(to me) a racket that might have been made

by a falling house. Both the Quaker and Lowney gave a

Both the Quarker and Lowney gave start as the sharp sound echoed through the room, the former dropping the spoon he was carrying to his mouth, while the latter sprang to his feet and looked toward the darkened corner in which I had been hid

ing. The two candles in the large apartment

gave but scant light, but, scant as it was, it

us, I stooped for my sword, and, jumping to the bench and from that to the table, drew the blade. As the advancing man beheld my figure

loom suddenly on high, for the beams of the ceiling barely cleared my head, he stopped

crossed in combat. The onset was so sudden that it drove the

The light was far too uncertain to permit

my putting into practice my well-worn stroke, and Lowney was much too wary and

fairly sure of tiring him and in the end beat

TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORSICA AND THE VENDETTA.

in Evidence in Modern

Times.

the battle of Waterloo, when the gal

ant British officer and his daughter

visited Colomba in her ancestral castle

at Pietranera. The vendetta, which is the theme of that thrilling story, has

greatly diminished. During the carnival we fancied that we had come

ipon a real instance of this picturesque barbarism. One workman killed an-

other in a cafe, and then, in the expressive Corsican phrase, "took to the maquis," or brushwood, which covers

a large portion of the island, and has, from time immemorial, been the refuge

of outlaws and bandits. This legend subsisted for some days, and excited a

quite a large demand for copies of "Colomba." But a conversation of the new interest in life in Corsica, and

I had with the juge d'instruction who

had investigated the case proved that

it was, after all, as he expressed it, a

crime vulgaire, and not, as we had hoped, a crime corse. We afterward had the satisfaction of

seeing the malefactor led in chains be

tween two mounted policemen on his

way into Ajaccio, whereas the tra-ditional bandit would have been fed and

supplied with powder and shot by the country people, who would have rath-

er gone to the stake than betrayed his

and there vendetta may still linger in

Here

hiding place to the authorities.

too skillful in fencing to allow me to come at him by any other method.

THREE PRAYERS

An infant in its cradle slept, And in its sleep it smiled— And one by one three women knelt To kiss the fair-haired child: And each thought of the days to be And breathed a prayer, haif-silently.

One poured her love on many lives, But knew love's toil and care; Its burdens oft had been to her

A heavy weight to bear; She stooped and murmured lovingly: "Not burdened hands, dear child, for

One had not known the burdened hands, The had not known the burdeness hands,
But knew the empty heart;
At life's banquet she had sat
An unfed guest apart;
"Oh, not," she whispered, tenderly,
"An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old; she had known care,

She had known loneliness; She had known loneliness; She knew God leads us by no path His presence cannot bless; She smiled, and murmured, trustfully: "God's will, dear child, God's will for thee!"

-Kate Tucker Goode, in the Alkahest.



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CHAPTER XL-CONTINUED.

Not a morsel of food had passed my lips for more than four-and-twenty hours. I was tired, not from the miles of walking or manifold exertion, but from lack of nutri-ment, and, more than all, from the moral effect of knowing I was being hunted like a than four-and-twenty hours effect of knowing I was being hunted like a wild animal. My clothing had well-nigh dried on my body, but I was still damp. I had not even the comfort of tobacco, for, though I possessed it in plenty, I could get no fire, my tinder box having been wetted in the soaking I had endured. I had fled from the sight of man as Satan flies before the sign of the grees but by the time I had from the sight of man as Satan flies before the sign of the cross, but by the time I had gotten on my journey thus far I cared little for Nick Stryker, Rex, the British army, or the devil himself. My sole yearning was for food, and the sun had not sunken fairly be-hind the Jersey hills when, against all rea-son, I rose from my last hiding place near the roadside and strode into it, making my way

roadside and strode into it, making my way toward the tavern as fast as I could walk. My arms were like lead. The gold in my pockets and the bullets in my pouch had fifty times their weight as I splashed through the mud, but I was protected by a divine providence, for no soul saw I going or coming while I was on the great thoroughfare When I turned into the lane leading to the tavern some of my reason returned to me, and I slipped over the fence that I might not approach too directly the front door, not approach too directly the front door. There were no horses under the shed as I passed it, a fact that gave me assurance, and on peering through the bar window, I marked that the room was unoccupied. The bar of the Dove was, like many of the taverns of the day, as much a refectory as a bar, and the general assembly room of the house. As I have said, it was deserted, and harren of light as well, the far corners

