CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905.



THE OLD PIANO.

The old piano, with its yellowed keys, And sagging strings all flecked with mottled rust, Its squat legs carved into grotesqueries, Its lid with scratches hidden by the dust-

dust-It stands to-day there in the unused room Where all discarded things are idly

flung; With the once cherished things it shares

its tomb-But, ah, the strains it made when it was

The old "Song Album," dusty, too, and Lies sprawled all carelessly upon the

With leaves half opened at the pages

Old favorites to which we once turned back,

Old songs, the simple songs that held the heart By reason of their melody and truth;

hey coax anew the memories that start From out that fountain head of dreams our youth.

Sometimes she goes, with gentle, noise-less tread Into that room, and looks with sad-dened eyes Upon the "album" with its leaves out-

Upon the "album" with its leaves out-spread Blent into all the dust wherein it lies; And then, as quantity as they did of old, Her fingers touch caressingly the keys And fain would lure from time's relent-less hold The days that died with all these mel-odies.

Then, sifting through the discords that The e jangling sounds that mock the cherished tune-

There fall soft chords that float out whis-perwise

And quaver into silence, like a croon. And then she lifts her hands, and turns to go, But stays, a half-voiced word of love to

As though the old piano well must know The dreams that bring old roses to her

-W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.



CHAPTER XIII,-CONTINUED. Some seconds of brief silence followed. I could hear them slowly dripping out of eternity in the tick of a watch near me. I felt the stare of many eyes invisible to me. A broad beam of bright light shot through the gloom, resting full upon my face. started back upon the strong hands behind me. Then I felt my muscles tighten as I began to measure the fall and to wonder if I could clear the bayonets. I had no doubt I was to die shortly, and it mattered not to me how, bound as I was, so that it came soon. For a breath of silence my soul went up to the feet of God for help and hope. Then I bent my knees and leaped. I saw much as my body went rushing through the air— an empty grave, its heap of earth be-side it, an island of light, walled with candles, in a sea of gloom, faces showing dimly in the edge of the darkness. "Thank God' I shall clear the bayonets," I thought, and struck heavily on a soft mat, covered over with green turf, a little beyond that bristling bed. staggered backward, falling upon it. To my surprise, it bent beneath me. They were no bayonets, but only shells of painted paper. I got to my feet none the worse for jumping, and as dumfounded as ever a man could be. I stood on a lot of broken turf with which a wide floor had been overlaid. Boards and timbers were cut away, and the grave dug beneath them. I saw one face among others in the gloom beyond the candle rows-that of lordship. He was coming up a little flight of stairs to where I stood. He moved the candles, making a small

soldier, you have even resorted to the slanted luk Tup's hill, Hung on minute. Lot on 'em clim' over the to have any mercy or fairness for a foe. We shall give you better treatment. You shall not be killed like a for your life. Had you halted, had you been a coward, you would not have been worthy to fight in this arena. You would not have come where you are standing, and possibly even now your grave would have been filled. If you survive the ordeal that is to come, I hope it will prove an example to you of the honor that is due to bravery,

of the fairness due a foe." Many voices spoke the word "Amen"

as he stopped, turning to beckon in-to the gloom about us. I was now quite over my confusion. I began to look about me and get my bearings. I could hear a stir in the crowd beyond the lights, and a murmur of voices. flecting lanterns from many pillars near by shot their rays upon me. I stood on a platform, some 30 feet square, in the middle of a large room, Its floor was on a level with the faces of the many who stood pressing to the row of lights. Here, I took it, I

was to fight for my life. I was looking at the yawning grave in the corner of this arena, when four men ascended with swords and pistols. One of them removed the shackles, letting my hands free. I thanked him as he tossed them aside. I was thinking of D'ri, and, shading my eyes, looked off in the gloom to see if I could discover him. I called his name, but heard no His lordship came over answer. me, bringing a new sword. He held the glittering blade before me, its hilt in his right hand, its point resting on

the fingers of his left. "It's good," said he, quietly; "try

It was a beautiful weapon, its guard and pommel and quillons sparkling with wrought-silver, its grip of yellow leather laced with blue silk. The glow and the feel of it filled me with a joy I had not known since my father gave me the sword of my childhood. It drove the despair out of me, and l as a new man.

