THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Little foot whose lightest pat Little foot whose lightest pat Seems to glorify the mat, Waving hair and picture hat, Grace the nymphs have taught her; Gown the pink of fit and style, Lips that ravish when they smile— Like a vision, down the aisle Comes the parson's daughter.

As she passes, like a dart.
To each luckless fellow's heart
Leaps a throbbing thrill and smart,
When his eye has sought her;
Tries he then his sight to bless
With one glimpse of face or tress,
Does she know it?—well, I guess!
Pretty parson's daughter.

Leans she now upon her glove Leans she now upon her glove Cheeks whose dimples tempt to I And, with saintly look above, Hears her "pa" exhort her; But, within those upturned eyes, Fair as sunny summer skies, Just a hint of mischief lies— Roguish parson's daughter.

From their azure depths askance, When the hymn-book

When the hymn-book gave the chance,
Did I get one laughing glance?
I was sure I caught her;
Are her thoughts so far amiss
As to stray, like mine, to bliss?
For, last night, I stole a kiss
From the parson's daughter, om the parson's daughter. Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.



[Copyright, 1897, by D. Appleton & Co. All

C HAPTER XII -- CONTINUED

I will not go so far as to say how this cer-ainly would have ended had there been no interference, but the end came vn a man-ner totally unlooked for. I had worked the fellow backward through the room, hopin to get him where he could retreat no farther and had forced him well toward the heavy settle whereon still sat the Quaker, wher that white-haired patriarch rose with ar exclamation, and seizing his staff, stepped behind Lowney and brought the stick down on his bared head, felling him to the floor a

enseless carcass.

Though the blow was serviceable to m such an act of war on the part of a Quaker made, me turn on my ally and regard him

with astonishment.
"'Twas a foul thing to take a man from behind when engaged in front, my friend," I broke out, "and, though I give thanks for good intentions, 'twas an unseemly act, and you belie your cloth!"

"Thee has small time to pick fine holes in "Thee has small time to pick fine holes in my service, friend," he answered; hurriedly. "Turn thee to the window and see my motive. I wish to make friends with thee, but we must hurry! Look yonder!"

I looked as directed, and to my amazement saw a squad of British cavalry about turning into the lane leading to the tavern. There was scant time for me to run for my

There was scant time for me to run for my arms and get to the window, but, as I was about to throw open the casement, the Quaker laid his hand on my arm.

"Not that way!"he cried. "It is swamp land, and thee would be mired in the night.

Thattain, "its series for now leave theset.

Upstairs-'tis safer for now-leave the rest

With mighty nimbleness for so old a man, he drew me toward the kitchen, and, throwing open the door, pointed to a set of boxed-in steps leading above, and then quickly drew back, closing the door behind

I had but gotten up the short flight when I heard him go to the barroom entrance and shout for help with all the might of his cracked voice. In a moment I heard the clatter of arms as the men entered the low-

er room, and at the same time the negro came bounding up the stairs behind me. came bounding up the stars benind me.

The moonlight through the hall window
just showed me his black face as he ran toward me, and with a will to sell myself at
high cost I lifted my sword to cut him down
when he cried in a horse whisper, and with-

out the slightest trace of dialect "Hold up, man! I'm yer friend! This

As he spoke he indicated a door the latch which he lifted, and, throwing it wide,



"Thee has small time to pick fine holes in my service, friend

placed his finger on his lips as he pointed to a passage with a window at its far end.
With the words: "I have no time to explain;
lie quiet till I get back!" he turned and left
me, running downstairs as quiekly as he had

me, running downstairs as quickly as he had come up.

