THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let's go back, O brother mine, To the precious ways of the days got

by—
Back to the gleam of the glad sunshine,
When we were children, you and I.
We are growing old, but I long so much
For the grasp of a mother's hands to
hold

hold le away from sin and its soiling touch As they used to do in the days of old.

T'm tired of dogma of church and state; Let's trail with our feet the dust of the

lane, we wander down to the pasture gate, As we wanter down to the pasture gate,
And bring the cows for mother again.
And see once more the woodlark dip
From stake to stake of the ridered fence
And feel the old-time fellowship
We felt in our boyhood innocence.

Let's climb to the rafters overhead, Let's climb to the rafters overhead,
And build a swing on the old barn floor.
Let's "hide and seek" in the wagon shed,
And be "knee high" again once more.
Let's part the weeds where the truant hen
Has stolen her nest; then stoop and fold
The sheltering weeds o'er the nest again
As we used to do in the days of oid.

the endless joys of the days of old! Ith the path that led to the fruited

trees,
Where the dandelions their coins of gold
Had scattered to bribe the bumblebees. Had scattered to bribe the bumblebees.

Down in the grass was the cricket's chirr,

And overhead was the dragonfly; nd round about us everywhere Was the dreamy gleam of the days gone

And oh the years and tears since then!

The miles and smiles that have lured us

The graves we have passed and the mo

ments when
The cradle and coffin seemed almost one!
So let's go back, 0 brother mine,
Forgetting to-night our greed of gold,
And talk awhile of the glad sunshine
That gilded the ways of the days of old.
—Aifred Ellison, in Chicago Record.



Chapter I—D'Auriac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron has been appointed by Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge made against him. Nicholas, a sergeant, brings in two prisoners, a man and a woman, who are from the king's camp at Le Fere. D'Auriac, angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron toward the woman, strikes him. A duel follows, and during the commotion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Auriac, upon spiving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow...,you must die on the field. Win or tose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman." After a few hours' rest he rides back toward the genera.'s tent.

CHAPTER II. M. DE RONE CANNOT READ A

When I reached the general's pavilion Rone was just mounting his horse, a lackey standing near with a sputtering torch, and his staff in a little clump. a few yards away. I saluted, and he gave me a keen look, saying:
"So you have come, M. d'Auriac—take

your place with the staff. I will give you your work later on-and remem

"I am not likely to forget, M. le Marquis," and I moved off in the direction andicated.

I was recognized and welcomed by de Belin, the young Tavannes, de Cosse-Brissao, and others of my acquaint-ance. I replied as best I might, but there was no time for much talk, as the general was moving onwards at a rapid pace, and we were compelled to follow at once. I dropped a little to the rear, to husband the strength of my horse as far as possible, and was joined by another rider.

"Is that you, Belin?" "Ma foi! Yes."

"I was surprised to find you here. I thought you were with the archduke and de Mayenne."

"What! have you not heard?"
"What in the devil's name could I hear on those cursed outposts?

"Then in your ear-the Remois have gone from us, and de Mayenne and the Guisard have passed over to the king. My news is certain, and the archduke has sent a cipher to de Rone bidding

m retreat at once on Amiens."
"But this does not look like a re-

"No; de Rone has lost the key of the

We both laughed, and Belin went on "It was droll. I saw him receive the message, which the old fox must have read at a glance. But he turned it this way and that, and looking at Egmont, said as calmly as possible: 'Ride ba
to Amiens and fetch me the key. have lost mine and cannot follow the cipher'—but hark!" and Belin interrupted himself, "there is de Rethelois good morning."

voice stopped any De Rone's

ther talk, and I spurred to his side.
"My compliments to Conde de Leyva and ask him not to waste time spitting at de Rethelois-tell him to leave a suf ficient force to hold the garrison in check, and move across the river towards St. Gobains-report yourself to me at the ford.'

I galloped off, and when I reached Spaniard, whom I found with some difficulty. I discovered that he had already anticipated de Rone's orders, and had besides almost cut off a sortie from the city. There was nothing for it therefore, but to wish de Leyva a pleas

ant day and to go on to the ford.