"Well, how do you find it?" said he mpatiently.

"I am satisfied," was my reply. He helped me take off my blouse and vaistcoat, and then I rolled my sleeves to the elbow. The hum of voices had grown louder. I could hear men offering to bet and others bantering for odds

"We 'll know soon," said a voice near whether he could have killed

Ronley in a fair fight." I turned to look at those few in the arena. There were half a dozen of them now, surrounding my adversary, a man taller than the rest, with a heavy neck and brawny arms and shoulders. He had come out of the crowd unobserved by me. He also was stripped to the shirt, and had rolled up his sleeves, and was trying the deal. He had a red brittling my the steel. He had a red, bristling mustache and overhanging brows and a vulgar face-not that of a man who settles his guarrel with the sword. I judged a club or a dagger would have been better suited to his genius. But among fighters, it is easy to be fooled by a face. In a moment the others had gone save his lordship and that portly bald-headed man I had heard him re-buke as "Sir Charles." My adversary met me at the center of the arena, where we shook hands. I could see, or thought I could, that he was entering upon a business new to him, for there was in his manner an indication of unteady nerves. "Gentlemen, are you ready?" said

his lordship.

But there are reasons why the story of what came after should be none of my telling. I leave it to other and better eyes that were not looking between flashes of steel, as mine were. And then one has never a fair view of his fights.

CHAPTER XIV.

This is the story of Corporal Darius Olin, touching his adventure in the Temple of the Avengers, at some un-known place in upper Canada, on the inght of Angust 12, 1813, and particu-uarly the ordeals of the sword, the Temple of the sword, the inght of angust 12, 1813, and particu-there a volunteer? "Ray he runs up 'n' says suthin' "Ray he runs up 'n' says suthin'

barbarity of the poison-wasp. Par-awhite, cipherin' es hard es I knew don me, but you Yankees do not seem how. Hearn suthin' go kerslap. Seem so the hull place trembled. Raised up my head, 'n' peeked over my stumick down the box. A bar o' light stuck in away down. Let myself go careful till I c'u'd see my nose in it. Then I got over on my shoulder 'n' braced on the sides o' the box. back 'g'in' one side 'n' knees 'g'in' t'other. See 't was a knot-hole where the light cum in, 'bout es big es a man's wrist. Peeked through, 'n' see a lot o' lights 'n' folks, 'n' hearn 'em talkin'. Ray he stud on a platform facin' a big, powerful-lookin' cuss. Hed their coats 'n' vests off, 'n' sleeves rolled up, 'n' swords ready. See there all dark. Hearn 'em comin' upstairs wus goin' t' be a fight. Hed t' snicker 'n goin' 'cross th' floor over my head. -wa'n' no way I c'u'd help it, fer, Judas Priest! I knew dum well they wa'n't a single one of them air Britishers c'u'd stan' 'fore 'im. Thet air mis'able spindlin' devil I tol' ye 'boutfeller et hed the women-he stud back o' Ray. Hed his hand up luk thet. 'Fight!' he says, 'n' they got 't work, 'n' the crowd begun t' jam up 'n' holler. The big feller he come et Ray es ef he wus goin' t' cut him in tew. Ray he tuk it easy 'n' rassled the sword of the big chap round 'n' round es ef it wus

> VENT OUT O' THET AIR THING LUK A BULLET EGGZAC'LY.

