

CHAPTER V. CONTINUED.

Years after that first morning Marion caught hexelf shuddering at the thought that came to her when she saw Lali hovering on the bridge. Whatever Marion's faults were, she had a fine dislike of anything that seemed unfair. She had not ridden to hounds for nothing. She had at heart the sportman's instifict. It was upon this basis indeed that Richard appealed to her in the first trying days of Lali's life among them.

To oppose your will to Marion on the basis of superior knowledge was only to turn her into a robel, and a very effective rebel she made, for she had a pretty gift at the retort courteons, and she could take as much and as well as she gave. She rebelled at first at assisting in Laif's education, though by fits and starts she would teach her English words and help her to form long senences and was on the whole quite padent. But Luli's real instructors were Mrs. Armour and Richard; her best,

The first few days she made but little progress, for everything was strange to her, and things made her giddy—the servants, the formal routine, the handsome furnishings, Marion's music, the great house, the many precise personal duties set for her to be got through at stated times and Mrs. Armour's rather grand manner. But there was the relief to this, else the girl had pined terribly for her native woods and prairies. This was the park, the deer, the lake, the hares and birds. While she sat saying phrases in English or was being shown sashes which a dressmaker from Regent eyes would wander dreamily to the trees, and the lake, and the grass. They soon discovered that she would pay no to teach if she was not placed where she his wife.' could look out on the park. They had never active it was nevertheless effect-

Presently she got on very swiftly with Richard, for he, with instinct worthy of a woman, turned their lessons upon her own country and Frank. This cost him something, but it had its reward. There was no more listlessness. Previously Frank's name had scarcely rion tried to do it a few times and failed. The general did it with rather wood is! And so ingenuous." a forced voice and manner, because he saw that his wife was very tender upon the point. But Richard, who never Frank when he spoke at all, and it was seeing Lali's eves brighten and her look earnestly fixed on him when he chanced to mention Frank's name that determined him on his new method of instruction. It had its dangers, but he had calculated them all. The girl must be educated at all costs. The sooner that occurred the sooner would she see her own position and try to adapt herself to her responsibilities and face the real state of her husband's attitude toward her.

He succeeded admirably. Striving to tell him about her past life and ready to talk endlessly about her huswatched her waking slowing to an un- mind. derstanding of the life and of all that it involved. It gave him a kind of fear,

His apprehensions were not without mind the element of comparison. She became conscious of it one day when some neighboring people called at Greyhope. Mrs. Armour, in her sense of duty, which she had rigidly set before her, introduced Lali into the drawing room. The visitors veiled their enriesity and said some pleasant casual things to the young wife, but she saw the half curious, half furtive glances, she caught a sidelong glance and smile, and when they were gone she took to looking at herself in a mirror, a thing she could scarcely be persuaded to do before. She saw the difference between her carriage and others', her manner of wearing ber clothes and others', her complexion and theirs. She exaggerated the difference. She brooded on it. Now she sat downcast and timid and hunted in face as the first evening she came. Now she appeared restless and excited.

If Mrs. Armour was not exactly sympathetic with her, she was quiet and forbearing, and General Armour, like on the same subjects. He dwelt upon what she did-the walks she took in the park those hours in the afternoon when, with Mackenzie or Colvin, she vanished into the beeches, making friends with the birds and deer and swans. But most of all she loved to go to the stables. She was, however, asked not to go unless Richard or General Armour was with her. She loved horses, and these were a wonder to her. She had never known any but the wild ungroomed Indian pony on which she had ridden in every fashion and over every a riding master and had riding costumes made for her. It was intended that she should ride every day as soon as she the modest prevailing fashion. Her recognize the rather malicious advoit-skin, not now exposed to an inclement ness with which Marion turned his re-

climate and subject to the utmost care, was smoother and fairer. Her feet, incased in fine, well made boots, looked much smaller, her waist was shaped to fashion, and she was very straight and lissom. So many things she did jarred on her relatives that they were not fully aware of the great improvement in her appearance. Even Richard admitted her trying at times.

