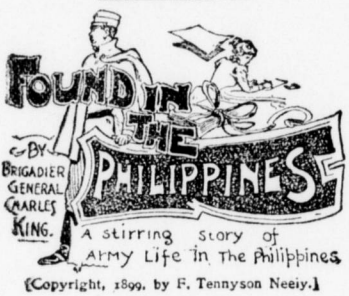


## SONG OF THE PLODDER.

God gave my rival gifts that I  
Alas, must do without!  
On wings of genius he may fly,  
While I must plod about.  
The ends for which I toil so long  
He might with ease achieve,  
But there are cravings that are strong  
And ways men cannot leave.

Beside his talents mine are poor;  
While he might soar, my way  
Must always be the slow and sure  
That leads on day by day.  
He might outstrip me if he would  
And win the prize I crave,  
"But wine and idleness are good,  
And Tolly's a sober knave."

God gave him gifts that I have not;  
That which in patient ways  
And years of toiling I have wrought  
He might have done in days!  
I may achieve no sudden height,  
Nor win swift glory here—  
But I can curb my appetite,  
And I can persevere.  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



## CHAPTER XL.—CONTINUED.

Late that afternoon, just after the various trunks and boxes of the Frosts that were to go by the transport were packed and ready, and Mrs. Frost, looking stronger at last, though still fragile, almost ethereal, was returning from a drive with one of her friends, the attention of the two ladies was drawn to a crowd gathering rapidly on the sidewalk not far from the Baldwin hotel. There was no shouting, no commotion, nothing but the idle curiosity of men and boys, for a young soldier, a handsome, slender, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned fellow of 21 or 22, had been arrested by a patrol and there they stood, the sergeant and his two soldiers fully armed and equipped, the hapless captive with his arms half-filled with bundles, and over the heads of the little throng the ladies could see that he was pleading earnestly with his captors, and that the sergeant, though looking sympathetic and far from unkind, was shaking his head. Mrs. Frost, listless and a little fatigued, had witnessed too many such scenes in former days of garrison life to take any interest in the proceeding. "How stupid these people are!" she irritably exclaimed; "running like mad and blockading the streets to see a soldier arrested for absence from camp without a pass. Shan't we drive on?"

"Oh—just one moment, please, Mrs. Frost. He has such a nice face—a gentleman's face, and he seems so troubled. Do look at it!"

Languidly and with something very like a pout, Mrs. Frost turned her face again toward the sidewalk, but by this time the sergeant had linked an arm in that of the young soldier and had led him a pace or two away, so that his back was now toward the carriage. He was still pleading, and the crowd had begun to back him up, and was exulting, too.

"Awe, take him where he says, sergeant, and let him prove it."  
"Don't be hard on him, man. If he's taking care of a sick friend, give 'em a chance."  
Then the sergeant tried to explain matters. "I can't help myself, gentlemen," said he; "orders are orders, and mine are to find this recruit and fetch him back to camp. He's two days over time now."

"Oh, I wish I knew what it meant!" anxiously exclaimed Mrs. Frost's companion. "I'm sure he needs help." Then with sudden joy in her eyes: "Oh, good! There goes Col. Crosby. He'll see what 'emiss', and as she spoke a tall man in the fatigue uniform of an officer of infantry shouldered his way through the crowd, and reached the blue-coated quartette in the center. Up went the hands to the shouldered rifles in salute, and the young soldier, the cause of the gathering which the police were now trying to disperse, whirled quickly, and with something suspiciously like tears in his fine dark eyes, was seen to be eagerly speaking to the veteran officer. There was a brief colloquy, and then the colonel said something to the sergeant at which the crowd set up a cheer. The sergeant looked pleased, the young soldier most grateful, and away went the four along the sidewalk, many of the throng following.

And then the colonel caught sight of the ladies in the carriage, saw that one was signaling eagerly, and heard his name called. Hastening to their side, he raised his cap and smiled a cordial greeting.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, colonel, we are so interested in that young soldier. Do tell us what it all means. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Frost, I surely thought you had met Col. Crosby—let me pre— Why, Nita! What's— Are you ill? Here, take my salts, quick!"

"No—no—go on—I—I want to hear! Where are they taking him?" faintly murmured Mrs. Frost.

"Try to control yourself," said her companion. "I'll tell you in one moment." Meantime from without the carriage the colonel continued, addressing Nita's companion:

"He tells a perfectly straight story. He says he has an old friend who is so desperately ill and out of money—that he got a doctor for him and had been nursing him himself. Those things he carried are medicines and wine that the doctor bade him buy. All he asks is to take them to his friend's room and get a nurse, then he is ready to go and stand for his trial, so I told the sergeant I'd be responsible."

