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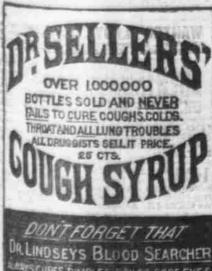
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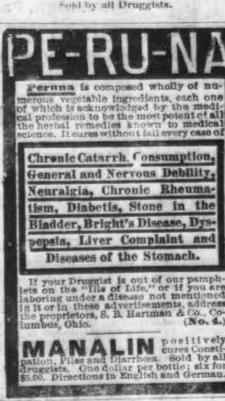
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## THROUGH DANGER; -0 R-LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I. PHILIP BATHURST REFUSES TO SELL

HIS LOVE. A sweep of golden gorse, blended with purple heather. A fresh breeze from the uplands. A range of hills in the distance. A mile or so to the right, a fine old Elizabethan mansion, sur-rounded by dark firs, at the base of which stretched a lake into which the rocky land jutted, forming tiny headlands and deep-blue silent creeks. Oc-casionally a black-cock or some other bird would rise up from the heather and wing its way a dozen yards or so, then drop down again to earth, or at times continue its flight to the distant hills. Beyond this no other moving object broke the landscape of moor and fell, save the figures of two men who came

tramping through the heather.

The one who walked a little in advance was a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular specimen of the young English gentleman, who had never done a day's work in his life; but had gone through no end of labor in boating, shooting. and such like sports. His features were bandsome and manly, his complexion becomingly bronzed, his eyes of a clear blue, giving a winning expression to rings of nut-brown hair clustered round the shapely head. His attire was a remarkably well-made shooting suit, and he carried a gun over his shoulder.

His companion, apparently of his own age, was of a lower grade in society-indeed, his dress was that of a gamekeeper. A game-bag, quite empty, was slung over his shoulders, against which also rested two loaded guns. For some time there had been silence, the black-cocks had risen and flown away unchecked. Not a bang had disturbed the autumn air. It was doubtful if the foremost sportsman had even seen the birds as he strode on, one hand in the pocket of his shooting-coat, his brows contracted, and his eyes bent on the ground. He evidently was lost in deep and not quite agreeable meditation. The other more than once had glanced in a surprised, perplexed fashion at him, then at the birds that rose almost

from their very feet. At last, unable to keep quiet longer, e remarked with a comical twinkle in his brown eves: "Don't you think, Mr. Phil, we should have had just as much sport if we'd left the bag and the powder and shot at home? And the guns, too, for that matter. There would have been less to

Philip Bathurst burst into a merry Right you are, Mark," he exclaimed; "the birds need not fear me much today. The fact is, I didn't come out to shoot, I came to think, and as we can do that as well sitting as standing, here So saying he threw himself down

among the scented heather. As the gamekeeper followed his example, he 'I thought there was something up, Mr. Phil. "Something up, indeed," exclaimed the young master, his gaze fixed on the mansion among the firs. "Heigho!" after a pause; "I say, Mark, how would

you like to go to Australia?" "Australia! Why, Mr. Phil, I'd go wherever you go. But it ain't likely you are going there." Isn't it? That's all you know about foster-brother Mark," retorted Philip Bathurst with an assumption of gaye-"Know that this day promises to one of the most important in my life, that's why I came out to think; know Mark, that before yonder jolly-faced sun sets and rises again, I—Philip Bathurst, reputed heir of his uncle, Charles Bathurst-may be a homeless, compara-

lively penniless wanderer." "You, Mr. Phil; that's one of your A joke, Mark, which I'm coming to think will turn out serious earnest, To-night may see the doors of Bathurst closed on me-I being outside, not in."

"Surely, Mr. Phil, you're mad or in Not more mad than man is generally, Mark; as to love—well—p'raps that's nearer the point. There, old fellow, don't grin. 'Pon my word. I'm not jesting; listen, and I'll tell you all about it. You're aware that Sir Kenyon McCrea has a daughter? "You can't be in love with her, Mr.

"No, Mark; but my not being in love makes no difference with my uncle. He has hoarded, and saved, and made all his lifetime, and now he has set his heart on my marrying an heiress, that heiress being Miss Marian McCrea. 'And if you refuse, Mr. Phil?'