Marion went up to town to stay with Mrs. Townley, and there had to face a good deal of curiosity. People looked at her sometimes as if it was she and not Lali that was an Indian. But she carried things off bravely enough and answered those kind inquiries which one's friends make when we are in embarrassing situations with answers so calm and pleasant that people did not know what to think.

"Yes," she said in reply to Lady Balwood, "her sister-in-law might be in town later in the year, perhaps before the senson was over. She could not tell. She was tired after her long voyage, and she preferred the quiet of Greyhope. She was fond of riding and country life, but still she would come to town for a time," and so on.

"Ah, dear me, how charming! And doesn't she resent her husband's absence during the honeymoon, or did the honeymoon occur before she came over to England?" And Lady Balwood tried to say it all playfully, and certainly said it somewhat loudly. She had daughters.

But Marion was perfectly prepared. Her face did not change expression. over after Mrs. Armour words and "Yes, they had had their honeymoon on the prairies. Frank was so fascinat how she must put on and wear the ed with the life and the people. He had not come home at once because he was street had been brought to make, her | making she did not know how great a fortune over there in investments, and so Mrs. Armour came on before him and, of course, so soon as he could get attention and was straightway difficult away from his business he would follow

And though Marion smiled her heart no choice, for though her resistance was | was very hot, and she could have slain Lady Balwood in her tracks. Lady Balwood then nodded a little patronizingly and babbled that "she hoped so much to see Mrs. Francis Armour. She must be so very interesting, the papers said so much about her. 11

Now, while this conversation was go ing on some one stood not far behind Marion who seemed much interested been spoken to her. Mrs. Armour would in her and what she said. But Marion have hours of hesitation and impotent | did not see this person. She was startled regret before she brought herself to presently, however, to hear a strong speak of her son to his Indian wife. voice any softly over her shoulder, charming woman Lady Bal

She was grateful, tremulous, proud. Why had he, Captain Vidall, kept out of the way all these weeks just when knew self consciousness, spoke freely of | she needed him most, just when he should have played the part of a man? Then she was feeling twinges at the heart too. She had seen Lady Agnes Martling that afternoon and had noticed how the news had worn on her. She felt how much better it had been had Frank come quietly home and married her, instead of doing the wild, scandalous thing that was making so many heartburnings. A few minutes ago she had longed for a chance to say some thing delicately acid to Lady Haldwell. once Julia Sherwood, who was there. Now there was a chance to give her bitter spirit tongue. She was glad, she band, of his prowess in the hunt, of his | dared not think how glad, to hear that strength and beauty, she also strove to | voice again, but she was angry, too, and find English words for the purpose, and he should suffer for it, the more so be-Richard supplied them with uncommon | cause she recognized in the tone and willingness. He humored her so far as afterward in his face that he was still to learn many Indian words and phrases, absorbingly interested in her. There but he was chary of his use of them and | was a little burst of thanksgiving in tried hard to make her appreciative of her heart, and then she prepared a very her new life and surroundings. He notable commination service in her

This meeting had been deftly arranged by Mrs. Townley, with the help too, because she was sensitive, and of Edward Lambert, who now held her there was the possible danger of her fingers with a kind of vanity of possesgrowing disheartened or desperate and sion whenever he bade her goodby or doing some mad thing in the hour that met her. Captain Vidall had, in fact, she wakened to the secret behind her been out of the country, had only been back a week and had only heard of Frank Armour's mesalliance from Lamcause, for slowly there came into Lali's | bert at an "at home" 48 hours before. Mrs. Townley guessed what was really at the bottom of Marion's occasional bitterness, and piecing together many little things dropped casually by her friend had come to the conclusion that

the happiness of two people was at stake. When Marion shook hands with Captain Vidall, she had herself exceedingly well under control. She looked at him in slight surprise and casually remarked that they had not chanced to meet lately in the run of small and earlies. She appeared to be unconscious that he had been out of the country, and also that she had been till very recently indeed at Greyhope. He hastened to assure her that he had been away and to

