

DRESSED IN WHITE.

Thus quite clearly I remember,
On a Sunday in September,
Sunday night;
And in church we were together,
She—a night of summer weather—
Dressed in white.

I'd no book, by some omission,
And the space of our division
Lesser grew since she perceived
Flight, half hers would be relieving,
Nearer drew.

Then if fingers strayed together
Round the soft Morocco leather
In that song;
If in singing I leant nearer
To her cheek, to read the clearer,
Was it wrong?

Was it wrong? The cheek was blushing
Next to mine, and mine was flushing
Next her sighs,
If I thrilled was it amazing
At the unexpected raising
Of her eyes?

And I always shall remember
'Twas a morning in December,
Frosty, bright
That, in church again together,
She was rightly—spite the weather—
Dressed in white!
—Leonard Merrick, in Harrier Life.



A COLONIAL
FREE-LANCE
By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS
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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Ames pushed me toward the opening, and I squeezed through, feeling solid boards under my feet, and being greeted by such a strong smell of old hay that I might have been in the heart of an ancient rick. And this proved to be the case, for I soon heard the story of this hole of refuge. It had been made inside the barn as beneath the mow, and was now scantily covered with the little hay the British had a habit of leaving farmers to take the curse from their whole sale robbery. There was no entrance to this concealed den save the loosened board, and all cracks and openings being stuffed with wisps, from the outside this part of the building seemed bursting from fullness.

'Twas the finest masking of a retreat that could be imagined, and here one might lie and escape hanging (if he ventured not abroad), though there would be starvation to grapple with, and a small danger of smothering, for the heat was vile, the air heavy, and there was no means of ventilation.

My companion followed me into this inclosure, quickly readjusting the board, and, as though familiar with the place, struck his steel and got a light in a pierced tin lantern, which he set on the end of an upturned log serving as a table, on the top of which lay a scrap of paper.

This he seized, and, bending low to the glimmer, read the contents while I took in the details of the queer apartment. The rough boards of the room were barren of everything save a rifle hanging on a nail, and the wisps of hay that penetrated each crevice from the mow without. A heap of small arms lay in one corner; in another was a sleeping bunk with straw at the foot of which was a closely strapped bundle filled, as I afterward found, with provisions to be used in the extremity of being driven to this retreat for a protracted stay. It was a hiding place pure and simple, and not one to be defended save by secrecy, for a brand touched to any part of the structure would reduce it to ashes in less than an hour.

"'Tis all right!" said Ames, raising his head as I finished my brief survey. "We are not bound to this hole yet. We may go to the house and sleep like modern Christians for once more at least. Come!"

Extinguishing the light, he loosened the board, and we passed out, the night air coming to the lungs like a cooling balm after the heat and closeness of the contracted den.

"There is little danger for the next few hours," he whispered as we made a straight line for the house. "The redcoats were here this noon and searched the place, but my the boy was then in the barn. They will hardly try here again until they have beaten up other quarters. 'Tis a sorry outlook, Thorndyke! Have you not in your head a way off this island? Think hard, man! We must both think hard, and then take chances, however desperate. You are willing that we pull together?" he concluded interrogatively.

In his earnestness he dropped his assumed manner of speech, and there was an appeal in his voice that made me think it was not for himself he was most anxious. However, I could give him no comfort, only saying that I had small head for thought until I could clear my brains with sleep, but that if taken, though it were barren of gain, I would send some of the enemy ahead of us to announce our coming. Then I laid my hand in his and swore I would stand by him, and his brother, too, if need be (though such swearing seemed useless in the face of matters), telling him I would be but an ungrateful brute to desert him after he had lost his chance for help at the tavern by giving his hand in my behalf.

We had halted on our way, and in the darkness we came to the agreement each to stand by the other so long as a chance to help remained. 'Twas a compact hurriedly thought of and hurriedly made, but there, under the stars dimly showing overhead, was completed a bond that failed not. 'Twas made through necessity and became strengthened by love. Not conceived in an excess of happiness nor backed by the exuberance of fictitious generosity of strong drink, not even expected to extend beyond the present period of danger, it held through life like an invisible chain.

great rafters spanning the space overhead deeply mysterious. Two immense chimneys pierced the floor and went out at the roof, but from these the sweep of jets was broken save by a large bed with curtains, a table, and several chairs. A half moon window at either gable end was set high into the wall. A long ladder leading to one of them showed it had been used as a post of observation, but now both were carefully covered to prevent any interior light reaching abroad.

