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ALLENTOWN, PA.

RED KNTFE;

KIT CARSON'S LAST' TRAIL.

BY LEON LEWIS, Author of "The Wagon Train," "The Witch Finil-er;" "The Water Wolf," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STAKED ! Towards the close of a beautiful day in June. 1867, a man and younan, momitted upon fleet horses, canoigalloping over one of the great plains of the West, and drew rein in the shade of a clump of cotton-woods upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their steeds were panting, and covered with sweet and foam

rapidly. Their steeds were panting, and covered with sweat and foam. "We must give the horses a breathing spell," said the former, slipping to the ground ; and his companion noddod a graceful assent, as alle followed his example. The couple were evidently father and daughter.

daughter.

The man was in the prime of life, hale and The man was in the prime of hic, hile and hearty, with a large frame, which was sinewy and athletic, without ceasing to be refined and prepossessing. He had the keen, shrewd look peculiar to the advance-guards of civilizatioh, and there was an honest, frank expression on his sun-browned face that proclaimed his in-terging and coupered

his sun-browned face that proclaimed his in-tegrity and courage. In her way, his daughter was equally pic-turesque and attractive. In the early flush of womanhood, with a pure, sweet, and tender face, with eyes darkly glowing, with coral-tinted lips, and cheeks softly flushed with the hue of the rose, with amber curls floating behind her, she was as graceful as a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as lovely as a flower, and as spirited as an un-tamed antelope.

tamed antelope. The stream by which the couple had halted was Wood river, a branch of the Platte, in Ne-braska, at a point fifty miles northwest of Fort cannot master.

was wood river, a branch of the Platte, in Ne-braska, at a point fifty miles northwest of Fort Kearny. "Are you tired, Miriam ?" asked the hunter, if George Dane, with fatherly solicitude. "I'red, father ?" rejoined the maiden, with a happy hugh. "Oh, no. How could I be tired after a day like this ? Every minute has been filled with pleasure and excitement. I feel as fresh as yonder bird." "The father smilled understandingly, with a look full of the fondeat affection. "I can guess the cause of your lightness of heart," said he, smillingly. "The return, now daily expected, of necertain Hubert Earle, from the mines of Idalo, may account, I suspect, for your present-gladures," A heightened color appeared on Miriam's face, for the name mentioned was that of-her lover. Sho answered the glances of her father, however, with a frankness that attested his en-

however, with a frankness that attested his en-

fire sympathy with her, and said : "True, father, my heart has been unusually light for several days past. How could it be otherwise, since I know that Hubert is com-

otherwise, since I know that Hubert is com-ing ?" Mr. Dane did not reply. He was looking, with kindling eyes, over the fair flower-dotted plain ; and his next remark showed how wide-ly his thoughts had strayed. "I wonder what mother has been doing without us all day, Miriam. She must be lonely, with no one to speak to or share her meals. I shouldn't wonder if we could see our home from this point," and his face lighted up with a soulful glow. "Our cottage is not -more than seven miles distant ; let me see?" He drew from his cont a pocket-glass, ad-justed it to his sight, pointing it in a northerly direction, and gazed through it long and cara-estly, towards his ranche upon Carrey's Fork. "Yes, I see it," he said, at last, with a long, deep, and joyful inspiration, as if the sight re-freshed him in every nerve. "There is our cottage, as plain as day. I can even see the vines you plainted before the windows, Miriam. And there, on the grape-vine bench, under the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her mention.

corded

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands —his face blanched to the hue of snow. From the west, seeming to emerge from the clouds of scarlet and gold, he had beheld a band of mounted Indians riding boldly towards that unprotected home, towards that unconscious and helpless woman. With a frenzied cry, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed away like amadman, shout-ing to his daughter to follow him ; at the same instant Thompson staggered forward and fell in the maiden's path, holding up his hands in anguish. "A lonely and desolate spot," said Hubert, "And no wonder," returned Brydges, "annout of buffalces?" There being no answer to this juestion, Hu-bert proceded to find an axcellent grazing soft for this horse, tethered him, and flung him-ing to his. "A lonely and desolate spot," said Huberl, thoughtfully. "It looks as if a man had nev-er before visited it." "And no wonder," returned Brydges, "since it's five miles off the route. What could any man want here, unless he might be in pursuit of buffaloes ?" but to buffalces in the state of the state o

"My wife ! my children !" he groaned. There was no hesitation in the soul of the

VOL. XXIII.

The choicest portion of the men for-lowed his example. Plenty of low bushes were found dry enough to burn, and several fires were soon kindled. The choicest portions of the buffaloes were readily prepared for cooking, and it was not long before the odor of burning flesh was dif-ord to the city. Some of five burnery wilding here Miram. "Mine is but a single life; he has seven de-pending on him," she said, aloud. As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and, with a gesture, commanded him to take fused on the air; four or five hungry soldiers serving as cooks. It was a wild picnic scene on these lonely wilds, and every man there enjoyed it with

id, with a gesender of the second sec

This sentiment was chosen by the original approaching the bitter of the original approaching the bitter of the original approaching the bitter of the bitter, nothing daunted, approached the fire, took from it a torch, returned to the bitter, parted the bushes, ""They're coming—a band of red-skins— revealing a dark aperture in the face of the rock, directly towards us !" he gasped. "I'm lost!" and disappeared within it, his light giving back a yellow glare for a second after he had "They're coming—a band of red-skins— directly towards us !" he gasped. "I'm lost ! Fly, Miriam, while you have time !" The maiden took the glass and gazed through it an instant at the approaching foe. A strange light appeared in her eyes—a light possessed only by those upon whom GoD has bestowed a consciousness of His great protec-tion—the light of a heroism which death itself cannot master.