lay siege to this unexpected barrier. He knew all about Frank's affair, and though it troubled him he did not see why it should make any difference in his regard for Frank's sister. Fastidious as he was in all things, he was fastidiously deferential. Not an exquisite, he had all that vanity as to appear-Richard, tried to draw her out-but not | since so usual with the military man. Himself of the most perfect temper and sweetness of manner and conduct, the unusual disturbed him. Not possessed of a vivid imagination, he could scarcely conjure up this Indian

bride at Greyhope. But face to face with Marion Armour he saw what troubled her, and he determined that he would not meet her irony with irony, her assumed indifference with indifference. He had learned one of the most important lessons of life -never to quarrel with a woman. Wheever has so far erred has been fool ish indeed. It is the worst of policy, to say nothing of its being the worst of art, and life should never be without art. It is absurd to be perfectly natural. seemed sufficiently presentable. This Anything, anybody, can be that. Well, did not appear so very far off, for she | Captain Hume Vidall was something of improved daily in appearance. Her hair | an artist, more, however, in principle was growing finer and was made up in | than by temperament. He refused to

of all semblance. He was very patient. He inquired quietly, and as if honestly interested, about Frank and said-because he thought it safest as well as most reasonable—that naturally they must have been surprised at his marrying a native, but he himself had seen some such marriages turn out very well in Japan, India, the South Sca islands and Canada. He assumed that Marion's sister-in-law was beautiful and then disarmed Marion by saying that he thought of going down to Greyhope immediately to call on General Armour and Mrs. Armour and wondered if she was going back before the end of the

Quick as Marion was, this was said so quieffy that she did not quite see the drift of it. She had intended staying in London to the end of the season, not because she enjoyed it, but because she was determined to face Frank's marriage at every quarter and have it over, once for all, so far as herself was concerned. But now, taken slightly aback, she said, almost without thinking, that she would probably go back soon-she was not quite sure-but certainly her father and mother would be glad to see

Captain Vidall at any time. Then, without any apparent relevaney, he asked her if Mrs. Frank Armour still were her Indian costume. In any one else the question had seemed impertinent. In him it had a touch of confidence, of the privilege of close friendship. Then he said, with a meditative look and a very calm retrospective voice, that he was once very much in love with a native girl in India and might have become permanently devoted to her were it not for the accident of his being ordered back to England summa-

This was a piece of news which cut two ways. In the first place, it lessened the extraordinary character of Frank's marriage, and it roused in her an immediate curiosity, which a woman always feels in the past "affairs" of her lover, or possible lover. Vidall did not take pains to impress her with the fact that the matter occurred when he was almost a boy, and it was when her carnest inquisition had drawn from him, bit by bit, the circumstances of the case, and she had forgotten many parts of her commination service and to reserve an effective neutrality in tone, that she became aware he was speaking ancient history. Then it was too late to

They had threaded their way through he crowd into the conservatory, where they were quite alone, and there, with only a little pyramid of hydrangeas between them, which she could not help but notice chimed well with the color of her dress, he dropped his voice a little lower and then suddenly said, his eyes hard on her, "I want your permision to go to Greyhope."

The tone drew her eyes hastily to his. and seeing she dropped them again. Vidall had a strong will, and, what is of more consequence, a peculiarly atyou should not go to Greyhope without permission. "I cannot go without it," he persist-

ed. "I am waiting for my commission

She dropped her hand from the flower with a little impatient motion. She was tired; her head ached; she wanted to be alone. "Why are you enigmatical?" she said, then quickly: "I wish I knew what is in your mind. You play with words so.

She scarcely knew what she said. A woman who loves a man very much is not quick to take in the absolute dec-



She looked at herself again.

laration of that man's love on the instant. It is too wonderful for her. He felt his cheek flush with hers; he drew her look again to him. "Marion, Marion!" he said. That was all.

"Oh, hush! Some one is coming. was her quick, throbbing reply. When they parted a half hour later, he said to "Will you give me my commission to go to Greyhope?"

