

14. 1322 - 05

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Behind Closed Doors," "The Forsaken Inn," Etc., Etc.,

York State, when I came suddenly upon an old stone house in which the marks of age were in such startling contrast to its unfinished condition that I involuntarily stopped my horse and took a long survey of the mesome structure. Embowered in a forest which had so grown in thickness and height since the erection of this building that the boughs of some of the talles, trees almost met across its decayed roof, it presented even at first view an appearance of picturesque solitude almost approaching desolation. But when my eye had time to note that the moss was elinging to eaves from under which the scaffolding had never been taken, and that of the ten large windows in the blackened front of the house only two

had ever been furnished with frames, the awe of some tragic mystery began to creep over me, and I sat and wondered at the sight till my increasing interest compelled me to alight and take a nearer view of the place. The great front door which had been fin-

The great front door which had been fin-ished so many years ago, but which had never been hung, leaned against the side of the house, of which it had annost become a part, so long had they clung together and the drippings of innumerable rains. Close beside it yawned the entrance, a large black gap through which nearly a century of storms had rushed with their winds and wet storms had rushed with their winds and wet untrod threshold, I intinctively glanced up at the scaffelding above me, and started as I noticed that it had partially fallen away, as if time were weakening its sup-ports and making the precipitation; of the whole a threatening possibility. Alarmed lest it might fall while I stood there, I did not linger long beneath it, but, with a shud-der, which I afterward remembered, stepped into the house and proceeded to inspect its rotting, naked and unfinished walls. I found them all in the one condition. A fine house had once been planned and nearly com-pleted, but it had been abandoned before he hearths had been tiled or the wainscoting nailed to its place. The staircase which ran up through the center of the house was but banisters, but otherwise finished and in a state of fair preservation. Seeing this and not being able to resist the tempta-tion which it offered me of inspecting the rest of the house. I ascended to the second

story. Here the doors were hung and the fire places bricked, and as I wandered from room to room I wondered more than ever what had caused the desertion of so promis-ing a dwelling. If, as appeared, the first ing a dwelling. If, as appeared, the first owner had died suddenly, why could not an heir have been found, and what could be the story of a place so abandoned and left to destruction that its walls gave no token of ever having offered shelter to a human As I could not answer this question I-allowed my imagination full page and was just forming some weird explana-tion of the facts before me when I felt lieve ill of anybody." Her smile certainly bore out her words, it Her smile certainly bore out her words, it She knows now '

I was riding along one antumn day , she will not let me talk about it," he comthrough a certain wooded portion of New York State, when I came suddenly upon an heard again on the kitchen boards. "Though it makes me young again, she always stops me just as if I were a child. But she cannot

help me showing you....." Here her steps became audible in the hall, and his words died away on his lips. By the time she had entered he was seated with his head half turned aside and his form bent over as if he were in spirit a thousand

miles from the spot. Amused at his cunning and interested in spite of myself at the childish eagerness he displayed to tell his tale I waited with a secret impatience, almost as great as his own perhaps, for her to leave the room, again and thus give him the opportunity of finishing his sentence. At last there came an imperative call for her presence without and she hurried away. She was no sooner gone than the old man exclaimed: "I have it all written down. I wrote it

years and years ago, at the very time it happened. She cannot keep me from showing you that; no, no, she cannot keep me from showing you that." And rising to his feet with a difficulty that for the first time revealed to me the full extent of his

till the lintels were green with moisture and slippery with rot. Standing on this out of it. For sooner than I had expected, and quite some few minutes before she came back herseli, he shuffled in again, carrying under his coat a roll of yellow paper, which he thrust into my hand with a gratified leer, saying:

"There it is. I was a gay young lad in those days, and could go and come with the best. Read it, sir, read it; and if Maria says anything against it, tell her it was written long before she was born and when I was as pert as she is now, and a good deal

more observing." Chuckling with satisfaction he turned away, and had barely disappeared in the hall when she came in and saw me with the roll in my hand. "Well! I declare!" she exclaimed: "and

has he been bringing you that? What ever shall I do with him and his everlasting manuscript? You will pardon him, sir; he is 90 and upward, and thinks everybody is as interested in the story of that old house as he is himself."