By this time I had come to the out post, and as I trotted past the thorn hedge I saw, about 50 paces or so to my right, a single horseman under a tree. His hands were tied behind him, and a which hung from a branch head, ended in a noose secured lightly but firmly round his neck. His position was such that if the horse moved away from beneath him he would hang, and the poor wretch was absorbed in coaxing the animal to remain steady. Another look showed me it was Nicholas, the sergeant, and knowing there was mob before them. little leisure to lose if the knave was to be saved, I put spurs to my beast and headed towards him. I was just in time, suddenly turned the reins of a huge,

for as I started the old trooper gave a loud neigh, flourished his heels in the air, and galloped off towards the enemy, with his mane and tail streaming in the wind. A touch of my sword freed Nicholas, but it was a narrow affair, and he lay gasping on the ground, and as he lay there I noticed that his ears had been cropped close to his head, and that the wounds were quite fresh. He recovered himself in about a minute, and was about to tell me how he came in such a plight, but, sincerely sorry as I was, I had to cut him short.

"Keep the story for another day, Nicholas," I said, "and follow the ex-ample of your horse, who I see is a loyal subject, and has gone straight back to the king."

With these words I spurred onwards, with these words I spurred onwards, leaving Nicholas to follow my advice or not, as he listed. I had gathered enough, however, to find out that he was a victim of M. de Gomeron's humor. Little did I think, however, when I saved this poor fellow how amply I

would be requited hereafter.

I reached the ford just before the general, and saw that our right flank had already crossed the river in the distance. Opposite us the Royalists appeared to be in some confusion; but in a moment they were restored to order, and moved steadily on. As they reached the mound whereon the royal guidon was displayed, we heard the opening bars of the Pont d'Audemer march, and as they ceased a red tongue of flame licked out from behind a cornfield and a masked battery opened on us.

CHAPTER III

THE RED CORNFIELD

"M. le Marquis, the Conde de Leyva begs for help urgently." "Tell him I have none to give," de Rone made answer from his big black charger Couronne. "Sangdieu!" he added, under his breath, "had we been but three hours earlier the Bearnais was lost."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the cavalier to whom they were addressed threw up his arms with a scream, and falling forward from his horse, began to beat at the earth convulsively with his hands, whilst he gasped out his life. As the death glaze was covering his eyes, his empty saddle was filled by a figure that rose up like a sprite through the dim smoke, and Belin's even voice was heard.

"Poor Garabay! But my horse was shot under me an hour ago, and this one will do me excellently. Shall I carry your message, general?"
"I claim the honor, marquis; do not

deny me, Belin. I have been idle too long," and I pressed forward as I spoke. "O, I yield to you, d'Auriac! there is

work enough for me at the other end; the bear of Aumale is dancing to a fine tune there," and Belin reined back, whilst de Rone nodded assent, with a meaning in his look that I alone understood.

I needed no second bidding, but turning my Norman's rein, galloped down the blazing line of battle. If I escaped through the day, which to my mind was already lost, I knew full well that de Rone, smarting under disappoint-ment and chagrin at defeat, would be in no temper for mercy, and would cer-

in no temper for mercy, and would cer-tainly keep his word to me.

I let my beast go with a loose head, and there was no need of the spur to urge him to his utmost effort as he bore me to de Leyva. I found him bare headed and on foot, his face black with smoke and bleeding from wounds. I ought to have gone back to de Rone, but the lust of battle was on me, and for me there was nothing in the world but the black guns behind the continuous flashes, lightening through the thick smoke which the wind was blowing in our faces. My brave horse was killed by a round shot, and as I scrambled up and took my place by de Ley va's side, his features relaxed and he said, with a thin smile:

"I have had both my horses killed chevalier, or would offer you a mount."
"We will replace them from Schomberg's reiters," and the bugles, sounding the attack, cut short all further talk. It was win or lose now-all was staked upon this hazard, and it was well for us that Schomberg was broken, for, to protect the men as far as possible from the guns, de Leyva advanced in The work was to be all cold steel, and Bayonne knife and Biscay pike were to make a last effort against the long, black, snarling guns, behind which d'Aussonville's ordnance men yelped and danced with glee as each discharge brought down its tale of the mangled and dead. But up the long slope, never flinching, never swerving, one man stepping where another fell, the veteran regiments marched, with their gallant chief at their head. When about 50 paces away, the drift was so thick that we could see nothing save the incessant flashes of light, which possessed but power enough to show themselves. At this moment the bugles rang out shrilly the ranks closed up like magic, there one tremendous roar of artillery, and the half of us that were left were in the battery. Here, on the red and slip-pery corn stalks, the devilry went on, and men fought more like beasts than human beings. As the heavy mass swayed backwards and forwards, the strong breeze lifted the smoke from the now speechless guns and showed that they were won, but it also showed us another sight, and that was de Rone's broken center doubling back upon us in utter rout, and behind them a silver line of shining helmets as the king's

house charged, led by Henry himself. On they came, a dancing line of light, a gleam of shining swords, with the white plume of the bravest of them full

three lengths in front.
"Vive le Roi!" The breeze flung us the deep-mouthed cheer as they broke through the mailed ranks of de Rone's own cuirassiers, and drove horse foot, knight and knave, in a huddled

