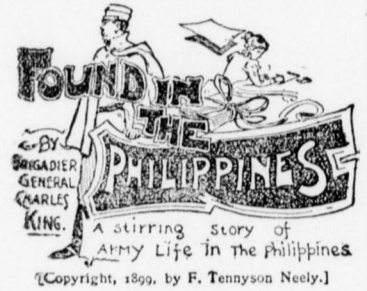


WHO DIED WITHOUT A NAME.

How brief the stay, as beautiful as fleeting. The time that baby came with us to dwell; Just long enough to give a happy greeting, Just long enough to bid us all farewell. Death travels down the thickly settled highway. At shining marks they say he loves to aim; How did he find far down our lone byway, Our little girl who died without a name? We do not know the fond endearment spoken To which she listened when she fell asleep. And so beside a column that was broken We laid her to her slumber, calm and deep; We traced upon the stone with loving fingers These simple words, affection's tears to claim; "In dreams beyond all earthly sorrow lingers Our little girl who died without a name." She sleeps serene where fragrant mossy willows In sweet and wordless tunes forever wave; Where summer seas, in long and fadeless billows, Break into bloom around her lonely grave. In memory's hall how many heroes slumber! We trace their deeds upon the scroll of fame! A treasure far above the mighty number Our little girl who died without a name. —Alonso Lora Rice, in Boston Transcript.



CHAPTER IV.

The review that morning had drawn a crowd to the drill grounds that baffled the efforts of the guards. Carriages from camps and carriages from town, carts from the suburbs, equestrians from the parks and pedestrians from everywhere had gradually encroached within kicking distance of the heels of the cavalry escorting the general commanding the department, and that official noted with unerring eye that the populace was coming upon his flanks, so to speak, at the moment when the etiquette of the service required that he should be gazing only to his immediate front and responding to the salutes of the marching column. Back of him, ranged in long, single rank, was drawn up what the newspapers unanimously described as a "brilliant" staff, despite the fact that all were in some-what campaign uniform and several had never been so rated before. In their rear, in turn, was the line of mounted orderlies and farther still the silent ranks of the escorting troop. Sentries had been posted to keep the throng at proper distance, but double their force could have accomplished nothing—the amissant corporal could not help them, and after asking one or two stray questions what they would do about it, the sentries gave way and the crowd swarmed in. It was just as the head of the long tramping column came opposite the reviewing point, and the brigade commander and his staff, turning out after saluting, found their allotted station on the right of the reviewing party completely taken up by the mass of eager spectators. A minute or so was required before the trouble could be remedied, for just as the officers and orderlies were endeavoring to induce the populace to give way—a thing the American always resists with a gay good humor that is peculiarly his own—a nervous hack driver on the outskirts backed his bulky trap with unexpected force, and penned between it and the wheels of a newly-arrived and much more presentable equipage a fair equestrian who shrieked with fright and clung to her pommel as her excited "mount" lashed out with his heels and made splinters of the hack's rearmost spokes and felles. Down went the hack on its axle point. Out sprang a tall officer from the open carriage, and in a second, it seemed, transferred the panic-stricken horsewoman from the seismatic saddle to the safety of his own seat, and the ministrations of the two young women and the gray-haired civilian who were the latest arrivals. This done, and after one quick glance at the lady's helpless escort, a young officer from the Presidio, he shouldered his way through the crowd and stood, presently, on its inner edge, an unperturbed and most interested spectator. Battalion after battalion, in heavy marching order, in the dark blue service dress, with campaign hats and leggings, with ranks well closed and long, well-aligned fronts, with accurate trace of the guides and well-judged distance, the great regiments came striding down the gentle slope, conscious, every officer and man, of the admiration they commanded. Armstrong, himself commander of a fine regiment of volunteers in another brigade, looked upon them with a soldier's eye, and looked approvingly. Then, as the rearmost company passed the reviewing point and gentlemen with two stars on each shoulder extended their congratulations to the reviewed commander with one, Armstrong also made his way among the mounted officers in his calm, deliberate fashion, heedless of threatening heels and crowding forehands, until he, too, could say his word of cordial greeting. He had to wait a few minutes, for the general officers were grouped and talking earnestly. He heard a few words and knew well enough what was meant—that quantities of stores intended for the soldiers, even dainties contributed by the Red Cross society, had been stolen from time to time and spirited off in the dead of night, and doubtless with in town for the benefit of a pack of unknown scoundrels enlisted for no better purpose. In his own regiment his system had been so strict that no