and barren of light as well, the far corners

and barren of light as well, the far corners being so immersed in gloom that I could barely make out the tables under the cur-tained windows. My advent within brought an answering sound of steps, and there en-tered a black man, half waiter and half hostler, is I made out by his apron, the table knives in his hand, and ageneral smell of the stable he brought with him. Without ado I asked for food—food of any mort, hot or cold, with a bottle of wine, or, failing in that, stimulant of any description. I thought the fellow was frightened at my for all I demanded by pulling from my pock-et a few pieces of rold and exposing them. He slipped behind the bar and brought out a bottle of rum, setting it on a table in the darkest corner of the room, and then hura bottle of rum, setting it on a table in the darkest corner of the room, and then hur-riedly went out, saying I should be served

without delay. Left to myself, I took a stiff dram and looked about me. The room was decidedly



and even with this there were the jaws of o' pocket, for I was to hat that if I could hell Gate and the river patrols to overcome. Hell Gate and the river partols to overcome. I think I had plumbed the depths of every possible chance to get off the island every possible chance to get off the island and on to the main, but saw no way out. The Hudson was too wide to swim; the Sound river too boisterous in either run of the tide, and even better guarded than was the land. To pass the Harlem was not pos-sible, both banks being sentried by the enemy, and thus I was held betwirt the "barrier gates," the lower lines, and the two rivers. In time every foot of this ground would be scoured, and the end looked to be that I, would succumb. But the end was not yet. I was well armed and stronger by a dram than when I

But the end was not yet. I was went armed and stronger by a dram than when I came in. I left open the windows, changing my sent to the long table, partly stretching myself along the bench to render me less conspicuous. From here I commanded a view of the front door and all within the

view of the front door and an within the room, being myself quite in the darkness. Thus I waited for a full quarter of an hour with dead silence all about until the black brought in my food and a candle, setting the light at the end of the table farthest from me, pulling down the windows, and drawing the curtains, though it was far from being chilly. I was about to resent this disposition of the candle as a piece of impertinence, as it barely cast a shadow at that distance, when I suddenly considered the advantage of being in gloom, and so let it bide. I finished everything before me in short order, and, as though the man had anticipated my wants, my plate was immediately recharged with a liberal supply of ham and eggs, while a bowl of bonnyclabber was placed beside it. Now, instead of withdrawing as he had done before, the black sat himself opposite me, with every wink the whites of his eyes ne, pulling down the windows, and drawing done before, the black sat himself opposite me, with every wink the whites of his eyes snapping in the light of the distant candle. After watching my jaws gradually slow down as I drew near the end of the supply, and while I gave a long sigh of relief and comparative comfort, he leaned slowly for-ward and, speaking softly, said: "Yous hungry, sah!" "Slightly," I remarked; "I have e'en had a hard dav of it." "Who be you lookin' fo'?" he asked, ab-ruptly.

ruptly "What's that to you, you black rascal?" I

"What's that to you, you black rascal?" I answered with a forced fierceness that made him grin. "Who is the host here?"
"Nat Burns, sih, he's away, sah. I looks to de house deb. I t'au't you might be 'specin' some one, sah."
"Not I," I replied, having no desire to confide in a negro hostler. "Has anyone been here to-day?"
"Yes, sah," he answered, rolling his eyes.
"Heap o' soldiers, sah. Deys makin' de house upset all froo lookin' for somebody."
"Looking for whom?" I asked, now mightily interested.
"Two or free pussons an' a young gal, sah. But dey nebber finds dem here, no, sah!
When am you goin' on, sah?"
I had hard work to restrain my curiosity about those who were being looked for. If

I had hard work to restrain my curiosity about those who were being looked for. If the girl was Gertrude King, and I felt fair-ly sure of it, then she, too, had escaped ar-rest so far, though it gave me a strange feel-ing about the ribs to think that she might be suffering even as I had been. To his ques-tion I considered a concerned.

be suffering even as in ad been. For lad ones tion I carelessly answered: "Not to-night, at all odds." For I at once considered that if the house had been searched, it was the safest place I could find in which to abide. "Ah, by the way," I inquired easily, "Change up of a party named King?"

