CAPI. L MAR'S STORY.

One brig' au umn morning, many a , a funeral procession wound its way And then, if we two could live on a through the streets of St. Sauveur toward the small but well cared-for

warked beside the flower strewn bier. pries that had grown to be necessities Two by two, with ber's heads, the soldiere followed it. 'The muffled drums heat heavily. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, they seemed to say.

Women lo Ked from their windows as the sad presesion marched on.

He is gone at last, the poor Capt. Le Mars ! said one.

And a burry release for him sighed another.

N ver did a brave soldier live with a) many wounds, such dreadful mutilatious. Yet he was handsome stilla veamiful face; I saw it in the coffin said another.

The they crossed themselves and went back to their work.

O only of moses soldiers returned to the house in which their dead com Tale had dwelt, after the ceremonies were over. It was the colonel of the regiment.

To him, in his dying hours, poor Le Mar bad given a note, in which he had read these words.

My OLD FRIEND: When I am g re, i desire you to take from my desk a small pockage of manuscript future. We were young and which you will find there. It is the srory of my life. Even to you I have reuce . but mow I desire you to know all. You may think me a madman when you have read the story; and, Indeed no one can know wether he is mad or not, but you know me too well to suspect me of falsehood. The truth of what I have written is as absolute to me as that of my own ex-

Read it and do what you will with LE MAR. it. Yours ever,

It was to obtain this legacy that the colonel retraced his steps to the home of his dead comrade that day As Le Mar had said, he knew nothing of his life save that they had fought together, yet he had always felt that than some mystery surrounded him, there were sorrow in the past too great to be spoken of. * * * * * *

At the dead of night, in the solitude of his own room, Col. Mestayer unrolled the paper, covered by the words of his friend had written, and read the following story.

DEAREST MESTAYER : Before I became a soldier I lived with my father in a chateau near Paris. I was his youngest son, and in his way was fond of me; his kindness, however, depended altogether upon my implicit obedience. Like most young men, I had fallen in love. The object of my affection was not a lady of my own rank in life; she was a poor little shop girl, named Arline.

I have always thought her the sweetest thing on earth; certainly her blach eyes and long, glittering, waving black hair were charms any woman might have envied. I have never mentioned Arline at home, of course that you quite undertand. Her grandfather was a little, old man who carved wooden brackets for a living, and they live on a fourth floor in a very poor neighborhood.

When I was five and twenty years of age my father said to me;

Adolph, it is time for you to marry I have selected a wife for you. It is Mile. Moran.

I desire it, said my father. Mile. Morgan's beauty, position and wealth renders her the most eligible wife for slab in the morgue, her hands upon moonless night, and only the pale you. Her father approves of you you mary according to my wishes I will settle a suitable sum upon you and give you the pretty chateau at St. Sauveur, which you have always so much admired. I can afford to be generous to an obedient son, but if I am offended with you, what have y 10 ?

Not a sou.

Ah, well, said he, I see you understand the situation.

He walked away from me well satisfied. I remained where he had lett me. I asked myself what I should do. I could not tell him that I loved some on else. Love had nothing to do with his plans. I could not tell him that another loved me. What would be care for a Rittle shop girl without a penny in her purse? With his consent I should never marry her, ble part of my story. even were there no Mile. Moran on My temper, as you know, was none know it well, but it was a same of a serie arth. I might resist his authority of the best, and I hated the sight of sont, the soul of a was the was the soul of a was the soul of a was the soul of a was the was the was the soul of a was the was the was the was the was the

crust 'a a garret, we might be happy Could we? Could I? I thought of my own elegant house; of the style in It was a soldier's funeral. A guard which I had always lived; of the luxto me. I shuddered.

Perhaps time will help me. I said to myself. I will not anger my father yet. I will remain passive. I will never marry Mlle. Moran; but if it amuses old people to talk of our betrothal let them do it.

