CAMERON COUNTY PRESS. THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899.

FROM THE HILLTOP. Twas a weary climb From the valley below, Twas a weary climb! The stones were sharp, the way was steep, There seemed but a harvest of tears to reap.
Twas a weary climb
Up the mountain side.
Twas a weary climb!
"Mid cares that vexed and words that stung.
"did tears that flowed, and songs unsung. Twas a weary climb Up the mountain side!

And still they come From the valley below, And still they come! With bleeding feet, and tortured soul, They are toiling on for the longed-for goal. And still they come From the valley below! "Tis a long way down To the valley below, "Tis a long way down! A cloud by day, a star by night, Guide their feet to the top of the mountain height.

Tis a long way down To the valley below!

From the blessed heights To the valley below, From the blessed heights! These wearled ones will all look down When the cross is changed to the victor'

and the blessed heights For the valley below! -Patience Penfold, in Ladies' World.



SYNOPSIS.

Itopyright, 1807, by Longmans, Green & Co.] SYNOPSIS That is a property of the second second

Richolas hres through the window at de Gomeron, but misses his mark. Chapter VII-The two men fly for their lives, and think themselves almost beyond pursuit when they come suddenly face to face with two troopers, one of whom d'Auria, wounds slightly.

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

He was a good swordsman, but this made him beside himself with passion, and this frantic state and the sound of thought of poor Nicholas lying dead by his voice as he kept cursing me, told the banks of the Eure. me that my opponent was none other than Riron himself. Now came a serious difficulty, which I had to consider like lightning. Did I kill him, and he was an infant in my hands, there could be no hope for me—he was too great—

another heavy plunge close to my shoulder, and in the glance I cast toward the sound, saw that it was the now riderless Couronne, who had followed her companion of the night. To ease the horse, I slipped from the saddle and, hanging on to the pommel, was towed along by him as the good beast breasted the stream bravely. The current set to-ward the opposite bank, and the force of it carried us down, it seemed in a moment, fully 50 yards from the spot where he had plunged in, to within a few feet of the opposite shore. Here, however, the river ran strong and swift ly, the bank was high, and the horses could make no headway, but kept drift ing down. By this time the troopers had reached the scene of the fight, and I could hear them howling with anger as they gathered around their fallen leaders, and, without a head to guide them, hesitated what to do, each moment of delay giving me precious time, and bringing me closer to a shelving bank a few yards to the left. Not one of the troopers dared the stream, and they had apparently emptied their ar-

quebuses after us in pursuit, for none fired, although they called to each "Shoot him down-shoot him other: down!" A couple of men galloped down stream

a little below me, and dismounting, be-gan to load hurriedly, it being evidently their intention to pick me off as I drifted past. For the moment I gave myself up for lost; but determining to make a last effort to save myself, made a snatch at the willows that overhung the bank, and brushed us with their wet and drip-ping leaves, as we struggled underneath. As I did this, I loosed my hold of the saddle, and the horses slid past me, and I was dragged by the current right into The willows were tough, and the bank. I held on to them like a leech, and the troopers who had seen what I was about began to laugh at me, and adjured me to hold on tight as they would be ready to shoot in a moment. The fools! They gave me the moment's time I wanted and digging my foot into the soft bank I laid hold of the stem of a willow and with an effort reached the shore. rolled over at full length, and then lay flat on my face, whilst the troopers with many curses ran forward a few feet and let off their arquebuses on the off chance of bringing me down. aimed truly enough, and had I not lain to earth as I did I should infallibly have been killed, for the bullets whizzed past, it seemed but a few inches above me. I let out a yell as if I was mortally hurt, and then rising ran down stream behind the willows as fast as my bruised leg would allow me, to see if I could not get back one or both the My stratagem had the desired horses. effect, for on my cry of "I am dead -I am dead," two others of the men

who had run up to let off their pieces where I was supposed to be, and they all shouted: "We have him — he is down." down. "Morbleau! Not yet," I could hardly

refrain from chuckling to myself, as I hobbled along the bank, and to my joy saw them in a little bay, about a hun-dred paces from me, moving slowly in the shallow water, one behind the other, towards the land. A spur had been thrown out here, evidently with the object of protecting the bank, and it had east the main stream on the opposite hore, and given the beasts a chance of landing.