quick lunge 'n' pricked 'im 'n the arm. Big chap was a leetle shy then. Did n't come up t' the scratch es smart 'n' sassy es he'd orter. Ray went efter 'im hammer 'n' tongs. Thet air long slim waist o' hisn swayed 'n' bent luk a stalk o' barley. He did luk joe-mightyful han'some-wish 't ye c'u'd 'a' seen 'im thet air night. Hair wus jest es shiny es gold 'n the light o' them candles. He 'd feint, an' t' other 'd dodge. Judas Priest! seemed so he put the p'int o' the sword all over thet air big cuss. C'u'd 'a' killed 'im a dozen times, but I see he did n't want t' dew it. Kep' prickin' 'im ev'ry lunge 'n' druv 'im off the boards-tum oled 'im head over heels int' the crowd. Them air devils threw up their hats 'stomped 'n' hollered powerful, es ef were might, fun t' see a man cut t' pieces. Wall, they tuk up another man, quicker 'n the fust, but he wa'n' nowhere near s' big 'n' cordy. Wa'n't only one crack o' the swords in thet air fight. Could n't hardly say Jack Robinson 'fore the cuss hed fell. Ray hurt him bad, I guess, for they hed t oick 'im up 'n' carry 'im off luk a baby Guess the boy see 't he hed a good many to lick, 'n' hed n't better waste no power a-foolin'. All t' once thet air low-lived, spindlin', mis'able devil he come t' the edge o' the platform 'n' helt up his hand. Soon 's they stopped yellin' he says: 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'sorry t' tell ye thet the man fer the next bout hes got away. We left him securely fastened up 'n the fust cham-Have hed the building searched, This is the story of Corporal Darius hev gone down the slide. I am sorry lin, touching his adventure in the to say we hev no more Yankees. If but ain't able t' find him. He must

row o' lights, yellin' luk wildcats, 'n' hauled thet air mis'able cuss out o' the grave 'n' stud 'im up, 'n' gin 'im a drink o' liquor. In half a minute he h up with his han'kerchief 'n' waved it over 'is head t' mek 'em keep still. ħ Soon 's they wus quiet he up 'n' he says: 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'this 'ere chap hes stood the test o' the sword. Are ve satisfied?' 'We are,' says theyev'ry British son uv a gun they wus there up 'n' hollered. "Then,' says he, 'giv' 'im th' slide.'

"Ray he put **down** 'is sword 'n' picked up 'is coat 'n' vest. Then they grabbed th' lights, 'n' thet 's th' last see on' 'em there. Purty quick 't wus Hed t' snicker d help it, fer, 'Gun t' think o' myself a leetle bit then. Knowed I was in thet air slide, an' hed t' le' go purty quick. Hed n't no idee where it went tew, but I cal'-lated I wus middlin' sure t' know 'fore long. Knowed when I le' go I wus go-in' t' dew some tall slippin' over thet air greased bottom. See a light come down th' box 'n a minute. Hearn somebody speakin' there et the upper end. "'This 'ere 's th' las' test o' ver

courage,' says a man, says he; 'few comes here alive 'n' sound es you be. Ye wus a doomed man. Ye'd hev been 16 shot at daylight, but we gin ye a chance fer yer life. So fur ye 've proved yerself wuthy. Ef ye hold yer courage, ye may yit live. Ef ye flinch, ye 'll land in Heaven. Ef yer life is spared, remember how we honor cour-

IN

"Then they gin 'im a shove, 'n' I hearn 'im a-comin'. I flopped over 'n' le' go. Shot away luk a strea o' lightnin'. Dum thing grew steeper 'n' steeper. Jes' hel' up my han's 'n' let 'er go lickitty split. Jerushy Jane Pepper! jes' luk comin' down a greased Come near tekin' my breath pole. away-did sart'n. Went out o' thet air thing luk a bullet eggzac'ly. Shot int' the air feet foremost. Purty fair slidin' up in the air 'most anywheres, ye know. Alwus come down by the nigh-est way. 'T was darker 'n pitch; could n't see a thing, nut a thing. Hearn Ray come out o' the box 'bove me. 'bove me. Then I come down k'slap in th' water n' sunk. Thought I 'd never stop goin' down. 'Fore I come up I hearn Ray rip int' th' water nigh me. I come up shook my head, 'n' waited. Judas Priest! thought he wus drownded, sart'n. Seemed so I 'd bust out 'n' cry there 'n th' water waitin' fer thet air boy. Soon es I hearn a flop I hed my han's on 'im.