So I salved my conscience. Once or twice a week my father took me formally to call upon young Mile, Moran. The rest of the evening I made love to my little Arline. She lived with her old grandfather on an upper floor in a dismal street, but the room was bright and clean enough, and she was as pretty and as fresh as

Together we supped upon bread and radishes and claret, which I brought with me in a long bottle. These were delicious feasts. They were sweetened and flavored by love-She did not know that I was a rich man. She did not care whether I was rich or poor.

Neither of us looked far into present sufficed us. Whe her whispered together in the little garret or went arm in arm to see a play: whether we walked through the gas ing might manifest itself to me. lit streets or wondered on some holiday out into the pleasant country places-we were as happy as the day was long. Meanwhile Mlle. Moran gave me her polite attention when we met, and made no objection whatever to our parents plans.

Loving Arline as I did, I was still a coward. You who have known me in battle will think I belie myself, but at one and twenty I was a moral coward. I despise myself as I write, but I have promised to tell the truth. I allowed matters to proceed without interruption, until at last I was formally afflanced to Mile. Moran. I signed the marriage contract with my own hand, and then I felt that I could not retrace my steps. Satan whispered in

What does it matter? Marry the lady. Your little shop girl does not know anything about you. Keep your fortune and your sweetheart also. I obeyed his whispers. I managed my little affairs so as to avoid suspic ion on both sides. Reckless of the wrong I was doing to two good and pure young girls, I floated down the

stream toward my wedding day. But Satan always deserts his friends at last. A letter from my father, which I had recklessly carried about with me, fell from my pocket unseen by me one night as I parted from shall have your way. To-night you

She read it. Perhaps jealousy prompted her; and she fancied that billetdoux. At all events she read it twilight! I sent my servant away

almost incapable of motion. It is five My friend, the time is coming fast, candidates are indered by the soci-

MEDICAL AND SUL ILAL OFFICES.

never faile. Sold by F. Potts Gr. Druggist, Bellefonte Pa. 8-44-1

haps, I might teach music for a livli- him, I often drove my attached old what may we not hope from an au- for the cause of liquor, out of raw ma- swelled in; hood. I knew omething of the art. soldier servant from me, and one day gust creator? I await the hour; that terial sent here by Germany; and to my great chair by the seaward window of my sleeping apartment, when a very strange thing happened to me I feit a hand upon my head. It was a woman's hand, soft and warm and gentle. It trifled with my curls in a fathion that thrilled me with memories of the past.

I was not frightened. I was simply perplexed. I spoke. I said: "Is some one near me whom I do not see?" But there was no answer. Soon I fell asleep, lulled as a babe might phantom touch.

I became aware that some ministercreature was near me. Inanimate ob- ject. jects were moved toward me at my need without any visible human agen.

Books were brought within my reach. Flowers were plucked from the vines without the door. A glass of wine was poured out and set before me, and after all these little of. in Brooklyn, made the following decfices came soft caresses.

A kiss, a touch of a hand upon my cheek. The most loving and tender being was this spirit, and I longed to see it with a longing indescribable. I was no longer unhappy. I grew most gay. I still drove my servant is known as the Wine, Liquor and away, but it was that this unseen be-

You, my dear friend, I remember used to congratulate me on my r covered spirits. I dreaded that a revelation of the truth might drive away my spirit love forever from my side.

I have told you all that there is to tell, I think. After all, when one comes to write it down it is not so much. I sum it up in these few words: Whenever I was alone this unseen form was beside me. At night to. -felt a woman's cheek against my brow, a breath mingling with my brow; by day there was a loving, kind creature at my side. I prayed for an audible word, for one glimpse of this fond being, over and over again, but

heard and saw nothing. The longing within me grew intense. pleaded with heaven for more than had been given me. At last my prayer was answered. My own hand was seized as I sat at my writing table. Great irregular characters were dashed across the payer. They read thus:

You ask for what would give you pain. Let matters remain as they are. One is near you who loves you so that her spirit has won its way earthward to minister unto you.

I wrote beneath these lines: Let

And then this was written: You shall see her.