Creased to be seen. The camp revelry wenton, the cooking pro-gressed, the minutes passed, and Jones did gressed, the minutes passed, and not reappear. "If that fellow had found a gold mine in there he wouldn't call one of us," growled the lounger who had before spoken. "I wonder what Jones has found. I'll jest take a look,

cannot master. "Sure chough," sho' murmured. "They are coming ! The leader is Red Knife. Go, neighbor Thompson—on the instant !". "We can ride together !" cried Thompson. "No ! The horse is tired. We have been to Willow Island. We should be overtaken before we had gone two miles !" what Jones has found. I'll jest take a 100s, as dinner isn't ready." Ite arose lazily, abstracted a stick of burning wood for a torch, proceeded to the cavern en-trance and disappeared from viow. "Probably," said Hubert, "there's a large cavern under that hill. If we had time, it might pay to explore it. Under the present circumstances, I am like Brown, and prefer

before we had gone two miles !" "Then we'll die together !" "No ! no ! You must mount !"

"Not not You must mount!" With a grasp so sudden and firm that it star-tled him, the maiden pushed him towards the horse, and in another instant he found him-self, more by an instinct than by thought, sented in the saddle. "Away, Selim !" cried Miriam to her steed, with an imperative gesture. "Away !" circumstances, I an like Brown, and preter my dinner to scientific exploration." The meal scened to be nearly ready, for the rattling of tin cups and dishes began to be heard; the ligutenant's small camp-chest was unpacked, and the cooks should to the stroll-

ampacked, and the COORS SHOWLY. ers to come to dinner. "Have Jones and Brown come back ?" asked the lieutenant, as he rose to a sitting po-sition, and glanced towards the cavern. The men replied in the negative. "Go after them then, King, and hurry them "" said the officer. "We must resume the "Away, Seim I' crice anriam to her skeed, with an importative gesture. "Away I' The horse broke furiously over the plain, giving Thompson only time enough to flash look of gratitude towards the maiden, as he dashed away to the northeast, towards his

up," said the officer. "We must resume the march after dinner, and cannot afford to waste nenaced ho

menaced home. A moment later, Mr. Dane looked over his shoulder—took in at a glance the situation of affairs, recognizing the peril as well as the heroism of his child—bowed his head solemn-ly, as one submits to the inevitable, in appro-bation of her conduct, and then he swept on to the rescue of his wife, his soul torn by such emotions as are seldom brought to battle to-cether. time here." King, a fine young soldier, took a torch, and entered the cave. The dinner was dealt out—hot savory steaks and roasts—the coffee measured, and the meal commenced, but none of the men who had en-

"A lonely and desolate spot," said Hubert, thoughtfully. "It looks as if a man had ner-te before visited it." "And no wonder," returned Brydges, "almo it's flve miles off the route. What could any man want here, unless the milght be in pursuit of buffalces?" There being no answer to this guestion, Hu-bert proceeded to find an axcellent grazing spot for his horse, tethered him, and flung him. "Bill on the ground in the shad escellent grazing all on the statice in the state of the stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern, have articles in every number. sum thus obtained he now drew from the sav-ings-bank, and with his sister went to his uncle's great mansion to transact the most im-portant piece of business they had yet had. They walked, with care, across the marble hall, and were ushered into the rich man's li-brary. Mr. Krebb was his own steward and accountant. The books in his library were object the lockness in his was for

he Lehigh Register.

[FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE.] MY CHUMS STORY. III.-MONEY.

III.—MONEY. Chum felt that he was fairly cornered. He had acknowledged to the Professor that he had been extemporizing his compositions, and now he was oppressed with the necessity of actually writing. He carried a pencil behind his ear all the time, and sharpened it incessantly. Ho said he was trying to "bring his ideas to a point." He would sit by the hour, lounging with his feet on the window, whistling, or calling out to the boys on the green ; and whenever I spoke to him he would reply, "Don't interrupt me ; I am writing my com-position."

position

position." At the end of a week he told me it was fin-ished. He pulled out of his pocket a half-sheet of paper, folded like the back of an old letter, and began reading the notes he had jotted there, in a slow, sententious way, very unlike his flu-ent narrative of the month before.

"Money is the concentrated essence of Labor. A man who has a thousand dollars has a thou-A min who has a chousand donars has a mod-sand days' work in his one hand. If he knows its value he can move about among men with the force of a thousand laborers—that is, with

noney for itself, any more than soup-tickets, or baggage-checks, or promissory notes, or title-deeds. The 'love of money' is the pleas-ure of mental function in getting or keeping or spending. The sponge and the spendturift are equally guilty with the miser. The class of Money-getters includes mer-chants, gold-miners, pickpockets, politicians, and upricesional because.

Money-getters, but they do not care to keep. Hence this is a country of great incomes, but

small fortunes. The class of Money-keepers is small. Liter-The class of Money-keepersissmall. Liter-ary men are not found in it. Lawyers are good at keeping money, particularly if it is other people's. Money, like some other essences, has a pungent, sweet taste; but to be kept must be corked tightly. It evaporates in the open air, and the vapor is called Interest. A mortgage is a condensing instrument which enables a Money-keeper to evaporate a Money. spender.

make itwell.

ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1869.

NO. 13

Chiefly the ledgers in his big safe. "My name is Merprise," said the young man, "Stephen Merprise; and I have come on a watter of luwiness." on a matter of business.

on a matter of business." There was no reply. "Perhaps you remember my mother," said he, almost bitterly, vexed at the indifferent look cast upon him, and easily conjecturing that he was regarded as a beggard "My Mother," he resumed, raising his voice, after waiting in vain for an answer, "Mrs. Mary Merprise. You assisted her when she was in trouble. We are her children, Sir." "Oh no !" said the old gentleman; in a hol-low voice, that seemed to come from the safe behind him. "I can't do anything more. It was very little-very little I could do then, and now I am positively unable." "Come, Susie, let'sgo," said Stephen, turn-ing away. For mc, you understand, Mary." The card contained a line saying that Mr.

Krebb was ill, and wished the lawyer to call immediately to receive instructions on a mat-ter of great importance. Mary took it and

ter of great importance. And disappeared. At about the same moment Mr. Harry rang for his servant, and said to him: "John, find out quietly down stairs who is My-brother's lawyer, and go to his office infinediately, and tell him that Mr. Louis Krebb is ill, and must see him directly. Tell him to ask for me when he comes."

ing away. But Susie stood still, holding her brother's

arm, and waited for him to proceed. "It may have been but little to you, Sir," resumed Stephen, thus quietly held to his pur-pose, "but it was a great deal to her and to us. And it was her wish that we should call'upon you whenever..." And it was her wish that we should call upon its value he can more about anong men with the force of a housand laborers--that is, with a hundred and twenty horse-power. "To know the force of Money, one must know Labor. "Then one man has, Money, and another has not, they contend for its possession. This is Trade, or Robbery, according to circum-stances. "There are three uses of Money--the use of spending it. Consequently it classifies the balk of mankint into Money-getters, Money-keepers, and Money-spenders. Except the missers we read of in novels, men do not love noney for itself, any more than soup-tickets, or baggage-checks, or promissory motes, or

me for it, I won't do it. That's what I say to 'em." Stephen, biting his lips in silence, produced a roll of bills, and with a tremulous hand, for it contained the last dollar he had, held it out to the old man. "There," said he. "See here. We don't ask for help. You gave my mother money to get a roof for her head. It was all you did for her; and we have come to pay it off, as she told me to when she died." " Ah ! you wish to pay the debt ? Ah ! I re-collect. It was a considerable sum. Was it not more than this ? Let me see," and he turned over his ledgers. Family Expenses—Country place—Farm—Mills—Charity—that's the ac-count, Charity. Yes, here is the entry : to sister Mary, in sundry sums, five hundred dol-lars. But that was a long time ago." " Yees, Sir, a long time, i but she wished us to *offer* to pay it, at least." " Off course, very right; but I was think-ing of the interest. It is twelve yeara." " She mentioned the interest, " said Stephen, " and it is all here." " "Twelve years at compound interest. I you to do; what she wants you to give her; and, doubtless, her own ideas of what she will do with it when she gets it. Do you under-stand me?' No answ, er; but an almost imperceptible No answ er; but an almost imperceptible raising of the cyclorows, which looked as if the old man desired to nod his head but could not. "She is still a young woman, and she has naturally her ambitions and her attachments. She has never forgotten her old admirer. I see that since you are sick. She is very atten-tive to you, is she not? Does every thing you want? Yes? Certainly. And she has often told you what she wants you to do. I don't

want? Yes? Certainly. And she has often told you what she wants you to do, I don't doubt. She has set her heart, sho tells me, upon having all your property. She has sent for a lawyer just now to get you to make your will. Perhaps he will be here soon. If I can help you, or if I am wanted for any purpose, just let me know." The di men citumpied to showk his law make it..." "She did not say compound interest. I shall only pay you simple interest. I can not do more; this is all the money we have in the world. If you don't choose t take it, very

well. "Ah! ah! very well. I will not insist upon it, only I usually get compound interest." The old man counted off the money and put

The old man counted on the money and put it in his safe, "Take a seat, Sir," said he, recovering him-self and speaking as if they had just come in. "Pray be seated, Miss Merprise. I am very glad to see you." "We will not trouble you longer," retorted

doubt. She has set her heart, sho tells me, upon having all your property. She has sent for a lawy yer justforwow to get you to make your will. Perhaps he will be here soon. If I can help you, or if I an wanted for any purpose, just let me know." The old man attempted to speak, his jaw trembled and wavered without making any articulate sound. But on his face appeared a slight semblance of the grim half-smile with which he had looked on Stephen when he an nounced his rule that what was asked for he would never give. Having thus kindly prepared the way for Mrs. Krebb, the affectionate brother withdrew. Boon Mr. Search rang at the door. Mr Scarch was a young old bachelor. He was a mediocre havyer, and had adopted conveyance in g as is genedity in the profession. It hear mediocre lawyer, and had ad

with me, your wishes are of course paramoun

amped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Bocks, Consti-tutions and By-Laws, Echool Catalogues, Bill Heads Eaveloper, Letter Hade Bills of Ladiag, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Tinuted at Bhort Notice.