"And I, for one, am," was my hasty reply. "If the writing is at all legible, I am anxious to read it. You won't object, will you?"

now that you have the story, read it; whether you will think as he did, on a cer-

tion of the facts before me when I tert my arm suddenly seized from behind, and paused aghast. Was I then not alone in the descred building? Was there some solitary being who laid clarm to own little parlor, and sat down in the glow coquette with him. He has been to her house and her father already holds his head of a brilliant autumn afternoon to read this old-time history. higher as he paces up and down the street. I am left in the lurch, and if I had not fore-. seen this end to my hopes, might have been a very miserable man to-night. For I was Will Juliet be at home to-day? She must know that I am coming. When I met her this morning, tripping back from the farm, I gave her a look which, if she cares near obtaining the object of my heart, as I know from her own lips, though the words were not intended for my ears. You see I was the one who surprised him talking with anything about me, must have told her that I would be among the lads her in the garden. I had been walking around the place on the outer side of the who would be sure to pay her their re-spects at early candle light. For I cannot wall as I often did from pure love for her, resist her saucy pout and dancing dimples any longer. Though I am barely 20, I am a and not knowing she was on the other side was very much startled when I heard her man, and one who is quite forehanded and able to take unto himself a wife. Ralph voice speaking my name; so much startled that I stood still in my astonishment and Urphistone has both wife and babe, and he thus heard her say: "Philo Adams has a little cottage all his was only 24 last August. Why, then, should I not go courting, when the prettiest maid that has graced the town for many a own and I can be mistress of it any day,-or so he tells me. I had rather go into that year holds out the guerdon of her smiles to little cottage where every board I trod on all who will vie for them? To be sure, the fact that she has more yould be my own, than live in the grandest coom you could give me in a house of than one wooer already may be considered I would not be the mistress." "But if I make a home for you," he detrimental to my success. But love is fed by rivalry, and if Colonel Schuyler does not pleaded, 'grand as my father's, but built pay her his addresses, I think my chances may be considered as good as anyone's. For am I not the tallest and most straightly built man in town, and have I not a little cottage all my own, with the neatest of gar-The wall was between us, but I could see dens behind it, and an apple tree in front whose blossoms hang rendy to shower themher face as she said this as plainly as if I selves like rain upon the head of her who will enter there as a bride? It is not yet had been the fortunate man at her side. And I could see his face too, though it was only in fancy I had ever beheld it soften as will enter there as a brind. It is not by a dark, but I will forestall the sunset by a half hour and begin my visit now. If I am I knew it must be softening now. Silence I knew it must be softening now. Silence such as followed her words is eloquent, and such as followed her words is eloquent, and I feared my own passions too much to linger till it should be again broken by vows less arrogan; when he comes to ask her company to the next singing school. I was not first at her gate; two others were | I had not the courage to hear. So I crept there before me. Ah, she is prettier than ever I supposed, and chirper than the sparaway conscious of but one thing, which was that my dream was ended, and that my old apple tree. When she saw me come up the walk, her cheeks turned pink, but I do brave apple tree would never shower its bridal blossoms upon the head I love, for whatever threshold she crosses as mistress it will not now be that of the little cottage not know if it was from pleasure or annoyance, for she gave nothing but vexing re-plies to every compliment I paid her. But then Lemuel Phillips fared no better; and If J every board of which might have been her If I had doubted the result of the Colonel's she was so bitter-sweet to Orrin Day that he offer to Juliet, the news which came to me left in a huff and vowed he would never this morning would have convinced me that step across her threshold again. I thought all was well with them and that their marshe was a trifle more serious after he had riage was simply a matter of time. Ground she was a trine more serious after he had gone, but when a woman's eyes are so bright as hers, and the frowns and smiles with which she disports herself chase each other so rapidly over a face both mischievous and charming, a man's judgment goes astray, and he scarcely knows reality from seeming.

