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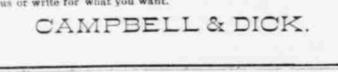
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to your advantage to trade with us. You may not have thought so heretafore. e are a few points for your consid-

## QUEER. Go travel the round world far and near, Through shade and sunshine of a weary year, When the sky is dark, or when 'tis clear, When the winds are still or the storms appear. In the flush of spring or the autumn sere, You will always find as you do here. A host of things that are always queer.

The people are queer, the low and high, Queer in their gait as they hurry by. Queer in their manner so coel and shy, Queer in the glance of the haughty eye. All people are queer beneath the sky." As the Qualter said, "but thee and L And thee is a little, or pretty nigh !"

Queer is the dude with parted hair-Attar of roses and grease of bear, And often the tailor's biank despair-Nursing his cane for a constant care, Learning by effort to lisp and swear, Drifting away from a mother's prayer The cap and bells of a fool to wear.

Queer that the right will sometimes fall, Seeming to stray from the narrow trall, While the wrong sweeps on with bending sail, Catching the breath of the passing gale; That vice should wrigh in the turning scale More than honor and truth in mail, "Tis queer as the use of a comet's taff!

Queer are the games the children play, Queer are the prayers the people say. Queer are the dreams that have passed away-The forms of beauty to moldering clay-The hopes that vanish, the law's delay, The roses of June that bloom in May-All queer as an honest vote to-day.

But queerer still, it is very plain, Is the greed that thrives on a brother's bane: The queerest of all in the world's wide train, Strange as the joy that is been of pain. Or the song of the bird in the summer rain, That men will wear for the greed of gain The curse and the branded brow of Cain. -Bonj. F. Leggett, in Troy (N. Y.) Times

HER CURIOSITY.

## The Mortifying Situation Into Which It Led Mrs. Pryam.

Mrs. Pryam was a slave to her curiosity. She was always wanting to know things it did not concern her to know. She spent much time in useless wonderings about this and about that. She wondered what her neighbors had in the bundles she saw them carrying home. She wondered what they had for dinner and how much their clothes cost, how much Mr. Smith's salary was a year and whether or not the Browns had paid for

their handsome furniture. Mrs. Pryam was also a woman of ideas. She had an idea that Mr. and Mrs. Jones

## EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1890.

with the closed shutters. She knew the exact location of the room, and had taken a step or two toward is when Mr. Pryam stepped from the gentlemen's dressing-room and interfered with her plans. But she had not abandoned her purpose. All the evening she was on the watch for a chance to satisfy her curiosity. She had purposely left her handkerchief in the ladies' dressing-room, and when she could do so without attracting attention she slipped out of the parlor and went upstairs.

All the upper rooms and halls were deserted. The door of the room with the closed shutters was shut, while all the other doors on that floor were open wide, a fact that increased Mrs. Pryam's curiosity. "There can't be any harm in just peep-

ing into the room," she argued, "and I would really like to know what there is in it. I'll just take one peep in anyhow." She turned the knob, the door was not locked, and as it partly opened Mrs. Pryam heard some one coming hurriedly up the stairs. There was no time to scape from the narrow passage in which she found herself and, fearing detection, she stepped quickly into the room, closed the door softly behind her, and found herself in total darkness. A moment later, to her unspeakable dismay, she heard the door of the room locked by some one on the outside. Her curiosity now gave place to a feeling of alarm.

What was she to do? How could she escape? She stood still in the darkness asking herself these questions. She dared not cry out and bring shame and disgrace on herself by confessing to what lengths her curiosity had led her. She began groping her way around the room with outstretched hands until she touched the mantel, and the next moment her hand rested on a box of matches.