"Oh, thank you so much! Do see that the poor fellow isn't punished. We'll

drive right round. Perhaps we can do something. It is Red Cross business, you know. Good afternoon, colonel. Please tell our driver to follow them."

But, to her consternation, no sooner had they started than she felt Nita's trembling hand grasping her wrist, and turning quickly saw that she was in an almost hysterical condition.

"My poor child, I had forgotten you were so worn out. I'll take you home at once—but then we'll miss them entirely. Oh, could you bear—"

"Oh! No! No!" moaned Nita, wringing her little hands. "Take me—anywhere. No! Take me home—take me home! and promise me not to—not to tell my husband what we saw."

## CHAPTER XL.

For a man ordinarily absorbed in his own command, Col. Stanley Armstrong had become all on a sudden deeply engrossed in that of Col. Canker. The Frosts had been gone a week via Vancouver—the expedition only about 16 hours—when he appeared at Gordon's tent and frankly asked to be told all that tall southerner knew of the young soldier Morton, now gone from camp for the third, and as Armstrong believed, the last time.

"Why, that young fellow's a bawny gentleman," drawled Gordon, as he offered the colonel a chair and cigar. "He was havin' tip top, steady as you please, until about a month ago. He's only been with us since 1st of May—came with a big batch of recruits—a regular athlete, you know. Then after he'd drilled awhile I nailed him for headquarters clerk. I never knew him to be off an hour until about four weeks ago. The men say another young fellow came out here one night, had a talk with Morton, and they went out together. He got regular permission. Nobody has set eyes on his friend out here since that time, but Morton got three passes to town in ten days, and Squeers happened to want him, and gave orders he should have to be consulted hereafter. 'Bout a fortnight since, by Jove, Morton lit out suddenly and was gone 48 hours and was brought back by a patrol, perfectly straight, and he said he had to go on account of a friend who had been taken very ill and was a stranger here. Squeers let him off with a warning, and inside of three days he begged for a 24-hour pass, and Squeers wouldn't give it. He went without it, by George! It was just about the time the Prime family arrived, looking up the boy they heard was in your regiment. This time there was big trouble. The patrol sent for him went directly to the lodgings of his sick friend, and there they found him and he laid out two of our best men for forcing a way into the room. They told me your carriage nearly ran over him the day of the review. Then came that dam fool charge about his being mixed up in this robbery. Then his escape from under Billy Gray's nose, by Gawge, and that's the last of him. Canker sent a party in to look him up at the usual place, and both birds had flown, both, by Gawge! The sick man was well enough to be driven off in a carriage, and there's nothing further to tell as yet."

"I wish I had known about him earlier—before the Primes came," said Armstrong thoughtfully, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "Of course you give me your theory?"

"That Morton is the missing son and heir? Of course. Now that I've seen Miss Prime the family resemblance is strong. But if he wanted to soldier, what's to prevent? Those tents yavduh are full of youngsters better educated than I am, and Gordon arose, tangling a long, lean leg in the nearest camp stool, which he promptly kicked through the doorway into the sailing fog outside. It was barely 11 o'clock, but already the raw, wet wind was whistling in over the barren, sandy slopes and dunes, and the moisture, dripped in big drops from the sloped rifles of the men marching sturdily in from drill.

"Yavduh comes the Prime carriage now, by Gawge," continued the adjutant, as he limped to the entrance. "Ole man seems all broke up, don't he?" Armstrong had promptly risen and came striding to his comrade's side.

"Naturally," was the answer. "He had hoped much from this visit. The boy was just under 21 when he enlisted, and, as his father's consent was lacking, a discharge could have been ordered. It may have been fear of that that drove the youngster off. 'Where is the carriage—and your glasses?' continued the colonel, looking about until he found a binocular.

"Comin' right down the road back of the officers' tents. Reckon it's another visit of condolence to Gray. You know I shouldn't wonder if this arrest of his didn't prove a blessin' in disguise for that lucky boy."

No reply coming to this observation, Gordon glanced over his shoulder. Armstrong was replacing the glasses. Again the adjutant hazarded:

"I—I was saying this arrest may be, after all, the biggest kind of blessing in disguise for that lucky Billy. Yes, by Jove! They're comin' to his tent. That's a splendid girl, ole man."

"Miss—Prime, you mean?" calmly queried Armstrong, striking match after match in the effort to light a fresh cigar, his face averted.

