—A white rat with a black head is a curiosity at Pau Yan, N. Y.

—There are on an average 200 pigeons officially kept in every German fortress.

—Twin hen's eggs, fully developed and connected by a tube were found in the fowl house of L. B. Livingston, at Baltimore.

—The Princess of Wales has a pet dog whose collar bears the pertinent inscription: "Johnny belongs to the Princess of Wales."

Some Startling Facts.

The official returns from Boards of Health show that nearly three-fourths of all deaths are from Consumption, when we think over the fact it is really awful, though everyone starts with a simple cough or cold, rea lize how important it is to check this terrible malady which can be done by using Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 cents. At Thomas' drug store.

—The Minister of Public Instruction in Italy has given an express order that at the doors of the art schools in that country be opened to women.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow the use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. REBER Druggist.

—Plain, straight skirts are waning. Another moon will see full draperies and gorgeous material dragging through the mud and dust of the public streets.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

—Clara Barton, the famous philanthropist, is a good shot with either rifle or shotgun. She has been seen to bring down two prairie chickens from the first flush of the covey.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large size package 50 cents.

—Anna Franklin in 1732, aided by her two daughters, edited the first newspaper issued in Rhode Island. The woman servant in the family usually worked the press.

Why Should I

Not have confidence in that which has done me a world of good? If you had suffered years with liver complaint and got cured by using Sulphur Bitters, would not you have confidence in them? J. R. Nash Hotel Winthrop, Boston.

—Jennie June, the noted newspaper writer and correspondent, is sixty years old, although she looks much younger.

Nothing in the Wide World so Good.

I was afflicted with kidney disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.—I say it with a perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides, is the only thing that gave me permanent relief. I have recommended this medicine to many people for kidney disease and they all agree in saying that it has not its equal in the wide world for this complaint.—Lyman Crawford, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

—Red of some shade or of any shade continues a favorite color.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

—The "right whale" is the most valuable of all the whalebone wales, and at times fights desperately for his life. The right backs were very rarely captured before the invention of the bomb lances, as they ran so fast that boats could not stand the strain.

There is danger in impure blood. The safe way is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.

—The latest device in Boston for sustaining the literary spirit up to a high remunerative intellectual point is "Brain Salt," which is said greatly to brighten and enliven the mind.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its superiority as a blood medicine. Nothing, in the whole pharmacopœia, effects more astonishing results in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy.

—The latest thing in book canvassing is for a manager and a chaperon to take a company of lady canvassers and travel over the country with them.

"Diseases, desperate grown, by desperate appliances are reliances are relieved, or not at all." The point of wisdom is to check them before they reach so far by applying a bottle of Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

"Conspiracies no sooner should be formed than executed," and a cold should no sooner be taken, than a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be bought and used according to the directions.

—The letter carriers in all the large cities find a good many empty purses in the letter boxes. Pickpockets think it safer to drop there than on the pavements.

Poor Humanity!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at—least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence, is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only lamented where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of various people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely superannuitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney trouble.

—The first census was taken in 1790, when there were less than 4,000,000 people. At the last census in 1880 there were over 50,000,000.

—The Vanderbilt chandelier, bought in Paris for $5000, was sold by the million aire for $400 because the small screw heads were plainly seen in its construction.

—Jeremiah Smith, of Morgan county, Ohio, has a cat which is known by the neighbors as "solar spectrum." From the tip of its tail to the end of its nose there are distributed all the colors of the rainbow. Its nose shines like a carbuncle, and there are several shades of violet on the legs.

Continued from 1st page.

the homely little kitchen and about the girl; it seemed to show Leonard his honest place among men—work and love. It was a real life so far as it went. It drew him with a strange strength from the mildewed house. The house behind which was—what?

Under all his fantastic ambitions, Len Heath was naturally a kind hearted, affectionate fellow; besides, his imagination was at work; the tenants of the Liverpool property were already real to him—sturdy mill men, pale sewing women, little children from whom he was going to filch their one chance in the world; he could hear the very words with which they would curse him who he brought out the musty parchment that left them beggared and homeless.

But behind the musty parchment, for him, was—money.

Winny fancied she saw a flicker of his old boyish, frank smile; her own face glowed in an instant under it: "Here is your place, Leonard"—timidly turning the comfortable chair about a little.

