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# A DESERTER.

Reginald Horseley, in Chambers' Journal.

red brothers to arms. The voice of the his hand touched the body of a man, prophet the voice of Elbawatawa- He felt for the face and drew back his the fire that rushes through the landhad shricked denunciations, and forcetold the doom of the invader of the red man's territory, the exterminator beside him, slain by one more crafty of the red man's face. Everywhere throughout the gulf region the dogs of war were loose, and two races flow Hamlets burned; villages, abandoned, man's last message. Women prisoners fell in ruins; white men, horridly tor- had been carried off. Agnes was in the suffered at the stake; red men fell in their thousands, shot, bayoneted. He thrust the thought from him and bludgeoned, until at last the fury of the unequal contest slackened, and the Indians, broken and despairing, their the position of the foc. trusted leaders slain or captive, laid down their arms and swung sullenly from the lan of their fathers.

It was early in 1812 that General Floyd, with his little army of Georgians volunteers and 400 Triendly Indians, took up his position on the heights above the swamps of the Chillibee in of all men, now that Rivington was Alabama. It was supposed that a large force of Creeks was lurking in the vicinity, though the keenest eyes among the scouts had hitherto failed to discover the exact whereabouts of the cunning foe. But Floyd was too good a soldier and too experienced in Indian warfare to be deceived by appearances and, notwithstanding the outward calm, made most careful preparations against surprise. Pickets were doubted. patrols moved incessantly to and fro: and, though wearied by his long march, a brief hour of sleep was all the watchful commander allowed himself to snatch.

Far away on the outermost line of Still as a statue, he leaned against the trunk of a great tree and peered into the thick darkness that surrounded beyond the bounds of possibility. him, or strained his ears to catch the faintest sound that might break the oppressive stillness. Bravest where all were brave, strong of muscle and stout of heart, there was no one in his army in whom Floyd reposed more confidence than in Amos Duerdon; none who might be trusted so well to stand firm | not that he knew. He cursed himself and do his duty, though death came to him in the doing. Therefore it was that he had been selected for this lonely outpost, the most dangerous of all, where his firmness and knowledge of the country would stand the white men in good stead against the craft of

Yet were the thoughts of Amos not altogether with the army. Twenty miles away to the northwest lay a little village, never desined to attain to the dignity of a town which bore the picturesque Indian name Whispering Pines, Towards this Duerden's heart turned as he kept his watch; for there, waiting until the war should be over. waiting in fear and trembling for her lover's safety, lived Agnes Brotherton, his wife that was to be,

No wonder Amos was anxious, for rumor had it that Whispering Pines was in the track of the Creek advance, and if that were so- He put the thought from him as one too horrid to be entertained.

Away to his right a brook murmursound, all was still. Ahead, behind, in front, all around was inky black; but above, through the dark boughs of the pines, the stars looked down upon the watcher, and ever and anonone fell, steaming like a signal-rocket athwart the sky.

"Tis monstrous dark here," thought Amos, straightening his tall form, and grasping his musket firmly at the sound of a twig snapping somewhere away to the left. "A man might be slain here ere he knew he was nttacked." Then, as silence reigned once more, "I trust all is well with them at Whispering Pines. If Agnes and her mother had but followed my advice and moved north out of this accursed country, I should have no fear. As it

Again a twig snapped suddenly-this time at his very feet; and, almost before he could recall his straggling thought, a dark form rose swiftly from the ground, and a hand was laid lightly upon his lins. 'Steady!" breathed a voice in his

ear, so low that he could scarcely eatch the articulate words, "Steady! "All's well! I'm Rivington. Who are you?" Refore Amos could reply the man went on: "The redskins are coming on: The redskins are coming in force. They are not much more than five miles away. They have swept through

Whispering Pines and cleaned out the village. Not a soul left, I'm told, Aghes Brotherton is one of them. If you see Duerdon, tell him. I'm off to the general know. I think they'll attack about daybreak."

