

Bellefonte, Pa., June 22, 1906.

OUT OF THE THRONG.

Out of range of the gaslight's glare, Away from the maddening crowd; Out on the prairie, bleak and bare,

Canopy of sun and cloud: Longing for you with all my heart-Holding myself to blame For keeping you and I apart-

Loving you just the sam Away from the singing, humming wires; Away from the throng-surged street; Away from the city's towering spires,

With never a soul to greet Through the hot and dreary summer's day,

Save perhaps a man or two; Eyes growing dim, and mind away, Thinking, dear one of you.

Out of the land of sighs and pain: Away from revel and fun; Out on the lonely, grass-grown plain Under the scorching sun. Yet bearing my hardships like a man-

Playing life's fitful game, With aching heart 'neath summer's tan-Loving you just the same.

HARRY VAN DEMARK.

#### THE ATAVISM OF ABIMELECH.

Abimelech Crummitt, preacher of the word, pushed back his broad-brimmed hat and turned in his wagon-seat to peer curiously through his shaggy grey eyebrows after the two horsemen who had galloped by him toward the town of Colomo. Abimelech, who knew every citizen of Howell county, knew not these men and the horses county, knew not these men and the horses they rode—lithe, powerful and slender of limb—were of a breed strange to that re-

Beauties" soliloquized Abimelechof the riders.

When the cavaliers had finally disap-peared within the town, Abimelech cluck ed to his own round, sturdy steeds and jolted noisily on toward his little white

farmhouse in the distance.

It was just as he reached the cross-roads that he beard the first shot; he had already halted, abruptly, when the fusilade began; he was hurrying back toward Colomo when his alert ears caught the final report—the sharp, spiteful voice of the muzzle-loading, -making rifle of the predatory pionee whose convincing eloquence had persuaded the reluctant aborigine to "move on."

As he hastened toward the county-seat Abimelech was sore troubled of spirit. Next to the fair fame of his meek, Quakergarbed spouse, Martha, he cherished the fair fame of Colomo. Almost a half century before, he had helped at the 'raising' of the first house in the town; he had loyally rejoiced when the straggling village had been chosen as the county-seat, and he had been one of the foremost to contribute his quota of hewn logs for the court-house. For more than fourteen years-ever since the extirpation of the lawless Roliban gang -Colomo had been a model of peace and quietude, a city of law and order and brotherly love—a condition largely due to the insistent influence of Abimelech and his sect. Wherefore Abimelech was perplexed and much mortified by those omi-nous sounds that presaged the return of crime and lawlessness to Colomo.

He tied his panting and indignant horses to the ancient hitching rack that disfigured the public equare, and proceeded slowly to-ward the gaping crowd that surged about the entrance to Lumson's livery stable. Halfway across the street he met the county clerk, a hard, strange look on his usual-

Hiram ?" asked Abimelech. The county clerk slackened his rapid

pace. "Daddy Dow's killed; shot down like a

Abimelech's grave eyes grew wonder-"Killed ! Israel Dow-

"Yes; two hoss-thieves. We had notice

they was headed this way, an' we'd have got 'em, only Stone was too sudden-tried to arrest 'em before they was out of th' saddles. They whirled an' was off like two streaks, after firin' th' shot that killed poor ol' Daddy—an' him dozin' peaceful in his ol' chair." "And they escaped, friend Hiram ?"

The clerk's eyes flashed vindictively as

"We got one. Bill Seward dropped 'im on th' jump, with his old rifle, shot through th' hip. Stone hustled 'im down to jailwon't be there long."

A himelech crossed the street and peered over the fast increasing assemblage of heads. An overturned chair and a little red pool marked the spot where old Israel
Dow—'Daddy Dow,'' venerated pioneer
and pat:iarch—had met death.
When Abimelech had listened to the

muttering of those about him, when he had seen man after man leave the crowd and burry toward the court-house, his long, clean-shaven face grew severely serious. A grim, double column of men marched He clasped his calloused bands behind his broad back and walked thoughtfully along while the leaders called our sharp, stern inthe main street to the rickety jail on the structions. Shuddering, Abimelech made riverside, climbed the creaking steps, and rapped softly upon the door. It slowly swung open and the sheriff stood on the threshold, barring Abimelech's entrance. "What's your business, Ab?" asked the

officer, brusquely. "I'm busy."
"I fear the'll be much busier very soon, friend Stone," Abimelech observed. The sheriff eved him sharply, and laughed faintly and nuessily. They'll find us ready," he answered.

