SMILES IN THE RAIN.

The coward may smile
When there's sun all the while—
It's braver to smile in the rain.
The weakest may joy
When there's naught to annoy—
He's stronger who smiles through his

pain.

And then when there's sun, when there's And then when there's sun, when there's bird song and breeze.

When gloom's put to rout and discouragement flees, what need has the world Of the mouth corners curled In the cheeriest smiles, when the fields and trees

Are smiling so broadly that nobody sees The wee bit of brightness you're giving the while?

But days when it's rainy there's need

But days when it's rainy there's need for your smile.

The weakling may smile
When there's brightness the while—
It's better to smile when there's rain.
The gloomster may joy
When there's naught to annoy—
He's brave who can laugh through his

pain.

When all the world is so full of song
That birds sing and brooklets go warb-

ling along.
With hearts light as chaff
All the earth seems to laugh—
The sunny day courage says not you

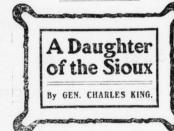
Though hearty good cheer one could never call wrong— But oh, when the day is all haggard and

nature weeps gloomily, sobbing

Then laugh in the hope of the sweet afterwhile; On days when it's rainy there's need

for your smile.

S. W. Gillilan, in Baltimore American.



onwright, 1902, by The Hobart Cor

CHAPTER XV.

Woman's intuition often far out strips the slower mental process of other sex. The mother who has to see a beloved daughter's silent suffering, well-knowing another giri to be, however indirectly, the cause of it, sees all manner of other iniquities in that other girl. Kind, charitable and gentle was Mrs. Dade, a wise mother, too, as well as most loving, but she could look with neither kindness nor charity on Miss Flower. She had held her peace; allowed no word of censure or criti cism to escape her when the women were discussing that young lady; but all the more vehement was her distrust, because thus pent up and repressed. With the swiftness of feminine thought, for no man had yet suspected, she fathomed the secret the trader's sudden going; and, carried away by the excitement of the moment and the belief that none but her husband could hear, she made that startling announcement. And her intuition was unerring. Nanette And

Flower was indeed gone.
Yet for nearly an hour she stood alone in her conviction. Her hus-band quickly cautioned silence, and, going forth, gave instructions to the couriers that sent them speeding for the Rawlins road. But at seven o'clock, Mrs. Hay herself appeared and asked to see the general, who was taking at the moment his accustomed bracer, tonic and stimulant—the only kind he was ever known to use—a cold bath. So it was to Mrs. Dade, in all apparent frankness and sincerity, the trader's wife began her Every one at Frayne well knew that her anxiety as to the outcome of the battle on the Elk had well-nigh equaled that of the wives and sweethearts within the garrison. While her niece, after the first day's excitement, kept to her room, the aunt went flitting from house to house, full of sympathy and suggestion, but obviously more deeply concerned than they had ever seen her. Now, she seemed worried beyond words at thought of her husband's having to go just at this time. It was mainly on Nanette's account, she said. Only last night with the mail from Laramie, had come a letter, posted in San Francisco the week before, telling Miss Flower that her dearest friend roommate for four years at school, who had been on an extended bridal tour, would pass through Rawlins eastward bound, on Friday's train, and begging Nanette to meet her and go as far at least as Cheyenne. Her husband, it seems, had been hurriedly recalled to New York, and there was no help for it. Nanette had expected to join her, and go all the way east in late October or early November; had given her promise, in fact, for she was vastly excited by the news, and despite headache and lassitude that had oppressed her for two days past, she declared she must go, and Uncle Will must take her. So, with only a small trunk, hastily packed, of her belongings, and an iron-bound chest of the trader's, the two had started before dawn in Uncle Bill's stout buckboard, behind his famous four-mule team, with Pete to drive, and two sturdy ranchmen as outriders, hoping to reach the Medi cine Bow by late afternoon, and rest at Brenner's ranch. Confidentially Mrs. Hay told Mrs. Dade that her husband was glad of the excuse to take the route up the Platte instead of the old, rough trail southeastward over the mountains to Rock creek,

for he had a large sum in currency

ly on the lookout to waylay him—or it. Ever since pay day two or three it. Ever since pay day two or three rough characters had been hanging about the store, and Hay suspected they were watching his movements, with the intention of getting word to their comrades in crime the moment he started, and it was almost as much to steal a march on them as to oblige Nanette, he so willingly left before it was light. The Rawlins road followed the Platte valley all the way to Brenner's, and, once there, he would feel safe, whereas the Rock creek trail wound through gulch, ravine and forest most of the distance, affording

many a chance for ambuscade. Of course, said Mrs. Hay, if her husband had for a moment supposed the gen-eral would wish to see him, he would not have gone, adding, with just a little touch of proper, warlike spirit, that on the general's previous visits be had never seemed to care whether he saw Mr. Hay or not.