I felt my leg at each step I took; but went on at a round pace somehow, and came up to Couronne just as she was stepping out of the water. Catching her by the bridle, Lmounted, although with some difficulty, and slipping my hand through the reins of my own nag, trotted off under cover of the trees, leaving M. de Gomeron, who had doubtless recovered by this time, and his men to make a target of the darkness I had come through somehow, but I was sick and sore at heart as I urged Couronne from a trot to a gallop, when

CHAPTER VIII. M. DE PREAULX.

I kept off the road as far as possible to avoid being tracked. Even if no further attempt to follow me was made too highly placed for me to have any chance if I compassed his death. There-fore as I pressed him, I called out loud Gomeron was not the man to let the barest chance slip through his fingers, yet there was no doubt as to what would happen on the morrow. I congratu-lated myself on having crippled the last of the sleuth hounds, as my gentlemer

what I had overheard. In short, I was the rival of the king, and felt my head

very loose upon my neck. What was I to do? It was no easy matter to decide; but I came to the conclusion that my best course was to seek out the all-powerful Sully, tell him what I knew, and beg the help of that great man. 1 did pot know him, except by repute; but my case was strong and my cause good. I would delay not a moment about this on reaching Paris; but it was Rouvres I had to come to first, and many a league lay for reflection between me and the Louvre.

At last I heard the Lauds chime solemply out into the night, and in a few minutes pulled up the weary beasts be-fore the gates of Rouvres. Here I found a difficulty I might have anticipated. The gates were shut and the unpleasant prospect of a dreary wait of some hours lay before me. This was not to be borne, and I raised a clamor that might have awakened the dead. It had the desired effect of rousing the watch at the gate, a wicket was opened, the light of a lantern flashed through, and a gruff voice bade me bego

"Open," I roared, "open in the king's name." "Pardieu! monsieur, the gates

kept shut in the king's name, and his kept shut in the king's name, and his majesty does not like his subjects' rest being disturbed," answered another voice, and from its tone and inflection I guessed it was that of an officer.

"In that case, monsieur," I said, "let me in so that we may both go to our beds, and a thousand apologies for disturbing you. My servant is already at the Grand Cerf, and one man canno ke Rouvres." "Then you are that M. de Preaulx of take

the Anjournois, whose Lackey Jacques Bisson arrived last night—for it is morning now?"

'You keep good watch, monsieur, who else should I be?" I said with an in-ward "thank heaven" at the accident that had discovered to me my new name.

There was no reply for a moment though I heard some one laughing, and the rays of the light were cast to the right and to the left of me to see that I was really alone. Finally orders were given for my admission. The gates went open with a creaking, and I was within Rouvres.

As I rode in I stopped to thank the officer for his courtesy, and the light being very clear he observed my con dition, and exclaimed: "Diable! Bu you have ridden far, monsieur, and with a led horse, too!

"I ride in the king's name, monsieur," I replied, a little coldly, and, thanking him once more, was seized with an inspiration, and begged the favor of his company at dinner at the Grand Cerf. "With pleasure, monsieur. Permit me to introduce myself. I am the evalier d'Aubusson, neutenance." Sancy's company of orconnance." "His Chevalier d'Aubusson, lieutenant of M

I raised my hat in response. "His majesty has no braver sword than M. de Sancy. At 12, then, monsieur, I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again; good night, or rather good morn-

"Adieu!" he answered; "I will be The Grand Carf is but a punctual. ouple of hundred toises to your right. As I rode up the narrow and ill-paved street I heard d'Aubusson whistling a catch as he turned into the guardroom, and congratulated myself on my strata gem and the luck that had befriended I knew enough of court intrigue to be aware that De Sancy and the mar-shal were at each other's throats, and that I could therefore always get pro tection here by declaring myself against Then came a short turn to the Biron. right, and M. de Preaulx, of the Anjou nois, was at the door of the Grand Cerf t opened to my knock, and Jacques faithful knave, was in waiting. After this there followed the usual little delay After and bustle consequent on a new arrival As I dismounted Jacques whispered