It may have been fancy, but I thought

black charger and flew at the king For an instant two bright sword blades crossed in the air, and then the black horse plunged riderless into the gray spate of smoke that the wind was bearing westwards, and a groan as of dis-

pair fell on my ears.
"Vive le Roi!" Once again came the full-throated cry, and the bay horse was galloping towards us, followed by the line of swords, no longer shining, but dulled and red with the slaughter they had made.

The next moment the enemy were on us. We met them with a row of pikes; but what could we do, for we were few in number, weary with the long struggle, and weak with wounds? The issue was never in doubt, and they broke us at once. I have a vague memory of fighting for dear life amidst a thunder of hoofs, and the hissing sweep of swords, but was ridden down by some one, and all became dark around me.

When my mind came back, it was with the consciousness of rain that was fall-ing softly, and the cool drops plashed on my burning head with a sensation of relief that I cannot describe. I suffered from an intolerable thirst, and strove to rise that I might find means to quench it; but found I was powerless to move, and writhed in my agony in the rut amidst the corn stalks wherein I had The rain was but a pa shower, and when it ceased a light but cool breeze sprang up. It was night, and a fitful moon shone through the uneasy clouds that hurried to and fro overhead in the uncertain breeze, which shifted its quarter as often as a child might change its mind.

A half-hour or so may have passed thus, and the moon was now almost entirely obscured. Occasionally I could hear, through the darkness around me the moaning of some poor wounded wretch, and now and again rose the shrill discordant shriek of a maimed horse, an awful cry of pain, the effect of which those only who may have hear'd it can understand. Soon a number of twinkling lights began to hover the plain. Gradually two of these lanthorns came closer to me, stopped about ten paces off, and when I saw who bore them I knew at once they were death-hunters, and that in a few moments the knife of one of these ghouls might end my suffering. There were two of these fiends, a man and a woman and as they halted the man stooped there was a choking cry for mercy, the blow of a dagger, and a groan. robber busied himself in searching the dead man's person, and, in the silence



FOUND HIM BAREHEADED AND ON FOOT

that followed, the woman with him threw up her head and laughed a horrid shrill laugh. "Be still, fool," he snarled, "or you'll

laugh another way if I tickle you with my knife."
"Pouf!" she said, "there is no use in squabbling, partner. This is the sixth

we have helped to hell to-night, and not a broad piece amongst them. Holy Virgin! This is a field of paupers—let one!" and to my joy she made as "Stay, Babette! what shines there?

and Mauginot ran forward a couple of paces, and bending low wrenched some-thing from a body, and then stood up, holding it to the light.

I saw his face clearly, and saw also his prize. It was poor de Leyva's collar of the Golden Fleece, and the bloodsteined hand of the croquemort held it up to the lantern, and clinked the eled links, whilst he fe on the gold and gems. Over his shoulders peered the pitiless features of his partner, and in her eyes blazed all the bad light of avarice and murder. I almost held my breath as I watched the eves of the woman leave the jewel and turn on the man with death in their look. As for him, he was unconscious of the knife quivering in the nervous fingers behind him, and he chuckled over his find.

"That is the collar of the Toison d'Or, Babette. But I will wed you, and we will buy an estate and settle down, and you will be Madame de Mauginot-hey? That carrion there must have been great prince—a field of paupers—bah Give me more paupers like this. I am sorry he is dead, Babette, I would like to have-Ah, mon Dieu!-you devil! you devil!" for as he babbled on, his words were cut short by Babette's knife, which she buried to the hilt between his shoulderblades, and he fell on his kneed and then lurched on his face stone dead. The murderess made a snatch at the jewel, which I saw her conceal, and then with a mocking "Adieu, M. de Mauginot!" to her victim, stepped over my body and moved out of sight, swinging her lantern, and laughing low to

herself. As I watched this hideous scene, I for the moment forgot the pain of my hurts; but they soon began to assert themselves in such a manner that I longed for the relief that unconsciousness would afford. So the long hours of the night passed, and at last it was