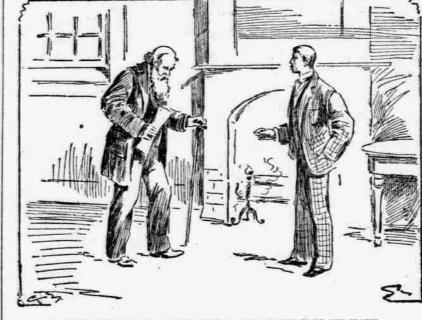
gate, but I am so filled with thoughts of her just new that I cannot always trust my judgment. I am, however, sure of one thing, and that is that if Colonel Schuyler fields to her father's house, she made a mocking curtsy, and wandered away with the ugliest old crone who mouths and mumbles in the meeting-house. Did she do this to mock us or him? If to mock him he had and Orrin meet, there will be trouble. I never thought Orrin handsome till tobest take care, for beauty scorned is apt to grow dangerous. But perhaps it was to mock us? Well, well, there would be noth-he is small, and I admire men of stature. mock us? Well, well, there would be noth-ing new in that; she is ever mocking us. They say the Colonel passes her gate a dozen times a day, but never goes in and never looks up. Is he indifferent then? I cannot think so. Perhaps he fears her caprices and disapproves of her coquetry. If that is so, she shall be my wife before he wakens to the knowledge that her co-quetry hides a passionate and loving heart. Colonel Schuyler is a dark man. He has eves which pierce you, and a smile which blue eye shone with a fire that made it as brilliant as any dark one could be, and that in his manner, verging as it did upon the reckless, there was a spirit and force which made him look both dangerous and fasci-nating. He was haranguing them on a question of the day, but when he saw me he stepped out of the crowd, and, beckoning me to follow him, led the way to a retired enot where the instant we were free from Colonel Schuyler is a dark mar. He has eyes which pierce you, and a smile which, if it could be understood, might perhaps be less fascinating than it is. If she has noticed his watching her, the little heart that flutters in her breast must have beaten faster by many a throb. For he is the one great man within 20 miles, and so handsome and above us all that I do not know of a woman but Juliet who voice does not sink a tone lower whenever she speaks of him woman but Juliet who voice does not sink a tone lower whenever she speaks of him. But he is a proud man, and seems to take no notice of any one. Indeed he scarcely appears to live in our world. Will he come down from his high estate at the beek of this village beauty? Many say not, but I say yes; with those eyes of his he cannot help it. after a moment of silent struggle; "I could not have borne it to see any man take away what was so precious to me. I-I-I did not know I cared for her so much," he now explained, observing my look of surprise. "She teased me and put me off, and co-quetted with you and Lemuel and whoever else happened to be at her side till I grew beside myself and left her, as I though, Juliet is more capricious than ever. Lemforever. But there are women you can leave and women you cannot, and when I uel Phillips for one is tired of it, and imi-

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tating Orrin Day, bade her a good-even to-night which I am sure he does not intend to found she teased and fretted me more at a distance than when she was under my very eye, I went back only to find — Philo, do you think he will marry her?" follow with a blithe good-morrow. I might do the same if her pleading eyes would let me. But she seems to cling to me even when she is most provokingly saucy; and though I cannot see any love in her manner there is comething in it, very I choked down my own emotions and solemnly answered: "Yes, he is building

her a home. You must have seen the stones that are being piled up yonder on the verge her manner, there is something in it very different from hate; and this it is which of the forest." He turned, glared at me, made a peculiar holds me. Can a woman be too pretty for her own happiness, and are many lovers a

sound with his lips, and then stood silent, opening and closing his hands in a way that made my blood run chill in spite of Juliet is positively unhappy. To-day when she laughed the gayest it was to hide



A ROLL OF YELLOW PAPER WHICH HE THRUST INTO MY HAND.

"A house!" he murmured, at last; "I her tears, and no one, not even a thoroughly wish I had the building of that house!" The tone, the look he gave, alarmed me still further. "You would like it well!" I cried. It was his trade, the building of houses. "I would build it slowly," was his omin-

her tears, and no one, not even a thoroughly spoiled beauty, could be as wayward as she if there were not some bitter arrow rauk-ling in her heart. She was riding down the street on a pillion behind her father, and Colonel Schuyler, who had been lean-ing on the gate in front of the house, turned his back upon her and went inside when he saw her coming. Was this what made her so white and reckless when she eame up to where I was standing with Orrin Day, and was it her chagrin at the great man's apparent indifference which gave that sharp edge to the good morning ous answer. Juliet certainly likes me, and trusts me, I think, more than any other of the young men who used to go accourting her. I have seen it for some time in the looks she has now and then given me across the meetingnow and then given me across the meeting-house during the long sermon on Sunday mornings, but to-day I am sure of it. For she has spoken to me, and asked me-But let me tell you how it was: We were all standing under Ralph Urphistone's big tree, looking at his little one toddling over the grass after a ball one of the lads had gave that sharp edge to the good morning with which she rode haughtily away? If with which she rode haughtly away? If it was, I can forgive you, my lady-bird, for there is reason for your folly if I am any judge of my fellow men. Colonel Schuyler is not indifferent but circumspect, and circumspection in a lover is an insult to thrown after her, when I felt the slightest touch on my arm, and, glancing round, saw

