

THREE PRAYERS.

An infant in its cradle slept, And in its sleep it smiled—



A COLONIAL

FREE-LANCE

By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Not a morsel of food had passed my lips for more than four-and-twenty hours.

My arms were fast as lead. The gold in my pockets and the bullets in my pouch had five times their weight as I splashed through the mud.

I feared that if it ever had been, the tavern was now no longer a refuge for those of my party.

The violent rattling of a chair on the floor, which one of the newcomers had used as a means of gaining attention, had hardly ceased when the negro returned with the candle.

"An' ye are from the north!" said the soldier.

and even with this there were the jaws of Hell Gate and the river patrols to overcome. I think I had plumbed the depths of every possible chance to get off the island

But the end was not yet. I was well armed and stronger by a dram than when I came in.

"Yes, sah," he answered, rolling his eyes. "Leap o' soldiers, sah. Deys makin' de horse upset all froo lookin' for somebody."

"Hello, snuff! Where be thee from?" There came no immediate answer to this, whereat the trooper swore roundly and repeated his fellow's question in a louder tone.

"I travel from the Kingsbridge and beyond, friend," was the final answer returned in a feeble treble.

"What woods? In what direction?" hurriedly asked the trooper.

"An' ye are from the north!" said the soldier.

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

"Well, by the pipper!" broke in the soldier, banging his fist on the table.

CHAPTER XII. A FIGHTING QUAKER.

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 hardness of head of the average trooper, made the hope a forlorn one.

"I travel from the Kingsbridge and beyond, friend," was the final answer returned in a feeble treble.

"An' ye are from the north!" said the soldier.

"An' ye are from the north!" said the soldier.

(to me) a racket that might have been made by a falling horse.

Both the Quaker and Lowney gave a start as the sharp sword 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 hiding.

CHAPTER XII. A FIGHTING QUAKER.

Persons who derive their ideas of Corsica as it is to-day from Prosper Merimee's novel "Colomba," will be doomed to some disappointment.

A narrow squeeze.

A narrow squeeze.

Nature outdone.

GUIDED BY INTUITION.

Woman Jumps at Conclusions Without Resorting to Logic and Wins.

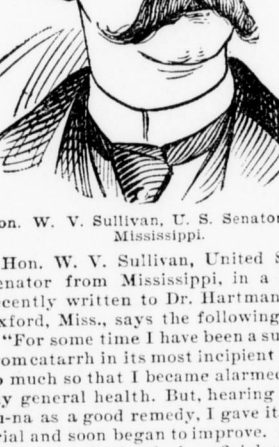
"I begin to think there is no limit to woman's intuition. It frequently enables her to read a character on sight, and what gets me and strikes me as uncanny is the fact that this same intuition projects her knowledge into the future and makes her with a conversant with things to come as with things past."

Surely a Dream.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

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

A Senator's Letter.



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

\$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 and Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

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