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ELEGANT PRINTING

Mrs. Krebb had now the delicate task of re-bainding him that the period of income had passed, and the time of outgo had come. She was not aware what a shock she was to com-municate to this possessory consciousness in proposing to reverse the order of its nature, and in one act to negative all that it had bithere attained

portant a point as her husband's will without vigorous contest. Ten minutes after this con-versation she called the waitress, and said to her: "Mary Cairnes, take a cab and tell the driver to go to No. 51 Wall Street. Go up stairs to Mr. Search's office. See him yourself, even if you have to wait. Give him this card; and after you have given it to him tell him that *I* sent you, and as Mr. Krebb is very ill, I beg him to ask for me when he comes to the house. For me, you understand, Mary." that Mr. began her part in the process of drawing a will out of the dumb old man

will out of the dumb old man By dint of indifferent questions, such as whether he wished to leave anything to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Hospital for Sick Paupers, or the Wash-ington Monument, the will got on through two clauses by which some trivial bequests were made. Thus far the old man had only disposed of two or three thousands, which did not hurt him much. It was only pinching off a twig or two.

head, but had not the power, "She has her own idea of what she wishes

"He says yes ! he says yes !" exclaimed Mrs. Krebb. The old man distinctly signaled yes, but the same grim half-smile rested on his bloodless feat-ures. Could it mean, this time, that what was asked for he would not give ! His thoughts were his own secret. He certainly did say yes. "There !" said Mrs. Krebb, with a quiet tri-umph. "That's all. We need not trouble you any more, love. "I'll go and call the witnesses." ''s tay," said the lawyer. But Mrs. Krebb was already at the door. She opened it and looked out. Instantly she shrank back again, but not quickly enough to prevent Mr-Harry from springing up and thrusting his foot within the door. "What are you here for ?" "Go away for a little while; you can not see Louis now."

Mrs. Krebb and Mr. Harry cach move raphing to the body-side, as if contesting for the possession of the half-animated, and stood there, alternately doting upon him and glaring at each other. Mr. Search, not knowing what else to do, went on with his questions. The old man directed his eager gaze at first at the lawyer, whom he was an-swering, and then at his wife and brother, watch-ing the expressions on their faces. "You have given all your property to your be-loved wife," said the hawyer, resuming the inter-vented hereurchons.

repted instructions. The old man turned his grim smile upon his "What, Louis !" exclaimed he, with an oath-

"Whut, Louis ?" exclaimed he, with an oath---"to her ?" The old man, as if a new passion reaulmated his powers, uodded--actually nodded. "You're erazy," said Harry. Louis made as if he would shake his head. Mr. Harry birew up his hands as if all was over, and threw himself into his chair, while Mrs. Krebb beamed with triumph. "Do you give it to her without condition or lim-itation ?" continued his looks toward his wife, and, enjoying her attention, signaled "No." "What condition do you impose ?" He still smiled grinity on his wife's auxious, in-quiring face, but indicated no reply. "Is he bequest for life ?" "No."

The old man nodded. "Do I understand you that her right ceases if

"Do I understand you that her taking his eyes off her she marry again ?" The old man, without taking his eyes off her face, smilled and nodded, as if to say, "How do you like that, dearest ?" The wife hid her face in her hands and threw herself back into a chair, and Mr. Harry Jumped to his feet again. "And what disposition do you make of it in case she should marry again ?" continued the lawyer,

oolly. No answer. "Do you give it to me, Louis ?" appealed his

rother. Louis looked keenly at him, and slowly nodded. Mr. Harry cast a giance of triumph on his sis-r-in-law, us he pressed his inquiry, "You give it it to me-all?

"He gives it all to me if she marries again," "He gives it all to me if she marries again," enda Mr. Harry, turning to the lawyer. "You understand ?" "I will take the instructions myself, if you please, Sir," returned the lawyer. "I understand you to say," continued be, addressing the testator, "that, in case of the marriage of Mrs. Krebb, you give your estate to Mr. Harry Krebb-upon any condi-tions ?"."

"What conditions do you wish ? Dothey relate

"Yes." "Do you limit the gift to a life-estate ?" "No."

"No." "Do you mean to make thegift take effect only ' in case he should be living at the time of such marriage?" "Yoe." "But if he should not be living how would you dispose of it? Do you wish to give it to any of the persons who have been mentioned before?"

"Yes." "To whom?--the children of your sister ?" "Yes." "What are there names? Stephen, I belleve", "Yes."

"What are there names , programs is the second seco

Ing, you give it to Stephen and Susan in equilibration of the shares." "" "Yee, yee !" nodded the old map. And with !/ an enthusiasm of malles he looked from wife to brother, and from brother to wife, to watch the effect he had produced in thus hedging their ex-pectations with contingencies. He had every -reason to be gratified with the immediate effect of its ingenuity. He had completely embarrased them both.

nis ingenuity. He had completely embarrassed them both. It occurred, of course, to the 'lawyer that he might perhaps modify these inteutions of the old man if he should point out some of the legal ef-fects of such provisions. But whatever personal fancies he may have cherished when he com-menced to draw a will in favor of the anticipated widow were quite cooled by the shocking provi-sion or coulding that she should remain unmar-ried. His mind accordingly flad reverted to its proper professional bearingly and he now contem-plated the vast estate with Whose owner he was dealing rather as a fine subject for illigation than as the marriage portion of a handsome widow. In this point of view he naturally thought, as some others have before him, that the worse the will the

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE

to his use of the property ? "No." "To his own state or condition ?"

Yes." What—marriage."

"Yes."

