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**Miss Schildhood.**  
(By the Author of "Liberated Yawcon Strangers.")  
Der schiltzen die was poot in ped,  
All tooked op for der night,  
I dinks mine pipe der masted off,  
Und by der freude pright  
I dinks about when I was young—  
Off mader, who was took—  
Und how at night—like I do Hans—  
She tooked me up in ped.  
I milt me off mine lader too,  
Und how he yost to say,  
"Poor boy, you hat a harit oldt row  
To no, un' he'lla blay!"  
I find me out do id was true  
Vor mine oldt lader said,  
While smooching to mine flaxon hair  
Und tooking me in ped.  
Der oldt folk! Id was like a dthream  
To speak of dem like dot.  
Gretchen und I was "oldt folks" now,  
Und hat two schiltzen row.  
We loles them more as never vas,  
Kach leedle curly head,  
Und they night we dakes them up  
Und tookes them in their ped.  
Bult dhen, sometimes, when I feels plus  
Und all dings lonesome seem,  
I wish I vas dot boy again,  
Und dis was all a dthream.  
I want to kiss mine mader voucs,  
Und when mine brayger vas said,  
To hat my lader dake me up  
Und tuck me in mine ped.  
—Harper's Magazine.

Meyer, laughing, "so as to have some-  
thing to protect her other jewels. I'm  
sure it's no wonder how she came by  
Jack. That magpie will drive us all  
out of the house yet."  
"Oh, no!" said Jane Hunt, "on  
the limit of that hollow oak. Doesn't  
he look like a liph himself?"  
"There certainly is something de-  
moniac about Jack," said Adele. "He  
came tapping at my window last night,  
and when I saw those eyes of his they  
made me shiver so."  
"He was after the cakes in your  
closet."  
"Do you suppose he was?" she asked,  
as she was going off with Laddie.  
They didn't any of them suppose so,  
for all the animals about the place  
seemed to have a fondness for Adele,  
cows and horses, cats and doves; even  
the wood birds had a way of flying low  
round the charming head as she called  
them. Some said it was her beauty, for  
she was the loveliest little brown-haired,  
blue-eyed, white-browed, dmask-  
cheeked piece of flesh and blood one  
could imagine; others said it was her  
gentle ways; and the rest fancied it  
was some nearness to nature in her, or  
some secret attraction like that of the  
Indian snake-charmers.  
"That is the same way she tamed  
Jack," said Phil, "she said Lucia.  
"Every one knows that Phil was the  
haughtiest and most high-strung man  
in existence, and rather despised women.  
And now he just adores the ground she  
walks on."  
"As for me," said Miss Meyer, "I  
should be afraid that that sort of love  
was a glamour, and would break up  
some day."  
There's no danger of Phil's love for  
Adele breaking up, said Jane. "And  
how she does worship him! She never  
mentions his name, but she writes to  
him every day—and she even saves the  
scraps of his writing on newspaper en-  
velopes—she does indeed, girls!"  
"Dear me! I wouldn't want to care  
so much for any one," said Miss Meyer.  
"I don't know anybody that's more  
likely to," cried Lucia. "When you do  
fall in love, Maria Meyer—"  
"Don't you concern yourself, young  
lady, about me," said Miss Meyer,  
sharply, walking off to give Laddie a  
biscuit, which was at once stolen by  
Jack, Laddie being engrossed in a fine  
romp with Adele. "The way she used  
to care for Phil herself," whispered  
Lucia to her neighbor, and then they  
went to comparing their tattling and  
crocheting, and getting out patterns,  
and Miss Mahoney joined them.  
Miss Mahoney's morning toilettes  
were as extraordinarily severe as her  
afternoon ones were extraordinarily sub-  
limely. "Oh, Miss Mahoney!" cried one  
of the girls one morning, "if we had  
your eyes, we shouldn't have to do  
tattling."  
"We hear you have such lovely lace,"  
said Maria Meyer with her glass of air on.  
"I have some very pretty pieces," said  
Miss Mahoney. "Our family is an old  
Irish family, and I am the last of it,  
and so in one direction and another I  
have fallen heir to a good deal."  
"And I suppose you know all about  
lace?" said Lucia.  
"I know all about my lace. Some of  
it is quite nice. As pretty pieces," re-  
peated Miss Mahoney, "of their size,  
as one could see in America."  
"What if you had a grand opening at  
some time, and let us see them all?"  
asked Lucia.  
"Why, with the greatest pleasure,  
any time—now, if you say so." And  
of course the girls all said so, and  
sprung to their feet at once.  
"Oh, is she going to show us her  
laces?" cried Adele, dancing up with  
Laddie barking and jumping round  
Jack, who had perched on her shoulder.  