How sweet and sufficing she looked in her pretty housewife's dress, the hair pushed back from her decided little face! Her big dark eyes, soft, unreasoning, protesting against pain as a beer's, followed him as he moved unusually about. They haunted Leonard Heath for years.

"Winny," he said, avoiding them guiltily, "I am going to leave you for a week, or a month perhaps—not longer."

She said nothing. How could she struggle against this unknown power which was drawing him away? But she knew by instinct that it was taking him away from her, and that for ever.

"I am going to find a certain thing that is for your benefit—yours and Joe's. You are not hurt at me? You say nothing"—sharply. "It is not for myself God knows I am not selfish."

"No, you are not selfish, Leonard But—you do not find enough—here?"

"I'll keep it for you"—putting her hand on the chair.

"No. There! we will not talk of it You never understood all the requirements of my nature—none of you. You never will." He took up his cap and shifted it irresolutely in his hand.

"Will you be gone long, Leonard?"

"No. If I do not succeed in my search in a month, I will come back to you. You'll keep my place there ready for me?" with a smile.

Her face brightened: "I'll keep it for you"—putting her hand on the chair "Are you going now?"

"Yes, now." He took a step nearer. But he knew if he kissed the warm sweet breathed mouth, or touched her, he never would leave her. He stood motionless a moment, and then, with a sudden gesture of farewell, went out into the night.

III.

"And that's Joseph, eh? But there was another Heath, sergeant—a younger lad, if I'm not mistaken?"

Uncle Ben glanced warily about the little eating house, hauled up his wooden leg and bent over his glass of ale to reach the corporal's ear. The room was vacant but for themselves, and Tiffin was a trusty fellow; they had been comrades at Palo Alto and Vera Cruz; still, it was as well to be cautious. He keyed his whisper to the lowest pitch.

Tiffin sat upright again with a long-drawn "Whew! Now I've heerd of cases like that," he rejoined, solemnly nodding. "But I can't say as one ever come before into my actual experience. I've heerd before of men disappearin' off the face of the earth in broad daylight, with their friends about them. Death put out his hand and took 'em onseen, I reckon. That's more awful to me than to see them going the usual road—first corpses and then crumblin' bones. And there's been no word of him sence?"

"No, none; and that is five year ago—five year this October since he went out of the door, as it might be there, saying, 'I'm going to bring something to you—to you and Joe.' Leonard 'ud never brought it if he'd been alive. He'd have sent tidin's, if it was his last breath, to one of them as waited for him. I have faith in the boy," shaking his head.

"The police, now—I reckon you tried them? People allus do;" with a nod at one who knew human weakness and could pardon it.

"Of course. Wouldn't you have recommended it Tiffilin?"

"They found no traces. I'll ventur?"

"No. They searched all likely and unlikely places. And Joe—for more nor a year he let his business go by the board. I did what I could, but it was of no use."

"Ther was one, you said, he would have sent tidin's to?"

"She's ther. She's waitin' for him yet to keep his promise. I'd rather not talk about her." Ben was silent for a moment, and then resumed in an altered tone: "Ther was one clew. There was an oldish, wizened lookin' man, that Leonard had been seen with in the city a day or two before; sarch was made for him, but he never was seen afterward. Ther was them as said he had made way with the boy."

"I hevn't a doubt of it. I hev my own opinion about these onaccountable disappearances"—draining his glass with a mysterious nod. "When ther's common robbery it comes out, an' when ther's common murder it comes out. But when old Death puts on human shape an' goes about layin' on his hand, now here, now there, them he touches vanishes in daylight, an' ther's nothin' heard of them again. You heard of that strange man that was seen goin' from town to town in '39, and the cholery followed him like a bloodhound its master."

"No," with a shiver. "Then you think"——

"How do you know that the man seen with young Heath was a man?"

Tiffin's views were dreary and chilly, even over a bottle of double XX and the savoriest of fried oysters. Ben lagged in his talk, and presently stooped for his stick, leaving his supper to grow cold, and bade the corporal good night. Winny would be waiting for him, he knew.

They had been living for only a week in town, and this was the sergeant's first onslaught into the dissipation of city life. He stumped along the narrow streets in the suburb into the unfrequented road leading to the low, red brick house, with its half dozen porches, whose windows were sending a cheerful glimmer from the top of the hill. That was Joe's house. Just a week ago he and Bessy had carried out their old scheme, and had moved into the outskirts of Philadelphia, buying this farmhouse and its two or three acres round about. Not a stone's throw off, in the orchard, there was the stone cottage into which Winny and Uncle Ben had smuggled down with their old furniture and big fires and plaster busts and simple, hearty, old fashioned ways that made a home out of the place in a day.