He dropped to the ground, and glided away, while for an instant Amos drew himself up against his trees stiff with horror. There could be no mistake: Mark Rivington was too careful a scout for that and he was an old friend of Duerden's too. Hence his anxiety to impart his fateful news to the first man he met. And the enemy was but five miles away, and coming on in force. The camp would be attacked. What of that? What was that to him? 'Agnes! Agnes was in the hands of the sbrutal redskins. Rivington had heard that, and yet had done nothing to save her. In the bitterness of his grief and dismay Amos cursed the friend who, not recognizing him in the dark, had

imparted the grewsome news. As these wiid thoughts coursed through his brain, yet another sound. close to him, startled him. No rustling branch nor snapping twig this time, but a dull, smashing sound, a low moan, and silence. Then a sudden rush, a swish, a sharp thud as the keen blade of a tomahawk was buried in the trunk of a tree an inch from his face, and Amos found himself nugged against the brawny chest of a greasy savage, whose hot breath panted against his cheek, and who mightily to bring him to the ground. His musket dropped to the ground at the shock; but with a twist Amos freed his left arm and drove his knife deep into the throat of his assailant who

sank with a gurgling sob to the ground. "One!" muttered Amos grimly, and waited for the next. But none came, and presently be became aware that, whatever his purpose, the Indian had been alone. Then it dashed upon him-Rivington! The redskin was after him. The spy had been spied upon,

Mark, where is he?" Cautiously be moved in the direction of the first ominous sound. Not far:

The proud Tecumseh had called his | yielding. He stooped down, groping and | hand wet with something warm. And then he knew. His friend, Mark Rivington, bold and trusty scout, lay dead

than himself. One moment Amos spared to lament his lost comrade, and then he sprang at one another's throats to his feet, remembering the dead Creek camp. Even now she might besped with swift, silent steps in the direction indicated by poor Rivington as

Suddenly he stoppel. What was this he was about to do? He was a soldier, and behind him lay his post, one spot of all others which the Creeks would choose for their point of attack, should they make it at dawn. That the attack was contemplated he knew. He alone possessed the fateful knowledge. Floyd, though he had not neglected precautions, was secure in the belief that the Indians were far away. Only through Rivington could the mistake have been corrected, and now Rivington was dead the secret was in the possession of Amos and none other. The lives of some two thousand men were in his keeping. Floyd trusted him; his comrades slept at ease, relying upon his skill and caution; and new he was about to betray his trust, to sacrifice them for an end of his own.

Rehind him lay his duty-his duty, wherein till now he had never failed. Before him lay his hopes, shadowy, unsentries Amos Duerden stood on guard. | defined, forlorn; for that he could reach the Creek camp ere death, or worse had overtaken his Agnes was almost

But, slightly probable though it was, there was yet the bare possibility; and, oh, God! to picture her there alone, weeping, despairing, praying, waiting for the help that he alone could bring; for he alone knew of her desperate position. He thanked God that she knew that he should hesitate for one moment between his duty and his love. He execrated the general, who held him bound to his post by every tie of honor. He questioned of himself with bitter emphasis what concern of his where the lives of the 2,000 men sehind him, men of whom nine out of ten were unknown to him, when the one life, dearer to him than those of thousands of millions of others, dearer to him than all the world, was at stake. Why should be hesitate? He was bound by no stringent military rule. He was but a volunteer, who had joined more for the sport of the thing than for aught else. He, at least, had no quarrel, save that of race, with the persecuted Indian. Not until now. now Nemises, following with swift foot had overtaken him, and Nature was to avenge her slaughtered children. Why should be stay? Were there not

other points at which the Creeks might make their attack? Were there not other scouts besides poor Rivington, who might have borne the news ing mysteriously, rolled through the to Floyd, who might even new be alert blackness; but, save for the slumbering and preparing? Were there no other sentries who could and would give the plarm as well as he? Might not, after all. Rivington have been mistaken as to the threatened advance? It was natural that, on seeing the Creeks in the brave, who dared not move for fear force, he should suppose them about of exposing his position. And so, turning to move to battle. But what less likely? Their successes had not been so conspicuous as to hold out much inducement to them to attack a strong position. Most likely they were but a marauding party moving on. Moving on! Moving away! And bearing Agnes with them. The thought unmanned him, and he sank to the ground, covering his face with his hands.

The brook bribbled on to join some nighty river, the breeze that followed he advent of midnight began to stir among the trees; here and there the notes of a night-bird broke the stillness sharply; the stars looked down upon him in their calm, pitlless Jashion, and still Amos sat there, neither returning to his post nor moving forward to the succor nerved, struggling weakly between the

calling voices of love and duty.

