# Immitghurn Chromicle. 

Tre's leave if T d beer

| I was, more than a hundred feet from the ground, not knowing how in the world I was to get down, and Jerry dancing and capering below, ca!ling out: <br> "Come down an' thrash me now, Mr. Forde, won't you?" <br> Then I remembered that a few days before I had found this boy annoying Katie, an' had given him a cut with a switch I had in my hand. He had slunk away without a word at the time, but it seems he remembered the blow, an' took this way of being revenged. <br> Well, at first I was scarcely frightened, expecting somehow that once |  |
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|  |  |the people below knew of the fix Iwas in, they'd find some way

But, when I came to think
deuce a bit of a way could I hit on
myself, an' sure I knew more about
chimneys than any one else in the
place. 'Twas getting late, too; there wouldn't be much more tha
another half hour of daylight, an he wind was rising-I could hea it whistling through the trees.
By this time people knew what
lecting; I could see them coming
from all parts, for of course I had a
from all parts, for of course I had a
view all about. I saw a boy go up
to the door of the counting-house,
an presently young Squire Philip
came running out--running as if for
bis life. When he came, he took
the command like, an' began glving
directions, an' the people, who had directions, an the people, who han there as he sent them. First they
brought out a long laduer, an' fixed it on the roof below the chimney.I could have told them that twas of every ladder in the place; but somehow, though I heard their
shouts plainly, I could not make them hear mine; it seemed a
voices went up, like smoke.
Then there was a great delay while they went for a longer ladder, and this, too, didn't reach half way. A man climbed up it, however, an called out to know had I a bit of string in my pocket that I could le had had a big ball only the day be fore, but I had taken it out of my pocket an put it on a shelf at home. I took off my braces, and fastened them an my pooket handerenief to-
gether; but they diann't near reach the top of the ladder, so that plan had to be given up.
All this time the wind was rising and I was getting numb with the ing so long in the one position, There was a big clock rigtt over the gateway just opposite, an' I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes of five, an once the darkness set in
what little hope I had would b

## gone.

The young squire seemed to have
gone away by this time, but there
was my, father.".among the crowd an' who should I see, standing next
him an' holding on his arm, but Ka tie! They had forgotten everything but the fright about me, and be seemed to be talking to her, an' comforting her. After a bit I saw the young squire again; he had a big
thing in his hand looking like pock-et-handkerchiefs stretched over rame, an I saw that it was a kite ' that hey meant to send a string never in all your life saw such an unmanagea ble kite. First 'twas to heavy, an then twas too light, and then the time they seemed to lose making a tail to steady it I I hear made of bank-notes Squire Phili
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when they saw him using them in
that way.
When the kite did go up at last When the kite did go up at last could not manage it properly. It came very near me once, an' I made
a snatch at the string, nearly over reaching myself in doing so ; but I missed it, an' just then there came missed it, an just then there came
a terrible gust of wind, the string broke, an' the kite was carried away an stuck fast in the branches of
big tree behind the proprietor see how much time was left me an' I found that I could not see the hands any longer; the darkness had come on in the last few minntes. Then I gave up all hope, for I knew I could never hold on till morring. I tried tc think of death, an' to
make myself ready for it, but ouldn't-not a prayer nor a goo word sould I call to mind, only going over an' over again in my head
the way 'twould all happen-how the people would go away one by darkness and the howling wind, darkness and lue howling wind, a on longer, an fall, an' be found in the morning all crushed out of have given up all thought of help ing me now, an' were standing quite 'Twas so dark by this time that I could not distingnish the faces at Philip in his dark make out Squire white mill-men, an' poor Katie.She was cronching down on th ground now, her apron over her head. All of a sudden I saw her leap up with a great cry, an' clap Then there was a confused sort o shout as if every one in the crowd was saying the same thing at the same time, an' then Squire ${ }^{\text {Pr }}$ hilip, making a sign to silence them, put his two hands up to his mouth, an
sang out in a voice that came up to ang out ir a voice that came up "Take off your stocking:and rav the thread will reach the ground."
At first I didn't understand him being a little dazed like, but.the sage from heaven. I rot off one my socks with much trouble-nice own knitting, that she had given $m$ for a Christmas box-an' with th help of my teeth I loosened one end nough after that, an' when I had good piece of it ripped I tied m knife to the end of it to make it heavy, an let it drop, ripping mor
an' more of the sock as it went down Then I felt it stop, an' present there came a shout telling me wind it up again. Very slowly an carefully I did it, fearing the string would break, an' when the last strong twine tied to the end of it , The twine in its turn brought folt that I was as
managed somehow to put through the pulley, an' to haul u the plank, and as soon as they had fastened the other end to the wind lass below, they gave me the word
Io come dowu
I was so numb an' stiff that but I managed somehow to cling to the repes with my hands. Down down I came, every turn of the seem nearer an' nearer, an' when was within a few feet of the ground
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$\qquad$ hands held out to mie, an' a hundre voices to welcome me. $\mathrm{An}^{\prime}$ there was my father waiting for me , an Philip saying:
un there still Not one of up there still. Not one of us would
have thought of the stocking; 'twas the brightest idea I've come across this many a day. She has eaved his your consent any longer.'