Here, then, were comfortable quarters at last. It was none too cool, but there was plenty of air, and could I but get a bite and a few hours' sleep I felt something might come of it, especially as there was a safe hiding place near at hand which could be used at a pinch, and such a possible refuge would prove a mighty factor in preventing demoralization.

I was looking at the trapped hole in the floor through which we had come when I heard a footstep on the stairs and a man appeared from below. He rose into sight as though there was no end to him, so tall and gaunt was he, and as he came to the light I saw that he possessed but one eye, and that set in a face which had the length and expression of that of a horse. With barely a glance at me, he took my companion aside, where they held a whispered conference. Suddenly turning, he held out to me an arm like a flail and grasped my hand. Then with a smile which disclosed a magnificent set of teeth, and like magic transfigured the expression of his face, he said in the purest English and with a voice of wonderful modulation:

"Donald Thorndyke, you are heartily welcome to the poor house of Peter Burt. I trust it will hold you in safety until a way of escape is made clear. Your deed is known to me. I honor you for your generosity, bravery, and patriotism. Pardon me," he interrupted as I was about to speak, "I know your present needs, and will supply them at once; then we will talk." And with this he abruptly turned and went below.

He had barely disappeared when a strange thing happened. I was facing the bed when I heard an exclamation come from behind the curtains, which were drawn close, and at the same time they parted, disclosing a youth clad in a long Quaker cloak which descended halfway down his shapely calves. For the moment I was startled, but at once surmised that he was the dumb brother of my companion. Ames sprang forward to meet him, the boy greeting him with a smile and a hand clasp, but, pushing past my guide, he advanced to where I stood by the table, and with a rippling laugh which there was no mistaking astonished me, saying: "Donald Thorndyke here! Has he, too, escaped? Heaven is indeed good! I have no need of counterfeiting dullness with him. Beverly, by what fortune?"

The flow of words was cut short here, for Ames let out a cry just as I cleared my muddled brain and recognized the girl, Gertrude King, disguised as a Quaker. With the cloak gathered about her as though to conceal her altered apparel, and slightly bent as in shrinking modesty, she stood with eyes and lips apart, while my late guide grasped my hand and said:

"By the Lord! but I struck better than I knew. Why, man, 'twas you who gave me the first hand in help, and that at the fire, but I have never seen your face closely till now. I knew you as the savior of my sister, but had no guess I was in your debt for myself!"

"We're quits, as you said, but 'tis a small debt. She is your sister, then!" I exclaimed, in my bewilderment referring to the matter which had been bothering me. "How is it I am thus hoodwinked? Have we not just sworn—"

"Nay, friend," he broke in entreatingly. "I but guessed at you at first. This dullness has been a mask from the start. 'Twas that and your pass which got Gertrude through the lower lines. I but continued it with you, fearing you would shirk the risk of having a girl share what adventure we might have in store. You gave me to understand that much. Be not offended!"

"Nay, Beverly, I could have told you better!" said the girl. "Capt. Thorndyke, you must pardon my appearance, nor think I am unsexed inwardly as outwardly when I say that I know you will not refuse your help to me; for, as you once risked your life for mine, you will not leave us and put it beyond my power to do my share in making good the debt. The same feeling which bade you defy Clinton will surely not allow you to leave me while I am still unfortunate! And I can help. I will not fail nor lose my head and cry out if danger comes. I can shoot; ay, and will, if need be!"

She was a striking object as she stood there in the light of the single candle. As she spoke she stepped forward, the cloak slipping from her hands and falling about her in graceful folds. Not a whit less of a beauty was she for all that her hair was shorn for more than half its length and stained almost black, for in her male attire there was no mistaking the grace of her sex, which in her accentuated. In her present fig she seemed less tall than in her previous attire, but it gave freedom to her movements, and there were ease and suppleness in even the small gesture of extending her arms toward me as if to add weight to her words. From top to toe there was witchery about her, and I little wondered at Scammell's infatuation. How on earth she had passed the lines without having been suspected was a puzzle, unless, indeed, she too, like her brother, was skilled in acting a part.

"Miss Gertrude," I replied, bending my head, whereat she attempted a courtesy, which, to say the least, was graceful despite the lack of sweeping drapery. "You need not think me generous when I tell you that the oath which binds me to help your brother binds me to help you also, and to the last extremity. These may be but empty words; danger lies in every quarter, nor can I probe a way through. Madam, do not count on the success of my best efforts, but for the sake of all know them to be my best. And now for your story; but, first, how is it that brother and sister bear different names?"

