### IN CHURCH.

I never mar's the pastor's pose, His ministerial ar; His ministerial ar; I never even note the clothes The congregation wear; Bepeat the text I could not do, I'm deaf to every plea, When Prudence occupies the pew Across the aisle from me.

The sits a sweet divinity Of goodness and of grace; Then, is it strange naught else I see Of hope save in her face? A hope earth earthy 'tis, 'tis true, Yet saving grace I see When Prudence occupies the pew Across the aisle from me.

Perhaps the pastor's fervent speech To his flock giveth food, To his flock given food, The theme seems quite beyond my reach, That part I grasp, and take as true, For mine's the mood, you see, When Prudence occupies the pew Across the aisle from me. -Roy Farrell Greene, in Munsey's Mag-agine.



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CHAPTER XV. THE FOG.

The moon was up, and it east a lusty light over the lowlands and the river, though its setting would not be late. It was a lovely night; in faith, all nature was possessed of **mgn**; in faith, all nature was possessed of a beauty which made the thought of yield-ing up of life bitter enough. Everything suggested freedom, from the rolling of the distant woodland on Long Island to the sparkle and dance of the water which lay between it and me, barring me from liberty and my inborn right to breathe the free air. The spack that shot across the brilliant The speek that shot across the brilliant moon path I knew to be a patrol boat, and a sudden hatred of the bonds that compassed me, as exampled in that small floating thing, brought my muscles into iron bands, and I clutched the sill with my fingers until the means of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the st casing cracked.

I turned back to the others, and we ate in the balance of our meal in silence, even the inf feeling the growing nearness of the end and glancing furtively at each man's face in tur

I think we sat in this state of depression I think we sat in this state of depression for much more than an hour, or long after we had finished eating, and each face was well-nigh, lost in the darkness. The window being open, no light was made, and, as there was not a breath of wind, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of night life with-There was a faint shimmer of moonlight on the floor which barely gave form to those at the table, but the only sign of ani-mation existing within doors was the glow-ing of our three pipes as we men sat and aucked away, each respecting the thoughts, of the others

At length Burt spoke. "I am bound to At tength burt spoke. I am bound to confers that darkness looms ahead," he be-gan, "and if I make a suggestion, it is not to hint that you should take a hopeless chance in order that I may be rid of you. Could you do aught with a boat? I have one and a boat in an concealed that might be made ready in an

upon it as one looks down upon the sea from a low headland. A billowy fullness lifted here and there, slow moving and majestic there are strent the line betwist for and clear air was sharply drawn. No moon track cut across this fleecy ocean, no sharp ripple broke its surface, and a breeze would have wrecked its strange beauty in a second. The trees rose through the vapor, clear at their tops but invisible at their bases, and gainst the light lib.

to life! I am for it! We have no home, and to life! I am for it: We have no home, and can lose no more than is already lost if we remain here. Will you cast your lot with him—with us—and risk the danger which can be no greater beyond than in this place? Come, Thorndyke, make it clear; show her 'tis the last resort, desperate though it be." There was no need of argument, however, for with one hand in that of her horetor for with one hand in that of her brother and the other stretched toward me, she sim-ply answered: "I dare all you dare! Have I yet failed?" and stood with lifted head and untrembling form as she spoke the words. Out of sheer respect and admiration for the heroism of this girl, I felt like bending my knee even as a knight bends before his sovereign, but the practical mind of Burt put a period to any possibility of mock heroics, for that individual asked in the calmest of tones:

"Is your ship still where she has been? Is she descrited, or, at least, is she not suarded?"

'Three days ago not a gasket had been touched since the broad arrow was painted on her bow," I answered. "By night she is on her bow," I answered. "By night she is guarded by a single man, but that troubles me less than would a fly on a hot day. He has seen his last sun if he thwarts me. I care not for one man nor three if I can but guide my approach. From aught I have seen— and I have watched her well—nothing has been done to her, naught carried away. She was thought fit to go on an errand to Pigot, only wanting in men, arms, and provisions; even the fresh water stowed forward may be good!" be good!

