

SILE ALDEN.

A ROMANTIC EXCHANGE OF TRAVELING BAGS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the station at Bellefontaine, when a gentleman entered the smoking car and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling companion—a tall, handsome man of thirty, who sat musingly, blowing rings of smoke in the air.

"Marcy," said the short, stout fellow, "if you want to see all sorts of the wildest and saddest sight you ever beheld, go into the last car but one on the train. There's an emigrant German woman, with four little children, and during the afternoon, the youngest, a baby, has died. The mother and the other children are inconsolable."

"I can understand," interrupted the speaker, "the sadness of such a scene, but where is the sweetness you spoke of?"

"I'm coming to that. The whole party have been taken in charge by a young lady, Susan, a beauty. She's dried the mother's tears, and wiped the children's noses. She's a divinity! She only needs a few feathers in her shoulder-blades to make a full fledged angel of her. If I was not a married man, I'd never leave her till I'd made Mrs. Angelica Townsend out of her."

"That's a speech," said the stout fellow, "I shall go back and feast my eyes on this beautiful Sister of Charity," he added, taking his traveling bag and shawl from the rack, "we stop at the next station, which is due in ten minutes, I may as well take my traps through with me and join you on the platform."

Thus saying, Richard Marcy threw his shawl over his shoulders, and, mounted leisurely through the long train—running rapidly and easily to his seat. For, as he entered the last car but one, he became a witness and an actor in a scene that influenced his future life.

The poor, grief-stricken German, of whom his companion, Dr. Townsend, had spoken, with the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weeping over the little dead face.

The three sturdy children grouped in childish sorrow around their sister's brother were, indeed, a touching spectacle. But standing beside them was the divinity of Dr. Townsend's admiration, and she who was most certain to "shape the ends" of the unhappy Richard.

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, with magnificent eyes and hair. As he entered the car she was speaking, her lovely face flushed, and the small, rosy mouth, disclosing a beautiful set of teeth, turned bewitchingly toward the tall stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless, speaking no English, with four little children, was expecting to find work in St. Louis to support them. If everything had gone well with her, it would have been hard for her; but with her little dead baby and her sorrowful heart, she is certainly a deserving object of charity; and I propose that such as feel willing contribute their mite toward a purse for her immediate wants and the burial of her poor baby. 'And,' she added, with a bewitching smile, 'if any gentleman will lend me a hand, I will go round and take up a collection.'"

In an instant the gallant Richard pulled his traveling cap from his blonde curls and offered it to the Angel of Mercy, who accepted it with a smile, this time all his own and combined gathering the ready forthcoming dollars her generous, graceful appeal brought from the purses of all in the car.

Richard watched the slender figure in gray gathering the money; and, looking at the plaid cap in the white, jeweled fingers, he thought of his own donation, and, stepping to the front of the car, he placed in the little hand which returned him his cap. Further damage the poor fellow received when a second smile and warmly worded thanks for his liberal contribution were dealt him from the beautiful mouth.

Dick was in the midst of an elaborate reply, when the car stopped. He fingered yet another moment, seized his satchel and shawl, with his eyes still on the face of his charming, little friend, even as the car was in motion, he thought himself of the Doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined his friends on the platform.

"Well," he exclaimed, "that worthy, 'I began to believe you'd concluded to go and bury the dead baby, and make the protecting beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy. Isn't she a stunner?"

"Townsend," returned his friend, "don't use slang in speaking of the noble creature." He looked after the train just disappearing in the distance, "I wish to heaven," he continued, "I'd remained aboard. How stupid I was to leave it. I might have learned her name and residence. And now—"

"Now, in all probability," broke in the Doctor, "you'll never meet her in this vale of tears. But you'll know her in heaven, if you behave yourself well enough to get there, by her wings; she'll have the biggest of any of them, seeing they're compared to your own. And thus rallying his thoroughly captivated friend, the two made their way to the house of an acquaintance, with whom they were to remain that night, and go on the next day to their destination—St. Louis.

After the first salutation, our hero went to his room to remove some of the evidences of his long ride. He was in the act of removing his coat, vest and collar, he had splashed and soaped and washed till his damp curls clung close to his shapely head, when he made a startling discovery.

"Pshaw and shoo!" he burst into the next room, upon his friend.

"Townsend!" cried he, "what on earth do you suppose I've got the wrong bag. I've changed baggage with the Angel of Mercy. Look at that! I've got that thimble. Contemplate that glove."

"It's evident you've got the lady's satchel. And what was there in your bag?"

"Don't be so sure of it," said Dick, "Cigars and a hair-brush, a pack of cards and a comb, pocket flask and a tooth brush—everything disarranged. If I am judged by that bag, I'm a lost man."

To be continued.

PORTABLE GRIST MILLS!

For Flour, Corn and Meal.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

For Sale by the Owner.

NEW YORK TRADE.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

PAPER & TWINE.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

NEW YORK TRADE.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

PAPER & TWINE.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

WIL