How I waited for to-night's comming! How eagerly my eyes sought she might have discovered a rival's to pierce the shadows of the gathering and learned from it all the truth. upon an errand which must detain Charged with it I could not deny the him for hours, and I forbid him to there is more treating going on and light a lamp.

I could only vow that I loved her As the shadows thickened I grew and her alone. Poor child! As she more and more restiess. Had I been listened I saw all hope and sweetness deceived? Would my wish actually die out of her face. White and de- be gratified? Where were the hands sparing, with her eyes dilating and that were usually hovering about me? give them a monopoly of the business But I have no desire to marry, I her lips set hard, she looked at me What was this feeling of loneliness is a very stupid legislative measure, and said nothing. She drowned her- and desolation? My eyes wandered and should be avoided." self in the Seine that night, and when from spot to spot. They saw nothnext I saw her it was upon a marble ing. The room grew dark. It was a her breast, her hair falling about her stars looked in between my window he will give her a fine portion, and if like a black veil, my ring upon her curtins. Still I watched, growing finger. My friend I did not marry hopeless, fearing that I had driven Mlle. Moran. Remorse overwhelmed my ministering spirit from me; but me at last. I confessed all to my at last-at last, as I sat staring into father, broke my engagement, and, vacancy, a light more brilliant than leaving home and friends behind me, the star light filled the room. As it enlisted in the army. I sought death, grew a low, soft breathing like that called a brave man. Who that hated and slowly, amid the soft, hazy radilife would not be brave? When you suce, a picture began to grow-a fe knew me I wore the captain epauletts. male figure lying prone, with its hands I need not tell you of my soldier's upon its breast, and a wealth of hair life or the wounds by which I was in. falling about it like a veil. At first me his pardon and gave me his little a beautiful, awful thing-Arline, as

end of the second began the incredic has so long inhabited. Shall I meet for them at the pollar ble part of my story. her there? I am no kelly and I can observe,

and marry Arline. Af er that, per man at times. Greatly as I needed man like Arline, can thus forgive, United States with can be counted on down the grade. Again the sories when I had done this I sat alone in sweet spirit comes no more to me. strike down every temperance candi-The bonds of life are breaking. Beyond the darkness a faint light is shining, and it may be that her hands features of the laws that really hurt shall clasp mine yet somewhere beyond the reach of sin and sorrow.

Adieu, my friend. Whether thou know my story. Thine,

ADOLPH LE MAR.

Col. Mestayer folded the paper and placed it in his bosom. He shed a few tears over it, and he pondered of native-born American women? be by its mother's caresses by that many hours. Whether he thought his poor friend mad I do not know-This happened more than once. He did not say so when he handed Thence still stranger things occurred, the manuscript to me, nor have I formed any conclusion upon the sub-

W. C. T. U. COLUM.

CHARACTERIRTIC CLIPPINGS FROM LIQUOR PAPERS.

An hundred and fifty delegates to the Wine, Beer and Liquor Dealers' Association of New York, claiming 12,000 members at their late meeting

"It has become self-evident that to preserve our business in such a manner that we may pursue it honorably, without fear or favor, we have been compelled to form an association. It Beer Dealers' Association of the State of New York. It is organized to protect ourselves from the enactment of unjust and fanatical laws. and to urge the repeal of such laws. In the furtherance of such object we hereby pledge ourselves to lay aside all political preferences, and to defeat any and all candidates for offices of public trust who will not give such equitable laws as we, as good citizens

"The opposition to the liquor trade | Tim, lift up one by the tail. has steadily grown during the past year, and has now reached alarming proportions. It is absolutely necessary that unremitting and energetic measures be taken to oppose this movement, not only for the protection of liquor dealers, but also for the sake of the constitutional rights of American citizens."