"I reckon me an' my dep'ty knows our

Thee and thy deputy! Friend Stone, they'll ne d twenty deputies !"
The sheriff frowned and his face flushed angrily; but there were many wearers of d brim in Howell county-a fact worthy of consideration by an officer seek

ing a second term.
"Where'd I get 'em?" he growled. guess you ain't on to public sentiment in this matter, Ab."

Beyond the sheriff, astride a chair, his

hat carelessly awry, the deputy removed the pipe from his lips and laughed speer-

ingly.
"Why don't ye swear Ab in, Tom?" he "They may not be afeared of but they'd never tackle sich a terror as

Well did Abimelech comprehend the irony of the suggestion. No man in Ho-well county was better fitted for personal combat than Abimelech. Standing flatfooted on his native soil, he could fold his massive arms on the top of a ten-rail fence. To vault lightly over the same fence, or with one blow to sink his axe to the helve dozen jailbirds, grimy and unkempt, in a standing poplar, were feats easy of acleered out at him between the iron bars.

courage questioned—for he was a man of few words, save when the Spirit moved and the Friends' Meeting bouse rang with Abimelech's fervent prayers and quavering ex-

iff declared, contemptuously, "only you can't an' they won't."

"Then, friend, I demand that thee im"Forward!" growled a score of voices.

mediately telegraph the Governor for the

militia. "Th' militia be d-d, an' you with it!" the sheriff snarled. "Howell county can manage its own affairs without shootin' its citizens down to save th' neck of a murder-in' hoss-thief. An' don't you come nosin' around tryin' to run my business. when ye're too big a coward to practice what you

Abimelech calmly turned, passed down the steps and leaned against the dilapidated paling fence, his broad chin on his enormous chest. He was thinking of the Governor, whose half-section adjoined his own ernor, whose half-section adjoined his own modest "forty"—the Governor, shrewd observer and reader of men, who had once said, humorously: "If Quaker Ab were to state that two and two made six, I should the sively between clenched teeth:

"It's me you're—lookin' for. Au' you in the force of the farthest one a man with a pallid, pain-distorted face looked up through half-closed eyes and spoke convulsively between clenched teeth:

"It's me you're—lookin' for. Au' you half the wob—to go to our schools to be altered accordingly."
Whatever his personal courage, A bimelech's stern probity and calm, conservative judgment remained unchallenged and unques-

Ten minutes later Abimelech stood in the little office of Colomo's solitary railroad, scribbling, crasing and re-writing, perplexedly—for the pen was a clumsy weapon in his untutored hand. At last be straightened up and regarded the agent du-

biously. "Friend," he asked, "can ye get this through at once?"
The man scanned the message, and looked

up at Abimelech's grave, anxious face.
"This is th' sheriff's business; th' Gov-

ernor can't—"
"Friend," Abimelech interrupted,
"James Wilson is not the man to quibble
in such a case. He was raised in Colomo,
and he loves it. I have given thee the
message; if thee shirks thy duty thee will bave to answer to James Wilson "The agent seized the key of the instru-

ment. "I'll try," he said. guardedly. "If they haven't cut th' wire I can get it through quick."

"I thank thee, friend," said Abimelech, fervently. "I'll wait for an answer."
Thirty long anxious minutes ticked away. Then, with a sigh, Abimelech rose from his seat in the dim corner of the dingy

"I may as well go home," he said, in answer to the agent's questioning glance.
"I've done all I can, and I don't want to

be here when-" "Answer's coming," the agent broke in as the little instrument suddenly set up an

insistent clatter.

A moment of hasty scribbling and be laid before Abimelech the little yellow sheet, yet uncopied.

"Metropolis, Ind., July 10, 187—
"Abimelech Crummitt, Colomo, Ind.:
"Military there by ten. special train.
There must be no lynching in Colomo.
Hold the jail. I rely on you.
"JAMES WILSON."