All this did Mrs. Dade accept with courteous, yet guarded interest. They were seated in the little army parlor, talking in low tone; for, with unfailing tact, Mrs. Hay had asked for Esther, and expressed her sympathy on hearing of her being unnerved by the excitement through which they had passed. Well she knew that Field's serious condition had not a little to do with poor Es-ther's prostration, but that was knowledge never to be hinted at. Dade himself she did not wish to meet just now. He was too direct a ques-tioner, and had said and looked things about Nanette that made her dread him. She knew that, however austere and commanding he might be when and commanding he hight be when acting under his own convictions, he was abnormally susceptible to uxorial views, and the way to win the cap-tain's sympathies or avert his cen-sure, was to secure the kindly interest of his wife. Mrs. Hay knew that he had sent couriers off by the Rawlins road—a significant thing in itself—and that couriers had come in from the north with further news from Webb. She knew he had gone to the office, and would probably remain there until summoned for breakfast and now was her time, for there was something further to be spoken of, and while gentle and civil, Mrs. Dade had not been receptive. It was evi dent to the trader's wife that her lord and master had made a mistake in leaving when he did. He knew the general was on the way. He knew there was that money business to be cleared up, yet she knew there were reasons why she wanted him away-reasons hardest of all to plausibly explain. There were reasons, indeed

why she was glad Nanette was gone She was glad Nanette was gone because Field, wounded and present would have advantages over possible suitors absent on campaign—because uitors absent on campaignall the women and a few of the mer were now against her, and because from some vague, intangible symp toms, Mrs. Hay had satisfied herself that there was something in wind Nanette was hiding from—her benefactress, her best friend, and it seemed like cold-blooded treachery Hay had for two days been disturbed nervous and unhappy, yet would not tell her why. He had been cross-quesioning Pete, "Crapaud" and other em ployes, and searching about the premises in a way that excited curisity and even resentment, for the osity and even resentment, for the explanation he gave was utterly in-adequate. To satisfy her, if possible, he had confided, as he said, the fact that certain money for which Lieut. Field was accountable, had been stolen. The cash had been carefully placed in his old-fashioned safe; the missing money, therefore, had been taken while still virtually in his charge. "They might even suspect charge. me," he said, which she knew would not be the case. "They forbade my speaking of it to anybody, but I simply had to tell you." She felt sure there was something he was concealing; something he would not tell her; something concerning Nanette, there fore, because she so loved Nanette he shrank from revealing what might wound her, indeed, it was best that ould go for the time east, but Mrs. Hay little dreamed that others would be saying-even this kindly, gentle woman before her -that Nanette should have stayed until certain strange things were thoroughly and satisfactorily ex-

plained. But the moment she began, falter ing not a little, to speak of matters at the post, as a means of leading up to Nanette-matters concerning Lieut. Field and his financial affairs to her surprise Mrs. Dade gently up-lifted her hand and voice. "I am going to ask you not to tell me, Mrs Hay," she said. "Captain Dade has given me to understand there was something to be investigated, but preferred that I should not ask about it. Now, the general will be down in 15 or 20 minutes. I suggest that we walk over to the hospital and see how Mr. Field is getting on. We can talk, you know, as we go. Then you will breakfast with us. Indeed, may I not give you a cup of coffee now Mrs. Hay?"