"Miss Prime I don't mean," answered Gordon, glancing curiously at the senior officer. "Not but that she's a most charming young lady and all that," he hurriedly interpolated, southern chivalry asserting itself. Then with a twitch about the lip: "By the way, ole man, those cigars light better from the other end. Take a fresh one."

Armstrong quickly withdrew the ill-used weed from between his strong, white teeth, gave it one glance and a toss into the waste basket.

"No, I've smoked enough. But how can they see him? How about that sentry over Gray's tent?"

"Huh! Chief made them take it off directly he heard of it," grinned Gordon. "Moses! But didn't Squeers blaspheme?" And the adjutant threw his head back and laughed joyously over the retrospect. "Yes, there's that curly-headed pate of Billy's at the tent door now. Reckon he was expectin' 'em. There they are, ole Prime, too. Don't be in a hurry, colonel."

They had known each other years, these two, and it had been "Armstrong" and "Gordon" when they addressed each other, or "ole man" when Gordon lapsed into the semi-affectionate. To the adjutant's southern sense of military propriety "ole man" was still possible. "Armstrong" would be a soldierly solecism.

"I am to see the general before noon," said Armstrong gravely. "And it's time I started. If you should hear of your runaway let me know. If you shouldn't, keep our views to yourself. There's no use in rousing false hopes." With that Armstrong turned up the collar of his overcoat and lunged out into the mist.

Gordon watched him as he strode away, the orderly following at the conventional distance. The shortest way to general headquarters was up the row of company officers' tents in front of the still incarcerated Billy; the longest was round back of the mess tent and kitchen. Armstrong took the latter.

That escape of prisoners was still the talk of camp. Men had come by battalions to see the tunnel, observing which Canker promptly ordered it closed up. Opinion was universal that Canker should have released the officers and men he had placed under arrest at once, but he didn't. In his bottled wrath he hung on to them until the brigade commander took a hand and ordered it. Canker grumblingly obeyed so far as the sergeant and sentries were concerned, but entered stout protest as to Gray.

"I still hold that officer as having knowledge of the scheme and aiding and abetting. I can prove that he telephoned for that carriage," he said.

"At least there's nothing to warrant the posting of that sentry at Mr. Gray's tent, Col. Canker," said the brigadier, with some asperity. "Order him off at once. That's all for to-day, sir," and the man with the starred shoulders "held over" him with the silver leaves. The latter could only obey—and ob-jurgate.

But Canker's knuckles came in for another rasping within the hour. The brigadier being done with him, the division commander's compliments came over per order, and would the colonel please step to the general's tent. Canker was fuming to get to town. He was possessed with insane desire to follow up that boarding house clew. He believed the landlady could be bullied into telling where her boarder was taken, and what manner of man (or woman) he was. But down he had to go, three blocks of camp, to where the tents of division headquarters were pitched, and there sat the veteran commander, suave and placid as ever.

"Ah, colonel, touching that matter of the robbery of your commissary stores. Suspicion points very strongly to your Sergt. Foley. Do you think it wise to have no sentry over him?"

"Why—general," said Canker, "I've known that man 15 years—in fact, I got him ordered to duty here," and the colonel bristled.

"Well—pardon me, colonel, but you heard the evidence against him last night, or at least heard of it. Don't you consider that conclusive?"

Canker cleared his throat and considered as suggested.

"I heard the allegation sir, but—he made so clear an explanation to me, at least, and besides, general—a bright idea occurring to him—you know that as commissary sergeant he is not under my command—"

"Put, tut, colonel," interrupted the general, waxing impatient. "The storehouse adjoins your camp. Your sentries guard it. Capt. Hanford, the commissary, says he called on you last night to notify you that he had placed the sergeant under arrest, but considered the case so grave that he asked that a sentry be placed over him, and it wasn't done."

"I dislike very much to inflict such indignity on deserving soldiers, general," said Canker, stumbling into a self-made trap. "Until their guilt is established they are innocent under the law."

"Apparently you apply a different rule in case of officers," calmly responded the general, "vide Mr. Gray. No further words are necessary. Oblige me by having that sentry posted at once. Good morning, sir."

But to Canker's dismay the officer of the guard made prompt report. The sentry was sent, but the sergeant's tent was empty. The colonel's pet had flown. This meant more trouble for the colonel. Meantime Stanley Armstrong had hid him to Gen. Drayton's headquarters. The office tents were well filled with clerks, orderlies, aides and other officers who had come in on business, but the meeting was by appointment, and after brief delay the camp commander excused himself to those present and ushered Armstrong into his own private tent, the scene of the merry festivities the evening of Mrs. Garrison's unexpected arrival. There the general turned quickly on his visitor with the low-toned question:

"Well—what have you found?"