Outside the office, the little sheet of paper clutched in his hard band, Abimelech, gazing helplessly down the street, saw that What was the shooting about, friend and deserted. Somewhere on that balmy, summer evening the men of Colomo were gathering, organizing, planning deliberate murder, and Abimelech groaned as he thought of the Governor of a mighty State relying on one man to thwart that moband that man Abimelech Crummitt, preacher of the word, man of peace! If it were only either of these poor, misguided men of war, Captain Adonijah Crummitt who had stood with Stark at Bennington, or Seekpeace Crammitt who had charged with Cromwell at Naseby. Into Abimelech's mind flashed a damning doubt, a sinful suspicion that, perhaps, after all, there might be times when the sword rather than the word was necessaey for the accomplishment of the Lord's work.

"Hold the jail. I rely on you !" Mechanically Abimelech muttered those words as he moved dejectedly in the direction of his waiting team. The old clock in the court house tower struck nine, slowly | ly upward, and waited. and solemnly. The moon began to peep timidly above the dim horizon. Glaucing up, Abimelech saw that the windows of the court-house were ablaze with light. As he passed slowly under the old oak in the court-house lawn, something dangling in its branches awayed in the rising breeze before his face. Immediately he seized the portentions noosed thing, tore it down, and hurled it far away. The doors of the courthouse squeaked on their rusty hinges, and a grim, double column of men marched three plunging strides toward his team, then stood still, gripping the Governor's message in his hands. "I rely on you!" The words burned in his brain. If he could gain a hearing from these men of Colomo before they began their murderous work,

"Is not my words like as fire? perhaps-. and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" A great voice seemed to ery out the question, and make of it a com-

Down the dark side of the street Abimelech, half-crouching, sped to the jail, sprang up the steps, and beat upon the

"Git away from there,"the sheriff called. "Th' shootin will begin within a minnit."
"No!" cried Abimelech. "I can help

thee. I'll take the affirmation if necessary.' "I'd let him in. Tom"-the rasping voice of the deputy penetrated through the thin door; "it'll help us in case th' Gov'ner gits inquisitive—an' he'll git on to our

The sheriff mumbled over the affirmation as he hastily rebolted the door behind his

"There need be no bloodshed, friend Stone," Ahimelech exclaimed; "I'll speak to those erring-"

"Do yer talkin' at the other doorthrough yonder." interjected the sheriff. thrusting a revolver into Abimelech's band. "Jap an' me stays here."

inner door of the office and into the corridor that circled the cage of grated cells. A

gotten son of Elibu and Keturah, was a column was filing through the gate of the nerveless hand of the fainting man upon

"Halt, friends !" be cried in deep, so norous tones. The column halted, as if in surprise. "It's Quaker Ab," a dozen voices muttered. The leaders whispered

"We didn't come here for a sermon. Forward !" The column pressed against its leaders, who held it back.

"Crammitt," called one," we don't particular want this fellow if he'll tell who his partner was, and where he's headed for. Twas his partner that shot Daddy.' Abimelech's face shone.

"Friends, I'll ask him-if the'll promis me to make no attack before I report."
"Sure! We'll wait. Won't we, boys?" Sabdued laughter ran down the column as a hundred voices gave assent. Honest Abimelech re-entered the jail and hastened

can-go back au'-tell that mob-to go to

Abimelech covered his ears to shut out that last word. "Frieud," he said, earnestly, "if thee

refuses, only a miracle can save thee."

The man on the floor held out a hand. "Give me that gun-in your pocket,"

he gasped. "I'll have—company—on th' way over."
"Blank cartridges, friend—like the others," answered Abimelech, with a significant gesture toward the sheriff's office.
"The calls charge is to—"

'The only chance is to-A volley of shots from the office drowned his voice.

A chorus of fierce cheers arose from the column he had just lett, as it swept through the open door and into the jail.

Over the solemn face of Abimelech flashed a look of indignant amazement; his long heavy jaw shut with a click. He seized the rusted bar that fastened the prisoner's door, and in his immense hands it snapped like a pipe stem. He lifted the groaning prisoner in his arms and sped to the flimsy stairway that led to the upper story. A he sprang upon the lowest step an axe hurled from the oncoming mob glanced from his white head. Ahimelech reeled, took one more upward, staggering step, shifted his burden to his left arm and faced the mob. Blood streamed over his face-not the blood of Abimelech, man of peace, expounder of the word; it was the blood o that Captain Adonijah who had stood with Stark at Bennington, of Seekpeace Crummitt who had charged with Cromwell at Naseby! From behind the shaggy eyebrows his eyes shot forth blue fire; his brows his eyes shot forth blue fire; teeth gleamed, white and set, beneath the snarling lips. A ponderous arm swung in darting, catapultic circles against the foremost pursuers, hurling them back disabled. Then, with three springs, Abimelech reached the upper floor and laid his burden down. Stooping, he wrenched the flimsy stairway from its upper fastenings and it fell, crashing, with its load of panting,

scrambling men. "By the gods, old boy, you're a brick !" the wounded man moaned.