"How lovely of you, Miss Mahoney!"  
and she followed with the rest.  
"This," said Miss Mahoney, when  
she had opened her boxes, "is Venice  
point."  
"It doesn't look any different from  
tattling," said Maria Meyer.  
"Only," said Miss Mahoney, "as  
different as mist is from water. This is  
a bit of Spanish lace made in a convent.  
Here is a scrap of cardinal's lace; no-  
body but the cardinals at Rome have it.  
I don't know how my grandmother  
came into possession of this scrap—  
she used to be an archbishop in our  
family somewhere, but that's not a car-  
dinal. These are all old French laces—  
Mrs. Palissey never saw their equal.  
But they are a great deal of care. I  
often think that piece of Valenciennes  
costs me as much trouble as a child.  
These are Irish laces—they are like  
hoar-frosts and blowing snow-drifts,  
somebody once told me. They don't  
make them now. See this piece of Eng-  
lish point—old Devonshire point—"  
"Oh, how lovely!" cried Adele, while  
the others were exclaiming over this  
and that. "Talk of snow-drifts!" and  
she took the Devonshire point in her  
hands; it was two or three yards of fin-  
ger-deep edging in a couple of pieces  
caught together by a thread, of the most  
exquisitely delicate beauty both of tex-  
ture and design—idealized foam wreaths  
or the fancies of some frosted pane  
spread on a spider's web. "How per-  
fectly lovely!" exclaimed Adele again,  
and she wound it around her blushing  
face before the glass. "What a find  
for a bridal toilette!" and then she held  
it up in her hands in the sunlight, and  
the magpie on her shoulder, cocking  
his head on this side and the other,  
looked more demoniac than ever  
through the film of an end of it that lay  
over his shining black feathers. "You  
are exactly like one of those girls hold-  
ing little banners that come dancing  
out of the fountains of temples in those  
Pompeian decorations of Phil's!" cried  
Jane. "What a pity that you're not  
going to marry a rich man, Del, who  
could afford you Devonshire point and  
diamonds," she added, the least atom  
maliciously, "instead of a poor young  
architect!"  
"If Adele would a duster round  
her she would look decorated," said  
Lucia.  
"Most folks would," said Adele, tak-  
ing off the lace soberly, and laying it  
down. "But I must confess that I

think lace is the most perfect thing  
made by hands; it always seems to me  
the nearest approach of man to works of  
nature, and I'd about as lief make lace  
as paint pictures." And then Miss Meyer  
began wrapping herself in a black lace  
mantle so precisely designed that the  
very dewdrops seemed to glisten on the  
poppy petals there; and presently all  
the other girls were masquerading in the  
precious things, while Miss Mahoney  
sat by complacently enjoying her mag-  
nificence.  
"Now, my dears," said Miss Mahoney,  
as one by one they resigned their bor-  
rowed plumes, "you see I have nice  
things, if I don't wear them." And,  
satisfied with the exhibition, during  
the next week she put on nothing cost-  
lier than a nine-penny print.  
"Well," said Adele, "it's just a  
pleasure to have them to look at. In-  
deed, poor little Adele was the penniless or-  
phan of penniless parents, and she  
taught drawing in a large school in Bos-  
ton, where Phil had happened to see  
her and love her at first sight. Phil  
was coming before long now for his  
month's vacation, and she was only  
living by counting the hours. A little  
restless little thing, the light talk of the  
girls seemed to her unmeaning chatter,  
in which she had small interest, and  
she used to wander off by herself, sketch-  
ing on her little pocket-boards, or lying  
in the fern or under the shadows of the  
cliffs, with an unread book in her hand,  
by the hour together. Occupied with  
her own fancies, and with a drawing of  
the outlines of old World's End, it was  
not strange that she did not particularly  
notice the demeanor of the girls, or, if  
she did observe them whispering with  
their heads together, that she should  
have thought it no more than the cus-  
tomary mischief and merrymaking."  
She was standing alone one morning,  
just as the sun was drying the grass and  
moss on the top of Breezy Bluff, behind  
her the great purple mountain, below  
her the dewy verdure of the hill sides;  
hawks were soaring and sweeping over  
her head in the marvelous blue of the  
stainless sky, and under her feet the  
tops of the woods were bowing and  
bending. It was not like daily life, she  
was saying to herself. "This wonder-  
ful hill country! It is just as if one had  
died, and were really approaching  
heaven." And in her white gown, with  
her bright brown hair floating out  
about her face in the wind that fanned  
so pure a color there, and with her  
luminous eyes borrowing the very color  
of the skies, she looked almost as if  
she were. As she stood there, rapt in re-  
verie and happiness—the world was so  
beautiful, and Phil was coming any day  
now, and she had hardly any other  
thought—she did not notice Miss Ma-  
honey, under a big umbrella, toiling  
up to see her, till that individual was  
close upon her.  