CHAPTER XIV. THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS.

Whether our meeting would prove for good or evil fortune the future alone would tell, but certain it was there was nothing remarkable in the fact of our coming together. 'Twas but natural that the girl should flow straight from Clinton to where she might expect to find her brother, and, as the report of his escape had been true, she there found him. Her freedom from arrest had been due to the same cause or causes that had allowed me to retain my own liberty on that memorable Sabbath; namely, the lack of military precaution at headquarters on that day and the suddenness and unlooked-for nature of the episode. Once under the roof of a Quaker relative, she and her brother had been quite disguised and passed through the lines as father and son, finding

refuge in the house on the shores of Turtle bay, and they had thus far eluded capture by retreating by day to the concealed quarters before described.

From there Ames had proceeded to Stryker (another link in the chain of secret patriots), hoping through him to find the means of getting to the Jersey shore or above the lines at Kingsbridge; but partly through the fact that all points of possible escape were doubly guarded, and partly through the adventure caused by my going to the Dove, he could obtain no help from the innkeeper. However, as he had further protected his sister by starting Lowmyer's companion, the trooper, on a false scent to the northward, and had ended the days of the tory blackleg himself, his errand could hardly be considered fruitless.

The only remarkable point in the sequence of events that had brought us all together was that I should have met "Rex" in the nick of time and had him made known to me.

There was nothing in his present appearance by which I could have connected him with the scorched youth I had encountered at the fire. He was now clean shaved, and, with the smoke wafted from his face, his singed hair replaced by a white wig, and his entire change of costume, he was an aged Quaker if one peered not so closely at the lines which had been laid upon his features.

The details of their escape and a recital of my own adventures were given as we regaled ourselves with a hasty meal in a room beneath the attic. Though solid shutters were over the windows, they were further protected from any gleam of light straying outward by a hanging of sheets nailed to the casing. This darkness made the least stulting, but physical discomfort was a small matter, and was almost forgotten as I listened in turn to the news from the city as it was given by our host.

Like a band of plotting freebooters in masquerade we must have appeared as we sat at the small table with its single candle, talking in whispers, the girl and her brother in their incongruous characters making the strong points of the picture, while the tall, long-featured man, whose melancholy cast was instantly corrected by a smile, sat opposite me, a more than sufficient foil to my proportions.

My host never laughed, but his smile was a passport to favor, making his natural expression sour by contrast or as though he was acting a part when his face was in repose. Of the little band of those who remained in New York, and were under-handed though active in their devotion to the cause, I saw not one but who was an adept in his ability to mimic or portray a character totally at variance with the one



Mistress Gertrude King.

God had given him. Peter Burt was not the least of these, for, though he looked like a graveyard, he was the reverse by nature. This worthy was a typesetter in the office of the notorious Rivington, the official printer to the king, and was the right-hand man to that blatant tory. His position and his undoubted education made his real sentiments unsuspected, and, while by day he damned the rebels and seemed to lack common compassion for those who by chance fell prisoners or were even suspected of treason, by night he was doing all in his power to get information to Washington or giving a helping hand to refugees or those in distress. Late in life I heard that Rivington himself was in full accord with Burt, and used his post to the confusion of the king's interest, but I know naught of the truth of it.

The matter that roused my greatest interest was the news (or lack of it) of Scammell. As a garner of information Burt was in the thick of it, and I was mightily mystified when told that Scammell had recovered sufficiently to move from his quarters at the King's Arms and had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, though the search made for him was but a trifle less keen than that made for me.

"Has he started his lure for me?" I asked myself, but dropped the subject as I listened to the explanation of his move.

"It comes about through a remark made by Mistress Gertrude," said Burt, indicating the young lady, who laughed lightly at the story she had undoubtedly already heard. "It is possible you may recollect her twitting Clinton with a reference to some officer who had informed her about her brother. Well, Clinton took this to mean Scammell, and Scammell hearing of it, possibly in a garbled recital, and fearing arrest, has given color to the matter by putting himself beyond the reach of investigation. He is a sharp fellow, sir, and knows his broken head will excuse him when the trouble blows over. Sir Henry is not fond of making enemies among the line and file of his army, though he cares little for the staff. As for you, Capt. Thorndyke, it were well if you quickly devised some means of putting yourself into a position of greater security than I can offer you. There is a large reward for you, and if you were taken your trial would be a mockery. Our friend Ames has but little better chance should he be caught, and as for his sister, though her life might not be sacrificed, she would be undone—Mrs. Badely would see to that. Failure to find you thus far means redoubled efforts in the future. They know you must be still on Manhattan. What can be done?"