Two men in the cell at Abimelech's back pre-sed their hard faces against the bars. "Let us out. Goliath."

help ye keep 'em down." The law put thee in; the law must let thee out," laconically said Abimelech. From below arose curses and epithets un complimentary to Abimelech. The shooting ceased, and more men poured into the corridor-from the sheriff's office. The top

of a ladder shot up through the opening a Abimelech's feet. The voice of the sheriff called from below: "Abimelech Crummitt, as sheriff of Howell county, I demand my prisoner that I

may protect him." 'Come up and get him,' growled Ahim-'The officer's head reared itself above the

upper floor. A bairy hand twined like a rope of wire around the scrawny neck, shook the sheriff of Howell county rudely in mid-air, and dropped him to the floor below. Then Abimelech seized the ladder, drew it quick-

Listening, hopefully, to catch the first sound of the special, he heard only ramping of many feet, the confused babble of angry voices. Suddenly, with a rending crash, fragments of glass and sash sifted through the bars of the window at his ight. He took the heavy revolver from is pocket and handed it to the man at his

"Thee must try to guard the stairway," ne said. "Hit every bead. I must go to the window."

"They'll shoot you," the man warned Abimelech drew himself up proudly. 'Shoot me? They daren't!"

He drew an arm across his eyes to wip away the blood, leaped toward the window then halted, perplexed. In the moonlight he raw two ladders thronged with men. To attempt to overthrow them-to thrust his arms between the bars-meant certain maining by those battering hammers. He glanced about, despairingly. His blazing eyes discovered a dim and narrow cul-de sac, formed by the wall of the building, and a row of cells. He raised the helpless-prisoner, carried him to the further end of the blind passage, and tenderly laid him down. He heard the bars of the window fall, clattering under the hammers. He heard cheers, fierce cries, the rush of many feet. And he heard the roar and rattle of

a train speeding into town. "By the mighty sword of Gideon," mut-tered Abimelech, "we'll save Colomo yet." The opening of the passage filled with dark, hesitating, peering forms. Abime-lech took two strides forward; the lust of battle swelled his heart.

"Cowards!" he challenged, "come on ! ! bear no arms save those the Lord gave me! Then, down the passage they ewept—men of Colomo—with angry faces and cruel eyes, and Abimelech struck—struck with hare hands as even be had never struck with axe and maul. Down went the foremost, man after man, but others pressed forward, climbed over prostrate forms, pre cipitated themselves upon the giant, forced Mechanically grasping the unfamiliar weapon, Ahimelech hurried through the Adonijah and Seekpeace had never fought him back inch by inch, while he fought a-"Kill him! Kill the meddling Quaker!"

they screamed, snarling like enraged beasts.
A demon leaped up within Abimelech's breast; the impulse to slay possessed his brain. His retreating foot struck the hamcomplishment by Abimelech. But, true to the slipped the solitary bolt of the pine the tenets of his sect, Abimelech, only bedoor and peered out. The head of the grim mer-like weapon that had slipped from the

man of peace. He had seen his neighbors march, rifle on shoulder, to join Harrison at Tippecanoe; drafted during the dark days of the great rebellion, he had promptly fernished a substitute. With meekness and in silence he had many times heard his face. Abimelech lifted up his face. Abimelech lifted up his face. Then, as a column was ning through the gate of the nerveless nand of the fainting man upon the floor. He stooped, quickly, to seize it, bis foes leaped upon him, and the struggling mass clashed to the floor. With a moonlight. The white hair that the breeze tossed about his head was little whiter then his face. Abimelech lifted up his leveled bayonets came charging down the passage, something had struck Abimelech between his swimming eyes, and he pitched forward, a quivering mass of mighty bone and muscle, muttering in triumphant

And so, when the grinning sheriff commanded him to hold up his right hand, Abimelech only glared at him in reproving mildness and answered: "Thee knows I can't fight, friend Stone."

