CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUED.

"I must bid our father and mother good night. Then I will join you both 'in the court of the king.' " And he turned and went back and said to his father as he kissed his mother, "I am had at an advantage, general."

"And serves you right, my boy. You had the odds with you. She has captured them like a born soldier."

His mother said to him gently: "Frank, you blamed us, but remember that we wished only your good. Take my advice, dear, try to love your wife and win her confidence."

"Love her—try to love her!" he said. "I shall easily do that. But the other"—He shook his head a little, though what he meant perhaps he did not know himself, and then followed Marion and Lali up stairs. Marion had tried to escape from Lali, but was told that she must stay, and the three met at the child's cot. Marion stooped down and kissed its forehead. Frank stooped also and kissed its cheek. Then the wife kissed the other cheek. The child slept peacefully on.

"You can always see the baby here before breakfast if you choose," said Lali, and she held out her hand again in good night. At this point Marion stole away in spite of Lali's quick little cry of "Wait, Marion!" and the two were left alone again.

"I am very tired," she said. "I would rather not talk tonight." The dismissal was evident. He took her hand, held it an instant and presently said: "I will not detain you, but I would ask you, Lali, to remember that you are my wife. Nothing can alter that."

"Still we are only strangers, as you know," she quietly rejoined.

"You forget the days we were together after we were married," he cautiously urged.

"I am not the same girl. You killed her. We have to start again. I know all."

"You know that in my wretched anger and madness I"——

"Oh, please do not speak of it!" she said. "It is so bad even in thought."

"But will you never forgive me and care for me? We have to live our lives together."

"Pray let us not speak of it now," she said in a weary voice. Then breathlessly, "It is of much more consequence that you should love me — and the child."

He drew himself up with a choking sigh and spread out his arms to her. "Oh, my wife!" he said.

"No, no," she cried, "this is unreasonable. We know so little of each other. Good night again."

He turned at the door, came back, and stooping kissed the child on the lips. Then he said: "You are right. I deserve to suffer. Good night."

But when he was gone she dropped on her knees and kissed the child many times on the lips also.

CHAPTER IX.

When Francis Armour left his wife's room, he did not go to his own room, but quietly descended the stairs, went to the library and sat down. The loneliest thing in the world is to be tete-a-tete with one's conscience. A man may have a bad hour with an enemy, a sad hour with a friend, a peaceful hour with himself, but when the little dwarf, conscience, perches upon every hillock of remembrance and makes slow signs —those symbols of the language of the soul—to him, no slave upon the treadmill suffers more.

The butler came in to see if anything was required, but Armour only greeted him silently and waved him away. His brain was painfully alert, his memory singularly awake. It seemed that the incident of this hour had so opened up every channel of his intelligence that all his life ran past him in fantastic panorama, as by that illumination which comes to the drowning man. He seemed under some strange spell. Once or twice he rose, rubbed his eyes and looked round the room—the room where, as a boy, he had spent idle hours, where, as a student, he had been in the hands of his tutor, and as a young man had found recreations such as belong to ambitious and ardent youth. Every corner was familiar. Nothing was changed. The books upon the shelves were as they were placed 20 years ago. And yet he did not seem a part of it. It did not seem natural to him. He was in an atmosphere of strangeness—that atmosphere which surrounds a man, as by a cloud, when some crisis comes upon him, and his life seems to stand still, whirling upon its narrow base, while the world appears at an interminable distance, even as to a deaf man who sees, yet cannot hear.

There came home to him at that moment, with a force indescribable, the shamelessness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For four years he had refused to do his duty as a man toward an innocent woman, a woman, though in part a savage, now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm; it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind. He had scattered thistles; could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad it was so.

Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing that he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has loved, man or woman—and before all, woman—has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defense to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars and liquors were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life. He knew he had before him hard travel, and he was not confident of the end. He could not tell how long he sat there. After a time the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the square, and the foolish song of some drunken loiterer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window and looked out. The moon was shining full on the square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in walking. He did so. Out in the square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the iron railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding and at last, exhausted, dropped into a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard.

Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhope it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was driven into town—a three hours' drive. He had left the horses at the stables, and having a latchkey had come in quietly. He had seen the light in the study and guessed who was there. He entered and saw his brother asleep. He watched him for a moment and studied him. Then he moved away to take off his hat, and as he did so stumbled slightly. Then it was Frank waked, and for the first time in five years they looked each other in the eyes. They both stood immovable for a moment, and then Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his and said: "God bless you, my boy; God bless you! I am glad you are back!"

