

Staining his skin, and dyeing his long fair hair, he returned in disguise to Strasburg, and day after day he haunted the building that contained his treasure. Chance at last befriended him. A little politic, though trifling, assistance rendered to the old porter at the Frauenhaus led to an acquaintanceship, and after the space of a few days, he was installed as assistant porter, he having given the old man to understand that he was in quest of employment. Now was his golden opportunity; with the keys of the building at his girdle, he searched for, and at last found his darling model. He embraced it, he wept over it as if it had been a living thing. But, would he worship it in secret? No; he would show it to the world; he would bid defiance to the narrow-minded laws of Strasburg. Armed with this resolution, he commenced the work of carefully removing to a place of safety all the intricate mechanical movements, all the loved figures and statues on which so many happy hours he had patiently wrought; everything in the cases that was portable he concealed, till at last the tall case stood denuded of all that gave it life.

Ten years ago, the boy Ulric stood gazing in speechless wonder at the great clock in the vast Cathedral—to-night, the man Ulric, furtively guarding two immense cases, is impatiently waiting for the midnight train to convey him and his dismembered mechanism far from the hated walls of Strasburg.

He arrived in Paris, thence to London his destination. He landed in safety but penniless and in ill health. He applied for work, but his ignorance of the language, and his absent ways (for his mind was with the object of his youthful passion, or that which equally shared his thoughts—his model,) made him ill suited to his new masters. Finally, driven to desperation by want, he offered his mechanism for sale. No one would purchase it; he explained its meaning—he was laughed at as a monomaniac. Then he fell sick. In his delirium he constantly raved of Madeleine, of his Model, of his master, of all his former life and acquaintances. The kind old landlady, a German woman, wrote to Madeleine, and she, true woman as she was, left her father and her home to minister at the sickbed of her lover. When he awoke to reason, the first face he saw was that he loved best on earth. By careful nursing he soon recovered, and they were married; but fortune seemed to frown on them, and his utmost endeavors could scarcely keep the wolf from the door. One absorbing thought filled the mind of Goldschmidt; that was—the re-construction of his clock. By dint of saving and self-denial, it was soon completed; but, alas, the privations he had endured, the want he had suffered, his utter helplessness in a foreign land, the unnatural strain upon his faculties, proved too much for his mind, taxed as it had been from too early a period with thoughts and calculations unsuited to his age, so that on the day a son was born to him, the last remnant of reason fled from him forever. Though they suffered from want, he could not be separated from the work of his hands; so the loving wife and mother, unused as she was to toil and labor, performed the meanest drudgery for their daily crust.

At length death closed the eyes of Ulric Goldschmidt, after a short life devoted with unceasing thought to one object—fulfilment of the dream of his boyhood. The present proprietor of the Model, being in London at the time, and accidentally hearing the circumstances from a bystander, as the humble funeral cortege passed by, determined that such a mechanical marvel should not be lost. Some days after the funeral he called on the widow Goldschmidt, who delivered it over to him, though reluctantly, this marvellous monument of patience, ingenuity, and devotion to science, for a sum that will enable the widow Madeleine to spend the remainder of her life in competence, and, it is to be hoped, bring up the youthful Ulric to lead a happier life, than did his gifted, ill-fated father.

The Procession of the Twelve Apostles takes place every quarter of an hour, and is then repeated immediately, so that visitors can see at any time during the day and evening the workings of this most wonderful Clock.

This Model has been Exhibited

IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EVERY STATE IN THE UNION,

*And endorsed by nearly 1,000,000 People as the
Finest Piece of Mechanism*

THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!

**Spacious Room, 55 Main Street,
FOR ONE WEEK,**

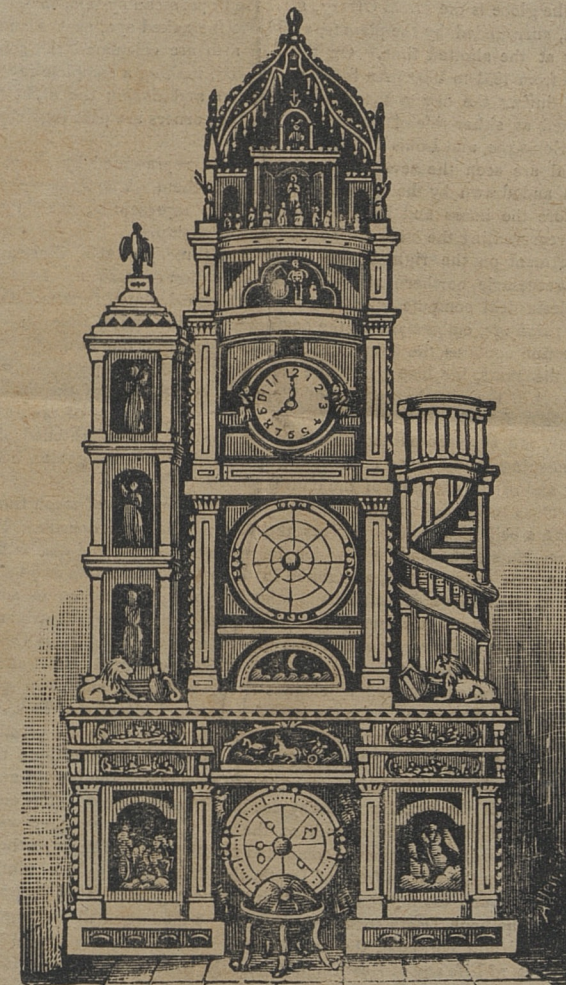
COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1880.

Open Afternoon and Evening from 2 to 5 and from 6 to 8 o'clock.

Admission 15 Cts., Two for 25 cts., Children 10 cts.

**THE WONDERFUL APOSTOLIC
STRASBURG CLOCK.**

Overwhelming Patronage
EVERYWHERE.



One of the World's
SEVEN WONDERS.

**THE ONLY PERFECT MODEL
OF THE
Great Astronomical, Musical, Mechanical & Apostolic Clock
EVER CONSTRUCTED.**

MURRAY & SHANKLAND, Proprietors.