Now from the moment I had crossed swords with Lowney till the present the time had been so short that it was as nothing. I was not confused as regards losing my head, but mighty strange it seemed that two friends had so suddenly arisen, and this fact was a trifle bewildering. In some blind way the Dove was still a Whig station (unless treachery lay hidden about), though what had become of young King and how could come by Nick Stryker, were still puzzles. In the face of the action and words of the Quaker, whose blow had saved me from immediate capture, I could but think he was not what he had seemed to be, even if he was a Quaker at all. That he was a friend to the cause was plain enough now, though at first, cause was plain enough now, though at first, with the feeling that every man's hand was against me. I even thought his sending me above might be but a trap to take me alive. But this could not be, for on going to the window! saw the casement opened on a

roof that sloped easily to near the groundcommon arrangement in architecture in asset days, and one that still holds.

those days, and one that still holds.

I had been alone a bare five minutes when
through the still night air I heard the sound
of voices and the clattering of hoofs from the
yard, and guessed that some of the troopers
helen head gene in heats to the north. below had gone in haste to the north, for, my window being on the south side of the my window being on the south side of the house, I saw nothing of them as they passed, All below became silent as the confusion melted in the distance. My nerves were like harp strings as I stood and listened, but, as the time went on and nothing occurred, I breathed a trifle easier, and finally gathered enough confidence to reprime my freezes. Had it not been for the damp I how arms. Had it not been for the damp I knew

was in them, I should have used a pistol on the gambler at the start.

For all of an hour I waited in the passage, which turned out to be little more than a narrow lumber room, but at last I heard a narrow lumber room, out at last I neard the door below open, and even as I was hop-ing for some one to guide me to my next move, the negro was before me. Like a spir-tit he entered the passage, for no sound of steps had heralded his coming, and the

or steps had neralded his coming, and the only words he spoke were:

"Pull off yer boots and follow me!."

His own were in his hand, and obeying, I trailed after him in and about two or three rooms and a hall, coming at last to a flight of steps that led us down and out by a back

It was something like waking from a night mare to breathe the outer air again and not feel the cramping of close quarters. Motion-ing me still to follow, he bent himself like an Indian seeking footprints, and thus we an Indian seeking lootprints, and thus we passed beneath the rear bar windows, soon being at a distance from the house and toward the stream I had noticed. Under some low bushes we stopped long enough to pull on boots, and then onward we went, now bearing toward the east and through a swamp, which would have been fatal to me had I attempted to traverse it slope. had I attempted to traverse it alone.

Save to caution my going, not a word my guide spoke, nor did I ask a question, only stepping close behind him as he made his way through a blind path he evidently wellknew. Presently we came to something like a rod of firm ground slightly overgrown with coarse weeds and low shrubbery. Here my guide halted, and, turning about with a

uckle, said: 'Considering they know nothing of yer going, ye be safe enough here."
"What the devil-" I began, but he in-

terrupted me.

"Tis plain enough, my friend. I know
ye now, an' thought I did at first. Did ye
mark me draw the light from ye at the table

and shut the windows?"
"How did you know me?"

"Are ye not the man who bearded Clinton? Who would not know ye after the day's rumpus with searchin's an' descriptions? Are there two o' yer shadow on the island? Is not yer name Thorndyke? "Tis lucky ye fell afoul o' Nick Stryker instead o' others."

others."

"By the 'Mighty! Are you Nick Stryker?" I asked, a light bursting on me.

"Nick Stryker is my name," he answered.

"I thought you said Nat Burns was—"

"Who ever saw Nat Burns?" he broke in.

"No one. He's always away. Come, now, I've little to tell. What brought ye to the

"To find one calling himself Rex-" I be "To find one calling himself Rex—" I began, but he stopped me by an exclamation.

"Rex! an' ye asked for a man o' the name o' King? I know none such, but Rex—why, he it was that laid out the tory and saved yer neck. An' ye knew him not! Well, on my soul, 'tis scarce a wonder!"

"Is it possible? No more than a brother unborn would I have known him. Is Lowney dead?" I asked.