" No:" " Life ?"

"For a term of years ?" • "No."

"During widowhood ?"

the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her sewing. Bless her! She does not imagine we are looking at her. Look, Miriam." He yielded the instrument to his daughter, who obeyed his injuction, her lovely face glowing with spulles as she regarded the dis-

treat to her to be able to sit out under the trees without fear of molestation. There are no hostile Indians hereabouts now—are there,

father?" "No. Red Knife, as you have already heard, was killed yesterday by a settler, and his band has retreated towards the mountains. I will confess, Miriana, that during all the time e have been in the West. I have not felt so we have been in the West, I have not felt so light-hearted and care-free as since we received news of Red Knife's death. You have just seen how this joy bubbles over in me. Red Knife was a demon, rather than a savage." Miriam shuddered, and her features even paled at the memory of the Indian mentioned.

"He never spared a pale face," she said striving to speak calmly. "Desolation and cruelty marked his path. For more than three nelty marked his path. For more than three ars he has raged to and fro upon the plain to a rayening wolf. He was the terror of the years borde

"You have named him appropriately, Mi riam," said the hunter. "He had a fiendish hatred of the white race, and his victims hav

Mr. Dano held out his hand for the glass, and Miriam was in the act of restoring it, when a strange, gasping, panting sound star-tled them both, and sent them quickly to their-

The hunter wheeled his horse and looked The number wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river bank, from which direc-tion the sound had come, bis manner self-pos-sessed, but his countenance indicative of alarm. The maiden followed his example. Her eyes were the first to discover the cause following that the distribution there is the state

of the sound that had startled them, detecting

of the sound that had startied them, detecting a man's figure creeping along through the un-dergrowth of bushes lining the shore. At the same moment, their presence in turn was detected, for the man dropped suddenly among the protecting bushes, as if he had been shot. "An Indian ?" whispered Miriam, drawing from her becom a revolver.

shot.
"An Indian ?" whispered Miriam, drawing is "An Indian ?" whispered Miriam ?" An Indian ?"

from failgue. "I think it would be a downright shame ic "I think it would be a downright shame ic turi our backs on such splendid game," was appearance giving him a sudden shock of her of salt pork, with those fat buffaloes so

alarm. "The Indians !" gasped Thompson, acareely able to command his voice. "They are com-ing ! Red Knife and his band-divided-my

"The Indians i" gasped Thompson, scarpely able to command his voice. "They are com-ing ! Red Knifo and his band-divided-my wite-my children ! Help me !" Help me !" "What tak is this ?" criced Dane, agitated in spite of his efforts at self-control. "Red Knife was killed yesterday-..." At a word of command from him, the party set out sta quick gallop for the scene of action. The buffalcos allowed the enemy to approach with the was only wounded," interrupted band into two. They were up at the Deer Fork this morning, and are now coming this way. The point at to be struck are your '" My God !" ejaculated Dane, as his inform-ant paused in his excited, breathless narration.

ant p

He looked from the hunter to his daughter

In genized and mute supplication. Dano snatched the glass from Mirlam's hands and placed it to his eyes. He looked to the northward—saw his pretty cottage, his wife busy at her needle under the trees_and glanced at the dim line of the horiand roasts in ab

etching away castward and westward fect, Hubert and several others were engaged in surveying the scene.

the cave disappearing from the gaze of his

the four came back.

among those long ridges, dry beds of rivers, and sterile plains by which the region of the Black Hills is distinguished. The bulk of the party consisted of ten cav-alrymen, under a licutenant, who were re-turning to Fort Laramie, their post of duty. They were well mounted, and had several led horses in their train, loaded with their provi-slogs and appurtenances of travel. The balance of the party comprised three civilians, who had seized the opportunity of crossing the mountains under military escort. Two of these were emigrants who had settled near Fort Bridger, but who had tired of the great solitude, or been frightened by the In-dians, and were returning castward in scarch of homes nearer the haunts of civilization. The third civilian was Hubert Earle, the lover of Miriam Dane, the settler's daughter, whom we have just left in such deadly peril. He was a splendid specimen of American manhood, magnificently formed, irond-shoul-dered, deep-chested, as vigorous as an athiete,

them, which neither could result. "What can be the matter ?" at length de-manded the officer. "The sergeant's in trou-ble, I should judge, by this long absence. There can't be gas in the cave, or if so, he would probably have had time to cry out. There can't be wild beasts, for those four men were all well armed, and would at least have fired. Which of all you men will go into the cave and learn what the matter is ?" There was a general shrinking back. Every soldier was brave in an Indian fight but not one dared to face a mysterious and unknown danger. Not one wished to risk the complete and total disappearance from earth and human knowledge that had befallen his comrades. "Whoever will venture in search of the missing men shall receive from me a hundred dollars in gold 1" exclaimed Hubert, in his clear, ringing tones. "Who speaks first for the money ?" manhood, magnificently formed, broad-shoul-dered, deep-chested, as vigorous as an athlete, and rode his horse, a fiery Mexican steed, with the grace and ease of a Centaur. At the moment of his introduction to the reader, he was riding in the rear of the little train, busy with his own reflections, which were evidently as bright as the morning itself —the forenoon preceding the events we have recorded. corded. His thoughts were wrapt in the sweet memo-y of Miriam, who had wept so bitterly at his eparture, and who, he expected, would smile o joyousty at his return. "The dear little soul !" he murmured aloud.