She struck a match and held it between her thumb and finger, and as the little flame for one brief instant lighted up the room Mrs. Pryam gave utterance to an ear-piercing scream and ran wildly around the room, upsetting chairs and tables in the darkness, and wildly crying out:

"Help! help! Let me out! Let me out! Murder! Help! Will no one let me out of this horrible room? Some one was about to sing in the parlor below, and there was the usual hush of expectation, which was broken by Mrs. Pryam's screams. Mr. Marcy ran quickly upstairs followed by many of the guests, and as the The arrival of a stranger in the neighscreams still continued with increased borhood gave Mrs. Pryam rich food for shrillness it was easy to discover whence wonderment, and she speat much of her they came. time wondering who he was, where he Mr. Marcy unlocked the door on which came from, where he was going, what Mrs. Pryam was beating with her clenched fists. She staggered from the room with a pallid face, and fell into her husband's arm, crying out: "Oh, James, take me away from this horrible house There's been murder done in that room!" Mr. Marcy and his guests stared in amazement for a moment, then the host, with a half-suppressed smile, stepped into the room, lighted the gas, and touching an artificial skeletan hanging from a hook in the wall near the mantel, he said: "Perhaps this is what frightened you.

### Within the meadow of Time's book sound falls on her ear but the "wash of Let my song be the laughing brook the wave" on the yacht's side at her That sings along its silver way head, and the drip, drip of the rain on As 'twere a dryad gone astray, Seeking by music's baim to bless deck. But stay! that surely is a louder The hunger of its loneliness. sound than the water that ripples so Lot all my lines like ripples run, close to her. It is too muffled to he cars; all the same there is a distinct splash.

Forever mirroring the sun; Gay as the light lisp of a leaf, Unmarred by any gust of grief: Sweet as the soft South wind that blows Its tender love-song to the rose; Cloan-cut and perfect as a gem Set in a Suitan's diadem. So, later, if my rhymes be read

ASPIRATION.

By maid or youth, it may be said: His was a slender read whose notes Were fashioned in the birds' slim throats ed by the captain, had gone ashore. Their joyous cadences and sweet He made his melodies report. No melancholy strain he knew; His skies were always bright and blue. comes a low, deep growl from Cheviot, a growl that ends in an odd kind of gurgle. Life seemed for him to slip along As smoothly us his limpld song, and a noise of something heavy falling. Which, in its grace and simple art, Echoes the gialness in his heart. Frank Dempster Sherman, in Harper's Bazar.

## BY A TURN OF THE KEY.

### The Neat Way in Which Madge Captured the Robbers.

"Well! Good-bye, Madge, and take are of yourself; the gig is alongside, so suppose I must be off; but I wish to goodness you had let me chuck the whole thing over when I spoke about it this morning; I hate leaving you all by ourself. Well, at any rate, I shan't be late."

So spoke Bertie Hepburn, the owner of the yacht Cormorant, as smart a schooner as ever flew the white ensign. to his wife, who was standing rather disconsolately at the door of the main cabin, while her husband struggled into a huge oilskin-coat, preparatory to going ashore.

It was a wild night, dark as pitch, the rain was falling in torrents, and an icy wind, blowing straight from the Apennines, did not make matters more omfortable. The Cormorant had been weather-bound in the harbor of Port Ercole, an unimportant town about eighty miles north of Civita Vecchia. for nearly a week; there was absolutely nothing to be seen there; but the harbor was a good one, and the weather outside

was decidedly "dirty."

# Jos Parstra of all kinds neatly and expedi-ously executed at lowest prices. Bon'type forge NUMBER 17.

MY LOVE SEWED ON. My love sewed on and she stitched my heart Into each gleaming fold; She sat where the sun shone Changing its brown to gold, bone on her hair, And still she sewed with sigh and smile, Making her wolding dress the while

My love sewed on and she stitched my heart. Into each tiny sourn: Red lips, white brow and happy eyes Were valled in the tender dream. And still as she sewed she sung and smiled. Making a robe for a little child. My love sewed on, and her tears fell fast

ly sharpened; she hears a footstop, soft as velvet, on the deck, right overhead. On the gathers her needle presed-That is not the way Bestie would come lay near by in a cold, white sleep, on board, let alone the party who, head-With my hunds crossed on my brenst-How could my love with har head low bowed. Know that I knew she was making my shroud? --Mary &. Denison, in America, Now she hears more footsteps and

LEGENDS OF IOWA.