It was a matter of course that they should come with Joe and Bessy, who had drawn them closer to them by degrees, for years trying to fill up the gap in the girl's life with their own home affairs, their children, their watchful love of her. The first plan was that the sergeant and Winny should share the house with them, but Winny rebelled "We must have room for our plaster work, Uncle Ben and I," she said; "and room for our sober, humdrum ways. It would not be best for us to live with you, Bessy."

So, with her savings (for the paddle had kept the wolf clear out of sight), she bought this cottage—a joint stock concern with her and Ben. He had been at work for weeks, patching fences, painting every bit of wood susceptible of paint, to the very cowshed. Today the last triumphant nail had been driven Winny had put down her green rag carpet and tacked her last curtain, and Joe and Bessy were coming over for a house warming tea.

Ben stumped along the board walk whistling cheerily, his old heart beating time under his thin ribs. He had gone to town for some pepper pot, as a delicate surprise to add to the entertainment, when he fell in with Tiffin, and was beguiled into the ghostly story of Leonard Heath. He jogged on faster to put it out of his mind. It was more ghastly than death to remember. There were times when he fancied it was always present to Winny, though, even to him, for years she had not mentioned Leonard's name.

He saw her now in the open door through which the firelight streamed out warmly into the night. "All right Winny!" he called At which she nodded brightly and went in.

"Ther's none kin fill the old man's place to her," he said, as he made a short cut through the privet bushes to the door. "She keeps a frightened sort of watch on me, as though I too might disappear and leave her alone. Good Lord!" He stopped short, looking about the garden and fields beyond, from which the late October chill and damp drew heavy scents, sweet and tainted with decay. "It's the very day! Five years this night. Ther were low clouds flying over the moon, too, just as now, and this cold, deathly wind, and these unwholesome smells, like plants strewed over corpses. Kin she her forgotten?" He hurried to the door, as though some ghost pursued him, stopping again to glance fearfully around.

There was a certain chill, a hush in the uncanny night, as though some ill boding presence came slowly, steadily nearer. In the many noises of the wind, through the forest just within sight, he fancied he detected a cry almost human in its want and pain.

"Was it a banshee that Len said cried on the night when a Heath died, and on that night for years after came back to 'mind them that was livin' of the dead?"

The darkness, the cry, his own ghastly fancies, drew him to the door; he opened it and came in headlong, with a pale face, at which they all laughed.

"Here is your dry coat and slippers, uncle," said Winny, and now that he was in she sat down contented. He could not tell, furtively glancing around whether they remembered the day or not. Joe, who sat smoking his pipe on the other side of the fire, was quieter than usual, and Bessy, resplendent in her new merino, more gossipy, but keeping, he noticed, a close motherly watch over Winny. However, she always did that. As for Winny, no one could ever tell what she thought.

She was the same chubby, dumpling little body that she had been five years ago. She rolled about the house rather than walked. There were the soft color and sly dimples coming and going on the honest face, and sudden laughter in the dark eyes, that made everybody long to hug her and make friends with her for ever. But while she had once been the fondest girl in the country side at dances and gayety and pretty dresses she lived, since her strange widowhood began, utterly alone but for the old man and the companionship which Joe and Bessy gave them. Apart from them, too, under all her affectionate, cheerful manner, in the absolute silence in which she covered her loss.

Ben could not tell if she remembered what night had come again. He forgot to speculate about it. The fire was so big and hospitable; the room, with its new green carpet and home made lounges, was exactly the picture of comfort and home which he and Winny had planned; and through the open door there came glimpses of the bright kitchen and whiffs of that pulleta roasting a dainty brown. Once Mrs. Joe brought back his vague fears when the door was inadvertently opened he hurried to close it.

"It is a wretched night," he said, shivering. "I fancy the dead would choose to be out in such wind and white moonlight, if they can come back"—stopping and stammering as she looked at Winny "Coming along the edge of the wood yonder, I fancied I heard the cry of some wild beast in them. I told Joe so."