"Oh, no, I cannot," she said very gravely, "but come to Greyhope-when

"And when will that be?" he said, smiling, yet a little ruefully too.

"Oh, ask Mrs. Townley," she replied. 'She is coming also.'

Marion knew what that commission to go to Grevhope meant. But she determined that he should see Lali first before anything irrevocable was done. She still looked upon Frank's marriage as a scandal, Well, Captain Vidall should face it in all its crudeness. So in a week or less Marion and Mrs.

Townley were in Greyhope. Two months had gone since Lali arrived in England, and yet no letter had come to her or to any of them from Frank. Frank's solicitor in London had written him fully of her arrival, and he had had a reply, with further instructions regarding money to be placed to General Armour's credit for the benefit of his wife. Lali, as she became Europeanized, also awoke to the forms and ceremonies of her new life. She had overheard Frank's father and mother wondering, and fretting as they wondered, why they had not received any word from him. General Armour had even called him a scoundrel, which sent Frank's mother into tears. Then Lali had questioned Mackenzie and Colvan, for she had increasing shrewdness, and she began to feel her actual position. She resented General Armour's imputation, but in her heart she began to pine and wonder. At times, too, she was fitful and was not to be drawn out. But she went on improving in personal

marks again upon himself, twisted out | appearance and manner and in learning the English language, Mrs. Townley's appearance marked a change in her. When they met, she suddenly stood still and trembled. When Mrs. Townlet came to her and took her hand and kissed her, she shivered and then caught her about the shoulders lightly, but was silent. After a little she said, "Come -come to my wigwam and talk with

> She said it with a strange little smile, for not she recognized that the word wigwam was not to be used in her new life. But Mrs. Townley whispered, "Ask Marion to come too."

Lali hesitated and then said a little maliciously, "Marion, will you come to my wigwam?"

Marion ran to her, caught her about the waist and replied gayly: "Yes, we will have a powwow. Is that right-is owwow right?"

The Indian girl shook her head with pretty vagueness and vanished with them. General Armour walked up and down the room briskly, then turned on his wife and said: "Wife, it was a brutal thing. Frank doesn't deserve to be-the father of her child.'

But Lali had moods-singular moods. She indulged in one three days after the arrival of Marion and Mrs. Townley. She had learned to ride with the side saddle and wore her riding dress admirably. Nowhere did she show to better advantage. She had taken to riding now with General Armour on the country roads. On this day Captain Vidall was expected, he having written to ask that he might come. What trouble Lali had with one of the servants that morning was never thoroughly explained, but certain it is she came to have a crude notion of why Frank Armour married her. The servant was dismissed duly, but that was after the contretemps.

It was late afternoon. Everybody had been busy, because one or two other gnests were expected besides Captain Vidall. Lali had kept to herself, sending word through Richard that she would not "be English," as she vaguely put it, that day. She had sent Mackenzie on some mission. She sat on the floor of her room as she used to sit ou the ground in her father's lodge. Her head was bowed in her hands, and her arms rested on her knees. Her body swaved to and fro. Presently all motion eeased. She became perfectly still. She looked before her, as if studying something.

Her eyes immediately flashed. She rose quickly to her feet, went to her wardrobe and took out her Indian costume and blanket, with which she could never be induced to part. Almost feverishly she took off the clothes she were and hastily threw them from her; then she put on the buckskin clothes in which she had journeyed to England, drew down her hair as she used to wear it, fastened round her waist a long red sash which had been given her by a governor of the Hudson's Bay company when he had visited her father's country, threw her blanket round her shoultractive voice. It had a vibration which | ders and then eyed herself in the great made some of his words organlike in mirror in the room. What she saw evisound. She felt the influence of it. She | dently did not please her perfectly, for said, a little faintly, her fingers toying she stretched out her hands and looked with a hydrangea: "I am afraid I do at them. She shook her head at herself not understand. There is no reason why and put her hand to her checks and pinched them-they were not so brown as they once were—then thrust out her foot. She drew it back quickly in dis-

Immediately she caught the fashionable slippers from her feet and threw them among the discarded garments. She looked at herself again. Still she was not satisfied, but she threw up her arms, as with a sense of pleasure and freedom, and laughed at herself. She pushed out her moccasined foot, tapped the floor with it, nodded toward it and said a word or two in her own language. She heard some one in the next room, possibly Mackenzie. She stepped to the door leading into the hall, opened it, went out, traveled its length, ran down a back hallway out into the park toward the stables, her blanket, as her hair, flying behind her.