Origination and Character of Western Folk-Lore.

The "Lone Tree "- Opening of Rock to Conceal a Girl Pursued by Savages-Saved by a Thander-Bolt-Suicide

of Indian Lovers,

For a few minutes the poor child feels Legends will originate wherever men utterly confused, and then all of a sudad women may happen to congregate. den her senses return to her: she rolls it is, however, somewhat startling to herself in a long, dark boat-cloak that learn that legends exist in countless numbers among the people of the Westis Langing on a hook, puts out her light, and cautiously-for her life depends on ern States. Portions of Illinois and lowa, which fifty years ago were a wil-There is a little bit of passage beforness or a prairie waste, to-day teem tween her and the main cabin, from ith romantic stories, and scores of objects with which are connected strange which comes a dim light; a faint clash dventures or incidents are pointed out of metal can be heard, but neither voice o the traveler who has the fortune of ming across one of those most indis-The companion-ladder is between the

usable members of Western society. two cabins and the passage is nearly an old settler. pitch dark, while there is always the It has been said that legends reflect friendly shelter of one or two unused: the character of a people, and if such is the case, the early Western settlers

Shall she wait in her cabin, perhaps to be caught like a rat in a trap; or must have been sturdy men who saw good in every thing, and opposed all shall she crawl along the passage, make strictly vulgar superstition; for the a dash for the companion, and get on deck somehow to give the alarm to the reat majority of their legendary stories ontain morals and poetle inspirations sailors? She elects to attempt the latf the highest order. They are free

from the dross of superstition found in Three steps and she is crouching at ne tales of England, Germany and the foot of the stair, and can see into the saloon. On the floor, with his back France: they do not breathe the romanto the door, one man kneels, and she | tic but misleading spirit of occultness sees him filling an empty bag with all | which pervades the fables of the Orient; he yacht's silver. The door of Bertle

an hour at latest her husband will be

back. All is wrapped in stillness. No

and a sort of jar on the ship's side.

Madge sits up to listen, and her sense of

hearing seems to become preternatural-

then-oh! what is that going on? There

Light steps seem to cross the deck

and come down the companion, and

through the keyhole of her door shines

the faintest glimmer of light; in one

moment she is out of her berth and at

her door-alast it has got no key, and

those in the yacht, whoever they are,

have got her at their mercy.

it-opens the door and looks out.

nor sound.

cabin doors.

nevertheless, be a dangerous thing to doubt the veracity of this tale in the presence of the few survivors of those stirring times; and popular taste has applied to the hill, which will sooner or later be made famous by this story, the not very euphonic but very significant name of "Providence Hole." This pretty piece of flotion, the writer is constrained to add, has a prototype in a German story, but it is doubtful whother the people who repeated it on the banks of the Mississippi fifty years ago were aware of the existence of the Teutonic fable. It is safe to claim the story of Providence Hole as a purely Western production, which, when properly embellished, will be entitled to rank with the highest specimens of folk-

