DEATH OF G. W. CURTIS.

After Two Months' Illness the Mugwump Leader Passes Away.

A PRIVATE FUNERAL ON FRIDAY.

One Remarkable Financial Incident of His Early Career.

ACTIVE IN POLITICS AND LITERATURE

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—While the fact of the serious illness of George William Curtis was generally known, the announcement of his death to-day came as a surprise. The end came this morning a few minutes after 2 o'clock at his home in Livingston, S. I. He was conscious to the last and suffered no pain. Dr. Frank G. Curtis, his son, was in attendance, and Mrs. and Miss Curtis were present.

Mr. Curtis became ill about two months ago, when he began to complain of pains in the abdomen. Dr. Janeway was called and he, in consultation with Dr. McBurnie, of this city, Dr. Walser, of Staten Island, and Dr. Curtis, made a careful examination. There had been some talk of cancer of the stomach. These physicians announced that it was impossible to learn the exact nature of the trouble until it made further progress

or the swelling below the abdomen which had developed subsided. They were of opinion, however, that there was a tendency to dropsy, with other complications not then determinable. At that time Mr. Curtis suffered a good deal of pain and spent much time in walking up and down his room. He was told that opium would give him relief, but he declined to take the drug.

A Change of Treatment Made.

At the request of Mrs. Curtis it was decided early last week to adopt homeopathic treatment, and Dr. Reisig was called. From that time Mr. Curtis suffered little or no pain, and during the last days he seemed comfortable. The swelling did not diminish, but his family were hopeful, being much encouraged by the cessation of pain. His condition was not thought to be by any means critical. But three days ago Mr. Curtis began to sink rapidly. The pain did not recur, however, and until the end he seemed able to recognize those at his bedside. The funeral services will be held on Friday morning at the Curtis residence, and will be private.

Mr. Curtis was not a native of this city, although he spent most of his life here. He was born in Providence in 1824, his father, a merchant, being from Worcester, Mass., while his mother was the daughter of James Burril, a national Senator from Rhode Island, of strong anti-slavery principles. George William received his rudimentary education at a private school at Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston, and came at 15 with his father to New York, where he entered the counting house of a large importing firm. It was his father's intent to give him a commercial training, but he showed no aptitude or liking for it, and left the firm in 14 or 15 months. His health being delicate, without any special ailment, he remained at home some time, and at 18 was sent to Brook Farm, at West Roxbury, Mass., having the intent to improve his condition by working in the fields, alternating his outdoor labors with indoor studies. Brook Farm had become noted from the prominent persons interested in it. Among them were Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Wm. Henry Channing, Charles A. Dana and other intellectual men and women of an idealistic nature, who were trying to solve some of the many problems of life.

In His Youthful Days.

Their ideas were not clearly defined, but their aim was to form a completely democratic community, in which the mind and body should be developed together. Cultivation of the soil was the primal occupation and in their opinion the noblest in which man could be engaged. All thinkers and scholars should be agriculturists, as by agriculture they would be brought nearer to nature, the common mother and revealer, if thoroughly investigated, of the secrets of the universe.

Many of the theories of the Brook Farmers were held to be fantastic, but their practices were wholesome enough, mentally and physically. The members of the association were all young, otherwise they would not have attempted to found a community on so primitive and pastoral a plan. They were entirely in earnest, and would doubtless have persisted in their efforts for years had not a fire destroyed their buildings after the term of insurance had expired, and obliged them to disband for want of material means to go on. Most of them were then resigned to poverty and hard work for the sake of illustrating the brotherhood of the race. Dana and Ripley were, in those days, diligent husbandmen, in the cheapest and coarsest of clothes, having but a single hat, of common felt, between them.

Curtis stayed at the farm some 20 months, and was then drawn to Concord, through its intellectual circle, including Emerson and Hawthorne, whose acquaintance he had made at West Roxbury, which they had repeatedly visited without identifying themselves with the movement. He stayed at Concord and in the vicinity for two years, living in a farm house and doing more or less farm work, while improving his mind with books and by oral communication with the transcendentalists of the neighborhood. Later he went abroad and became engaged in literary work through writing of his travels.