"Ah, by the way," I inquired king?" "know you of a party named King?" "King?" said he, rising and taking up the eandle. "No, sah; no King, 'ceptin' the good King Gawge."

He held the candle so that for the first time I had a good look at him. I saw then that he was not a full-blooded negro, his hair that he was not a full-blooded negro, his nair being silky and waved, his nose straight, with fine nostrils, and his mouth lacking the thick lips as his skull lacked the prog-nathous development of the true African. His hide was abnormally black, however, and his tongue that of the southern darky improved by contact with the purer speech of the north. With all its fine points his fore hence a since of gract intelligence and face bore no signs of great intelligence, and as he looked at me it was almost expression-

I feared that if it ever had been, the tav-I feared that if it ever had been, the tav-ern was now no longer a refuge for those of my party, for it seemed clear that Nick Stryker had lost the proprietorship, his place having been taken by one Burns (of whom I had never heard), whose very host-ler was of rank tory breed. I was glad I had not put myself into the darky's hands, never every heirs a fixed to ask for Stryker

had not put myself into the darky's hands, now even being afraid to ask for Stryker for dread of arousing suspicions against me. "If yous boun' to stay all night, sah, I soon hab nice room, sah," he continued, while I was watching him, and taking the light with him, he went out with no apology for leaving me in the dark. Being along argin I filled my nine and

Being alone again, I filled my pipe and Being alone again, I filled my pipe and awaited his return with the means to light it. The difference betwixt the man I had been an hour since and was at that moment was amazing, so great is the power of nutri-ment to life both body and spirits. I was ready for another night's wandering if needs be, though I thanked my stars for lack of the necessity. Stratching would along of the necessity. Stretching myself along the bench, I was almost dozing from sheer comfort when I heard the tramp of horses in the yard, and the next minute the door opened and two boisterous voices rang through the room demanding lights and was almost dozing from sheer The violent rattling of a chair on the floor, which one of the newcomer bar the floor, which one of the new comers had used as a means of gaining attention, had hardly ceased when the negro returned with the ceased when the hegro returned with the candle. I could not see the faces of either of the parties from my position (which I deemed advisable to retain), naught but their legs showing, but for two they made a vast noise. The negro, without seeming to notice my apparent absence, placed bottles and glasses on the table farthest removed from mine, and the two, after ordering a from mine, and the two, after ordering a meal, sat down and began drinking. And without stint they drank, if one could judge by the sound of pouring. The single candle but broke the gloom of the apartjudge by the sound of pouring. The single candle but broke the gloom of the apart-ment, though it was helped out by the moon-light, which streamed through the south windows and over the sanded boards. By it I made out that one of the party was a cavalryman, his muddy boots and short clothes proclaiming the fact, as well as the sabretasche that trailed on the floor by the side of his heavy sword. The other, also booted and armed, was not of the ranks, for his breeches were not embellished or of his breeches were not embellished or of striking color (his coat I could not see), striking color (his coat 1 could not see), while the hat he flung under the table was but a nondescript slouch without a cockade. That they had accidentally met was at once made plain by the first words that pessed between them after the negro left the room. "An' ye are from the north!" said the sol-dier. "It were a fine chance that brought us together, for I am nigh spent an' must ha' traveled back on an empty belly had we the room. not crossed.' "Have ye no news o' either o' them?" asked the civilian, earnestly, ignoring the er's remark "Nay, man. 'Tis the coldest scent l put nose to. Scammell's an ass to think put nose to. Scammell's an ass to think they fled together, an' twice an ass, too, to look for a flying man an' woman along the main highway! Have any of your gang lit on

cate the woman; the man he feels

Why of him?" "Why of him?" "That he's not tellin' the likes o' me, though I think he means to lure him." "Lure him?! the fool!" said the civilian.