She entered the stables, made for a herse that she had ridden much, put a bridle on him, led him out before any one had seen her, and catching him by the mane suddenly threw herself on him at a bound, and giving him a tap with a short whip she had caught up in the stable headed him for the main avenue and the open road. Then a stableman saw her and ran after, but he might as well have tried to follow the wind. He forthwith proceeded to saddle another horse. Boulter also saw her as she passed the house, and running in told Mrs. Armour and the general. They both ran to the window and saw dashing down the avenue a picture out of Fenimore Cooper—a saddleless horse, with a rider whose fingers merely touched the bridle riding as on a journey of life and death.

"My God, it's Lali! She's mad! she's mad! She is striking that horse! It will bolt! It will kill her!" said the general.

Then he rushed for a horse to follow her. Mrs. Armour's hands clasped painfully. For an instant she had almost the same thought as had Marion on the first morning of Lali's coming, but that passed and left her gazing helplessly after the horsewoman. The flying planket had frightened the blooded horse, and he made desperate efforts to

fulfill the general's predictions. Lali soon found that she had miscalculated. She was not riding an Indian pony, but a crazed, high strung horse, As they flow, she sitting superbly and tugging at the bridle, the party coming from the railway station entered the great gate, accompanied by Richard and Marion. In a moment they sighted this wild pair bearing down upon them with

a terrible swiftness. As Marion recognized Lali she turned pale and cried out, rising in her seat. Instinctively Captain Vidall knew who it was, though he could not guess the cause of the singular circumstance. He saw that the home had boited, but also that the rider seemed entirely fearless. 'Why, in heaven's name," he said between his teeth, "does she not let go that blanket?"

At that moment Lali did let it go, and the horse dashed by them, making hard for the gate. "Turn the horses round and follow her!" said Vidall to the driver. While this was doing Marion caught sight of her father riding hard down the avenue. He passed them and called to them to hurry on after

Lali had not the slightest sense of fear, but she knew that the horse had gone mad. When they passed through the gate and swerved into the road, a less practiced rider would have been thrown. She sat like wax. The pace was incredible for a mile, and though

Guarral Armour rode well he was far

Suddenly a trap appeared in the read in front of them, and the driver, seeing the runaway, set his horses at right angles to the road. It served the purpose only to provide another danger. Not far from where the trap was drawn, and



In a moment they sighted this wild pair bearing down upon them.

between it and the runaway, was a lane which ended at a farmyard in a cul de sac. The horse swerved into it, not slacking its pace, and in the fraction of a mile came to the farmyard.

But now the fever was in Lali's blood. She did not care whether she lived or died. A high hedge formed the culde sac. When she saw the horse slacking, she cut him savagely across the head twice with a whip and drove him at the green wall. He was of too good make to refuse it, stiff as it was. He rose to it magnificantly and cleared it, but almost as he struck the ground squarely he staggered and fell, the girl beneath him. He had burst a blood vessel. The ground was soft and wet. The weight of the herse prevented her from getting free. She felt its hoof striking in its death struggle, and once her shoulder was struck. Instinctively she buried her face in the mud, and her arms covered her head.

And then she knew no more. When she came to, she was in the carriage within the gates of Greyhope, and Marion was bending over her. She suddenly tried to lift herself, but could not. Presently she saw another facethat of General Armour. It was stern, and yet his eyes were swimming as he

looked at her. "How!" she said to him. "How!" and fainted again. TO BE CONTINUED.

