One more old landmark gone, forever gone One dear familiar scene erased from earth To leave behind a scar. One less to greet Old Hadley's loyal sons who homeward

Their world-sick eyes and dream to find

again
The solace of the past, the refuge sweet
That ever hallows, ever glorifies
The background of the years.
The homestead gone!

The homestead gone!

A blackened pile, a mocking void, to tell
The swift destruction of a century's pride;
The weather-beaten monument to fame
Brave Hooker won, and we have shared,
laid low;
The shrine of many generations past,
Where love and cheerful sacrifice of self
Crowned joy and sorrow with their fadeless wreaths,
Consumed and vanished in a breath of
flame.

The friendly shelter of the shelterless,
Where widowed hearts made homeless

ones a home, To ashes turned;—and they, who humbly

toiled, shared unstintingly, through whiten-

and shared unstitutingly, through whitehing years

Of gentle, patient, noble womanhood,

Made homeless in an hour!

Oh! tell us why

Our human hearts shall not in grief rebel

And seek some sane and fair solution here

Of these world-mysteries that overwhelm

In doubt and darkness every fiftul gleam

Of finite equity in the plan Divine?

In vain our questioning-in vain reply We only know there is a faith sublime,
A vision clear, of love and duty born,
That comes to bless these handmaids of
His love;
A steadfast, tranquil, harbor light beyond
These troubled seas, undimmed by storm

Meanwhile these chastened souls rebuke

our 'plaints That we should dare to analyze the cross They bear so bravely, trustingly and--Hannah Warner, in Springfield (Mass.)

THE

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SYNOPSIS.

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 commontion the prisoners escape. De Rone happens on the disorderly scene, and d'Auriac, upon giving his parole not to attempt escape, hears this remarkable sentence: "To-morrow..., you must die on the field. Win or lose, if I catch you at the close of the day, I will hang you as high as Haman."

Chapter II—D'Auriac next morning takes his place as usual on de Rone's staff. In the course of his ride over the field he saves the life of Nicholas, the sergeant, who, a victim of de Gomeron's malice, is found in mminent danger of almost instant death.

Chapter III—After the battle in which King Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces, d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees the forms of a man and woman moving under cover of the night among the dead and wounded. They find a goldan collar on de Leyva's corpse, and Babettle stabs Mauginot (her partner) to gain possession of the prize. After this hideous scene Henry with a retinue, among whom is the fair prisoner who had escaped from the hand of de Gomeron, rides over the field.

CHAPTER III .- CONTINUED.

I was learing the lesson that love comes on a man like a thief in the night, and, unconsciously to myself, madame had climbed on a pinnacle in my heart, and the thought that I had deceived myself in my estimate of her moved me sudden anger, and stilled the cry for help that was rising to my lips-

have no help from her and her friends. In the meantime the king was busily engaged in writing his dispatch on a small tablet, which he rested on the pommel of his saddle.

As he was thus engaged, a little shriv-eled old man pushed his horse beside Mme de Beaufort, and said in mincing tones as hard as steel: "Come, madame your brother has met a soldier's death, and no Frenchman can hope for a better-or he is safe and well somewhere. Dry your tears, and rejoice at the glo-rious victory we have won." The duchess made some answer in a broken voice. and the king, hearing her, stopped writing and put his tablet away.

"D'Ayen speaks rightly, though he speaks from the head. God keep us from more scenes like this. As for your brother, I will not rest till there is news of him; but now we can do no more. Come, then-open your pretty eyes and we will go-there is much on hand.

I was a hot-headed fool and furious in those days, and I set my teeth together grimly as they made ready to start, swearing I would rather die than make the slightest signal for aid. They rode past quite close to me, Madame de Beaufort weeping at the king's bridle hand, and his majesty sucking at a nectarine he had pulled from his holster. Madame was immediately behind, and as she came up to me, our eyes met with instant recognition. In a moment her cheek had crimsoned and paled, and

she reined in with a cry:
"Stop-halt!" They had all surrounded me now, and

I heard quick orders given.
"He is past mending," said d'Ayen, bending over me from his saddle, gentleman, too, it seems. Let him lie there-he will die very soon, poor

"Mon Dieu! No!" broke in the duchess, and readame looked at the speaker with a cold contempt.

"He is the only man living here," and the strong accent of the Bearnais as from a distance. "Ventre-saint-Gris! But they fought like paladins, and, Frenchman or foreigner, he shall be

saved if it can be done." 'Sire," said a soft voice, "you are the

true king of the brave.' Then two men-at-arms raised me with ough tenderness on their crossed pears, and inflicted on me in their kindness the most infinite torture. The

THE OLD HOMESTEAD GONE. moved on slowly, madame refusing to Italian war-France will be all plowride, but walking by my side, and supporting my burning head.