Another and scarcely less interesting instance of providential interference with the affairs of men has many belevers among the good folks inhabitng the bottom lands of the Cedar near its confluence with the lows river. In the early days of Iowa this part of the territory was inhabited by a wild, desperate class of people, who lived on what they could steal from more industrious neighbors. Horse stealing was the favorite pursuit of the male portion of this community, and many enterprising men saw the fruits of their toil destroyed for want of live-stock which disappeared at the most inopportune times. Horse thieves in those days expected no nergy when they had the misfertune to fall into the hands of the settlers; and when one bright June morning in the year 1840 nine of them were caught ya detachment of outraged farmers, hey prepared themselves to meet death with bold faces. The gang was conducted to a huge oak tree on the banks of the Cedar river, whose nine branches invited the settlers to finish their workof vengeance. One man after the other was supplied with a hompon nonk-tic, and arrangements were made to send hem to kingdom come at the same Instant. The signal was given. A fierce stroke of lightning and a desfening rear of thunder followed the command which was to end the carthly existence of nine human beings. Eight bodies dangled in the air. The ninth was lying on the ground, saved by the lightning hich had ripped the k he was hanging from the trunk of the tree. It was a miracle, for the man, after recovering from his stuper, proved s innocence to the satisfaction of the vigilants." The eight thieves had met their fate, but Providence Interfered in a way that could not be misunderstood to save the life of the gulliless. The trop made famous by this ineidentisstill standing- at least it was two years ego-and the strange tale here related has become a treasured logend among the old setters of the vicinity, which is no longer the hidingplace of desperadoes, but a veritable Eden inhabited by prosperous and intelligent farmers: A fourth log oil had its origru in the present city of Massatine, known in the early dues as Bloomington, In. This town is built on many blis which overlook the Mississippi fiver. In the days preceding the settlement of Iowa by whites, the vicinity of Muscatine is said to have been the invorine resort for Indian lovers, who passed many hours on the noble bluffs thinking of the maidas they adored. In most mass this paralless pastime had nosceleds equits, out once upon a time an Indian warrior fell in love with the heantiful daughter of a mighty chief. His-tends r beerings tre reciprocated by the copper-colored charmer, but her father would not listen o the pleadings of the obscure lover. There was no war at the time, and conequently the ambitious brave had no uportunity to distinguish himself, and win the apple of his eve by deeds of cavery, which seems to have been the aly way in which the storn parent light have been moved. Elopement as out of question, as the country was inhabited by faithful followers of the chief who would have "tomahawked" the venture-some youth had he tempted to run away with the girl. became unbearable, and to end heir sufferings the couple concluded to end their existence. As soon as the lovers had formed this desperate resolution they made their way toward the river, where they found a canse. Chanting a death soug and exchanging sentiments of undying love, they fleated down the river until they came to the bluffs already referred to. Here they disembarked, ascended one of the steep hills, and, embracing each other, throw themselves into the quiet river below. The incident was industriously discussed by the few white families then living in that neighborhood, who forthwith named the once picturesque bluff "Lover's Leap." Another version of the adventure here recorded is not quite as romantic. In it the love-lurn brave and his devoted girl are described as a very ordinary white couple who ended a life of disappointment by drowning themselves. This matter-of-fact account of the tragedy may be the true one, but the rising reneration is inclined to put faith in the Indian tradition, which, as has already been stated, originated not with the red men, but with the early white seitlers. To repeat stories like the foregoing without the least attempt at embellishment may detract from their literary nerit; but the object of the writer has been to prove that the American people are just as poetic in their conception of strange phenomena as those of Europe, and that has in a measure been accomplished. Some day, there can be no doubt, an author born with the gift of portraying the thoughts and feelings of the "common people" will collect these American legends, and present them to the world as the most finished specimens of folk-lore to be found anywhere .- G. W. Weippiert, in Journal of American Folk-Lore.

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LILLY, CAMBRIA CO., PA. he wanted and if he had a family. If February 14, 1890.-1y. nothing definite could be learned she was apt to fancy that he was a fugitive ROBERT EVANS. from justice.

It follows from all this that Mrs. Pryam was not a popular woman and that her neighbors did not take her into and the state of the state of the state heir fullest confidence. A A A

A large and handsome house across he street from Mrs. Pryam's having ecome vacant, Mrs. Pryam began wondering who its next occupants would be. and when after a lew weeks the house was rented by a strange family Mrs.

Pryam gave herself up to wondering about her new neighbors.