Juliet She was standing beside her father, and built a blockhouse, a gun garden and four gates, "all done of flynte and sand in a war-She was standing beside her hainer, and if ever she looked pretty it was just then, for the day was warm and she had taken off her great hat, so that the curls flew freely around her face that was dimpled and flushed with some feeling Mariners" when war raged for two centuries between landsmen and seamen over the election of "headboroughs" and "coun-cilors," when the "Auncient Mariners" which did not allow her to lift her eyes. Had she touched me? I thought so, and yet I did not dare to take it for granted, for swore by the good old rule, Colonel Schuyler was standing on the edge of the crowd, frowning in some displeasure The simple plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can, at the bare head of his provoking little be-trothed, and when Colonel Schuyler frowns that they should evermore rule in Brightthere is no man of us but Orrin who would on; and the landsmen swore, "Odds fish, handspikes and tackling!" that "by the dare approach the object of his preference, much less address her, except in the coldes rood, we'll have our share," the final ourtesy. But I was sure she had something to say to me, so I lingered under the tree till the crowd had all dispersed and Colonel Schuy-ler, drawn away by her father, had left us for a moment face to face. Then I saw I promise being that the sea folk should elect and the landsmen 4 out of "the 12 auncientest, gravest and wysest inhabitants of the town for assistants to the conestable in every publique cause," out of which came many of the raciest and most mirth prowas right. "Philo," she murmured, and oh, how her voking ballads that olden England ever face changed! "you are my friend, I know you are my friend, because you alone out of knew. em all have never given me sharp words; will you, will you do something for me which will make me less miserable, something which may prevent wrong and

AT BREEZY BRIGHTON.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12,

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THE LAST OF THE SEASIDE SERIES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, Sept. 1 .- With whatever one may be out of sorts in English travel; whether weariness, dreariness or positive illness may have prompted the coming; with whatever desperation one may have escaped London and its irrevocable griminess and hardness, a sunniness and good-natured laziness possess the soul whenever Paddington is left behind and one's face is at last set toward that most famous of all English watering places, bright, breezy, historic and glorious old Brighton. London smoke and dust may blacken summer skies behind; London fog and smut may make its millions of hurrying, harrying humans more fiend-like by day than by night; the fog and its shapes may still canter beside your train beyond the sweet lavender fields of Mitcham; there may still be a black fog at Clapham Junction; where the porters bellow and steam and puff and get all sorts of people and all manner of luggage into wrong carriages; there may be a yellow fog at Croydon Junction, where the oncoming passengers are as saffrony as pilgrims to Arab shrines; there may be a

white fog at Red Hill Junction, bringing up to the station with the country yokels, the milk cans and vegetables the attars of steeping fields; at Three Bridges all kinds of fogs may be flapping and wringing from their spongy folds an endless ooze, drip and drizzle; and you may sit through the long passage of Clayton tunnel like a clammy frog in a miasmatic cave: still, when your train has leaped out of the tunnel, you may nearly always be certain of the sunshine.

OUT OF LONDON'S HUB-BUR. The knotty kinks in your being are

loosened. The tension of your whole nature, keyed to its highest pitch from resistance of the bullyings of briefest London experiences, relaxes as if by magic. The hard wrinkles leave your face, and in the little strip of mirror opposite, you see your own countenance mantled with a sunny smile. Why not?

Even if alone and unknown, a myriad of goodly companions have crept in beside you to accompany you on your journey. The little bit of English hill and vale, stretches of copse, trails of hedge, ribbons of high-way, gleams of white cottage wall and flashes of red tiling, between the tunnel and Brighton, are now all too brief for reminder, rejoinder and zest. How the odd things and old folk of old Brighton and new corms correding into the

How the odd things and old folk of old Brighton and new come crowding into the mind! History, romance and song all send their familiar hosts. There is old King Canute, so puffed with his own greatness that when his chair was placed upon the Goodwin Sands he commanded the incoming tide to stay its onward march, and got for his bravado an inglorious ducking in the presence of his entire court.

presence of his entire court.

FAMOUS HEROES OF HISTORY. The lordly figure of William, the Norman conqueror, cannot be disassociated from the place. Then every school child knows of Earl Godwin, Earl of Brighton manor, who, tempting his sovereign to play the fool, was choked to death in attempting to swallow a bread crust. The rare old Flemish pirates came over once and took all the town away. Brigthelmston it was called in those days, and when it was built up again the French came and made a bonfire of it. It was time now for Brighton to be put in a state of defense. So they

gan flowing toward this one cove of the sea that has never ceased increasing. Then dear, delightful Thackeray wrote: "It is the fashion to run down George the Fourth. What myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton! Fourth. Ought to thank him for inventing Brightoni One of the best physicians our city has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Bright-on. Hail, though purveyor of shrimps and honest prescriber of South Down mutton! There is no mutton so good as Brighton fuer to Brighton fuer

1891

mutton; no flys so pleasant as Brighton flys, and no shops so beautiful to look at as the and no snops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimerack shops, and the fruit shops and the market." More than this, he peopled it with many of his own fair brood in "The Newcomes." Who can come here without feeling that Clive and Ethel New-come are somewhere in all the joyous com-nany? pany?