"It is thee, friends, who should go home," returned Abimelech; "thee who are about to commit murder, and bring through whose little eastern window the sun was shining brightly. His buzzing ears caught the sound of old Dr. Newland:

"Inst keep him quiet, Mrs. Crummit."

"Just keep him quiet, Mrs. Crummist. We'll have him up in a day or two, and as good as new in a week. Good-day, ma'am" "Then it wasn's a dream." groaned Abimelech. A Quaker-garbed, patient-faced little woman hurried to his side.

"Thee must not try to arise. Abine-lech," she said with low and gentle voice. "Martha, did I-was any one killed ?" he whispered hoarsely.

'No, Abimelech; praise the Lord. But

thee has sinned-grieviously stuned."
"And I deserve to be disciplined-severely and righteously d'sciplined, Martha. The little woman bowed her head Abunelech; already two of the brethren have called to express their opinion of thy amazing conduct.

Abimelech closed his eyes wearily and his lips tightly. "Martha," he said, after awhile, "bring

we the Book-and a pen."
While the little woman held the aucient Bible before him he turned to the old family record, between the two Testaments, and drew two black, obliterating lines through the names of Captain Adonijan and Seek-

peace Crummit.
"Martha." he said, plaintively, "it was in the blood."

The little woman sighed. 'Yes, Abimelech. But thee can live it down. I will help thee." Abimelech raised one ponderous arm,

drew the little woman to him, and kissed "I rely on you," he whispered, an odd smile playing about his lips as he closed his aching eyes .-- By Frank N. Stratton, in

#### SERIES OF SHIPWRECKS.

The Most Singular Chain of Marine Accidents on Record.

The most singular series of shipwrecks on record began with the loss of the English merchantman Mermaid. which was driven on the rocks of Torres strait in October, 1829. The officers and crew clung to the shattered vessel. which was held fast upon a sunken ledge, until, a few minutes before the doomed ship went to pieces, a passing

frigate picked them up.

The Swiftsure, as the latter craft was called, resumed her northward course, to be foundered in a terrific

gale three days later. Her combined crews were saved by the warship Governor Ready, en voyage to India, May 18, 1830. The last named, overtaken by a storm, was stranded on a barren coast, her three crews to a man succeeding in reach-

After staying a week on the inhospitable island they were taken off by the revenue cutter Comet, which a few days later sprang a leak and sank in spite of all efforts to save her.

Fortunately a rescue ship was again on hand, the four crews being

by the Jupiter. Even then, however, the chain of disasters was not broken, for the Jupiter just as she was entering the harbor of Port Raffle turned turtle and went down with scarcely a moment's warning. Her crews barely escaped with their lives, to be picked up by boat

sent to their aid. Thus the crew of the Mermald was wrecked five times in one voyage, that of the Swiftsure four times, of the Governor Ready three times and the Comet twice

The rescues had been purely accidental in every case, none of the ships having been sailing as a consort or even to the same port. Though the weather had been tempestuous and the escapes barely made,

## DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

Peculiar Beliefs About Them That Exist In the Old World.

not a life had been lost.

"Dead men's shoes" is a common expression, but means much in many parts of the old world, where the boots of the dead are accorded much importance.

In Scotland, in the northern parts of England, in Scandinavia, as well as in Hungary, Croatia and Roumania, the utmost care is taken among the lower classes that each corpse is provided with a pair of good shoes before being laid into the ground. If the dead person happens to be a tramp and to have been found dead barefooted there will always be some charitable soul to furnish a pair of good boots for interment

along with the corpse.

An inspector of police in Scotland has been known to purchase of his own accord a new pair of boots and to place them in the grave, reopened for the purpose, of a murdered stranger who had been inadvertently interred bare-

footed the day before. This practice, which likewise prevails among the Tsiganes as well as in many parts of Asia, is attributable to the be lief that unless the dead are well shod when buried their ghosts come back to haunt the locality where they breathed their last in search of a pair of boots.