"Enough to give me strong reason for believing that Morton, so-called, is young Prime, and that your nephew is with him, sir."

The old soldier's sad eyes lighted with sudden hope. Yet as he passed his hand wearily over his forehead, the look of doubt and uncertainty slowly returned. "It accounts for the letters reaching me here," he said, "but—I've known that boy from babyhood, Armstrong, and a more intense nature I have never heard of. What he starts in to do he will carry out if it kills him." And Drayton looked drearily about the tent as though in search of something he

didn't quite know what. Then he settled back slowly into his favorite old chair. "Do sit down, Armstrong. I want to speak with you a moment." Yet it was the colonel who was the first to break the silence.

"May I ask if you have had time to look at any of the letters, sir?"

"Do I look as though I had time to do anything?" said the chief, dropping his hands and uplifting a lined and haggard face, yet so refined. "Anything but work, work, morn, noon and night. The mass of detail one has to meet here is something appalling. It weighs on me like a nightmare, Armstrong. No, I was worn out the night after the package reached me. When next I sought it the letters were gone."

"How long was that, general?"

"Again the weary hands, with their long, tapering fingers, came up to the old soldier's brow. He pondered a moment. "It must have been the next afternoon, I think, but I can't be sure."

"And you had left them—?"

"In the inside pocket of that old overcoat of mine, hanging there on the rear tent pole," was the answer, as the general turned half round in his chair and glanced wistfully, self-reproachfully thither.

Armstrong arose and, going to the back of the tent, made close examination. The canvas home of the chief was what is known as the hospital tent, but instead of being pitched with the ordinary ridge pole and upright, a substantial wooden frame and floor had first been built and over this the stout canvas was stretched, stanch and taut as the head of a drum. It was all intact and sound. Whoever fished that packet made way with it through the front, and that, as Armstrong well knew, was kept tightly laced, as a rule, from the time the general left it in the morning until his return. It was never unlaced except in his presence or by his order. Then the deft hands of the orderlies on duty would do the trick in a twinkling. Knowing all this, the colonel queried further:

"You went in town, as I remember, late that evening and called on the Primes and other people at the Palace. I think I saw you in the supper room. There was much merriment at your table. Mrs. Garrison seemed to be the life of the party. Now, you left your overcoat with the boy at the cloak stand?"

"No, Armstrong, that's the odd part of it. I only used the cape that evening. The coat was hanging at its usual place when I returned late, with a mass of new orders and papers. No! no! But here, I must get back to the office, and what I wished you to see was that poor boy's letter. What can you hope with a nature like that to deal with?"

[To Be Continued.]

## KILLED HIS MAN.

But First He Retreated as Far as Possible, Then Pulled His Derringer and Fired.

"A story I read the other day," said A. G. Hepworth, of Atlanta, "strongly reminds me of one that I heard of a Mobile lawyer. This lawyer, who was lame and had something of a reputation as a fighter, was at one time attorney in a suit that caused much ill-feeling. He won the suit for his client, and the loser vowed vengeance. 'In pursuance of that same,' in the language of Truthful James, he one day went into the lawyer's office and subjected him to a tirade of abuse that would have caused a salt water captain to die from pure envy, such was his talent in vituperation. The lawyer answered him nothing, to the surprise of two or three men who were present, but, getting out of his chair, began to hobble backward. His enemy, thinking he was retreating, followed him up, with more abuse and threatening gestures. The lawyer's foot finally struck against the wall, when he suddenly straightened up, saying: 'Gentlemen, I call on you to witness that, on account of this wall, I have retreated as far as possible' (the general law of homicide), drew a derringer and shot his opponent. At the trial he was acquitted, his witnesses being the men present at the time of the killing, who testified to the lawyer having retreated as far as possible."—N. Y. Tribune.

## This Bird Was a Critic.

A Scotch gentleman owns a clever parrot who picks up many of the remarks it hears, and at times retails them at most opportune moments. A favorite exclamation of the Scotchman when his wife complains of any little ailment is: "Great Scott! what's wrong wid ye?" Just lately he sat strumming on the piano with one finger, and endeavoring to sing the air of a new song belonging to his wife. Having little or no ear for music, the effect was decidedly inharmonious. On his performance coming to an end, the parrot, who had evidently listened in disapproving silence, ejaculated: "Great Scott! what's wrong wid ye?"—London Answers.