loss was discoverable, but in certain others the deficit was great. Complaints were loud, and the camp commander, stung possibly by comments from the city, had urged his officers to unusual effort, and had promised punishment to the extent of the law on the guilty parties whenever or wherever found. Even as he was exchanging a word with the brigadier, Armstrong heard the exclamation: "By Jove—they've caught another!" for with a grim smile of gratification the camp commander had read and turned over to his adjutant general a brief dispatch just handed him by a mounted orderly who had galloped fast. "One of your irreproachable, Armstrong," said one of the staff, with something half sneer, half taunt, as he too read and then passed the paper to the judge advocate of the division. Armstrong turned with his usual deliberation. There was ever about him a quiet dignity of manner that was the delight of his friends and despair of his foes. "What is his name?" he calmly asked. "That young fellow at Canker's headquarters you took so much interest in a day or so ago," was the reply. "That does not give his name—nor identify him as one of my men," said Armstrong, coolly. "Oh, well, I didn't say he belonged to your command," was the staff officer's response. "You devoted a good deal of time to him, that's all. Possibly you suspected him." "If you mean the young soldier in Gordon's office, —tenth infantry, I would be slow to suspect him of any crime," said Armstrong, with something almost like a drawl, so slow and deliberate was his manner, and now the steel gray eyes and the fair, clear-cut face were turned straight upon the snapping black eyes and dark features of the other. There was no love lost there. One could tell without so much as seeing. "You're off, then! That commissary sergeant gave him away the very evening you were looking him over—he got wind of it and skipped, and to-day came back in handcuffs." "All of which may be as you say, and still not warrant your reference to him as one of my irreproachable," answered Armstrong, "and it will take more than the evidence you refer to to make me believe him guilty." By this time much of the crowd and most of the vehicles had driven away. The generals still sat in saddles chatting earnestly together, while their staff officers listened in some impatience to the conversation just recorded. Everybody knew the fault was not Armstrong's, but it was jarring to have to sit and hearken to the controversy. "Don't ever twit or try funny business with Armstrong," once said a regimental sarge. He had no sense of humor—of that kind. Those who best knew him knew that Armstrong never tolerated unjust accusations, great or small. In his desire to say an irritating thing to a man he both envied and respected, the staff officer had not confined himself to the facts, and it proved a boomerang. It was true that two days before, calling at Gordon's official tent while several other officers were present at an investigation then going on, Armstrong was seen to be greatly interested in the appearance and testimony of Gordon's young, dark-eyed clerk, and after the conference asked many questions about and finally asked to speak with him. Then young Morton was again missing when he was wanted, and the next heard of him he was either absent without leave—or a deserter. And now once again Armstrong's eyes had lighted on that boy. Seated opposite Miss Lawrence as the carriage whirled across Point Lobos avenue, and watching her unobtrusively, he saw the sudden light of alarm and excitement in her expressive face, heard the faint exclamation as her gloved hand grasped the rail of the seat, felt the quick sway of the vehicle as the horses shied in fright at some object beyond his vision. Then as they dashed on he had seen the running guard and, just vanishing within the portals of the corner building, the slim figure of the escaping prisoner. He saw the quivering hands tearing at their fastenings. He knew he had seen that figure before now. He turned to the driver and bade him stop a minute, but it took 50 yards of effort before the spirited horses could be calmed and brought to a halt at the curb. To the startled inquiries of Mr. Prime and his daughter as to the cause of the excitement and the running and shouting he answered simply: "A prisoner escaped, I think," and sent a passing corporal to inquire the result. The man came back in a minute. "They got him easy, sir. He had no show. His hands were tied behind his back and he couldn't climb," was the brief report. "They have not hurt him, I hope," said Armstrong. "No, sir. He hurt them—one of 'em, at least, before he'd surrender when they nabbed him in town. This time he submitted all right—said he only ran in for a glass of beer, and was laughing like when I got there." "Very well. That'll do. Go on, driver. We haven't a minute to lose if we are to see the review," he continued, as he stepped lightly to his seat. "I saw nothing of this affair," said Miss Prime. "What was it all about?" "Nor could I see," added her father. "I heard shouts and after we passed saw the guard, but no fugitive." "It is just as well—indeed, I'm glad you didn't, uncle," answered Miss Lawrence, turning even as she spoke and gazing wistfully back. "He looked so young, and seemed so desperate, and had such a—I don't know—hunted look on his face—poor fellow." And then the carriage reached the entrance to the reservation and the subject, and the second object of Miss Lawrence's sympathies evoked that day, were for the time forgotten. Possibly Mrs. Garrison was partly responsible