"Dick, Dick!" was the reply, and Frank's other hand clutched Richard's shoulder in his strong emotion. They stood silent for a moment longer, and then Richard recovered himself. He waved his hand to the chairs. The strain of the situation was a little painful for them both. Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play.

"Why, my boy," he said, waving a hand to the wine and liquors, "full bottles and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! Here's a pretty how d' ye do. Is this the way you toast the home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old mess!"

So saying, he poured out some whisky, then opened the box of cigars and pushed them toward his brother. He did not care particularly to drink or smoke himself, but a man—an Englishman—is a strange creature. He is most natural and at ease when he is engaged in eating and drinking. He relieves every trying situation by some frivolous and selfish occupation, as of dismembering a partridge or mixing a punch.

"Well, Frank," said his brother, "now what have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come long ago? You have played the adventurer for five years, and what have you to show for

Against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife.

it? Have you a fortune?" Frank shook his head and twisted a shoulder. "What have you done that is worth the doing then?"

"Nothing that I intended to do, Dick," was the grave reply.

"Yes, I imagined that. You have seen them, have you, Frank?" he added in a softer voice.

Frank blew a great cloud of smoke about his face, and through it he said, "Yes, Dick, I have seen a d—d sight more than I deserve to see."

"Oh, of course, I know that, my boy! But, so far as I can see, in another direction you are getting quite what you deserve. Your wife and child are up stairs; you are here."

He paused, was silent for a moment, then leaned over, caught his brother's arm and said in a low, strenuous voice: "Frank Armour, you laid a hateful little plot for us. It wasn't manly, but we forgave it and did the best we could. But see here, Frank, take my word for it, you have had a lot of luck. There isn't one woman out of 10,000 that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it. Injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation"—he paused. "My boy, did you ever think of that—of the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to men? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There has been a special providence for you, my boy, but not for your sake. God doesn't love neglectful husbands, but I think he is pretty sorry for neglected wives."

Frank was very still. His head dropped, the cigar hung unheeded in his fingers for a moment, and he said at last: "Dick, old comrade, I've thought it all over tonight since I came back—everything that you've said. I have not a word of defense to make, but, by heaven, I'm going to win my wife's love if I can, and when I do it I'll make up for all my cursed foolishness! See if I don't!"

"That sounds well, Frank," was the quiet reply. "I like to hear you talk that way. You would be very foolish if you did not. What do you think of the child?"

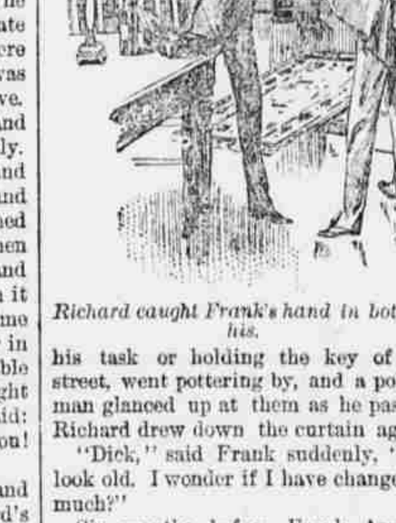
"Can you ask me what I think? He is a splendid little fellow."

"Take care of him then. Take good care of him. You may never have another," was the grim rejoinder.

Frank winced. His brother rose, took his arm and said: "Let us go to our rooms, Frank. There will be time enough to talk later, and I am not so young as I once was."

Truth to say, Richard Armour was not so young as he seemed a few months before. His shoulders were a little stooped; he was grayer about the temples. The little bit of cynicism which had appeared in that remark about the care of the child showed also in the lines of his mouth, yet his eyes had the same old, true, honest look. But a man cannot be hit in mortal places once or twice in his life without it being etched on his face or dropped, like a pinch of aloe, from his tongue.

Still they sat and talked much longer, Frank showing better than when his brother came, Richard gone gray and tired. At last Richard rose and motioned toward the window. "See, Frank," he said, "it is morning." Then he went and lifted the blind. The gray, unpurged air oozed on the glass. The light was breaking over the tops of the houses. A crossing sweeper, early to



Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his.

his task or holding the key of the street, went pottering by, and a policeman glanced up at them as he passed. Richard drew down the curtain again.

"Dick," said Frank suddenly, "you look old. I wonder if I have changed as much?"