"I have followed you here, Miss  
Montrose," said she, "in her  
most rapt mood, "to save my  
mortification before the other boarders,  
and to ask what you have done with  
my Devonshire point."  
"With what?"  
"With my Devonshire point."  
"What I have done with your De-  
vonshire point? Why, Miss Mahoney,  
what do you mean?" she exclaimed,  
descending from her day-dreams.  
"I mean what I say. My De-  
vonshire point has disappeared. I have  
searched everywhere for it—so I have  
two or three others—every box, every  
bag, every basket, every drawer. I  
have shaken every garment, have left  
no nook or corner neglected, and it is  
not to be found. You were the last  
person seen with it—the only one who  
appreciated it. What have you done  
with it?"  
"You must—you must be dreaming,  
Miss Mahoney," said Adele. "What  
in the world should I do with your  
lace?"  
"Finish a bridal toilette with it, per-  
haps," said Miss Mahoney.  
"Do you mean—is it possible you  
can mean—"  
"Miss Montrose, I mean that some-  
body has taken my lace, and that to be  
plain, suspicion points to you, and that  
I am giving you a chance to restore it  
to me before I call in an officer. For-  
doubtless, since you could do such a  
thing, you know the value of that lace."  
"Am I talking to a crazy woman?"  
cried Adele.  
"No," said Miss Mahoney. "But I  
am talking to a thief."  
For a moment Adele was dumb. Then  
the full meaning of the accusation  
smote her, and her anger flashed up like  
a flame. "How did it happen," she  
broke forth, "that so dreadful, so con-  
temptible a woman came under the same  
roof with me! Leave me—leave me this  
instant! I refuse ever to speak to you  
again."  
"You will speak to the officers of the  
law, then," said Miss Mahoney, using  
her umbrella like a tipstaff. "The peo-  
ple at the house have but guessed that  
I suspected you. Now I shall speak at  
once to Mrs. Pierson and the other  
boarders, and tell them my certainty. I  
never dreamed that coming into a coun-  
try farmhouse I was coming into a den  
of thieves." And she was as good as  
her word.  
Adele herself hurried down the moun-  
tain, slipping and scrambling and roll-  
ing. But fast as she went in her indig-  
nation, Miss Mahoney's long legs had  
gone faster; and as she drew near the  
house, she saw that the usual gay morn-  
ing parties on the piazzas were absent,  
and she presently understood, by the  
sound of the loud forgetful tones that  
came through the open window, that the  
loss of the Devonshire lace was under  
discussion.  
"Mr. Philip Hunt will learn," Miss  
Meyer was saying, "that before one  
marries a beauty it best to see whether  
or not she is a kleptomaniac."  
"Kleptomaniac!" cried Miss  
Mahoney. "A thief's a thief. Rich or  
poor. She has my lace, or she hasn't.  
If she has, she's a thief, and four strong  
walls will hold her before nightfall, and  
save the lace of other people."  
It seemed to Adele that she was cer-  
tainly going mad herself. She walked  
in among them and stood looking about

her, white as ashes, and with blazing  
eyes. "Is there any one here capable  
of believing such a frightful thing as  
this woman's words?" she exclaimed.  
"Miss Montrose!" cried Mrs. Pierson—  
"Miss Montrose, don't you be a mite  
troubled. There's nobody believes her.  
We'd trust her, all of us, with untold  
gold—"  
"I don't know," said Maria Meyer  
then, slowly and very white herself.  
"But I feel it my duty to say that pass-  
ing Miss Montrose's door the other  
morning, I saw what looked very much  
like a long strip of lace fluttering at her  
window."  
"Maria Meyer!" cried Lucia. "I  
would far sooner believe you told a false-  
hood—"  
"Thank you," said Miss Meyer, with  
a scarlet face. "But your belief will  
not end the matter." And just then  
every one's glance followed in the  
direction of her own, and they saw the  
tail figure of a dark young man in the  
doorway. "What is all this?" cried a  
cheery voice. And at that Adele turned  
toward him. "Oh, Philip! Philip!" she  
shrieked, holding out her arms. "Save  
me, save me, save me from this dread-  
ful woman!" In another moment the  
dark young man's arms were about  
Adele, and he was possessing himself of  
the state of the case.  
"And so, because Miss Montrose ad-  
mired your lace, you dare to make such  
an accusation!" he exclaimed, turning  
on Miss Mahoney, and his face almost  
gray with wrath.  
"I make no unsupported accusation,"  
said Miss Mahoney. "Miss Meyer has  
seen the lace in Miss Montrose's room—"  
"Oh, you don't believe it, Philip!"  
cried Adele, in an agonized tone.  