"Arms and provisions you can have "Arms and provisions you can have. They are even now in the barn room," he an-swered slowly and in strong contrast to my excited speech. "But," he continued, as he closed the shutters, blocked the windows, and lighted the candle, "might you not overshoot your vessel in the fog, or run into some of the anchered fleet when once adrift?" "Av, all is chancel" broke in Ames: "and

'Ay, all is chance!" broke in Ames; "and "Ay, all is chance!" broke in Ames; "and 'twere better to take the chance than to be run to earth like a tired fox, as is like to happen in biding here. What, then, would come to you, Peter? Like enough you would help weight a third string, and we all hang together!" "When does the tide ebb to-night?" I seled

asked.

"Near eleven, or at about the setting of "Near eleven, or at about the setting of the moon." Burt answered. Then after a moment he continued: "Well, God be with you, gentlemen! I will do my part. Like the refuge in the barn, I made the boat and hid it while yet Washington held the city. It clearly foresaw the outcome of his col-lision with Clinton, and little doubted the ultimate use of both barn and boat. Either is at your service."

is at your service." With the opening of possible escape before me, and one demanding immediate action, my spirits went aloft in the measure of their former depression. Nor did I fear their reaction, as enough uncertainty lay before the been a meric access and write new lay before to keep a man's eyes and wits awake and that, too, without the aid of liquor. Even after the decision to trust to the boat Even after the decision to trust to the boat was made, my mind misgave me. Was it better to drag this girl into the danger of an attempt to fly through a plan which might be nipped in the bud and end by our runbe inpect in the bud rate of the enemy, or he in a sufficient box with the doubtful chance of being overlooked? Even if safer, the latter would become more than awkward if necessity demanded protracted conceal-ment, and if discovery ensued it would but serve to damp our generous henefactor. Bement, and if discovery ensued it would but serve to damn our generous benefactor. Be-taides, to tell the truth, I had no wish to be found like a scared rabbit in a hole. A man's pride hangs on nigh as long as his breath, if he be properly balanced, and I had made a reputation of which, to say the least, I was not ashamed. Nay, I would make a bold and novel move, and, if it must so come end my life like a man with his

This much settled, and in less time than it has taken to write it. I thought and spoke ro more of the barn room, but turned with the root to making model. concealed that might be made ready in an boar."
The spell of silence and inactivity was broken, for the girl left her chair and broken, for the girl left her chair and the speed softly to the window as I replied.
Thave thought of boats, but only for the girld, could we go far and not be picked up by another such sneaking devil of a staw yonder? Whither shall we go? I say we, for we it must be. I have cast my lot with the others."
He made no answer, and I rose and joined the girl (whom I could hardly yet think of as a girl) at the window. But now the aspect of nature had changed, and the fair picture I had seen below but a short time before was blurred as a breath blurs a cold pane. With the quick alteration possible in this region and at this season, within the so thas a girl, and so silvery it has e of oars would but menace our safe the use of oars would but menace our safe ty, so that speed, or lack of it, would be a quicit innudation had engulfed the land and quict innudation had engulfed the land and quict innudation had engulfed the land and quict inned and. A billowy fullness lifted here and there, slow moving and majestic, but over its vast extent the line betwitt, or so maloks down upon it as one looks down upon the seaf lifted here and there, slow moving and majestic, but over its vast extent the line betwitt, or its wast extent the line betwitt, and the for I fared me that the wind might rise and wreck the fog. If this should happen before dawn our prospects would be

the boat's head inshore, I ran close to the rocks, and then slid along (more slowly for being hard by the bank) just beyond what I thought to be the loom of the land. By this I had gotten into the swing of the situ-ation and had less fear of interruption than of missing the Phantom. 'Twould be an easy matter to slip by her, and even could I once mark the height of Corlears Hook, with its alarm beacon always ready for the touch of a torch, I would then be an un-usual sailor if I could make a straight course for the schooner, though she still lay at her old anchoragë. In the darkness both beacon and heights would be beyond vision, and I was approaching what was very like real worry when my fears were revery like real worry when my fears were re-Very like real worry when my fears were re-lieved and our present situation indicated by the sound of eight bells struck in true man-o'-wars-man's style that came floating over the river about off our larboard beat. I gave a fair guess that the measured beate came from the Bellerophon striking the heur of midnight, that ship being the only vessel of size which had been anchored neur or midnight, that ship being the only vessel of size which had been anchored above the Jersey prison hulk to dispute a possible passage of the Sound river from above. I was sure of this when, after in-tently listening. I heard no other striking, for had the fleet been near there would have been a harmony of bells in quick suc-cession