Six months before Frank Armour would have said that his brother looked young.

"Oh, you look young enough, Frank," was the reply, "but I am a good deal older than I was five years ago. Come, let us go to bed."

Many weeks afterward an anxious family stood about the cot of a sick child.

The family doctor had just left the room. Marion, turning to the father and mother, said: "Greyhope will be like itself again now. I will go and tell Richard that the danger is over."

As she turned to do so Richard opened the door and came in. "I have seen the doctor," he began in his cheerful tones, "and the little chap is going to pull along now like a house afire." Tapping his brother affectionately on the shoulder, he was about to continue, but he saw what stopped him. He saw the beginning of the end of Frank Armour's tragic comedy. He and Marion left the room as quickly as was possible to him, for, as he said humorously, "he was slow at a quick march," and a moment after the wife heard, without demur, her husband's tale of love for her.

Yet, as if to remind him of the wrong he had done, heaven never granted Frank Armour another child.

THE END.

A Historic Weapon.

Hon. E. L. Parris shows a historic weapon. It is an old flintlock gun which was brought over from England by an ancestor of Mr. Parris of several generations back, and was carried in the Revolution by an ancestor of another generation who, with six of his sons, participated in the war. Since the adoption of the Declaration of Independence it has been fired every Fourth of July in celebration of that event. There are probably few guns in the country with so honorable and patriotic a record.—Oxford (Me.) Democrat.

The Peacock on a Rainy Day.

The peacock, glittering with jewel-like eyes, has a voice by no means suited to its beauty. Its cry is harsh and disagreeable. When the rain falls it sits on some high perch uttering its doleful sounds, with its beautiful tail feathers drawn into the smallest possible space. Like a vain creature as it is, it never spreads its fan unless the sun shines.—Troy Times.

Puritanical Treatment of Boys.

In Miss Earle's book, "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," a story is told of Dr. Dakin hearing a noise while he was praying in a church at Quincy. The minister opened his eyes to discover the cause, and saw a redhaired boy clutching the railing on the front edge of the gallery, while a venerable deacon clutched the boy. At last the balustrade gave way and boy and deacon fell with a crash. The deacon then led the boy out of the meeting house, and swishing sounds, accompanied by wails, were soon heard from the region of the horse shed.

A Prisoner Robs a Jail.

James Slattery has been robbing the county jail in which he is a prisoner at Pottsville, Pa. He has been employed in the hosiery department and has been helping to load wagons with goods for shipment. It has been discovered that he has been sending packages of stockings to his wife in Lock Haven. It is estimated that he has stolen $1,000 worth of goods.

VOICE OF ANIMALS.

THE SLOW RISE AND FUTURE FALL OF THE HUMAN SPEECH.

Once No Living Thing Had a Voice, and the Time Will Come When the Same Thing Will Be True Again, at Least So Far as Human Beings Are Concerned.

There was a time in the history of the world when even the animals had no voice. There were no sounds or noises then but those made by the winds whistling about mountain tops and howling through primeval forests, or of the waves dashing on shores absolutely silent and dead. The animals of those geological epochs, being in the plastic state preceding the development of the osseous structure that now gives form and comeliness to the human body, were just beginning to breathe the external air with a gentle respiration. Ages, it should rather be said epochs, were passed in this manner, in the course of which the habit of respiration developed the lungs. Then the use of the throat essential to the taking of food produced those organs necessary to speech, which are called the pharynx, glottis and larynx. It seems that Providence, as a matter of supreme convenience, made the same passage serve for eating, speaking and breathing, although another arrangement was possible, like the respiratory apparatus of the grasshopper, which is placed at the sides. This is one of the very few exceptions to the rule which applies in common to man and most animals.

When the upper part of the throat was in an advanced state of development the act of respiration began to be accompanied by certain inarticulate sounds, at first resembling the rough breathing of a person whose air passages are obstructed by a bad cold. Instinct soon taught the animal that these noises could be increased by forcing slightly the inspiration or expiration of the breath, or by contracting the muscles of the throat and so emitting the voice in a rapid succession of indefinite sounds. We have the right to suppose that the yelping of sea lions represents very nearly the human voice in its early stages of development. The sounds of the voice of the human being are, like those of all animals and all instruments, the result of a vibration of chords, and are grave or acute according to the size of these chords.

