

A TWILIGHT VOYAGE.

The shadows have fallen across the green grass, The bright gold has died from the

The birdies and flowers, the babies and

bees,
Are thinking of going to rest.
Then come, my sweet darling, lie close
in my arms,
And away into dreamland we'll float,
O'er the soft rippling wavelets of Drowsy-

eye sea, In the wonderful Rockaby boat.

Dear mother is helmsman; the Rockaby

boat as set silver sails for the west, there in the distance the lights of Cribland

re wooing the baby to rest.
drowsily float 'neath the shimmer-

ing glance a fairy moon's radiant beams, lo! we are near to our first stop-

ping place, At the beautiful island of Dreams.

What a wonderful place is this island of

With its millions of dollies and toys; Its butter-scotch houses and sugar-plum The delight of all wee girls and boys!

hushaby darling, close fast your blue eyes, And away to the dream isle we'll roam; D'er the velvety turf with the fairies to

play, Until daylight shall bid us come home Mabel E. Pike in Thresher World.



yright, 1901, by Lothrop Publishing Company.)

CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

The night were on; our fires burned low. As the approaching day began to light the clearing, we heard a sound that brought us all to our feet. A burst of bugle notes went chasing over the timber-land to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." We looked at one another in surprise. Then came a another in surprise. Then came a thunder of hoofs in the distance, the ragged outline of a troop of cavalry. "Soldiers!" said Arv, as he raised his

'The British?" somebody asked. "Dunno," said he. "Ain, no Injuns, I don't b'lieve."

A troop of cavalry was approaching at a gallop. They pulled up a few rods away and jammed into a crescent of rearing, trampling horses. We could see they were American soldiers. We

all lowered our guns.
"Who are you?" one of them shout-

'Citizens," my father answered. "Why are you armed?"
"To fight Injuns."

A chorus of laughter came from

the cavalry. They loosed rein, letting their horses

'My dear man," said one of them,

a big shako on his head, "there ain't an Indian 'tween here an' St. Regis. We thought you were British, an' it 's Iucky we didn't charge in the dark; we 'd have cut you all to pieces before we knew who you were.

A body of infantry was marching down the pike. They were the volun-teers of Capt. Darius Hawkins, on their way to Ogdensburg, with an escort of cavalry from Sackett's Harbor The scare was over. Women came out, laughing and chattering. In a few moments they were all in the road, go-

ing home-men, women, and children. I enlisted with Capt. Hawkins, and hurried to the house and packed my things, and bade them all good-by.

I followed the camp and took my place in the ranks at Ogdensburg. We went immediately to the barracks—a structure long and low and weather-stained, overlooking the St. Lawrence. There was a fine level field in front of it, and a flag waving at the top of a need rest. high staff. The men cheered lustily that afternoon as they passed it, where stood Gen. Jacob Brown, his cocked hat in his hand—a splendid figure of a man. My delight in the life of a soldier began that hour, and has never left me.

There was a lot of horse-play that night, in which some of the green boys were roughly handled. They told me, I remember, that all new recruits had to fight a duel; but when they gave me the choice of weapons I was well con-I had the sure eye of my father, leg was bleeding and sore. and the last time I had fenced with thim, there at home, he said my arm was stronger and quicker than his had ever been. Indeed, I was no sooner tall enough to swing a sword than he began teaching me how to use it. the wood back of the barracks that air man they call D'ri. He 's roped in everybody thet come his way. They 're all settin' on the hill up there who stood before me saw his sword go flying in the gloom the second go flying in the gloom the second go. go flying in the gloom the second thrust he made at me, and ran for his life, amid roars of laughter. I had no

lack of friends after that day. It was a year of surprises in the It was a year of surprises in the northern army, and D'ri was the greatest of all. That long, wiry, soberfaced Yankee conquered the smartness of the new camp in one decisive and of the new camp in one decision

after he came they put him on guard duty—a greenhorn, with no knowledge of any orders but gee and haw. They told him he should allow nobody to pass him while on duty, but omitted to mention the countersign. They instructed him in the serious nature of his task, adding that his failure to comply with orders would incur the penalty of death. D'ri looked very sober as he listened. No man ever felt a keener sense of responsibility. They intended, I think, to cross the lines and take his gun away and have fun with him, but the countersign would have interfered with their plans.