It was not many days before she knew that the name of the family was Marcy and that its members were Mr. and Mrs Marcy, an elderly couple, and their four ons and daughters, all of whom were grown to manhood and womanhood. When she called, which she did before

the family had been two weeks in the house, Mrs. Pryam found the Marcys to be agreeable people and a pleasant addiion to the society of the neighborhood. ther people formed the same opinion

STEEL FENCE! of the Marcys and it was not long before they became decidedly popular. They were a kindly, cordial and inteligent family, as even suspicious Mrs. 'ryam admitted, and it was some time sefore she found any thing to criticise n their daily life, although she found such to wonder about.

"I wonder," she said one day to a wighbor, "why the Marcys always keep he shutters of that pleasant little secd-story room in the west wing of the touse closed?" "I never noticed that the shutters

Por RESIDENCES, CHURCHES, CEMETERIES, FARMS GARDENS, Gatos, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises, were not kept open," was the reply. GARDENS, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free "Haven't you?" said Mrs. Pryam, in a

one of surprise. "Why, I noticed it the first day they moved in. and I couldn't elp thinking it a little strange. When the Percys lived there Mrs. Porcy used that room for a little sitting-room of her own, and I've heard her say that she thought it was the pleasantest room in the house. I should think the Marcys would need it, large as their family is. It looks so odd to see the shutters of that room always closed and the others always open-even to the attic shutters. They've never been open since the Marcys took the house. Isn't it strange?" Mrs. Pryam had found so many natural things "strange" that she could not arouse her neighbor's interest in the

very remarkable circumstance that a ertain window was not used as she thought it ought to be. But as the weeks passed there was op-

portunity for Mrs. Pryam's wonder to grow, for the blinds of that window were Ill always closed.

"I've seen little streaks of light treaming through at night sometimes," Mrs. Pryam said one day to her husband.

"Well, what if you have, my dear?" he said, laughingly. "Do you suppose the Marcys are another tribe of Benders, and that they entice strangers into that

room and murder them?" "You know I don't," replied Mrs. Pryam, reproachfully. "I simply wonder why they don't make any use of such a desirable room as that when I've heard Mrs. Marcy say that they were really crowded for room, large as the house is."

months in their new home they gave a pole used by patients was not exhibited

Mrs. Pryam." On shelves around the room were jars

filled with liquids of various sorts, and with specimens of snakes, toads, lizards and other animals preserved in alcohol, while on tables and stands were the instruments one often sees in chemical laboratories. A strong odor of chemidals pervaded the room. Half a dozen skulls were on the mantel, and great owls and eagles, dead years before, looked down from the top of cases filled with queer-looking instruments. Turning to his surprised guests Mr.

Maroy said: "Some of you may know that I was for many years a practising physician, and I have always been greatly interested in natural history and in scientific pursuits of various kinds. I have for a number of weeks been making some interesting chemical experiments in my little laboratory which has been kept dark all the time for that purpose, or I might have had it

open before for the amusement of my friends who care to see the specimens I have here. "It occurred to me a few moments ago

that I had neglected to lock the door of the room, and I thought I ought to do so to save some of the ladies from opening the door by mistake and receiving just such a shock as Mrs. Pryam has had, so I ran up stairs and locked the door, not knowing that I had been too late in taking this precaution, and I must beg Mrs. Pryam's pardon for my carclessness in leaving the door unlocked.

Although Mr. Marcy made this explanation in a bland and smiling manner, there was a quiet sarcasm in his words he could not conceal, and which was not lost upon his hearers. Mrs. Pryam made matters worse for herself by saying, half hysterically: "I-I-just wanted to see what was in

the room. That was all. I have so often wondered-" Her deeply-chagrined husband led her

from the hall, and in a few moments they were on their homeward way. The lesson proved to be a wholesome one for Mrs. Pryam, and when a few months later she and her husband moved to another town she left much of her curiosity behind her, and wisely concluded to give her attention wholly to her own affairs .- Youth's Companion.