This change was more rapid in animals living on the land, the voice of those whose habits continued to be amphibious remaining much the same. There came in the course of time to be a great variety in the voices of animals, determined partly by their size, but generally by the circumstances in which they were placed. The different species of the feline race living in forests cultivated the higher tones. The lion adapted his voice to the vast desert spaces where he roamed and gained a scanty subsistence. The dog in his wild state probably confined himself to the lower notes of the scale and expressed his hostility only by barking. Since his domestication, having acquired a sort of human sentiment, he yelps and whines in the higher tones to express feelings that are but imperfectly understood. The cat imitates the high sopranos. The horse, having a long neck and a head nearly as long, imitates in his neighing most of the modern tenors.

The animals of the bovine tribe produce the voice from low down in the throat, only occasionally venturing on certain higher and exceedingly unnatural notes. A great variety of tone and compass is found among the birds, from the shrill scream of those of a ravenous kind down to the parrots, among which are found the bassos, baritones and contraltos of the race. The singing birds combine the high and low tones with extraordinary flexibility of voice and a perfection of vocalism at which they arrived probably at a very remote period of the world's history.

Man inherited from his immediate ancestors, the apes and monkeys, a voice of considerable altitude, in which the lower tones were almost unknown. The monkeys chattered to their fellows from tree to tree in shrill head tones, the natural vocal expression of a weak and timid race, in whose physical formation the head had begun to hold an important place. The upper notes of the register were characteristic of the first men, as they still are of savage tribes and peoples, and of the half civilized members of modern society, whose voices have never been subjected to discipline.

The music of the Chinese, Japanese and of all wild tribes is keyed high and sung usually in falsetto, the lower notes being obtained by drums, tomtoms or some other instruments of the kind. Although their songs are far from agreeable to the ear, they still think they can sing, an illusion shared, it must be confessed, by a considerable number of persons in the most refined modern society.

These facts and suggestions contain probably the reason for the belief expressed by a French writer that the human voice is gradually descending the scale. High tenors and sky scraping sopranos are more and more difficult to find, a great misfortune in these times when the Wagner operas demand such extraordinary vocal efforts. The Chronicle has already endeavored to explain the awful consequences of this theory carried to its logical results. It has shown how the sopranos will gradually become contraltos; the contraltos tenors, regardless of sex; the tenors baritones, and the baritones bassos. It would be well if the misfortune ended here, but this is by no means all. When the whole human race is only able to speak in bass tones there will continue to be a depression of the higher of these, until one single dead level is reached, above which the voice will be unable to rise. To this unfortunate voice music in all its forms will long have been impossible. For awhile a conversation, whose ghostly solemnity can only be imagined, will be carried on, and then the vocal organs will cease entirely to exist.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Terrible Cholera Tragedy.

At Askabad, Turkestan, the cholera had almost disappeared, and the event was celebrated with much rejoicing on the anniversary of the emperor's name day. The governor gave a dinner, to which he invited a numerous company, and the various regiments were granted extra rations that they might rejoice on the occasion.

The day, which began so auspiciously amid general rejoicing, was destined to have an ending without a parallel in history.

Of the numerous guests who attended the dinner one-half died within 24 hours. A military band of about 50 men who played during that fatal dinner lost 40 of their number with cholera, and only 10 of the men reached camp that night. One regiment lost half of its men and nine officers ere the sun rose the following morning, and within 48 hours 1,300 people died with cholera.

The cause of the outbreak was clearly traced to a small stream of water which supplied the town. Four days previously the authorities were informed that cholera had broken out at a small Turkoman village situated on the banks of this stream about four miles above Askabad. The inhabitants of this village were ordered to move their tents several miles back on the hills, which they did.

On the day before the reappearance of the cholera at Askabad a very heavy rainstorm occurred, which washed the banks of the river and swept refuse and other matter from the abandoned village into the stream, and this matter was carried by the water into the city and distributed to all parts of the town by the numerous open canals through which the inhabitants were supplied with water. It was this contaminated water which caused the reappearance of the epidemic and the frightful mortality which followed.—Sanitary Era.

EARLY VOLUNTEER FIRE COMPANIES.

The Members Were Generally Pretty Good Natured Fellows.

"The Eagle Fire Engine and Hose company," said an old timer yesterday, "was the first Pittsburg company ever actually organized on the volunteer principle. This occurred in the year 1794. There was a great time in the village when the Eagles secured an engine. When the wagons which brought it from Philadelphia arrived the town could hardly contain itself. Everybody turned out to see the wonderful machine, and scarcely an eye winked while John Johnson, the village mechanic, put the pieces together. The new engine was rude in the extreme. It consisted of a plain box, which contained the mechanical works of the engine, and was operated by first pouring the water into the pump by means of buckets, and then forcing it out through the base. The fireplug was then unknown.