THE CHATEAU DE LA BIDACHE.

CHAPTER IV.

Months had passed since I shook hands with death in the cornfield by the hands with death in the comined by the banks of the Oise, and the grass was tall and green on the mounds around La Fere, which marked the graves of those who fought and died there. It was autumn now, and as I, well and strong again, walked down the long avenue of beeches that led to the park gates of Bidache, I let my memory run back to the days in the hospital of Ste. Genevieve, whither I was borne from the field, and above all, to the tall, slight, black-robed figure that came to see me daily, and for whose coming I used to long with an infinite desire. Who or what she was I cared not, and reckless ly abandoned myself to the feelings that were aroused in my heart. I shall not forget what happened one afternoon. A long gallery in the convent of Ste. Genevieve had been turned into a ward, and here the wounded lay on pallets with a walking space between. Owing to madame's kindness I was comfortably quartered at the end of the gallery, and a screen had been set between me and the other patients. I was gaining strength daily, and, at the moment I speak of, was in a state between sleep ing and waking, when I heard a laugh and the sound of footsteps, and saw through the partly open wing of the screen that my lady had come to make her daily rounds, not attended, as usual, only by her women, but by a gayly dressed cavalier as well, and it was his laugh that I had heard. In this person, dressed in the extreme of fashion, I made out M. d'Ayen, the same who had so kindly suggested that I should be left to die on the field. He battered along, holding a kerchief edged with gold lace to his nose, and ever and again waving it in the air, whilst he spoke in a loud tone, regardless of the looks cast at him by the sisters in attendance on the wounded. They cam slowly toward me, for madame stayed constantly to speak to some maimed wretch, and I saw her slip money into the hands of some, and there were kind words for all. I felt a strange pleasure in watching her, whilst at the same time I thought of my past, and how unfit I was even to nurse such a dream as my love for her. When within a yard or so of the screen, madame bent sufferer, and d'Ayen exclaimed in his biting voice: "Morbleu! Madame! But you are the

Princess of Charity. Let us hasten to your interesting patient, however. His majesty is most anxious to hear of

"His majesty has never done me the This majesty has never done me the honor to inquire," she answered, coldly. "You could hardly expect that, madame. But it came about in this way. We were at cards, and as usual

I held a bad cassade-' But madame, to whom his presence was unwelcome, waited to hear no more, and, passing the screen, came to my side, and would have spoken; d'Ayen, however, cut in with a rudeness for which I could have run him through.

"My compliments, M. dAuriac. You are a lucky man. The king takes so great an interest in you that he has charged me with a message to you. His majesty bids me say," and his bead-like eyes twinkled down on me from his painted cheeks, and then

turned slyly towards madame. I was about to make some answ when he continued, talking as if his words were meant for madame as well: 'His majesty trusts you will soon be recovered and relieve Mme. de la Bidache from the strain of watching you, and begs me to add that he is of a temper that can brook no rival in war-or love. Let me say, on my own account, that if world be well if M. le Chevalier

word take a change of air."

I socked from one to another in blank amaze. At the little ape with his cruel eyes, and at madame, who was still as a stone. Then she colored to her eyelids, her hands fell clenched to her side and she turned on d'Ayen. message, monsieur, should not have been delivered before me. I will take care that M. d'Auriac has a change of air; and, monsieur, your presence oppresses me. I beg you will 'not trouble to escort me farther.

Then she turned from us and passed down the ward, but d'Ayen remained. "I will kill you for this," I gasped. He looked at me with a shrug of his

lean shoulders. "Perhaps-I am old. But you would do well to take my adivce, monsieur,' and with a bow he, too, turned and

went.

I was left lost in wonder, utterly in the dark as to what this all meant, but determined to find out and bring d'Ayen to book at the first chance. I made up my mind to ask the next day. The next day came, but madame did not, and then another and yet another day of dreariness passed. At last some one told me she had gone with the court to Nantes, and that I would see her no Later on, when Marescot came more. to me, I begged the favor of his getting me the knot of ribbon he would find in the left hand breast pocket of the doublet I wore on the day I was brought

into the hospital. "You are getting well," he said, and turned away, but came back in a little with a wrinkled smile on his lips. cannot find the cordial you want, chev-

I had half raised my head in expectancy as he returned, but sank back again at his words, and Marescot went on in his low voice, that sounded like the humming of a bee: "M. le Chevalier, that bow of ribbon has gone away, so high up that a taller man than you could not reach it-forget it. But I have news for you, which the clumsy fool who told you of madame's departure king himself pressed a flask of wine to my lips, and, as I drank, greedily, two cool hands held up my head. The

chares, now that the king is king."