Then I am disinherited. We near had high words about it last night, when my uncle gave me until this even-ing to decide. If I refuse, I am to troop bag and baggage instanter from Bathurst. Now, putting all other things aside, Mark, it is to me confoundedly derogatory for a fellow to let another choose a wife for him. To be bought, as it were. I don't like it. It's an in-sult to a man's liberty and independent feelings. By Jove it is."
"Still, Mr. Phil, Bathurst's Bath-urst," remarked Mark, scratching his

"and Miss McCrea isn't so very plain."
If she were all beauty and amiability it would make no difference."
"Ahl" remarked the foster-brother, slyly, "because, Mr. Phil, of 'the other

Philip Bathurst again made the air vibrate with his laughter. "You're a cute fellow, Mark. But you've hit the right nail on the head. I am in love-over head and ears-up to the eyes-with an angel.

They all are angels, Mr. Phil, till we have married them. "Hold your tongue, Mark; you can't judge, for you didn't know an angel. The one I love there is not the slightest chance of my ever seeing again. as vanished from me, as if, indeed, she had been ethereal instead of earth-Or did we meet, and if my uncle eps his word there would be just a oility-what likelihood is there hat I should find her single? Some fortunate fellow must have made her his wife long ago."
"Why, then, Mr. Phil, don't you

please your uncle and marry Miss Mc-Because I hold it dishonorable to wed one girl while my heart is full of the image of another, and I can never, never forget her."
"Did she love you, Mr. Phil?"

"She said so, Mark."
"Then why did she vanish away?" By compulsion, Mark. I'll tell you all about it. You recollect when I went to Brighton? Well, one day during my visit as I was strolling near the pier, I heard the clatter of horses' feet behind me; knowing it to be a riding-school I did not give it my attention until I heard the people shout. I turned swiftly and perceived one of the horses had ly and perceived one of the horses had bolted with its fair rider. All the rest. not heeding the riding-master's angry

protest, were screaming and galloping after her. Such a row, Mark, naturally made the horse worse. As to the poor girl, she seemed paralyzed; her veil had blown up, revealing a white, set, terrified, but oh, so lovely a face, Her eyes were fixed straight in front, until I sprang forward. Then they rested upon me, and I caught the words—words

"Oh, pray save me if you can."
"A moment after the horse bore down on me full butt. But I was prepared. I grasped the rein close to the it, and swung the brute round. As I did so, the girl fell off her saddle into my arms. But oh, the glance, she gave me out of her dark eves, Mark! I was in love from that moment. I let the horse go, for the riding-master or anybody else to catch, while I supported her who I felt was my destiny. I should have I felt was my destiny. I should have liked to have supported her until now, but I was not allowed to five minutes. A lot of women came chattering round, for the girl had fainted. At the same time a carriage halted, and the lady in it, who had seen the accident, offered to drive her home. It was quite right but I didn't thank her. I managed, however, to ascertain that she whom I had saved was a pupil at a large school in Brighton, and I need not say, Mark, I did not hurry away from that town. On the contrary I stopped. Again and again I saw her who after that one glance held such sway over me. At the

school was a good-hearted housemaid, who, taking pity on me, carried my let-ters and brought me answers to them. Once she managed an interview for us in the school-ground. I confessed my love, I learned that my passion was returned, then our interview was cut short by a signal from the housemaid. "We parted, Mark, and since then have never again met."
"Never, Mr. Phil? Why, that's two

vears ago: "Exactly. On returning to my hotel—the Bedford—I found a telegram awaiting me. My uncle had been thrown from his horse. The injury he had sustained was, the doctor thought, not serious, but Mr. Bathurst wanted me to come. I went, of course, writing from Bathurst to my beloved under cover to the housemaid, explaining the cause of my absence, and, giving her my address, begged her to reply. No answer, how-ever, came. Not the least notice was taken of my communication. A little over a week I was again in Brighton, haunting the school. I saw the pupils start on their daily walk, but my dar-ling was not there. Was she ill? I laid wait for the housemaid. Again failure;

she too had disappeared.
"Driven to desperation, finally I went boldly to the school, and asked for the rincipal. Then it all came out. Oh, Mark, what a row there was. Miss Dawes, a lean, Jong, prim woman, with curls like a front, heaped no end of ladylike abuse upon me. It seemed that something had created Miss Dawes's She had watched, intercepted my letter, and had discovered everything. In vain I protested the onor of my intentions, my love; it but added to her wrath. I entreated an interview with her pupil. She absolutely screamed.

