



A PORTRAIT.

He's nothing much to look at when you see him here in town. His coat's not in the fashion—it's a butter-nutty brown; His trousers bag unseemly and they're ready-made; He doesn't wear a necktie, as all well-dressed people ought; His hair is somewhat jagged in the matter of its trim, And wild, barbaric whiskers are good enough for him. I know you would not think it; it is hard to understand, But back in Jimson county he's a power in the land.

To see him in the city almost any one would say That he, in common parlance, was a typical old jay. They'd jeer at his umbrella and his old wool, wide-brimmed hat; They'd have their fling at that. His speech would quite amuse them with its funny rural twang. They'd smile to see him "rubber," as they call it in their slang. The trouble is he's treading on an unfamiliar ground, But back in Jimson county, why, he makes them stand around.

Yes, 'way back there in Jimson you'd appreciate his rank; He owns the elevator, his judgment runs the bank. He's chairman of the county board, and when they celebrate The Fourth, or almost anything, his speech is simply great. A citizen of prominence, he's always in the lead. They don't laugh at his whiskers there in Jimson—no, indeed. He's not much in the city, where he looks a trifle green, But back in Jimson county he runs the whole machine. —Chicago Daily News.



CHAPTER III.

We left the logs and walked to Cornwall, and took a sloop down the river. It was an American boat, bound for Quebec with pipe-staves. It had put in at Cornwall when the storm began. The captain said that the other sections of our raft had passed safely. In the dusk of the early evening a British schooner brought us to.

"Wonder what that means?" said the skipper, straining his eyes in the dusk.

A small boat, with three officers, came alongside. They climbed aboard, one of them carrying a lantern. They were armed with swords and pistols. They scanned each of us carefully in the light of the lantern. It struck me as odd they should look so closely at our hands.

"Wha' d' ye want?" the skipper demanded.

"This man," said one of them, pointing to D'ri. "He's a British sailor. We arrest him."

He got no farther. D'ri's hand had gone out like the paw of a painter and sent him across the cockpit. Before I knew what was up, I saw the lank body of D'ri leaping backward into the river. I heard a splash and a stroke of his long arms, and then all was still. I knew he was swimming under water to get away. The officers made for their boat. My blood was up, and I sprang at the last of them, giving him a hard shove as he was climbing over, so that he fell on the boat, upsetting it. They had business enough then for a little, and began hailing for help. I knew I had done a foolish thing, and ran forward, climbing out upon the bowsprit, and off with my coat and vest, and dived into the dark water. I swam under as long as I could hold my breath, and then came up quietly, turning on my back in the quick current, and floating so my face only was above water. It had grown dark, and I could see nothing but the glimmer of the stars above me. My boots were heavy and dragged hard. I was going fast with the swift water, for at first I had heard a great hubbub on the schooner; but now its voices had grown faint. Other sounds were filling my ear.

After dark it is wondrous business to be swimming in strange water—the throne of mystery, of a thousand terrors. It is as if one's grave, full of the blackness of the undiscovered country, were pursuing him and ever yawning beneath his body. And that big river is the very tiger of waters, now stealing on pussy-footed, now rushing with cat-like swiftness, hissing and striking with currents that have in them mighty sines. I was now companion of those cold-mouthed monsters of the river bottom, many of which I had seen. What if one should lay hold on me and drag me under? Then I thought of the rapids that might smother me with their spray or dash me to hidden rocks. Often I lifted my ears, marvelling at the many voices of the river. Sometimes I thought I heard a roaring like that of the Sault, but it was only a ripple growing into fleecy waves that rocked me as in a cradle. The many sounds were above, below, and beside me, some weird and hollow and unearthly. I could hear the rocks rolling over in their sleep on the bottom, and when the water was still, a sound like the croppings of lily-pads away off on the river margin. The howling of a cow terrified me as it boomed over the sounding sheet of water. The river rang like a mighty drum when a peal of

far thunder beat upon it. I put out my hands to take a stroke or two as I lay on my back, and felt something floating in the water. The feel of it filled me with horror. I swam faster; it was at my heels. I knew full well what my hand had touched—a human head floating face downward: I could feel the hair in my fingers. I turned and swam hard, but it still followed me. My knees hit upon it, and then my feet. Again and again I could feel it when I kicked. Its hand seemed to be clutching my trousers. I thought I should never get clear of the ghastly thing. I remember wondering if it were the body of poor D'ri. I turned aside swimming another way, and then I felt it no more.