My mind being thus relieved. I turned the tub's head into the stream again, and for awhile we floated rapidly and silently along, a boat with three figures that might have been carved from stone, so rigid were our attitudes of watchfulness and expectancy. I fear I am none too strong a believer in the doctrine of special providences, though I have seemed to see its workings in my own behalf, as instanced in the breeze that saved me from the knife of the negro; but if ever the Almighty carried three human beings in the hollow of His hand, and point-ed out the way of deliverance from press-ing danger. He did it this night, and that without the working of a miracle. Sud-denly, and without the intervention of **a** breeze, we were floating in clear water. Be-fore us rose a white, impenetrable cloud of a dull luminosity, while behind us lay the moist veil from which we had just drifted. Its height was clearly marked, and showed Its neight was clearly marked, and showed the mist extended not more than 20 feet above the river's surface. We had struck a charm in the fog, and once when on the high seas I had marked the like, then, as now, there being no wind to mix or drive the more. the vapor.

The rift was but a few hundred feet The rift was but a few hundred feet across, though it apparently extended from shore to shore, like the waters rolled back for the passage of the children of Israel. Not a boat was in sight. On either hand the water lay black and flat, only shim-mered here and there by the light of the stars that shone clearly overhead. [This incident must not be considered forced. The writer saw these exact conditions while on a ferry boat from New York to Brook-lyn during a foggy night in the summer of lyn during a foggy night in the summer of 1895. The phenomenon is probably due to a warm and comparatively dry streak of slow

ly moving air, and lasts but a few moments.] It was a wonderful, an awe-inspiring sight, but the quick exclamation I involuntarily made-the first sound from the boat since it left Turtle bay-was followed by almost a shout as I marked a height of headalmost a shout as I marked a neight of nead-land from the top of which, faintly outlined against the pale sky, stood up the beacon. It was Corlears Hook past doubt, known not alone by its rounded outline, but by the unused alarm signal which Clinton had caused to be placed there to warn the fleet in case of a sudden attack by the Ameri cans. A watch was always kept from this



Fog

could have caught the tiny speck of our boat with its load of three as it floated over the

HER ASPIRATIONS.

## A Kansas Girl Who Took a Practical View of Educational Advantages.

There was little of the idealistic about the

the guard's attention forward, and, whis-pering into the ear of Ames to hold all fast until I returned, I gently rid me of my boots, took my sword betwixt my teeth, swarmed up the stay to the bowsprit, and stood again on the deck of my own schooner. At last 'twas done. The exultation I felt would be but natural to any man who sees the successful ending of a difficult under-taking. Fog and darkness were as nothing to me here; my way aft would have been clear had I been blind, but hardly had I gotten abreast the foremast when I heard crear has a been bind, but hardly had 1 gotten abreast the foremast when I heard the burly tones of one man addressing an-other, and the noise of oars as they fell into rowlocks came plainly to my strained ear. Stepping softly over the bulwark, I lowered myself to the channel and listened. "An' yet get astray in the foremark and the "An' yet get astray in the fog an' come not back by dawn, I'll have ye in the guard-house for bein' off post," said the voice from the d-d-d

## The Finest Road.

The Finest Road. "I suppose," he began, as he entered a railroad ticket office—"I suppose you sell tickets to New York?" was the reply. "Certainly, sir," was the reply. "You have a direct line?" "It is down on the map as the only direct line?"

"You have a direct line?" "It is down on the map as the only direct line?" "As you see, sir," replied the agent, as he opened a folder. "Y-cs, I see. You land passengers in New York ahead of competing lines, of course?" "Of course." "Luxurious coaches—no dust—finest din-ing cars—scenery unexcelled?" "Yes, sir." "By taking your line I avoid delays and re-duce the chances of accident to a mini-view, sir., you do. Have a ticket to New York over our line, sir?" "Can't say yet. I'm going to see five other agents, each with the shortest and most di-rect line, and if I find a liar among the six I'll ticket over his road!"—Ohio State Jour-nal.