'Sir." she exclaimed, 'you have done your best to ruin the moral standing of my establishment, but, praise Heaven, circumstances have prevented your suc-She was a wicked old woman, Mark,

to say that, considering what the cir-Well, she showed me the door, and for nearly another week I fruitlessly haunted the place, hoping to get news Regardless of Miss Dawes's frowns, made it a point always to meet her pu-pils in their walk. Among them was a dark, bright-eved, pretty girl, who appeared a perfect repository of fun. She looked at me at first coquettishly, next curiously, next interestedly; finally, I felt sure, with meaning. I watched, hoping, and one day found her walking as demurely as a little mouse by the side of Miss Dawes at the tail of the twenty young ladies. As she saw me, owever, a quick meaning glance shot from the corner of her laughing eyes and, as rapidly slipping her hand behind her, she dropped a folded paper.
"Two minutes after, I had picked it

up; before another I had read written "SIR KNIGHT OF THE DOLEFUL COUNTE

NANCE:—If I am right in my surmise, you are searching for one who is no longer here. Nearly a fortnight ago she was fetched away to her father, who was dying. 13, Ladbrook-crescent. London, is not a hundred miles away from her residence. Don't betray me." "Hardly had I finished than the girls came marching back. My kind friend sent a glance in my direction. I let my eyes answer her, and tore up her com-munication after putting it to my lips that she might see she was safe.

same evening I was in London, Mark.
"And didn't you find her, Mr. Phil?"
"No, I was too late," sighed Philip Bathurst; "I found the house shut up and to let. Inquiring, I learned that her father had died, that a week back he had been buried, and that an uncle had taken her I loved away; none could inform me, save that it was believed to Australia. For a month searched and inquired with no better result, so gave up in despair. "But why didn't the young lady write to you, Mr. Phil?

Because, Mark, I had never thought of giving her my address here. "Then, it's my opinion, Mr. Phil, you'd better take Miss McCrea." "No, Mark, never," ejaculated Philip Bathurst, springing up from the heather "I'll not sell myself and my best affec-tions for money! I don't like Miss Mc-Crea, and, by Jove! I will not marry her for all the uncles in the world. If I seemed just now to hesitate, my revealing the past has decided me. Let my uncle disinherit me if he pleases.—I'll be independent; I'll work. I have strength and health-capital stock-intrade. I'll go to Australia; I'll go to the diggings: I'll dig up a fortune, by Jove! and I'll find her I love. She is in Australia. Why, Mark, shouldn't I

Why not, Mr. Phil? though I reckon Australia's a big place, and you ain't likely to find her at the diggings, and if you wait to do so until you've dug up a fortune she may not be very young she may be married when you do find

"Mark, for Heaven's sake don't be such a Job's comforter," exclaimed his foster-brother. He had been striding backwards and forwards through the heather, but now halted before the other. "Australia isn't like England. Besides, what obstacles will not love surmount, especially when the prize is so worth winning? Look, Mark, and

Taking out his pocket-book, he produced from it a small photo vignette, and held it to his foster-brother. "Is that her, Mr. Phil?"
"That is her, Mark. Is she not beau-

"That she is, Mr. Phil." "Now then, contess; do you blame me for living in hope, Mark—for refusing, for all Bathurst, to put an insurmountable barrier between her and myself should we ever meet, as I cannot help but feel that one day we shall? "By George, Mr. Phil, I'd go through fire and water for such a sweet face as

"And I renounce Miss McCrea and fortune. So hey for Australia, to work, and to win, and be independent. "Hey, then it is for Australia, Mr.

"Let you, Mark?" and Philip Bathurst warmly pressed his hand. "I shall be only too glad of your company, old We start with the same tal—health and courage—and we'll rise or fall together. Now, take up the guns, and back to Bathurst. In two hours, Uncle Charles must pronounce

A month later Philip Bathurst and his foster-brother, Mark Hilton, stood on the deck of the A 1 emigrant ship Nep-tune, as it glided down the Mersey, out-ward bound for Australia. Charles Bathurst had decided. Philip had refused to sell his right to independence and free action, and had been

In his hand now he held a letter. For the twentieth time he read the writing on it:

"Hear reason, and do not be an idiot. Repent before it is too late. Come back, consent to this marriage, and Bathurst is yours."
"Charles Bathurst." "Do you repent, Mr. Phil?" queried Mark Hilton who had watched him. "I, Mark? not a fraction," with a merry laugh. "I never felt so content in my life. There is my reply to Uncle

Bathurst," and he scattered the fragments of paper upon the waves washing the ship's sides. "Farewell for a space to Old England," raising his hat; "henceforth our eyes and thoughts are bent southward to Australia—the bush and the fortune that there awaits us." "Or the misfortune," laughed Mark So be it. One or the other. We'll meet it bravely.