In the dead of the night I heard suddenly a kind of throbbing in the breast of the river. It grew to a noisy heart-beat as I listened. Again and again I heard it, striking, plashing, light a footfall, and coming nearer. Somehow I got the notion of a giant, like those of whom my mother had told me long ago, striding in the deep river. I could hear his boots dripping as he lifted them. I got an odd fear that he would step on me. Then I heard music and lifted my ears above water. It was a voice singing in the distance—it must have been a mile off—and what I had taken for a near footfall shrank away. I knew now that it was the beat of oars in some far bay.

A long time after I ceased to hear it, something touched my shoulder and put me in a panic. Turning over, I got a big mouthful of water. Then I saw it was a gang of logs passing me, and quickly caught one. Now, to me the top side of a log was as easy and familiar as a rocking chair. In a moment I was sitting comfortably on my captive. A bit of rubbish, like that the wind had sown, trailed after the gang of logs. I felt it over, finding a straw hat and a piece of board some three feet long, with which latter I paddled vigorously.

It must have been long past midnight when I came to an island looming in the dark ahead. I sculled for it, stranding on a rocky beach, and alighted, hauling the log ashore. The moon came out as I stood wringing my trousers legs. I saw the island rose high and narrow and was thickly wooded. I remember saying something to myself, when I heard a quick stir in the bushes near me. Looking up, I saw a tall figure. Then came a familiar voice:—

"That you, Ray? Judas Priest!" I was filled with joy at the sight of D'ri, and put my arms about him



I PADDLED VIGOROUSLY.

and lifted him off his feet, and, faith! I know my eyes were as wet as my trousers. Then, as we sat down, I told him how I had taken to the river. "Lucky ye done it!" said he. "Jerushy Jane! It is terrible lucky! They'd a' tuk ye sartin. Somebody see that jack on the back o' my hand, there 'n Cornwall, 'n put 'em after me. But I was bound 'n' determined they'd never tek me alive, never! Ef I ever dew any fightin', 't ain't a-goin' t' be fer England, nut by a side o' sole-leather. I med up my mind I'd begin the war right then an' there."

"That fellow never knew what hit him," I remarked. "He did n't get up for half a minute."

"Must 'a' swatted 'im powerful," said D'ri, as he felt his knuckles. "Gol-dum ther picturs! Go 'n' try t' yank a man right off a boat like that air when they hain' no right t' tech 'im. Ef I 'd 'a' hed Ol' Beeswax, some on 'em 'd 'a' got hurt."

"How did you get here?" I inquired. "Swum," said he. "Could n't go nowhere else. Current fetched me here. Splits at the head o' the island—boun'ter land ye right here. Got t' be movin' in. They'll be efter us, mebbe—s the fust place they'd look."

A few logs were stranded on the stony point of the island. We waded three others to mine, setting sail with two bits of driftwood for paddles. We pulled for the south shore, but the current carried us rapidly down-river. In a bay some two miles below we found, to our joy, the two sections of the big raft undergoing repairs. At daybreak D'ri put off in the woods for home.

"Don't like the idee o' goin' int' the British navy," said he. "D' ruther chop wood 'n' ketch bears over 'n' St. Lawrence county. Good-by, Ray! Tek care o' yerself."

Those were the last words he said to me, and soon I was on the raft again, floating toward the great city of my dreams. I had a mighty fear the schooner would overhaul us, but saw nothing more of her. I got new clothes in Montreal, presenting myself in good repair. They gave me hearty welcome, those good friends of my mother, and I spent a full year in the college, although, to be frank, I was near being

sent home more than once for fighting and other devilry.

It was midsummer when I came back again. I traveled up the river road, past our island refuge of that dark night; past the sweeping, low-voiced currents that bore me up; past the scene of our wreck in the whirlwind; past the great gap in the woods, to stand open, God knows how long. I was glad to turn my face to the south shore, for in Canada there was now a cold welcome for most Yankees, and my fists were sore with resenting the bitter taunt. I crossed in a boat from Iroquois, and D'ri had been waiting for me half a day at the landing. I was never so glad to see a man—never but once. Walking home I saw corn growing where the forest had been—acres of it.