### Why the Barber Pole Is Striped-

Anciently barbers performed minor perations in surgery, particularly bleeding. To assist in this operation the patient would grasp a staff or pole which was always kept by the barbersurgeons. To this staff was tied the tape used in bandaging the patient's arm. When not in use the pole was hung outside as a sign of the duties per-When the Marcys had lived about six | formed within. Later the identical

They had been cruising for abou three months in the Mediterranean, and meant to prolong the cruise till spring. Bertie Hepburn was a man who, happy ruffian has his hands on a heap of sovereigns, the broken cash-box being on and contented everywhere, was never so happy as on board his own yacht, and the floor at his feet. A third man is in he was more fortunate than many yachtthe main cabin. He is standing beside owners in one respect, inasmuch as his an open drawer, his head partly turned wife, pretty, charming Madge Hepburn, away from the door, but Madge feels he

was as devoted to a seafaring life as he was himself. moment he may look round. She had not even grumbled over their forced detention at Fort Ercole, as so many women would have done, and it was she who had insisted on Bertle keeping his engagement to dine with the Vice-Consul on Christmas Eve. That unfortunate gentleman, whose life, passed among a people with whom he had nothing in common, was one round of dull routine, was delighted to welcome the owner of any stray yacht driven by stress of weather into the made up her mind she acted. snug haven of Port Ercole, and, on the arrival of the Cormorant, had come on board in state to hid them to a dinner at the shabby house dignified by the steps and he was across the room, but name of Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-

Consulate. Madge had sent an excuse. a perfectly true one, that a bad cold vented her coming ashore in such eather, but she would not hear of her susband also throwing over his engagement.

I shall be all right, Bertie," she said. "I have no end of letters to write, and you won't be late." There was an utter absence of joviality about the meal, and she got through it as quickly as possible, much to the secret joy of the steward, who had his own plans for his evening's amusement on hand.

"If you please, ma'am," said he, as he leared the things away, "I should like o go ashore this evening, if you have to objection."

"Oh! no, certainly you are welcome to

"If you please, ma'am," said her maid Sve minutes afterward, "the captain says there are great doings in the cathedral to-night, and he will take me shore to have a look at them if you lon't want me.

"No, you can go by all means, Dunne," said her mistress; "but I'm afraid you'll get very wet landing."

Their departure in the dinghey five minutes after seemed to leave the yacht see they got it in the long run. wonderfully quiet. There was not a ound to be heard but the drip of the ain on deck and the moaning of the wind in the rigging. The sailors were all snug in the foc'sle, but no sound of dces came from thence, and the good hip Cormorant might have been a derelict as far as any life on board was conerned.

Madge Hepburn, who was both impressionable and imaginative, was impressed by the stillness in spite of herself. "We must keep each other company, Cheviot," said she to the big blackand-tan sheep-dog who lay asleep on the

cabin floor, but he refused absolutely to enter into conversation; his manner showed decidedly that he did not wish to be disturbed, and, as his mistress would not desist, he got up sulkily. stretched himself half a dozen times. and slowly and heavily lurched out of the cabin, and up the companion, while a thump overhead a minute later told Mrs. Hepburn he preferred the cold and wet on deck to her society. The stillness seemed more remarkable now

Cheviot had left her, and she had not noticed before how chilly the cabin had grown; had the steward been on board he would have had the stove relighted, but she did not care to disturb the sailors; she could settle to nothing; the letters were not to be thought of; she ransacked the bookshelves, but she seemed to have read every thing, and was not in the mood to re-read even Rider Haggard or Rhoda Broughton.