NOVEL MISSIONARY WORK. How an Enterprising Dominie Made Good

Use of His Opportunities.

About the time that the telephone was removed from the saloon and roadhouse an order came to put a telephone in a new parsonage. The exchange always followed the policy of keeping the numbers as low as possible, so instead of giving the parsonage telephone a new number the discontinued roadhouse number was simply transferred, and the change was at once printed in the directory. But the man who uses a telephone does not always con-



AMAZED THE MINISTER. sult the directory. He may remember the number. That's how it happened that the minister was called up at midnight just

after his phone was put in. 'Yes," he answered, "this is 132." Then to his amazed ear came an inquiry if he could get up a supper for a little "gang" that would be along about if in the morning. He said he couldn't do it. Then the man at the other end of the wire canted to know if it was Billy talking and what the something or other was the matter with the "joint." The minister explained as well as he could, and there

was a sharp ring off. When the minister learned of the transferred number, he was not at all indigant. He said he believed it would be the means of his saving many souls. Thereafter when he was called to the phone by ome friend a customer of Billy's he took occasion to say that the telephone no longer connected with the roadhouse, but with the parsonage of the new church. would add. "We have services morning and evening on Sunday, and I'll try to make you have a good time. Don't forget the name of the church. Drop in any Sunday.

Rectifying a Mistake. One of the things which amused a lot of wicked young men at the Oriental the other day was the manner in which an alogether sweet and modest New Yorker got herself on the register. The mother did the registering and wrote, "Mr. and Mrs. —, New York; Miss —, New York." "Oh, dear," she exclaimed when she saw this; "I forgot the children." And this is the way it read on the register, Miss - and two children, New York.' -Brooklyn Engle.

Hares use their feet to wash their faces and the hare's foot is so suitable for a brush that it is always used to apply the 'paint' to the face for the stage.

IERCE ANTEES A CURE OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

Disease follows a run-down system with the liver inactive and the blood disordered. Pimples, Boils, Sores, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and like manifestations of impure blood.

should be driven out of the system with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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Mrs. KUHN, of 618 E. 16th Street, New York City, writes as follows: "It pleases me to "It pleases me to state that I had a runstate that I had a run-ning sore upon my neck, and had it oper-ated upon three times, and still it was not cured. I was also run down very much. There was a decided change after using 'Dr., Pierce's Golden Medical. Discovery,' I took a 1

MRS. KUHN.

A LIFE RISK FOR EGGS CENTRAL RAILROAD OF N. J.

SOME UNAPPY HOURS PASSED IN ROBBING VULTURES.

Attacked by the Big Creatures on a Precinitous Cliff in a Foul and Filthy Nest, Abandoned by Guides and Left for Hours Alone-A Terrible Half Day.

"I have my little 'fad' as well as other people," said a prosperous, fat and jolly commission merchant the other day, "but I dare say you would guess a long time without hitting on it, so I will coufess it without putting you to the trouble. It is without putting you to the trouble. It is Allentown, 8:30 a. m., 12:30, b.00, p.m. Sunday, without putting you to the trouble. It is
my collection of birds' eggs. The making
of that collection gave me many hours of
rare sport when I was an adventurous
young fellow and had none of this load of
fat to carry about, and the chief use of it
now is to recall pleasant memories of those
days that will never come again. When
you're old you'll know how that is yourself," and the old gentleman took a strong
roll at his cirar and let the snoke out in a long and noisy sigh,
"I was a traveler in those days for a big

export house which was pushing into Mexico and South America for trade, and so is came about that most of my eggs are those of birds of those countries. Tell you about some of them? Don't mind if I do. Well, for want of knowing which one to pick on I'll tell you how I came to capture the biggest though not the screet one in the collection. It is a vulture's egg. I was in Mexico when I got that egg, and I

was in Mexico when I got that egg, and I thought once or twice while I was securing it that I would never get out of Mexico again.