"D'ri," said I, in amazement, "how did you ever do it? There's ten years' work here."

"God helped us," said he, soberly. "The trees went over 'n' the windfall—slammed 'em down luk tenpins for a mild er more—an' we jes' burnt up the rubbish."

CHAPTER IV.

April was near its end. The hills were turning green, albeit we could see, here and there on the high ledge above us, little patches of snow—the fading footprints of winter. Day and night we could hear the wings of the wild fowl roaring in the upper air as they flew northward. Summer was coming—the summer of 1812—and the war with the British. The president had called for a hundred thousand volunteers to go into training for battle. He had also proclaimed there would be no more whipping in the ranks. Then my father told me that, since I could have no peace at home, I should be off to the war and done with it.

We were working near the road that day. Thurst Miles came galloping out of the woods, waving his cap at us. We ran to meet him—my father and I and the children. He pulled up a moment, his horse lathered to the ears.

"Injuns," he shouted. "Git out o' here quick 'n' mek fer the Corners! Ye'll be all massacred ef ye don't."

Then he whacked the wet flank of his horse with a worn beech bough, and off he went. We ran to the house in a great panic. I shall never forget the crying of the children. Indians had long been the favorite bugbear of the border country. Many a winter's evening we had sat in the firelight, fear-faced, as my father told of the slaughter in Cherry Valley; and, with the certainty of war, we all looked for the red hordes of Canada to come, in paint and feathers.

"Ray," my father called to me, as he ran, "ketch the cow quick an' bring 'er long."

I caught her by the horn and brought her to the door quickly. Mother was throwing some clothes in a big bundle. Father met me with a feather bed in his arms. He threw it over the back of the cow and bound it on with a bed-cord. That done, he gave me the leading-rope to tie about her horns. The hoofs of the flying horse were hardly out of hearing when we were all in the road. My mother carried the baby, and my father his sword and rifle and one of the little ones. I took the three older children and set them on the feather bed that was bound to the back of the cow. They clung to the bed-cord, their hair flying, as the old cow ran to keep up with us, for at first we were all running. In a moment we could hear the voices of people coming behind. One of the women was weeping loudly as she ran. At the first cross-road we saw Arv Law and his family coming, in as great a hurry as we. Arv had a great pike-pole in his hand. Its upper end rose 20 feet above his head.

"What ye goin' t' dew with that?" my father asked him.

"Goin' t' run it through the fust Injun I see," said he. "I've broke the back of my gun."

There was a crowd at Jerusalem Four Corners when we got there. Every moment some family was arriving in a panic—the men, like my father, with guns and babies and baskets. The women, with the young, took refuge at once in the tavern, while the men surrounded it. Inside the line were youths, some oddly armed with slings or clubs or cross-guns. I had only the sword my father gave me and a mighty longing to use it. Arv Law rested an end of his pike-pole and stood looking anxiously for "red devils" among the stumps of the farther clearing. An odd flint-lock, on the shoulder of a man beside him, had a barrel half as long as the pole. David Church was equipped with ax and gun, that stood at rest on either side of him.

Evening came, and no sign of Indians. While it was growing dusk I borrowed a pail of the innkeeper and milked the cow, and brought the pail, heaped with froth, to my mother, who passed brimming cups of milk among the children. As night fell, we boys, more daring than our fathers, crept to the edge of the timber and set the big brush-heaps afire, and scurried back with the fear of redmen at our heels. The men were now sitting in easy attitudes and had begun to talk.

"Don't b'lieve there's no Injuns comin'," said Bill Foster. "Ef they was they'd come."

"Cordin' t' my observation," said Arv Law, looking up at the sky, "Injuns nos' gen'ally comes when they git ready."

"An' t' ain't when yer ready t' hev 'em, nuther," said Lon Buttersfield. "B'lieve they come up 'n' peeked out o' the bushes 'n' see Arv with that air pike-pole, 'n' med up their minds they hedn't better run up agin' it," said Bill Foster. "Scairt 'em—their whut's th' matter."

"Man 'et meks light o' this pole oughter hev t' carry it," said Arv, as

he sat impassively resting it upon his knee.

"One thin' 's sure," said Foster; "ef Arv sh'd cuff an Injun with that air he'll squish 'im."