"Believe it! Not if all the—"  
Just at that time so serious a barking  
rose without from Laddie, that Mrs.  
Pierson, who at any other time would  
not have minded it, now, with all her  
nerves fluttering, ran to see what was  
the matter, and in another moment her  
cry and call rang out so wild and loud  
that, by natural instinct half the people  
in the room had followed her—to see  
Laddie, who had tread the cat in the  
branches of the old dead oak under  
Adele's window, himself powerless in  
the grasp of Jack, who had descended  
from his frequent perch in those  
branches, and planting himself firmly  
on Laddie's shoulders, had proceeded to  
tear out his hair by handfuls. At the  
approach of Laddie's re-enforcement,  
Jack extricated his claws, screaming  
and fluttering back; and following his  
flight with their eyes, they all saw what  
Mrs. Pierson had seen—the end of some-  
thing delicately white and fibrous peep-  
ing from the moss and lichens in the  
crevice of the hollow tree.  
Philip, who had not followed, but  
heard the voices that called him, was  
in less time than it takes to tell, he was  
in the crotch of that tree. "Whose  
magpie is this?" he cried, as well as he  
could be heard for Jack's scolding, sit-  
ting astride the branch, and beginning  
to pull out a long string, firmly quilted  
and felted in the hollow with hair and  
matted moss. "Here is his nest, which  
he has hidden away; and here" (he  
knew very well what it was)—"is this  
string of any consequence?"  
"It is the lace! It is the lace!" cried  
Lucia.  
"The lace!" echoed Jane. "And  
that is Adele's room just over the hol-  
low. He got out with it from Miss  
Mahoney's room, and the wind fluttered  
this end into Adele's window while he  
was stewing it away; and that is what  
Maria Meyer saw, if she saw anything."  
"Oh, my lace! my lace! It is ruined!  
It is almost ruined!" cried Miss Ma-  
honey, and then she remembered  
Adele; "I am so sorry, Miss Mon-  
trose!" she said—"so sorry! Indeed I  
am! How can you overlook it?"  
"I never can," sobbed Adele, trem-  
bling all in every fiber.  
"You may just pack your trunks,  
Miss Mahoney, for the afternoon stage,"  
said Mrs. Pierson. "I can't have—"  
"And here's a comb," interrupted  
Philip, still bringing out one thing after  
another—"yours, by its air and bring-  
ing up, Mrs. Pierson. And a thimble,  
and a bow of ribbon, and a curl of re-  
low hair, and a stuffed humming-bird,  
and—and—what is this, Adele?" and he  
held up a gold chain and onyx locket.  
"Oh, it is mine!" exclaimed Adele.  
"It is the one you gave me on my birth-  
day. I couldn't imagine what had be-  
come of it."  
"And you didn't make any outcry."  
"Oh, I thought—I thought—I mean,  
I thought she never came honestly by  
so many things, and I was sure she had  
taken it to add to the others, and it  
didn't seem worth while to make any  
 fuss. So after that I just looked my  
drawers."  
"She?" cried Miss Mahoney, now re-  
covering her lost breath. "She? Me?  
—a Mahoney? Is it I, you little—"  
"Oh, yes!" replied Adele. "And I  
am so ashamed! And you never can  
forgive me."  
"I never can," said Miss Mahoney.  
But directly afterward she broke into a  
hearty laugh. "My dear Miss Adele,"  
said she, "I can, and I do; and you  
must, and you shall. As for that neck  
wring, it I'd do it—indeed, then, I  
would—if I didn't need him to keep  
Laddie in subjection. Now I beg your  
pardon heartily, and everybody's, and I  
know you're going to grant it. The  
poor Devonshire point! that will take  
me weeks to restore, and I suppose it  
would have uncomfortable associations  
too. But I've lots of old Irish lace just  
as delicate as that, and it will look just  
as well as the finish to a bridal toilette.  
And you mustn't feel hard. You see,  
we're quits; you thought as much of  
me, I'm a well-meaning old thing, and  
perhaps Mrs. Pierson will let me  
stay, after all."—Harper's Bazar.

**The "Arizona Diamonds."**  
A writer in the San Francisco Call re-  
vives the recollection of the famous and  
fabulous story of the Arizona diamond  
fields, and gives its origin in this wise:  
Several years ago the always large  
floating Bohemian population of San  
Francisco included Thomas Seymour,  
who will be remembered by many of the  
profession, and who was a kind of para-  
graphic tramp, having successfully done  
"localizing" on every paper of  
every town west of the Rocky mountains.  