"Nothing to-night," I replied, the blackness of our prospects opening like an abyss before me. "Let me sleep; in my present condition I am useless." "Right!" he exclaimed. "You are safe for to-night. I will not leave here till daylight, and will return at dusk. Now, Miss King, up to your quarters. Gentlemen, you will rest here. If I give the alarm, get to the barn. Look to yourselves by day, and be wary. For were you discovered here I say, as did Stryker, my days of usefulness to the cause would be over." So saying, he blew out the light and opened the windows, while I threw myself,

dressed as I was, onto the bed, and, drawing in great breaths of the damp night air, slept as sleep only sleep the tired and healthy.

I lay like one dead until well into the morning, waking as blithely as a child, only to be shocked as I came to a realizing sense of the toils that beset me. Physically I was a new man, and the feeling of antagonism and defiance with which I met the outlook proved that my spirit was yet unbroken.

But not a hole could I discover through the network of circumstances that had made me a victim. Testing the matter from all sides, the result was the same. It was fight and die, though I was careful not to betray this conclusion to either Ames or his sister. I knew that the youth was equally at sea, but the girl was cheerful and acted as though her troubles would be of short duration, feeling doubtless, as her sex is prone to do, that with two protectors things would go not far wrong.

And, indeed, we needed the fillip of good spirits from some source, and hers aided my philosophy to the extent of causing me to think it were as well to smile at approaching death as to sit and quake over its certainty.

All that day we fed well, this once maiden of fashion preparing our food, while by the aid of the ladder in the attic Ames and myself kept watch by turns through one of the half-moon windows which commanded the high road a mile or so away. But we were undisturbed, though we saw numerous troops going north, and once feared a squad was about to turn toward us, but they went on, only halting a moment where the roads joined.

At sunset Burns returned, bringing the news that a double column of the enemy had been drawn across the island near the Dove, which body was to divide and beat up the country both north and south, scouring every house, tree, and nook and cranny from one end of Manhattan to the other. This accounted for the unusual number of troops we had seen that day, and to this extent had my act stirred to its center the British army. It almost enabled one to count the hours of remaining freedom, and I figured that by noon on the day following the forces would have drawn their line close to the purlieus of the city and caught us as a fish in a net.

The thought fairly drove me wild, and in my very despair I rose from the table at which we had been sitting and went to the window for air, that I might be rid of the oppression which like a weight lay upon my chest. Was this fear? Hardly; for, had the house been assaulted at that moment, the load would have fallen away as fell the burden from the back of Christian. Nay, it was uncertainty and inaction still playing on the harp strings of my nerves, but it was an unbearable feeling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORY OF A METEOR.

It Was Manufactured by a Desperate Editor and Is Now Regarded as Truth.

"Speaking of shooting stars," said an old reporter, "if you will turn to any encyclopedia, of the great aerolites that have bumped into the earth you'll find an entry something like this: 'Huge meteoric stone, weight approximately a ton, fell near Fort Stanton, Tex., 1854.' I happen to know something about that meteor myself. It didn't land in exactly the vicinity of Fort Stanton, but fell one hot night in July at about 11 p. m., in a little newspaper office not 1,000 miles from the Rio Grande. The phenomena occurred in this way: News was dull that night, the foreman was howling for copy, and the city editor, who was also the local staff reporter, bull-fight historian and other things, was off on his regular semimonthly jag. The night editor, who comprised the balance of the staff, was a truthful man normally, but circumstances and jags over which he had no control had rendered him desperate, so when the foreman bawled 'copy!' for the 'steen hundredth and sixth time, he grabbed a pad of paper, and the meteor, which afterward became so celebrated, began falling at the velocity of about a page every four minutes. It fell on the cabin of an humble Mexican herder, smashed the whole family as flat as pancakes and filled the heavens for miles around with what the night editor called a 'baleful illumination.' The story made a full column, pulled the paper through that night, and scored a wild, uproarious, undreamed-of hit. It was copied all over the country, was discussed by the yard in scientific journals, and after raising a tremendous row in learned societies in every corner of creation, settled down to respectable immortality in the encyclopedias and text books. Meanwhile the office was inundated with a flood of letters from astronomers, geologists and savants high and low from Yokohama to Kalamazoo. The night editor saved the foreign postage stamps on the envelopes and they made the finest collection in the Lone Star State. The letters he used for pipe lights. That's the true and authentic history of the huge meteoric stone which weighed approximately a ton and fell near Fort Stanton, Tex., in 1854. Don't tell anybody I gave it away."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Scientific Horse. "A friend of mine," says Canon Mac-Coll, "once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage coach in Yorkshire, and being a lover of horses he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. 'Ah,' said the coachman, 'but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific 'oss.' 'A scientific horse,' exclaimed my friend, 'what on earth do you mean by that?' 'I means,' replied Jehu, 'a 'oss as thinks he knows a great deal more nor he does.'"—London Spectator.