The offer was tempting; but it was not ac-cepted. Not a word of reply was made to it. Hubert hesitated, giving a brief thought to Miriam, his loved and, waiting Mirian! His face then glowed with a heroic light, and he goid in truns that did not faller:

A 'The dear little soul !'' he murnured aloud. "Where is she now ?'' His eyes darkened with tender sweetness, his lips quivered with the ineffable love that flooded his being will a happiness akin to pain. He pictured their meeting, the pretty home they would share together, the years they would spend in each other's society, the tender mutual love and care that would bless all their coming days. face then glowed with a heroic light, and he said, in tones that did not falter: "I will go in search of the men, Lieutenant Brydges. Only, your party is now small, and if I do not return in tweaty minutes, you may

Brydges. Only, four levels in such a shari, and if I do not return in twenty minutes, you may resume your journey." "But, Earle," expostulated the lieutenant, "this is positive madness. You must not risk your life. We will wait a while, and if the men do not return, we will move on !" "They may need help," replied Hubert, steadily." They may have encountered—well, God knows what, I can't imagine. If I fire my rifle, come to me. If I fail to return with-in the 'dme appointed, move on !" He went up to the nearest fire, picked up a blazing stick, arranged his rifle for instant use, approached the mouth of the cave, peered into it cautiously, and listened intently for some sound of life within. No sound came. All was as still as death within the cavern. oming days. He had left her a poor adventurer, to seek He had left her a poor adventurer, to seek his fortune among the mines of Idaho, He was returning to her a more than moder-ately rich man, with bills of exchange in his channols money-belt of sufficient value to sup-port them both in luxury as long as they might

within the cavern. The next instant Hubert had vanished there

bour-and still they lingered. During this time they had cleared away the bushes from the mouth of the care. They had tried again and again to peer into the dark depth of the opening but could not. The lieu-tenant had called repeatedly to Hubert, but received no anywer. At length he proposed near us ?". The lieutenant smiled, glanced up and down

received no answer. At length he proposed to tie a rope around his waist and descend into

something here that no mortal man can con

this noble young stranger, whom I loyed as a brother. This fearful cave must hold the secret of their fate, be what it may. Let us go."
Without a word, but with white faces—in a sort of mute terror, the men mounted their horses and resumed their journey. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstore and news denote. Ask for the number

friends. The minutes passed, the licutenant and the men ate their dinner mechanically, awaiting anxiously the expected return; yet none of

The words of the sergeant had made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers. A gen-eral gloom fell upon the camp, and the men cast frequent and fearful glances in the direc-tion of the cavern. Even the lieutenant and Hubert felt a strange depression creeping over then, which neither could resist. "What can be the matter ?" at length de-mended the officer. "The sergent and trong

in. All was now breathless suspense. The lieutenant and his men gathered around to listen for the report of the rifle. The min-utes passed ; but it came not. Five minutes dragged by ten-fifteen, and still no sound reached their ears. They could see a brief space into the cavern, by the light of their own torches, but nothing but rocky walls and floor met their gaze.

torches, but nothing but rocky walls and theor met their gaze. Twenty minutes were thus passed. The time was up, and Hubert had not returned. The men looked at one another with pallid faces. As if turned to stone, they stood an awestricken group about the cavern's mouth, until the minutes had more than made up an

the sinister abyss, but his men objected unani "What's the use ?" asked one. "There's

quer," ; "Wo can't risk your life, lieutenant," said

While this order was being carried into ef-

stores and news depots. Ask for the number

fect. "To become wealthy one must get and keep. "To be useful the wealthy one must get and keep. To be useful the wealthy man must be also a judicious money-spender." "That will never do, Chun !" I exclaimed, as he finished reading. "Why do you waste your ideas so ? There is matter enough in that

your ideas so? Increasmatter enough in that for six essays, if it were only written out, Then, too, it is rough. It doesn't read well." "It seems to me, "said Chum, musingly, as if he had not heard my criticism—"it seems to me that it is too long. It took me a great while

me that it is too long. It took me a great while to write it out. "Too long !" said I. "What, that scrap? Prof. won't mark you ten for what doesn't take you two minutes to read." "But if there's enough matter in it, the shorter the better, I should think." "Not according to the Rules of Rhetoric," I said. "I'm afraid you haven't read up enough in Blair and Kames. The fact is, to make gread compositions you must crund your ideas

in Biair and Kames. The fact is, to make good compositions you must expand your ideas. Blow them up big like a balloon. Beat them out thin like gold-beater's foil. Spread them over as much surface as you can. When you have hammered them well on one side, turn

have hammered them well on one side, turn over and hammer on the other. That's the way to shine in Rhetoric. That's the way they teach the students to write sermons in the Seminary. One little short text can be ham-mered out forty minutes long." "Then I shall never write sermons," said Chum. "But I don't think my composition is so bad, after all. It is short, and mixed up, as you say, and a little rough; but that is the way with wisdom generally." "Yes; but people can't digest pure gluten, nor will they take kindly to plain wisdom. You nust put some bran into your bread if you would make it most digestible." Chum was silerced, of course, for the Rules of Rhetoric are unquestionable and unanswer-