D'ri went to his post a little after sundown. The guard was posted. The sergeant, with his party of six, started back to the guard-house, but they never got there. They went as far as D'ri. He stood with his gun raised.

"Come another step," said he, "an'
I'll let the moonlight through ye." They knew he meant it, and they

stood still. "Come for'ard-one et a time," said

D'ri "Drop yer guns 'n' set down. Ye look tired." They did as he commanded, for they

could see he meant business, and they knew he had the right to kill.

Another man came along shortly. "Halt! Who comes there?" D'ri de-

"Friend with the countersign," he

'Can't fool me," said D'ri. "Come up here 'n' set down 'n' mek yerself t' Drop yer gun fust. Drop it, er I 'll drop you."

He dropped his gun promptly and accepted the invitation to sit down. This last man had some arguments to offer, but D'ri stood sternly and made

no reply.

At 11 o'clock Capt. Hawkins sent out inquiries for the sergeant of the guard and his relief. He could find nobody who had seen them since dark. A corporal was also missing. The captain sent a man to look for them. He got as far as D'ri and sat down. waited for him in vain. The captain stood looking into the darkness and



COME ANOTHER STEP AN' I'LL LET THE MOONLIGHT THROUGH YE.

wondering about his men. He conferred with Adjutant Church. Then he set out with two men to go the rounds They got as far as D'ri.

"Halt! Who comes there?" he demanded.

"Grand rounds," was the answer of "Lay down yer arms," said D'ri, "an

come up here 'n' set down.
"Have n't time," said the captain,

failing at first to grasp the situation "You tek time, er I 'll put a hole 'n yer jacket," said D'ri.

One of the privates turned quickly and ran. D'ri sent a shot after him, that only grazed a leg, and he kept on Then D'ri gave all attention to his new prisoners. They could see no amusement in dodging bullets; they threw their arms on the side-hill and sat down with the others.

The captain swore as he submitted.
"Don't rile yerself," said D'ri, "you

"No, I don't, nuther," said the captain. "Ye 'll hev t' hev it, anyway," said

D'ri. "This beats h-!" the captain answered, with a laugh.

A feeling of alarm began to spread. The adjutant was standing in a group of men at headquarters soon after midnight. They were ears under in the mystery. The escaped soldier came running toward them out of the dark. He was breathing heavily; his

"Wall, what is it?" the adjutant de-

manded.
"D'ri!" the man gasped, and dropped

down exhausted.

"D'ri?" the officer inquired.
"D'ri!" the man repeated. "It 's thet

The adjutant snikered as he spat an oath. He was made of iron, that man Church.

"Halt! Who comes there?" D'ri demanded.

"Friend with-" "Don't ye purten' t' be my friend," D'ri answered. "'T won't work. Come up here 'n' set down."

"Stop foolin' man," said the adjut-

"I ain't a-foolin'." "He ain't a-foolin'; he means busi-

"He ain't a-foolin'; he means business," said one of the prisoners.
"Don't ye tamper with me. I 'll teach you—" the adjutant threatened.
"Ain't a-goin t' tamper with ye a minute," said D'ri. "If ye don't set down here quick, I 'll put a hole in ye."

"Lunatic! wha' d' ye mean?"

"I mean t' turn ye out t' grass a leetle while," D'ri answered soberly, 'Ye look tired." The officer made at him, but in a

flash D'ri had knocked him down with his musket. The adjutant rose and, with an oath, joined the others.

Dunno but he 'll tek the hull garrison 'fore sunrise," he muttered. "Let 'em come—might es well hev comp'ny.

A little before daylight a man sick in the hospital explained the situation. He had given D'ri his orders. They brought him out on a stretcher. The orders were rescinded, the pris-

oners released. Capt. Hawkins, hot to his toes with anger, took D'ri to headquarters. Gen. Brown laughed heartil' when he heard the facts and told D'ri he was made of the right kind stuff

"These greenhorns are not play with," he said. "They some guns-loaded when you do cexpect it. We 've had enough skylarking.