for this, for hardly had they rounded the bend in the road that brought them in full view, from the left, or southern flank, of the long line of masses in which the brigade was formed, than there came cantering up to them, all gay good humor, all smiles and saucy coquetry, their hostess of the evening at the general's tent. She was mounted on a sorry-looking horse, but the "habit" was a triumph of art, and it well became her petite, rounded figure. No one who really analyzed Mrs. Frank Garrison's features could say that she was a pretty woman. No one who looked merely at the general effect when she was out for conquest could deny it. Col. Armstrong, placidly observant as usual, was quick to note the glances that shot between the cousins on the rear seat as the little lady came blithely alongside. He knew her, and saw that they were beginning to be as wise as he, for the smiles with which they greeted her were but wintry reflections of those that beamed upon her radiant face. Prime, paterfamilias, bent cordially forward in welcome, but her quick eyes had recognized the fourth occupant by this time, and there was a little less of assurance in her manner from that instant. "How perfectly delicious!" she cried. "I feared from what you said yesterday you weren't coming, and so I never ordered the carriage, but came out in saddle—I can't stay on horseback with such a wreck as this, but every decent horse in the Presidio had to go out with the generals and staffs, you know, and I had to take what I could get—both horse and escort," she added, in a confidential tone. "Oh!—May I present Mr. Ellis? He knows you all by name already." (The youth in attendance and a McClellan tree two sizes too big for him, lifted his cap and strove to smile; he had ridden nothing harder than a park back before that day). "Frank says I talk of nothing else. But where's Mr. Gray? Surely I thought he would be with you." This for Armstrong's benefit in case he were in the least interested in either damsel. "Mr. Gray was detained by some duties in camp," explained Miss Prime, with just a trace of reserve that was lost upon neither their new companion nor the colonel. It settled a matter the placid officer was revolving in his mind. "Pardon us, Mrs. Garrison," he said, briefly. "We must hurry. Go on, driver." "Oh, I can keep up," was the indomitable answer, "even on this creature." And Mrs. Garrison proved her words by whipping her steed into a lunging canter, and, sitting him admirably, rode gallantly alongside, and just where Mr. Prime could not see and admire, since Col. Armstrong would not look at all. He had entered into an explanation of the ceremony by that time well under way, and Miss Lawrence's great soft brown eyes were fixed upon him attentively when, perhaps, she should have been gazing at the maneuvers. Like those latter, possibly, her thoughts were changing direction. Not ten minutes later occurred the collision between the hack and the heels that resulted in the demolition of one and "demoralization" of the rider of the victor. While the latter was led away by the obedient Mr. Ellis lest the sight of him should bring on another nervous attack, Mrs. Garrison was suffering herself to be comforted. Her nerves were gone, but she had not lost her head. Lots of Presidio dames and damsels were up on the heights that day in such vehicles as the post afforded. None appeared in anything so stylish and elegant as the carriage of the Prime party. She was a new and comparative stranger there, and it would vastly enhance her social prestige, she argued, to be seen in such "swell" surroundings. With a little tact and management she might even arrange matters so that, willy nilly, her friends would drive her thither instead of taking Col. Armstrong back to camp. That would be a stroke worth playing. She owed Stanley Armstrong a bitter grudge, and had nursed it long. She had known him ten years and hated him nine of them. Where they met and when it really matters not. In the army people meet and part in a hundred places when they never expected to meet again. She had married Frank Garrison in a hand gallop, said the Garrison chronicles, "before she had known him two months," said the men, "before he knew her at all," said the women. She was four years his senior, if the chaplain could be believed, and five months his junior if she could. Whatever might have been the discrepancy in their ages at the time of the ceremony no one would suspect the truth who saw them now. It was he who looked aged and careworn and harassed, and she who preserved her youthful bloom and vivacity. And now, as she reclined as though still too weak and shaken to leave the carriage and return to saddle, her quick wits were planning the scheme that should result in her retaining, and his losing, the coveted seat. There was little time to lose. Most of the crowd had scattered, and she well knew that he was only waiting for her to leave before he would return. Almost at the instant her opportunity came. A cov-