"It was the wind," said Joe. "But I had a curious sound, sergeant. No wonder it skert a woman. It was like a lying beast in a cage."

"I heerd it." The sergeant hurried away from the subject, and so did Joe It was the happiest evening since they came into their new home. The work and bustle of moving were over, as well as the hard struggle of years, and the warm quiet sense of home was real for the first time.

Only once it was jarred. Leonard, Joe's oldest boy, having been admitted as a special grace to sit up for supper, prowled about the room, to the discomfort of everybody but his mother and Winny, who vied with each other in spoiling him. Finally he crept up into an old leather chair that stood vacant, shining in the firelight, in the warmest corner, curled up his fat legs and prepared to go to sleep. There was a sudden silence in the room, as though a ghost had stood among them. It was the first time since Leonard Heath had disappeared that his place had been filled, though the chair had waited vacant through all those years. They were superstitious, and this was a sure omen to them of his death. "Let the child stay," cried his mother, with a pale face; "he is the only one of his name that will ever sit in that place."

But Winny shook her head and took the boy hastily up, holding him tight to her breast and, rocking him to sleep, while her eyes rested on the place left vacant, as though she had the second sight, and Leonard Heath sat there alive before her.

IV.

It had not been difficult for Leonard to evade all pursuit. There was something in his secret flight, in the undertaking itself, that suited precisely his morbid, silly imagination and long cherished dreams of romance. He hid himself in the old Fontaine house, leaving to Ludlow the purchase of the stove and old pieces of furniture which would make it habitable for him. He took a keen delight in donning the rusty wig and half worn old Quaker dress which Ludlow bought him, and had all the triumph of a successful actor when Joe, on his visit of inquiry to the house a week later, was baffled by the deaf old man who peered at him through spectacles, brushing alongside of him while he gathered his faggot of wood. Perhaps the first month of his solitary sojourn there was the most satisfying of Leonard Heath's life. It had all the strong lines and Rembrandt shadows of a melodrama. There was the utter solitude, the ghosts of the long dead inmates of the old homestead, the tedious work of search, and behind every moment the splendid possibility of the treasure and sudden opening of the enchanted gates of which it was the key. It did not shall a whit his zest of enjoyment to remember the dismay and anguish he had caused at home. He gloated over it rather, picturing his return among them loaded with his fairy-like gifts. In his long, solitary evenings, sitting over the stove, he used to plan his home-coming in a hundred different ways, for he was but a boy, under all, and an affectionate boy.

He had read accounts of the finding of long-murdered men, and he liked to compare his own story with them But they were but commonplace mysteries this was like some wondrous tale.

He found the cellars under the house full of out-of-the-way crannies and damp recesses. Two or three times a day he felt his hand upon the treasure. Once a heap of old papers fell out of one cobweb covered shelf. He found again a coal bin half filled with worm eaten ledgers. Disappointments, but disappointments that served to heat still more his sanguine fancy.

Weeks crept into months, and then Leonard began to grow hungry for something outside of the treasure or its promise. He had not calculated on his own weakness. At times his solitude was intolerable. There were days when he would have given up all for the sound of a word from Winny or one sight of Joe's sonty face.

He used to steal back to look in the lighted windows in the evenings, hang round the road all day, in the hope that some of the family might pass that way, with a mingled relief and bitter anger if they did, and they did not recognize him.

But this fever of homesickness in time lost its force. In his own long failure, Joe's steady, moderate success began to cool and sadden him. He gradually ceased to plan for Winny or Joe; passion and love cooled into morbid, sorrowful remembrance. Real life to him was narrowed down to success—the hidden treasure. The little canker of avarice, which in the boy's original nature was as inconsiderable as the leprous spot on the stately walls of the Jew's dwelling, began to slowly eat its deadening and certain way.

It is a history which we have no mind to follow minutely. The lad was a brave, gallant, candid lad. The love of money creeps on many such as he, like a parasite on a sturdy tree, leaving all beneath it poisonous and rotten. You can find such young men in every shop or street. Leonard, shut by his love of dramatic effect into this solitude, fell a quicker victim. For the first year or two he used to prowl in his disguise out in the evenings—even made some eating house acquaintances; but the zest of adventure soon palled; when among men of his own age, his gray beard and assumed treble became loathsome and disgusting to him. Yet he could not lay them off, and so surrender the wealth which the next day might yield.

Concluded in our next.

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