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THE SPIDER'S WARNING.

A narrow prison cell, a wan and haggard mate, gloom and damp.

A single window only, barely a foot square, heavily barred, and six feet at least from the ground.

Prostrate upon a wretched heap of straw in a corner, was the prisoner; not asleep, but watching intently; and watching what? One might guess a dozen times and yet not hit upon the truth.

And the prisoner, lying upon his side upon his heap of straw, his chin resting upon his hand, and his elbow fixed upon the floor, watched a large spider's web spun in the corner.

A curious place for a spider to rear his airy castle—a corner of that dark cell, where the sunlight never came, and due far flies were few and far between.

But the spider, perhaps, was of a social nature, and maybe he pitied the poor prisoner who pined within the loathsome dungeon, and so came to cheer him.

For no crime had the Frenchman suffered—for Dis Jonval was a Frank, born and bred. He had simply talked of liberty and equal rights to man, within the dominion of the potent stadtholder of Holland. Then they called him a firebrand, and, after a scant trial, had shut him up within Utrecht's dark walls. After years and years of miserable slavery "Jacques" had burnt his bond, and, dog-like, had rended the hand that lashed him.

France was mad with liberty, and, naturally, the timid ruler of "the country of frogs and flowers" became sensibly alarmed when a son of the tricolor prated of "liberty, equality and fraternity" within his dominions.

The rise of the "Goddess of Reason" he feared, and so straightway he shut Monsieur Dis Jonval up in an extremely uncomfortable dungeon.

At first the Frenchman rejoiced that the martyr's fate was his, and when he discovered the spider in the corner of the dungeon he talked to him of liberty and brotherhood. But even the spider fled from the sanguine Republican. And as weeks grew into months Dis Jonval grew weary of his confinement and pined for the free air of heaven. The stadtholder was stout hearted and prayers moved him not a jot. Then, too, the "tricolor" menaced Holland, and the French general, Pichegru, with a large force, was hovering on the frontier, like some huge bird of prey preparing for a swoop upon his quarry.

The spider, too, was a constant source of consolation; and from long observation of the habits of his black friend, the Frenchman became quite wise. The spider never appeared during bad weather, and Dis Jonval was able to predict frost at least a week previous to its coming, simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings, for he had observed that, when the spider kept securely housed, he, the Frenchman, was usually troubled with a bad headache.

And while Dis Jonval was amusing himself with these interesting observations, troublous times came to Holland.

Pichegru, with an overwhelming force, advanced suddenly across the border. The stadtholder did not attempt to dispute the march of the Frenchman. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the centre of the land, he adopted against the invaders the old time tactics that years before had baffled Spanish Alva, and had cost a French king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, a splendid army. The word was given, and the dikes were cut, a flat country, the greatest part of it below the level of the sea, Pichegru found in the Holland seas a far greater foe than was its Holland army. The Dutchland was all a swamp; the Frenchman could not advance—could hardly retreat; the fateful Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. He had waited until winter set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the wily Gaul had anticipated the tactics of the Holland commander. But the weather had suddenly shifted around, and an almost summer mildness reigned over the land. And affairs were thus on the morning when the prisoner of Utrecht lay at full length upon his pallet and watched for his friend, the spider.

The jailer brought the prisoner his breakfast, a sorry repast enough, for the prudent Dutchmen knew that there was nothing like simple food to reduce hot blood and curb impetuous wills.

"You do not eat, mynheer," said the jailer, who leaned by the door, swung his keys musically and watched the prisoner.

"I have little appetite."

"That is bad," the jailer remarked, thoughtfully. "Mynheer should eat, and so keep his strength."

Dis Jonval made a wry face.

"Bah! such food as this is enough to take away the appetite of a well man, let alone a sick one," the Frenchman said.

"That is true, mynheer," the jailer replied, "the food is coarse, but I will see that you have a better dinner, although I go against my instructions, and would suffer if the governor should find it out."

"The matter is between us two," Dis Jonval rejoined. "I shall say nothing, and I judge that you will not care to speak of it."

"I feel the more inclined to do you a kindness, mynheer, because two days ago I thought it might be probable that we should change places, you become the jailer and I the prisoner."

"How so?" asked the Frenchman in astonishment.

The jailer then related to Dis Jonval what had transpired during the past week. He told of Pichegru's advance, how the French general had threatened the capture of Utrecht, and had only been prevented from taking the town by the cutting of the dikes and the flooding of the country with water.

"You see, mynheer," said the jailer, in conclusion, "your countrymen depended upon hard weather. If a frost had come he surely would have taken the city, but as it is he must soon retreat to Belgium."