ered wagon reined suddenly alongside and kind and sympathetic voices hailed her: "Do let us drive you home, Mrs. Garrison; you must have been terribly shaken." She recognized at once the wife and daughter of a prominent officer of the post. "Oh, how kind you are," she cried. "I was hoping some one would come. Indeed, I did get a little wretched." And then, as she moved, with a sudden gasp of pain, she clasped Miss Lawrence's extended hand. "Indeed, you must not move, Mrs. Garrison," said that young lady. "We will drive you home at once." Miss Prime and her father were adding their pleas. She looked up, smiling faintly. "I fear I must trouble you," she faltered. "Oh, how stupid of me! But about Stanley Armstrong—I haven't even thanked him. Ah, well—he knows. We've been—such good friends for years—dear old fellow!" (To Be Continued.)

**HONORING HER SON.**

The Mother of Robert Louis Stevenson at a Memorial Meeting in Edinburgh.

Perhaps the first person to believe in the genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was his mother. She was devotedly attached to him throughout his life and realized his value to the world long before the world gave him a hearing. It was her lot to live to mourn his death, but she was comforted in her trouble by the sympathy of two nations.

Some time after his death a great memorial meeting was held in Edinburgh. For his mother, says the author of "Stevenson's Edinburgh Days," it was a gala day. She started for Music hall not too early, feeling sure of a seat with a "reserved ticket" in her hand. She had declined to sit on the platform and preferred to be a simple unit in the audience.

The crowd was beyond expectations. Mrs. Stevenson arrived to find every passage blocked and a surging mass at the main entrance clamoring for admittance.

She feared that she, with them, would be turned away; but as a forlorn hope she appealed to a policeman.

"It's nae use, it's fu'," he said; "reserve seats were taken an hour ago by folks that had nae tickets, and they would nae gang out."

"I must get in!" cried Mrs. Stevenson, roused out of her usual calm. "I've a right to get in. I am Robert Louis Stevenson's mother."

"Aye, you've the best right," the policeman replied, and turning to the crowd he cried: "Mak' way, there. She maun get in. She's Robert Louis' mither."

People who had thought themselves packed too tightly to move, somehow packed closer and let Mrs. Stevenson squeeze past.

Breathless, hustled, and for once with her mantle and bonnet a little awry, much against her will the crowd pushed her to the platform. There she hastened to take a back seat, and a few minutes later she heard the orator of the day, Lord Rosebery, say with an emphasis which the audience understood well: "His mother is here.—Youth's Companion.

**IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.**

Story of a Stone That Was Believed to Possess a Pernicious Power.

On Inishkea a particular family handed down from father to son a stone called the Ne-ogue (probably part of some image), with which the owners used to make the weather to their liking. One day a party of tourists visited Inishkea, heard of the Ne-ogue, saw it and wrote about it in the papers. The priest in whose parish Inishkea lay either had not known of this survival of paganism or thought that no one else knew of it, but when the thing was made public he decided to act. So he visited the island, took the Ne-ogue and broke it up into tiny fragments and scattered them to the four winds. The priest was sacrosanct, and the islanders vowed vengeance and an unfortunate man of science who had lived some time among them was pitched upon as certainly the person who had made the story public. This man after some time returned to complete his investigations at Inishkea and was warned of danger; but he laughed at the idea, and said the people were his very good friends, as indeed they had been. However, he was hardly out of the boat before they fell upon him and beat him so that he never completely recovered—indeed, died in consequence of his injuries some years later.

Probably a like fate would befall anyone who touched the cursing stone on Tory, which was "turned on" the Wasp gunboat after she brought a posse of bailiffs there to levy county cess; and, as every one knows, the Wasp ran on Tory and lost every soul on board. Only the other day I heard that a fish buyer stationed there displeased the people; the owner of the stone "turned it on him," and a month after the buyer's wife committed suicide.—Blackwood's Magazine.

**Vain Regrets.**

Reginald O'Rafferty—Since I learned to love you, Angelina, I almost wish I'd never learnt ter smoke. It takes so much money ter satisfy me cravin' fer cigarettes dat I'm fraid I'll never save ernuff ter git married.—N. Y. Journal.

**Not Worrying.**

Mamma—Don't eat any more candy, Johnny. You won't be able to eat any dinner.

Johnny—You ought to know more about my appetite than that, mamma.—Brooklyn Life.