'Who be you?' says he.

"'D'ri,' says I. 'Tired out,' save he; 'can't swim a stroke. Guess I 'll hev t' go t' th'

bottom.' [To Be Continued.] HORSE VERSUS MAN-POWER.

Launch-Owner Had a Simple Solution for "Resorter's" Diff-

cult Problem.

Easterly from Bath, Me., among the oast islands, runs a crooked and intricate channel, through which ply small steamers carrying freight and passen gers as far as Boothbay harbor. There are many bays and narrows along the way, says Youth's Companion, and the confused tides beget unruly currents which have given the channel the name of "Hell Gate Passage."

A "resorter" living near the Boothbay end of the route received word last summer that some friends would be down on the Sunday boat from Boston, reaching Bath in the evening. Unfortunately there was no small steamer connecting with it, and no way for them to come over until Monday. Not wishing to leave them to the tender mercies of a hotel, the resorter ap-plied to a neighboring native for aid.

"Capt. Hiram," he said, "can I get you to go over to Bath, Sunday evenng, with your launch, to meet some friends and bring them over?" Capt. Hiram reflected. He wanted to

makes up through there, come to git it

a-headin' you. I ain't only got seven

horse-power in my lanch, and I dunno

as she'd really go up against that. I

oblige, but he hated to go. "Well, now, Mr. Barton," he said at

last, "I tell you how it is. You come to git over there to upper Hurl-Get, and they's some consid'able of a tide

No.



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tied t' hisn. Fust I knew he med a

passage and came up to mo

"You're a brave man," said he, in

that low, careless tone of his. "And you a coward," was my an-swer, for the sight of him had made me burn with anger.

"Don't commit yourself on a point like that," said he, quickly, "for, you know, we are not well acquainted. I like your pluck, and I offer you what is given to few here—an explanation."

He paused, lighting a cigarette. I stood looking at him. The cold politeness of manner with which he had taken my taunt, his perfect self-mastery, filled me with wonder. He was no callow youth, that man, whoever he might be. He was boring at the floor with the end of a limber cane as he continued to address me.

"Now, look here," he went on, with little gesture of his left hand, between the fingers of which a cigarette was burning. "You are now in the temple of a patriotic society acting with no letters patent, but in the good cause of his Most Excellent Majesty King George III., to whom be health and happiness

As he spoke the name he raised his hat, and a cheer came from all sides of u

"It is gathered this night," he continued, "to avenge the death of Lord Ronley, a friend of his Majesty, and of many here present, and an honored member of this order. For his death you, and you alone, are responsible, and, we suspect, under circumstances of no credit to your sword. Many of our people have been cut off from their comrades and slain by cowardly stealth, have been led into ambush and cruelly cut to pieces by overwhelming number, have been shut in prison and done to death by starvation or by bs of a knife there in your country. Not content with the weapons of a ag'in. Could n't mek it. Dum thing grave. There wus heli t' pay fer a Observer.

Ramon Bell was subjected that night. as told to Adjutant Asarius Church, at

Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.: "Soon es I see whut wus up, I gin a

powerful lift on thet air shackle-chain. I felt 'er give 'n' bust. A couple o' men clim' int' the seat front uv us, 'n' the hosses started hell bent. I sot up with my hands 'hind uv me 'n the wagin. I kep' 'em there tight 'n' stiff, es ef the iron wus holding' uv 'em. Could n't git no chance t' say nuthin' t' Ray. Hustled us upstairs, 'n' when we come in t' thet air big room they tuk him one way an' me 'nother.