A Financial Incident of His Career.

In the early fifties Curtis became a silent partner in a publishing house, having put only $10,000 into it, without any part or voice in its general management. It became insolvent in two years, and Curtis was declared to be legally responsible for a portion of its debts on account of some informality in drawing up the articles of partnership.

Whether responsible or not, was a question which might have been decided in the courts had he been willing to test it. Many of his friends held that he was in no wise bound beyond the $10,000, while the assumption of being a general partner made him a debtor for ten times the amount. He would not listen to them, however, or to any sort of compromise, having determined to meet his liabilities to the fullest. With this purpose he surrendered all his property except household furniture and books, and set about examining the balance, some $60,000. No small task, this, especially for a literary man whose gains must necessarily be slow and toilsome. He formed a connection with the Harpers, continued ever since, with an understanding that he should have the privilege of lecturing, which he had begun some four years before.

No better proof could be adduced of his manhood than his courageous resolution to sustain an exalted principle, really a nice point of honor, under very adverse circumstances. For 16 years he wrote and lectured, taxing his strength to the utmost, before he could pay the last dollar of a debt which, morally at least, he did not owe.

Activity in Political Affairs.

In 1856 Curtis became a zealous Republican, having been opposed from his youth to the extension of slavery and the aggressions of the South. In the canvass of 1868 he was chosen an elector, and he advocated a second term for Grant, who subsequently appointed him a member of the Commission to make rules regulating the civil service. Toward the close of Grant's second administration he became dissatisfied with the President's policy, and opposed the candidature of President Grant for a third term, both in 1876 and in 1880, and was a prominent leader of that wing of the Republican party which secured the nomination of Mr. Hayes and Mr. Garfield. Mr. Hayes offered him the mission to England and Germany, which he declined.

During the recent agitation for a reform in the civil service, Mr. Curtis vigorously supported the movement, and has been President of the National Reform League since its organization. In 1884 he opposed the nomination of Mr. Blaine as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and was a supporter of the Democratic nominee, Mr. Cleveland. In 1890 he was elected Chancellor of the University of New York.

Besides the Howadji volumes of travel, he has published the following works, all made up of previous contributions to various periodicals: "Lotus Eating," a series of newspaper letters from various watering places, 1852; "The Potiphar Papers," 1853; "Prue and I," 1856, and "Trumps," 1862; besides a number of addresses and orations.

The Deaf Will Be Interested.

Mr. H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., will have on exhibition at the Monongahela House, to-day, his invention for the relief of deafness, which has been the cause of such a large decrease of deafness in this country and Europe.

ALLISON'S HOT SHOT.

He Pours It Into the Democratic Ranks in a Great Speech.

IOWA'S CAMPAIGN NOW OPENED.

Reasons Why the Republican Party Will Win in November.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR HIS SOLE TOPIC

WAVERLY, IA., Aug. 31.—Senator Allison opened the Iowa Republican campaign here this afternoon with a stirring speech. It was generally known that the speech was to be the principal effort of the Senator, during the campaign, and there was a large assemblage, in consequence, of Republicans from the adjoining country and party leaders from various parts of the State.

After a brief reference to the candidates of the respective parties, Senator Allison said that he believed the Republican party would win in the coming contest, because its policies are such as secure the confidence and support of the majority of the people of the United States, constitutionally expressed, if only that majority can vote and be fairly counted. The record of the present administration has been such as to inspire public confidence. Our complications with Chile were disposed of in a manner to reflect credit upon our country.

Why the Republicans Will Win.

Industries have been prosperous and many new ones have been established; our internal commerce has grown beyond reasonable computation; our foreign commerce has received a new impetus under the recent legislation of Congress, supplemented by a friendly administration; our trade, foreign and domestic, is in a healthy condition; our finances are in a healthy condition; our currency, ample in volume and uniform in value, is being steadily increased under the legislation of 1890.