"You are M. de Preaulx, of in my ear: Saumur, in the Anjoumois, monsieur.' "So M. d'Aubusson tells me," I replied in the same tone, and then louder But you might have made a mess of it Jacques-however, you meant well, and I owe you five crowns for your good in tentions. Now call mine host, and tell him to show me to my rooms, whilst

you see to the horses

nac of the finest vintage, and d'Aubus son to all appearances a gay, frank hearted fellow, and we became very friendly as the wine cup passed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MASTER-GENERAL. In the labyrinth of narrow streets rooked roads and blind alleys behind

the Palais de Justice, where the house are so crowded that they seem to climb one over the other in their efforts to reach higher and higher in their search for air, is a small street called the Rue des Deux Mondes. It had this advantage that it was wider than most of the other roads in that part of Paris, and opened out abruptly on to the river face, very nearly opposite the upper portion of the Pont Neuf, then under ourse of construction, but not to be finished for some years later. At the corner of the street, and overlooking the river, the Pont Neuf, the Passeur aux Vaches, with a glimpse of the Quai Malaquais and the mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain was a house of modern size, kept and owned by a Maitre Pantin, who was engaged nominally in some legal business in the courts of the city. It was this house of Maitre Pantin, it

will be remembered, that had been rec ommended to me as a lodging by Palin who told me of the owner's occupation, and when I demurred on account of my religious convictions the Huguenot pointed out that I had to do things in Paris which required a safe retreat, and that he could vouch for the honesty and discretion of Pantin. I admitted that his arguments were reasonable, and re solved to take advantage of his recom Me rode into Paris by the St. Ger-

main's gate, and I was immediately struck by the aspect of gloom that the city wore. Most of the shops were in-deed open, but there appeared to be no business doing, and, instead of men hurrying backward and forward, the streets were filled with groups of peo-ple evidently engaged in discussing some affair of the utmost moment. Every third or fourth man wore a black scarf over his right arm, and the bells of the churches were tolling dismally for the dead. From St. German des Pres, from St. Severin, from the airy spire of Ste Chapelle, they called out nournfully, and above them all, drowning the distant voices of St. Germain 'Auxerrois, St. Jacques de la Boucherie Antoine and others less known fame pealed out the solemn notes of the bourdon of Notre Dame.

Near the Pre-aux-clercs hundreds of ong-robed students were assembled and the windows of many of the great houses, including the Logis de Nevers were hung with black. It was strange to see Paris, always so bright and gay with this solemn air upon it. No notic was taken of us as we rode on, the cnots of people merely moving aside to et us pass, and answering Jacques heerful od-day" with a silent incli nation of the head or a chill indiffer ence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DETECTIVE WORK.

An Amateur Effort Which Made On Man Dishonest and Let the Guilty Escape.

"Some years ago," said a Kensington manufacturer of cloth, "I found that mill was being robbed; once of my wice a month a piece of finished good would disappear. As the thefts were all from the finishing room, suspicion naturally pointed to the hands there naturally pointed to the hands there, and, after a long while of amateur de-tecting, I felt pretty sure I had my man. Yet I had no evidence against him, nor could I, to save my soul, get hold of any. I just suspected him, you know. So one pay day I tested his hon know. esty. On pay day, you must understand each hand's money is given him in a ealed envelope, on which is written hi ime, his rate per hour and the amoun Well, there was due this man \$12 due. and in his envelope I put \$22-ten dol lars too much. As I had expected, he

said nothing. So I discharged him. This man had worked for me eight years. Times were hard and he lay idle ht or nine months, then move or ei away with his family. Scarcely had h moved away when the thefts, which had ceased for nearly a year, began onc more. Once more I turned detective This time with better luck, for I caugh he thief and I traced every piece cloth he had stolen. The man discharge was innocent, save in the case of the ten dollars." One of the manufacturer's small audience spoke gravely "Yes, you did a clever thing. You made a thief of an honest man. You placed in an honest man's way an almost un conquerable temptation, when one con siders the size of the salary you paid The man fell because you tripped him. him up. The Bible, I think, says some thing somewhere about such deeds, and you are promised your reward."-Phil adelphia Record.

