



BEGGAR AND KING.

Jews have points that wound us; fortune has eyes that sting— Better the dream of a beggar than the discontent of a king.

Asleep in the nodding grasses, the beggar dreamed a dream: His was a crown and scepter, rich in their jeweled gleam. Purple and gold and ermine lent him their pride supreme.

Revel and rout and feasting centered about his throne; Yeoman and slave and noble yielded to him alone; Castle and field and forest—all of them were his own.

Waking, his dream was broken, as are the dreams of men; Idly he thought upon it, laughed, and he murmured then: "I may realize, my kingdom, for I will dream again."

Fretting within his palace, there sat the king in thought; Doubts of his sway assailed him, oft with his fears he fought: Always, asleep or waking, he dreamed of a traitor's plot.

Kings they must sit and wonder; beggars may rove and sing— Better the dream of a beggar than the discontent of a king. —W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.



CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

There were six more days of travel in that journey—travel so fraught with hardships, I wonder that some days we had the heart to press on. More than all, I wonder that the frail body of my mother was equal to it. But I am writing no vain record of endurance. I have written enough to suggest what moving meant in the wilderness. There is but one more color in the scenes of that journey. The fourth day after we left Chateaugay my grandmother fell ill and died suddenly there in the deep woods. We were far from any village, and sorrow slowed our steps. We pushed on, coming soon to a sawmill and a small settlement. They told us there was neither minister nor undertaker within 40 miles. My father and D'ri made the coffin of planed lumber, and lined it with deerskin, and dug the grave on top of a high hill. When all was ready, my father, who had always been much given to profanity, albeit I know he was a kindly and honest man with no irreverence in his heart, called D'ri aside.

wood when the chopping was over. That done, we fired the rows, filling the deep of heaven with smoke, as it seemed to me, and lighting the night with great billows of flame.

By mid-autumn we had cleared to the stumps a strip half down the valley from our door. Then we turned to on the land of our neighbors, my time counting half, for I was sturdy and could swing the ax to a line, and felt a joy in seeing the chips fly. But my father kept an eye on me, and held me back as with a leash.

My mother was often sorely tried for the lack of things common as dirt these better days. Frequently our only baking-powder was white lye, made by dropping ash-cinders into water. Our cinders were made by letting the sap of green timber drip into hot ashes. Often deer's tallow, bear's grease, or raccoon's oil served for shortening, and the leaves of the wild raspberry for tea. Our neighbors went to mill at Canton—a journey of five days, going and coming, with an ox team, and beset with many difficulties. Then one of them hollowed the top of a stump for his mortar and tied his pestle to the bough of a tree. With a rope he drew the bough down, which, as it sprang back, lifted the pestle that ground his grain.

But money was the rarest of all things in our neighborhood those days. Pearlsh, black-salts, West India pipe-staves and rafts of timber brought cash, but no other products of the early settler. Late that fall my mother gave a dance, a rude but hearty pleasure that followed a long conference in which my father had a part. They all agreed to turn to, after snowfall, on the river-land, cut a raft of timber, and send it to Montreal in the spring. Our things had come, including D'ri's fiddle, so that we had chairs and bedsteads and other accessories of life not common among our neighbors. My mother had a few jewels and some fine old furniture that her father had given her—really beautiful things, I have since come to know—and she showed them to those simple folk with a mighty pride in her eyes.

Business over, D'ri took down his fiddle, that hung on the wall, and made the strings roar as he tuned them. Then he threw his long right leg over the other, and, as he drew the bow,



"MY MOTHER GAVE ME ALL THE SCHOOLING I HAD THAT WINTER."

his big foot began to pat the floor a good pace away. His chin lifted, his fingers flew, his bow quickened, the notes seemed to whirl and scurry, light-footed as a rout of fairies. Meanwhile the toe of his right boot counted the increasing tempo until it came up and down like a ratchet.

Darius Olin was mostly of a slow and sober manner. To cross his legs and feel a fiddle seemed to throw his heart open and put him in full gear. Then his thoughts were quick, his eyes merry, his heart was a fountain of joy. He would lean forward, swaying his head, and shouting "Yip!" as the bow hurried. D'ri was a hard-working man, but the feel of the fiddle warmed and limbered him from toe to finger. He was over-modest, making light of his skill if he ever spoke of it, and had no ear for a compliment. While our elders were dancing I and others of my age were playing games in the kitchen—kissing-games with a rush and tumble in the pews-in-the-corner, hunt-the-squirrel, and the like. Even then I thought I was in love with pretty Rose Meriman. She would never let me kiss her, even though I had caught her and had the right.

My mother gave me all the schooling I had that winter. A year later they built a schoolhouse, not quite a mile away, where I found more fun than learning. After two years I shouldered my ax and went to the river-land with the choppers every winter morning.

My father was stronger than any of them except D'ri, who could drive his ax to the bit every blow, day after day. He had the strength of a giant, and no man I knew tried ever to cope with him. By the middle of May we began rolling in for the raft. As soon as they were floating, the logs were withed together and moored in sections. The bay became presently a quaking, redolent plain of timber.