But the balance was all on the side of ove; and, at last, as out of the dark-ness, came a suggestion. He sprang to his feet once more, tightened the belt of his tunic, and, easting his duty to the winds, hastened with swift though stealthy feet in the direction of the

Creek encampment For a beam of light had illumined the darkness of desciation that sat upon his soul, and in spirit he asked himself, "Why not do both? The Indians will not attack before dawn in any case, for the difficulties in their way are too great. Long ere that I can reach their camp. perhaps save Agues, and be back in am-ple time to give the alarm. I can say that I found cause to advance, and the news I bring will be my excuse for leav-ing my post. After all, I am not leaving it; I am but extending it. It is bette for every one that I should go forward. It is bette He clutched at the thought with the speration of a man drowning in a sea

of indecision; and, stopping no more to argue with himself, went on as rapidly s the darkness would allow. Well for him that he knew the coun-There were landmarks visible white men besides himself could have recognized. There was the brook upon the right: the great bald smountain. amidst whose crags he had so often hunted, upon his left; the very stars, of whose names he was ignorant, were as signal-lamps to guide him on his way. And so he pushed on and on, through the miry swamp, in and out of the deep pine woods, over the brook, across the sinuous river by fords known to few, until he came to the edge of a fringe of forest, beyond which he could see a multitude of twinkling lights. And by

these he knew that his enemies and he hould soon be face to face.

He had judged aright, it seemed. No movement was visible in the hostile camp, and it was evident to him that, if an attack were contemplated, some ours must clapse ere it could be made But, so far, all was quiet; and slowly cautiously, as one who takes his life his hands, he crawled on, keeping wary eye for sentinel or picket as he

But he saw no one, heard nothing, and For the fires were burning low and none came to tend them. What was ck of life? The Indians were not used be so carcless on to sleep unguarded, was not their wont to court surprise.

And then he knew-remembered certain strange, weird sounds in the forest, to which in his frenzied excitement he had paid no heed; remembered, and in it recognized their was absorbed in his that bitter mament meaning. While he was absorbed in his own sad thoughts the Crecks had broken for ere he had gone a dozen paces his camp, and even now had taken up tileir foot struck against something soft and | position in front of Floyd.

His face sank between his hands as he crouched there, and a wave of great chame overwhelmed him. So it was for this result he had turned his back upon his pest; it was for this that he had persistently refused to hear the clearoleed call of duty; it was for this but he had sacrificed his henor lost his ight for all time to hold up his head in the sight of brave and honest men. He had betrayed his trust but to find his urney idle after all. He asshed himself with bitter upbraidings. For him to be so taken in: Was it likely that a warparty, intent upon battle, would burden themselves with prisoners? He ought to have known better. Whispering Pines was no doubt in ashes; Agnes, too surely, dead. And he, by this yain pursuit, had lost not only ber-that was already ac-

omplished-but all that hereafter might make his life sweet as well. He them himself face downward upon the dame ground, not striving to stay the harsh dry sobs that shook his body He was a strong man indespair, and, so could not get lack, he briew, though it might be the Indians would not attack before dawn, and dawn was yet far distant. But even so, how could be break through the cordon of red men, even now surrounding the devoted Floyd? That was impossible. To make a long circuit was equally impossible in point of time. No: all was lost-Agnes, his honor, his comrades, his general. He alone would remain to tell the story of that shameful night. Should he? No never. At least he could die, even as those he had brought to their death. The thought omforted him somewhat and he rese to

His decision was instant, his action prompt. With a rapid movement he drew from his pocket a nince of cord, tied one end round his foot, and attachedthe other to the trigger of his musket. Then he put the muzzle in his mouth. For an instant he stood, eyes closed. reath coming and going rapidly, for yen to a brave man death comes not wholly without terror. "Agnes!" he sighed. A strong shudder shook him, and he dashed the muzzle from his face, and flung the musket to the ground.
"My God!" he exclaimed, bull wrathfelly, half fearfully, "what was I about to do? If I must die, let me meet death as a man, not is a coward. It is not et too late. It cannot be. It shall not Le. I will go back. I will break through the Creek lines somehow. I may redeem my honor in part; if not, then let death hand.