Seymour's knowledge of the topography  
of this slope was a most detailed one,  
and had been painfully acquired by  
ways going about, but always of necessity  
and never of choice, from the place  
where his usefulness had just been ex-  
hausted to where he hoped to have it re-  
newed. In San Francisco Seymour made  
his usual precarious living by writing  
specials for the Sunday edition of such  
papers as would buy them. By virtue  
of the common guild of vagabondage  
Seymour had made the acquaintance in  
this city of one who was, when his  
energies set in any direction whatever,  
a mining prospector. "How do you  
newspaper fellows live?" once asked  
the prospector curiously of Seymour,  
"Come with me and I will show you,"  
said Seymour, and he led the other to  
his meagerly furnished room. "Now,  
see. Here's a good two columns, I'll  
probably get \$12 for this. Listen," and  
Seymour subjected his friend to the fear-  
ful punishment of listening to an author  
reading his own manuscript. "Were  
you ever there, at that place described?"  
asked the miner, who had listened with-  
out an interruption to the full reading.  
"Well, I was never exactly there,  
but I've been near where that place is  
supposed to be, and it's a tough coun-  
try."  
"What put it into your head to spin  
such a yarn as that? There's no truth  
in it."  
"Anything is true that you can  
prove to be false. How can one prove  
that it ain't true?"  
The miner dropped his head in his  
hands, thought long and intently with-  
out moving, notwithstanding Seymour's  
growing impatience to get back to the  
beer cellar from which they had issued.  
Finally, the prospector asked abruptly:  
"What's the most a paper'll give for  
that rooback?"  
"Oh, \$12 or \$18 at the outside."  
"Does anybody else know about that  
yarn?"  
"Not a person," said the miner, after  
another pause. "I know something  
about that country, too. There ain't  
no stones there, that's a fact; but that  
whopper you have there is a pearl itself,  
if you only knew it. I'll give you \$25  
for it, and if you keep your mouth shut  
on it I will make that story pay you  
better than all the yarns you ever spun  
in your life." Seymour gladly made  
the sale, and soon lost sight of his friend,  
and in succeeding literary inventions  
that which he had sold, not for publi-  
cation, had long been forgotten, when,  
individually, he was astounded at the  
announcement of the discovery of the  
great Arizona diamond fields, in almost  
the identical spot where he had lo-  
cated in a newspaper fiction a field of  
precious stones. That announcement  
was one that startled the whole civili-  
zation. Seymour followed the suc-  
cessively-announced facts with the in-  
tense interest of one who believed that  
his own genius had been prophetic.  
Then came the even more startling ex-  
position of the even more wonderful fact  
that the diamond field was the crudest,  
most barefaced and most enormous  
"plant" that had ever been made  
in Pacific coast mining. The pros-  
pector, whom Seymour never saw  
again, was not one to forget his prom-  
ise. Seymour received an unsigned  
letter, presumably from him, and in-  
closing a certified check for \$1,800, and  
which reads as follows: "Do you  
think I have improved on your story?  
I think so. It has made a great deal  
more than two columns, and as it was  
very interesting, I inclose what I hope  
you will think fair pay for it. When  
you invent another equally good dia-  
mond field or a gold mine, or anything  
of that sort, please hunt me up, as I  
will give the story point, and it will be  
for the interest of both of us. Sey-  
mour was so startled that it was long  
before the diamond plant had lost its in-  
terest that it was generally known that  
it was founded on the invention of a  
Bohemian and that it was only acci-  
dental that its interest was not the  
ephemeral one of the publication of a  
surprising story in a newspaper.

**The Old-Time Farm.**  
Where giant hills a sheltered vale unfold,  
An old-time farm lies nesting out of sighs,  
The red-tiled homestead peeping toward  
the light  
Amid a grove of oaks, huge-boughed and old;  
And lichen, through quaint tenderness grown  
bold,  
Ran riot o'er the place in silent night,  
And crimson sunset flashes now to-night  
Flash all their grays and yellows into gold.  
Here changes come not, nor a stranger's face;  
The winds indeed seem linked unto the place,  
And bring no news of what the world's  
about;  
And as I pass along in strange surprise  
The very horses in the stalls look out  
And gaze at me with a limly wondering eye.

**MISS MAHONEY'S LACE.**  
They were having a very good time  
at the farm, as pleasant a party of gay  
girl graduates as could well be put to-  
gether, when Miss Mahoney arrived upon  
the scene of action, and her ap-  
pearance was certainly like a wet blanket  
on all pleasure.  
The farm was on a mountain-side,  
high up in air; all below it a great  
amphitheater of lesser hills, mellowed  
in distance and vapors till they looked  
like the waves of a purple sea, with  
now and then mighty rainbows span-  
ning them; and all above it the lofty  
tops of hills, whose woods here feath-  
ered off upon the morning sky, and  
whose crags there jutted sharply in the  
stars at night. The air was full of the  
song of birds, the rustle of leaves, the  
hum of bees and the rushing of water-  
falls, and it seemed to the happy young  
things that they were somewhere above  
the world—in an ideal region from  
which no voice could summon them.  