**A New Definition.**

Freddie—What's a laughing-stock, dad?

Cobwigger—The necktie a man's wife buys him.—Town Topics

**THE TEEMING WEST.**

The Prairie Lands of Western Canada Being Filled with Excellent Settlers.

The salient fact that presents itself in taking a bird's-eye view of the Canadian West, is that of intense activity in every department. Whether the glance be turned upon the district east of Winnipeg, the Red River Valley south or north, the Dauphin and M. & N. W. district, the South-western, or whether it take in the great central division along the main line of the C. P. R. stretching away out to the Rockies and from there bending north and south to Prince Alberta and Edmonton, Meleod and Lethbridge—whether the examination be made in any of these directions the same activity, growth and hopefulness is observable.

The Canadian west is not only a good place to locate permanently, but it is also a good place to invite their relatives and friends to come to. This is the spirit that seems to animate the west at the present time and its effects are to be seen on every hand. To enumerate the towns where handsome and substantial blocks and residences have gone up this year would be simply to give a list of the towns and villages along the railway lines. And this movement has not been confined to these centers of population, but in many cases it has been overshadowed by the improvement in farm buildings.

So far as one can see, this is no passing phase, no repetition of any temporary boom following a period of good crops and fair prices. It is a movement more spontaneous, more general, more marked than anything that has gone before, and seems to indicate that the Great West, like Samson, bursting the encompassing bands, has awakened to a period of activity and development that will surpass anything we have known in the past and which will only be paralleled by the opening out of some of the most fertile of the western states of the union.

Look at some of the figures. Over a thousand schools in Manitoba and the number going up by leaps and bounds. Something like five hundred schools in the Territories. Winnipeg as representing the gateway of the west, the third city in the Dominion in regard to bank clearings, postal business and probably in regard to customs; the custom return at Winnipeg running about thirty to forty per cent. greater month by month than in the fiscal year of 1897-8, the largest previous year for actual business entries, when over \$900,000 was paid through the Winnipeg office for duty. The C. P. R. and Canada Northwest land sales together running over \$1,500,000 for the year. These, and a thousand more signs show how the west has leaped into new life.

This is an inspiring and cheering spectacle, but it brings with it great responsibilities. The business men realize this, the banks realize it, and have spread their agencies through every bustling little town clear out to the coast, the churches realize it, and one denomination alone has opened an average of about thirty new stations in each of the past two years, and will increase this in the year now entered upon, the government departments realize it, and there is talk of redistribution and additional members. The educational branches realize it and new schools are springing up everywhere. Over 12,000 settlers came in from the United States alone last year, and these with the people who came in from the east prove the most rigorous Westerners. They lose no time in developing their farms, in filling their grazing lands with stock and in every district is to be found evidences of thrift and prosperity.

**INDIANS IN MEDICINE DANCE.**

Yakima Tribe on Reservation Near Tappanish, Wash., Engage in Ancient Rites.

Yakima Indians on the reservation near Tappanish, Wash., gave a medicine dance. Half of the tribe, including Chief White Swan is civilized. Old customs and dances have long been abolished.

Two hundred Indians gathered unknown to the chief and performed the rites. The dance lasted seven days. Seven candidates for the place of medicine man underwent severe tests of endurance.

Every day the candidates would torture themselves. Fire brands were applied to the bare skin until the flesh dropped from the bones. Gashes were cut on the back and breast. The one who withstood these self-inflicted tortures longest won the position. The new medicine man Running Coyote, is almost dead from exertion and torture, and is being tenderly nursed, while the unsuccessful dancers are permitted to recover or die without attention.

**Shrewd Photographer.**

Photographer (to young lady)—There is no need of telling you to look pleasant, miss. Such a face cannot be otherwise than pleasant.

Young Lady (graciously)—I will take two dozen, sir, instead of one dozen.—Ohio State Journal.

The Venture corporation, of London, has just made final payment to W. S. Stratton for his Independence mine, Cripple Creek, by a check for \$6,500,000. A year ago, while in London, Stratton sold his mine for \$10,000,000, of which \$3,500,000 was paid down. The mine was staked by Stratton on July 4, 1891. The price of the company's stock places the value of the mine at \$15,000,000. Stratton regards the sale of the mine as a mistake, believing he might have realized more than twice that sum from the output.

**\$500 Reward**

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HEURY AUGER, President.

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