I caught him by the sleeve. "Tell

me," I said, weakly, "who is madame, where is Bidache?"

"Madame is Claude de Rochemars vidow of Antoine de la Tremouille, and heiress of Bidache, Pelouse and a quarter of the Cevennes-Bidache. Where you go is her chateau in Normandy. Madame," he went on, with a ghost of a smile on his thin lips, "is kindness herself. Now, no more talk for to-day.'
Then he went and I lay back, as sore in mind as in body.

In a day or so madame's steward of Bidache arrived, bearing a letter from her, in which she placed her Norman chateau at my disposal until I was well again. They moved me here by easy stages, carrying me in a litter, as I was too weak to ride, and when I came to Bidache, and was borne to my apartments, imagine my joy and surprise at seeing there my knave Jacques, whom thought to be either dead or home again at Auriac, and not only Jacques but hanging on the wall my own sword, and the sight of it was like meeting a tried friend. Later on Jacques informed me that after the rout he had made the best of his way back to the old rock and stayed there, hoping for news At last it came, with orders for him to hurry to Bidache, and he did so, bearing with him such things as he thought I needed, as well as a hundred pistoles of rents. As for the sword, it had been given to him on his arrival by madame's orders to keep for me. I had come to a low ebb by this, and the money was trebly welcome, as it would furnish me with a couple of horses, and eave a round sum besides when I left Bidache, which I meant to do as soon as ever I was fit to travel. And now the time had come for me to depart, and I was to start that evening. For 40 crowns Jacques had picked up a couple of stout cobs at Evreux, and we meant to leave an hour or so before sundown and make for Paris, where, if the king would accept an old leaguer's sword, he would stay—if not, the world was wide. I was as far as ever from un-derstanding the strange message that M. d'Aven had delivered to me, and felt myself safe in going to Paris, as a general amnesty covered all our sins of re-

bellion-so they were called now So absorbed was I in these thoughts that I did not mark the rapid approach of a horseman, nor indeed was I aware of his presence until, when within a few from me, he reined in his plunging beast, whose bit and neck were



RAISING MY HAT, I ADVANCED

white with foam, and lifting his hat respectfully, inquired if I was the Cheva-Her d'Auriac, and on my reply ex-claimed: "Madame will be overjoyed. We heard that you had already left Bidache, and my lady arrives within the hour from Evreux—pardon, mon-sieur, I go to give the news to the household," and saluting again the lackey dashed onwards toward chateau.

So I would meet her within the hour. Half unconsciously I glanced down to see if my doublet set aright and my points were tied. Then I thought I would go back to the house and meet her there, and, as I did this I looked at the fall of the plumes in my hat, and finally laughed aloud at myself for a coxcomb, took my heart in both hands and marched onwards toward the gates. The porter had already been warned, and on my coming I found him there and a crowd of yokels, all in a state of high excitement.

"It is three years since madame was here, monsieur," the honest fellow exclaimed to me as I came up, "three years, and now she comes without a word of warning-hola! There they are and there is madame on the jennet she purchased from M. le Duc de Sully-he as but the Sieur de Rosny then-hola!

Hola! The crowd joined with him in his cheers, although as yet the party was far off-not so far, however, that I could not easily make out the graceful figure on the jennet, and in the two riders who accompanied madame, apart from the half dozen servants behind, I recognized to my surprise d'Ayen, and guessed that the gray beard in the tall crowned broad-brimmed hat, with the sad-colored cloak over his shoulders, was no other than the old Huguenot. whose zeal had outrun his discretion, on the night when I saved madame

from a great peril.

This guess of mine I hazarded aloud to the gatekeeper, who replied:

"Yes, M. le Chevalier, that is Maitre Palin, madame's chaplain, and he was also chaplain to M. le Compte before he died."

"When was it that M. le Compte died?" "Let me see, monsieur—ah, yes—four years ago, in Paris, at the time of the plague. He was a great lord, as you may know, and brother of the duke, who they say has quarreled with the king because of his conversion, and of Mme. Charlotte, the princess of Conde, who lives in the Rue Grenille."