"Sometimes the members of the Eagle undertook to inculcate morality by means of the shower bath. Whenever a false alarm brought them out they invariably repaired for practice to Virgin alley and played upon a house there called 'The Crow's Nest,' which possessed an unsavory reputation and was one of the earliest landmarks of the alley. In vain the inmates would cry from the doors and windows that there was no fire there. The boys always replied that the place needed a washing anyhow, and this method of getting rid of objectionable residents was winked at by the authorities.

"When several companies had been organized an intense rivalry sprang up between them. So bitter was the partisan spirit that lively pugilistic encounters sometimes took place, and indeed it is said some of the good church people of that day took a hand in the contests. On Sunday afternoon, while returning from a fire, the Eagle boys met the Alleghany company at the corner of Market and Liberty streets. The Eagle captain ordered his men to march quietly by without any demonstration. The order was obeyed by all except one bully, who tried to provoke a quarrel. The captain thereupon became enraged, and rushing to a neighboring stable secured a pitchfork and made for the man, who showed fight. The latter dodged the weapon and ran. From that day on he never showed rebellion.

"On another occasion when these two companies were returning from a fire, side by side, each crew waiting for the other to start up a row, one of the Alleghany men, a great big fellow over six feet in height, who was casting threatening glances at the foe, slipped and fell down. A little Eagle man, the smallest member of the company, stepped over to the prostrate giant, and shaking his fist at him said, 'There, you might have known I would knock you down for looking at me that way.' 'You!' responded the big one as he struggled to his feet, 'you knock me down! Why you little runt, you, I could eat you for a quail on toast and swallow your engine for dessert.' The scene was so ludicrous that both companies burst into a fit of laughter. There was no fight that day." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Daily Performance That Is Free.

Matinee every day; seats free. Performance commences at 3 a. m. All are invited that are wide enough awake to listen. Thus announces nature's orchestral manager. Spring comes in with this matinee, summer sees the height of this outdoor concert and autumn brings the adjournment of this open air entertainment till the first day of the next spring.

As soon as Aurora with her rosy fingers draws aside the curtains of night and appears at the opening the concert begins. "Copse, rock and river ring again on a fine spring morning." The melody finds its way to the heart of every one, or would if sleep had not so locked the outward senses that the heart cannot be reached. Chanticleer opens with his shrill Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o.

When one begins to sing the whole wood soon manifests its sympathy by a general chorus, and the songs inspire delight in the feathered songsters. They care not that men are not listening; they sing their sweetest songs to one another, they are telling their brethren of their happiness, they are singing their songs of love, they are chanting the same songs of praise that the morning stars sang together when the world was created and God pronounced it good, they are caroling of hope for days to come and of joy in the days that are.

The deep blue heaven is full of voices of unseen birds that flutter at the pale portal of morning. Matinee closes promptly at 6 a. m. After that each bird sings solo or chorus, as he pleases, but all through the day they keep up their constant chirping. —Troy Times.

Resting the Eyes During Work.

Speaking of the daily occupations which are hurtful to the eye, Dr. L. Webster Fox particularly condemns reading in street cars and in railway trains. The paper is usually held closer to the eye than on other occasions, because of the motion of the cars, and when this strain is followed up by a day's hard work the effect is soon seen in congested eyeballs and eyelids. Short intervals of rest will save eyes engaged in exacting work. Dr. Fox suggests that persons working over books have a green disk placed in range of their vision, so that their eyes can rest upon it when they raise their heads after running up long columns of figures.

For the same purpose he advises that the walls of schoolrooms should be hung with maps and pictures to relieve the eyes of children. This plan has been followed in the Francis M. Drexel public school with beneficial results.—Analyst.

A Warm Reception in Maine.

Two Auburn youths the other evening accompanied two fair maidens of the same city to their homes. There was the usual pause at the doorstep, and when it came time to part one of the fair creatures rushed up, opened the hall door, remarking as she did so in honeyed tones, "Won't you come in?" A smile of acquiescence had just commenced to steal over the faces of the young men when the door opened a little wider, as if impelled by some force within, and a very copious shower of warm water deluged the waiters. "No, you won't come in!" sounded a voice in a tone which left no chance for an argument, and the youths tore themselves away with such vigor that the dust fairly enveloped them. —Bangor Commercial.