He referred in detail to the record of the Fifty-first Congress, to the revision of the revenue laws, and contrasted the work of that Congress with the work of the Democratic House of Representatives in the last session. The appropriations of the Republican House were compared with those of the Democratic House, and the latter alleged to be much more extravagant. The Democratic party this year stands for free trade. There is no evasion or double dealing in its platform. It promises to repeal the McKinley law as one of the beneficent results of Democratic victory. Not only this, but that every shred and remnant of protection, incidental or otherwise, shall be torn up, root and branch. The Republicans accept the issue thus presented.

Opposed to Unlimited Coinage.

The speaker denied that protection resulted in great private fortunes. Great fortunes are sometimes made, but they are the exception. It depended more on the individual than upon protection. Referring to the money question, he said this country would lose its power at once if it opened its mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The free coinage of silver would place us with Mexico on the silver standard, and gold would be at a premium. Our people favor the free use of both gold and silver. "All parties have so declared in their platforms, and they only represent public opinion, but public opinion also asks that a parity be preserved, that neither as money shall be at a discount or a premium."

Upon this question the Democratic platform is in accord, substantially, with the Republican, except that the Democrats propose an unconditional repeal of the law of 1890, which furnishes us a constant addition to our legal tender paper money of from fifty to sixty millions annually. They would substitute in its place state bank issues by repealing the 10 per cent tax on bank circulation, thus providing 44 different kinds of money under as many State laws. This means the restoration of red dog, wild cat and all other pet names given to a depreciated State currency so familiar to experiences of over 30 years ago.

THE CONDUCTOR SMILED.

Mrs. Isabella Banks Fell While Getting Off a Car and Now Sues for Damages—A Suit Over a Lost Town—News of the Courts.

Fielding G. Banks and his wife Isabella, of the Eleventh ward, yesterday entered suits against the P. A. & M. Traction Company for damages for injuries to Mrs. Banks. It is stated that on June 30 Mrs. Banks was a passenger on a car on the defendant's line. She wanted to get off at the corner of Ohio and Marion streets. As she was on the step the conductor rang the bell to go ahead and before she was clear off the car it started, throwing her down on a pile of broken stone, "where," the statement continues, "she was abandoned to her fate by the smiling, reckless conductor, unconcernedly speeding on and away from the scene, a rapidly dissolving view to his indifferent gaze."

Mrs. Banks, it is alleged, was badly hurt and she wants $8,000 damages, and her husband for the injury to his helpmeet and consequent detriment to him wants $1,000.

LOST THE TOWN.

A Complicated Suit in the United States Circuit Court.

In the United States Circuit Court yesterday an argument was heard before Judge Acheson in the case of G. W. Herbert and others against W. J. Rainey, the coke operator. The suit was brought to restrain the defendant from erecting coke ovens on Front street, village of Sedgwick, Fayette county. The town was laid out in 1872 by an oil company, but most of the land was afterward bought by the defendant. The plaintiffs own four of the lots. The plan of the lots was never recorded and has been lost. The coke ovens are located on the principal street of the town. The plaintiffs don't want them there, while the defense contends that no town exists and there is therefore no such street as Front street. The Court reserved its decision.

STEPPED INTO A HOLE.

Mrs. Hastings Asks Damages From the Landlord of the Premises.

Armor J. Hastings and his wife Rosa, of the Twelfth ward, yesterday entered suit against John Herron, of the Eighteenth ward, for damages for injury to Mrs. Hastings. Herron, it is stated, owns the premises at No. 2836 Penn avenue, which are occupied by the Pearlstein family.

On May 3 Mrs. Hastings visited Mrs. Pearlstein, who was sick. When about to return home Mrs. Hastings stepped out of the door, but instead of her foot coming down on the brick sidewalk as anticipated, it went down into a hole about two feet deep. Her ankle was broken and she was otherwise injured, for which $5,000 damages are demanded from Mr. Herron for not keeping the sidewalk in good and safe condition.

Sickness Among Children,

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but it is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

BANK ROBBERS ESCAPE.

When They Arrive at the Bank They Find Officers Awaiting Them.