tune Has Smiled. Although 63 Years of Age He Looks Like a Comparatively Young Man —His Career as an Editor

and Litterateur. It is a matter of regret to lovers of pure and undefiled English that so little new work comes from the pen of Thomas Bailey Aldrich in these later days. His style is equaled by few writers of prose and poetry, and it is not because he has lost his hold on the reading public that anything new from

his pen is rarely seen. Although he is now in his sixty-third year, having been born on Novembe 11. 1836, his friends do not regard Al drich as an old man nor does he look like one. To see him coming down the steps of his handsome Mt. Vernon street house on Beacon Hill in Boston one would guess him to be nearer 50 than 63 years of age. Al. vs careful in every detail of dress, he presents a marked contrast to the average "liter-ary man," who is generally inclined to carelessness in this respect. It is prob-ably true that Aldrich is the best "groomed" writer in Boston, and it is certainly true that few writers in Bo ton or any other city have the long purse that the gods have vouchsafed to Thomas Bailey Aldrich. When his life long friend, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, the multi-millionaire, died about two year ago, he bequeathed Mr. and Mrs. Al-drich the comfortable little fortune of \$100,000 each, and to each of their twin sons he willed a similar sum.

Aldrich's books are greatly in mand and his royalties must amount to many thousands a year, while few



(An American Author on Whom Fortune Has Smiled.)

writers can command the prices he re ceives for anything he chooses to write He has added to American literatur some of the most finished and exquisit work. One never tires of "The Ballad of Babie Bell," and his "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories" are charming bits of and Other Stories" are charming bits of writing. His humor is as subtle as it is irresistible. A more deliciously funny story than his "Madama Zabriski" has rarely appeared from the pen of an

American writer. Aldrich was born in the quaint old town of Portsmouth, N. H., but went to Louisiana to live when still a chEd. He returned to Portsmouth and while preparing for college his father died, which caused a change in young Aldrich's plans, and he entered the counting room of an uncle in New York city. But his "literary bent" developed faster than his capacity for business and at the end of three years he set forth on his literary career as a MSS, reader for New York publishing house. he held editorial positions on the New York Evening Mirror, Home Journal and Saturday Press. In 1981 he suc ceeded William Dean Howells as editor the Atlantic Monthly in Boston. This position he held for several years and since resigning it he has spent most of his time in travel.

The Spider's Appetite.

The spider has a tremendous appe-tite, and his gourmandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption



The above Reward will be paid for inermation 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, m the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU,

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enough for him to hear: "Marshal, you are mad; go back-you are known to

He thrust at me for answer, but 1 could stand no more nonsense, and, getting within his guard, struck him his horse with a blow from the hilt of my sword, and, wasting not a second more on him, turned to the assistance of Nicholas.

It was much needed, for the sergeant's opponent was none other than de Gomeron himself. How Nicholas held his own against this finished swordsman for even so long a period as half a minute, I am unable to say. It was doubtless due to the strength of his bitter hatred and his fury for revenge. Even as it was I was too late. As I dashed towards him Nicholas fairly screamed out:

"Leave him to me-he is-a-ah!"

He never finished, for de Gomeron saw his chance, and passed his sword through the sergeant's throat, and he fell limply from Couronne, a dead

Refore, however, the free lance could recover himself. I was on him, and standing in my stirrups, cut at him with the full swing of my sword. He parried like lightning, but the force of the blow beat down his guard, and although my blade fell flat flat upon his steel cap, he went down like an ox.

Poor Nicholas was gone! I knew that thrust, and once received there was nothing for it but masses for the soul. A half-dozen troopers were not 200 yards away, and life lay on the other It was running high and deep, and as I

would be placed thereby in a difficulty in regard to my route, and if ired the country in twos and three I felt confident of being able, with Jacques' aid, to give a good account of myself did we meet, despite my bruised leg, which reminded me of itself un

easantly

As I patted Couronne's neck I thought of Nicholas, and with the memory of him the face of Marie came up. I felt myself in a measure responsible for his death, and was resolved to weigh out in full to Marie the payment I had promised them both. It was a debt I would discharge to the end of the measure.