## Woman in Finance.

Woman in Finance. A Detroit man, whose wife was coming to San Francisco on a visit, accompanied her as far as Chicago and put her on the overland train. Before leaving her he gave the porter half of a five dollar bill that he had torn in two, telling the man that his wife had the other half and would give it to him at the end of the journey if she were properly looked after. When he got home he found he had neglected to give his wife the other half of the torn bill, and a few days later he received a letter from his wife reminding him of the fact, and asying she had torn a dollar bill in two and given half of it to the porter. Somewhere along the line there must be a wild-eyed darky with the halves of two worthless bills in his possession and a firm conviction that he has been worked by some sort of neasoning his wife used when she gave that porter a half instead of the whole of that one dollar bill.—San Francisco Argonaut. An Extinguisher. Thump, thump! Ratile, ratile, crash! Young Percy Stonebroke rolled down the steps of the palatial residence of Mr. Gold-bands. Mr. Goldbonds returned to the house, roll-ing down big shows

ing down his sleeves. "Papa, O, papa, what have you been do

"Papa, O, papa, what have you been do-ing?" This question came in anguished tones from the ruby lips of Arabella Goldbonds. "Putting out the light of your life," an-swered papa, who had done a little eaves-dropping in the hall the night before.—Bal-timore American.

## The Farmer Scored.

A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Mulhall and was asked by the manager: "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for \$35." "I'd sooner put the \$35 into a cow," said the farmer. "I a sooner pice the farmer. "But think," said the manager, "how fool-ish you would look riding around town on a

cow?" "Oh, I don't know," said the farmer: "no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle."—Kansas City Journal.

Childhood may do without a grand pur-pose, but manhood cannot.—Holland.



It Ourse Golds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influ-enzs, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first sizes, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once, You will see the excelent effect after taking the You will see the excelent effect after taking the So and SO couch per bottle.

DR BULL'S GOUGH SYRUP

Cures a Cough or Cold at once, Conquers Croup without fail. Is the best for Bronchitis, Gripp Hodrseness, Whooping-Cough, and

Hodrseness, Whooping-Cough, an for the cure of Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescrib Small doses; quick, sure results

FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE.

SA

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URE

and

ibe it.

\$500 Reward

The above Reward will h mation 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, m the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUCHU, 38-tf. President.

# FINE LIQUOR STORE EMPORIUM, PA.

THE undersigned has opened a first olass Liquor store, and invites has trade of Hotels, Restaurants, has We shall carry none but the best American ican and Imported

## WHISKIES. BRANDIES GINS AND

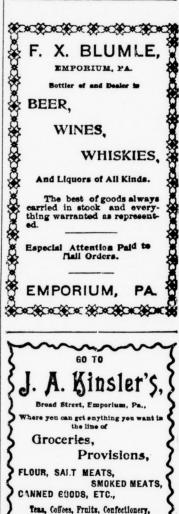
WINES.

## BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.

Bottled Goods.

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

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





JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor.

Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.

point, but I doubt that the eye of an eagle

"I don't want people to look at my

"Calculating Jemmy!" repeated

host privily called his attention to a gentleman, and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen

"I may speak frankly?" "By all means."

that ever disgraced society." It appeared that the man was an at-

who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is; the face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face; he replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip There

of his nose, distorting it oddly. His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. was a person in Newport, R. I., cele-brated for his powers of calculation, out in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British

museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said: "I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jem my.

the curator, in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the duke of Northumberland, his

him before. "Tell me what sort of a man he is."

legible hand, he is the greatest raseal

torney

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a

house for bein' off post," said the voice from the deck. "Nay," came the answer from a boat; "ye do me a good tura by giving me this leave; fear me not. I'll ne'er betray you or fail to be back in time for you to get ashore. 'Tis a summer's fog, an' will melt by sun-rise! Tell him I will fetch the rum." "Fetch it, then, but not in yer skin," was the return. "If they speak o' me, say ye heard I was going on a quest to Kingsbridge, to be back on the morrow. Ye had better belay yer lip, for ye are off post, an' I hold ye in my hand." "Ay, ay! Never fear! Good night!" was the answer, and the boat moved off with