"The man who can overcome Scammell "The man who can overcome Scannier with an ewer, throttle Clinton an' run the lines on his fist is no bird that can be touched with alt. Faith! 'tis nothing but cold lead an' steel that can take him, an' I wish I might cross swords with him, for all his bigness

"Well, by the piper!" broke in the soldier, banging his fist on the table, "I'm fain to meet him myself. I'd show him sword play-"Shut up, ye brag! He'd make but a pinch

o' ye! Better stick to the woman, who'd come easy when ye sighted her! What's the outcome along o' Belden?" o' ye! "Belden!" said the soldier, with a laugh

"Belden!" said the soldier, with a laugh and an oath; "Clinton will neer forgive him for bringing forward such a mountain o' fraud. He's e'en a prisoner on board his own ship, an' Scammell is in the old man's bad books for havin' blabbed something to the girl-I wot not what. There's the devil's the grid where the source of t it by plain means.

The girl had a pass, I was told."

"The girl had a pass, I was told." "All passes were stopped, though not in time at the lower lines, to my thinking. I fancy the man is in the woods to the west, an' the lass hiding in the city."

"Well! well!" said the civilian, stretch-"Well! well!" said the civilian, stretch-ing his legs under the table and refilling his glass. "Here must I bide till the rest come up. To the devil with rebel spies, man an' woman! I wish I had known that Thorn-dyke was not Lounsbury when I had him unarmed. "Twould ha' been worth a pile; but a bigger pile this day could I get him." Now all this was mighty interesting, and I lar as still as the bench beneath me until the y as still as the bench beneath me until the vilian's last remark. Something there was civilian's last remark. Something there was in his voice that struck me as familiar, while his reference to having met me made me more than curious. Carefully lifting my eye above the table's level. I beheld the card-sharper of the Bull's Head, his companion being a non-commissioned officer and a total stranger to me.

CHAPTER XII. A FIGHTING QUAKER.

Here was I at last pinned down to close Here was I at last pinned down to close quarters. I had hoped they would eat, then drink themselves drunk and leave, but the sharper's intention of remaining all night, if necessary, together with the known hard-ness of head of the average trooper, made ness of head of the average trooper, made the hope a forlorn one. It seemed that I was to be confined to the bench for hours unless some chance should free me, and I had re-signed myself to this when the black came in with food for the two, and at the same time the door reopened, there entering a mar whom even in the dim light I knew to be of a different stripe than the others. It was a Quaker, and so infirm that he walked slowly and heavily with the aid of a staff. Giving the two at the table a wide berth, he wended his way to the rear of the

perth, he wended his way to the rear of the room and, seating himself on the settle, or-dered a plain meal of milk and bread and

There was nothing remarkable in the advent of a tired Quaker, but his appearance caused the sharper and his companion to draw their chairs together and whisper,

caused the snarper and his companion to draw their chairs together and whisper, though after a moment's close talking the former shouted across the room: "Hello, snuffy! Where be thee from?" There came no immediate answer to this, whereat the trooper swore roundly and re-peated his fellow's question in a louder toice.

"I travel from the Kingsbridge and be

yord, friend," was the final answer re-turned in a feeble treble. "To where, then, thee son o' drab?" mimicked the gambler, as he put in his turn

at insulting the old man. "To a friend in the city—a Capt. Scam "To a Friend in the city-a Capt. Scam-mell, of De Lancy's regiment. Mayhap thee knows him?" was the innocent response. But, innocent as it was, it had its effect on the two, who were at once more respect-ful in both tone and words. "Ye'll not find him, then," volunteered the two respect on head a grow head and and

"Ye'll not hid him, then, Vounteered the trooper. "He has a sore head an' a broken heart—the one from a scrimmage an' the other through loss o' his lady. Ha' ye seen aught o' a runaway beauty on yer trav-els—a tall young hess with a painted head?" "Does thee mean a young girl with hair inclined to red?" asked the traveler, with score thing of interst in his you're.

inclined to red?" asked the traveler, with something of interest in his voice. "Ay, that same," returned the trooper, bringing his feet under him and half rising. "Yea, friend. I met with a female, though scarce a beauty, and with hair as the describes. She was tired and wan as she came from the woods near Day's tay-bar the Leller Way and school me for the she came from the woods near Days tav-ern, by the Hollow Way, and asked me for victuals. But, friend, I was unprovided, and, indeed, in these times fear stragglers, be they male or female." "Was the same tall an' fine o' skin, an'

the island, but it has now become a means of attracting the tourist, who is nvited

GUIDED BY INTUITION.

Woman Jumps at Conclusions Without Resorting to Logic and Wins.