## The Point of View.

"Magnificent!" may signify one thing to one person and quite another thing to another person. It is related that a gentleman went to a dentist and asked him to "take a look at his teeth." The dentist did so, and seemed full of admiration.

"What do you think of them?" asked the patient.

"Magnificent! magnificent!" was all the dentist could say.

"Then you don't find anything to do to them?"

"To do to them? Why, there are four to be pulled, six to be filled, and three to be crowned!"—Youth's Companion.

## Nothing New.

Biggs—That's a funny idea the ladies have of wearing their watches in their gloves.

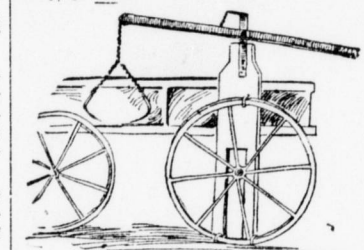
Boggs—Oh, I don't know. They have worn clocks on their stockings for years."—N. Y. Journal.



## LOADING FARM WAGONS.

How One Man Can Handle Heavy Sacks and Barrels with Comparative Ease.

Where a man is doing his work alone he is at a great disadvantage when about to take heavy sacks or barrels into the farm wagon. A device is shown in the cut that will greatly assist him. A plank is cut to slip down over the axle, between



LOADING MADE EASY.

the wheel and the wagon body, and to grip the wheel rim by means of three hooks. A bent arm supports a pole, or lever, that has a grasping arrangement of hooks. Arranged as shown in the cut, heavy articles can be lifted over the side from the ground. If the contrivance is turned about, the plank coming outside the wheel, articles can be loaded into the rear end of the wagon.—N. Y. Tribune.

## COMBINATION CROPS.

Growing Peas with Corn, Quite a Popular Practice in Some Parts, Not to Be Recommended.

My first experience in planting peas with corn was in 1895. About 30 acres of corn were planted on very thin land in rows six feet apart. The ground was kept as level as possible and when about half through cultivating the corn, the peas were drilled in, using about one-half bushel of seed per acre. At the last plowing the peas had a good start and were perhaps a foot high. This made a most excellent crop of both seeds and vines. The same season another field of good land was planted in corn, the rows being four and one-half feet apart. At the last plowing, when the corn was about shoulder high, peas were sown by hand between the corn rows. The peas were so badly shaded by the corn that they did not amount to much. Another method was observed by the writer two years ago. This was planting corn and peas at the same time and in the same row, following the corn drill with the pea drill. The result of this was that by the time the corn was in roasting ear the peas had almost covered it up and in one field that I saw, no corn was to be seen, only the elbows of the stalks where the peas had broken the tops over. I think the proper way to grow peas is to plant them alone. To get the best results they should be sown during the latter part of May, on land prepared as well as if for corn, using one and one-fourth bushels of seed per acre. They can be harvested the latter part of August and hogs and calves turned in to pick up the waste, then the ground is in the best possible condition for wheat.—W. A. Chambers, in Prairie Farmer.

## The Cultivation of Flax.

I have raised flax for the last 15 years and I find the following to be the best method: First, new ground is better than old, and prairie is preferred. Old pastures are very good, too. After prairie sod is broken up it is best to run over it once or twice with a disc. Then sow your seed while it is dry. Never sow your seed when the ground is wet as it will get covered better when the ground is dry. The rains will come and drive the seed into the soil. It is well to harrow lightly after sowing. You can sow on the prairie from the 1st of April to the 1st of June and get a good crop. Cut as soon as ripe, and let it lie for two or three days if it is dry. Then stack.—W. S. Young, in Farmers' Review.

## To Make Bees Profitable.

Dr. Miller says a beekeeper should be provided with about 100 sections for each colony. He may not have use for so many, but in a good season, when they may fill 75 sections or more, there would need to be some extra, which will only be partially filled. Many a pound of honey is lost, he says, because supplies were not obtained in time or in sufficient quantity. A pound of thin foundation is about enough to fill 100 sections with the full sheets, which he considers better economy than to use only starters, and as it costs but 50 to 60 cents a pound, the difference between the full sheet and the narrow starter is but a small item.—National Stockman.

## Corn on Pasture Land.

It is claimed that pasture land that is run down will be improved if a crop of corn is grown upon the field, but the beneficial effects from the corn are no doubt more apparent than real. All poor soils that are allowed to remain uncultivated until some kind of volunteer crop (if only weeds) take possession will gain in fertility to a certain extent. Such a system is known as "fallowing," or resting the soil. Growing a crop of corn simply induces cultivation and puts the soil in better condition, although the land will have already been improved by the fallowing.

## \$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.

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