CHAPTER II.

SHADY CREEK STATION. It was spring time in Australia. All vegetation was beginning to burst forth in green apparel of many hues. Dust storms, parched lands, dried up rivers, and gullies rent by large fissures, were things of the future.

A cool south breeze blew across the distant ranges; the first wild flowers were visible in the bush, and the hum of waking life began to rise from Shady Creek Station, standing alone in the icturesque Australian wilderness. First there was the lowing of cattle eager to escape from the stockyard, then the bark of dogs, blended with men's voices and the sharp crack of the long stock-whip.

As time went on the glass doors on to the verandah were thrown open. A tall, well-looking, middle-aged man of military appearance, in light overcoat and broad planter's hat emerged and strolled round to the outbuildings. Soon after another personage appeared -a young girl of about nineteen. step was elastic, her figure tall, and graceful as a willow wand. The morning dress she wore was composed of some light, simple material, fitting easily to her shape, while a round owed a face as sweet in expression as it was lovely in feature. A color as delicate as the wild rose tinged her cheek, her large, deep-violet eyes shone through the long fringe of lashes, while the small red lips were just sufficiently parted to admit of their owner humming an aria from Rigoletto. At her side marched, with stately pride, a splendid colley. She carried a basket and pair of scissors, and flitted about the several flower beds gathering the

clossoms where they showed. It took some while before the basket was sufficiently stocked, then the girl returned to the verandah, and entered a room nicely furnished, where break-fast was laid, and presided over by an elderly lady of somewhat prim and precise aspect. Been robbing the flower-beds, Flo,"

she inquired.

by the value robbed," laughed the girl gaily, "my theft this morning would not be very great. The flowers are very late this year. "Or you are very impatient. Better have left them where they were; they'll die in a day in that vase. Not so soon as that, auntie, I hope. If so, there will be more out to-morrow

Well, auntie, if robbers were judged

o renew them, and it's so nice to have lowers in the room. Uncle always likes So does Herbert Archer; at least I heard him say so when he was last here. By the way, Flo, isn't be coming to-

So uncle said, that he meant to ride over to look at the new cattle, with a pretty toss of the graceful head, "don't imagine, auntic, I have robbed the garden for his pleasure "I wish I could imagine so, Flo; he loves you sincerely.

"Then, auntie, he is wise enough, seeing I do not love him, to keep silent "But why can't you love him? What objection can you have to the young "I have no objection. He is very pleasant and agreeable. 'And would make an excellent hus-

"I have not the least doubt of it, auntie; only you see, I don't want to try the experiment. More silly child you. He is handsome and very well-to-do, and you should think of settling. Most girls would, but-I can't make you out, Flo. If you loved anybody else, it would be a different thing.

"Ah, if-those provoking ifs," laughed the girl, but as she stooped lower over the flowers her cheek had a deeper hue. "But there's no one here I could love, is there, without it was Steeve Boyne, the stockman; or old Jeck, the native Australian; or-"How can you be so absurd, Flo? Let me tell you the subject is not one

to jest upon. If you are so hard to suit, you'll just die an old maid. "Better that, auntie, than to marry Then gravely: some one I don't love." 'Anntie, don't be offended; I'm not jesting, really, but I don't want to marry-1 don't think I ever shall. There, dear, give me a kiss, and don't let Herbert Archer make us ill friends. Perhaps, when the right man comes, say yes, but don't ask me to until

Stooping, she pressed her soft, warm lips to the old lady's cheek, then ran from the room to fill the vase with

"I can't make that girl out," mur-mured Mrs. Cranc; "I feel almost certain there were tears in her eyes. Well, it's a pity. Young Archer would be such an excellent match, and he adores the ground she treads. Who treads, Kate? Whatever are you muttering about, eh?" And Colonel Grainger-he in the light coat and

lanter's hat-entered from the veran-That Flo treads, brother. I have been speaking to her about young Archer; but no, not a word will she have to say to him. Leave the girl alone, Kate," re

marked the colonel, as he drew his chair to the table. "If she don't love, why on earth should she marry him? Besides, where's the hurry? She is not twenty yet, and 1, for one, am in no hurry to lose her. I should have no objection to her marrying Archer, but be sure matters will run smoother if we do not meddle. A cup of coffee, Kate." Meanwhile Flo had run to her own room. Mrs. Crane had been correct, there were tears in her eyes; but she dashed them away as she reflected: "Auntie is right. Why should I not Phil, for where you go, I go-if you'll | marry Herbert Archer? Because I'm

