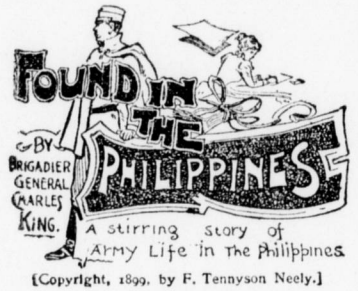


LULLABY LAND

A ship is sailing for Lullaby Land; And what may the cargo be? A woolly dog and a china cat, A trumpet of tin and an old torn hat, Are ready to go to sea.



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

And so began the second period of Gouverneur Prime's thralldom. A young civilian at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than be where he could hear and see, and live in daily torment.

ceive the report of roll call from the first sergeant of company B. "Where's Latrobe?" sleepily asked the officer of the day of the cadet first lieutenant. "I don't know," was the answer, and to the amazement of Latrobe's roommate, who had gone to bed and to sleep right after taps the night before, they found evidence that "Pat" had left the post.

CHAPTER X.

One of Col. Frost's consuming ambitions was to be the head of his department, with the rank of brigadier general, but he had strong rivals and knew it. Wealth he had in abundance. It was rank and power that he craved.

to hide it until she could slip it safely into Nita's hand, Nita who read, shuddered, tore it into minute scraps, and wept more, face downward, on the bed. They had reached their winter station before the cable flashed the stirring tidings of Dewey's great victory in Manila bay, and within half a week came telegraphic orders for Col. Frost to proceed at once to San Francisco, there to await instructions.

That night she wrote long and desperately to Margaret. "He swore he would follow me wherever we went until I granted him the interview. You know how he dogged me in Washington, followed me to Denver, and any moment he may address me here. F. will not let me return to you. He insists on my going to Hong-Kong, where he can occasionally join me. But Rollin holds those letters over me like a whip, and declares that he will give them into Frost's hands unless I see him whenever he presents himself. You made me swear to Frost I never cared a straw for my darling that was. O God, how I loved him! and if these letters ever



"Oh Rollin," she cried, "I dare not."

reach the man to whom you have sold me, he would treat me as he would a dog, even if he doesn't kill me. Meg—Meg—you must help me, for I live in terror." And that she lived in terror was true, some women were quick to see. Never would she go anywhere, even along the corridor, alone. If the colonel could not come to luncheon she was served in their rooms. If she had to go calling or shopping it was in a carriage and always with some army woman whom she could persuade to go with her.

self, "or even with her husband," said the most observing. Already it had been whispered that despite his assiduous care and devotion during her illness, something serious was amiss. Everybody had heard of the adventure which had preceded her alarming illness. Everybody knew that she had been accosted and confronted by a strange young man, at sight of whom she had pleaded piteously a minute and then fainted dead away. By this time, too, there were or had been nearly a dozen of the graduating class in town—classmates of Rollin Latrobe—their much loved "Pat," and speedily the story was told of his devotion to her when she was Nita Terriss, of their correspondence, of their engagement to be married on his graduation, which in strict confidence he had imparted to his roommate, who kept it inviolate until after her sudden union with Col. Frost, and poor "Pat's" equally sudden disappearance. Everybody, Frost included, knew that the young man who had accosted her must be Latrobe, and Frost by this time knew that it must have been he who caused her shock at the Arlington. He raged in his jealous heart. He employed detectives to find the fellow, swearing he would have him arrested. He became morose and gloomy, for all the arts by which Mrs. Garrison persuaded him that Nita looked up to him with admiration and reverence, that would speedily develop into wifely love, were now proved to be machinations. He knew that Nita feared him, shrank from him and was very far from loving him, and he believed that despite her denials and tears and protestations she loved young Latrobe. He wrote angrily, reproachfully to Margaret, who, now that her fish was hooked, did not greatly exert herself to soothe or reassure him. That he could ever use violence to one so sweet and fragile as Nita she would not believe for an instant. Then the nurse, still retained, heard bitter words from the colonel as one morning she came to the door with Mrs. Frost's breakfast, and while she paused, uncertain about entering at such a time, he rushed angrily forth and nearly collided with her. Mrs. Frost was in tears when the nurse finally entered, and the breakfast was left untouched.

ONE ON THE BISHOP.

The Eminent Divine Had Unwittingly Exchanged Grips with a Bridegroom.

Bishop Huntington, of Syracuse, told this story on himself during one of his last visits to Washington. The good bishop, it seems, once went down to a town in Connecticut to perform a marriage ceremony. He arrived the day before the wedding, and he left at the same time the bridal pair did, although he was driven to a different railway station. As he passed through the station, carrying his traveling bag, he was aware that he was creating a sensation, but was totally at a loss to account for it. In the car he found that he was still the object of amused attention. The porter positively snickered as he passed his seat, and finally, just as the train drew out, he came up and assisted the churchman to remove his overcoat.

"What is the matter with you, my man?" asked the bishop. The porter's snicker broadened into a laugh. "Ain't you done left the lady, sah?" he chuckled. "Eh?" exclaimed the bishop in surprise. Then his eye fell on the side of his traveling bag, which the porter had just turned round. There glued to it was a wide strip of white satin ribbon, on which was painted in large letters: "Married this morning."

Quickly Settled.

The mayor of a western city is said to have a neat and expeditious method of attending to complaints, which is leading to a wholesome regard to his people. A marketman was brought before him under a charge of depositing filth in the city streets. The man pleaded "Not guilty," upon which the following dialogue took place between the mayor and the chief witness for the prosecution:

"Officer, what did the defendant do?" asked the mayor. "Threw rotten eggs into the street, your honor." "How many did you see him throw into the street?" "One, your honor." "If he'd had 200 would he have thrown them into the street?" "I think he would, your honor." "That shows the intent to violate the ordinance," said the mayor, briskly. "Ten dollars and costs."—Youth's Companion.