"Ay, he's dead, an' ye ha' the credit o' it. Did ye not hear a party putting after ye to

"Ay, he's dead, an' ye ha' the credit o' it. Did ye not hear a party putting after ye to the north? We have no time to palaver. Stay here until I guide the Quaker hither; he's makin' blind fools o' an officer an' three men over the body o' the tory, but his risk is great. I tell ye that Rex is sore beset himself, an' I would hang higher than Haman were my position known. Ye each need the other, for 'tis beyond me now to more than help ye out of the muss ye have just gotten in."

ten in."
"What is the man's real name?" I asked

"What is the man's real name?" I asked as he turned to leave me.

"Ames," was the short answer as he made off, and in the small light of the moon that was now close to its setting I marked his figure grow less and less until the shadows swallowed it.

Now I saw where I had made a mistake in not closely following directions and asking for "Rex" in the first place. And equally stupid had I been in determining that Nick Stryker was openly known by his name. When I inquired for "Ring," it had never entered my head that Rex could be aught but the brother of Gertrude, and it now came to me that mayhap Clinton was inside the truth when he said that youth had perished in the flames. How, then, could the poor girl have fared since she left me? Yet her brother had escaped, according to Mrs. Badely, and 'twas possible the girl had known where to join him. Either Clinton had lied or his mistress had been deceived, and 'twas a fair muddle to clear. Stryker had known me through reputation and description, and if my act had become celebrated so might have hers, and I determined to ask him if he knew aught of the girl for where I had a true to the content of the girl for where I had a for the girl for where I had a for where the remarks the girl for where I had a for which the girl for where I had a for which the girl for where I had a great the girl for where I had a for which the girl for where I had a great the girl for where I had a great the girl for where I had a great a great the girl for where I had a great the great and the girl for where I had a great a great and the girl for where I had a great and the girl for where I had a great and the girl for where I had a great and the great and the great and the great and the great and great a Now I saw where I had made a mistake in to ask him if he knew aught of the girl for whom I had now more than a passing inter

However, the matter was not to be cleared by thinking, and as just now I had need of my brains in my own behalf, I put it aside

and came home, as charity should and came home, as charity should.

Where was I to pass the coming night?

Where was I to procure bread for the morrow? I would not fast again, though it came to entering a house and demanding food at a pistol's point. What was the end of it all to be? Even now I was held prisoner by a quaking bog, and had put myself into the power of a man who in my mind. into the power of a man who, in my mind, re a negro than was Rex or Ame

n aged Quaker.
'Twas foolishly weak in me, but as one hour went far into another and nothing chanced, I took a blue turn, thinking of home and my mother and my sister, and their worry and wonderment at my long absence, finally getting myself into a mood that was made up of universal doubts, and, were it not that I had a sense of shame left, I fairly think I might have whimpered like a sick child.

Indeed, there was nothing in my surroundings to prick my pluck. When the moon set, a darkness almost like that of the night before came down on me. The dew was like rain on all about, and not so much as a stone, wet or dry, was there to rest upon. The unusual fast, the lack of sleep, the un-The unusual tast, the lack of sleep, the un-ceasing danger and present inactivity made me look at matters with a jaundiced eye. The night voices of the swamp were well-nigh deafening, and I was like to lose my head betwixt the vociferous bellowings of the frogs and the strain under which my nerves had so long been strung, when, as though they had come from below, the fig-ures of Ames and Stryker were before me.

CHAPTER XIII.

A HOUSE OF REFUGE. Like smoke in a gale my vapors vanished with the sound of a human voice. It was Stryker who spoke:

"Come, now, put yer hands on my shoul-ders an' let me have ye out o' this. There be no time to lose."

be no time to lose."
"Where do we go?" I asked.
"Thee will be guided by me, friend," said
the Quaker. "Let us get beyond this quagmire, and I will pilot thee. I will now make the rear.

So saying, he took me by the flap of my coat, and I, placing my hands on Stryker's shoulders behind, we three moved off into the bog in an opposite direction from that we had come.