And when the sick man came out of hospital he went to the guard-house After we had shown our mettle the general always had a good word for D'ri and me, and he put us to the front in every difficult enterprise.

CHAPTER VI.

We had been four months in Ogdersburg, waiting vainly for some provo-cation to fight. Our own drilling was the only sign of war we could see on either side of the river. At first many moved out of the village, but the mill was kept running, and after a little while they began to come back. The farms on each side of the river looked as peaceful as they ever looked. The command had grown rapidly. Thurst Miles of my own neighborhood had come to enlist shortly after D'ri and I enlisted, and was now in my company

In September, Gen. Brown was ordered to the western frontier, and Capt. Forsyth came to command us. Early in the morning of October 2, man came galloping up the shore with a warning, saying that the river was black with boats a little way down. Some of us climbed to the barracks roof, from which we could see and count them. There were 40, with two gunboats. Cannonading began before he town was fairly awake. First a big ball went over the house-tops, hitting a cupola on a church roof and sending bell and timbers with a crash into somebody's dooryard. Then all over the village hens began to cackle and children to wail. People came running out of doors half dressed. A woman, gathering chips in her dooryard, dropped them, lifted her dress above her head, and ran for the house. Unable to see her way, she went around in a wide circle for a minute or two, while the soldiers were laughing. Another ball hit a big water-tank on top of the lead works. It hurled broken staves and a big slop of water upon the house-tops, and rolled a great iron hoop over roofs into the street beow, where it rolled on, chasing a group of men, who ran for their lives before it. The attack was an odd sort of a comedy all through, for nobody was urt, and all were frightened save those of us who were amused. Our cannon gave quick reply, and soon the British stopped firing and drew near. We knew that they would try to force a landing, and were ready for them. We drove them back, when they put off, and that was the end of it.

Next came the fight on the ice in February—a thing not heighly creditable to us, albeit we were then but a handful and they were many. But D'ri and I had no cause for shame of our part in it. We wallowed to our waists in the snow, and it was red enough in front of us. But the others gave way there on the edge of the river, and we had to follow. We knew when it was time to run; we were never in the rear rank even then. We made off with the others, although a ple, and the blood had frozen on me and I was a sight to scare a troop Everybody ran that day, and the British took the village, holding it only 24 hours. For our part in it D'ri got the rank of a corporal and I was raised from lieutenant to captain. We made

Seth Alexander and a half dozen others—down the river to the scene of our first fighting at Ogdensburg, camp "Post a guard around him," said ing well back in the woods. It was the

immortal victory. At first they were disposed to poke fun at him.

"Looks a little tired," said the sergeant of the guard.

"Needs rest—that's what 's matter.

"Needs rest—that's what 's matter.

"Or him," said the captain.

"Orter be turned out t' grass a leetle while," the adjutant suggested.

The compliments he failed to hear soon came to him indirectly, and had much to put up with. He kept his temper and smoked thoughtfully, and took it all in good part. The night

"What ye setin' there fer?" he shouted.

"I go n' try to pull him off his perch."

"He 'll lay ye up," said the returned private, baring his bloody leg. "Eff ye try t' fool with him ye 'll limp. See what he done t' me."

"He 'll lay ye up," said the returned private, baring his bloody leg. "Eff ye try t' fool with him ye 'll limp. See what he done t' me."

The adjutant swore again.

"Go t' the hospital," he commanded.

Then he strode away, but he did not not return that night.

The moon was shining as the adjutant and tact. I wish you to start immediately, go along the river to Morristown, then cut over into the Black river country and deliver this houted.

"You 'll know 'n a minute," said one | the Chateau Le Ray, in Leraysville. If a report to me at once. I shall be here three days. Take Alexander, Olin, and Miles with you; they are all good men. When your letter is delivered, repat the harbor as soon as possible.