Bobby's Choice.

Of a Brooklyn mother, whose grown-up sons declare that she wants to "boss" them just as if they were children—although she vows she merely wishes to advise and guide them, this story is told: At dinner the other day a large meat pie and a small roast duck were brought on together. The duck was intended for the father principally. The boys were fond of duck, their mother well knew, but it would not make a mouthful apiece for them; so, addressing the boy who sat nearest her, she said: "Which will you have, Bobby, duck or pie?" "Duck!" said Bobby, promptly. "No, Bobby," answered his mother, cheerfully. "You can't have duck, dear. Take your choice, my son, take your choice—but you can't have duck!"—N. Y. Tribune.

No Landlords in This Town.

Rented houses are unknown in Jetmore, Kan. Every house is occupied by its owner. The town has about 10 inhabitants.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"What is tobacco heart, Harvey?" "O, is a heart disease which women get who continually agitate themselves by nagging their husbands for smoking."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cholley Buoy—"Do you think anything serious will happen, doctor, if I keep on smoking cigarettes?" Dr. Smarte—"O, dear, no. It's only likely to kill you, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Bill—"I hear my neighbor has brought 10,000 cigarettes." Jill—"What for?" "He heard that tobacco would kill the bugs on the plants in his garden, and, of course, he thought the tobacco in cigarettes the most deadly."—Yonkers Statesman.

Doctor—"Mr. Tompkins, you ought to take something for that cough." Mr. Tompkins—"Yes, I suppose so; but I can't do it, doctor, unless you write me a prescription that won't cost more than a nickel."—Indianapolis Journal.

Trick Trigger Sam—"Be you a doctor?" Tourist—"Yes, need me?" Trick Trigger Sam—"Wal, not exactly; but es we're goin' t' hang one o' these here rubbernecks, I thought mebbe you'd like t' see how far his neck ud stretch afore crackin'."—Ohio State Journal.

Slopay—"I don't seem to get any better, doctor." Dr. Krafts—"You work too much, that's what's the matter." Slopay—"O! I don't think I do." Dr. Kraft—"Ah! but I think you do. Now there's that last year's bill of mine. Don't you think you'd feel better if you had that off your mind?"—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor. "O, pretty considerable," answered the farmer, "but I've got a son up in the town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season." "A farmer, is he?" "No; he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples now."—San Francisco Examiner.

FROM RING TO RANKS.

A United States Army Officer Who Once Fought a Victorious Prize Fight.

"They used to call him 'Big Foot' when he was a student in Washington and Lee university, Lexington, Va. He is a first lieutenant in the regular army, and stationed in Chicago now. He had two brothers and a cousin at school with him, and the students called them 'Little Foot,' 'Play Foot' and 'Two Sticks.' 'Two Sticks' was so called because he was a cripple and used crutches, says the Kansas City Star.

"Big Foot" was a strapping fellow with dark hair and eyes, and skin as soft and pink as an infant's. He was an athlete of magnificent build, straight and strong and tall. Everyone liked "Big Foot" and everyone had a great deal of respect for his family. He was one of the F. F. Vs. His father, a colonel, had an arm shot off at Malvern hill while leading the confederate troops.

"Big Foot" had some hard experiences after he left school. He was graduated a civil engineer from the university and took a railroad contract with a partner to help him. They made money out of the contract, but the partner stole it all and "Big Foot" was left almost without a dollar in a strange land. He was ashamed to go home or write home about his condition. He couldn't find work and he got pretty hungry at times. This is what led him to do what he did. At Lynchburg, Va., he fell in with some sporting men who were looking for a man to whip a prize fighter that had a reputation in the town. "Big Foot" could see no easier way of making money than fighting the prize fighter. He would be fed while he was training, anyway, and if he should win the fight he would make a little money. So he agreed to fight the fighter.

He whipped the fighter, made some money, and went to Fort Leavenworth, where he enlisted in the army as a private. This was in 1893. In 1895, two years later, he had risen to second lieutenant. This is the shortest possible time in which a man may rise in the army from the ranks to such a position.

The lieutenant was stationed at Vancouver Barracks, Tacoma, Wash., a few years ago. It was there he met the daughter of a general, fell in love with her and married her. He went with the general to the Philippines, but returned shortly afterward a first lieutenant. He is soon to leave again for the Philippines.

The lieutenant is known to several Kansas City men, one of whom went to school with him. It is doubtful, though, whether the lieutenant ever told how he fought a prize fight and made enough money out of it to join the army.

Shrewd Strategy of an Eagle.

A strange tale comes from Susquehanna county, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. According to a voracious correspondent three wildcats at Fiddle Lake attacked a big eagle, which is wintering among the trees in a hemlock grove near the lake. Although attacked from three points, the bird gallantly held its own and slew two of the wildcats. This is the way he did it: Singling out one of the wildcats the eagle grasped it tightly by the neck, burying his talons deep in the flesh; then, rising almost perpendicularly for about 100 feet, allowed his prisoner to drop on a ledge of rocks. Two falls killed the first victim, but three were required to get away with the second. The survivor, seeing the fate of his companions, flew down the mountain side.

Fifty-Two Years Without a Drink.

Some animals can live many years without water. A parrot lived 52 years in the London zoo without taking a drop of water. A number of reptiles live and prosper in places where there is no water.

\$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 steel 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.

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