When we started the raft, early in June, that summer of 1810, and worked it into the broad river with sweeps and poles, I was aboard with D'ri and six other men, bound for the big city of which I had heard so much. I was to visit the relatives of my mother and spend a year in the College de St. Pierre. We had a little frame house on a big platform, back of the middle section of the raft, with bunks in it, where we ate and slept and told stories. Lying on the platform there was a large flat stone that held our

fires for both cooking and comfort. D'ri called me in the dusk of the early morning, the first night out, and said we were near the Sault. I got up, rubbed my eyes, and felt a mighty thrill as I heard the roar of the great rapids and the creaking withes, and felt the lift of the speeding waters. D'ri said they had broken the raft into three parts, ours being hindmost. The roaring grew louder, until my shout was as a whisper in a hurricane. The logs began to heave and fall, and waves came rushing through them. Sheets of spray shot skyward, coming down like a shower. We were shaken as by an earthquake in the rough water. Then the raft fell back of us, and the raft grew steady.

"Gin us a tough twist," said D'ri, shouting down at me—"kind uv a twist o' the bit 'n' a kick 'n' the side."

It was coming daylight as we sailed into still water, and then D'ri put his hands to his mouth and hailed loudly, getting an answer out of the gloom ahead.

"Gol-dum of it hain't the power uv a thousan' painters!" D'ri continued, laughing as he spoke. "Never see nothin' jump 'n' kick 'n' spit like that air, 'less it hed fur on—never 'n' all my born days."

D'ri's sober face showed dimly now in the dawn. His hands were on his hips; his faded felt hat was tipped sideways. His boots and trousers were quarreling over that disputed territory between his knees and ankles. His boots had checked the invasion.

"Smooth water now," said he, thoughtfully. "Seems terribly still. Hain't a breath uv air stirrin'. Jerushy Jane Pepper! Wha' does that mean?"

He stepped aside quickly as some bits of bark and a small bough of hemlock fell at our feet. Then a shower of pine needles came slowly down, scattering over us and hitting the timber with a taint hiss. Before we could look up a dry stick as long as a log fell rattling on the platform.

"Never seen no sech doin's afore," said D'ri, looking upward. "Things don't seem t' me t' be actin' eggzactly nat'ral—but jest es I'd like t' see 'em."

As the light came clearer, we saw clouds heaped black and blue over the tree-tops in the southwest. We stood a moment looking. The clouds were heaping higher, pulsing with light, roaring with thunder. What seemed to be a flock of pigeons rose suddenly above the far forest, and then fell as if they had all been shot. A gust of wind coasted down the still ether, fluttering like a rag and shaking out a few drops of rain.

"Look there!" I shouted, pointing aloft.

"Hark!" said D'ri, sharply, raising his hand of three fingers.

We could hear a far sound like that of a great wagon rumbling on a stony road.

"The Almighty's whippin' his hosses," said D'ri. "Looks es ef he was plungin' 'em through the woods 'way yender. Look a' that air sky."

The cloud-masses were looming rapidly. They had a glow like that of copper.

"Tryin' to put a ruf on the world," my companion shouted. "Swingin' ther hammers hard on the rivets."

A little peak of green vapor showed above the sky-line. It loomed high as we looked. It grew into a lofty column, reeling far above the forest. Below it we could see a mighty heaving in the tree-tops. Something like an immense bird was kurling and pirouetting in the air above them. The tower of green looked now like a great flaring bucket hooped with fire and overflowing with darkness. Our ears were full of a mighty voice out of the heavens. A wind came roaring down some tideway of the air like water in a flume. It seemed to tap the sky. Before I could gather my thoughts we were in a torrent of rushing air, and the raft had begun to heave and toss. I felt D'ri take my hand in his. I could just see his face, for the morning had turned dark suddenly. His lips were moving, but I could hear nothing he said. Then he lay flat, pulling me down. Above and around all the noises that ever came to the ear of man—the beating of drums, the bellowing of cattle, the crash of falling trees, the shriek of women, the rattle of machinery, the roar of waters, the crack of rifles, the blowing of trumpets, the braying of asses, and sounds of the like of which I had never heard and pray God I may not hear again, one and then another dominating the mighty chorus. Behind us, in the gloom, I could see, or thought I could see, the reeling mass of green ploughing the water, like a ship with chains of gold flashing over bulwarks of fire. In a moment something happened of which I have never had any definite notion. I felt the strong arm of D'ri clasp me tightly. I heard the thump and roll and rattle of logs heaping above us; I felt the water washing over me; but I could see nothing. I knew the raft had doubled; it would fall and grind our bones; but I made no effort to save myself. And thinking how helpless I felt is the last I remember of the great windfall of June 3, 1810, the path of which may be seen now, 50 years after that memorable day, and I suppose it will be visible long after my bones have crumbled. I thought I had been sleeping when I came to; at least, I had dreamed. I was in some place where it was dark and still. I could hear nothing but the drip of water; I could feel the arm of D'ri about me, and I called to him, and then I felt him stir.