The negro must have had the eye of a bat and the nose of a hound to make his way over such a ground in such a darkness. There were many turnings in the path, and more than once did I see the reflection of the stars in the black water that was almost under foot. More than once was there a loud splash as we disturbed some ancient croaker of the swamp, and now and again a tall clump of bushes or a mass of rank August growth came out of the gloom ahead like hyper former. like human figures. I think we must have walked in this close Indian file for some-thing over half a mile before the ground be-gan to rise and the sod felt firm beneath me; but when it did, Strykesstopped and turned about.

'Now I leave ye," he said. "Ye know yer "Now I leave ye," he said. "Ye know yer way onward, Ames, an' ye can be safe till sunrise at least. I charge ye both to keep away from the Dove. I can do no more for ye, though much I regret it. I must not be suspected, and, were a spy caught in my bouse, I would be undone and my days of usefulness to the cause be over. Tell No. 5 that all is right thus far. I will hear of ye fast enough if ye be taken. God bless ye both for true men! An' now good night. I must hurry back."

Without a word being spoken in return,

must hurry back."

Without a word being spoken in return, he started on a dogtrot in the direction of



We three moved off in the bog.'

As he disappeared, I turned on the Quaker with the determination of settling a few

which the determination of setting a lew small matters, and abruptly asked:

"Is that man what he seems—a negro?"

"Yea, and thee has seen as devoted a patriot as the colonies know," he answered.
"As for his race, 'tis anomalous. His parents' blood was almost white, but he bred backward, as men sometimes do, and is blacker than the average negro. And he has talent for a go-between. He can mimic so that the evil one might take him for a double. Did he not fool thee? Ah! Nick," he contin-ued, apostrophizing the absent man, "an" were it not for the celer thy name would be were it not for thy color thy name would be great in the field, though not so great as is

ould I had known it!" I answered. " would I had known it!" I answered. "I would have atoned for the black thoughts I had of him. And now, friend Ames," I continued, "I have fancied you other than you are. Had I known what I now know, 'twould have saved a deal of trouble. But, first, I owe you my life for what you did for me, as, had you not sighted the redcoats and acted, I would—"

'We're quits, friend, we're quits, did thee we re quits, friend, we re quits, did thee but know it," he interrupted. "Let us not stand here; we have Turtle bay ahead and no bed nearer. The way is long and rough, seeing we are debarred the highway. Thee be well armed; give me a pistol, for as a Quaker I have not so much as a bodkin."

"Being no Quaker, then spare me your thees and thous," said I, thrusting a pistol

"But I am a Quaker, in truth, friend," he

"A Quaker, and fight!"

"A Quaker, and fight!"
"I am a follower of one Elias Hicks, who
takes a wider path than the orthodox. But
the blood is not thick in me, though I am of
the Quaker stock. I fall into the style when
in need of concealment, and carry it out
fairly well—eh, friend?"
"Faith," said I, "I take it you're on a
broader path than Hicks e'er trod. That
blow would have read you out of meeting
wee you a true broad-brim. And how did
you cozen the party at the tavern?" I asked.

ou cozen the party at the tayern?" I asked

as we stepped out.
"By sending most of them to the north
after thee," he answered. "To the rest I
cutlied the father of lies, and ended by geting them into a fair state of drunker and after, as an old man, I pleaded fatigu nd went to bed. I am in bed now, friend

Though he still clung to the Quaker style of speaking, he had laid aside the voice and actions of the old man he had represented, actions of the old man he had represented, making a strange combination with his long, white hair, broad-brimmed hat, youthful tones, and sprightly behavior. Through all his words there was an undercurrent of dry humor, which seemed to take no account of the deep danger we were in, or the, to me, absolute blankness of the future.

Nor was this due to bravado or wonderful courage (though he lacked wone of the lat-ter), but, as he afterward told me, to the fact that with the failure to get help from Stryker—a help he had accounted as certain -he had given over hoping, and took a des -ne had given over hoping, and day or two perately calm view of the next day or two correly believing that by then all would b urely believing that by then all would be ver. Yet withal he in no wise abated his igilance, though he considered the hand of eath was near him, and when, finally, there opened up a bare chance for our es cape from the island, he said it was as though he had come back from the grave Ay, and so did I. It was as though a suf-focating hand placed over my mouth had been suddenly withdrawn.