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1900.

nified through the fog, boomed up like a blank wall the bow of the schooner. So suddenly were we upon it that the jib boom was well over us before I sighted the black hull, and with all my might I checked the boat's way, grasping the bobstay in time to save the taut cable, and we came to a rest. The suck of the rushing waters against the broad, flat end of the scow made me fearful that the noise would call the guard's attention forward, and, whis-

the guard's attention forward, and, whis

"Ay, ay! Never lear tooon man, was the answer, and the boat moved off with steady strokes of the oar, while the first speaker evidently entered the cabin, as I heard the companion door open and close. Then all was again silent. Here was an unexpected situation made more mysterious from the fact that there more mysterious from the fact that there was something familiar in the voice of the man who had just gone below. I could not place it, only noticing that both men spoke with the savor of sea brine in their words, and though one was totally strange to me, the voice of the other hung in my car as a point drawn hance in the nind after walk

the voice of the other hung in my car as a misty dream hangs in the mind after wak-ing, naught but its effect remaining. Getting to the deck again, I moved slow-ly aft, stopping as I noticed a slight luminos-ity at the side of the cabin, but on further cautions approach found the cause. The cabin was lighted. To prevent the light from going beyond the vessel a tarpaulin had been stretched over the cabin house from rail to rail, thus leaving an open space betwixt the rails and the deadlights, where-by was served the double end of obtaining air and guarding the outward show of light. air and guarding the outward show of light.

Arr and guarding the outward show of light. Here was deviltery for sure. Dropping on to my stomach, I snaked myself beneath the tarpaulin, brought my eye to the swung back port, and nearly betrayed myself by the start I made. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A READER OF CHARACTER.

Stuart, the American Painter, Was a

Good Judge of Human

Nature.

one dead sycamore stood strongly out against the light like the masts and rigging of a sunken ship. Its similarity struck me. As my eye caught it, like a flash of light-ning an idea shot into my brain and my pipe snapped off at my teeth as I bit through the stem in the intensity of my feeling. With a cry I sprang for Ames, and gripping him by the shoulders with a force that made him cry out, I said, or rather shouted:

"I have it! I have it! Now is the time! "Thave it! I have it! Now is the time! will you follow me and take a monstrous chance? Look, man! Mark the fog! We will to the boat—drift for the Phantom— cut her cable and trust to the ebb and God above to carry us past the fleet." "The phantom! For the love of God, what phantom? Are you suddenly daft, Theoretike that can see chost?" was the

Thorndyke, that you see ghosts?" was the vehment return of the youth, as with a oleat twist he tried to free himself from

"Nay, man, no ghost!" I cried, betwixt a "Nay, man, no ghost!" I cried, betwixt a haugh and a sob, so high was my nervous ex-citement. "My ship—the schooner Phan-ton! Have I not told you? She lies but a ton! Have I not told you? She lies but a mile below on a straight drift. See, man, eee!" said I, hurrying him to the window. "The fog will be our guard! Once away, we are safe! Tis death to bide here when such a mask stands ready for our use! We are yet alive! We are not spent! Will you risk the outcome? Let us not stand here and see those searlet devils hem us in like a rung of fine! Better strangle in the sweet rik the outcome: he will he will he will be en a disciplined source. ring of fire! Better strangle in the sweet brine beneath the versel's keel than be jerked into the next world by means of a rope! Never shall hey dance me! How now? Shall we sink or swim together in the venture?" was beside myself with excitement. As the mean ig of my words, which had been the mean ig of my words, which had be

was beside myself with excitement. As the mean by of my words, which had been poured out in disjointed sentences, caught the youth, he instantly took fire. We were now all standing, and I had released him from my held. With a bound he gained the side of his sister, who had stood like a statue as my plan was unfolding, and taking her hand, he said: "Gertrude! Gertrude! do you follow

Gert aude!

upon me as I stood with painter in hand giv-ing my last farewell to Burt. "God keep you safe!" he said. "If I find the schooner gone to-morrow, and hear not of your cap-ture by Thursday, I will thank Him as never before." The next minute the three of us were out on the Sound river and the black were out on the Sound river, and the black land was hidden by the fog that closed around us.