But Mrs. Hay said no. She had had coffee before coming. She would go and see if there was anything they could do for Field, and would try

o certain of her explanations. But Mrs. Dade was silent and pre-edupied. She was thinking of that story of Nanette's going, and won-dering whether it could be true. She was wondering if Mrs. Hay knew the ouriers had gone to recall Hay, and that if he and Nanette failed to re turn it might mean trouble for both. She could accord to Mrs. Hay no condences of her own, and had been compelled to decline to listen to those with which Mrs. Hay would have fawored her. She was thinking of some-thing still more perplexing. The gen-

with Mrs. Hay and see Nanette. Was it possible that he knew anything of what she knew-that between Hay's household and Stabber's village there had been communication of some kind that been communication of some kind
—that the first thing found in the Indian pouch brought home by Capt.
Blake was a letter addressed in Nanette Flower's hand, and with it three card photographs, two of them of unmistakable Indians in civilized garb, and two letters, addressed, like hers, to Mr. Ralph Moreau—one care of the Rev. Jasper Strong, Valentine, Neb., the other to the general delivery

Yes, that pouch brought in by Capt. Blake had contained matter too weighty for one woman, wise as she was, to keep to herself. Mrs. blake, with her husband's full consent, had summoned Mrs. Ray, soon after his departure on the trail of Webb, and told her of the strange discovery. They promptly decided there was only one thing to do with the letter hand or send it, unopened, to Miss Flower. Then, as Blake had no time to examine further, they decided to search the pouch. There might he more letters in the same superscrip-

But there were not. The first one they had already decided should go to Miss Flower. The others, they thought, should be handed unopened to the commanding officer. They might contain important information, now that the Sioux were at war, and that Ralph Moreau had turned out probably to be a real personage. But first they would consult Mrs. Dade. They had done so the very evening of Blake's departure, even as he, long miles away, was telling Kennedy his Irish heart was safe from the designs



DELIVERED IN PERSON TO MISS FLOWER, WHO MET HIM AT THE TRADER'S GATE.

of one blood-thirsty Sioux; and Mrs Dade had agreed with them that Nanette's letter should be sent to her forthwith, and that, as Capt. Blake had brought it in, the duty of returning the letter devolved upon his wife.

And so, after much thought and

consultation, a little note was writ-ten, saying nothing about the other contents of the pouch itself. "Dear Miss Flower:" it read. "The enclosed was found by Capt. Blake some time this morning. He had no time to de-liver it in person. Yours sincere-ly. N. B. Blake."

Note and enclosure were sent firs thing next morning by the trusty hand of Master Sanford Ray, himself and by him delivered in person to Miss Flower, who met him at the trader's gate. She took it, he said. and smiled, and thanked him charm ingly before she opened it. She was coming out for her customary walk at the hour of guard mounting, but the next thing he knew she had scooted" indoors again.

And from that moment Miss Flower

had not been seen.

All this was Mrs. Dade revolving in mind as she walked pityingly by the side of the troubled woman, only raguely listening to her flow of words. They had thought to be admitted to the little room in which the wounded officer lay, but as they tiptoed into the wide, airy hall, and looked over the long vista of pinkstriped-coverlets in the big ward yond, the doctor himself appeared at the entrance and barred the way.
"Is there nothing we can do?" asked

Mrs. Dade, with tears in her voice.
"Is he—so much worse?"
"Nothing can be done just now,"
answered Waller, gravely. "He has
had high fever during the night has been wakeful and flighty again I-should rather no one entered just

And then they noted that even the steward who had been with poor Field was now hovering about door of the dispensary and that only Dr. Waller remained within the room.
"I am hoping to get him to sleep again presently," said he. "And when he is mending there will be a host of things for you both to do."

But that mending seemed many a lay off, and Mrs. Hay, poor woman had graver cares of her own before the setting sun. Avoiding the possibility of meeting the general just now, and finding Mrs. Dade both sient and constrained at mention of her niece's name, the trader's wife went straight homeward from the hospital, and did not even see the post commander hurrying from his office, with an open dispatch in his hand. But by this time the chief and his faithful aide were out on the veranda, surrounded by anxious wives and daughters, many of whom had been earnestly bothering the doctor at the hospital before going to break-fast. Dade much wished them away though the news brought in by night riders was both stirring and cheery. desperadoes along the mountain et al, as her husband finally told her, The Indians had fitted away for route who well knew he would have had asked first thing to see Hay, and Webb's front, and he counted The Indians had flitted away from