dawn once more, and morning came Lying with my car against the ground, I heard the dull beat of horses' hoofs, growing louder and more dis-tinct as they approached, and in a little time the party, whoever they were, rode into the cornfi For a

second my eyes were dazzled by the reflection of the sun on the silver-plate of their armor; but I recovered myself with an effort, and watched eagerly, intending to cry out for help as they passed me, for my voice was too weak to reach where they were. There were two ladies amongst them, and all appeared to be looking with much concern for some one. As they came closer I saw it was the king himself, with Mme. de Beaufort, and another lady doubtless of the court, and a numerous retinue. Henry was mounted on his famous bay charger; and, as he lifted his hat and looked silently around him, I had good opportunity of observing the man who was without doubt the most heroic figure of the age, and who united in himself the most opposite extremes of character. I saw before me a spare figure, the head covered with short black hair, a long hooked nose that fell over the upper lip, and a sharp, pro-truding chin, half hidden in a beard tinged with gray. His long curled mustaches were white as snow. Under his bushy evebrows his keen, restless eyes glittered like two beads, but for the moment they seemed dilated with a soft light, and there was an infinite sadness in them as he looked round the

bloody field. "I am afraid we search in vain, madame," and a tall cavalier mounted on a big bay addressed Mme. de Beaufort. She nodded her head to him sadly, and turned to the king.
"It is useless, sire, and I can bear this

no longer—it is too horrible—let us go." "You are right-this is no place for you. Roquelaure will see you and your little friend there back, and I will come to you soon-but now I have a letter write-just a few lines to Bearn. The king spoke with a strong southern accent, and as he spoke leaned forward and caressed Mme. de Beaufort's hand. The lady with Mme. de Beaufort coming nearer at this time, I recognized my unknown madame of the outposts, who had evidently found her way back to her friends. But it was with a bitter disappointment that I saw her in the company of the duchess, and evidently in attendance on her. Madame wa nothing to me, I thought, but I could not associate her with the fallen wom-an who was the mistress of the king. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

COULDN'T BEAT A RETREAT.

How a Brave French Drummer Boy Saved the Day at Ma-

"Tout est perdu; sauve qui peut!" ("All is lost; save himself who can!" shouted the soldiers of Marshal Victor at Marengo, when, after sustaining with Lannes for hours the fierce onslaught of superior Austrian numbers under

Gen. Melas his men gave way and fled. But Lannes formed his men into hollow squares, they slowly fell back, mov-ing like "living citadels" over the field of battle, sinking by hundreds under the destructive fire of the enemy, but still shielding Victor's disorganized troops.

At this juncture was seen advancing over the plain, with banners waving, and trumpets sounding, the head of the column of Desaix, who had heard the cannonading a score of miles away, and in advance of orders had hastened to the aid of Napoleon.

"Beat a retreat!" said an officer to one

of the drummers of Desaix, who had just reported to his chief.

"Beat a retreat!" repeated the drum-mer, as he looked upon the French army rolling back in a broken mass and noted the impatience of some of the soldiers at the silence of his drum. "I do not know how to beat a retreat. Desaix never taught me that, but I beat a charge-oh, I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line! that charge at the pyramids. I beat it at Mount Tabor. I beat it at the bridge of Lodi. May I not beat it here?"

"What think you of it?" asked Na poleon of Desaix, whose 6,000 men were

halted not far away.
"The battle is lost," replied the hero
of Egypt, "but it is only three o'clock. There is time to gain another."

"Forward, then!" commanded Napoleon. "Hold the enemy in check

while I rally and reform the army be-hind you!" Riding among the demoralized men

have retreated far enough! You know it is always my custom to sleep on the field of battle!" Meanwhile the boy was beating that stirring charge, and Desaix with

6.000 was charging the whole Austrian army. "Go," said he to the aid-de-camp, "tell the first consul I am advancing, and must be supported by the cavalry."

A moment later he fell mortally wounded, but the drum only beat the louder, and his men rushed forward to avenge him. Kellermann's cavalry

charged to support them. The Aus trian columns gave way and were soon a turbulent mass of fugitives. Thus was Marengo wrested from the victorious Melas by the cool grit of the devoted Desaiy, and by his prompt, intelligent anticipation of orders. He, in-Grouchy's place at Waterloo, or Grouchy, acting like him, might have changed the fate of Europe.—Success.

Who Bought It?

An author who had been unsucce ful in getting a story accepted, though he had kept it going for three years noticing that the manuscript was badly worn by constant transmission in the mails, forwarded it by express to the last available publication on his list,

valuing it at \$75. He was in luck this time. The story was lost en route and no trace of it could be found.