CAYUCOS, CAL., Aug. 31.—A daring attempt to rob the Bank of Cayucos was frustrated early this morning. One of the robbers and A. C. McLeod, ex-Sheriff of San Luis, Obispo county, were shot. The robber will probably die, but McLeod is not seriously hurt.

Five men from San Luis, Obispo, arrived in the night and went to Bank Manager Simmler's residence to compel him to open the safe; but, anticipating robbery, Simmler was absent. His bed was occupied by a young man named Willie Waterman, who admitted them to the bank. County Sheriff O'Neil, Deputy McLeod, Constable Banks and Deputy Marshal Kues, of San Luis City, were waiting, and in the attempt to arrest the robbers the shooting took place. Four of the robbers escaped but are known to the officers.

TIRED OF OBEYING THE RING.

Tammany Aldermen Bolt Because They Object to Being Dictated To.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—Seven Tammany Aldermen and two Republican members of the board withdrew from the Council Chamber yesterday and refused to vote for a measure which it is said Tammany Hall leaders wanted passed.

Several bolters were asked why they were so bitterly opposed to the resolution, and the answer was that the resolution was made the occasion for showing Tammany Hall that some members of the board were tired of being dictated to in nearly every important matter that comes before them.

Public Corporations in Trouble.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 31.—A list of the telephone, telegraph and street railway corporations which failed to file their annual reports with the Secretary of Internal Affairs within the limit prescribed by law will be furnished the Attorney General for action.

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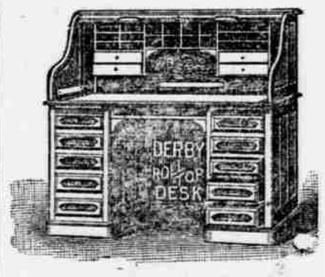
For biliousness, diarrhœa, nausea, and dizziness, take

Ayer's Pills

the best family medicine, purely vegetable, Every Dose Effective

THE LEADERS IN OFFICE FURNITURE.



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Some women are tireless in their home work. Some are tireless in their work for the church. They laugh, they sing, and are happy.

You remain at home broken-hearted, for you are utterly unable to make any effort whatever.

The horror of "Female Complaints" is upon you; you have that distressing "bearing-down" feeling, your back aches, you are nervous and despondent, don't care to move, want to be left alone, your digestion is bad, and you are wholly prostrated.

Ah! dear sister, don't you know that Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* will reach the cause of all this trouble, and you will surely be well.

Don't hesitate. Get the remedy at once. It will cure you sure.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25c.

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

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Can be had in any of our many departments.

Bargains in Bedroom Suites.

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CASH OR CREDIT IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

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BOILERS, PLATE AND SHEETIRON WORK.
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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Such as our August Clearance Sale affords you, don't lose it. Chances like these only happen once in a lifetime.

Our immense stock for the coming fall season is crowding us; we must make room, and no sacrifice is too large. We are selling Suits and Pants regardless of cost. Convince yourself; it's your duty, before you spend a dollar. Fine Home-made suits, worth $18.00 and $20.00, reduced to $15.00. Regular $15 Suits down to $12.00, and splendid $12.00 and $10.00 Suits go at $8.00.

In Our Pants Department

More sweeping reductions have been make. It's hardly believable, but it's true. Our all-wool, "The Favorite," Home-made Pants at $2.25 barely pays for the material. See these goods whether you wish to buy or not.

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If you want good, honest, serviceable clothing for your boys our stock of Boys' Clothing ought to be of interest to you.

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THE MINE ON SCREAMER MOUNTAIN.

BY ELIZABETH M. LEYDEN.

It was winter in the mountains—the mountains of North Georgia—and though only a little after 4 in the afternoon, darkness was creeping on. The sky above looked sombre, and although the slope of the mountain was edged by a line of light where the sun hung far below in the valley like a suspended ball of fire, still to the solitary horseman moving slowly up the mountain trail the night had closed in. The tall pines and dense laurel, with their dark green foliage, excluded the last glimmer of the day.