Forgetfulness.

A story is told of a Frenchman who sat by his fireside reading a book, when the nurse brought him his infant heir to dandle on his knee. A friend calling upon him he forgot he was not reading, and, throwing the child on the table as if it had been a book, he left the room. Fortunately the nurse was at hand to rescue the maltreated infant.—London Tit-Bits.

At Hirnisketscher, Bohemia, the unequal working of nature in the destruction of rocks has resulted in a most colossal and ruggedly beautiful arch, the summit of which is upward of 1,400 feet above the sea l[illegible]

HUNTING THE ELK.

EXCITEMENT OF THE CHASE OF THE STATELY ANIMALS.

Colorado Is the Place Where These Noble Creatures Are Found in Large Numbers—They Are Going, However, the Way of the Once Numerous Buffalo.

This is perhaps the greatest game country in the United States. Situated in the very heart of the Rocky mountains, the least settled part, the towering peaks and wooded slopes literally teem with deer, elk and bear. But the onward march of civilization is making great inroads upon these proud denizens of the forest, and soon they will have joined the buffalo in the happy hunting ground. In a varied experience, covering several years, it has been my pleasure to study the habits and characteristics of these animals, and I believe of all the large game on this continent the elk is the noblest, the grandest, the stateliest. The moose, caribou, deer or mountain sheep has each its points of excellence that endear it to the heart of the sportsman, but the elk possesses more than any of the others. In size, sagacity, cunning and wariness he is the superior of them all. His keen scent, his penetrating eye, his acute sense of hearing, combine in making him one of the most difficult animals to kill.

He will travel twenty-four hours with ease, never stopping to eat or drink. His gait is a swift, swinging trot. He is as graceful as a fawn and moves over the ground at an astonishing pace. With his immense antlers thrown back on his shoulders he will go through rocks, down timber or brush with the greatest ease where a horse, and sometimes a man, would have difficulty in following. He is often found above timber line and will traverse narrow passes and defiles, climbing over walls of rock and through fissures where it would seem impossible for an animal of his size to go.

I well remember the first time I heard an elk bugle. I was alone on top of the great divide, and was walking along the bank of the dizzy canyon at the very head of Fish creek. I was a novice in those days, and fully expected to see a herd of grizzly bears at every step. My nerves were at a great tension, as the deep and gloomy canyons and craggy cliffs at that point are dark and foreboding, and have an oppressive effect on a tenderfoot.

Suddenly there burst upon my ears the clear, penetrating bugle of an elk. It was a most strange, weird, peculiar sound, baffling all efforts of the most skillful word painter and startling in its suddenness. My hair stood on end. I wanted to run, but did not know which way to go, as the sound seemed to come rolling in from every direction. I was bewildered as the sound echoed from cliff to cliff and went rolling away in the distance. Again pealed out that clarion note, and this time I espied along the canyon bank a moving object, which I soon made out to be an elk.

He was a noble specimen, with immense spreading antlers, and was coming directly toward me. I dropped down behind a rock and awaited him. Just in front of me was a beautiful little park covered with a carpet of green grass, plentifully sprinkled with flowers, and into this he turned. He stopped, threw his head back, swelled his neck to an enormous size and once more emitted that mournful wail. While he was standing thus I took careful aim and fired. He dropped like a log. The bullet took him square between the eyes. His antlers had nine prongs to the side, and the tip was six feet from his head.

During the latter part of November, when the soft downy snow had piled up over a foot deep on the valley, I accompanied a hunting expedition to the headwaters of Elk river. Here the elk congregate in large bands preparatory for their winter trip south. We shoveled off a camping place and built a roaring fire. After supper we sat around on logs and smoked and told stories until late and then rolled into our beds, spread on a thick layer of spruce boughs, and dreamed of elk and bear and all other game that is dear to the heart of the sportsman. How one can sleep on a bed of spruce boughs! Morning dawned bright and clear, and long before sunrise we were in motion. We heard an elk bugle just over a little hill from our camp, and believing there was a band of them we made in that direction.