Some time afterward a friend, who knew the unfortunate history of the "Did you ever get that article of yours

"Just sold it!" replied the joyful author.

off?

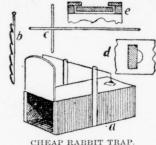
"And how much did you get for it?" "Seventy-five dollars. It was bought by the express company!"—Atlanta



CHEAP RABBIT TRAP.

Placed in the Orchard in Cold Weather It Is Sure to Make a Good Catch.

Select four pieces of ordinary sixinch fencing board 20 to 24 inches long Nail them together so as to form a box closing one end. The top piece should be an inch shorter than the others. Nail the bottom and top boards to the side boards, thus making the opening six inches perpendicularly and four inches horizontally. A sliding door is then made to fit neatly into the open end and two pieces of lath nailed against the ends of the perpendicular boards, pro-pecting one-half inch inside. The door then slides down between the shorter upper board and the projecting edges



CHEAP RABBIT TRAP

trap set ready for rabbit; b, trigger; hole for trigger with piece of hoop iron r catch; e, top view of door and door des; f, lath support for door when trap

of the lath. To support the door a piece of lath is nailed on each side of the door and notched at the upper end. The simple cross shown at e supports the door. One end is tied to the door by means of a string and one end is fastened to the trigger, which is the small notched stick shown at b. This passes through the hole shown in d and when the trap is set supports the door.

is set supports the door.

These traps are placed in orchards during cold weather. The rabbit in running about the orchard finds the trap and seeing that it is a hole which will afford him protection, backs into it, pushes against the trigger, causing the notch to slip off the catch and drop the door. No bait is necessary, The trap must be made of old weather-beaten boards, for the strong odor of new pine will keep rabbits away. The traps should be placed near the rabbit runs where they come into the orchard. It is more successful on cold, quiet, clear nights. An orchardist in central Illinois caught more than 1,000 rabbits in these traps during one winter.—Orange Judd Farmer.

MARKETING WHEAT.

lowa Alliance Advises Western Farm ers to Hold Their Crops for an Advance in Price.

The Farmers' alliance of Wapello county, Ia., has issued the following advice to farmers of the state as to hold ing wheat for higher prices: Within a short time a steady advance up to the 75-cent mark at northwestern shipping points is certain as death; and the farm ers have the game in their own hands if they play with a little caution. The reason upon which we base our faith in the better price for wheat is that when the crop of 1898 was harvested the world's supply from former years was practically exhausted, and the bread-eating world is now drawing its supplies from the crop of the present year. In other years, and for many years, the old stocks amounted to hundreds of old stocks amounted to hundreds of millions of bushels when the crop of any given year was harvested, and in reckoning on the world's supply the gamblers counted the old wheat as well as the new. This year there is no olwheat on which they can reckon. The low price of wheat during ten years preceding 1897 was due not to a surplu-in any given year, but to the accumula preceding years. The chie cause has now temporarily disappeared.
Again, the acute distress which for three or four years afflicted many farmers in the northwest is no longer in sight Farmers generally are in better shape to protect themselves against the vulgar wiles of buils and bears; and those animals are perfectly aware of

Newlect Means Great Loss.

A thoughtful farmer soon learns that there is no money in neglect or in suf-If a cow goes hungry or gets drubbing from the cross hired man, she records her woes in the milk pail. I the horse has sore teeth or a nail in hi foot or is fed poor hay, his endurance condition and constitution show the ef fects. Even a sitting hen if badly treated and illfed while breaking will show her feelings by her slowness in getting back into laying condition. There is a money value in comfort which becomes more and more apparent as we study into it. Nine out of ter farm animals will do the best they know how; they will work like ma-chines for the skilled operator who keeps the bearings oiled with comfort -Dakota Field and Farm.

The Hens Need Variety. Instead of feeding wheat every day

the grain may be varied by simply al lowing one kind of grain each day Oats may be given the first day, corn the next and wheat the next. The cost of food will be about the same one kind is given, but the fowls wil enjoy the changes of grain and keep in better health. If meat, milk and bulky food are also added to the ration the hens should lay, provided they have warm quarters and are not overfed. Variety should always be the rule, for even the grains differ in their composition .- Dakota Field and Farm.

\$500 Reward

wmation that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties whe placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near he east line of Franklin Housler's farm, n the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU, Prendent.

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