Chum was silerced, of course, for the Rules of Rhetoric are unquestionable and unanswer-able; but he seemed dissatisfied, and threw down his paper, asking me to fix it for him so as to please the Professor, and went away. When he returned he was in great glee, and said I needn't do anything about his composi-tion, for he should not read it. It seemed that he had met the Breaking for Fase. tion, for he should not read it. It is seemed that he had met the President coming out of Fac-ulty meeting, with the Professors, who were laughing, and the President spoke to him, and asked him how he was getting on with the system of Homer and Demosthenes, and wish-

d him success in it. Chum took this as a license to go on in his Chum took this as a license to go on in his own way; so he threw away his pencil, and gave me his paper, saying I might mix as much bran with it as I liked. I was always fond of getting ideas from Chum, and hispaper afford-ed me matter for four capital essays, which I thought were almost as long and good as the "Country Parson's," and when I graduated I made my Commencement speech out of the sentence about the Love of Money. The story of Chum's extemporizing got around the class; and when we met again the boys were all ready to laugh at whatever he, should say.

hould say. When he was called on he rose, with his

blank paper, and commenced his disquisition on Money as follows :

MR. LOUIS KREBB was one of two brother Mn. LOUIS KHENB was one of two brothers between whom a large fortune was divided in their youth. Louis was a money-keeper, Harry a money-spender. Louis did not marry the reigning belie, nor keep trotting-holkes and a yacht, nor disburse any money without a good 'consideration, which he always sel) down plainly in his account-book. Harry's fortune leaked away in every direction, unit he had nothing which he could call his gwn, and he became a sort of genteel hanger-on to his death; The elder brother, Louis, grew old fast. He

brother, full of interratic patients of mis death; The elder brother, Louis, grew old fast. He became whimsical, then queen then eccentric, and then would have been called deranged, if he had not been so wonderfully rich. He had peevish fits, when he did nothing that he was asked to do, and everything that he was begged not to flo: and silent fits, when he would not sneak for a day at a time: and cay fits, when

the on us settlers. He has divided his to shake their heads, and to look for the cause of their apprehensions. They were up at the Deer is this morning, and are now coming this to be struck are your and, with frightful bellowings and mighty tramp, had begun their yild, mad flight to the paused in his excited, breathless narration. A horse is horse is "ted Thompson, reel." "The time continued to drag on. The time continued to drag on. A horse is horse is "ted Thompson, reel." "The bulke structure is the matter the buffsoes upon a spur of the Black fills that they got a good struct. The buffsoes upon a sweral plump young buffsoes, and dinner to be been the matter the would not is the second to be them. They then brought down is the low for the buck fills that they got a good struct. This fearful cave must hold the second the second the would not is the second to be them. They then brought down is the buffsoes, and dinner to this daughter to this daughter to the second the would not is the second to be the would not is the second to be them. They then brought down is the second to be the would not is the second to be the would not is the second to be the second to "Indeed, Sir !" exclaimed the wife, "I can not discuss such a question with you." "Woll," urged the brother, "I will give you this house and the country place for life," and he waved his hand asif he were generously disposing of his own. "You shall have them both for life. You shall not be disturbed." "I can not listen to any proposals upon the subject," said Mrs. Krebb. "I know my husband's intentions, and I shall not be a party to any attempt to influence him. to take any other consider," urged Mr. Harry; "there are the Merprises; one of them is a regular vagabond, and the others are of no account at

could not but reflect that, he would not last much longer; and he was accustomed to con-sole her for yielding to his capiticious parsimony by telling her he was saving it all for her. When Stephen Merprise reached the age of twenty-one, working at his trade in New York, he had with creat self-denial saved several he had with great self-denial saved several hundred dollars out of his earnings; and he said to his sister Susic that they could now ful-fill their mother's last wish. Before her death

memocre lawyer, and had adopted conveyanc-ing as his specialty in the profession, it being his ambition to draw as many mortgages as possible for somebody, and then marry mort-gagee's daughter. Mortgages enough had he drawn for Mr. Krebb, who was his "rich cli-ent;" but Mr. Krebb had no daughter—only a wife ent ;'' but Mr. Krebb had no daughter—only a wife. It becomes a lawyer who draws wills to pro

giad to see you."
"We will not trouble you longer," retorted Stephen. "We have nothing more for you."
"Well, I shall be happy to see you again,"
said the old man. "You're getting on finely, I don't doubt. You must be a good business
man to attend so well to such a case as this. I am obliged to you. To tell the truth, now that I have got it—he I he I didn't much ex-pect to get it again. Not much—he ! he !
Good-morning, good-morning."
Stephen stakked out of the room with Susie blushing upon his arm. They left the house as the old man said to himself, "I like that fellow; he's a little snappish, but he's inde-pendent, and he pays his debts. He must be a thrifty fellow. He's my own nephew, too. I wonder where he lives. Yees, he's my own nephew, and that's his sister. I must remem-ber them in my will. Yes," he said, smiting feebly on his desk, "I will give him a chance of something, at any rate." It becomes a lawyer who draws wills to pro-vide for all possible contingencies, and he gets in the habit of forecasting the future of his client's family. Mr. Search thought of the handsome wite of the sick man; then thought of her as a handsome widow; and finally de-cided that he would ask *her*, as she had re-quested, and not for Mr. Harry. Mrs. Krebbrecelved him graciously, thanked him with some feeling for his expressions of grief at hor husband's alarming condition, and then entered at once on the business before them.