"Thank goodness," said she, "there

nor do they in any way res woird, uninspired sagas of the Norse dressing-room is open, and another beetle-browed and brawny Italian peasantry. The legends of the Westare as sturdy,

as independent and as forcible as the men who created them, and for this reason, if no other, deserve more than passing mention. What could, for instance, be more

is the greatest danger, and that at any poetic than the story of the "Lone Free," which was related to the writer not long ago by one of the oldest settlers As she stands there her eye falls on of Eastern Iown? The tale-or, to the strong key that is in the lock of speak more properly, the legend-is the main cabin door. She can almost used on an oak tree, for many years touch it. If she did but reach it could he only one standing within a radius she lock them in before they could stop her? Above all, would the key turn? f eight or nine miles. How did the tree come there? That the unsophisti-She knows nothing about its lockingpowers, and it might easily be rusty. cated pioneers could not explain; so they resorted to invention, and gave But Madge Hepburn is no coward, and the fighting blood of a wild border urrency to a story which will live long after they have been forgotten. Early strain runs botly in her veins. As she in the year 1840, so the report goes, soon after the so-called Blackhawk Concealment was now of no use; she Purchase had been consummated, a sprang at the door, and as she did so young couple emigrated from New York the third man turned and saw her. Two

State to the West. The man (Bill Brewster was his name) was openone second had sufficed for Madge. The hearted, hospitable and courageous, door banged to; the key was stiff. and his wife was a representative indeed, but terror gave her fingers a American woman of the middle class, strength she did not know they posindustrious, kind and faithful. After essed, and before the burglar actually their arrival in Iowa the two young ouched the door handle the bolt shot nome. A volley of Italian oaths and a low which all but knocked a panel out copie," went out "prospecting" (looking or suitable land) every day, and finally eached a tract of fat prairie hand which if the door followed, but Madge seemed comised to yield rich crops. Here as if she had wings to her feet. She they decided to take up their abode, ew on deck, and now? What is that and the woman, relieved of all anxiety which falls on her ears but the blessed and worry, then and there gave birth ound of oars? But alas! What is that to a son, and at the same moment-to black form that at the same momen commemorate the event-an oak sanhe sees stretched on the dock, and ting sprang up which was over after-ward called the "Lone Tree." The sapwhat is the dark stream that stains its marface? She does not know. Her eyes ing, in course of time, became a stout are dim; her senses fall her, and when Sertie Hopburn jumps on board the onk tree, and stood for many years in

first thing he sees is his pretty Madge ts isolated position, a mystery to the minitiated, an object of never-ceasing in a dead mint at his feet lying across priority to the old sottlers, and a monment of interest to the student of The noise the three ruffians make in American life and manners, until a vanthe cabin soon gives him the clew to tal out it down, four or five years ago. what has happened, and before poor Scarcely less interesting is a bit of Madge has recovered her senses a free gendary talk current in the region of fight has taken place, and if the Italian he Wyoming Hills in chain of moundentlemen were a good deal knocked about by the English sailors, they deike elevations located on the western dore of the Mississippi river, between served double us much as they got, and the towns of Davenport and Muscatine, the Vice-Consul made it his business to a.). These hills were once upon a time he meeting-place of thousands of In-In some mysterious manner these sea

lans, and hundreds of their dead were robbers had discovered that the owner aried in gigantic mounds constructed and a good many of the crew of the on the crests of the elevations. When Cormorant had gone ashore, and they he white settlers first appeared they thought they would have it all their received a cold welcome from the red own way on board. The last thing that men who wandered through the country they looked for was that a mere girl which was once their own, but had been should "up and bar the door" in their eded to the United States Government by their chiefs. The savages carried congeance in their hearts and murder in heir eyes; and many a bold agriculturst, who had braved the hadships of ioneer life to acquire some land for his family, never returned from his cornfield, and the wailing and lamentations of widowed women and fatherless chiliren were echoed from one farm to the other almost every week. One of these men went out one Sunday morning to collect his cattle. He ascended one of the sloping hills, not noticing the form of an Indian who was concealed among the tall weeds growing on the summit "he settler's foot never crossed the breshold of his home again. He was cuelly murdered by his hidden

foe and his body thrown into the waters of the Mississippi. His vife, growing anxious about his colfare, at noon sent out her little

faughter to basten her father's return. The child, inured to danger, undertook the task, but had not proceeded far when she noticed a red man on the hill, and, turning around, one behind her. Scope seemed Impossible; but just at

ess one; dis heart am yoah's no mo conceal her opened in the side of the -Young Husband (inspecting a pair open again. The girl, almost famished by this time, crept out of her hidingplace, and, seeing that all danger was past, ran home, where she related her strange story to a number of neighbors