.

stupid and foolish. Because I can't forget the past. As if he ever remem-bers me! It is not likely. Had he, never would he have been silent. Not a word from him since I saw him in the grounds. In all my grief and trouble through the loss of dear papa, not a word of kindness, of sympathy. He might have written, for I left my address with Susan for him. No, he was provid to win pre loss. proud to win my love-men are flirts as much as women-and once assured of it he was content, and went to woo others. Oh, it's shameful.' And Flo's cheek flushed as she paced

her pretty room.
"I never would have believed it of him, though. He was so handsome, so honest, and—truthful-looking. No, I can't believe it. Still what mat-ters, it isn't likely we shall ever meet again, and it's foolish of me not to be able to—to forget him. There, from this moment, I'll try—I will, I will, I will. I'll marry Herbert, which will delight both uncle and auntie. And then, a wife with a home of my own, I must not remember Philip. No, I'll forget him as he has long, long forgotten me, and to make it easier I'll not keep anything that reminds me of him." While speaking she had unlocked her desk and taken from it a small gem ring and a sprig of withered heather.
"I'll lose the ring in the bush, for I

couldn't bear to give it away, and-and there goes the heather.' She made to throw it out of the window, but the hand refused to obey the

"Forget him! It's no good, I can't, I can't. Oh, Philip, Philip!" And bend-ing low, she pressed the mementoes of that sweet first love to her lips. Her uncle's voice calling aroused her. Hastily she returned the ring and heather to the desk, smoothed her hair, and ran down stairs. As she entered the room there was the quick tread of horse's hoofs along the road. The colonel, rising, stepped

into the verandah. "It's Archer," he said. "His visit is Make some hotter coffee, Kate. After his ride he'll not mind a second breakfast.

Quitting the verandah he soon returned with his guest.

It was a young man of about eightand-twenty, of middle height, and of slender frame, the lithesomeness of which was apparent, despite the rough servicable squatter's suit he wore. His features were regular and handsome his complexion of a clear white that exposure to the sun hardly darkened. His hair, like his long moustache, was of a glossy black, while his eyes, large and of the same color, possessed a singular brilliance, such as is observed at

times in an animal's. His expression was full of energy and resolve—that of a man who admitted no failure. He had landed in the new world when the gold fever was at its height. Had had a lucky find, with had put his hand to had thriven. had occurred to arouse the evil side of Herbert Archer's character -for there was an evil side year previously he had made the acquaintance of Colonel Grainger, and seen Florence; from that instant he was in love, and, as was his nature, threw himself heart and soul into his

his equal, he had little fear of failure, but his assurance grew less as he knew more of Flo. Something in her manner ever kept him from making his declaration, and only the knowle easily ascertained from the colonel's sister, that he had no rival, kept him patient-that is, outwardly.

On this morning, however, he had ridden over to Shady Creek, estensibly to look at a new purchase of cattle of colonel's, but really to learn his

And how can it be other than as I wish it," he had reflected as he rode. "Is she not kindness itself? Does she not ever show pleasure in my society, sing the songs I like, or play the pieces I desire? Nonsense, my heart has no need to beat so nervously. Had I a rival it would be different—different and dangerous, especially for him," and the long slender hands clenched, the red light shone in the dark eyes. "But I have none. Who could rival me out here? Besides, have I not said that Florence Grainger shall be my wife, and hat of no other man, and never yet have I been balked in that upon which

I have set my mind. Such had been Herbert Archer's thoughts as he rode to Shady Creek through the sweet spring morning. But as he entered the room with the colonel the set expression died out of his countenance, giving place to one of gen-tleness as his gaze rested upon Flo. There must have been something more than gentleness in it-something

that startled the girl-something vague, undefined, yet like a presentiment of coming trouble. For the first time her color rose, and her eyes fell beneath his glance; she felt constrained and restless in his presence. As soon as she was able she quitted

the table, and occupied herself at her work-basket. Whenever she lifted her eyes she found those of Herbert Archer upon her. What was there in their dark, brilliant depths that made her breath come quickly as one in fear?
To her relief the colonel soon arose,

Now, Archer, my boy, let us go to the cattle. You'll confess, I am sure, I've made a good bargain. Of course you will dine here. "I fear not," was the reply; "my stay, indeed, cannot exceed an hour or so,

"I'm sorry, but business before pleasure, my boy. That motto builds up fortunes. Well, the cattle will not take long; then Flo, no doubt, will show you the alterations she has been making in The last sentence was spoken outside

on the verandali. Flo was not compelled to hear; she determined not to, but directly they had gone and her aunt had left to superintend some household sprang upstairs, put on her riding-habit, hen slipped round to the stable where old Jeck was dozing in the sun. 'Jeck," she said, "the morning is so fine that I want a spin in the bush.