WHY BRIGHTON IS LOVED. It is with this sort of flavor and through to is with this sort of havor and through this tender glamor that all who come, dimly or consciously, know and love Brighton. All else is as at all other great senside re-sorts, perhaps with the difference that at Brighton the peculiarities of the senside re-sort are more pronounced because on a grander seale. grander seale.

It is but an hour and a quarter from Lon-don. It is so near that it is almost an ever present and blessed temptation to millions of harried and hurried men and women. For every city whim or hurt it is an outlet and panacea. For overdepression or exulta-tion; for headache or heart singing; for de-

tion; for headache or heart singing; for uc-bility or plethora-there is the sudden re-solve, the apologetic note or telegram, the fleet hansom and the next Pullman express to Brighton. Therefore, from Easter until September, Brighton is simply beaming faced London-by-the-Sea. It is London at its her. Brighton Fast streat is turned its best. Brighton East street is turned into London Bond street; North street becomes Picadilly, and King's road, the great sea front thoroughfare, is transformed into splendid Rotten Row.

For London and all other common folk who come to Brighton the great attraction is this King's road, an unbroken driveway and promenade three miles long.

CHARMS MOST VARIED.

The vast show ground and gimerack shops beneath its sea front edge; the wide reach of foreshore, ample enough in area for a million people to disport themselves upon; the shore itself, lined with innumerable

Mary Schafer.
Mary Schafer.
In this climate catarth is unquestionably the cause of more deaths than any other disease. At first it is as a rule a little thing, the cause of more deaths than any other disease. At first it is as a rule a little thing, the cause of more deaths than any other disease. At first it is as a rule a little thing, merely a cold in the head. But in a climate like ours, one cold is not entirely cured before another follows. A succession of cold constitutes chronic catarth. A strong and healtly constitutes chronic catarth. A strong and healt the some many follow. The information of the nose and back part of the throat gradually extends downward, involving first the larynx and vocal condex, ruining the voice for singing, and the sea. Half the humbler "pros." the vagrom players, "eccentrics" and mountebanks of London, free of fee or license, take possession of these miles of foreshore, where the livelong day the multitude is entertained in return for whatever pennies it may choose to shower upon the singers and players. I have in one day counted 2,700 of the performers—a no mean villageful of themselves—who were entertaining from 50 600 to 100 000 neouse. The speaker, was Miss Mary Schafer, 56 villageful of themselves-who were enter-taining from 50,000 to 100,000 people. These are the "buskers" or "busketers" of Brighton.

SOME PRIMITIVE AMUSEMENTS.

Put all the rest of the seaside fakirs in ears. England together and the whole of them would not furnish the same variety, ingenuity and picturesqueness of these merry nomads. But burnt cork minstrels and the deathless domestic tragedies of Punch and Judy ever closest hold the vast crowd's heart.

The onlookers stroll or stand at the edge of the King's Road esplanade, about 16 feet above the various mountebanks who per-form on the sand and shingle beneath. The latter are surrounded by rings and eddies of children sometimes numbering from 15,000 children sometimes numbering from 15,000 to 20,000 on a sunny day, and their only ap-parent temporary sorrow is found in the merciless interruptions by the donkeys, drivers and riders, with which they fre-quently become ingloriously involved, for there are nearly as many donkeys as harle-quins at Brighton, and their masters are London Gipsies, handy as costermongers with their tonoues and fasts. with their tongues and fists. For the fashionables, aristocrats and

EXTENDED TO OCTOBER 1.

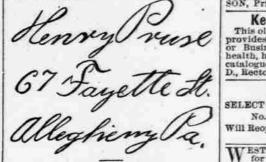
Drs. Copeland and sail Extended the Period of \$5 Treatment Until That Time

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in this way: "Doctor, I wanted to take advantage of the \$5 rate, but was unable to do so during August. Won't you place me on record now and let me begin treatment in Septem-

Mr. Henry Pruse.

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CATARRH IN OUR CLIMATE.

something About the Nature and Results of the Disease-The Experience of Miss Mary Schafer. In this climate catarrh is unquestionably

eure." The speaker was Miss Mary Schafer, 56 Long street, Allegheny. "When I went to see the doctors I had "When I went to see the doctors I had catarrh in the nasal passage, with its exten-sion into the throat and bronchial tubes. There was a constant ringing noise in my



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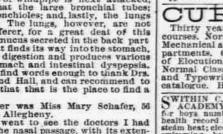
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ts desolution and betrayed jealousy at any intrusion within its myterious precincts? Or was the dismal place haunted by some uncasy spirit, who with long, uncanny fin od ready to clutch the man who pre sumed to bring living hopes and fears into a spot dedicated entirely to memories? and scarcely the courage to ask, but when I turned and saw what it was that had alarmed me, I did not know whether to laugh at my fears or feel increased awe o my surroundings. For it was the twigs of a tree which had seized me, and for a limb such as this to have grown into a place intended for the abode of man, necessitated a apse of time and a depth of solitude oppressive to think of.