I at once sculled out into the stream until 1 struck the free current, and then sat my-self on the boat's bottom, using an oar as a acid on the boat's bottom, using an our as a rudder to keep the seow's head down the river, letting her drift with the tide which was here running at a great rate. All night sounds from the land were lost in the thick cloud, and an almost dead silence ensued as we whirled southward, the only break be-ing on exercised weights relies in the write. ing an occasional sucking noise in the water, due to the hurrying whirlpools.

due to the hurrying whiripools. It was nervous work. Ames was forward as a lookout, his figure even at that short distance being almost lost in the combined darkness and blur. The girl, seated upon the center thwart, held herself as straight as an arrow, though her head was slightly bent as in intense listening. Fears of her be-coming an incubus had long since vanished, and if her heart beat thickly at our dubious and in her heart beat theory at our dubious adventure, it did not show in the quiet and confident smile with which she had adopted every suggestion and obeyed every order with as little hesitation as though she had

can ng of my words, which had been to use in disjointed sentences, caught disting into a patrol, and in that case the use of firearms might alarm the enemy ashore.
If standing, and I had released him my hold. With a bound he gained the sister, who had stood like a as my plan was unfolding, and taking ind, he said:
rtrude! Gertrude! do you follow 'Tis s grand opening; 'tis like a call
At the onset I feared nothing beyond bluncher ing from my brows and lashes like tears. I had no means of getting at our definite whereabouts save by guessing by our speed, that making me think we should be abreast of the highlands below Turtle bay. Turning

space of open water. In less than five minutes we were plunged into the opposite bank of fog, and then I passed the girl to my place in the stern, quietly shipped the oars in the muffled tholes, seated myself on the thwart, and held me ready to alter our course an feel for the schooner as soon as we ha feel for the schooner as soon as we ha gained a trifle more way down the river.

### CHAPTER XVI.

## THE CABIN OF THE PHANTOM.

THE CABIN OF THE PHANTOM. With my mind lost to all else save the calculation of the speed and distance we were making, and my body braced forward awaiting the proper moment to swerve the boat's course, I was suddenly startled by a quick exclamation from Ames, which was at once followed by a rasping bump and the heeling of the scow until the water poured in over the gunwale. At the same moment the starboard oar received a blow oment the starboard oar received a blov moment the starboard oar received a blow that almost tore it from my hand, and what seemed a huge black object arose along-side and quickly vanished in the mist and darkness astern. The suddenness and smartness of the shock were startling; but, quick as were the appearance and disap-pearance of the obstraction we had fouled, a recognized it to be the sure hup which I recognized it to be the spar buoy which marked the outer edge of the reef extend-ing from the Hook into the river. One might have cruised a week under the conditions besetting us and failed to have

picked it up. It was like groping through the proverbial haystack and finding the proverbial needle without having looked to proverbial needle without having looked for it, and, though its greeting had well-nigh been disastrous, it gave me the one point I wished with absolute accuracy. I now knew that we were nearly dead on the Phantom, and not two cable lengths away; indeed, had we missed the rude warning of the ener, it was but fair to readen we would the spar, it was but fair to reckon we would have fouled the schooner herself unless in my miscalculations I had altered our c which case we would have missed her al

Quickly turning the boat's head about, I let it drift stern first, and even before I ex-pected, heard the **rush** of the tide against a vessel's stem, while almost instantly, mag-

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel, and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound; the kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father ap-peared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment, and pre tended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

"'Why, boy,' said he-so he used to address me-'you must not mix your colors with turpentine; you must have some oil!

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait-painter of merit .- Youth's Companion.

Only Fancy.

Husband (on his return from busihas why, my dear, what is the mat-ter? You look ill. Wife (faintly) — Oh! Jim, I've just

been reading some patent medicine ad-vertisement, and I find I have 16 disses, any one of which may prove fatal. -Ally Sloper.

### Liberty's Limitations.

Immigrant-At last I am in free America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he? -Y-e-s, unless he's married.-N. Y. Weekly.

Blink-Is there anything worse than to have a guest you can't amuse? Wink-Yes; to be the guest of a man that can't amuse you.- M. Y. World.



JOHN McDONALD.



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