On the start he told me little of himself

On the start he told me little of himself (though I had thought to find him communicative), and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, though not with its usual accompanying curse—deafness. From helping the great curse-deafness. From helping the great cause in some way both brothers were under a ban, and my companion's life was forfei

a ban, and my companion's life was forfeit if he was taken.

Now as black as seemed my chances, I left the weight of the old adage of life and hope being akin, and I was by no means overjoyed in knowing that we might be handi
Town Topics.

capped by a helpless youth should some chance open a way out from the surround-ing danger. And this I frankly told my companion, though to me he made no reply. For the most part he walked a pace or so

head of me, and thus we went along, go ing easily enough while crossing open fields but faring sorely when we struck woodland but faring sorely when we struck woodland or plowed ground. Perilously near, too, we went to dwellings, even stopping at a well hard by one 'e drink, though first making sure there were no dogs about. I never would have dared this had I been alone, but would have dared this had I been alone, but my companion laughed at the risk, and I followed his lead, though it then struck me as strange that I should let this stripling take the upper hand in our expedition. The truth is, I was fagged and not myself, and though if driven to a corner would have fought like a shrew, I had no head for fine noints on that night, and was growing timed. points on that night, and was growing timid.

Anon we took to the high road for a space to flank a swamp, and once a dog went wild at the smell of us, but we were unmolested.

Not a house showed a light (though that was small wonder, it being past midnight), and now we felt the breath of the damp that rose in the cooling air, and could even mark rose in the cooling air, and could even mark the pondlike appearance of the mist as it la in some black hollow of the land. Through brooks, small swamps and pools we went, brooks, small swamps and pools we went, I with heavy boots going dry-shod, though Ames, with but pumps and stockings, was wet to the knees, and I could hear the serunching of water in his shoes as he walked. But there was little to choose about him after I had pulled him out of a ditch into which he stumbled, though he made a joke of it even while his teeth were chettering from the chill of his averience.

hade a joke of it even while his teeth were chattering from the chill of his sousing. It was fearful going in the dark. The Dove lay five miles from Turtle bay by road, but, with our circling and retracing, we must have gone three or four more. For the most have gone three or four more. For the most part we spoke little, and, though much remained to talk about, I was in no spirits to ask questions—or answer them either, for that matter. With me there was now no thought of what lay behind or before, all that remained of my wits being a stupid, stubborn determination to get on and reach our destination, be it what it might.

I take it 'twas past one o'clock, and I had been following my leader in an aimless fashion for half an hour without a word between us when he halted and laid his hand upon me, pointing toward a house with the

upon me, pointing toward a house with the bulk of a barn looming through the gloom behind it. I seemed to wake then, and no-tice the glimmer of water stretching beyond, and knew we were on the bank of the Sound

'Is this the place, then?" I asked, as I tried to make head or tail of the bleak building that stood against the faint sky like a black block.

I following tamely behind, but instead of proceeding to the house, we cut around it, and finally entered what might have been and many entered what might have been a disused cow shed built against the rear of the barn. Going to the end, he laid his ear sgainst the rough boards of the barn and began scratching gently. Nothing coming of this, he fumbled about, and presently, to my great astonishment, a broad board way in his hand, leaving in the barn's side a long, black hole that looked to lead into the bowels of darkne

HE HAD HIS "DOSE."

Short Story of a French Soldier's Stoicism After the Battle of Montmirail.

In February, 1814, the French army made a heroic stand against the allied forces of Europe, and in one week retrieved for a short but glorious period its lost prestige. Though composed largely of half-raw recruits, it escaped from the very center of a quarter of a million foes, attacked an army of 70,000 men, won four battles and captured 68 cannon, five generals and 28,-000 prisoners.