Saddle your horse and mine as quickly as you can, there's a good Jeck. Yes, missie; Jeck very quick; he no ep ever over missie's orders. "Thank you, Jeck; when they are ready, bring them down to the road by the Seven Trees. If anyone asks you where I am going, say-say, I shall be

back in half an hour. Yes, missie: Jeck know. I never felt like this before," reflected Flo, as she hastened to the trees named. "If Herbert thinks of proposing, why cannot I wait and refuse him. as I must? Why do I tremble and feel so nervous? Is it because of my remembrance of Philip this morning? Is it because I know I shall pain auntie? Is it because I do not know my own mind? No, it's not that. I don't know what it is, only that I don't want Herbert to propose to-day. I am weak and nervous, and fear him."

Just then Jeck came cantering up leading a horse and riding the other. moment later Flo was in the saddle and galloping down the road. At that moment Herbert Archer happened to be looking in that direction. The cattle had been seen, the colonel was giving some orders to the stockman. Herbert Archer did not hesitate nor lose a mo

.

ment, he hastened to the stable, saddled his horse, and telling a stable hand that he was going to accompany Miss Grainger in her ride, started in pursuit. He resolved not to lose the opportuni ty thus afforded him to speak to Flo alone, for he reckoned old Jeck as no-body. He had noted the direction the girl had taken, and knew a short cut by which he could readily overtake her. It was to be an eventful day, indeed,

than Flo. [To be Continued.]

to more than him, and even to more

MONTANA WOMEN.

Smart Girls who are Quite Abie to Take Care of Themselves, Miss Jennis Corson, who is known throughout the country as the "Chepherd ess of the West," came to Montana some years ago, and took up a sheep ranch in Meagher county. She did it all alone and unaided. After awhite she sent for her lazy brother from Chicago, and made him overseer of Her flocks. Matters went well with her, and soon she had a fine band of sheep, and as valuable ranch property as there is in Montana. She took up some land under one and another of the Government acts, proved up on time, and became a landed proprietor. Now, it happened that the next claim to her own was taken up by an enterprising young man named Severance, who, like his fair neighbor, first started a sheep ranch, and then got bold of some of the soil. They tended flocks in company for some time, and then Severance proposed marriage. He was accepted, and the two united their fortunes and have been doing better and better

ever since. There are other girls in Montana, says a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, just exactly like Mrs. Severance, nee Corson, but more are wanted. There are some real old ladies out here who have taken up claims, who run a dairy or keep store, but who are a little too aged to think of matrimony. One dame of this description has a ranch store out on the prairie near Livingstone, rides a horse and shoots like a man, keeps a postoffice and is the owner of 160 acres, lately the property of Uncle Sam. Another lady living on Boulder creek, named Sarah Davidson, shot a bear in January last, and with the bounty received for it, as well as the sale of the meat and hide, she paid for a sewing machine.

A curious reversal of the eternal fitness of things is seen in the fact that there are in all the States of our Union 308,-478 more women than mon. Dakota has 20,415 more men than women, and Montana is about on a par with Dakota in that respect. "Hope" should, therefore, "spring eternal in the female breast," for there is somewhere in Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington or Oregon a manly heart awaiting every husbandless female now pining away in single blessedness in the East. Helena has a superintendent of and who is highly educated. She has also marked dramatic talent, and plays Charlotte Cushman's roles.

The women of this northwestern country are endowed with plenty of pluck and grit. One evening lately, a herd of Arizonia goats, which are being herded by Miss Teresa Tallert, on Lost river, came home early and rushed for the corral, a heavy log concern, eight feet high The gates were opened and the herd let in after which the little lady, dashing over the prairie, mounted on her flery broncho, secured the foothills, but found no cause for alarm.