In Proof Thereof. Customer—Are these eggs strictly fresh? Grocer's Clerk—Yes, sir. You haven't found anything wrong with the eggs you've been getting here for the last month, have you? Customer—No. Grocer's Clerk—Well, these are a part of the same lot.—Chicago Tribune.

The Spread of Education. Even modern flunkies are becoming grammatical. At a recent party the footman announced "Mr. and Mrs. Foot and the two Miss Feet."—Alyt Stoper.

IS A BURLY FIGHTER.

Gen. Cronje, the Boer General Who Is Opposing the Gallant Forces of Gen. Methuen.

While Joubert is the cunning schemer of the Transvaal army, Cronje is its rough and burly fighter. Of the two he is the more representative Boer. Joubert, possibly from his French ancestry, is a man of a certain polish, and can be indirect when policy requires. Cronje is blunt and always to the point. His craft is that of the hunter, and thinly disguises the force that awaits only the opportunity.

Something of this is already observable in his operations around Mafeking,



GEN. CRONJE.
(Second in Command of the Transvaal Military Forces.)

says the New York Herald. He is doing all he can to lure Baden-Powell from the intrenchments where he can strike man for man. He has made several assaults. He can be depended upon to stake everything on one desperate fight at the first fair chance.

Gen. Cronje is greatly admired by the Boers. They think Joubert is a wonderful tactician and organizer, but they love Cronje, the silent man, of sudden and violent action. He is no man's friend. His steel gray eyes peer out from under huge, bushy brows. He never speaks unless necessary, and then in the fewest words. He never asks a favor. When time for action comes he acts, and that with the force of fate and with no consideration for himself or his men.

That is the way he handled the Jameson raid. He saved the republic then, in the opinion of the republic. He is a man after the Boer's own heart. Cronje is a soldier and nothing else. He hates form. He hates politics, though a born leader of men. He was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the presidency in 1898, but he would not. He will have none of any rule but that of the rifle. He despises cities. He is a man of the veldt.

REV. W. B. THIRKFIELD.

Elected to Succeed Dr. Edwin A. Schell as General Secretary of the Epworth League.

Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkfield, who has been selected to succeed Dr. Edwin A. Schell as general secretary of the Epworth league, will soon resign the presidency of the Gammon theological seminary at Atlanta, Ga., and remove to Chicago. While he has never been officially connected with the work of the league, he has been in pastorate and educational work for over 20 years, and his selection by the board of control has met with general approval of those interested in the work. Dr. Thirkfield was born in Franklin, O., in 1853, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan university in 1877. Shortly after



REV. W. B. THIRKFIELD.
(New General Secretary of the Epworth League.)

his graduation he assumed charge of McLean chapel, Cincinnati, which has since passed out of existence. In 1881, after having taken the degree of doctor of divinity with high honors at the Boston university, he was called to the chair of theology at Clark university, which at that time was connected with Gammon theological seminary. When the two institutions severed connections a few years later Dr. Thirkfield was chosen president of the seminary, which position he has held since. He is known in American Methodism as a man of great executive ability, an orator and a lecturer. The election was a surprise to Dr. Thirkfield, who did not know until after he had been selected that he was being considered as a candidate. In canvassing for a successor to Dr. Schell Dr. Horace Lincoln Jacobs, of Altoona, Pa.; Dr. B. D. Dimmick, of Danville, Pa., and Dr. W. D. Anderson, of New York, were mentioned.

No Mustaches in Alaska. Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaskan winter never wear mustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean-shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes embedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

\$500 Reward

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