The darkness of the night had deepened, though it wanted but an hour to dawn, and the Creek forces, crouching in the dense pine woods before Floyu's podion, waited for the first lifting of the diadows to hurl themselves upon their insuspecting foc. Above, Floyd's men, ired after their long march, slept soundfunerant of the proximity of additiraty enemies, unconscious that he sentries along the outer line had oil seen slain-ull save one, and that one a lesecter from his post, a traitor to his

In grim silence and sanguine of success In grim silence and sanguine of success, the heree Creeks, their faces painted hideously far war, awaited their opportunity. A faint breeze, heraid of the morn, had ariser, rusiling gently among the pine-nesiles. Saye for this and the occasional crunt of a heg rooting tere and there among the mast, ady the low, build-held breathing of the red men broke. mif-held breathing of the red men broke

The first faint trembling streaks of plak vavered up into the sky, the white mista curled upward from river and swamp, just perceptible in the gloom, and the hog Wandered on, grunting and rooting, too careless or too stupid to avoid the red men all around it. More than once it collided in the darkness with the legs of some watchful warrior, to dart away with with a squeat, followed by the curses of hither and thither in its search for food the beast bundered on to where Bald Flagle and his fellow-chief, Whistling Hawk, stood beside a tree and discours heir plans for the coming attack, Terrified, non-rently, the hog stood still for a moment, and then, with a snort of dis-gust, swung round and waddled off in its ungainly fashion. Its back turned, how-ever, its terror reemed to be overcome, and once again it halted and began to grab for roots, roving leisurely from one

The two chiefs gazed foly at the animal or a moment, and then Whistling Hawk frew an arrow from his quiver and fitted it to his bowstring,
"Not so, my brother," interposed Bald

Eagle, laying a detaining hand upon the other's wrist. "Shoot not, lest if you only wound the brote, it run off toward the camp of the pale-faces, and betray us by your arrow. Go and warn our us by your arrow. Go and warn our young men upon the left that the time is at hand. I will tell those upon the right."

"Waugh!" was all the reply Whistling Hawk youchsafed, and the red chiefs moved away.

But as they disappeared, the hog sat un on his haunches, its forepaws dangling oddly, while from underneath the coarse hide a hand stole forth. Then the mask was cautiously raised, flung back from the face it conceased, and out from the greasy skin crawled a man, who cast himself that upon his face, and lay still. But the Indians were behing him now and his friends in front, and, though he moved slowly, yet in no long time he whispered word, and hurried to the general's tent.

"Duerdon!" cried Floyd, springing to his feet, as the young man burst in up a him with little ceremony. "What are

"Why have you left your post?" The sharp and sudden question recalled a hideous memory to Duerdon's mind, and instant he struggled vairly to Recovering himself, he briefly letalled to the general the presence of ontrived to get through their lines.

Floyd wasted no further time in ques-ions after this, but dashed from his test order after order tumbling from his line. His dispositions made, he returned once more to Amos. "I have news for you, Duerdon," he said, "good news, too. It seems that the Creeks made a descent upon Whispering Pines and burned it ut the settlers had got word of their approach in some way, and deserted the A party of them arrived about n hour ago with women and children have sent the latter, along with the old men, to one of our communicating posts in the rear. All who could fight osts in the rear. All who could fight have detained here," he finished grim

Amos eaught back his breath sharply Truly, his punishment was beginning

Agnes?" he muttered.
"Well and safe," answered Floyd,
heerily. "You can join her, or she you, fter this little affair is over, for we shall vin, of course. It is n-A shot! Another and another. Then

A shot Another and district. Then a spattering volley, and the wild, terrific Indian war-whoop, to the Creeks sprang from their cover, shot down the remain-ing sentries, and charged up to within a ew paces of the artillery of Thomas, osted to receive them.
"There they are, said Ployd, coolly."
'Amos, come with me."

fin the gloom of the pine woods, the hattle raged furiously, men fighting that already trather by the sense of sound than by throughout the your comrades only when they came into grips. And in the heat of the combat Amos saw his general borne to ground by a stalwart savage. The red-skin had lost his mus- | Still Amos was silent, and Floyd went |

ket in the affray; but, as he knelt with on, not without emotion, "You saved my all his weight upon Floyd's chest, strove mightily to reach his scalping-knife with while with the other he strangled his fatten adversary. With a bound Amos was upon the savage, tore him from his hold, and then buried his bay-

from his hold, and then buried his bay-onet in the broad red chest. Then he turned to assist the general to rise. "Think you, Amos," said Floyd, gasp-ing for breath. "If you had not come fust when you did you would have been

He rushed away, and, as the our rose Howing him to survey the whole field of perations, ordered his right wing and the cavalry to charge simultaneously. The effect was immediate. Face to face with those long lines of glittering steel, the Creeks lost heart and 3-d through the swamps, leaving behind them a trail of dead and wounded. The battle was on, thought the white men had not ome off scatheless.