As we came upon the hill and looked over we saw a beautiful sight. There in a little valley was a bunch of more than 200 elk. Some were lying, some standing and others walking back and forth like sentinels watching over a sleeping army. Noiselessly we crept back, and making a wide detour we surrounded them. The sun was well up by this time, and as it shone upon the frost incrusted boughs of the spruce they shone and sparkled like clusters of diamonds. The peaks are warmed with a glow of sunlight, and are tinged with a golden halo. It was a scene of marvelous grandeur and beauty. A signal was given and we all moved forward. An ever watchful bull sounds a note of alarm, and instantly the herd is in motion. They go slowly down the gulch, moving in good order, although the snow is three feet deep.

The leader stalks proudly at the head of the band. Suddenly from in front there is a report, and we see a little puff of smoke ascend. The leader stops, turns around with his noble head lowered to the ground, and his noble body trembles with a new and deathly sensation. The snow around is covered a bright crimson, and this magnificent animal, which a few moments ago walked proudly at the head of his band, summons all his effort for a great leap and falls over dead. The band thus suddenly deprived of a leader stands wavering for a moment and then breaks apart, and one part runs up our hillside while the others go the other way. Now is the chance for the hunter, and we, who are above him, look with eager expectancy to see him accept it. He rushes forward just as the elk, seeing that they are separated, turn and come together again like the wings of a great army.

He is in the very midst of them, and they, bewildered by the shooting, jump first one way and then the other all around him. But this man, who a moment before could kill an elk the first shot, is now suffering from a severe attack of "buck ague." It is too much for his nerves, and he shoots fast and wild. He keeps up this fusilade until his cartridges are gone. Thirty shots and he has not drawn blood. The elks come to their senses and sweep off down the gulch out of range. We had lots of fun twitting this hunter about his good marksmanship, but there are lots of good hunters who get "rattled" when they are in the midst of a band of elk, some of which could be killed with a butcher knife. The tactics of the pot hunter are to kill the leader of a band of elk, and then they will often stand until they are all shot down.—C. H. Leckenby in Denver Sun.

The Sargasso sea has been encountered some 200 or 300 miles northeast of Barbadoes; but whether the weed is solely carried from the West Indies and the gulf is perhaps open to doubt.

Unless the waste product is regularly carried off the system is poisoned by its accumulation. It is this self poisoning which brings on the fatal result in Bright's disease and diabetes.

The English viper may cause the death of a dog or of a delicate and weakly child. Small creatures, such as mice, will sometimes die a few minutes after being struck.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF N. J.

LEHIGH AND SUSQUEHANNA DIVISION

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.50, 2.00, 3.30, 5.00, 7.25, 11.05 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.20 a. m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a. m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.30 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For MAUCH CHUNK, ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM, EASTON and PHILADELPHIA, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For LONG BRANCH, OCEAN GROVE, etc., at 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.27 a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

PICTURESQUE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

MAY 13, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p. m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., and 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.50, 6.07, 8.50 p. m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.35 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08 a.m., 1.30, 8.50 p. m., via E. & W. R. R., 3.41 p. m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 and 6.07 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.

CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Phila., Pa.

A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't Gen. Pass. Ag't, South Bethlehem, Pa.

"The D. & H."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, July 30, all trains will arrive and depart from the new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton Station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East. 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p. m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.08 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

ERIE AND WYOMING VALLEY RAIL ROAD

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a. m. and 3.24 p. m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a. m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p.m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 8.26 a.m. and 7.45 p.m.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. m. and 3.41 p. m.

NEW YORK, ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

SCRANTON DIVISION.

In Effect June 24th, 1894.

North Bound. South Bound.

205 Local Pass	203 NY Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)	202 Local Pass	204 Onta'r'o Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	....	N. Y. Franklin St.	....	7 45	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd street	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	....
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junction	6 00	2 45	....
8 10	1 09	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 58	12 56	....	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	A M	Como	6 34	2 41	P M
7 38	12 23	10 10	Poyntelle	6 41	2 50	4 50
7 33	12 18	10 01	Belmont	6 45	2 58	4 55
7 22	12 03	9 52	Pleasant Mt.	6 52	3 05	5 05
7 19	f12 59	9 48	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	5 08
7 08	11 49	9 38	Forest City	7 10	3 19	5 18
6 51	11 31	9 15	Carbondale	7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 07	Mayfield	f7 32	f3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 31	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archibald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 52	4 04	6 04
6 21	11 03	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 36	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f10 57	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

All trains run daily except Sunday.

f. signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day and Night Express to the West.

J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agt.

T. Flitcroft, Div. Pass. Agt. Scranton, Pa.

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