Not a house or sign of habitation was in sight. Not a sound could be heard save the roar of the Tallulah river, which, though narrow and far from deep, was rushing along its rocky bed and dashing over bowlders and gorges with a loud, continuous murmur, that in this rarefied air swelled into a roar. Altogether it was a scene as wild and deserted as a lone traveler could wish to be stranded in.

The horseman struck a match and consulted his watch.

"Half after 4," he murmured, "and night! Shall I never reach Coffee's! Is it possible that I am lost in this godforsaken wilderness?" He lit a cigar, and, after a few puffs and some silent meditation, his disgust and sense of injury again found vent in words.

"What did those three wretches mean by giving me the directions they did?" he demanded, apparently addressing his horse's ears, but that intelligent animal merely flapped the aforesaid members and maintained a discreet silence. "I know they were all lies, for everyone was different, and none of them the least like what I was told in the valley. Ah! there is a light now! I'll make for it. It may be Coffee's and it may not. Anything is preferable to freezing to death in these woods and being devoured by the wildcats."

In the distance and far above him the faint glimmer of a light danced, now lost and shut out by the dense growth of mountain laurel that rose in many places above his head, and anon shining out brighter for its temporary eclipse, as flickering and elusive as a Jack o' the lantern.

He followed its gleam steadily, and as he drew nearer it resolved itself into myriad smaller ones, which he soon perceived to be firelight streaming through the "chinks" of a log cabin.

He drew his horse up to the rail fence—there was no gate—and halloped. This brought from the rear about half a dozen dogs, all barking and yelping, and to the door of the cabin a tall, raw-boned woman with a gun in her hand and four children of different sizes clinging to her scant skirts.

"Hello!" the woman answered, with a nasal drawl. "Who be you uns?"

"Lucian Hartredge, madam," he replied, uncovering his head. "Is this Mr. Coffee's?"

"How many's out thar?" she demanded, ignoring his question, and still holding the gun protectingly in front of her.

"Only myself."

"You uns hain't revenuers, then?"

"Good heavens, no!" he exclaimed, an explanation why his fellow-travelers had tried to mislead him occurring suddenly to him. Coffee was a moonshiner, and these mountaineers took him, Lucian Hartredge, to be a revenue officer.

"Waal," she answered, lowering her weapon, "'light an' come in. Hyar, you Jake!"—to a boy behind her—"go out thar an' ten' ter the stranger's beast."

Mr. Hartredge climbed the fence and followed the woman into the dimly lighted interior. She threw on a pine knot, and as this blazed up the room was flooded with a bright ruddy glow, and he could discern his hostess and surroundings very minutely.

The room was after the pattern of dozens of other mountain homes, logs, "chinked" with clay mortar, which falling out in places let in cold and let out the light, and under foot was a puncheon floor. There was one window, with a wooden shutter, and three doors, one leading to an adjoining bedroom, and the other two being front and back doors. A ladder in one corner led to a sleeping apartment above. The rafters and sides of the rooms were festooned with strings of red and green peppers, button onions, ears of red and yellow seed corn, bags of herbs, hanks of yarn and cooking utensils. There were two beds, covered with gaudy calico quilts; a spinning wheel was pushed against the logs, on which hung hanks of yarn, while three of the children dumped themselves on the floor around the fire and busied themselves at the task Hartridge's arrival had interrupted, carding yarn.

"Is this Mr. Coffee's?" the young man asked, holding his benumbed fingers to the blaze.

"Yaas; Coffee's my ole man. But he hain't hyar."

"Isn't here? Where is he? I am very anxious to see him."

"Wha fur?" she demanded, suspiciously.

"I am interested in the manufacture of sulphure in Savannah, and I'm looking for an iron pyrites mine which is in this neighborhood. I was told that Mr. Coffee could locate it for me, as it was on his land."

"Waal, I 'low he could, if he wuz hyar, but he hain't. The revenuers come an' took him off this evenin' jes' 'bout a hour 'fo' you uns rid up. I 'low he's fur on his way to Atlanty by now. They 'lowed he made moonshine whisky, but he don't. He don't know no mo' 'bout no still than you uns duz."