"Harkye, Bertolf," said Dis Jonval, "if I could get a note to Pichegru, he would be sure to procure my release by intercession with the stadtholder, possibly by exchanging a prisoner for me. Now, will you do me a good turn; give me pen, ink and paper, and afterward smuggle the note through the lines to the French general?"

"I could do that easily enough," the jailer said, thoughtfully. "My brother is turning a pretty penny now by supplying Pichegru with fresh provisions, but——" and he hesitated.

"Do not fear; what possible information can I, a poor, helpless prisoner, convey to Pichegru?"

"That is true," the jailer said. "It is a bargain."

Great was the astonishment of the French general to receive a note dated from the prison of Utrecht. And what did that note contain?

A simple explanation about the spider, who had not appeared for three days, and the writer's headache. Within a week he predicted a hard frost and implored Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew Dis Jonval; he resolved to wait a week, and then, true prophet, O spider! there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for a hundred years. The waters were bound with an icy chain. The French advanced, Utrecht fell and Dis Jonval was released. To the spider's warning the Prisoner of Utrecht owed his release.

Editorial Annoyances in Georgia.
From The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The editor of The Smithville News is an unhappy man. He reiterates in his last issue that "on the birthday of one of our little ones we had to hustle like thunder to get the money to meet it: Tuesday, the 6th, was the birthday of our youngest account with Atlanta Newspaper Union—a pretty little affair of $8, Wednesday, the 7th, a tramp printer relieved us of two brass gallseys, a pair of scissors, a pipe, a pocket knife and the good will of the paper, and on Thursday, the 24th, we entertained three strong chills, a slow fever and five of our poor relations at dinner."

A Difference in Sisters.

"How is it, my dear," said a husband to his wife, "that while you and your sister Ellen are so much alike in most respects, you are married and she prefers to remain single? Surely she has had offers enough."

"Yes, love, but Ellen was always more difficult to please than I."

Deserved the Pie.

"What would you say, Bobby," remarked the minister who was dining with the family, "if I should ask your mamma to let you have another piece of pie?"

"I would say, 'Amen,'" replied Bobby dejectedly.

AN EXECUTION IN CUBA.

Two Notorious Brigands Shot by Soldiers.

Manuel Sanaya Sondoval and Miguel Gonzales Rodrignez, two notorious highwaymen, were shot in Cuba last month.

In the early hours of the morning of April 13 the men were taken from jail and marched under military escort to the place of execution, just outside the walls of the old cemetery of the City of Matanzas, which is located in one of the most beautiful valleys of the world.

In the valley, drawn up in a hollow, the fourth side of which was the walls of the old cemetery, were 1500 soldiers.

Outside the ranks and pressing close on them were 3000 or 4000 people, men and women.

At one corner of the square was an opening, and through this Sandoval and Rodrignez marched.

The men were perfectly cool, and showed not the slightest trace of fear. Indeed, at no time had they manifested any concern about themselves or their future. Rodrignez, on being asked after his sentence how he felt, answered that he was all right; that is was "destiny," and no man could avoid his destiny.

The men marched into the hollow square smoking cigars, and their only regrets appeared to be that they had to resign them before they were half consumed. Their arms were pinioned, their eyes were bandaged, and then they were marched up within a few feet of the cemetery wall, and were compelled to kneel facing it and with their backs to the firing platoons, which were immediately marched into position. Theirs was to be an ignominious death the most disgraceful that Spanish military law provides.

While the men were kneeling and awaiting the roar of musketry which would end their lives, a mounted soldier rode around the hollow square and the people crowd on to it, and commanded silence under penalty of the same fate which had overtaken the two pinioned and blindfolded men.

The platoons stood so close behind the doomed brigands that when their muskets were brought to an aim they almost touched the crouching figures. The signal was given, there was a flash, a crash which broke on the still air and traveled until it struck the surrounding hills, which sent it across and up and down the valley, until it sounded as if a battle was being fought in the skies. The two men fell forward, their heads literally blown to pieces, their bodies quivered for a moment, and then were still forever.

In a few moments an ordinary cart was drawn up, the bodies of the brigands were picked up and thrown into it, as would be the bodies of dead dogs, and then the cart rolled off to some distant spot, where the carcasses were interred, the grand levelled, and not a sign left to mark the place of burial.

A Murderer's Pet.
From The Rochester Democrat.