Anxious to be rid of suggestions well nigh bordering upon superstitions, I took one peep from the front windows, and then descended to the first floor. The sight of my horse quictly dozing in the sum mer sunlight had reasured me, and by the time I had recrossed the dismal threshold, and regained the chcertul highway, I was conscious of no emotions deeper than the intense interest of curious mind to solve the mystery and understand the secret of this remarkable

Rousing my horse from his comfortable nap. I rode on through the forest; but carcely had I gone a dozen rods before the road took a turn, the trees suddenly parted, and I found myself face to face with wide rolling meadows and a busy village. So, this ancient and deserted be not in the heart of the woods, as I had imagined, but in the outskirts of a town, and nce to face with life and activity. This discovery was a shock to my romance, but as it gave my curiosity an immediate hope of satisfaction. I soon became reconciled to the situation, and taking the road which led to the village, drew up before the inn and went in, ostensibly for refreshment. being stoedily provided, I sat down in the cosy dining room, and as soon as opportunity offered, asked the attentive landlady old house in the woods had remained so long deserted.

She gave me an odd look, and then glanced aside at an old man who sat doubled up in the opposite corner. "It is a long story," said she, "and I am busy now; but later, if you wish to hear it, I will tell you all we know on the subject. After father is gone out," she whispered. "It always ex-cites him to hear any talk about that old gone out,"

I saw that it did. I had no sooner mentioned the house than his white head lifted itself with something like spirit, and his form, which had seemed a momentabefore so ent and aged, straightened with an interest that made him look almost hale again.

"I will tell you," he broke in; "I am not busy, I was 90 last birthday, and I forget sometimes my grandchildren's names, but I never forget what took place in that old house one night 50 years ago-never, never. "I know. I know," hastily interposed his daughter, "you remember beautifully; but this gentleman wishes to eat his dinner now, and must not have his appetite interfered I have a little more leisure?" What could I

What could I answer but yes, and what could the poor old man do but shrink back into his corner, disappointed and abashed. Yet I was not satisfied, nor was he, as I could see by the appealing glances he gave me now and then from under the fallen masses of his long white hair. But the landlady was complaisant and moved about the table and in and out of the room with a bustling air that left us but little opportunity for conversation. At length she was absent somewhat longer than usual, whereupon the old man, suddenly lifting his head, cried out:

"She cannot tell the story. She has no feeling for it; she wasn't there." "And you were," I ventured.

"Yes, yes, I was there, always there; and I see it all now," he murmured. "Fifty years ago, and I see it all as if it were hap-pening at this moment before my eyes. But

knows that I am no longer deceived as to her feelings, for I did not go to see her to-night for the first time since I made up my mind that I would have her for my wife. I am But true or false, she is as pretty as a hare bell and bright as glinting sunshine; and I mean to marry her, if only Colonel Schuyler will hold himselt aloof. Colonel Schuyler may hold himself aloof,

but he is a man like the rest of us for all that. Yesterday as I was sauntering in the day, came riding by my house furiously churchyard waiting for the appearance of a half hour ago, and seeing me, called out: certain white-robed figure crowned by the demurest of little hats, I caught a glimpse of his face as he leaned on one of the tomb-stones near Patience Goodycar's grave, and I saw that he was waiting also for the same white figure and the same demure hat. This gave me a shock; for though I had never really dared to hope he would remain unmoved by a loveliness so rare in our vil-lage, and indeed, I take it, in any village, I did not think he would show so much im-

growing distance. So this man has loved her passionately too, and the house which is destined to rise patience, or await her appearance with such burning and uncontrollable ardor. Indeed, I was so affected by his look that | in the woods will throw a shadow over more I forgot to watch any longer for her coming, than one hearthstone in this quiet village. but kept my gaze fixed on his countenance, I declare that I am sorry that Orrin has taken it so much to heart, for he has a proud till 1 saw by the change which rapidly took place in it that she had stepped out of the and determined spirit, and will not forget his wrongs as soon as it would be wise for great church door and was now standing before us, making the sunshine more brillhim to do. Poor, poor Juliet, are you mak-ing enemies against your bridal day? If

iant by her smiles, and the spring the Then I came to myself and rushed for-ard with the rest of the lade Didt. sweeter by her presence.

and a start with the start of the second of the

ward with the rest of the lads. Did he follow behind us? I do not think so, for the rosy lips which had smiled upon us with so is a smiled upon us with so airy a welcome soon showed a dis-contented curve not to be belied by the merry words that issued from them, and when we would have escorted her across the

trouble, and keep Orrin-

Orrin? did she call him Orrin? "Oh," she cried, "you have no sympathy.