She Wounded His Heart.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE." -A Common Cause. -Briggs-"Wonder what porsessed him to jump into the river?" Braggs-"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe."-Terre -Western Visitor-"Just add some

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stewed tomaytoes to my order." Boston Waiter-"I suppose you mean tomahtoes." Western Visitor-"Well, maybe I do, and while you are about it bring me some fried potahtoes."-American. -Little Brother-"Mr. Poseyboy,

won't you go and stand before the window?" Poseyboy-"Cortainly, my little man, but why?" Lattle Brotherwindow?" "Oh, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can."-Burlington Free Press.

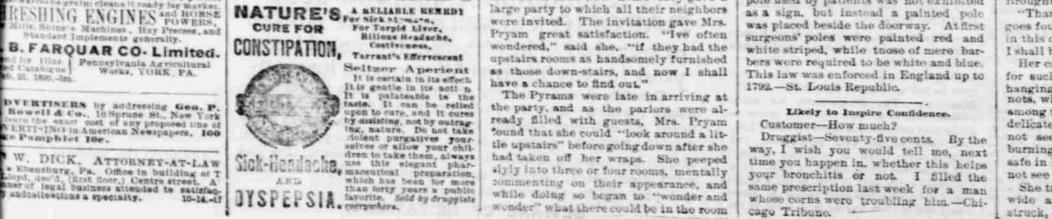
the lifeless body of poor Cheviot.

faces.-The Queen.

Haute Express.

-Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky)-"How did your husband pass the night. Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood-"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look)-"H'mstill flighty."-Boston Beacon.

-Mose-"Farewell, farewell, O faiththat moment a crevice large enough to Chloe-"Git out! git out! yo' silly chump; hill. She sought the refuge thus proviyo'see dat open door?" "I leab yo' now; wif darkened brow I seek der midnight's black expanse!" "Well, go; but watch dad's terrier-he might catch on yo pants!"-Texas Siftings. of newly-mended stockings)-"Why, this darn-" Young Wife (interrupting)-"Oh, Charles! Please don't swear about it. Don't use such language. 1 did the best I knew. Oh, boo-hoo! boohoo!" Young Husband (comforting the distressed)-"Why, Myrtie love, what's the matter? I only started to say this darning was simply superb."-Drake's struck, and she reflects with joy that in | Magazine.



goes four bells; there is no good sitting n this cold, gloomy cabin any longer. I shall be off to bed." Her cabin was, indeed, a pretty nest for such a pretty bird; on its fluted hangings twined roses and forget-me-nots, while laughing cupids peeped from among the flowers; all was dainty and delicate, but somehow to-night it did not seem cheerful; the lamp was not burning so brightly as usual, and, once safe in her pretty berth, Madge could not see to read as she had intended. She tries to shep, but never felt more wide awake, and now six bells are

As a confectioner's wife at Buda-Pesth was cutting tissue-paper with a sharpdentially offerred, and as soon as she pointed knife, a young man, a friend, concealed herself the opening closed, bent over her to kiss her. She lifted and to her startled sight was revealed a her hand in defense, and before she cavern of large dimensions, of which was aware of it the knife had wounded she was the only occupant. Not until the young man to the heart. He died the following evening did the crevice almost immediately.

An Extravagant Intortae.

They are telling of a Maine man who asked two boys to carry a haif a cord of wood from the sidewalk up a flight of who had met at the cabin to solve the stairs to his office, and whon they had mystery of her disappearance. Subset ; finished the task handed one of the fads quent search failed to reveal a cavern one cent, with instructions to waivide anywhere near where the girl had been it" between them. That man's purgaso miraculously saved, but it would, ' tory should be a long freeze.