"That is a dreadful disappointment," Mr. Hartredge rejoined. "I have come a long way in search of that mine, and I was told in the valley that Mr. Coffee was the only one who could give me any definite information. How long will he be gone?"

"Gawd knows. He mought be gone a week an' he mought be gone a yur. He'll hatter stan' a trial—leas'ways, ef he don't git 'way f'um the revenuers. You uns mought bid hyar fur a spell till we uns kin hyur f'um him."

"You are very kind," he replied politely. "I will have to take advantage of your hospitality for to-night at any rate." He could not bring himself to accept his rude surroundings for any definite period.

"Won't ye hev a bite 'o sump'in?" his hostess asked hospitably. "We uns hain't got much, but you uns air free ter what's hyar."

"Thank you, I am hungry. I've had nothing since a 7 o'clock breakfast, and 30 miles in the saddle are inclined to whet one's appetite."

"Milly Ann," she said, addressing the smallest child at the fire, "go tell yo' aunt Cl'rissy ter kem an' fix up a bite fur the stranger. I 'low she be 'bout done a'milkin' by now. Milly Ann," she explained to her guest, "air my biggest boy's young un, an' her mammy's daid. The rest o' the chillun air mine. None o' the men folks are hyar. I've two growned boys, but they wuz tuck long o' the ole man. Air Cl'rissy a-comin'?" she demanded of the tow headed child, who just then re-entered the room.

"Yaas-sum, granny, she's a comin' terrec'ly."

In a short time the back door again opened, and this time Lucian Hartredge experienced a genuine shock of surprise.

It was only a mountain girl who entered and began preparations for cooking his supper in the open fireplace—a girl barefooted, like her mother, dressed in a checked homespun dress, with a red cotton handkerchief tied about her neck. Her face was fair and oval; with a delicate flush in her cheeks and scarlet lips; her hair was a rich hue of light brown that seemed red in the firelight; her eyes were the color of sherry, a deep reddish brown; her movements were slow and graceful.

"Cl'rissy," said her mother, "this be a Mr. Hartrudge, fum down in the low kentry. He kem ter see yer pappy 'bout a mine som'ers up hyar on Screamer. I tells him he'd better bide here a spell till we uns kin hyur sump'n 'nuther 'bout yo' pap an' the boys."

The girl smiled and disclosed teeth white and regular.

"Hit be bodaciously cold ter be a-gwine up an' down these hyar mountings on a wile goose chase," she remarked in a dialect as rank as her mother's.

But even that could not dispel the illusion. Lucian Hartredge felt vaguely that the mountain weather and log cabin home would not be as unendurable as he imagined. The light of those wine brown eyes had raised the temperature considerably.

His sleep that night was broken. He was cold and felt ill at ease. He got up and piled his clothes on his bed, and had just fallen into a troubled slumber, where his gentle, refined mother and Clarissa Coffee were badly confused, when he was startled into consciousness by a blood curdling screech and yell.

He sat up in the bed. Just then he heard the child called "Jake" cry out:

"Mammy! Mammy! The wildcat's got the calf creetur!"

All was bustle for a while, then he heard a shot, and soon quiet was restored.

But before he could connect the broken edges of his dream he was again roused by a whistle—long, loud and shrill. In an instant he heard a light footfall on the floor, the outside door was opened softly, and he heard heavy walking across the boards, a subdued murmur of voices and muffled laughter. But soon all this became indistinct, and he remembered nothing more till next morning, when Jake entered the room with a pan of water and the intelligence that "bre'kfus' wuz mos' ready, an' pap an' the boys done kem."

Somewhat to Hartredge's surprise when he went in to breakfast, Josh Coffee, the pater familias, took hold of his hand and gave him a welcome that made him wince, with the remark:

"I hearn all 'bout uns down the mounting. Air Cl'rissy an' the ole 'oman bin a treatin' ye good?"

His son's greeting was rather more reserved, but Hartredge felt that his character had been cleared in the minds of these moonshiners. They treated him as a friend and soon began laughing boisterously over their escape from the "revenuers."