"Thet you, Ray?" said he, lifting his head.

"Yes," I answered. "Where are we?" "Judas Priest! I ain' no idee. Jes' woke up. Been a-layin' here tryin' t' think. Ye hurt?"

"Guess not," said I.

"Ain't ye got no pains or aches nowhere 'n' yer body?"

"Head aches a little," said I.

He rose to his elbow, and made a light with his flint and tinder, and looked at me.

"Got a goose-egg on yer forehead," said he, and then I saw there was blood on his face.

"Ef it hed n't been fer the withes they 'd 'a' ground us t' powder."

We were lying alongside the little house, and the logs were leaning to it above us.

"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" D'ri exclaimed, rising to his knees. "'S whut I call a twister."

He began to whittle a piece of the splintered platform. Then he lit a shaving.

"They 's ground here," said he, as he began to kindle a fire, "ground a-plenty right under us."

The firelight gave us a good look at our cave under the logs. It was about 10 feet long and probably as high. The logs had crashed through the side of the house in one or two places, and its roof was a wreck.

"Hungry?" said D'ri, as he broke a piece of board on his knee.

"Yes," I answered.

"So 'm I," said he, "hungrier 'n a she-wolf. They's some bread 'n' ven'son there 'n' the house; we better try t' git 'em."

An opening under the logs let me around the house corner to its door. I was able to work my way through the latter, although it was choked with heavy timbers. Inside I could hear the wash of the river, and through its shattered window on the farther wall I could see between the heaped logs a glow of sunlight. I handed our ax through a break in the wall, and then D'ri cut away some of the baseboards and joined me. We had our meal cooking in a few minutes—our dinner, really, for D'ri said it was near noon. Having eaten, we crawled out of the window, and then D'ri began to pry the logs apart.

"Ain't much 'traid o' their tumblin' on us," said he. "They 're withed so they 'll stick together."

We got to another cave under the logs, at the water's edge, after an hour of crawling and prying. A side of the raft was in the water.

"Got t' dive," said D'ri, "an' swim fer daylight."

A long swim it was, but we came up in clear water badly out of breath. We swam around the timber, scrambling over a dead cow, and up-shore. The ruined raft was torn and tumbled into a very mountain of logs at the edge of the water. The sun was shining clear, and the air was still. Limbs of trees, bits of torn cloth, a broken hay-rake, fragments of wool, a wagon-wheel, and two dead sheep were scattered along the shore. Where we had seen the whirlwind coming, the sky was clear, and beneath it was a great gap in the woods, with ragged walls of evergreen. Here and there in the gap a stub was standing, trunk and limbs naked.

"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" D'ri exclaimed, with a pause after each word. "It 's cut a swath wider 'n this river. Don't b'lieve a mouse could 'a' lived where the timber 's down over there."

Our sweepers and the other sections of the raft were nowhere in sight.

[To Be Continued.]

Where the Snob Made a Mistake.

"Abroad one meets a good many snobs among travelers," said a Philadelphia man who has just returned from Europe. "Here is an example: 'In England with a party of tourists, I visited a noted castle belonging to a well known peer. We were all strangers to the castle's noble owner, but there was one among us who didn't care to admit the fact. He was a fat, pompous man of about middle age and because none of us knew him he tried to impress us with his social importance. So he said to the house-keeper who was our guide: "'How's the Duke?" "'Very well, sir, thank you,' she replied. "'Is Lady Gertrude also well?" "'Very well, thank you.' "'And the Duchess?" continued the pompous fellow. "'The Duchess,' said the house-keeper, 'has been dead for 25 years.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Need for Haste.

In a Massachusetts seaport town many stories are still told of an eccentric old man who was a conspicuous figure in its streets 30 years ago.

Not many years before he died he married a young wife, who was a constant surprise to him. One day an old friend met him hurrying along the main street of the town, one arm held out stiffly in front of him and carrying a white paper parcel.

"Don't touch me and don't detain me!" he cried, as his friend approached.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked the other. "Anybody sick up at your house?"

"Nobody's sick," answered the old man, over his shoulder, "but I'm fetching home a new bunnet for my wife, and I want to get there before the styles change."—Youth's Companion.

Devouring the Bouquet.

A short time ago a traveler entered a restaurant in Dublin to partake of lunch. He took a seat at a table, and opposite him sat two young Irishmen. In the center of the table stood a nicely-arranged glass of celery, and at the end of his meal he helped himself freely to it, when he noticed one of the youths opposite looking at him very suspiciously, and overheard him whisper to his mate: "Look, Molke, he's after eating the flowers."—Tit-Bits.

An Extinguisher.

Gusher—She told me I was the light of her life. Flusher—Well, that was encouraging. "Yes, but her father happened along just 'hen and put the light out."—Washington Star.

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