In the night Miss Tallert was aroused by her dog whining at her car, and, getting up, discovered some wild animals in the corral. She went in and found four nountain lions, and without a moment's hesitation attacked them with an axe. Two of the lious jumped the corra! and fled. The other two rushed toward her. She dealt one a blow with the axe, laying rump open to the bone; then both fled, The next morning fifty of the valuable goats were found dead and thirry woundfourteen of the latter dying afterwards.

A mountain lion attacked the cattle of

Ben Mason on Powder river only last

Sunday, and killed two helfers and a cow.

Mr. Mason was absent at the time, but his wife took up arms against the beast, followed him through the snow for some distance, overtook and shot him. J. Proctor of Billings, had occassion to visit the ranch of Tom Wads worth on the Mussellshell last week. Wadsworth has a hand of several hundred of the finest horses there are on the north side of the Yellowstone river and has also a wife who is an expert horsewoman. Mrs. Wadsworth is not only an accomplished rider, but, as a huntress, can take the laurels from the Marquis de Mores, Lady Florence Dixie, and all the other ladies who make pretensions in that direction, Mrs. Wadsworth chases antelope on horseback, shoots them down while going at full gallop, and, in fact, combines the arts of civilization with the skill of the aborigine. Now, Proctor is a crack shot, with somewhat of a reputation to back him up, and he was rather astenished and taken aback when Mrs. Wadsworth challenged him to a shooting match. They sat up a target, and Proctor was beaten fairly, Mrs. Wadsworth making

the top score. Afterthis unexpected deteat Prector hended up Goulding Creek for Bull Mountains, and, when he supposed he was the only white man in that region, came to another ranch hid away among the monntains, from which ranged away about two hundred of as sleek-looking cattle as one could wish to see. When approaching the ranch Proctor met a young lady all alone on horseback coming down a rocky moun tains path, whom he describes as the incarnation of etherial beauty. After some talk about the weather and stock he was invited to partake of her hospitality, which he accepted gracefully. Proctor was but everybody in this section known her to be a young shepherdess named Nins Ronan, who is ranching it all alone among the mountains. Proctor christened her the "Belle of Bull Moun-

In the western part of Montana among the mining camps, there are also some strange characters seen once in awhile. In the camp at Yogo a colored woman named Millie Ringgold has quite a reputation as a prospector. She spends most of her time in the mountains, and handles the pick and shovel with as much vigor and dexterity as a man. She the ploneer woman of Yogo, and ran the first botel at that place in the early days. By economy and close attention to busi-ness she has come into possession of some very valuable properties, and is in reality to-day a bonanza queenlatest reports from Yogo state that she is the owner of the far our Garfield mining lode, one of the richest silver mines in the

Mounted the Ludder. In 1882 a dinner party was given in New York City, Senator Henry G. Davis sat at one end of the table, Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, sat at the other, and Gen W. T. Sherman at the head. The General began a reminiscence of his life, saying : When I was a lieutenant-

"Come, now, Sherman," interrupted Mr. Davis, "were you ever a lieutenant?" "Yes," he replied, "I was a hentenant about the time you were a brakeman on a freight train."

"Well, boys," observed Cameron, "1 don't suppose either of you ever cut cord. wood for a living, as I did."

IDEAS ON CREMATION.

Thoughts From the Pertile Brain of Bill Nye.

must depute for as advertisements.

Jon Phinging of all kinds neatly and expedit outly executed at lowest prices. Don'tyou forget

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAM-maia Francian commends it to the favorable con-sideration of advertisers, whose favors will be in-serted at the following low rates:

The subject of what we shall do with ourselves after death is one that should be duly considered at an early date. In all seriousness, the soul is not the only thing to be looked after, either during life or after death. We are too prone to neglect our health during life and then bequeath our accumulated microbes and other results of a long and perhaps crooked career, to some sightly cametery, set on a hill, like a city that cannot be

Longevity is a good thing, though I have known public men to overdo it. To die at the proper moment and leave a good impression on history is one of the lost arts. To flicker out of life with the applause of a great people still ringing in the ears, is a good thing, but man that is born of a woman are too prone to linger on this side of sternity until they have done some little thing that is never properly explained on their tombstones.

But after death what shall we do with ourselves? In this brief treatise I dare not attempt to be thorough or even lucid. Leaving others who know all about it to state exactly what disposition will be made of our souls, let us look into the matter of what we shall do with our bodies.