"They cotch us at the still; followed us home, an' nabbed us 'fo' we uns could get ter the guns," the old man explained. "Then ez they wuz kyarin' we uns down the mountain in a wagin, Pet an' Bud Hale an' the ole man kem up, an' they started affrin' at the revenuers an' skeered 'em mos' ter death. They wuz so skeered they got lost in the gulch an' couldn't git out. They laved down flat in the wazin an' wuz a-drivin' like Ole Nick wuz arter 'em, w'en we uns jumped out an' left. They mought be a-drivin' down thar now for all I knows on; but I lay ez soon's Ab Hale an' the boys helt up affrin', maybe they kem ter thar senses. They wuz the wust skeered creeturs I ever seen; but I'll say this much fur 'em, I'd a dura sight ruther hev Ab Hale an' his boys fur me than agin me."

Hartredge joined in the general laugh which followed this addendum.

"I'm sure now that I met a moonshiner yesterday," he remarked, "in fact, two or three of them, though I never thought of it at the time. This one, though, that I started to speak of was a rather young man, and he was in a covered wagon. I thought possibly he had apples, and I wanted to buy some. I asked him first if he would direct me to your house, and he told me entirely wrong. Then I asked him what he had for sale in his wagon and he replied:

"Gourds, durn ye!"

Josh Coffee and the boys gave a deep "Yaw! yaw! yaw!"

"I'll be boun' he did!" was the old moonshiner's exclamation. "Hit's a plum wonder he didn't up an' shoot ye! We uns in the mountings air plum 'spicious uv our own shadders a-bein' revenuers."

"But," Hartredge remarked slyly to his host, "your wife told me that you were not a moonshiner—in fact, knew nothing more about a still than I did. I'm in total ignorance."

"Orh, pshaw! You uns mus'n't mine the ole 'oman's foolishness. The ole 'oman hez reg'lar jim-jams, aseein' of revenuers 'stid o' snakes."

"Waal, I be," Mrs. Coffee admitted, with an embarrassed laugh. Then she rallied and turned on her husband.

"You uns had better open yo' eyes to 'em a teetle ot'ner yo'se'f," she remarked dryly. "Ef ye'd 'a'hed sense like a lead mule ye'd never bin cotch up long a' the boys yistiddy."

II.

Lucien Hartredge was what the mothers of Savannah called "a safe young man." That is, he had a capital income, was in a paying business besides and was amply able to support a wife in luxury, whenever he chose to take unto himself that expensive commodity; he came from a good family—the best, in fact, the most aristocratic in the whole of Chatham county; and last, but not least, he had fewer vices than any young man in their list of acquaintances. He had a strong self-control, which never allowed him to debase himself, and his respect for womanhood amounted to reverence.

Therefore, when the realization stole coldly over him that he had begun to love an unrefined, uneducated mountain "cracker"—loved her merely for her great beauty of face and form, for her simplicity of heart and soul, but loved her desperately nevertheless—he stood appalled.

During his first visit he had remained at the cabin about a week, and in that week he had had but few chances of conversation with Clarissa, but his eyes followed her every movement, her every expression. He was completely fascinated. That she was conscious of this close surveillance he could not doubt, for, looking up suddenly, she often caught his gaze fixed upon her, and a burning blush would dye her face and milk-white throat, and then die away, leaving her very pale.

The ore he carried home with him was pronounced worthless, and all thought of the Screamer mountain mine was abandoned. He told himself that he was glad of this—that he would not again be exposed to the danger of that beautiful face and the magnetism of those brown eyes.

Yet, at the end of two months he again found himself on Screamer mountain. If the iron pyrites was a failure, he had discovered another mine more tempting and even less likely to bring in any returns.

It was April, and spring was all over nature. The pines, though preserving their steady dark greenness all the year round, now seemed different. The sap was rising, and they gave out a strong resinous odor that filled the air, while the branches were tipped with little tender shoots of lighter color. The laurel, also perennially green, showed a foliage lighter in tone and was in full bloom, the large, delicate pink flowers cup shaped, the edges deepening in hue almost to rose color.