As madame lifted her head our eyes cool hands held up my head. Then we long. After that try the tonic of the met, and, raising my hat, I advanced

towards her, the people giving way respectfully. My ears were buzzing, and I was as shy and nervous as a school-

boy, as I bowed over her gloved hand and touched it with my lips. "Let me welcome you back to health, chevalier," she said, "and say how glad I am to be able, even for a short while, to do the honors of my poor house i person to you. News came to us that you had already left Bidache-without even a word to me," her voice dropped a little as she said this, but the tone was cool and friendly, nothing more. "I go to-night, madame,"

"So soon? But I understand why, and will not press you to stay—here is one who, like myself, has longed for an opportunity to thank you in person. Mor pere," and she turned to the Huguenot priest, "this is our friend to whom we owe so much."

"In the service of the Lord one would willingly lay down life," said Palin, as he shook me warmly by the hand, "nevertheless a few hours more of the world for an old man is a grace not to be despised, and I thank the instrument that has bestowed this benefit upon me

D'Ayen, between whom and myself there had passed no greeting, now spoke in a voice that fairly trembled with anger.

"I was not aware that I should have the pleasure of meeting you here, M. le Chevalier. It will surprise the king, he added, in a lower tone to madame.

I made no answer, but the memory of his warning and my determination to settle with him came up in full force Madame, however, spoke. "M. d'Ayen, when, by the order of the

king, you were directed to escort me to Bidache, there was nothing said about your right to dictate to me who shall be my guests. Remember, monsieur, that your company is forced upon me, and let me add that you are a trifle too paternal."

D'Ayen paled under his rouge, and, muttering something, remained back a

Madame signaled a lackey to dismount and offer me his beast "I cannot allow you to walk, and we

will reach the house quicker in this way, besides I want to hear all your news. My friends," and she turned to the people, "come to Bidache; it is long we have met, and I would have you there to make merry as of oldome, chevalier."

In the cheers which followed, she touched her horse lightly on the shoulder with her whip and galloped on, Pa lin and I on either hand, and the suite behind. In a little she slackened pace, saying with a laugh: "We are going too fast to talk, chevalier, and I am a woman, you know, and must hear my own voice if nothing else—so you are quite well and strong again."

"I am, madame, thanks to your kindness, which Alban de Breuil can never

Her color deepened slightly, "It is Her color deepened signoy. The street other way, chevalier, the debt is on my side."

"I have done nothing—and the repay-

ment was too much. "I am sorry you think so," looking straight between her horse's ears.

"I did not mean that-I have already said I can never requite your kindness, and if madame ever needs a stout arm and a good sword, it is my hope she will call on that of Auriac."

"Perhaps I may some day," she answered, "for the blood of my fathers runs strong in me.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOYS OF THE POOR.

Herein is a Pathetic Little Contrast Between Two Children and Their Play.

Behind the grated gate of a large gar den, at the end of which appeared the whiteness of a country house splendid in the sun, a handsome child was standing, dressed with coquettish simplicity

Luxury, freedom from care, the habitual sight of wealth, gives such beauty to these children that you would believe them to be made of other clay than that which forms the children of moderate circumstances or proverty.

By his side on the grass was a costly plaything, as spick and span as its own er; varnished, gilded, clothed in a purple robe, covered with plumes and glass But the child paid i to his favorite plaything. This is what he was looking at:

On the other side of the gate, in the road, among thistles and nettles, there was another tot, dirty, pitiful, face smooched with soot, a pariah child. An impartial eye would discover his beauty if, as the eye of a connoisseur divine an ideal picture under a coating coach varnish, he should clean it of the disgusting oxidation of extreme poverty and neglect.

Through the symbolical barrier sep arating two worlds, the open road and the country house, the poor child showed to the rich child his own plaything, which the latter examined greed ily as a rare and unknown thing. Now this toy, which the dirty urchin teased shook about and poked at in a wire box was a live rat. The parents, through economy, no doubt, had taken this play thing from life itself.

And the two children laughed in

brotherly fashion, and their teeth were of an equal whiteness .- Boston Jour

According to Orders. Friends of the condemned secured a writ of suspension at the last moment and the western sheriff was hurriedly telegraphed: "Suspend." The next day the prisoner? the next day the prisoner? he asked.

"Over at the undertaker's," replied the sheriff. "I suspended him accord-ing to orders."—Philadelphia North

Heroic Treatment.

Patient—What remedy would you adrise for sleep walking, doctor?

Dr. Bluff-Amputation of the feet sir.-N. Y. World.

KNEW HE DID WRONG.