A sense of relief came to my mind with this resolve, and, as Rouvres could not be far distant I slackened pace to let the horses breathe a trifle, and began to hastily plan my future course of action on reaching Paris. I had not

only discovered what was evidently deep and widely spread plot, but had also stumbled on the dreadful secret of the death of the woman who was to be queen of France in name, as she was in reality. It was certain that she had been foully murdered. It was certain that the king's most trusted captain and many of his greatest nobles were

hilt deep in treachery—so much I knew. I had seen with mine own eyes, and heard with mine own ears, but beyond this I had no proofs; and what would my word weigh against theirs! and jumped my horse into the stream. D'Ayen's mocking warning was explicit enough, when read with Palin's con-

water with a splash and fidence, and any doubt I may have had hiss of white foam around me, I heard on that point was almost set at rest by

Mine host was already there, in slip red feet, with a long candle in on and and a cup of warmed Romanee in the other. He led the way with many ows, and I limped after him to a room which was large and comfortable enough.

"Here is some mulled Romanee for monsieur le baron," he said as he hand-ed me the goblet. "His lordship, the unt, will observe that the best room has been kept for him, and later on l will have the pleasure of setting the finest dinner in France before the most noble marquis-good night, monsei gneur-good night and good dreams," and he tottered off, leaving me to drink the mulled wine, which was superb, and to sleep the sleep of the utterly weary

It was late when I awoke and found Jacques in my room attending to my things. The rest had done my le although it was still stiff, and the wear ang of a long boot painful. As I fin-ished my toilet I asked my man:

"Horses ready?" "They will be by the time monsieur has dined. I shall put the valises on the nag we got at Evreaux for you." "Right, Morbleu! I hear M. d'Aubus-

on below. It is very late.'

It has just gone the dinner hour." I hurried downstairs, leaving Jacques to pack, and was only just in time to receive my guest.

"A hundred pardons, monsieur; but I overslept myself.'

"'Tis a sleepy place," he answered; "there is nothing to do but to sleep." "Surely there is something to love. "Not a decent ankle under a petticoat.

"At any rate we can eat. Come, sit you down. My ride has made me hunry as a wolf and I have far to go.' The dinner was excellent, the Armag- Free Press.

For the Unenlisted Kind.

Miss Bright—It's wonderful how quickly the jewelry manufacturers adapt themselves to a situation! Why there are already cannon pencils for th artillery, little gold sabers for the cav alry, miniature halyards for the navy and flags for everybody.

Cholly-What have they made for the infantwy, Miss Bwight? "Ah, excuse me. Nursing believe."-Jewelers' Weekly. Nursing bottles,

Can Win Without.

"Why is it that the plain girls are always the ones who learn to cook and make their own clothes?"

"Oh, that's easily explained. The pretty ones always know they don't need to."—Chicago Evening News.

She Agreed.

He-Do you know that I have neve dared to kiss a girl in my life? My bashfulness is positively painful. She-I should say it was,-Detroi

of food in 24 hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator; at seven a. m. a lamb; by nine a. m., a young camelopard; by one o'clock, a sheep, and would finish up with a large pie, in which there were 120 birds. Yet, in spite of his enormous appetite a spider has wonderfu. power of refraining from food, and one has been known to live for two months when absolutely deprived of food. A beetle lived in a similar state of unrefreshment for three years.

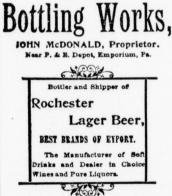
The Origin of Dogs.

The view now generally taken by naturalists is that the dog is neither a species, in a zoological sense, nor even the descendant of any one species modified by domestication, but that dogs of different parts of the world have a correspondingly various ancestry, from different wild species of the genus canis, as wolves, foxes and jackals

Wedding Ring Custom.

The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand because i was believed by the Egyptians to be di-rectly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And these ancient worshipers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and there fore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.

Gen. Sherman and the Doctor. The late Dr. Bliss was for many years Gen. Sherman's physician. Once when the soldier complained: "Your stuff is the soldier complained: doing me no good." he replied: "lake Shakespeare's advice, then, and throw it to the dogs." "There are too maay it to the dogs." "There are too maa, valuable dogs in our neighborh.cod. replied Sherman.



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