An hour later while the hungry soldiers "I have come to make a confes-I have come to ask that I may be placed

Is the man gone out of his wits?" cried Floyd, considerably astonished. "What ails you, Amos? Has the fight proved too much for your stomach? Here, drink a cup of tats." He handed some wine. "Twill bring back the color to

your cheeks." Amos drained the cup. "General," ha Amos drained the cup. "General, he began unsteadily, "this is my fault. There is not a man of ours lying deed there in the pine woods and swamps who does not owe his death to me." In a few simple words he told the general the story of his temptation and his fall. "Had I not left my post." he concluded. "the warning would have reached you in time, your disposition would have been made, and the enemy beaten back without the less of a man. I am a deserter, general, and I deserve a deser-

At this Floyd looked up quickly. His ace was grave, for he was a soldier first f all, and knew the gravity of the fault of which Amos accused himself. But he was also a man, and the trouble in the young fellow's face as he stood there confessing what, but for that confession, must for ever have remained undiscovrtd, touched him, and he answered, not

unkindly:
"My lad, your offense is a grave one. I could not tell you aught else. But you have striven to atone as few others would have done to my thinking; and, besides, you were, after all, in time to give the alarm and to prevent a com-plete surprise, the attack would have been made. I have little doubt, and those who are slain would have been slain If you hold it otherwise, then your pun-ishment is great enough. I have no wish to make it heavier. Go; I will forget that you have made this report to me. The story shall never pass my lios. I know you, and I am sure you will never

"No, that is very true, general," answered Amos in so strange a manner that the general glanced dubiously at "You are too generous, general," he went on, his face white and set, his lips trembling, his voice husky. "You may forgive me, but I cannot forgive myself. Had I done my duty and trusted in God for the rest, all would have lemand a court-martial.

Floyd sprang to his feet. "What?" he cried. "You demand a court-martial? You ask that I, your general, whose life on have saved, should send you to a hameful death, which you by no means ieserve. By heaven! I will not do it. Go away and sleep, my poor fellow. When you are rested and refreshed you will see things in a different light." But Ames stood his ground firmly and shook his head with a melancholy smile, "No, general," he said; "it must not be. I shall never see things in any other light. Death I deserve, and death I am

ready to meet, and it is fitting that death I have betrayed. Listen to me, general, the went on in a low, intense voice; "If you refuse to allow me to explate my sin, swear to you I will go into the woods and take my own life, as I so nearly did last night. I will not live to hear men say, 'There goes a coward.'"
"But, madman, who will know?" crief Floyd, at his wit's end to know how to deal with the brave, but wrong-headed

"I shall know, general," said Ames. "I see how it is; you leave me no reson He bowed and turned to leave the "Stop!" reared Floyd, stepping in front him and thrusting him back.

The orderly entered the tent. "Send me a corporal and a file of men.

Presently they appeared. "Here." said Floyd roughly, "arrest this man and keep him under close guard until I send Amos cast a glance at the general, as

much as to say, "You might have spared me that," and followed the corporal's An hour later he was back again, with

soldier on either side of him, while in front sat Floyd and his senior officers to try his case.
"Gentlemen," began the general, "this business need not detain us long. The

prisoner. Amos Duerden, was on guard at the farthest outpost, when for reasons purely personal, he chose to desert, leaving the approach open to the enemy. Prisoner, you are charged with deserting your post in time of war. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"
"Guilty!" answered Amos firmly.

though a hot flush of shame spread over face as he felt rather than saw the start of surprise of the soldiers at his The officers at the table said no Most of them knew that Amos had brought news of the intended attack, some of them that he had saved Floyd's life. But they were all silent. Not one of them usked a question, or urged