"I begin to think there is no limit to wom-an's intuition. It frequently enables her to read character on sight, but what gets me and strikes me as uncanny is the fact that this same intuition projects her knowledge into the future and makes her about as con-versant with things to come as with things past.

gave but seant light, but, seant as it was, it proved enough for the sharp eyes of the gambler, who evidently caught sight of a face, for with an oath he cried: "What have we here—a drunkard or a deserter?" and ad-vanced toward the table. And now it appeared that I would be sud-denly forced to do the very thing that but a moment before had been buzzing in my brain as only a dream. Concealment being no longer possible, I would face matters as they fell out, and trusted to put all into execution before help in the shape of the negro or others without might arrive. Ere Lowney had covered half the space betwixt us, I stoped for my sword, and, jumping to

into the future and makes her about as con-versant with things to come as with things past. "Let me illustrate. When the copper mar-ket was so active I put in hours every day studying quotations, fluctuations, and the outlook. As the result of a conclusion reached by this careful method I invested 200, made good margins, and was inally glad to let go with a loss considerably larger than my original investment. "During a period of confidence and in the enjoyment of prospective riches I had told my wife of my investment and of the good things she might expect when the deal was closed. It gave her the speculative fever and she was bound to make a plunge. She doesn't furow what the word stocks means. A market report is Greek to her. She couldn't figure on the outlook if she had all the data and a slate ard pencil. Yet she came to me with 8100 she had saved in old teapots and stockings and told me to buy P. Q. M. shares. I sneeringly told her that they were dead and buried; that she might as well invest in a dry oil well or a sunken ship. But her mind was made up. I thought the lesson would be a cheap one for her and "Those shares took a sudden jump to the surprise of everyone and she cleared \$2,000. "Men din't seem to have any business sense."

toom subdenity on high, for the beams of the ceiling barely cleared my head, he stopped short and stepped a pace or two backward, drawing his sword the while, then with a voice which might have been heard a fur-long, he shouted: "By the great Jehovah! 'tis Donald Thorndyke, or his spook from hell! Are ye run to ground at last? If ye be no ghost, surrender in the name of the king!-Ho, old man! here is the devil himself; get to my holsters and fetch the firearms!-Hither, ye black rascal! help me hold him here! Help here, I say! Damn the closed door!-Boy! boy! Oh, what a pass is this!" Waiting for no action on the part of the old Quaker, and hoping to forestall the ne-gro, I leaped to the floor, and in an instant the swords of Lowney and myself were crossed in combat.

"Those shares took a sudden jump to the surprise of everyone and she cleared \$2,000. 'Men don't seem to have any business sense,' she said, when we compared notes. 'P. Q. M. stands for pretty quick money, but a stupid man would never see it.' "Heavens!" Then the Detroit broker who had been talking dashed to the floor a 15-cent cigar he had just lit.-Detroit Tribune.

Surely a Dream.

Surely a Dream. The rich, talented, handsome stranger prostrates himself at the feet of the beauti-ful cashier in the laundry. "Be mine!" he implores. "Am I dreaming?" the young girl asks her-self anyiously.

The onset was so sudden that it drove the man backward against his table, which, with the candle and earthenware, was upset, though the crash did not mar the fellow's guard. Taking advantage of the opening thus made, I sprang between him and the door, and then the battle began in grim earnself, anxiously. She has not long to remain in doubt. For she presently spurns the rich, talented, hand some stranger and marries the bow-legged boilermaker to whom she had plighted her

troth. This, of course, makes it a cinch that she is dreaming.—Detroit Journal.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

"We ought to do something to make our-selves solid with posterity," remarked one of the Pilgrim Fathers. "That's so," replied his companion. "How would it be to inaugurate a national holiday that will be a convenient time for football games?"

fairly sure of tiring him and in the end beat-ing down his guard, but at present I had enough to do in looking for his tricks and avoiding his furious lunges. In the half light of the room the fire flew bright from the steel in the energy of the parry, and my opponent hurried his fatigue by wasting breath in a constant string of oaths. The rest is history.-N. Y. Journal.

By the time a man succeeds in reaching the top of the ladder he is too old to enjoy the scenery.—Chicago Daily News.

A good "agent" is a sort of confidence man; he makes you buy things you did not want.—Atchison Globe.