The Champion, Chicago, has this to say concerning the effect which reducing the number of saloon has on reducing the censumption of liquor:

"The decrease in the number of drinking places does not necessarily produce a proportionate decrease in the consumption of stimulants and alcoholic beverages. In fact we have once proven, and no Prohibition or. gan has ever contradicted our assertion, because it is founded on facts and daily observations, that there is generally more drinking done in a town or any portion of a large city where there are but two saloons than where there are six. Our main ar gument was that when a few jolly fellows meet in one saloon, instead of being scattered in three or four places, more liquor consumed. Hence, we say that both from a financial and temperance standpoint, the imposition of such a high license as will reduce the number of saloons to a few, and

The Germans of Philadelphia have organized "to crush the life out of the black dragon of Prohibition," as the Public Leader of Detroit puts it. Its Central Committee meets every Sunday. The Leader thus epitomizes

"The constitution sets forth the object of the society as being 'to se' cure the abolition of all laws not adopted to the customs of the times. Those who seek him he shuns. I was of a muffled drum fell upon my ear, by means of political sction. Inasmuch as this can only be accomplished through the ballot, the constitution provides that no person shall be eligible to membership wno is not a citizen of the United States, or who a mere outline, at last vivid in every has not taken steps to procure natur-Hearing of them, my father, who form and tint-a dead woman; with alization papers. It is also provided had at last forgiven me bestowed upon eyes half open, and pale lips apart that in each political canvass every candidate shall be questioned by a place at St. Sauveur. Here I have I had seen her last, in the awful sil. committee of the society regarding

date at the polls, and thus drive political parties into repealing all the the liquor traffic."

If the liquor power is thus "constantly manufacturing citizens of the believest me mad or not, thou shalt United States who can be counted on for the cause of liquor, out of raw material sent here by Germany," is it not about time that the Government manufactures citizens who can be counted on to defend the home, out

HUMOROUS.

A FREE DINNER .- Well, doctor. asked a layman, what have you been doing lately?

I have been experimenting on guin-

Have you discovered any new facts about them? asked Harry.

I have learned one very strange fact about them-that if you hold a guin-

What! I don't believe it.

Don't believe it? repeated the doc-No, I don't believe that nature would be so cruel to one of its crea-

tures, doctor. Do you dare bet on it.

are in the wrong, doctor.

Done! a dinner at Delmonico's said the doctor, sharply. We can settle the quesion soon enough. Come to Tim Clark's.

They were standing before the Astor House, and hastened down Broadway, turned into Fulton street and by yelping dogs, chattering monkeys and other darlings of nature.

Tim, said the skeptic, eagerly, you and honest merchants, are entitled keep guinea pigs? Ah, those are

Not me, said Tim, winking Kowingly with his left eve.

Why not? asked Harry, angrily. ed me. Because it hain't got none.

MR. MONTGOMEY SATEY AT HOME. -Mr. Montgomery has recently been staying out late at nights. Mrs. Montgomery has wept a good deal and protested somewhat, but Ferguson | would tell him and he would turn around has always had very good excuses.

Are you going down town to-night, Fergy, dear? she asked the other eve-

Um-yes, I've got to go down to attend to some business, replied Mr. Montgomery.

Will you be out late?

I don't know. Dou't sit up for me. dear and don't worry. I may be de-

Oh, you needn't hurry home, said Mrs. Montgomery unconcernedly. Why? demanded Ferguson.

Oh, I expect Charlie Howard over to spend the evening with me. You remember Charlie don't you? Such a dear, delightful fellow, and so attentive to me before I was married. Don't worry adout getting home ear-

SINGING THEMSELVES TO SLEEP

Mrs. Merriam Grant, one of the people wounded in the Chatsworth disaster, was in the rear car with her husband. In this car was a party of six young people. In order that they might sit together, Mr. and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a young man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young people were killed. Mrs. Grant thought this party were theatrical people or concert singers, they were so jolly and sang so well. They could singand they laughed and told stories and anticipated the pleasure of the trip up until late at night. Then Mrs. Grant composed berself in her chair and chief to go to sleep. Nearly every. body in the car was quiet except the olly party of six. About this time the young bride was requested to sing "Nearer, My God to Thee." Something in the desire to sleep an I rest recalled the dear ald song. The

MARON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PLANO CO.