The shoes are popularly supposed to be needed to pass in comfort and safety the broad plains which the departed soul must traverse before it can reach paradise. Among some nations these plains are declared to be covered with furzes, thorns and morass, while other races say that they consist of burning sands. These plains of suffering are popularly credited with forming a sort of antechamber to hell. It is for this reason that the boots of the dead are called "hell shoes" in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

# A MARCH MISTAKE

By Jeanne O. Loizeaux

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"Elsie, John Fielding is waiting for

you downstairs." Elsie looked up to see her mother in the door and dropped the warm cloak the was about to put on. She was a quiet, gentle girl, so unassuming that her dark prettiness was more unnoticed than it deserved to be. It had been long since John had come to see er in the old friendly fashion of the time before Rose Lisle moved to their town. The girl gave another touch to her smooth hair. Her mother stood

watching her and then remarked: "Mrs. Dent told me today that John and Rose have been out for over a month. He has just come home. If a quarrel with Rose is all that sends him to you, I should think that"- Elsie wheeled impatiently.

"Mother, John and I have always been good friends, and I shall not question any motive that brings him to see me. I shall always be the same to him. You can't expect a man so deeply in love as he is with Rose to be regular in his attention to his girl friends. And no one could help loving a beauty like

Rose. She's good too." Elsie greeted John as if she had seen him yesterday and soothed his evidently overwrought mood with a gentle. half laughing tact. He was tall and blond, with fine blue eyes which tonight were clouded, and his face was a little careworn. Sometimes he gave random answers as if he had not heard what she said. After a half uneasy hour of the March twilight he turned to her in awkward masculine gratitude for her patience with him.

"Elsie, am I keeping you in? I have not thought to ask if you were going anywhere." She smiled and bethought herself that inaction was not good in

his present mood. "I was going for a walk and can go as well another time. I was going quite by myself. You know, I am nev-

er afraid.' "No. I never knew you to be afraid from the time we were children at school until now. I have always liked you for that. But would you mind letting me go with you for the walk? We used to like 'pushing the wind' to

gether. Shall we go?" Elsie put on her cloak and little red cap, and the two young people started away.

Rose lived not far from them, and as they passed the house both could not avoid what they saw. From the broad front windows the light streamed brightly. The shades were not drawn, Rose sat at the plano, and over her in rapt attention stood Norman Cady. John almost dragged Elsie past, though he said nothing. He did not know that he gripped her arm till it hurt and that he was walking at a pace that would have put a less healthy girl than

It was a raw night, with a sharp wind. The moon was high and cold, and the sky was streaked with flying clouds. The road was good, and they walked on and on, out of the town and along the river road. The girl was unwilling to disturb her companion's silent mood and swung gladly beside him. At length they reached the boathouse and a great pile of rough logs in a sheltered corner. John stopped here and proposed resting.

"Elsie," he said, "I must have tired you all out. I am a selfish brute to drag you about like this. I was trying to get away from myself by reminding myself what a stanch friend you have always been. I had not intended to tell you my troubles, but I think I

must if you will let me." "Tell me about it," she replied in the matter of fact comrade's way that

made confidences easy. "All right, but you must not try to help me. No one can do that. I simply need the relief of words before I settle down to forgetting as fast as I

can." He hesitated. A man finds it hard to confide.

"Is it about Rose?" She tried to make it easier for him. "Elsie, I loved her almost from the minute I saw her. Everybody must know it, for I didn't hide my preference, and when I want anything under the sun it is my way to do my best to get it. I wanted her. Soon I made her my friend and then-well, I thought she loved me, though we had not spoken of it in words. About a month ago I wrote and asked her to marry me. I told her everything a man tells the girl he loves. I asked her to send me a note in answer and added that I should interpret her failure to do so as a re-

drummed his heels against the logs. "Elsie," he went on, "she did not send me a word! Not one word! And that very night she was heartless enough to smile and nod and blush at me at a concert where we were and seemed to think I would see her home the same as ever! Then the next time we met she did not even speak!"

fusal, though I was overconfident

enough not to dream of such a thing."

He looked off across the river and

"Are you sure she received it?" "Yes. I sent it by my brother, and he put it into her own hand. He did not wait for an answer. She could have sent that anyway. Well, then I went away a few weeks. I could not stand it here, and now that I am back it is worse than ever. I despise myself for caring, but I hate Norman Cady for being near her. I thought if I told you, perhaps just putting it into words would wear off some of my anger and help me forget her. Elsie, be good to Die and help me forget her. Will you?"

The girl touched his arm with her

"You should go to her and have it out in words. There may be some mis-

take." "There is no mistake. She was simply playing with me. Elsie, you were always my comrade, be so now in time of need." Elsie laughed, but it hurt

her a little.