You-"Hush !" I entreated. "You have not treated me well, but I am always your friend. What do you want me to do? She trembled, glanced around her in the pleasant sunshine, and then up into my

"I want you," she murmured, "to keep Orrin and Colonel Schuyler apart. You are Orrin's friend; stay with him, keep him, do not let him run alone upon his enemy, for --for there is danger in their meeting--and -and ----

She could not say more, for just then her father and the Colonel came back, and she had barely time to call up her dimples and

had barely time to can up her timples and toss her head in merry banter before they were at her side. As for myself, I stood dazed and confused, feeling that my six feet made me too con-spicuous, and longing in a vague and futile way to let her know without words that I would do what she sched would do what she asked.

And I think I did accomplish it, though I said nothing to her and but little to her companions. For when we parted I took the street which leads directly to Orrin's house; and when Colonel Schuyler queried in his soft and gentleman-like way why I left them as soon I mensed to realm.

left them so soon, I managed to reply: "My road lies there;" and so left them. [To Be Continued Next Saturda.y]

glad I restrained myself, for Orrin Day, who had kept his word valiantly up to this very CONKLING-Blaine's famous turkey gob bler speech kept both him and Conkling from the Presidency. See John Russell Young's letter in THE DISPATCH to-mor-

"Why didn't you tell me she had a new adorer?" I went there to-night and Colonel Schuyler sat at her side as you and I never GIVE ready attention and prompt treat-ment to all affections of the bowels, diarsat yet, and-and-"'he stammered fran-tically, "I did not kill him." rhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, &c. Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam affords imme-"You — Come back!" I shouted, for he was flying by like the wind. But he did not heed me nor stop, but vanished in the thick darkness, while the lessening sound of his horse's hoofs rang dismally back from the diate relief, and speedily cures these complaints.

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To-day, free to every boy, these four presents. Boys, take your choice of the Cork-tipped compressed air gun, Eden's zoological gardens, The fancy fog horns, Ornamented trumpets with chimes. Nice, neat stills for boys in a big variety f patterns, \$1 50, \$2 50 and \$3.

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ALE finds great favor as a pleasant beverage with many people. Try Iron City Brewing Co.'s ale. Telephone 1186.

thousands of well-to-do families who sum mer at Brighton there is not only the glori-ous sea, but there is London itself to run lyke manner." Then came the era of the "Auncient to and from as often as the fancy or business

and social necessities may prompt. AS METROPOLITAN AS LONDON. Again, in summer Brighton possesses really more elegance, comfort and enter-tainment than London itself can boast. The great singers and actors do not regard

Brighton as provincial, but metropolitan. The Theater Royal and Alhambra rival the catarrh oures was at a low water mark, when I went to Drs. Copeland and Hall. "What they did for me I have already said. But will repeat it, and add that every symp greatest London legitimate and variety the-aters. The hotels are enormous, numberless and splendid. The Royal Pavilion, the scene of some extraordinary orgies, when William tom of catarrh has disappeared. I feel per-fectl; well now, in fact, never felt better in my life." IV. was Duke of Clarence, and which are best left untold, is now the home of the grandest of popular promenade concerts, and the magnificent Royal Aquarium is not only a wonderful place for the student of ichthy-How Neglected Catarrh Affects the Bronlogy, but also provides fine musical and other entertainments. The shops of Brighton are as brilliant and grand as those of

The coaching tours are full of delight. There is nothing more charming in England than a trip to Arundel and a dinner at the old Norfolk Arms, one of those delicious

old inns with which the literature of the

early part of the present century abounds Coaches run daily now as they did a hun

dred years ago from the White Horse Cella

in London to the Old Ship Hotel in Brigh

ton. The Brighton races, out of which "On the Road to Brighton," and scores more of

roaring old English ballads had their birth

Train

at the second of the second

Regent street, in London.

OLD TIME RAPID TRANSIT.

