FOUR SHOES MUST GO AT ONCE &

to make room for the immense orders we have coming in Such a chance as you have never had before to buy shoes for mere nothing. We can fit anyone from a Baby to a Giant. For the next Ten Days we will sell from our entire stock of shoes

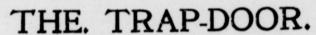


## At or Below Cost

## BEGINNING APRIL, 28th.

We have a beautiful and well assorted stock of WRAPPERS. Do not forget to have a look at them while buying shoes.

## PORTER & GO. RICHARDSON,



It was late in the evening of a certain day, some years since, that I found myself objections, for without further opposition traveling in one of the wildest portions of she led the way into the common sittingthe great west. The road-or apology for room, in which were seated two rough, one, for it scarcely deserved the name- shock-headed youngsters, and an infant who wound through a lonely forest, which a seemed ailing: at least, so I inferred from concourse of hoarse sounds served to make the squalls which it poured forth with a auything but agreeable or enlivening to my compass of voice truly astonishing in a spirits, worn-out as I was by a hard day's creature so young. travel.

moderately and leisurely, but with such set before me, and partaken of with an anxiously for shelter of some kind.

outskirts of civilization.

I rode up to the house, and, tapping at again. the door with my riding-whip, requested little more than an anxious, care-worn extake particular notice.

"Can you accommodate me for to-night? I asked. "I am wet to the skin with the rain, and it is impossible for me to go woman, as she with drew. further. My horse, too, is worn-out with fatigue, as he has been on his feet all day."

reluctance pass over her countenance.

"You could be better accom modated," she said, at length, 'eat the tavern, about four truded upon me during the day, miles from here."

decision. "As for accommodations, anything will suit me. A bed on the straw or rug, held just outside my door.

to-morrow's ride."

Apparently, this removed the woman's

The master of the house apparently was To mend matters, it began to rain. not not at home. A plain repast was speedily good earnest that I was soon wet to the appetite which could not by any means be skin. In this dilemma, I looked round called "poor." I did not attempt to engage my hostess in conversation. She appeared It was with a sens e of relief that I beheld disinclined to it, and, even if she had not at a little distance in front of me a small | been, the cries of the child, which she was house, the home, doubtless, of an adven- striving in vain to quiet, would have efturous farmer who, for the sake of more fectually prevented it. As for the two boys elbow room, had located himself on the very they stared at me with an intensity that showed their determination to know me

After supper I took my lamp, and was found it bolted." admittance. My call was answered by a ushered into a large. low room on the woman of middle age, in whom I noticed second floor, in one corner of which was a plain bedstead, which, with four chairs and pression, of which, at the time, I did not a looking-glass, ten inches by twelve, completed its arrangements so far as furniture went.

"I hope you will reat quietly," said the

Left to myself, I first bolted the door, and then, disarraying myself, leaped into Well, I will be prepared for them." The woman paused, and I saw a shade of bed, where I was soon buried in an uneasy slumber-uneasy because I could not throw off some anxious thoughts which had ob-

It might have been twelve o'clock when "It might as well be forty," said I, with I a woke from my troubled sleep, and became conscious of a conference which was being

with a cup of tea and a piece of bread, if One voice I at once recognized as that of

you have them, will strengthen me for the farmer's wife; the other I conjectured emerged with a lantern in his hand. to be her husband's.

> 'Have you killed him?" asked she, softly. "Yes," said the man.

'And where did you bury him?"

"In the swamp, about a m le distant." "Did he make much resistance?"

raised my gun and struck him on the head filled him with confusion. with it. so that he was stunned at once." I listened intently to these few words. I

was convinced that they referred to the murder of some unsuspecting person, with what purpose I could not gather, by the master of the house.

which it was detailed. I determined, if I ever got out of this den of murderers. I would secure his arrest.

But the conversation was resumed, and I listened once more.

faimer.

"Not by the door, for I've tried it, and

I perceived they were now speaking of entering my chamber, doubtless with the same design of murdering me and possessing themselves of my property.

"Try the trap-door."

"Yes, but if he should wake up?"

"O, no fear of that."

The steps receded.

"So," thought I, "there is a trap-door,

I grasped my pistols convulsively, determined that if I gave up my life it would not be without resistance.

I waited a few moments, listening intently. At length I could hear a slight rustling beneath the floor, which was succeeded by the cautious lifting up of a trapdoor in the centre of the apartment, which I had not noticed. The farmer slowly cd? -By Gerald Grayson.

"Now," thought I, "is my time." Leaping from the bed, I exclaimed, aiming a pistol at the intruder:

"Not a step further, or you are a dead man !"

The farmer recoiled, while, as I con-"No; I didn't give him a chance. I jectured, the surprise of detected villainy

'Villian, your base designs are fathomed. With your hands red with a murder which you have already perpetrated this day, you would attempt another."

"Is the man mad?" muttered my host.

"Can you deny that you have to day com-My blood ran cold at the coolness with mit ted murder? Can you deny that within the last few minutes you have declared the manner in which you did it, and for which villian that you are, you shall receive full punishment?"

To my astonishment, the farmer burst "How shall we get in?" inquired the into a hearty laugh. When the "fit" was over, he spoke ;

"You are right, sir, I have committed murder to-day. I have killed no less a person than my dog, Sack, who has lately shown signs of being mad."

At this ludicrous interpretation my dignified sterness fell apace, I managed to proceed with some severity;

"This may be true, but why do I find you entering my chamber at dead of night? What is your purpose, I demand?"

"Sir, my reason for entering by the trapdoor is that the door is bolted. My reason for entering it at all is to seek some camomile in yonder closet, to make tea for sick child. In the surprise of your coming it was forgotten. If you will take away your pistol, I will search for it."

I began to be sensible that I had made a fool of myself. Without a word more, I jumped into bed. I rose at an early hour the next morning and left before the family was up, first laying s piece of money on the table to pay for my entertainment.

How could I have the face to meet the family at breakfast after what had happen-