to send that money in, and were sure- | later declared that he wished to talk | reaching and rescuing the Dry Fork party within six hours from the time the courier started. They might expect the good news during the after-noon of Thursday. Scouts and flank-ers reported finding "travois" and pony tracks leading westward from the scene of Ray's fierce battle, indicating that the Indians had carried their dead and wounded into the fastnesses of the southern slopes of the Big Horn, and that their punishment had been heavy. Among the chiefs killed or seriously wounded was this new, vehement leader whom Capts. Blake and Ray thought might be Red Fox, who was so truculent at the Black Hills conference the previous year. Certain of the men, however, who had seen Red Fox at that time expressed doubts. Lieut. Field, said Webb, had seen him, and could prob-

ably say.
Over this dispatch the general pondered gravely. "From what I know of Red Fox," said he, "I should think him a leader of the Sitting Bull type -a shrewd, intriguing, mischief-making fellow, a sort of Sioux walking delegate, not a battle leader, but according to Blake and Ray this new man is a fighter."

Then Mrs. Dade came out and bore

the general off to breakfast, and during breakfast the chief was much preoccupied. Mrs. Dade and an aide-decamp chatted on social matters. general exchanged an occasional word with his host and his hostess, and finally surprised neither of them, when breakfast was over and he had consumed the last of his glass of hot water, by saying to his staff officer: "I should like to see Mrs. Hay a few minutes, if possible. We'll walk round there first. Then—let the team be ready at ten o'clock."

[To Be Continued.]

TWO SECRETS.

Pathetic Little Tale of Two Fond Old Hearts That Suffered in Silence for Each Other.

"How's business, Eben?" The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work, relates

Youth's Companion.
"Fine, Marthy, fine!"
"Does the store look just the same,

with the red geranium in the win-dow? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?" Eben did not answer for a moment;

when he did his voice shook a bit.
"The store's never been the same since you left, Marthy." A faint little flush came into Mar-

tha's withered cheek. Is a wife ever oo old to be moved by her husband's flattery? For years Eben and Martha had

kept a tiny notion store; then Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong—never be partner in their happy little trade again.
"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha

one forenoon. "If I take it real careful I can get down there; 'tisn't so far. Eben'll scold, but he'll be tickled most to death." It took a long time for her to drag

herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead, on the pave-ment, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins, and shoelaces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares Martha clutched at the wall of the

building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning. Then Martha understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.
"It will hurt him so to have me

find out!' she thought, and the tears trickled down her face. "He's kept a secret from me, and

I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I That night when Eben came in,

chilled and weary, Martha asked, cheerfully, the old question: "How's business

"Better'n ever, Marthy!" answered Eben.

A Moving Scale.

When Turner exhibited his great picture, "The Building of Carthage," he was disappointed because it had not been sold at once at the private view, and angry with the press for criticising it severely. Sir Robert Peel called upon him, relates Youth's Companion.
"Mr. Turner," said he, "I admire

your 'Carthage' so much that I want to buy it. I am told you want 500 guineas for it."

"Yes," said Turner, "it was 500 gui-

neas, but to-day it's 600."
"Well," said Sir Robert, "I did not

come prepared to give 600, and I must think it over. At the same time, it seems to me that the change is an extraordinary piece of business on your part. "Do as you please," said Turner.

"Do as you please." After a few days Sir Robert called

again upon the great painter. "A Turner." he began, "although thought it a very extraordinary thing for you to raise your price, I shall be proud to give you the 600 guineas."
"Ah!" said Turner. "It was 600 guineas, but to-day it's 700." Sir Robert grew angry, and Turner laughed. "I was only in fun," he said

"I don't intend to sell the picture at Il. It shall be my winding-sheet."

For years he kept it in his cellar Then it was brought up and hung in his gallery, where it remained as long

as he lived. When he died he left it

Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CON-

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LOW GRADE DIVISION.

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Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stop tween Red Bank and DuBois. *Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday onl**y** Fig Stop.
For Time Tables and further information, ap ply to Ticket Agent.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

EASTWARD. 10 | 8 | 4 | 6 | 2 STATIONS. STATIONS.

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(*) Flag stations. (CO) Trains do not stop †) Telegraph offices Train Nos. 3 and 19

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulyssea with Fall Brock Ry
for points north and south, At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for
Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At
Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north
for Buffalo, Olean, Brafford and Smethporty
south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium
and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE Gen'lSupt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. F



"The Grand Scenic Route."

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