I was on the road with my party in half an hour. We were all good horsemen. D'ri knew the shortest way out of the woods in any part of the north country. Thurst had traveled the forest from Albany to Sackett's harbor, and was the best hunter that ever trod a trail in my time. The night was dark, but we rode at a gallop until we had left the town far behind us. were at Morristown before midnight. pounding on the door of the Red Tavern. The landlord stuck his head out of an upper window peering down at us by the light of a candle.

"Everything quiet;" I asked.
"Everything quiet;" said he.
"Crossed the river yesterday. Folks go back 'n' forth 'bout the same way as ever. Wife 's in Elizabethtown now, visiting."

We asked about the west roads and went on our way. Long before daylight we were climbing the steep road at Rossie to the inn of the Traveller's Rest—a tavern famous in its time, that stood half up the hill, with a store, a smithy, and a few houses grouped about it. We came up at a silent walk on a road cushioned with sawdust. rapped on the door until I thought he had roused the whole village. At last a man came to the upper window. He, too, inspected us with a candle. Then he opened the door and gave us a hearty welcome. We put up our horses for a bite, and came into the

"Anything new?" I inquired. "They say the British are camped this side of the river, north of us," said he, "with a big tribe of Injuns. Some of their cavalry came within three miles of us to-day. Everybody scairt t' death."

He began to set out a row of glasses.

"What 'll ye hev?" he inquired.
"Guess I 'll tip a little blue ruin int'

me," said D'ri, with a shiver; "'s a col' night." Seth and I called for the same.

"An' you?" said the landlord, turning to Thurst. "Wal," said the latter, as he stroked his thin beard, "when I tuk the pledge I swore et I hoped t' drop dead 'fore I see myself tek another drink. jest goin' t' shet my eyes 'n' hold out my glass. I don' care what ye gi' me

long es it 's somethin' powerful."

[To Be Continued.]

RESULT OF A PIN-PRICK. Through It Information Was Obtained Which Led to a Great Naval Victory.

Nelson gained his great victory of the Nile through a pin prick. It came about in this way, says Stray Stories. Sir John Acton, then commander-inchief of the land and sea forces of Naples, happened to be in his wife's dressing-room at the moment she was preparing for dinner.

Lady Acton's French maid was also in the room, and was so startled at receiving a letter from her brother, a sailor in the French navy, whom she believed to be dead, that she ran a pin into her mistress' flesh. Apologizing for her carelessness, the maid stated the cause of her sur-

prise. With carefully suppressed eagerness Sir John offered to read the letter while the maid continued her duties. The maid gladly consented. Having read the letter, the com-mander-in-chief left the house in search of Lord Nelson, who had in vain been seeking the French fleet.

He found him and imparted to him the contents of the letter. It gave all the information the admiral had so long endeavored to ob-

tain. Setting sail immediately, Nelson came up with the French, and the victory of the Nile was the result.

"Puddlin' Business."

Kemble, the artist, while sketching in the mountains of Georgia recently, model. The native, when asked what his hour's work was worth, told Kemble that he thought a dime would be about right. The artist showed him the sketches, and asked him what he the sketches, and asked him what he thought of them. "Wall," was the drawling reply, "seems to me it's mighty puddlin' business for a man to be in. but you must be makin' suthin' out of it or you couldn't afford to throw away money like this fer jest gettin' a man to stand around doin nothin'."—Argonaut.

Certainly Not.

It was night. They—he and she—were sitting on the porch, looking at the stars.

"You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege

s when he sees a shooting star?"
"No," she answered. "I haven't the slightest idea. 'There goes one!"-Chicago Tribune

Couldn't Afford to Refuse Wife—But perhaps he will refuse to

grant the favor.

Husband—Oh, no, he won't. He's under obligations to me.

"How's that?"

"I owe him money."—Chicago Daily News.

Good Iden. Little Elmer-Isn't the emperor of Russia called the czar, papa?

Papa—Yes, my boy.
"Then I s'pose his kids are czarain't they, papa?"-Chicago

The Result. "I wonder what makes Spitsleigh so baldheaded!"

"His wife says he had such a hot letter to the Comte de Chaumont, at roots."-Detroit Free Press.

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