"Guilty!" echoed, Playd, "You hear, entlemen, he pleads guilty. mave you anything to say in your own "Nothing," answered Amos, and stool

gloomy abstraction while Floyd and s officers conferred together in low

At last the conversation ceased, and the at last the conversation cased, and the general looked across at Amos. "Prisoner," he said, "you have been charged with described of your post in time of war. A graver charge cannot be brought arginst a soldier. That you voluntarily surrendered yourself is to your credit, but it can avail you nothing for the but it can avail you nothing for the brayer and better disciplined the soldies the more serious such a dereliction of duty. There remains nothing for me but to pronounce the sence of the court, since you have pleaded guilty. Once more, have you at ything to say?" And once more Amos answered, "Noth

"Then," said Floyd, in a low, grave voice, "the sentence of the court is that you be taken back to the guard-tent and

in one hour from now you be removed thence to a place to be determined upon and there shot. The court is dissolved." Not a word more was said. The guard removed the prisoner, who, amid the wondering glances of his comrades alked with firm step to the guard-tent where the flap was lowered and he left to his own meditations. The hour d all too ouickly; but ere it strock there was a sound of pingling spur and scabbard, and Floyd strode into the

risomer's presence.
Amos stood up and saluted. "Duerden," began the general, "I think you have behaved like a madman. But you left me no option. I do not wish to make your lead of trouble heavier than it is already, but I wish to tell you that already your story is known throughout the camp, and not one of comrades has a word to say in blame. You have forced me to

the latest story told there, according condemn you; you are acquitted by

life, Amos, and I would fain be of service to you now. Is there nothing you will 

allow me to do?"
"General," was the answer, "let me face my comrades fire with my eyes unbound, and do you see to it that Agnes knows that I atoned for my fault and died as a brave man should die. "I will," premised Floyd. His voice was gruff and unsteady, and his keen eyes were moist as he left the tent.

Ten minutes later Amos Duerdon stood front of the firing-party told off to do him to death. His regiment, grawn op, looked on, and all the superior officers were present.

at the sky, the woods, the river, for the last time, and drew in a long breath of An hour later while the hungry soldiers were breaking their fast Amos Duerdon last time," he thought dully. "For the stalked gloomily into his commander's last time," and braced himself for the oming shock.

Suddenly, for away, his eye caught sight of a party of horsemen advancing at a gallop. There was a flutter of skirts somewhere in the midst of them, and Ames, forgetting to give the signal, fixed his eyes upon the cavalcade and held them there, fuscinated.

Nearer and nearer they came, until at last he could distinguish the familiar figures of men he knew. But among them, horrible to dream of, was his love, his Agnes, coming to see him die. A strange scream, more like that of an anireal in pain than any human sound, burst from him. If he lost his nerve now he would be disgraced for ever. He had set looked for trial was going. He had sot looked for trial such as this. It was going going fast, He raised his hand above his head and lashed the handkerchief to the ground. "Fire!

From the dark mouths of the leveled nuskets tongues of flame streamed vi-dously toward him. The rolling echoes f the volley died away, and Amos Duer-en stood erect and unharmed.

Dazed and bewildered, he stared in front of him, hearing, as a man in a dream, the sound of those galloping hoofs. Then mechanically he raised his hand once more, and went through the pattern of death. action of dashing the handkerchief to the ground. But Floyd, who had been watching him keenly, left his place and hastened to him

"Amos Duerden," he said in a voice so loud that every man assembled there could hear each word that fell from his lips. "Amos Duerden, give me your hand." He stood, holding the hand of the condemned man and went on: are a brave man and no coward, Amos Duerden. A coward would have hidden his fault, knowing that it could never be discovered. Only a brave man—I had Duerden. wellnigh said a hero-could have come nation. Amos Duerden, there is not a man among your comrades who does not honor you today." A deafening cheet rent the air. You forced me to A deafening cheer this course to defend you from yourself. You have faced the death you longed for, faced it as a brave man should. Its bitterness is past for you. Your sin is atoned for, and you are free. By my order the muskets were charged with powder alone."

At that, Amos Duerden, brave, strong man as he was, rocked from side to side deter; I know I am a deserter. Give me like a wind-shaken sapling, rected and over to the fate that I have earned. I fell, even as a dead man, at his general's

When he came to himself the noise of ears; but his head was in Agnes' lap, and she was bending over him with tears of joy streaming down her face,

#### STORIES OF THE DAY.

#### How Senator Mason Had Fun with the Office-Seekers.

Senator Mason, apparently in a great hurry, bustled into the office of Secretary of the Interior Bliss a few days ago. The secretary was out for a few moments, but Congressman Landis, the smooth-faced, boyish-looking member from the Ninth Indiana district, desk. The room was full of office seekers sitting about eyeing everybody who came in, and waiting for the Se retary to make his appearance, Senator Mason is a great practical joker, and so is Mr. Landis. As soon as the senator saw Landis sitting in the office he stepped forward, removed his silk hat and greeted him effusively.