The Old Style Brigand Is Not Much

Hewitt-"There is always room at the top." Jewett-"I suppose so, but some of us never get near enough to the top to find out."-Town Topics. "Hello, Glubson! I never expected to see you a waiter at a restaurant. What has brought you to this, old fellow?" "Same thing that brings you here to eat, most like-ly-poverty."-St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Persons who derive their ideas of Corsica as it is to-day from Prosper Merimee's novel "Colomba," will be doomed to some disappointment. Manners and customs have changed a great deal in the island since the date, shortly after

Some hats are so loaded with wings, breasts, heads and tails of birds that it seems that a little gravy is all that is necessary to make them appear like a game dinner.— Philadelphia Times.

"Jack Nurvy called upon old Moneybags last night and asked him for his daughter's hand. "That was brassy of him. What did the old man say?" Said Til com-promise with you, young man, and give you my foot.' And he did."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"It seems to me," remarked the prospect "It seems to me," remarked the prospective tenant, as he noted four inches of water in the basement, "that this cellar leaks." "Leaks! Not a bit of it," spoke up the hust-ling agent. "Why, that water's been there for a month, and not a drop has escaped."-Philadelphia Record. "Don't you wish you had minded me?" said the stern mother, as she plead the pad-dle to her erring son with monotonous fre-quency and vigor. "I wish," said Johnny, as he tried to twist around so that the pad-dle would strike him slantingly, "I wish I wuz a orfing."-Ohio State Journal.

An Atchison young man is ruining his health and his prospects by remaining up every night until 12 o'clock; he fears that if he does not tramp the streets every night until 12 o'clock something very remarkable will happen and he will miss it. An old rounder, in whom we have confidence, says that he has been looking for something re-markable to happen for a great many verys markable to happen for a great many year and been disappointed.—Atchison Globe

A SENATOR'S LETTER.

Peruna as a Nerve and Catarrh Tonic the Talk of the World.



The shove Reward will be paid for the rmation 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, m the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU, 88.tf. Prendent.

FINE LIQUOR STORE

EMPORIUM, PA.

THE undersigned has opened a first class Liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, and We shall carry none but the best Amer-ioan and Imported WHISKIES.

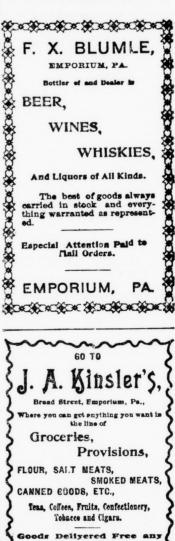
BRANDIES GINS AND

WINES, BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.

Bottled Goods.

I's addition to my large line of Hquore I carry CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

d Billiard Room in same building. CALL AND SEE ME. A. McDONALD Α. PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.



m EMPORIUM

"I crept slowly onward."

barren in appearance, the only attempt at barren in appearance, the only attempt at ornamentation being in the boughs of green stuff that had been piled into the vast fireplace. The rafters overhead, somber with age, were black in the increasing dark-ness, and the walls, unwhitened for months and perhage years, were deeply scored with names and coarse motios graven by sword points, or howomet and smutted by names and coarse motices graven by sword points or bayonets, and smutted by candles held against the rough plaster. The bar took up a space near the entrance, the floor was clean and sanded, and the only furniture in the room consigted of an im-mense settle in the corner by the chimney, one long table with a bench betwixt it and the wall and four or fires smuller tables with the wall, and four or five smaller tables with npanying chairs. In strong contrast with the prevailing dinginess of the apart ment were the two windows in the rear of ment were the two windows in the rear of the room, their curtains of plain stuff as white and stiff as crusted snow, and the panes as sparkling and brilliant as newly minted coin.

With an eye to future action in case of With an eye to future action in case of mischance, I went to the windows and found them unfastened. The view looked east and showed an infield with a stream on one side, which I knew must drain the ponds and swamps of the lower Harlem flats in the vi-cinity of McGowan's Pass, and empty itself culverted, still runs under the city in the into the Sound river. [This stream, now maighborhood of East One Hundred and neighborhood of East One Hundred and Tenth street.) The sight of its brush-grown banks and

the oncoming night suggested a way of es-cape, but a boat would have been necessary,

dark eves "Ay, I think she was of proper height, and

was dark, if I do not err. her eye was dark, if I do not err." "'Fore God, an' I balieve it the lass, Lowney!" said the trooper, starting up and for the first time giving the card-sharper a name. "I'm off on the scent. Where away Lowney

name. "I'm off on t did she go, old man?"