But, for all this, a sharp voice called  
when Miss Mahoney was heard at the  
door, and the cruel common world burst  
in behind her.  
She came in the noon stage, and she  
brought such tons of luggage! That  
had to come on another. What did she  
mean to do with it at the farm, where  
linear lawn was full dress? And she  
had a collie dog, and a huge cage with  
a magpie in it, and the magpie chattered  
like the confusion of tongues. Miss  
Mahoney stopped at the door, opened  
the cage, and let the magpie go. "He  
comes back at call," said she to Mrs.  
Pierson, our landlady, who hardly  
looked with kindness on the bird of  
evil. "He likes to have his liberty and  
make his nest, and so I let him have it  
all the summer—city life is so confining.  
And Laddie keeps an eye on him." But  
we all embraced "Laddie" at once, as  
he put up his pretty nose and tender  
brown eyes to our faces, and the collie  
became the best friend of all the young  
girls that day, particularly of the pros-  
perous ones, for he had quite a taste in  
beauty; he seemed to know that there  
was not a gallant about the place, and  
he might be escort to the whole party if  
he would, and he presently attached  
himself so pertinaciously to Adele  
Montrose that Jane Hunt said she  
should have to show him Philip's picture  
next, and tell Laddie that Philip was  
coming in a month.  
Miss Mahoney came down to tea in  
regal array. No such garments had  
ever been seen at the farm as her purple-  
striped velvet gowns, with their  
satin under-stuff. As for her string of  
pearls, perhaps they were only Roman;  
but if they were real, they were worth  
more than the farm; and then the lace  
shawl which she knotted up round her  
throat as they sat on the piazza look-  
ing at the sunset, more underneath than  
above them, "as if it had been Shetland  
wool," said Jane, "when it was price-  
less Brussels net."  
"But she has oceans of lace," said  
Miss Meyer. "I opened her door by  
mistake as she was unpacking, and  
there it was, some in boxes and trays,  
and some over chairs. What with laces  
and jewels, the room looked like the  
milky way."  
"She'll think we are a set of bar-  
barians," said Adele, with her quick  
blush, "with hardly so much as a  
tucker."  
"And we shall think her a vulgar  
parvenue, bringing such things to such  
a place," said Jane.  
"She's not a nouveau riche, at any  
rate," answered Miss Meyer. "For she  
isn't rich at all. Mrs. Pierson knows  
about her. She inherited all her fine  
things from some relation or other, and  
has only enough money to live on; and  
when she wants to do something ex-  
travagant, like coming to the moun-  
tains, for instance, she sells a pearl or  
a bit of lace."  
Miss Mahoney, of course, became an  
object of study to the girls, and was al-  
ways accompanied in her progress by  
some awe and more ridicule—the  
former as the possessor of finery that  
somehow went to their hearts every  
time they saw it or heard of it, the lat-  
ter as a woman past forty, tall and an-  
gular and ugly and ignorant, spring the  
appearance and manners of young girls.  
"I wonder how she came by Laddie's"  
said Adele, one day.  
"She gave a jewel for him," said Miss

Lucia.  
"I don't know anybody that's more  
likely to," cried Lucia. "When you do  
fall in love, Maria Meyer—"  
"Don't you concern yourself, young  
lady, about me," said Miss Meyer,  
sharply, walking off to give Laddie a  
biscuit, which was at once stolen by  
Jack, Laddie being engrossed in a fine  
romp with Adele. "The way she used  
to care for Phil herself," whispered  
Lucia to her neighbor, and then they  
went to comparing their tattling and  
crocheting, and getting out patterns,  
and Miss Mahoney joined them.  
Miss Mahoney's morning toilettes  
were as extraordinarily severe as her  
afternoon ones were extraordinarily sub-  
limely. "Oh, Miss Mahoney!" cried one  
of the girls one morning, "if we had  
your eyes, we shouldn't have to do  
tattling."  
"We hear you have such lovely lace,"  
said Maria Meyer with her glass of air on.  
"I have some very pretty pieces," said  
Miss Mahoney. "Our family is an old  
Irish family, and I am the last of it,  
and so in one direction and another I  
have fallen heir to a good deal."  
"And I suppose you know all about  
lace?" said Lucia.  
"I know all about my lace. Some of  
it is quite nice. As pretty pieces," re-  
peated Miss Mahoney, "of their size,  
as one could see in America."  
"What if you had a grand opening at  
some time, and let us see them all?"  
asked Lucia.  