For some time Deacons, the condemned murderer of Mrs. Stone, has had a companion in his cell. It was a mouse that he caught some weeks ago, and finally succeeded in taming and training. He had taught it to walk a circle rope—a string stretched from his cell-door to his hand—to sit upright on the top of his ink bottle, to come at his call and to go through many other performances of which the ordinary mouse has not even the faintest conception. Deacons has always seemed fond and proud of his pet. It slept with him every night, making a warm nest for itself under the edge of his pillow, and was his constant companion. The bright-eyed little animal seemed to have entirely conquered its natural timidity so far as its master was concerned, and showed its fondness and gratitude for kindness in every way it could. For some time past Deacons has been trying to get another mouse, having planned to construct a miniature carriage and train the two to draw it. The idea had taken strong possession of his mind, and he talked constantly about it. But yesterday when the attendant entered his cell a dog belonging to Sheriff Hodgson followed him unobserved, and before he could be prevented had caught and instantly killed the little beast. Deacons' emotion was genuine and unrestrained. Nothing that has occurred since his sentence seems to have moved him so much. He is still greatly disturbed, and every one about the jail sympathizes with him.

The Beef-Eaters are the Bosses.

Speech of Senator Vest: The history of the whole world shows that the beef-eating peoples of the world are foremost in peace and war, in art and science. That has been the history of our race, and will be to the end of recorded time. . . . In Great Britain the average consumption of each individual was 105 pounds per annum, in France 74 pounds, in Germany 89 pounds, in Russia 46 pounds, in Italy 29 pounds, in Austria 64 pounds, in Spain 49 pounds, in Scandinavia 87 pounds, and in the United States 120 pounds. In Great Britain the consumption annually was 105 pounds, and in the United States 120 pounds, so that the two great English-speaking peoples of the world, the foremost to-day in empire and civilization, Great Britain and the United States, are the largest beef consumers of the nations upon the face of the earth.

A Disciple of Buffalo Bill.

James Eugene Harvey, aged 14, an office boy, was brought before the Lord Mayor of London charged with embezzling $25. He had been sent to a bank to get a check cashed, and had absconded with the money. He said: "Some time ago I went to see Buffalo Bill's 'Wild West,' and from that moment I made up my mind to go to America, and as soon as I got the check cashed I started off, but, not having enough money to take me to America, I followed Buffalo Bill to Manchester, and have been at the show every day. I still intend to go to America, and, even if I shall get ten years for this offence, I shall go afterward."

A False Rumor.

Kentucky citizen (to Mrs. Col. Blood)—The painful duty is mine, my dear madam, to communicate the dreadful news that your husband has met with a sudden and terrible death.

Mrs. Col. Blood (in a fainting condition)—Wha-what killed him?

Citizen—He was drowned.

Mrs. Col. Blood (rousing herself)—Never; it cannot be. The Colonel is still alive!

An Evening Call.

Mistress—Who rang the bell, Bridget?

Bridget—Here's the card, mum. He axed for Miss Clara. I s'pose he is one av the young leddy's followers, mum, an' I showed him into the parlor.

Healthful Advice.

Young woman (to dealer)—I want to buy a cane for a young gentleman, but I hardly know what kind of a head to select.

Dealer—Yes, miss; what size hat does he wear?

Young woman—Charley—er—the young gentleman wears a number five, I think.

Dealer—Then you had better select one without any varmint on it.

He Had Been Yachting, Perhaps.
From The Merchant Traveller.

"How high is this place from the level of the sea?" asked a traveling man from one of the residents in the Allegheny Mountains.

"G'way, young man," was the response. "You can't fool me. The sea ain't level by a blamed sight. I've been there and seen it."

A Mother's Slumber Song.

Sleep, my little one, sleep,—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Neither hunger, nor thirst, nor pain
Can touch or hurt thee ever again;
I, thy mother, will bend and sing
As I watch thee calmly slumbering;
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep,—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
Soon in thy angel's tender arms,—
Closely sheltered from earth's alarms
Thou wilt awaken, baby mine!
Where all is mercy and love divine,
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
I have wept till my heart is dry,
But now I smile as I see thee lie
With small hands crossed in death's mute prayer,
Never to reach in the wild despair
Of hunger's anguish.
All is o'er!
I wept; but now I can weep no more,
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

Sleep, my little one, sleep—
Narrow thy bed and deep;
A little while, I, too, shall rest
Close by the side of my baby blest.
Sleep is my babe—earth's anguish done—
Sleep at the feet of the Holy One,
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

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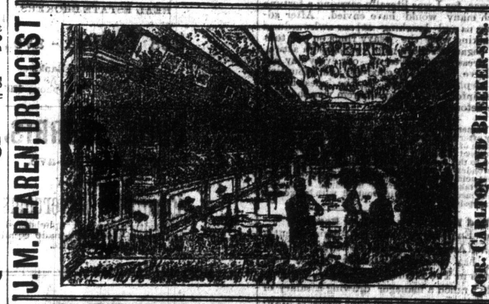

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