After the terrible fight at Montmirail, Maj. Bancel, staff surgeon of the guard, was attending the wounded as well as he could, close behind the col-umn still engaged. Looking up from one unfortunate man, whose wounds he was dressing, he perceived within a short distance an old mounted chasseur of the guard, who was tranquilly smoking his pipe and watching the sur-

Bancel did not at first pay any attention to him. By and by he noticed the man again, still in the same posture

tranquilly smoking his pipe.
"What are you doing here?" cried the surgeon.
"Smoking," answered the man. "Does

the major forbid me to smoke?' "What!" returned the officer. "Aren't your ashamed to be loafing around here while your comrades are covering them-selves with glory?"

The chasseur blew out a cloud of moke, and, driving his right spur into his steed, made him execute a half turn; then he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth:

"Look, major, don't you think I have my dose as it is? Can I do anything more?"

The major looked. The chasseur's leg was shot off half-way between the knee and the ankle, so that his left foot was hanging and dangling against horse. The veteran's question required no answer; but it may be sur mised what care and attention the surgeon lavished on the imperturbable chasseur.-Youth's Companion.

His Superb Climax.

One of the ablest of the Irish mem-bers in the house of commons was once delivering a speech against the rapacity of the Irish landlord.

This is the way he reached his cli-

"I believe, Mr. Speaker, if one of those fellows owned land in the heart of Africa, he wouldn't be there a week before he would have his hands in the pockets of the naked savages."—Spare Moments.

The Thoughtful Pose.

"Did you fall?" asked the officious one of the man who had slipped on the

"Fall!" roared the man, witheringly "no! I merely sat down to think caimly over the expansion question."-Phila delphia North American.

Heard in New York. He-Will you go with me to the the ater to-night?

She-I can't. I've nothing to wear. He-Well, let's go to the operaA MORMON'S PLEA

Congressman-elect Roberts Issues An Address.

He Claims that the Committee of Investigation is Prejudiced Against Him and that a Bad Prece-dent is Being Established.

Washington, Dec. 8 .- Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah, who wos not allowed to be sworn in as a representative in congress of that state, has issued an address to the American people. It contains much that was said by him on the floor of the house and by Mr. Richardson, who opposed the resolu-tion of Mr. Tayler, of Ohio. After reviewing the facts and proceedings resulting in the appointment of the ommittee, he says:

"The member from Utah is not allowed to take the oath of office, and a committee is appointed to try him as to his alleged guilt of the offenses charged. Nay, even more is granted than was asked, at least more than was asked upon the floor of this house. For a hostile committee has been appointed to inquire into the case. Its membership is made up entirely of those who voted to adopt the method of procedure. Not one who voted against it was allowed a place upon that committee.
"I ask the American people to stop

and think what that may mean to this country in times of high political excitement and party strife and passion.
"1—A formidable minority in the house may be reduced either to a very

insignificant minority, or even blotted out of existence.
"2—The representation to which a

"2—The representation to which a state is entitled on the floor of the house may be denied to it—as in this Utah case—for any length of time this committee may elect to deny it such representation. Suppose that in this case the committee shall see proper to proceed with reasonable expedition to consider the questions involved, but what is there to hinder it delaying to consider the questions involved, but what is there to hinder it delaying its action under one pretext or another as long as it pleases. It may take a week, a month, or a year to make its investigations, for it is authorized to send for papers and persons, to examine witnesses and is not even instructed to report at as early a date as receible. as possible. It can prolong its inves-tigations for two years as well as a month, or a year, if it so elects, and meantime deny to a state representation. If the present republican house can thus deprive Utah of her represen-tation, there is no reason why it could not deny Virginia hers, even though she has ten representatives, for ten sne has ten representatives, for ten representatives as easy as one can be turned away from the bar of the house, and one state as well as another if a bare majority in the house chooses to have it so. And if the present republican house can do this in the case of Utah or Virginia, there is no reason why the next demographs. s no reason why the next democratic house could not proceed in like man-ner with representatives from repub-lican states, under this new rule of

