the falling of the snows  
We live in memory of the rose  
And trust that it will bloom again.  
With time's long patience let us bear,  
The chill of grief, life's sore distress,  
Since hope outlives the darkest care,  
And in the springtide we shall wear  
Again the flower of happiness.

**AUNT BARBARA'S MISSION TO THE EAST, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.**  
"Ellwood, by the way," said my friend and old schoolfellow, Jack Lawson, as we were seated together one evening in my chambers, "did I ever tell you of my Aunt Barbara's visit to the East?"  
"What?" your aunt, Miss Barbara Tarrant?" said I.  
"The same."  
"Was she ever in the East?" I inquired, with some astonishment.  
"Once," replied Jack, dryly. "Did she penetrate far?"  
"Not very," replied Jack, in the same tone? "the fact is," he continued, after a pause, "she put her foot in it."  
"On my life, old fellow," said Jack, "I hardly know if I ought to tell the story, as it's rather a tender subject with her, but she got sold."  
"Sold!" I exclaimed, more and more astonished. "What! into slavery?"  
"Nonsense!" said Jack, "I didn't mean that; she got done, sir, regularly done. However, if you promise to say nothing about the thing, I don't mind telling you. You are aware, of course, that my aunt is one of the strong-minded set; goes in for the rights of women, and all sorts of boss?"  
I nodded assent.  
"Well, I presume she had been reading the 'Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope,' or something of the sort; but, however that might be, the idea came into her head one fine day that, as the vacant place caused by the departure from this world of that estimable individual had never been filled up, and as none of the strong-minded set had ever dreamed of continuing the 'mission' of this lady in the East, she was the individual evidently designed by Providence to fill that gap. No sooner had this luminous idea entered her mind than it was acted upon. My aunt, you know, has rather a pretty little property of her own, and as she is no longer young, and being, as I before remarked, strong-minded, she determined to start forthwith on her mission of civilization. As she argued to herself with perfect propriety, while turning over the pros and cons of this contemplated mission, 'where a Pfeiffer has gone I can go; what a Stanhope has done I can do;' this was an unanswerable argument. So off she went. I needn't bore you with the details of the journey; all travels in the East are alike. You are bitten by mosquitoes, you hear jackals howling, your fresh water runs short. I ought to tell you, however, that on landing at Alexandria, my aunt proceeded to Cairo, from whence, having hired a lot of servants, she directed her line of march upon Syria, where she hoped to fall in with the ruins of Lady Hester Stanhope's habitation, in which domicile she purposed establishing herself. One day the caravan had halted at one of the usual resting-places, and my aunt had resigned herself to the sweets of a mid-day siesta, when she was suddenly awoken by a tremendous row among her people. 'The Arabs! the Arabs are upon us!' they shouted. 'We are lost.'

"My aunt has no end of pluck, as you may suppose. On hearing these cries she came forth to the door of her tent to have a look, and, amid a cloud of dust on the horizon, she could distinguish a party of armed horsemen coming down upon them at full gallop. On arriving within a short distance of the little encampment the troop slackened their speed, and one of them who appeared to be the leader, dismounting from his horse, advanced towards the startled group. He was a magnificent specimen of a Turk, was this fellow—tall, handsome, apparently about five and thirty years of age, and with an air of command about him that agreed remarkably well with his martial appearance. The camel drivers were in a great fright; they threw themselves on their faces, shouting out to Allah to save them.  
"My aunt came forward.  
"Pearl of the West," said the Turk, "pardon me for having caused you needless alarm. They wrote to me from Cairo, that a fair and noble traveler was about to pass through our territories, and as I have always practiced the seventh verse of our Koran, which enjoins the true believer to exercise the rite of hospitality towards the stranger, I have come to offer you the shelter of my humble roof. Tell me, what is your country?"  
"England," replied my aunt, proudly.  
"England?" rejoined the Turk. "Ah, it is a beautiful country! I paid a visit to it at the time of your great exhibition. How is that great pasha, Lord Palmerston? What motive, may I ask, brings you from the land of the lily to that of the palm?"  
"Here was an opportunity for my aunt, and she did not neglect it. 'I come,' she said, with dignity, 'to bring you the light of civilization.'  
"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," replied the Turk. "All that comes from woman is sweet and refreshing as the evening breeze. I trust, therefore, fair bird of passage, that you will honor my humble dwelling by remaining one night beneath its roof?"  
"My mission exacts, as a duty, that I should accept your invitation," quoth my aunt.  
"In that case my slaves shall wait upon you as soon as the heat of day has given place to the coolness of the night. In the meantime I will return to my house to have all things in readiness for your reception."  
"My aunt felicitated herself highly upon this fortunate rencontre in the desert which would enable her to commence operations so brilliantly. At first she thought of taking her cavalcade with her, but this idea she abandoned on reflection, as it would appear like a sign of distrust. She took leave of her caravan then, bidding her cook to prepare the pillow for the following day, and to bless Providence the while, for on her return the civilization of the East would have made one great step in the right direction.  
"At the appointed time the escort came for my aunt, and after about half an hour's march, she was deposited at the gate of a very respectable Moorish-looking house which was illuminated for the occasion with colored lamps. The pasha was awaiting her arrival at the door, and very politely offered her his arm to the dining-room. When they had taken their places, Eastern fashion; on couches ranged round a table covered with fruits and flowers, my aunt asked permission of her host to address to him a few questions. Leave being granted, my aunt opened fire something after this fashion:—  
"You are, I presume, thoroughly convinced in your own mind of the truths of your religion?"  
"Most indubitably, Lily of the West," replied the Pasha, with the utmost courtesy. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."  
"Islamism, however, you must own, has had its day. You no longer believe in its precepts, and the proof is you drink wine."  
"Mahomet," replied the Pasha, "whose name be thrice blessed,