"Very well, John, come to me whenever you want to. We will talk and walk and you shall try to forget. I will not fail you."

March was gone and April had had her last day of grace. It was the evening before May day. Elsie, happy hearted, was waiting on the porch in the twilight. John was to come. Now he nearly always came. They were going for another walk in the spring twilight to wander across the green hills and back along the roadways in the white moonlight. Elsie thought only of the moment, but she could not help a little throb of gladness that he so seldom spoke of Rose. She did not, as at first, regret the coolness that had sprung up between her and Rose. Nothing seemed to matter but being happy without thinking why. John called her "sister" half jokingly, but with entire affection, and while he sometimes wandered off inconsolately by himself he seemed content to be with her. And so she waited. As she waited her fifteen-year-old brother called distressingly from his room:

"Sis, for goodness sake get my good coat from the closet in the hall! I'm goin' to be late to that party." Elsie went to the dark closet and emerged with a coat. She knocked at

his door. "Oh, come on in and help me with this fool tie! Great snakes, if you haven't got the wrong coat! Just like a girl! Haven't worn that old thing

fell from the pocket. Elsie picked it up, and as she glanced at the address her face went white. "Terry! What is this?"

since winter!" He snatched it from her impatiently upside down. A letter

At the sound of her voice he turned to look, and then stood stricken with tardy penitence. It was addressed to John Copeland, and in the lower left corner was inscribed in Rose's hand, "Kindness of Terry." Terry stared and struggled with the refractory tie.

"A pretty mess! Rose gave me that months ago, and I promised to take it straight to John. And like a fool I forgot!" Then he cheered up. "Well, they're off anyway now. Probably she'll be glad he never saw it. I will take it back to her tomorrow." wondered at the strange brightness of his sister's eyes, at the extreme white-

ness of her face. "Gee! Not even Rose can touch you for looks. Sis. I don't wonder that John"- She turned from him as John's whistle sounded below. She still held

the letter. "I shall give it to John. It is his, I shall tell him you forgot. I"-Then she went down to John.

He sat contentedly on the porch with his hat pushed back on his fair head. He looked careless and happy enough. At her approach he rose.

"Ready, sister?" Her smile was odd. and she held the letter out to him. She spoke as if she had been running:

"John, take this into the parlor and read it. No one is there. I told you there was a mistake. It is to you from Rose. She gave it to Terry, and he forgot it. I just found it in the pocket of his winter coat." John did not know he almost snatched it from her hand. When he came back from the parlor

his face was shining. "Elsie, you are an angel! You have the heart of a sister! You have given her back to me. She did love me. She does! I"-

Elsie smiled and gave him a brave little push.

"Well, you silly boy, go to her this minute!" He snatched her hand and pressed it hard. Then he went from her with an eager swiftness that he had never shown in coming to her. She knew itshe had always known it, but nevertheless it was not easy to see. And under her breath she whispered bravely:

"The heart of a sister!"

The Robber's Grave at Montgomery. In a corner of the churchyard of Montgomery, writes a correspondent, is a bare space, known as "the rob-ber's grave." It is not a raised mound of earth, but is below the surrounding ground, which is especially luxuriant. The date of the grave is 1821, and numerous attempts have been made to grow grass upon the bare spot. Fresh soil was frequently spread upon it, but not a blade of grass is to be seen. The shape of a cross is still distinctly visible. It is the grave of a man named Newton, charged with highway robbery and violence and sentenced to be hanged. He protested his innocence. "In meek dependence of a merciful God, whom I have offended, but who, through the atonement of his blessed Son, has, I trust, pardoned my offenses, I venture to assert that if I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer the grass for one generation at least will not cover my grave." Men of eighty bear witness that never since they were children has there been grass on the grave.-Westminster Gazette.

## Traveling Incognito.

Some investigator of curious subjects has discovered that the inventor of traveling incognito was Peter the Great of Russia. The next after the famous Russian sovereign to adopt the practice was Joseph II. of Austria, who in 1777 made a little stay in Paris under the title of Count von Falkenstein. During the revolutionary period Louis XVIII. buried his temporarily useless royal dignity under the privacy of Comte de Lille, while Charles X. passed as the Comte de Marles. The ex-Empress Eugenie in her splendor frequently took little trips as the Comtesse de Pierrefonds.