"Why, with the greatest pleasure,  
any time—now, if you say so." And  
of course the girls all said so, and  
sprung to their feet at once.  
"Oh, is she going to show us her  
laces?" cried Adele, dancing up with  
Laddie barking and jumping round  
Jack, who had perched on her shoulder.  
"How lovely of you, Miss Mahoney!"  
and she followed with the rest.  
"This," said Miss Mahoney, when  
she had opened her boxes, "is Venice  
point."  
"It doesn't look any different from  
tattling," said Maria Meyer.  
"Only," said Miss Mahoney, "as  
different as mist is from water. This is  
a bit of Spanish lace made in a convent.  
Here is a scrap of cardinal's lace; no-  
body but the cardinals at Rome have it.  
I don't know how my grandmother  
came into possession of this scrap—  
she used to be an archbishop in our  
family somewhere, but that's not a car-  
dinal. These are all old French laces—  
Mrs. Palissey never saw their equal.  
But they are a great deal of care. I  
often think that piece of Valenciennes  
costs me as much trouble as a child.  
These are Irish laces—they are like  
hoar-frosts and blowing snow-drifts,  
somebody once told me. They don't  
make them now. See this piece of Eng-  
lish point—old Devonshire point—"  
"Oh, how lovely!" cried Adele, while  
the others were exclaiming over this  
and that. "Talk of snow-drifts!" and  
she took the Devonshire point in her  
hands; it was two or three yards of fin-  
ger-deep edging in a couple of pieces  
caught together by a thread, of the most  
exquisitely delicate beauty both of tex-  
ture and design—idealized foam wreaths  
or the fancies of some frosted pane  
spread on a spider's web. "How per-  
fectly lovely!" exclaimed Adele again,  
and she wound it around her blushing  
face before the glass. "What a find  
for a bridal toilette!" and then she held  
it up in her hands in the sunlight, and  
the magpie on her shoulder, cocking  
his head on this side and the other,  
looked more demoniac than ever  
through the film of an end of it that lay  
over his shining black feathers. "You  
are exactly like one of those girls hold-  
ing little banners that come dancing  
out of the fountains of temples in those  
Pompeian decorations of Phil's!" cried  
Jane. "What a pity that you're not  
going to marry a rich man, Del, who  
could afford you Devonshire point and  
diamonds," she added, the least atom  
maliciously, "instead of a poor young  
architect!"  
"If Adele would a duster round  
her she would look decorated," said  
Lucia.  
"Most folks would," said Adele, tak-  
ing off the lace soberly, and laying it  
down. "But I must confess that I

think lace is the most perfect thing  
made by hands; it always seems to me  
the nearest approach of man to works of  
nature, and I'd about as lief make lace  
as paint pictures." And then Miss Meyer  
began wrapping herself in a black lace  
mantle so precisely designed that the  
very dewdrops seemed to glisten on the  
poppy petals there; and presently all  
the other girls were masquerading in the  
precious things, while Miss Mahoney  
sat by complacently enjoying her mag-  
nificence.  
"Now, my dears," said Miss Mahoney,  
as one by one they resigned their bor-  
rowed plumes, "you see I have nice  
things, if I don't wear them." And,  
satisfied with the exhibition, during  
the next week she put on nothing cost-  
lier than a nine-penny print.  
"Well," said Adele, "it's just a  
pleasure to have them to look at. In-  
deed, poor little Adele was the penniless or-  
phan of penniless parents, and she  
taught drawing in a large school in Bos-  
ton, where Phil had happened to see  
her and love her at first sight. Phil  
was coming before long now for his  
month's vacation, and she was only  
living by counting the hours. A little  
restless little thing, the light talk of the  
girls seemed to her unmeaning chatter,  
in which she had small interest, and  
she used to wander off by herself, sketch-  
ing on her little pocket-boards, or lying  
in the fern or under the shadows of the  
cliffs, with an unread book in her hand,  
by the hour together. Occupied with  
her own fancies, and with a drawing of  
the outlines of old World's End, it was  
not strange that she did not particularly  
notice the demeanor of the girls, or, if  
she did observe them whispering with  
their heads together, that she should  
have thought it no more than the cus-  
tomary mischief and merrymaking."  
She was standing alone one morning,  
just as the sun was drying the grass and  
moss on the top of Breezy Bluff, behind  
her the great purple mountain, below  
her the dewy verdure of the hill sides;  
hawks were soaring and sweeping over  
her head in the marvelous blue of the  
stainless sky, and under her feet the  
tops of the woods were bowing and  
bending. It was not like daily life, she  
was saying to herself. "This wonder-  
ful hill country! It is just as if one had  
died, and were really approaching  
heaven." And in her white gown, with  
her bright brown hair floating out  
about her face in the wind that fanned  
so pure a color there, and with her  
luminous eyes borrowing the very color  
of the skies, she looked almost as if  
she were. As she stood there, rapt in re-  
verie and happiness—the world was so  
beautiful, and Phil was coming any day  
now, and she had hardly any other  
thought—she did not notice Miss Ma-  
honey, under a big umbrella, toiling  
up to see her, till that individual was  
close upon her.  
