

Coward's... Recompense.

"You know the old adage, Lawrence, 'All's fair in love and war.' I shall do nothing unfair, but I don't intend to admit that you have any monopoly in that quarter, as yet at least."

"That's just like you, Grant, putting your own in where you're not wanted."

"And how do you know that I'm not wanted? Not wanted by you, I mean; but it seems to me that Miss Morland herself has some right to be consulted in this matter. I shall ask her."

"Where's your right, my friend, to dictate?"

"I shall not discuss the matter with you, Grant. Everything points to my being accepted, and I intend asking Miss Morland before we leave for England."

"Phew, that's quick work. Do you hear in mind that we start for home the day after tomorrow?"

"Perfectly," and thereupon Lawrence began to walk somewhat faster than they had been doing.

"The other was, however, not to be denied and strode after him."

"Look here, old man, there is no use quarrelling about it. Suppose we both try our luck. I, too, have made up my mind to ask Miss Morland to be my wife, and plan to do so before I leave; but it is, unless I hear of your having been accepted. Let us toss up to decide who is to be the first to ask her. It strikes me we are both somewhat too previous."

"Nonsense, I know better."

"It was a cloudless day in the high Alps in early September. Two ladies were seated under the veranda of a hotel that from a height looked down upon the long, narrow valley in front, girdled as it was by snow-clad mountains and intersected by a rapid glacier-fed stream. The summer visitors were daily taking flight, for the evenings were already frosty and cold and some ominous flakes of snow had fallen on the further side of the valley. Two pedestrians might be described skirting the lower edge of the sombre pine-wood from which they had just emerged."

"These's Apollo and Mr. Grant," said the younger of the ladies, a girl of some eighteen summers.

"Ada, I do wish you would give up that horrid habit you have of nick-naming people."

"Why, mamma, it is very appropriate, you will admit, in this case; he is so handsome. Apollo Belvedere we christened him. He lives at the Bellevue hotel, you know," said the girl, ignoring the general rebuke and skillfully substituting what was only a reasonable plea in defense.

"But even if appropriate, it is not good for a young lady to speak of people in that way; at any rate, to make a number of it as you do."

"Where now, what fault-finders we are! But I shall really try to break up the habit. The two gentlemen, you see, are evidently coming in this way. I suppose it is because the Bellevue is like our own hotel, pretty well deserted."

"You seem to take great interest in the gentleman?"

"In which one, mamma? Pray, name for them; they are both interesting, are they not? From what I have seen of them I like them both. I am free to admit."

"Somewhat too free, my dear, if it was not for that you make the admission to your mamma alone. I mean Mr. Lawrence."

"Oh, Ada—there, I beg pardon, it almost escaped me again."

"Now do give up that levity for a moment, Ada. I want to ask you in all seriousness which one of them is to be. Your papa and I have been discussing matters, and we both want to know."

"And I must confess at once?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, neither—for three years at least, I am not going to be like certain lady you and I know better than anybody else, who married at eighteen and is now taken for my sister. Poor me, but how satisfactory to her, dear mamma. But, as the gentlemen themselves are approaching, hadn't we better change the subject?"

"Presently, my dear, and if those three years were gone—or abbreviated, shall we say?—I suppose it would be Mr. Lawrence?"

"You may suppose so—of course—I almost think that I suppose so, too."

OLD-FASHIONED WOMEN.
Have a very natural prejudice against anything that offends their fine sense of delicacy. And for that reason numbers of such women have suffered in secret and in silence the pangs and pains consequent on the derangement or displacement of the delicate organs of sex. Any suffering that was better than the shame of questioning the pangs and pains consequent on the derangement or displacement of the delicate organs of sex. Any suffering that was better than the shame of questioning the pangs and pains consequent on the derangement or displacement of the delicate organs of sex.



To every suffering woman who values modesty Dr. Pierce's method of treatment is a boon beyond price. His remarkable remedy for all female disorders and diseases, "Favorite Prescription," cures ninety-eight out of every hundred cases, no matter how chronic or complicated the disease may be. Any woman who needs more help may write to the Doctor for his free counsel and advice. Such letters come from thousands and are treated with absolute privacy.