of something, at any rate." Old Mr. Krebb thus closed his charity ac hem. "Uc has often expressed to me his inten ions. They are very kind toward me—could count, and ejaculated a wish that he might not have another opportunity to reopen it—a wish that was soon fulfilled. ot be more so-he intends to leave me every

thing; but his brother is here now, and he is bent upon obtaining something. He wishes to impose his own interest upon my husband; and Mr. Krebb is in such a shocking state that So I and Mr. Krebb is in such a shocking state that that was soon fulfilled. - Stephen and his sister returned to their hum Stephen and his short referred to their func-ble lotting feeling that they had now to begin life anew. Stephen declared that he would never set foot in his uncle's house again. How well he kept the resolution remains to be seen, It so happened that Mary Cairnes, finding her brother so much better as to be able to be and the set the stepheness and the stepheness. I cannot allow him to be disturbed. So I thought I ought to send for you immediately. I knew no one else in whom I could so well confide." confide." "I thank you, ma'am," said the lawyer. "I should say to you, frankly, that Mr. Harry Krebb had already sent for me when your messenger arrived. But I need only add that,

her brother so much better as to be able to be left alone, and their purse so low as to threaten them with speedy distress, had resolved to seek a place as household servant. Susie had en-deavored to advise her toward some other em ployment, but none had been found. Mary said that she must do something immediately, and after advertising in vain she commenced any visue from house to house in answer 40

to all others." to all others." if all and after advertising in van sie commercial applying from house to house in answer40 advertisements of "Servants wanted." By one of those coincidences which sometimes happen, it fell out that while Stephen and Susio were in Mr. Krebb's library Mary Cairnes wetward the same house as amblight for the sit.

were in Mr. Krebb's library Mary Cairnes entered the same house as applicant for the sit-uation of chamber-maid and waitress. Her appearance pleased Mrs. Krebb, who engaged her to enter upon her duties that very evening. When Stephen heard this he at first opposed it, but unable to assign a reason why his in-dignation at the sclfahness of his uncle should hinder Mary from obtaining good employment he withdrew his objection, and Mary went to her new home. proper and authoritative channel of communi-cating to me the instructiona both the lamented --I would say of Mr. Krebb, whose speechless condition is so much to be lamented. In his condition you are the proper person to make known to me his wish for my attendance; and

er new home. She found the great house in confusion and consternation, resulting from a sudden shock of paralysis that had fallen on Mr. Krebb. the was immediately sent to call several phy licians, and then to inform Mr. Harry, th

known to me his wish for my attendance; and I have no hesitation in assuring you, personal-ly, that I am ready to disregard the requests of any others, until Mr. Krebb himself shall in-dicate some other wish." " 'Let us then go up stairs at once." " One moment," said the lawyer; "it is a delicate matter to receive instructions for a will under such circumstances. You may rely upon me, Madam, that I comprehend the sit-uation. It is essential that he shall express freely his one wishes. His orra wishes, you understand, you know them very well. Above all, we must prevent him from being unduly influenced by the will of others. As he is speechless, and can onlyanswer by signs of assent and dissent, it will be necessary that you should name the various objects of bounty sicians, and then to inform Mr. Infry, the sick man's brother. Mr. Harry returned worl to Mrs. Krebb that he would come; and come he did next morn-ing, with a trunk and a servant, and indicated his intention to remain with his brother. The afflicted wife welcomed even this relief to her solitude in the great house. "Is he able to attend to business?" asked Mr. Marry the next morning.

"Is needed to attend to busis!" asked "Very little," Mrs. Krebb replied. "We must assist him," said Mr. Harry. "He has not made his will yot?" "No; but I think he will not need your as-sistance. He has expressed his intentions to me propertiedly."

of assent and dissent, it will be necessary that you should name the various objects of bounty which you think he would wish to have re-membered, the various sums or items of prop-erty which you may have heard him say, or may have reason to think, he would give, and I shall gather from him his instructions in a positive manner. Then I will come again to-morrow, will the will engrossed—" "To-morrow 1 No, Sir ; it must all be done to day." It must, indeed. There is no time to be lost." The old man lay in his bed, and his eyes were closed. Within that little sallow head, which looked startlingly dark-upon the great expanse of white bedding, were working little currents of nervous power which even now me repeatedly." "Ah! has he! but he will need our help t

"Ah! has he i but he will need our help to give them form. You and I must unite in this: our interests are the same. His property is very large; it must not be too much cut up. It would be a shame to scatter it. You and I must see to this." "It will not be much scattered, Mr. Harry. I may as well tell you frankly thit he has de-clared his intention of leaving it to me, as we have no children." "Ah, I see. You have him under your thumb, and you mean to monopolize him. Come, now, that will never do. Undue influ-ence is enough to set any will aside. We must unite in this, as I sadd. Our interests are the same. You shall have one-half the personal property for life, besides your dower in the real estate; and I will be content with the other half. There is a million and a half aplece. That's fair. I've no doubt he would agree tp.that." expanse of white bedding, were working little currents of nervous power which even now could do more, in one volition, negative or af-firmative, than three millions of day-laborers. One roll of those half-glazed eyes, or a slirink-ing of those puckered eye-brows, could move that which the sheer force of a hundred men in a hundred years could not more than re-place. What depths of consciousness there might be in this mind it was now impossible one year were long unmight be in this mind it was now impossible to say. The generous powers were long un-used and dormant. Those phases of con-sciousness, through which the soal is brought into relation with ideals and the energizing power of a Future and a Superior had never had room for existence in this brain. The whole force of its susceptibilities had long been to that.' "Indeed, Sir !" exclaimed the wife, "I can