A LANDLORD'S STORY.

"It isn't a very pleasant story," said the landlord of the Long Tom, "but I have to tell it sometimes for it worried myself for the worst thing a man can have in this world is a bad conscience.

"You see, I came to this town soon after the gold fever came up and rolled down to the Tuna Bottom valley. Tuna town, mining. I was a widower in those days and had brought with me from the East my only child, a daughter just 15. She was a pretty girl, if I do say it, was tiling up gold as pretty as you can imagine I was quite interested up in her. Of course I had account of my business to look after, and I had at hand I found the lay to be a place being more than full so I took with a partner.

"And did the?"

"Yes. You see, in Tuna days the country was full of young fellows who had abandoned for themselves and were trying to get a start by carrying from places around from the mining camp to camps. Some of them were fairly steady men, and well educated, but I was back among the Rocky with all the sanitary complaints, and it seemed every one will work little but no one wanted to marry a young fellow who brought flapjack towels and dirty with a good deal more. The result was as I suppose. I was a hot happened for in that days, as I remember, Thomas, and I found little on for a week and was well to be sure that I had landed my pile by taking a partner."

"Was the fellow?"

"You might have guessed it. One day when I came back from a cattle sale the war winning. I found her a couple of days, but they had taken to the woods, and it was of no use to follow. I had gone into Tuna Tuna, and I never back, saying the fellow I found a letter left at the stage in my side.

"What did you do Good?"

"Followed, sure, just enough. I knew I was wrong, but I also felt rather that give in. For two years I hunted that a best to a rich, among the whole world. After years I had was to watching for pot-shots. The second I found it the same during that time would go with me.

"One evening after a hard day's scrapping a soldier came to my house and asked me shelter for the night. He was a thin, weak looking fellow, with his face covered with a large ragged beard. He carried on his back an exceedingly long and heavy pack, and spoke so exhausted with his journey though the most that I felt the least to do more than make him a place in the place.

"He was pretty hard, "said the Pa house.

"I suppose it was. The poor fellow seemed all broke up when he found I wouldn't even give him a bunch of straw in the stable, and so after some coaxing I allowed instead of sacrificing, however, he nearly begged and I would let him have the cook, which he said contained goods of value, some stolen from the rich. I finally consented to this, for he had a very sense of his trade doubt rice cross up mandolin I carried the pack inside, while he owner lugged off to crawl under some back of wine."

"Didn't you feel queer?"

"Yes, more and little at the sacrifice, for something what he was was in defiance of Sodom's kindness little. However, I locked and barred all the doors and windows as usual, for some road agents had been about. Once or twice that night and had stopped and visited around ranches and, as I told you, I was all alone. Sometimes I couldn't go to sleep when alone that I wanted bad. After moving around for awhile I got up and sat by the fire, smoking one my pipe and trying to think of the poor chap sleeping out there in the cold and rain somewhere. I looked at his pack sitting up in the room and wondered what made it so long.

"As I walked it I fancied I saw it move."

"Was it more?"

"Exactly. I wouldn't believe my own eyes at first, but after watching intently for awhile I distinctly saw the form of a hand pressed against the canvas from the inside. Like a flash then I understood the whole thing. The pack let was one of the road agents gang, and knowing I had considerable money about the house they had adopted this plan for smuggling one of their men inside the house. After I had gone to sleep the fellow inside could let in the rest and finish the job. I walked quietly across the room, took my gun from the rack, knocked down a few hot irons the pack, stood across in the center and pulled the trigger."

"Did it?"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the landlord, with a shudder.

"But the gun didn't go off," continued the landlord, clinking his glass. "The flint was rusty and wouldn't work, so I had down the rifle and got across the hall into the kitchen. It had been newly ground that day, and when I lifted it over my head I sensed man covering that pack, rifle and all, clear to the ground. Just as I raised it the ass and knocked myself for the blow I saw a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Yes, sir. The pack opened, and I saw sticking out of it for the only yellow hair of my Willie when she was a little tot of 6. The clock stopped not an that I took on my knees. I wiped my eyes and wondered if I had not gone crazy. I was almost certain of it when the ghost stretched out a pair of chubby white arms and said:

"'Dear dry grandpa.'

"Ah," said the guest, with a relieved sigh, "I begin to see. And what did you do then?"

"I don't exactly know," said the landlord, softly. "But it does to anything that will bend a stiff, stubborn man quicker than the sight of a little child. I'd like to know what it is. I put the dead little prisoner down by the fire, opened the door and told him my house."

"And the mother?"

"Yes," nodding the landlord. "They were both there, and, sister, I guess that's the end of my story." And the old man wiped his eyes. "You need some bed, and that was a very strange and unusual one. I haven't got quite dry since."—Million.

TRAPPING AN AUDIENCE.

How an Yankee Lecturer Got His Men and Then Pounded Them.

Some years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, used to give temperance lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture at a certain Pioneer Hall, Boston. Now, boxing matches were not in favor among the male portion of that town.

The women, however, were all for the "religious," and consequently on Hunt's night hall was a close packed audience. The lecturer was pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced. But instead of lamentations he gave them a lecture on the evils of liquor, tobacco, tea and coffee. Then he made a few remarks on the sin of dancing, and wound up with a long, long lecture on the evils of boxing