"I hope you are well this morning Mr. Secretary?" said the Senator, with a sly wink. "Very well, thank you, Senator Ma-

"I called, Mr. Secretary, to see if you had any Indian agencies left," said the Senator. "I am very sorry Senator Mason

but they are all gone. "Well, how about those men I re-ommended?"

They have all been appointed, Sena-At the statement that the Indian agencies were all filled about a dozen of the office-seekers turned deathly pale, but Senator Mason and Mr. Landis went merrily on with the farce.

"I believe you have a number of inspectors of Indian tribes?" inquired Mason. "Oh, yes, Senator, we have two of

them yet that are not filled."
"Very well. I have the names of two men I want appointed if the places

are not spoken for." "All right, Senator: you know that you can always get anything you de-

sire from this department."

At this remark fully a dozen more men who were watching on the "anxlous bench" looked at each other in abject horror, but Senator Mason glided merrity on down the list. Whenever happened that there was any office that had not been filled. Mr. Mason requested it, and the supposed secretary promptly granted the request. Finally, after Senator Mason had completely

paralyzed the waiting office-seekers.

he shock Mr. Landis' hand cordially

and prepared to go. The supposed secsetary called after him, with a spirit of prodigality that fairly knocked the ffice--seekers cold: "Remember, senator, that whenever I can do anything for you or your triends, don't hesitate to call on me.' Then Congressman Landis quietly excused himself for a moment and slip-

Foraker's Gentle Rebuke.

ped away before Secretary Bliss ar-

Senator Foraker strolled across to the desk of Senator Hanna just after the bill had been reported. "I say. Mark," said he as the chair-

man of the Republican National committee and junior senator from Ohio booked up, "you told me your princiral object in wanting to come to the enate was to see that we got a good tariff till. Now, don't you think our beer and wool industries have been hit pretty hard?" Senator Hanna took the question as

good joke, but after awhile he began to wonder if his colleague didn't mean to infer that he hadn't accomplished so very much after all.

How an Ohio Man Caught the Bass. There are a great many fishermen and relators of fish stories in Columbus, most of whom make their headquarters at the court house. Here is

to the Columbus Dispatch: Every fisherman knows the habits of

#### ~~~~~

Elegantly bound in cloth-some of them very handsomely illustrated. Pretending competition will have a cold chill when they read this price. In other stores \$1.10.

## Jonas Long's Sons

the black bass-how the female hovers in the riffles below her bed where the eggs containing the future jumper are hidden, and how she will carry carefully to one side all drift and debris, and deposit it where the current will not wash it over the nest. Well, a farmer fisherman out on Big Darby knew where there was an abnormally developed bass of great avoirdupois. In vain he tried to coax that base to swallow a fat minnow to which was attached a hook as big as a cotton bale grapple. The wily bass refused to swallow the lure, but each time as the minnow drifted over her bed she would rush out, geab it gingerly by the tall and carry it away. The farmer was in despair, but finally an idea struck him that was like a searchlight in its brilliancy. He got a big doublejawed steel trap, set it right on the nest, and after all the excitement evinced by the bass at this unwonted disturbance in her nursery had subsided, he once more dangled the poor minnow over the nest and between the jaws of the trap. Mrs. Bass made her rush, hit the trap pan slap bang, and was caught. With a whoop like the whistle of a harbor tug the granger splashed into the Darby and bore his almost decapitated prize to dry land. He had conquered, but had used "other lure than book and line."

#### Only a Woman for a Starter.

A brawny Swede visited the Chicago city hall the other day to procure a marriage license, and a couple of clerks to whom he innocently stated his wishes directed him to the department where dog licenses are issued. He approached the license window diffidently, gave his name and addresand asked what the document would

"It will cost you \$1 a year for every

dog you keep," replied the clerk. "Dog," echoed the Swede. 'Why, certainly," continued the lerk. "don't you want a dog license?" "Hal no," cried the would-be bene dict. "Ay kaint affoord to buy a dog

#### A Rainbow Wedding.

dees yar. Ay vant to get only a voo-

man now."