"There let the way appear, steps thato Heaven ! The way was already in sight.

"All that Thou sendest me in mercy given." And then, with but a moment of life left for each of them, even when poor Ed. McClintock's hand was giving its last desperate wrench to the engine the singers sang to their God; "Angels to beckon me, Newer, my God to Thee,"

Enough. It was floished. The engines struck the frail bridge and it sank. The car containing the singers crushed like a bolt of Jove through the two cars in front of it, killing and grinding as a foot kills a worm. In the same instance another car erashed through it, and the singers were dead.

The Divorce Mill of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., September 25.-Yesterday was the red letter day in the history of the divorce courts of Chicago. More than one hundred de'ault cases alonesaid to be the largest number on recordfor one day-were disposed of. The reputation for Chicago as a divorce headquarters, the material growth of the city's popea pig up by the tail its eyes will drop | ulation, and the fact that the judges have refused during their vacations this year to hear any but urgent matters, are variously assigned as the causes for the exceptional heaviness of the calendar.

Five courts, exclusively occupied with divorces, were working simultaneously. The two hundred and odd persons whose matrimonial existence it was proposed to judicially murder were lost in the crowds I'll bet anything in the world you of sympathizing friends and curious spectators who came to witness the execution. Away up in the tall court house, on the floor nearest heaven, were the five divorce mills. Four spacious elvators were constantly kept crowded bringing from the bottom floors the fedder for the mills. Coming and going, up and down for hours, the elevators carried their cargoes-people of the mest diverse degree and kind, some all tears and sighs, others were soon in Tim's store, surrounded | flippant or grimly content, and still others smiling and happy. Then there were the children, generally brought to fill some gap in the testimony.

While the long procession was passing and repassing the hardened officials looked guinea pigs in that dark corner. Well on, grinning at the array of domestic misery spread out before them. Owing to the press of business, marriage knots were loosed between ill-matched couples with even! more than the usual celerity of Chicago divorce courts. Before every one For the same reason that I wouln't of the five judges all the seats and the aisles lift you up by the tail if any one ask- between were densely packed with a motly crowd, and not a syllable uttered by a shamed, broken-hearted wife escaped them. Men dropped in only to find themfind themselves standing within arms reach of their ex-wives. Sometimes a pair of green eyes would glare at one of those intruders. His inner consciousness a scared white face.

"Papa! Papa!" cried a little girl, as a well dressed gentleman came up to one the elevators a little while after the court convened. The child was snatched away by the lady who held her hand, and the gentleman turned his head and instead of waiting for the elevator walked down th e stairs and out into the street. He had just been divorced from the lady who had the child. It was well along in the afternoon before the courts were closed.

A Double Tragedy.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sep. 25 .- James H. Abbott, a shoemaker by trade, shot and instantly killed his daughter, Mrs. E. Burton Cummings on Friday night and then blew out his brains. The double tragedy occurred at the married woman's home, No. 4 Porter street-Mrs. Commings had been attending an invalid neighbor, and about 9 o'clock returned home. She went immediately to her apartments, where Abbott had preceded her but a few moments. She had barely disappeared up the stairs when a pistol shot started the other occupants of the house, and in a second another report was heard and a heavy fall followed.

Mrs. Kimball, who occupies the lower tenement, hastened up stairs, forced open the door of Mrs. Cumm'nge' room and found the daughter and father lying side by side, both dead, with tiny streams of blood trickling from the wounds in their heads where the bullets had entered. Mrs. Cummings had a shawl about her shoulders and Abbott was in his shirt sleeves, with a revolver a few feet from his side. There is no couse known for the tragedy save an over quanity of alcohol and water, whi h Abbott had been indulging in covered her face with her handker- quite treey. He had not quarrelled with his family, and it is supposed that when the crime was committed he was er z d with drink.

JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal.

through Hunti

Think an other train increased if I'O was o de ned for Pro- at 5,00 (b's alternoon the ward workers bowed persons were gathered around the