procedure,
"3—This new precedent also strikes down the constitutional guaranty of a right to one accused of crime to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury in the state wherein the crime shall have been committed.' The proposition is not to deprive me of my seat in congress by the presentation of records of conviction for crime pefore courts before which I have been found guilty, under the due forms of law. The proposition is to try me before the committee of the house, to send for persons, papers and witnesses to ascertain my guilt or innocence of an alleged misdemeanor, "The constitution gives the members of congress immunity from at-

rest for misdemeanors, except for breach of the peace, and yet for an at leged misdemeanor for which I could not be arrested while in attendance not be arrested while in attendance upon the house, or while going to or from it—I am deprived the right to take the oath of office; my final right to my seat is in jeopardy: the people of one of the states are denied representation, so long as it shall suit the purpose of the committee to have it so, and the expressed will of the people of a state is in degree of being a light of the people of a state is in degree of being defined. ple of a state is in danger of being de

"It is true that the representative from Utah is a Mormon, and just now there is against the Mormon people a wave of popular sentiment, created by falsehood, chiefly by the charge that Utah has broken her compact with the United States in the matter with the United States in the marri-of polygamy; that her people contem-plate the revival of polygamous mar-plate the seating of Utah's representative would be regarded by her Mormon population as an endorse-ment of polygamy and would be a menace to the American home. Upon my honor as a representative from Utah I solemnly deny those charges.

They are not true.
"American citizens, it is a Mormon "American citizens, it is a Mormon who is the object of the popular clamor to-day, may it not be the Catholic, or the Methodist or the free thinker to-morrow. If the rights of the representative from Utah and of his state cannot be safeguarded by the provisions of the constitution and the laws, from the frenzy of popular fury, set on fire by falsehood and disfury, set on fire by falsehood and distortion, what guaranty have we that any one's rights are secure?"

Can't Insure Children.

Indianapolis, Dec. 8.—Attorney General Taylor in an opinion given the auditor of state holds that assessment insurance companies cannot insure persons under 21 years old, as it is a violation of the law governing such ompanies.

Gives the Welsbach a Monopoly.

New York, Dec. 8 .-- In the United tates court of appeals yesterday Judge Shipman handed down a de cision in the case of the Welsach Light Co. vs. the American Incandesent Lamp Co., affirming an order of the circuit court granting an injunc-tion against an infringement of pat-ents. The decision of Judge Ship-man practically ends a litigation of three years and assures to the Welsbach Light Co. a monopoly in the United States of the patent of Carl Auer and the improvements by William S. 271d Fred L. Rawson.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for to rmation 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, 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, dta. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

BRANDIES GINS AND WINES,

BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.

WHISKIES.

Bottled Goods.

IN addition to my large line of liquous I comp CIGARS AND TOBACCO. Pool and Billiard Room in same building CALL AND SEE ME

A. McDONALD

PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

\$\$C\$C\$\$C\$C\$\$\$\$C\$C\$\$\$C\$\$C\$\$\$\$\$\$ F. X. BLUMLE, EMPORIUM, PA.

Bottler of and Dealer to

BEER. WINES.

WHISKIES,

And Liquors of All Kinds.

The best of goods always carried in stock and every-thing warranted as represent-

Especial Attention Paid to Mail Orders.

EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO . A. Kinsler's

Broad Street, Emporium, Pa., Where you can get enything you want is Groceries.

Provisions, FLCUR, SALT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS,

CANNED GOODS, ETC., Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town.

CALL AND SEE BE AND GET PRICES. REAR P. & E. DEPOT

~~~~ EMPORIUM

Bottling Works,

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

> Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer,

BEST ERINDS OF EYPORT. The Manufacturer of Sof rinks and Dealer in Choice Wines and Pure Liquors.

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



veats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Pa Charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET. "How to Obtain Fatents," wo oset of same in the U. S. and foreign coon set free. Address,

C.A. SNOW&C OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.

IS ON FILE IN CHICAG MEW YORK A. K. KELLEGO NEWSPAPER GO.