

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.

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.



Copyright, 1897, by Longmans, Green & Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I—D'Aurillac, commanding outpost where scene is laid, tells the story. De Geron is 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 Pere.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

He was a good swordsman, but this made him beside himself with passion, and this frantic state and the sound of his voice as he kept cursing me, told me that my opponent was none other than Biron 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—too highly placed for me to have any chance if I compassed his death.

CHAPTER VIII. M. DE PREAUX.

I kept off the road as far as possible to avoid being tracked. Even if no further attempt to follow me was made to-night, which was uncertain, as de Geron 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 congratulated myself on having crippled the last of the sleuth hounds, as my gentlemen would be placed thereby in a difficulty in regard to my route, and if they scoured the country in twos and threes 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 unpleasantly.

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.

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. I did not 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 solemnly out into the night, and in a few minutes pulled up the weary beasts before 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, and the light of a lantern flashed through, and a gruff voice bade me begone. "Open," I roared, "open in the king's name."

of the finest vintage, and d'Aubusson 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, crooked roads and blind alleys behind the Palais de Justice, where the houses 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 course 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 Passour 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 recommended 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 resolved to take advantage of his recommendation. We rode into Paris by the St. Germain's gate, and I was immediately struck by the aspect of gloom that the city wore. Most of the shops were indeed open, but there appeared to be no business doing, and instead of men hurrying backward and forward, the streets were filled with groups of people 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 dimly for the dead. From St. Germain des Pres, from St. Severin, from the airy spire of Ste Chapelle, they called out mournfully, and above them all, drowning the distant voices of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Jacques de la Boucherie, St. Antoine and others less known to fame pealed out the solemn notes of the bourdon of Notre Dame. Near the Pre-aux-cleres hundreds of long-robed students were assembled and the windows of many of the great houses, including the Legis de Nevers, were hung with black. It was strange to see Paris, always so bright and gay, with this solemn air upon it. No notice was taken of us as we rode on, to the knots of people merely moving aside to let us pass, and answering Jacques' cheerful "good-day" with a silent inclination of the head or a chill indifference. [TO BE CONTINUED.] DETECTIVE WORK. An Amateur Effort Which Made One Man Dishonest and Let the Guilty Escape. "Some years ago," said a Kensington manufacturer of cloth, "I found that my mill was being robbed; once or twice a month a piece of finished goods would disappear. As the thefts were all from the finishing room, suspicion naturally pointed to the hands there, and, after a long while of amateur detecting, 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 day I tested his honesty. On my day, you must understand, each hand's money is given him in a sealed envelope, on which is written his time, his rate per hour and the amount due. Well, there was due this man \$12, and in his envelope I put \$22—ten dollars 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 for eight or nine months, then moved away with his family. Scarcely had he moved away when the thefts, which had ceased for nearly a year, began once more. Once more I turned detective. This time with better luck, for I caught the thief and I traced every piece of cloth he had stolen. The man discharged 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 unconquerable temptation, when one considers the size of the salary you paid him. The man fell because you tripped him up. The Bible, I think, says something somewhere about such deeds, and you are promised your reward."—Philadelphia Record. 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 the artillery, little gold sabers for the cavalry, miniature bayonets for the navy and flags for everybody. Cholly—What have they made for the infantry, Miss Bright? "Ah, excuse me. Nursing bottles, I believe."—Jewellers' Weekly. 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 never dared to kiss a girl in my life? My bashfulness is positively painful. She—I should say it was.—Detroit Free Press.

THOMAS B. ALDRICH.

An American Author on Whom Fortune 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 equalled 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 November 11, 1836, his friends do not regard Aldrich 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. Always careful in every detail of dress, he presents a marked contrast to the average "literary man," who is generally inclined to carelessness in this respect. It is probably true that Aldrich is the best "groomed" writer in Boston, and it is certainly true that few writers in Boston or any other city have the long purse that the gods have vouchsafed to Thomas Bailey Aldrich. When his lifelong friend, Hon. Henry L. Pierce, the multi-millionaire, died about two years ago, he bequeathed Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich 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 demand and his royalties must amount to many thousands a year, while few



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. (An American Author on Whom Fortune Has Smiled.)

writers can command the prices he receives for anything he chooses to write. He has added to American literature some of the most finished and exquisite work. One never tires of "The Ballad of Babie Bell," and his "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories" are charming bits of writing. His humor is as subtle as it is irresistible. A more deliciously funny story than his "Madame Zabrisk" 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 child. 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 a New York publishing house. Later he held editorial positions on the New York Evening Mirror, Home Journal and Saturday Press. In 1881 he succeeded William Dean Howells as editor of 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 appetite, and his gourmandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption 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 wonderful 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 it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore 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 doing me no good," he replied: "I take Shakespeare's advice, then, and throw it to the dogs." "There are too many valuable dogs in our neighborhood," replied Sherman.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information 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 the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU, President.

FINE LIQUOR STORE

EMPORIUM, PA. THE undersigned has opened a first-class Liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, &c. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GINS AND WINES, BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc. Choice line of Bottled Goods.

In addition to my large line of liquors I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Pool and Billiard Room in same building. Call and see me. A. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA.

Bottler and Dealer in BEER, WINES, WHISKIES, And Liquors of All Kinds.

The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented.

Special Attention Paid to Mail Orders.

EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO J. A. Kinsler's,

Broad Street, Emporium, Pa. Where you can get anything you want in the line of Groceries, Provisions, FLOUR, SALT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS, CANNED GOODS, ETC., Tea, Coffee, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town. CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES. NEAR P. & E. DEPOT

EMPORIUM Bottling Works,

JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor. Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.

Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BRANDS OF EXPORT. The Manufacturer of Soft Drinks and Dealer in Choice Wines and Pure Liquors.

We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on short notice. Private families served daily if desired. JOHN McDONALD.

PATENTS

Patents. Cements, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO. OFF. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C. THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN CHICAGO NEW YORK AT THE A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.