aware of the miseries caused by an excess in the use of the juice of the grape, has sought to preserve his followers from its fatal effects, without, at the same time, entirely proscribing a beverage, which, taken in moderation, strengthens the body, enlivens the heart, and attunes it to the delightful passion of love."  
"I admit this tolerance," rejoined my aunt, "but why not extend it to women? Does not the seclusion to which you condemn them display evidences of a state of things—excuse my frankness—in the last degree barbarous? You speak of love. Now, allow me to ask, can this passion exist in a land where the dignity of my sex is so little respected?"  
"What you term seclusion, O Rose of England, is for them leisure; and the liberty of doing all that they desire. We cover them with a veil, it is true, when they walk abroad, but it is to preserve their complexions from the rays of a too ardent sun."  
"My aunt was determined not to be beaten, and accordingly returned to the charge again. 'You sacrifice,' she said, 'all this to beauty; in your eyes the gifts and graces of the mind are counted as naught. Where, may I ask, are those arts which shed such lustre on the female mind—music, painting, poetry, dancing? Are they, I say, even known in your serails?'  
"The Pasha, without replying, clapped his hands, and forthwith a heavy curtain which had hitherto concealed the lower portion of the room was drawn aside, and two women clad in the Eastern costume appeared before my aunt. One of them held in her hands a guitar, the other a silken scarf. At the first chords struck by her companion, the fair dancer unfurled her scarf and let it float from her personwise in the air; then she would bound forward as if to recover the silken banner; anon she would make it describe all sorts of graceful evolutions, sometimes waving like a streamer, at others forming rainbow like curves of the most graceful nature; again she would recede it and cause it to twine in snaky folds around her form, all her attitudes during this performance exhibiting the very poetry of motion. The notes which meanwhile proceeded from the guitar, by turns gentle and loud, lively and sad, plainly showed that its chords were swept by a skillful hand; the melody was on par with the dance. The Pasha, carried away by his enthusiasm, clapped his hands loudly, giving utterance to certain sounds equivalent to 'Bravo, delight of the eyes!' 'Bravissimo, torment of the heart!' for these, it would appear, were the names of the fair ladies in question.  
"To these two succeeded another pair, equally beautiful and accomplished. One presented my aunt with a little drawing of a rose, which she professed to have executed with her own hands; the other, being neither musician, painter, nor dancer, recited for my aunt's edification a ghazel, which I shall not inflict upon you, for the simple reason that I do not know what a ghazel is; but, according to my aunt's account, it was something prodigiously fine. In the midst of all these amusements some friends of the Pasha dropped in to spend the evening with him. The Pasha's ladies—rather nice girls I should say, by all accounts—joined the party, took their share of the refreshments, and entered into conversation with the guests with the utmost unconcern. My aunt was not a little astonished at all this, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat annoyed. She sat perfectly quiet, looking at what was going on, without uttering a word. This silence on my aunt's part was evidently respected by the Pasha, who, of courtesy, no doubt; but my aunt said he would give her a look now and then out of the corner of his eye, and she fancied she could occasionally perceive a slight smile partially concealed under his thick black mustachios. Depend upon it, the scamp was laughing at her. "After a while the guests rose