"Back to the woods, as I saw her," way

"What woods? In what direction?" hur-"What woods? In what direction?" hur-riedly asked the redcoat. "Thee knowest the woods and orchard where Washington worsted Howe on the heights of Harlem? That is the spot, friend. It strikes me she might be fair enough after

It strikes me she might be fair enough atter food and rest. I would not have her harmed through me. Thee had—" "Damn your thees an' thous an' Wash-ington an' being worsted!" should the trooper, excitedly. "I'm off, Lowney. Tell the rest when they come. "Tis a fair day

ington an' being worsted!" should the trooper, excitedly. "I'm off, Lowney. Tell the rest when they come. "Tis a fair day that bid ye stop me for a sup in this place. I will require ye yet. Give me a Quaker for truth an' good luck. Alloh, lad!" And with a rattle of metal he was out of the door, while in a moment I heard his horse put-ting from the yard full tilt. As I listened to the Quaker's description of the girl, of whose identity I doubted as little as did the trooper, my heart sank with in me. I considered the suffering she had undergone to make necessary her asking food of a stranger on the high road, and was fast getting to the point of leaving my place of concealment, dispatching the man Low-ney, stealing his horse, overtaking the troop-er, and rescuing the girl myself, and at between them after the negro left om. 'ye are from the north!" said the sol-'the wrete a fine chance that brought "It were a fine chance that brought ether, for I am nigh spent an' must viveled back on an empty belly had we ossed." 'Twas but natural that I had taken u quick disikke to the Quaker, who had inne-praise. Amon on the track of the patriotic girl, and 'twas also natural that I wished to see more of 's remark. 'To the end of satisfying my curiosity, I lift-ed my head as before, but was seeming to thinkingly, I tilted my sword, which must have but just balanced on the edge of the bench, and sent it **crashing to** the floor with Golden Days. and rescuing the girl myself, and

oodthirsty looking to huy h knives and daggers, bearing such choice inscriptions as Vendetta Corsa; morte al nemico, ("death to the enemy"); or, even still more gruesome: Va diritto cuore del nemico ("Go straight to the heart of the enemy"). These choice weapons form, together with gourds engraved with portraits of Napoleon. or the negro's head, which is the Cor-sican crest, the staple industry of Ajaccio .- Westminster Review.

A Narrow Squeeze

A circut paid a flying visit to a small English town not long ago, and the price of admission was sixpence, children under ten years of age half price It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom, aged 13, took her in the afternoon to see the show. Arrived at the door, he put down ninepence and the door, he put down interpender and asked for two front seats. "How old is the little girl?" asked the money taker, doubtfully. "Well," said Master Tom, "this is her tenth birthday, but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon." The money taker ac-cepted the statement and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave .-Chicago Times-Herald.

Nature Outdone

An amusing instance of the extent to which a realistic artist may satisfy himself is told in the following story Wilkins was the artist's name and he had painted a number of pictures dead game which received considerable praise. Among them was a group of dead rabbits. These rabbits a critic commended in Wilkins' hearing as "re markably true to nature." "N sir!" replied the artist in his "Nature most pompous manner; "yes, I flatter myself there is more nature in those rab bits than you usually see in rabbits!".



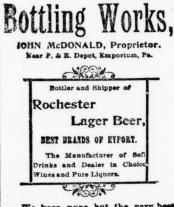
W. V. Sullivan, U. S. Senator from Mississippi. Hon.

Hon. W. V. Sullivan, United States Senator from Mississippi, in a letter recently written to Dr. Hartman from Oxford, Miss., says the following: "For some time I have been a sufferer

from catarrh in its most incipient stage. so much so that I became alarmed as to my general health. But, hearing of Peru-na as a good remedy, I gave it a fair trial and soon began to improve. Its effects were distinctly beneficial, removing the annoying symptoms, and was

particularly good as a tonic. "I take pleasure in recommending your great national catarrh cure, Pe-ru na, as the best I have ever tried." "W. V. Sullivan."

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