"Vultures are shy of mankind, and their nests are exceedingly hard to find, and so when I met a hunter who knew where one was I hired him, with a couple of assistants, to show me it and help me get the eggs. We arrived at the spot about noon, and I almost wished I had not come. The guide pointed out to me a precipitous and beetling cliff, which looked to me to be about 500 feet high, overhanging a deep lake. About 190 feet from the top of the cliff there was a rent or hole, which from where we stood looked as if it had about as much room inside it as an empty flour barrel. In there, the guide said, the vultures had their nest, and the only way to reach it was to let me down from the top at the end of a long rope.

"It was a perflous descent, but making a sort of chair at the end of a stout rawhide rope I swung myself over the cliff and two men lowered me slowly while the third lay on his face and peered over into the abyss watching me. When I got about twenty feet below the hole in got about twenty feet below the hole

the third lay on his face and peered over into the abyss watching me. When I got about twenty feet below the hole in the cliff I signaled them to stop. The hole I found was as big around at the entrance as a barn door; but the top of the cliff projected so that I hang fully twenty feet away from the face of the rock. Nothing daunted, I began to swing myself, slowly at first, and with gradually increasing force, till my body at last swung in against

selves on their backs and began to scream like mad. I secured the egg, but not without getting a couple of bad scratches from the sharp claws of the young birds, which the young birds which the young birds are the young birds and the young birds are the young birds. selves on their backs and began to scream were about as big as bens. I was wrapbirds were filling the air with their clamor when suddenly there was a whir of wings, the entrance was darkened, and I got a blow on the head that knocked me down in the unspeakable filth and filled my eyes

with blood. "The old birds were upon me. I recognized that fact in an instant, and having nothing to defend myself with, I expected to be knocked down the cliff or at least have my eyes pecked out. I was always pretty ready of resource, and in this bad plight the thought flashed through my mind that these unusually timid birds were only flerce because they thought I wanted to harm their young. Quickly unrolling the egg from my coat, I threw the garment over the equalling brats, and their sharp claws striking into the cloth at once tangled them inextricably in it. Guarding my eyes from the old birds with one arm, I dragged the cont with the two young ones attached to it to the mouth of the hole, only a step or two, and hurled them far out and down into the lake.

"As I expected, the old vultures followed their young at once and their efforts to lift them out of the water were so ludicrous that I laughed aloud. My laugh was quickly shut off, however, for in the next moment, as I thrust the egg into my bosom and gave the rope a tug as a signal to my men to pull me up, the rawhide came down from the top of the cliff with a run. Great Scott! How was I to get back What had those stupld feels at the top What had those stupid feels at the top done? I did not know that they had watched me disappear into the hole, had seen the old vultures follow me, and had then seen what they thought must be me, as they distinctly recognized my cont.

Take lake ak 30 a m, and 145 p.m.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.53 a m. and 2.45 p.m. come flying out again and fall into the lake, pursued by the two vultures, whom they could see pecking at me in the Whyes,

"They let go the rope and burried away around and down to the lake's edge to res cue my mangled body from being entirely eaten up by the birds. After some tedious hours of climbing they found out their mistake and preceded to climb back again. By this time it was growing dark, and as I sat bour after bour in that foul hole, between heaven and earth, not knowing what had happened, you can imagine my feelings. Just as I was in absolute despair. I saw a stone tied to a thin cord swing down in front of me. I clutched at it with cestasy and nearly fell over the edge in my eagerness. Tying the end of my rope to the cord, I gave a pull and away it went up the cliff again. After due time I gave a pull on the rope, and finding it taut, I swung myself out of that infernal hole and was drawn up to the top rejoicing, with my precious egg still in my bosom."-New York Tribune.

The Monkey's Reasoning Powers. The monkey's intelligence has never been able to arrive at a point which enables that animal to achieve the untying of a knot. You may tie a monkey with a cord fastened with the simplest form of common knot, and unless the beast can break the string or gnaw it in two he will never get loose. To untie the knot requires observation and reasoning power, and though a monkey may possess both he has neither in a sufficient degree to enable him to overcome the difficulty.-Yankee Blade.