I write these few lines hoping that some other suffering woman will try Dr. Pierce's medicine, as I did. writes Mrs. O. B. Adams of Fargo, Cass Co., N. Dak. "I had female weakness very badly; so I had to be in bed the time. I was tired and sick all the time, could not do my household work, had fainting spells, nervous headache, backache and pain in my left side when I would lie down. I had pains and aches all over. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and had not taken two bottles when I was able to get around again and do my work, with no pain. I have taken five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two of his Compound Sarsaparilla, and several vials of his Pleasant Pellets. I am free from all my troubles, and I have a great many years more to live. I think Dr. Pierce's medicine is the greatest in the world."

When the bowels are obstinate, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They don't gripe.

By this time the two friends had come up. They were, as we have seen, leaving for home on the morrow, but one had arranged for a farewell excursion on the morrow, across the glacier whose white mass could be seen, placid and cold, over the tops of the pine trees. For two months they had been in Switzerland, and they had been bosom friends from boyhood—up to within the last four weeks. But the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Morland, with their beautiful and vivacious daughter, had gradually and imperceptibly wrought a change in their relations. Both had been attracted by Miss Morland; the artist—Lawrence—by her beauty most of all; while the other had sought and found solace from the distractions of a London literary life in her naive manner and intellectual culture. Neither up to that morning had ever hinted to the other his aspirations or hopes, but many situations were developed without words, and each came to regard the other as his sole rival—Grant regretfully, and Lawrence with the arrogance and secret dislike of an ill-balanced mind.

"It is true that you are going to leave us so soon?" asked Mrs. Morland, after the first salutations were over.

"Yes, we're off on Wednesday, back to town," Grant replied.

"A shame! I shall miss the pleasure of seeing you in London this winter, Mrs. Morland," asked Lawrence.

"I hardly know. Mr. Morland talks of San Remo and Florence, and Ada of Algiers—so I fear that in any case our steps will not be northward."

And then they began to discuss the latest home news, only ten days old, as it appeared in the "Dorff Zeitung," a four page sheet, half German, half English, and to talk of recent departures from St. Moritz, Pontresina and Davos.

Meanwhile, Grant seized the opportunity to engage Miss Morland in a few minutes' earnest conversation apart, which, pleasant as it seemed to both parties, did not appear to promote Lawrence's equanimity. But it required the sharp eye of Mrs. Morland to detect this much, for the artist was at no time accustomed to "wear his heart upon his sleeve." However, without further episode the gentlemen took their leave and together returned to the hotel.

Next morning rose bright and cloudless, and found the two pedestrians already on their way to the upper slopes, where, flanked on either side by crags and cliffs, and pinnacles of rock, lay the glacier they were about to cross. It had been arranged that they should make the descent into the adjoining valley by way of the Steifler Pass to the village of Fluela, which they would reach in the evening, and so return to Dorff.

A guide had been dispensed with, and indeed, with their experience in mountaineering and the comparative ease of the present expedition, there was no occasion for one. The few early watchers from the hotel balconies could easily discern them when they cleared the wood and proceeded to make their way over the grassy inclines on to the moraine, and thence to the glacier.

Over this their course was toilsome and slow. The sun's heat of the previous day had slightly melted the surface of the snow, only to have it frozen hard again at nightfall. In the higher altitudes too, a slight covering of snow had fallen, treacherous to the foot, and, in addition, hiding dangers that might lurk underneath. However, they were seen to reach the sky line, and to be engaged in a short rest, and to be seen to disappear down the other side.

"Here, Lawrence, I will let you have the benefit of carrying the axe on the way down," said Grant, "if there are any steps to be cut I will let you know in good time."

Grant was leading, as he had done all along since they had quitted the stones of the moraine. A strong rope, some twenty yards long, with the opposite ends passing round the waist of each, bound them together.

Half of the distance over the glacier had been accomplished, when suddenly the leading man slipped and fell at a steep part of the descent. Before Lawrence had time to notice the loss, the rope had become taut and in an instant he had lost his footing and was following his companion in his rapid glissade. A few moments later and their pace had accelerated to a dangerous degree, though first the motion was pleasant enough, and Lawrence's subsequent wild efforts to retard it with the help of his axe were fruitless because of their wildness. Their course had become almost heading, when he saw his companion, who was somewhat in front, bound off at a shivering mass of snow and then disappear. Next moment he was caught in the same snare, buried to his shoulders, and felt himself almost suffocated as the rope tightened around his waist and chest. He was safe so far, but in deadly peril, on the edge of a crevasse, into the depths of which his companion's weight was slowly dragging him. To seek to stay his downward course with the help of his ice axe, and devise some means of rescue for his friend, was the imperative step that lay before him. But that step, though he bitterly regretted it after, he did not take. A struggle of conflicting emotions, of past friendship and present jealousy, of sympathy and despair, and in one overwhelming moment of craven cowardice he struck a blow at the rope now strained to its utmost tension. One of the strands gave way, but the other two still held together, though almost at the breaking point. Another blow, a muttered curse, and again a wild stroke, and then—Lawrence was free, his safety was assured, with a sickening feeling at heart that whispered to him "murderer."