"I did n't hey no idee where I wus Felt 'em run a chain through my arms, careful, efter they sot me down. I sot still fer mebbe five minutes. Seemed so ev'rybody 'd gome out o' the place. Could n't hear nuthin' nowhere. I le' down the chain jest es ca-areful es I could, 'n' tuk off the blindfold. 'T afore me. Crep' 'long the floor. See

m' boots, 'n' got up on m' feet, 'n' walked careful. Did n' dast holler t'

me down quick. erful 'n' stopped myself. Then I up he med a jab at Ray, 'n' threw up 'is with these here feet o' mine. See the han's, 'n' went back a step er tew, luk top o' the box wa'n't much more in a hos with th' staggers, 'n' tum-a foot above me. Tried t' crawl up bled head over heels in thet air open

right 'n his ear. Could n't hear whut 't wus. Did n' set well. T' other feller he flew mad, 'n' Ray he fetched 'im a cuff, luk thet, with the back uv his

hand. Ye see, he did n' know he hed been a-fightin' Yankees, 'n' he did n' like the idee. 'I 'll fight anybody, but ef this chap ain't a coward, he 'll fight me him-

self.' T' other feller he off with his coat 'n' vest es quick es a flash 'n' picked up a sword. 'Fight, then, ye cub!' says he; an' they flew at each

other hell bent fer 'lection. He wa'n' no fool with a sword, nuther, I can tell ye, thet air spindlin' cuss. I see Ray hed his han's full. But he wus jes es cool es a green cowcumber, eggzac'ly. Kep' a-cuffin' t' other sword, 'n' let 'im hit 'n' lunge 'n' feint es much es

he pleased. See he wus jest a-gettin' his measure, 'n' I knew suthin' wus goin' t' happen purty quick. Fust l knew he ketched Ray by the shirtsleeve Fust I with the p'nt us 'is sword 'n' ripped it was all dark; could n't see my hand t' the collar. Scairt me so I bit my afore me. Crep' 'long the floor. See

't was covered with sawdust. Tuk off locked, 'n' both swords came up t' the m' boots, 'n' got up on m' feet, 'n' hilts t'gether with a swish 'n' a bang luk thet. The blades clung, 'n' they backed off. Then Ray he begun t Ray. Cal'lated when the squabble backed off. Then Ray he begun t' come I'd be ready t' dew business. All feint 'n' lunge 'n' hustle 'im. Quicker t' once I felt a slant 'n the floor. 'T 'n scat he gin 'im an awful prick as kind o' slip'ry, 'n' I begun 't slide. the shoulder. I c'u'd see the blood Feet went out from under me 'n' sot come, but they kep' a-goin' back 'n' me down quick. Tried t' ketch holt forth 'n' up 'n' down desperit. The o' suthin'. Could n't hang on; kep' red streak on thet air feller's shirt goin' faster. Fust I knew I'd slid int' kep' a-growin'. Purty quick one side some kind uv a box. Let me down uv 'im wus red an' t' other white. Purty quick one side quicker 'n scat over thet air grease a See he wus fed an to there winter in weaker. Ititle ways. I out with my tew hands Ray c'u'd 'a' split 'im t' the navel ef 'n' bore ag'in' the sides o' th' box pow-erful 'n' stopped myself. Then I up he med a jab at Ray, 'n' threw up 'is

don't really believe I'd care to try to go through upper Hurl-Get with only jest 'Gentlemen,' says he, seven horse-power. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll lend you my dory if you want to row over.' Twain and Girl Who Didn't Laugh. Mark Twain once expressed the fol-

lowing sentiments to a young woman who had not smiled at a thing he had said during an impromptu reception in his honor at Bryn Mawr college to which his daughter had invited him. All the young ladies but one were in a state of great glee during the humor ist's address-all but one had laughed heartily at every witty remark. Just as Twain finished, he turned to the young woman who had not laughed, and said, in an undertone: "You are and said, in an undertone: "You are the only sensible one here. I have not said a single amusing thing. If

No Faith in Automobile.

were not for the conspicuousness of it

would like to press your hand."

Success.

An action for damages alleged to have been received in an automobile accident was recently brought in an adoining county. A woman had been thrown from a carriage, the horse attached to which was frightened by an automobile. She landed in a ditch and was not dangerously injured. Upon being assisted to her feet, it is related. some one spoke of calling a doctor and \otimes suggested a physician who visits his patients in an automobile. The injured woman protested, saying: "No. don't * call him. I don't want an automobile doctor. Get me a horse doctor."-Utica

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