The distance between division points for changing engines has been increased in this country, and some roads are now running engines from 290 to 300 miles where they used to run 100 miles or less.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Methers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teathing, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colle. and is the best remedy for diarrhoss. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

LEHIGH AND SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring leavilness and comfort. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1801.

This Table IN Effect MAI 20, 1881.

Trains leave Scranton for Pritston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at \$29, 4.15, 11.30 a.m., 12.50, 2.03, 3.30, 5.03, 7.23, 11.65 p. m. Sundaya, 9.00 a.m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m. Sundaya, 9.00 a.m., For Atlantic City, 8.30 a.m.

For Atlantic City, 8.30 a.m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.23 (express) a.m., 12.30 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. 10. FOR MAUCH CHUNK, ALLENTOWN, BETHLE-HEM, EASTON and PHILADELPHIA, 8.30 a. m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m. For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gon. Supt.





force, till my body at last swung in against the face of the ciff and finally into the hole itself. Catching a projecting corner of rock, I gained my feet, and was nearly knocked off them again by the horrible stench which greated me.

"The floor of the hole was strewed with decayed flesh and fish and feathers and bones, and in the middle of it all lay the nest of long grass and as dirty as any pigsty and in it two young vultures and one unhatched egg. The egg was a grateful sight, but the youngsters were an unpleasant surprise, for they at once threw themselves on their backs and began to scream.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND D'WESTERN RAILROAD.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express
for New York and his points East Life, 230, a high prints and 250 p. m.
Express for Easten, Transon, Philadelphia Express for firston, Tremton, Philadelphia and the South, 5 L, 800 and 9.5; a.m.; 125

and 3.59 p. m. Washington and way stations, 3.55 p. m. Washington and way stations, 3.55 p. m.
Tebyharna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.
Expr. ss for Binghamton, Onwago, Elmira,
forming, Bath. Dansville, Mount Mooris and
Suifato, 12.10, 2.15 a. m. and 1.25 p. m., making
lose consections at Buffalo to all points in the
West, Northwest and Southwest.
Bath accommodation, 9 a. m.
Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p. m.
Nicothon accommodation, at 4 p. m. and
1,50 r. m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 405 p. m. Express for Cortland, Syracoso, Oswego, Utles and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a. m. and 1.25 p. m.
Ishaca, 24b and Bath 9a, m. and 124 p. m.
For Northumberland, Pittaion, Wilkes-Barra,
Plymouth, Bloomaburg and Danvillo, making
close connections at Northumberland for
Williamsport, Harristong, Baltimore, Wash-

windingors, increasing, parameter, varieties of the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 803 and 803 an and 803 and 607 p.m.

Nanticore and intermediate stations, 803 and 11.00 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 803 and 805 p.m.

Pullman perior and sleeping coaches on all corpores trains. express trains
For detailed information, pocket time tables,
etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office,
228 Lackswanns avenue, or depot ticket office.

ERIE AND WYOMING VALLEY BAIL Trains have Scranton for New York and in-emediate points on the Erio railroad at 6.35 m. and 8.34 p. m. Also for Honerdale, awley and local points at 6.35, 2.45 p. m., and



SCRANTON DIVISION. In Effect June 24th, 1994. North Bound. 202 204 206 205 203 201 Stations West 42nd stree Weehawken Arrive Less 42nd street Legwob Hancock Junction 6 et 2 to Rancock 6 et 2 til Startight 6 th 2 22 Preston Park 6 th 2 til Hancock
Hancock
Etartight
Preston Park
Como
Poyntelle
Balcocnt Pleacant Mt. Forset City Carbondale White Bridge Mayneld Jermyn Archibald Winton Peckville

All trains run daily except Sunday. f. signifies that trains stop on signal for pasengers, Secure rates via Ontario & Western before archasing tickets and save money. Day and Ningt Express to the West. J. C. Andersen, Gen. Pass Agt. T. Fliteroft, Dlv. Pass, Agt. Scranton, Pa.



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