Without venturing to peer over the edge of the yawning chasm, he craved on hands and knees from the fatal spot, and slowly retraced his steps over the glacier. He had presence of mind enough to fray the ends of the tell-tale strands of rope before reaching his hotel, whence a search party was immediately despatched for the recovery of the unfortunate Grant's body. It was sunrise of the next morning before they reached the fatal spot. Traces of the tragedy were all too apparent on the surface of the snow, but the icy cavern hid all else in its depths. A man was

lowered. His face was ashy pale when he was drawn up, and it was some time ere he could speak.

"I slipped off a ledge some thirty feet down," at last he managed to say, "and thought my last hour had come. Nothing below that but two walls of ice as far as I could look. The fall would kill him at once."

"Those who are living twenty years hence will find his body at the foot of the glacier," said old Andreas Mettler, the guide. "I remember when a boy an accident like it, and the body was found unchanged after all that time."

It was some days ere Lawrence could set off for home. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and the roads were blocked and all traveling by diligence stopped. His physical condition had not been allowed his venture at once so long a journey, and his overstrung nerves had given away completely. Nor did the manifest sympathy of all about him help much to recover his buoyancy of spirits. His condition was ascribed to grief for his friend's loss, and in a lesser degree to his own imminent peril at the time of the catastrophe. But could the sympathizers have read the secrets of his mind they would have known that he was a prey to bitter shame and the grief of conscience, and that for his friend's sake and his own treachery were ever before him in all the horrors of the situation.

On the evening before his departure, however, he summoned courage enough to cross his suit with the unwitting cause. His friend's death, he said, was his friend's fate and his own treachery were ever before him in all the horrors of the situation.

"Don't ask me now, so soon after your friend's death," was all she said, but lone and manner made him feel sure that his subsequent woeing would be anything but a hopeless quest.

Who had promised to write to him, a promise that to his mind, presently assured his position, and possibly he was right. No suspicion of the real cause of the accident had occurred to any one. His secret was buried in two cold bosoms; his own and the glacier's.

Twice he had long letters from Miss Morland, one from Chur on their journey to Italy, the other on their safe arrival at San Remo, and then they suddenly ceased; nor to his repeated inquiries was any answer vouchsafed.

It was New Year's morning, and Lawrence was lounging over breakfast, the paper propped upon the table in front of him. Lying among his letters was a small box with foreign post marks. He opened it, wondering who had sent it, for the writing bore some resemblance to a hand he used to know well. Wrapped in sheet music, a newspaper was a small piece of rope—that and nothing besides. One end was cut straight across; two strands of the other also were cut through unevenly; the third was somewhat longer and was not cut; it had evidently broken under heavy strain.

"His body has been found," he muttered to himself, with chattering teeth, his face now ashen pale. And then his eyes caught the first column of the newspaper as it lay on the toast-tray in front of him, and mechanically he read.

"At Florence, on Dec. 24, by the Rev. F. R. Murray, Robert Henry Grant, to Ada, only child of Edward Morland."

It only remains to add that Lawrence's companion had been rescued by a party crossing the glacier from the other side, and had come up just as the former's retreating figure was appearing over the hill. The mark in the snow arrested attention, and Grant's seemingly lifeless body was resting on the ledge below. All haste was made back to the hotel they had just left, but it was several weeks ere the invalid was permitted to leave the danger. On recovering he had gone to San Remo to recruit. The rest followed in due course.—Exchange.

WHITE SLAVES IN HUNGARY

Peasants Harnessed to the Plough Like Beasts of Burden.

From the London Mail.

Stephen Varkonyi, the leader of the peasant's revolution which convulsed Hungary during the early months of last year, has just been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for high treason.