About a hundred years ago the London mail coaches were bowled down to Brighton at a mad gallop during daylight, and the present steamship service between New Haven and Dieppe was foreshadowed by a service of packets between Brighton and Dieppe. The route was advertised as bring-ing London and Paris 90 miles nearer than by way of Dover and Calais, and a trim "pacquet" sailed every evening the moment

board.

the foaming horses dashed up with the Lon-don coach to the "Old Ship" inn, and the mails and passengers could be hustled on are still held. PLEASANT DOMESTIC SIGHTS. "Meeting papa" at the station in the evening on his return from London is one

com-

Half the literature of the last century of the prettiest sights in Brighton. The deputations of wives and children in fine teemed with scenes and incidents from these then wonderful old journeys, and the crack broughams, the cheery greetings and the dashing away to the home or hotel of the reunited hundreds of families is one of the of whips, the notes of the coach horus and he screech of the wheels down the frosty hillways seem to float into your carriage window to this very hour, welcome and grand events of the day. melodious still Then there are the interesting procession But George IV., good old Dr. Richard

Then there are the interesting processions of Dr. Blimber's boys in their going to and from the playing fields, with the solemn assistant masters, greater slaves than ever was any Eton or Rugby "fag," conscious of their importance, but writhing under its sedate dignities; the rambles to Shoreham and Lancing, where there is, a wonderful little Norman church and the figs ripen in Russell and Thackeray, the three who most made Brighton famous, send you the clearest cut faces and most pleasant companions with which to enter Brighton. DUCKING A MONARCH.

Who has not the memory of broad-beamed little Norman church and the figs ripen in who has not the memory of broad-beamed Martha Gunn, "the principal bathing wo-man" of Brighton, who once had the honor of ducking King George, and who can still be seen here in a hundred buxom proto-types, as well as her own original self, in a mored around review holding to the the open air; the exultant walks "over the long back of the bushless downs;" and a thousand other things to do and know; until at departing, the rythmic wheel beat of your vanishing train times times truly with weird crayon drawing, holding a pink-faced boy in lawn, with chestnut curls the infant countless rhymes the minstrels have made on this London-by-the-sea, and most of King of unsavory memory, with the cobalt sea at her feet, and a lone bathing machine, all with-If you're fond of good wines and good din-

labeled "Smoaker & Co.," in the awfu ners perspective? It is a sight that will leave smile on your face past many a weary

man," who also ducked King George. He was known to local fame as "Old Sm

use as the traveling play actors' utility man. He is here still, bless him! in scores

of gray old renows, bound a line be-cheery and mellow, a sort of salty cross be-tween Santa Claus, Neptune and a porpoise, nore tempting than a siren to the embrace

But more than Martha Gunn, "Old Smoaker" or George IV. to Brighton was

How he must have chuckled to himself

ish pulse and purse lay just beneath the universal British glandular disease; and by the covert mention of the peculiar adapta-bility and efficacy of Brighton salt water in particular, a stream of people and gold be-

Miss Mary Schafer, 56 Long street. "My symptoms were the same as every catarrhal patient. Hawking and raising, pain under the shoulder blade and in ohest; eyes were weak and watery; had no appe-tite; slept poorly and arose tired in the morning. I lost in weight, and was so weak I could scarcely do my work. "I had tried several doctors and various remedies, but with no success. My faith in catarrh curves was at a low water mark.

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"For 12 years I was almost a confirmed in-

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chial Tubes and Stomach-The Case of

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chial Tubes and Stomach—The Case of Mr. Freeborn. The frequent extension of catarrh to the bronchial tubes and lungs was illustrated in the interviews printed in these columns last week. Its common extension to the stom-ach is illustrated in the statement made be-low by Mr. Freeborn. You may have ca-tarrh of the bronchial tubes—commonly called chronic bronchial tubes—commonly called chronic bronchials—with its violent cough night and morning, especially severe in winter and spring months, and some-times called the winter cough; there is usually expectoration of a yellowish mucus; Permanent income from the State, Annual revenues, \$150,000. Twenty-five departments. Forty-three professors and assistants. Classi-cal, scientific and technical courses. Ten Inboratories. Both sexes admitted. Tuition free. Send for catalogue. jy23-13-Tha

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times called the white cough; there is usually expectoration of a yellowish mucus; there are usually severe attacks of asthma, and the disease leads in many instances to consumption. You may have catarch of the stomach with all the distressing and painful Will open September 16. Thorough preparation for college or scientific school, Experienced specialists at heads of departsymtoms usually attributed to dyspensia. Mr. George Freeborn, residing at Brush-ton, Pa., on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and ments. Especial attention to modern anguages and physical culture. Call at academy. office hours 9 to 1 P. M., or

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journey. Then there was "the principal bathin and appears and reappears deathlessly through old tales and ballads, ever ripe for of gray old fellows, bronzed and broad,

of the waves.

that luminous old pudge, the true patron saint of the place, Dr. Bussell.

1186.

Brighton almost instantly grow as rich as Canterbury in the time of the pilgrimages. The old joker knew that the universal Brit-

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