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If not paid in advance, \$1.25

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My soul to day is far away... Sailing the Vesuvian Bay; My winged boat, A bird afloat, Swims round the purple peaks remote.

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Dr. C. T. Horn, Central Drug Store. Opposite the "Carbon House," Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

Wanted at the Cross-Roads. I was in a hurry to reach home, for it was the wildest night I had ever known in all my life.

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man to be worth the trouble. But after all I thought, probably he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice without being a highwayman, no doubt.

When supper was over, and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs together. We shared one room together. The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he was asleep. That night I followed his example. But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip on my arm, and was roused by a cry in my ears.

It was so real, so palpable, that when I became broad awake I actually believed that some one was in the room; the man who had intended robbery or violence. But when I had arisen and I saw my lamp the room was empty, except myself and Ben, who lay snoring on his pillow.

Only a dream born of my meeting the strange man in the road, I felt, had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words—this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice: "Wake up! wake up! You are wanted at the cross-roads."

"What ails you?" he cried. "Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a voice?" "Yours," said Ben; "your yelling woke me up; you fairly frightened me."

"Brother," said Ben, "go to sleep. You had a nightmare," and Ben plunged in beneath the blankets and was snoring again. I also, in ten minutes, slept as soundly as before, but the awakening very soon came again.

I opened my eyes to see a girl standing at the foot of my bed. A girl in white robes, with golden hair all about her shoulders, who wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, wake up! you are wanted at the cross-roads."

"I am compelled to go; I must go. I do not refuse, whatever may be thought of me." "In ten minutes we were splashing through the mud and rain along the road. It was precisely dark. Now and then a blizzing red star in the distance told us that a lamp was beaming through the rain in some cottage window.

heard that gone since before the war: The last log of their house was burned when Grant went through. You'll find the old stone chimney standing about two miles up the road.

The girl, a beautiful girl of 17, was his granddaughter, and as no story is acceptable to the lady readers without a favor of romance, I will tell them she became in after years not my wife but the wife of my darling brother Ben.

THE LOST ARMY CHEST.

It all began with a visit to an auction-room in which was being sold the usual-called-for packages of the Adams Express company. I watched the sale for some moments without thinking of buying anything, when an old military-looking trunk was put up. Somebody bid \$1, and just as it was about to be sold I offered 50 cents more. It was promptly knocked down to me, and that evening I got my treasure home.

There was a lot of letters in it, written chiefly in a female hand, and addressed to "Dear Harry" and "Dear Sweetheart." This I looked through carefully and saw that the story was the old one. "Harry" was a soldier in the confederate army. The letters were dated in '61 and '62 and Celia loved him and was doing her womanly best to hearten and strengthen him to do a man's part and come home to her.

On the next page was the following memorandum: Money captured near Hackensack, N. J., on a point two miles due north-west of Perry's, at foot of live oak tree, two miles south of Amram's stable. "Big Black."

Graves died in hospital at Yorkburg, June 24, leaving me sole owner of his chest. An amputation was made; doctor says must amputate, and no chloroform in Yorkburg; felt set in Yorkburg, and don't care. However make this will and testament. Leave buried treasure to man finding, condition he bury grave of Celia Mansford, catholic cemetery, New Orleans, and create there on suitable monument, with name and "Built by the hands of her dead lover." No trouble to find set if memorial above consulted. If curse dying man has weight here or hereafter, leave it upon him who falls to observe my wish. Yorkburg, June 26, 1865.

Now this, you must admit, was a romance to be read in an old trunk. The only clue I could get to the owner of the trunk was that his initials were S. R. E. and the peculiarly rusted state of the tin case made me half hope that it had never been opened since the day the dead hands closed it. The matter did not strike me as anything more than a romance for the time being. I felt sure that no one would carry around an old case of that kind without knowing its value, and for more than a year I never thought for a moment of examining into the matter. It happened, though, last Mardi Gras, that I was down in New Orleans, and out of curiosity I went on to the catholic cemetery and asked the sexton to show me the grave of Miss Celia Mansford. I remembered about the date of her death; it was August, 1862. He pulled over the dusty old records of mortality and at last found the name we sought. Her grave was a single unmarked mound, covered for, lonely, and desolate. Evidently, if the treasure had been found a dead man's curse was waiting upon the finder. I could not imagine that any man could be base enough to rob love entombed, and the absence of that monument persuaded me that this money still lay in its hiding-place on Big Black. I at once made up my mind to make the search, and the next day I took passage to Grand Gulf, the nearest point on the Mississippi to Big Black. We got to the ferry at daylight and secured accommodations at a house near by. The next morning I took the role of a land-butcher and inquired for Amram's place. The good old lady, my hostess, threw up her hands and asked me where I had ever

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