The movement which was inaugurated by Varkonyi was a revolt against the requirements of the laborer, which exist in some parts of Hungary. In these districts each peasant is compelled to work fifty days in the year for the land owner without pay.

These fifty days of compulsory labor are not successive, or at fixed intervals, but when the land owner has work to be done he sends a drummer through the village, and every male inhabitant is obliged to respond to the summons.

Thereupon so many men are selected as are required. The land owner, instead of acting as a taskmaster, in the summer when the peasant's time is most valuable to him.

In winter the peasant can earn as much as one shilling a day; in winter not more than fourpence or sixpence. In winter the peasants are compelled to work for a wage of two pence a day. The occupation is a dangerous one, and the time is not counted in the annual fifty days' compulsory labor.

The wives of the peasants are required to sweep and scrub the local landlord's house, and to do the laundry. Finally, many land owners use the peasants as beasts of burden, harnessing four men to the plough instead of two oxen.

CATCHING BEAR CUBS.

Amusing Methods Adopted by Hunters in the Yellowstone Park.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

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The cubs caught are always found up some comparatively small tree, sleeping or resting on the branches with their mother. When espied by the hunters, who are unarmed excepting for a large ax, a couple of leather coils and several pieces of rope, the first thing done is to cut up the mother bear, who scented the hunters long before they saw her or her little ones. That is not a difficult nor dangerous task, but a very ludicrous one, full of fun and excitement. As a usual thing, one of the hunters climbs a nearby tree, and armed with a long pole, which was cut by his companions while he climbs the tree, proceeds to dislodge the mother. This he does by prodding her in the sides with the pole, which is cut long enough to reach from one tree to the other. The first punch or two usually causes the mother to hug the limb of the tree upon which she rests all the tighter, and during the time she sends the air with a peculiar grunt, made by protruding the lower lip several inches and forcing the air from her lungs through the half-open mouth. The cubs are not long in scenting danger, and they, too, grunt and growl, rolling their bead-like eyes from side to side in terror, hunching their soft backs in their endeavors to cling to the tree all the more securely.

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Wm. C. Clark, 326 Penn. Ave., Scranton, Pa.

dently a signal to her young to retreat, she slides down the trunk, scrapping off the loose bark in the descent, until almost to the bottom, when she gives a leap, striking the ground with a thud and grant and goes scampering off in the forest, probably never to return, leaving her young up the tree, which at her departure rend the air with their peculiar and heart-rending cries.

Then comes the difficult and no less amusing task of capturing the young. This takes time, often consuming an hour or more, but always with the same result. The men arm themselves with long ropes, with a stimpson at one end, and climb neighboring trees. The capture by this time has resolved itself down to the ability of the men to throw the noose over the heads of the crying cubs. After the disappearance of their mother the little fellows curl themselves up in a ball, placing their heads between their front paws. It is impossible to do anything until the silence of the forest gives them a feeling of reassurance, and they poke out their heads to view the situation. It is then that the hunter quietly and dexterously drops the noose over the unsuspecting projecting head and with a quick jerk draws it tightly around his neck. The other end of the rope is quickly drawn over a limb, and poor Mr. Cub is drawn from his perch, the tightening noose shutting off his wind. He is drawn up sufficiently to clear the limb upon which he rested, and then is lowered to the ground, kicking and squirming in mid-air, uttering gurgling sounds from his wide-open mouth. The man on the ground soon has a stout leather collar around his neck and in a jiffy he is tied to a neighboring tree, where he recovers his senses and yells all the louder, during the repetition of the scene attendant upon the capture of his mate.

Sometimes during this apparently barbarous but harmless mode of capture, the mother bear, attracted by the cries of her young, will return and view the capture from a distance, looking at the men and her cubs through a clump of bushes, and answering the cries of her young as only a bear knows how, but never venturing very close, being easily scared away by the waving of the arms of the hunters and a shout of two.

In some instances, where the tree is small, it is cut off close to the ground after the mother bear has been frightened away and is carried in an upright position to one of the hotels in the park where it is lowered on its side in an inclosure and the cubs are caught at leisure.

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- Ladies' Muslin Gowns**
Empire or Mother Hubbard style, trimmed with insertion and embroidery; regular price 75c. Special **49c**
- Ladies' Muslin Gowns**
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- Ladies' hosiery**
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- Assorted bon-bons and chocolates**
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- Cloth bound books**
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