Ex-Cashier Steele Sestifies About the Affairs of the Chestnut Street National Bank.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10.-The government rested its case yesterday in the trial of William Steele, cashier of the wrecked Chestnut Street national bank, charged with conspiracy with President Singerly in the misapplica-tion of the funds of the institution and making false reports of the bank's condition to the comptroller o the currency. Before closing the cas the prosecution examined several wit-nesses, among them three of the bank's directors. These directors adbank's directors. These directors admitted that they had never made personal examination of the bank's affairs. They had at times been informed that President Singerly had overdrawn his account, but they had every confidence in the president's financial ability to settle in full.

Cashier Steele's testimony in general was an admission that he knew all

vas an admission that he knew al the time of the condition of the bank and excessive loans being made to Singerly. He said this condition was mown by the directors and also be officials in Washington. His tes imony with regard to the officials a Washington was ruled out. Mr. Steele laid particular stress upon the fact that he never benefitted in any way whatever by the manipulation of the bank's funds by Mr. Singerly, and that he never attempted or intended to withhold the true condition of the bank from the directors and the offi-cials at Washington. He admitted that he knew it was illegal to make such excessive loans as were made to Sin gerly. The defense closed its case an District Attorney Beck made his firs address to the jury, in which he with drew one of the counts in the indict ent, that of personal misapplication

A PAIR OF WRECKS.

series of Fatalities on a Railroad in Elk County, Pa.

Dubois, Pa., Dec. 10.—Three persons killed, three wounded, and the moth-er of one victim dying of the shock aused by her son's death, is the re sult of two wrecks on the Clarion River railroad near Portland Mills, in Elk county. A train loaded with pulp wood was being hauled down the steep grade near Portland Mills and the rear end was left on top of the hill, owing to the slippery tracks. While the front end was descending, he rear of the train became unman ngeable and dashed down the hill, crashing into the front section. Both sections were wrecked and Brakeman Thomas Breshelman, on the front settion, was killed. An engine with rew of five men was ordered back

o clear up the wreck. The work was completed and while the train was returning the engine umped the track and rolled over an embankment. Of the crew on board at the time the engineer, Harry Car at the time the engineer, Harry Car man, was fatally injured and died t few minutes after being extricated Foreman Daniel Myers was rescued and has since died and three brake and has since died and three brake-men, Sowers, Cassid and McKnight, were all badly injured. When Car-man's invalid mother was acquainted of her son's death, she lapsed into un-consciousness and her death is mo-mentarily expected.

POWDER MILLS EXPLODE

Three Men Killed and Eight Injured

-Three of the Latter May Die. Wilmington, Del., Dec. 10.-Three nen were killed and eight injured, men were killed and eight injured, three of them probably fatally, by the explosion of a press mill and four grinding mills in the Dupont powder works yesterday. The dead

re: Robert McIlhenny, 45 years old, parried, leaves widow and four chil-

lren. John Wright, 50 years old, married.

John Wright, 50 years old, married.
John Moore, 40 years old, married,
leaves widow and five children.
Immediately after the explosion
every Wilmington physician who
could be communicated with was summoned to the scene of the explosion,
to render aid to the wounded. The explosion occurred in the press room of the Hagley works. Λ car load of powder that was being wheeled into the room was accidentally overturned and the car wheels running into the loose powder caused a friction that set the powder afire. The explosions quickly followed, all the powder that was in the press room going off in five successive detonations.

Boers Defeated by Tribesmen.

London, Dec. 10.—The Cape Town orrespondent of the Mail says the ampaign instituted by the Boer government against Chief McPefu, of the Magatos tribe, proved a complete fiasco. The chief outmaneuvered the Boers and is now in a splendidly forti-fied mountain stronghold where he has assembled a large army. Joubert, the commander of the Boer expedition sent against the chief, is returning to Pretoria. The Boers have been guilty of wholesale butchery of women, children and unarmed native

Murderer Captured.

Liberty, Mo., Dec. 10.—Ernest Clevering, who murdered Henry Allen and atally wounded his cousin, Clevereng in a church near Missour City Thursday night, was lodged in jail here Friday. A posse of farmers captured the murderer at the house of his grandfather. Clevereng has a gu shot wound on his haad and admits h tried to suicide after his escape from the church.

Salt Lake, Utah, Dec. 10.—This se

tion was visited by a severe wind storm Thursday night which did con wind storm Thursday light which did con-siderable damage. Between this city and Ogden a loaded freight car on the Oregon Short Line was blown from the track while the train was in mo-

Sixty Died on the Voyage.

Barcelona, Dec. 10.—The Spanish steamer Buenos Ayres, from Manila arrive: here Friday with repatriated Spanish troops on board. There were 60 deaths on the steamer while on her voyage from the Philippines to Spain.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for in emation that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near he east line of Franklin Housler's farm, in the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU President.

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