A couple from Dillonvale took a day off last week went to Martin's Ferry and were married, says the Wheeling Intelligencer. They were accompanied by one best young man and two little girls, and after the wedding the party had their pictures taken. The bride was a brunette of about twenty, and were red shoes, a brown skirt, pink waist, straw hat, trimmed with flowers. and she also were a long white veil on the streets and elsewhere, as is characteristic of the Italians, Hung, Slavs Bohemians, Austrians and people of several other foreign languages at Dillonvale. The groom wore seven-dollar black suit, biled shirt, celluloid collar, white neektie, a ninety-

ent hat and a pair of Dillonyale shoes The best young man did not look nearly so pretty as the newly married man, and the two girls wore white trimmed with turquoise blue, yellow lobster green, old rose and Long Run red, and the party looked very stunning and picturesque. They took in Mar tin's Ferry and walked to Actuaville ate peanuts, sweet cakes and chear candy, and drank river water and some water, and rested 45 minutes a Wheeling and Lake Eric depot before returning to Dillonvale.

#### A Poem of Punctuation. Young Jenkins was a printer man, A likely youth, but rash;

He thought he ought to shine in life, And tried to cut a -He toyed his master's daughter; she

Adored him, so be thought: But oh! the ways of womankind! His love it came to 0.

He wrote a note, in which he let His doting fancy free; She cried, "Oh, what a risk to run! Tis quite

Now in the note he eried. "If you Don't to my plending hark, I'll die! I'll die!"-but she did not His 1

She put the note straight in the fire, The flame but slowly stole on: She broke another coul in two, And put a ;

And so the note was burned and she Retired to bed, quite weary Meanwhile paor Jenkins waited for The answer to his ?

It never came. His mind gave way, And fairly went to rackets: ne rope end he tied around his neck, The other round some il

For once, although tectotal, he And, quite cut up, he, when cut down, Had come to a

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Fine Diamond Rings at \$5.00, worth Solid Gold Band Rings at \$1.25, worth Solid Gold Band Rings at \$1.00, worth Gold Filled Cuff Buttons, Me., worth

Cuff Buttons, previous prices \$1.00, now Gent's Solid Silver Watch, Elgin move-Ladies' Sterling Silver Watches, worth \$5.50, now \$3.75

Gent's Nickel Watches, S. W., price .50, now \$1.75. Rogers Bros. Spoons, warranted, 50c. Rogers Bros. Butter Knives, Sugar Spoons, Pickle Forks, 37c., previous price Ladies' Solid Gold Watch, Elgin move-ment, \$14.50.

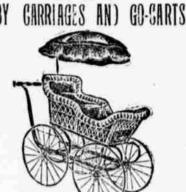
Ladies' Gold Filled Watches at \$6.50, rth \$15.00 t three hundred dies' Solid Silver Rings, worth 50c. and 55c., will close them at 10c. each. Special sale now going on at Davidow Bros. Attend as we are offering goods t one-fourth their original valu

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Iron Beds, etc. Five large floors full to the ceiling-a-Thos. Kelly's Storss, Franklin Avenus

HOT AFTER TAMMANY TIGER. Hill's and McLaughlin's Forces

United Against Croker's. New York, Sept. 6.-War of formidable proportions has been declared on Tammany hall by the allied up-state forces of ex-Senator David B. Hill and those of Hugh McLaughlin and his Kings county organization.

Frank Campbell, chaleman of the Democratic state committee, will in a few days open a permanent state headquaters at the Hoffman House. He will be in charge and the management of the state organization and the campaign for assemblymen this fall will be controlled by Hill and McLaughlin. Last year Tammany and the Kings

county organization were united and as a result Richard Croker controlled the state convention and managed the ampaign that ended in the defeat of his candidate for governor. Frank Campbell, who is a friend and follower of Hill, was a spectator at Democratic state headquarters during the campaign last fall. He was not consulted by Croker and had no part in the conduct of the canvass.

The Hill-McLaughlin combination will control the state committee and the Tammany leaders will not be consulted in the management of the campaign for members of the assembly and for delegates to the state convention that will elect delegates-at-large to the next national convention of the