"I have followed you here, Miss  
Montrose," said she, "in her  
most rapt mood, "to save my  
mortification before the other boarders,  
and to ask what you have done with  
my Devonshire point."  
"With what?"  
"With my Devonshire point."  
"What I have done with your De-  
vonshire point? Why, Miss Mahoney,  
what do you mean?" she exclaimed,  
descending from her day-dreams.  
"I mean what I say. My De-  
vonshire point has disappeared. I have  
searched everywhere for it—so I have  
two or three others—every box, every  
bag, every basket, every drawer. I  
have shaken every garment, have left  
no nook or corner neglected, and it is  
not to be found. You were the last  
person seen with it—the only one who  
appreciated it. What have you done  
with it?"  
"You must—you must be dreaming,  
Miss Mahoney," said Adele. "What  
in the world should I do with your  
lace?"  
"Finish a bridal toilette with it, per-  
haps," said Miss Mahoney.  
"Do you mean—is it possible you  
can mean—"  
"Miss Montrose, I mean that some-  
body has taken my lace, and that to be  
plain, suspicion points to you, and that  
I am giving you a chance to restore it  
to me before I call in an officer. For-  
doubtless, since you could do such a  
thing, you know the value of that lace."  
"Am I talking to a crazy woman?"  
cried Adele.  
"No," said Miss Mahoney. "But I  
am talking to a thief."  
For a moment Adele was dumb. Then  
the full meaning of the accusation  
smote her, and her anger flashed up like  
a flame. "How did it happen," she  
broke forth, "that so dreadful, so con-  
temptible a woman came under the same  
roof with me! Leave me—leave me this  
instant! I refuse ever to speak to you  
again."  
"You will speak to the officers of the  
law, then," said Miss Mahoney, using  
her umbrella like a tipstaff. "The peo-  
ple at the house have but guessed that  
I suspected you. Now I shall speak at  
once to Mrs. Pierson and the other  
boarders, and tell them my certainty. I  
never dreamed that coming into a coun-  
try farmhouse I was coming into a den  
of thieves." And she was as good as  
her word.  
Adele herself hurried down the moun-  
tain, slipping and scrambling and roll-  
ing. But fast as she went in her indig-  
nation, Miss Mahoney's long legs had  
gone faster; and as she drew near the  
house, she saw that the usual gay morn-  
ing parties on the piazzas were absent,  
and she presently understood, by the  
sound of the loud forgetful tones that  
came through the open window, that the  
loss of the Devonshire lace was under  
discussion.  
"Mr. Philip Hunt will learn," Miss  
Meyer was saying, "that before one  
marries a beauty it best to see whether  
or not she is a kleptomaniac."  
"Kleptomaniac!" cried Miss  
Mahoney. "A thief's a thief. Rich or  
poor. She has my lace, or she hasn't.  
If she has, she's a thief, and four strong  
walls will hold her before nightfall, and  
save the lace of other people."  
It seemed to Adele that she was cer-  
tainly going mad herself. She walked  
in among them and stood looking about

her, white as ashes, and with blazing  
eyes. "Is there any one here capable  
of believing such a frightful thing as  
this woman's words?" she exclaimed.  
"Miss Montrose!" cried Mrs. Pierson—  
"Miss Montrose, don't you be a mite  
troubled. There's nobody believes her.  
We'd trust her, all of us, with untold  
gold—"  
"I don't know," said Maria Meyer  
then, slowly and very white herself.  
"But I feel it my duty to say that pass-  
ing Miss Montrose's door the other  
morning, I saw what looked very much  
like a long strip of lace fluttering at her  
window."  
"Maria Meyer!" cried Lucia. "I  
would far sooner believe you told a false-  
hood—"  
"Thank you," said Miss Meyer, with  
a scarlet face. "But your belief will  
not end the matter." And just then  
every one's glance followed in the  
direction of her own, and they saw the  
tail figure of a dark young man in the  
doorway. "What is all this?" cried a  
cheery voice. And at that Adele turned  
toward him. "Oh, Philip! Philip!" she  
shrieked, holding out her arms. "Save  
me, save me, save me from this dread-  
ful woman!" In another moment the  
dark young man's arms were about  
Adele, and he was possessing himself of  
the state of the case.  
"And so, because Miss Montrose ad-  
mired your lace, you dare to make such