"Squish 'im!" said Arv, with a look of disgust. "'Tain't med t' squish with. I cal'late t' p'int it at 'em 'n' jab."

And so, as the evening wore away and sleep hushed the timid, a better feeling came over us. I sat by Rose Merriman on the steps, and we had no thought of Indians. I was looking into her big hazel eyes, shining in the firelight, and thinking how beautiful she was. And she, too, was looking into my eyes, while we whispered together, and the sly mix read my thoughts, I know, by the look of her.

Great flames were now leaping high as the timber-tops at the edge of the clearing. A dead spruce caught fire as we were looking. The flames threw over it a lacy, shimmering, crackling net of gold. Then suddenly it burst into a red, leaping tower. A few moments, and the cavern of the woods, along the timber side, was choked with fire. The little hamlet had become a spring of light in the darkness. We could see the stumps and houses far afire, as if it had been noonday. Suddenly we all jumped to our feet. A wild yell came echoing through the woods.

"There they be!" said Asher Eastman, as he cocked his gun. "I tol' ye so."

As a matter of fact, he had told us nothing of the kind. He was the one man who had said nothing.

Arv Law stood erect, his pike-pole poised in both hands, and we were all ready for action. We could hear the rattle of many hoofs on the road. As soon as the column showed in the firelight, Bill Foster up with his musket and pulled the trigger. I could hear the shot scatter on stump and stone. Every man had his gun to his eye.

"Wait till they come nearer," said Asher Eastman.

The Indians had halted. Far behind them we could hear the wild hallooing of many voices. In a moment we could see those on horseback galloping off in the direction whence they had come. Back in the house a number of the women were praying. My mother came out, her face whiter than I had ever seen it before and walked to my father and kissed him without ever saying a word. Then she went back into the house.

"Scairt?" I inquired, turning to Rose, who now stood beside me.

"I should think I was," she whispered. "I'm all of a tremble."

"If anything happens, I'd like something to remember you by."

"What?" she whispered.

I looked at her beautiful red lips. She had never let me kiss them.

"A kiss, if nothing more," I answered. She gave me a kiss then that told me something of what was in her heart, and went away into the house.

"Goin' t' surround us," said Arv Law—"that's whut's th' matter."

"Mus' be ready t' rassle 'em any minute," said Asher Eastman, as he sidled over to a little group.

A young man came out of the house and took his place in line with a big squirt-gun and a pail of steaming-hot water.

[To Be Continued.]

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

He Not Only Carries It at the Office, but Must Lug It Around at Home.

He had won his Ethel after a protracted courtship, and now, although he was filled with a sense of delighted security, he thought it wise to ask one or two questions, relates an exchange.

"I am sure you are not the sort of girl who would tell of domestic troubles before a man had eaten his dinner," he said, with confidence, but a rising inflection.

"No, indeed," said Ethel.

"And when I seem a little ruffled or worried you'd be the very one to say soothing things. Now, wouldn't you?" proceeded Henry.

"Certainly, I should," said Ethel, "and you'd like to do it, too, I know."

"Do what?" asked Henry, with a sudden fall to earth.

"The soothing and comforting, and putting me in good humor when the cook had been called to her aunt's funeral for the third time, and your business friends were coming to dinner," said Ethel, gently.

"Ye-es, of course I should try to," faltered Henry.

"And when you'd been bored at the office with your cousins from the country you'd never speak of it till dinner was all over, would you, dear Henry?" said the trusting Ethel. "I know the sort of man you are, who wants to carry his share of the burdens, don't I?"

"I—I hope you do," said Henry, in a disheartened tone. "Let us speak of the new magazines, Ethel, and why not go out on the piazza, where it is cooler?"

His Disgranted View.
"Oh!" exclaimed gushing Miss Flatterer. "I'm told that the Chinese buy their wives! That's a horrible system, isn't it?"

"Should say so," growled Uncle Goshall Hemlock. "It's had enough to have trubbel shoved onto ye, without havin' t' pay out good money fer it."—Philadelphia Press.

What He Said.
Tess—Yes, he was an old field of mine. Did you tell him I was engaged to Jack Hanson?

Jess—O, yes!
"I suppose he wondered how soon I would be married to him."
"No; not 'how soon,' but 'how long.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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