from table and adjourned to the gardens, where they amused themselves by sauntering about in groups amid the odoriferous shrubs and flowers. The Pasha led my aunt to a kiosk surrounded by orange trees in full blossom.  
"Well, Pearl of the West," he began, "are we still insensible to the charms which elevate and adorn your sex? and do you still think as jealous?"  
"My aunt was taken back by this, and scarcely knew what to reply; fortunately she was saved the trouble, for at that moment a tremendous row was heard in the house; armed slaves, carrying lighted torches, were seen scorching like mad through the gardens, jostling each other and shouting as if the place was on fire.  
"What's the row?" exclaimed the Pasha. "Halloo there, some one!"  
"A black slave—a remarkably fat old fellow—appeared.  
"Oh Well of wisdom," he began, "Pillar of Strength—  
"Enough, enough!" shouted the Pasha, "answer me directly; what means all this tumult?"  
"Oh, Pasha!" stammered out the fat fellow, "the slave you purchased three months ago, that cost you twenty purses, Nejema, the fair Nejema—oh—"  
"What of her; is she ill—dead?"  
"Oh, no, Pasha; worse than that—she has run away!"  
"Run away!"  
"With a young Greek, and a lot of your silver spoons."  
"Ha! let her be pursued," screamed the Pasha in a fury; "and as for you fellows, I shall have every mother's son of you impaled if you don't produce the girl and her accomplice by tomorrow morning."  
"The fat negro bowed thrice and retired, as quickly as his embonpoint would permit, swearing by Allah that he would execute his master's orders.  
"This little incident, as may be imagined, put a premature end to the evening's entertainments; and my aunt was conducted in great state to her bedroom, where a confidential slave was in waiting to attend upon her.  
"The fury which flashed from the eyes of the Pasha, coupled with the awful threats he made use of, would have furnished my aunt with a very pretty occasion of taking her revenge on the civilization question, but the Turk hadn't given her time.  
"What will become of Nejema, if they catch her?" inquired she of the old slave as she was undressing.  
"This old woman, who had served at Alexandria, in the families of several European merchants, replied to her in the English language.  
"They will cast her into a pit full of rats," she said.  
"Dear, dear," murmured my aunt. "To-morrow," said my aunt to herself, "my vengeance will be complete. Ah! Mr. Pasha, I have caught you this time in an act of the grossest barbarity. To consign a poor woman to the rats! In this single act, the man, evidently devoid of every species of civilization, displays himself. But I will prevent this abomination. My mission demands it as a duty. I now see that my presence in the East will bear happy fruits. Yes, I will save you, O fair yet frail Nejema! while at the same time, I shall prove to this Pasha that he is nothing better than a vile barbarian."  
"My aunt's first thought on awaking in the morning was to ask if they had caught the fair Nejema.  
"Alas! yes," replied the old slave.  
"Run at once to the Pasha!" exclaimed my aunt; "there's not a moment to be lost."  
"The old slave started off as she was bidden, and soon returned with a message that the master of the house was ready to receive her.  
"During the night a total change seemed to have taken place in the appearance of her host; his dishevelled beard and rolling eyes, the paleness of his complexion, and his generally 'rumpled' look, struck

the heart of my aunt with dismay. To tell the truth, she began to feel her courage giving way.  
"This little weakness, however, lasted but for a moment; hastily invoking the goddess of her idolatry—Lady Hester Stanhope—and drawing strength from her devotions to the cause of Eastern civilization, she felt her courage revive, and advanced towards the Pasha with a firm and decided step.  
"Has the night passed happily for my noble guest?" inquired the Pasha, courteously.  
"No," replied my aunt.  
"What is the matter with the Rose of England?"  
"Why, that you are a monster!" cried the Rose of England.  
"I!" exclaimed the Pasha, not for a moment losing his temper.  
"Yes, you. I heard last night the voice of the fair Nejema crying to me to save her; you must grant me her pardon?"  
"Never!" exclaimed the Pasha.  
"You refuse my request!"  
"Every woman surprised with a gianoir, dies the death."  
"This is your final determination then?" said my aunt. "But this law which you fear not to violate for your own indulgencies, will you not violate it for to show mercy and forgiveness?"  
"No mercy!" he exclaimed, adroitly avoiding my aunt's question. "This evening she dies."  
"You will dare to cast her into a pit of rats! Barbarian!" she cried.  
"With a cat in each sack," continued the Pasha, with a grin.  
"Tremble, tyrant!" exclaimed my aunt, in her most melo-dramatic style. "All Europe shall hear of your conduct."  
"The tyrant didn't care a fig for all Europe; my aunt then changed her plan of attack. 'Have pity!' she cried, casting herself at the Pasha's feet.  
"Neither mercy nor pity! She must die; and by Allah! she shall die, and I am now, with your permission, about to give directions respecting the execution."  
"So saying the Pasha retired, leaving my aunt a prey to the most violent rage.  
"She spent all the rest of the day in seeking her tyrannical host; but he was nowhere to be found. She learned, however, from the old slave, that the execution would take place at nightfall.  
"In the course of the afternoon my aunt received a polite note from the Pasha, stating that, as he thought she might probably be desirous of witnessing an Eastern execution, he had given orders that the Greek should be impaled. 'I shall be charmed,' he wrote in conclusion, 'to do anything that may be agreeable to you.'  
"My aunt was furious; 'to dare to offer her the spectacle of a man being impaled! Have I not then the power,' she cried, 'to soften this tiger's heart! Holy love of civilization, can you not inspire me? I will this evening make one more effort, and if that proves unavailing, I will devote the monster to the execration of humanity.'  
"Towards evening, the old slave came to inform her that the Pasha had just ascended the platform overlooking the sea, doubtless to enjoy the sight of execution. Thither she ran, as fast as her legs could carry her, and grasped a firm hold of the Pasha's robe. 'Stop, stop!' she cried, 'in the name of civilization!'  
"But it would appear she was too late, for by the first glimmering of moonlight, a boat, rowed by two men, might be seen gliding stealthily out from the shadow of the land. The fall of a heavy substance was heard, another similar sound into the water was heard, and all was still. This was too much for my aunt; she fainted right away; as for the Pasha, he went away laughing.  
"When my aunt came to her senses, she found herself in her own room, with the old slave standing by her side. She looked out of her window at the sea; all was calm.  
"A few moments afterwards the Pasha was announced. At the

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]