I have often thought that a cheerful took of fifty or sixty pages might be writ-ben under the fitle of "Recollections of Resurrection, or the Diary of a Body." It could be made to teach us a valuable leeson. Politically I am pledged to genuine national reform, Let the nation try M, and if it works all right on the nation I will try it myself. Then I am committed to the unlimited colunge of a tame dollar, one that you can steal up behind and put salt on its tall not the evasive and igneous fatuous dollar of the present. Next I am in favor of cremation at living prices. At present the price is too high, and the poor man is left to decay and fill the soft wish the polsonous gases, which the poor as well

as the rich may indulge in after death. Death should end our career, so far as earthly affairs go, but with the embarrassing prospects of a premature burial, the cheerful chances of being boiled by the ianitor of a medical college and our skeletons wired together and hung in a museum, and the opportunity, if we es-cape the first two, of being tipped out of our graves by a flood, an earthquake, or the act of the Common Council, it is no wender that people cling to life.

If I thought that for centuries after my decease my long but symmetrical skeleton would be used night after night, in a nude condition, to illustrate the union in case of compound cyclonic fracture of the tibia, I wouldn't be able to sleep nights .- [ Hos-

In all court houses very dirty copies of the Bible are used in a way which, the ditor of the Herald of Health thinks, and in which almost every one will concur, is dangerous to health. When jurors or witnesses are sworp, they are expected to take the Bible in one hand, and after ropenting the oath, to kiss the book with their lips. Clean and unclean people do this indiscriminately, and it does not take long to make the cover, and even the leaves, of this book very foul. Such a use

of it, it seems to us, is unwarrantable. The Blble says: "Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shall thou swear by the head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; and whatsoever is more than these cometh of the evil one."

Cleanly people, who do not wish to kiss a book sodden with grease and foul with filth, are allowed to affirm, which is cer-tainly preferable. Others practice a harm-less sort of evasion, by holding the book in such a way that they can kiss their thumbs without being observed by the officer of the court, who, by the way, is rarely very writchful, and is satisfied if one goes through with the form rather

than the spirit of the oath.

The old notion that there is luck in a horseshor finds support in one case at least. When Maud S. did bur first really fast mile at Cleveland in 2.10 - 1-2 Captain Stone, of Cincinnatt, who awned her, palled off her shoes and stored them in his deak and sold the mare to Vanderbilt for a snug price. He has been making money ever since and capturing the less things of life. The captain kept only one of the shoes. He gave one to Mrs. Swaln and she gave it to a larger brother. He hadn't had it a week before he was nurried to one of the most charming ladies in New York. He has been prospering like a green buy tree ever since and has had the shoe plated and framed and wouldn't take a Florida lot for it.

Mr. Vanderbilt had one of the shoes and used to think that it had a happy influence on his efforts to turn an honest penny. Cornelius owns it now and has t fastened to the front of his writing table. The fourth shoe is in the possessio of William Blair, Maud S.'s driver. Blair thinks that if he had not had the shoe stuffed in the hallast of his sulky cushion he never would have been able to have gotten the work out of the little mare that he has since the piece of steel came into his possession.

Menthol is a white crystalline substance deposited from oil of peppermint. It is obtained by freezing and thawing the oil several times, the crystal being deposited during the congealing process. The Japanese oil is generally used in the manufacture of menthol, as it yields the crystal more richly than the others. crystals melt at 97 degrees Fahr., are slightly soluble in water and entirely soluble in ether, and the volatile oils. Menthal is a new discovery in American medicine, but there is evidence that its peculiar nature and virtues have been known in China and Japan for many years. The drug has been found a reliable remedy in the less severe neuralgic affections of the face, especially in brow-pains. The strength usually employed is one part of pure menthel to ten of alcohol. If the finger or a piece of cotton be dipped in this preparation and then rubbed lightly over the locality of the pain, the relief is almost immediate. The "German headsche pencil" is simply a concentrated and would recommended of menthol which is

A Henithful Bevernge. St. John's beer is made of one quart of bran, one teacup of loose hops boiled in two quarts of water. Strain this over one pound of good brown sugar, add five quarts of cold water, one lemon, one cup of yeast, stir well and strain again, bettle and sit on ice or in a cool place. Is ready for use in twenty-four hours."

used to rub over the affected parts.

Miss Cleveland's Pictures, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland very sensibly forblds the sale of her photographs. Photography for revenue only is an abomination

A New Club. Paris has a club whose mission is to

help dranken people home at night. In other cities they are sent home by a 19liceman's club.