But when I looked round for She must have slipped off be seoen. es saw I was safe. The young squire hurried my now where, I was so dazed, but in minute warm lighted dining-room at the master's house, an' Master Philip shaking hands with my father. As soon as I could, I made my escape, went down to Katie's cottage. I hadn't been there five minutes hen there was a knock at the door drain walks my fo Kather. He went
tratie, holding out hi raight to Katie, holding out hi "Kand.

Katie, my girl," he said, "I've ome to ask your pardon for anyhing I ve ever said or done against
ou, an' if you an' Jim are still of the same mind I won't hinder you from marrying. 'Tis you have th est right to him, for you've saved is life."
"And
And tis proud an' glad I am Forde," said Katie.
"And you'll marry him, won't
If you're satisfied,
I am, my dear, quite satisfied. And with that he kissed her; and rom that day to this, he and Katie ave been the best of friens. H for he was getting a little past his ork, an' the proprietor pensione him off. He is very bappy with us $\mathrm{a}^{\text {a }}$ he is never tirend of telling the heir mother's cleverness saved my life.
Thousands have been cured of umb ague, billious disorders, jaun dice, dyspepsis and all diseases o the liver, blood and stomach, when all otker remedies have failed, by using Prof. Guillmette's French permane, which is a quick and permanent cure for those disorders. remedy, and take no other, and if he does rot keep it send $\$ 1.50$ in a etter to the French Pad Co., and reeive one by mail post-paid.
Two Galveston ladies met one day recently, and the following converation ensued: "Why, do you know what I heard about you?" "I've no husband was sigk, and not expected to live, you went to a picnic." "It's cursion.
"SleEP on, my loved one, sleep" -this is the language of the first four months. After that, "Get up, Sally Ann, and get breakfast; I'm
hungrier nor a bear," seems to answer the purpose

Jennie, did you divide that chocolate with your little brother?""Yes'm; I took the chocolate and gave him the label; you know how
fond he is of spelling his lettexs."
"How shall we get the young men go to church?" is the title of an article in a religious weekly. Get the girls to go, sainted brother, get the girls to go!
A WRITER says, "A plain girl, so long as she is young, healthy and nicely dressed, can never look ugly.
Hot weather takes all the ro mance out of youth. Perspiration doesn
deal.
Industry, brains and cheekthese three-but the greatest of
month. Officers: J. Thins. Bustecy, Prest,
no. F. Seabold, Vice Prest. ; Joseph Ri-
der, Recording Sec. ; F. Kerrigan, Cor
der, Recording Sec.; F. Kerrigan, C