Lucien Hartredge pursued his way up the mountain rather slowly, for his love was still contending with his self-contempt and the latter was dying hard. Then suddenly the object of his meditations stood in his path. His horse shied and Clarissa started violently.

He dismounted and stood at her side.

"I'm afraid my horse frightened you," he said gently, his hungry eyes drinking in every detail of her marvelous beauty. Probably at 40, when her bloom was gone, she would be yellow and wrinkled and homely as her mother, but now she was exquisite.

"I can't say ez the creetur skeered me," she replied truthfully. "I wuz tuck back at seein' you uns. Hit's been so long sence ye left, 'cose we uns never 'lowed ter sot eyes on ye agin."

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Apaches are on a raid in Arizona.

—The Mexican Treasurer has resigned.

—Western Scotland is devastated by floods.

—Tribesmen have defeated the Afghan troops.

—Venezuela rebels have captured La Guayra.

—The famous Mexican bandit Mondragan has been killed after a fierce combat at Fizapa City.

—The President has recognized Joaquin Diaz Duran as Consul General of Guatemala at San Francisco.

—The suppose! French dynamiters under arrest at Montreal all assert their innocence and tell straight stories.

—A Massillon man, John Bittocker, who has been passing forged notes in Chicago, was arrested there yesterday.

—The Austrian Imperial manufactory of arms has discharged 5,000 workmen, most of whom will emigrate to France, Belgium and the United States.

—A decree has been issued prohibiting absolutely the hunting of all classes of seals within the jurisdiction of Chile, Magallanos and Juan Fernandez.

—President Diaz of Mexico will send his finest military band to take part in the celebration of the 350th anniversary of San Diego Bay September 23.

—During a circus in London Tuesday evening, the elephant charged the spectators who fled precipitately. Two ladies plunged in to the river and one was drowned.

—Detectives have visited the house of Chris Evans, one of the Collis train robbers in California, and dug up two bags of silver containing about $1,500. Evans and Sontag are still at large.

—Judge Costillo, of the City of Mexico, who had been on a visit to Vera Cruz, has returned and been stricken with yellow fever. The doctors declare there is no danger of the disease spreading.

—At the Twenty-sixth National Encampment of the G. A. R., in Washington, September 19, a reunion of those who served in the Tenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps will be held.

—Ex-Alderman E. A. MacDonald, of Toronto, is arranging for a series of annexation lectures in New York, Boston, Buffalo and other American cities. One object of the lectures is to raise money to start an annexation paper in Toronto.

—A Sheriff's posse in Wayne county, Ky., Tuesday started out to arrest members of the Foster gang, near Steubenville. In a fight that followed, Charles Denny was shot in the side and one of the Foster boys was instantly killed. Two of the gang were arrested.

—The general managers of the exhibit of the State of New York at the World's Columbian Exposition have arranged to dedicate at noon on October 22, with appropriate exercises, the New York building at Chicago, which will be completed the middle of October.

—John and Lou Howard, of San Francisco, who started from Seattle, Wash., in March on a tramp to Chicago for a $5,000 purse, have arrived at their destination with 16 days to spare. They received their money at once. Peter Burns, a Seattle millionaire, is the donor of the prize.

—Mr. W. R. Brooks, of Smith's Observatory, Geneva, N. Y., announces to the Harvard College Observatory the discovery of a new comet, found by him on August 28, and the discovery verified on the morning of August 30. Although this comet is quite close to Denning's, the two are not identical.

Twenty Jumping Toothaches Rolled Into One

Fall far short of inflammatory rheumatism into which its incipient form, unchecked, is prone to develop. Besides, rheumatism if unrelieved is always liable, in one of its erratic leaps, to light on the heart and terminate life. Checkmate it at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an infallible remedy for malarial and liver complaints, inactivity of the kidneys, dyspepsia constipation, nervousness.

Great Oaks From Little Acorns Grow,

Large fortunes can often trace their origin to small deposits in the People's Savings Bank, 81 Fourth avenue. You can open a bank account with this bank by depositing $1. Interest allowed on deposits.

PERFECT action and perfect health result from the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers A perfect little pill. Very small; very sure