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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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HUSELTON'S
YOUR SPRING
FOOTWEAR.

Will play no small part in adding distinctive elegance to your new gown, stylish costumes, the choicest of new spring hats and all else counts for naught in absence of correct and perfect fitting footwear. There's much in our shoe store to enlist the interest of every Woman, Man or Child who appreciate faultless shoes.

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We are showing every new shape and color that's good in Boys at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, and $2.00. Youths at less price. —OUR LITTLE REGENT SHOES— FOR LITTLE BOYS—A reduced copy of the kind his bigger brother wears, same swell styles and shapes at 90c, $1, and $1.25.

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HE IS A WISE MAN
—WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM—

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This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

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56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

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There's a fresh, bright sparkle of style about our spring patterns, the kind that has snap and art in it. We cater to the economical man because our clothes give a dollar of service for every dollar paid.

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$25.

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MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES

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M. A. BERKIMER,
Funeral Director.
337 S. Main St., Butler.

Abducted by John the Baptist

By Ward Ries

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[CONTINUED.]

XVI.

MISS ZENITH CONFESSES.

The father and lover returned to Minersvale in company and together went to Captain Zenith's residence, hopeful that Miss Stella had returned. Although their hopes were not strong their disappointment was deep when their fears were confirmed.

Miss Letson was there and in a state of great distress.

Miss Zenith, too, was in a state bordering upon distraction, for, by a dispatch received from Captain Zenith they had learned that Miss Stella was not with the adjutant.

When the returning travelers entered the house Captain Zenith asked:

"Have you heard anything from her?"

"Not a word. As soon as your telegram was received we started parties out to search; but nothing new has been learned, though the country is filled with searchers."

Captain Zenith sat in silence for many minutes, his face full of pain. The grief and fatigues of the past few days left his features scarce recognizable, even to his own family. As he sat there in silence with unmoving eyes, Mollie gazed on him with a new horror, for she thought that he was dead. Suddenly he sprang up and seized her:

"Mollie! Where is your sister? Is she living or is she dead?"

Miss Zenith was frightened. She faltered, almost fainted, and but for the grasp of her father she would have fallen; but she recovered herself sufficiently to say:

"Oh, my God! I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

"Don't lie to me, girl! You know! If she is living, where is she? If she is dead, where is the body? Why is she concealed if she is living? Is she held by force? Or is she—is—is she disgraced?" As he finished the question he released Miss Zenith and sat down with his face in his hands.

"My God! Oh, my God! Pa! Why do you say this to me?"

"Because you know what has become of your sister! You see us all in distress, you witness our despair and continue to torture us as you may be torturing that poor child! But you shall tell me at once! Where is Stella?"

Again he sprang up and laid violent hold of Miss Zenith.

"I do not know."

"Girl! Do you tempt me to use violence? Where is your sister?"

"Captain Zenith, will you permit me to ask Miss Zenith a few questions? Miss Zenith," the adjutant interposed, "will you kindly answer me a few important questions touching this terrible matter?"

"Willingly, gladly, truthfully; whatever I can answer at all."

"Why did you tell me that Miss Stella had gone to New York?"

"To mislead you and prevent you from meeting her if I could. I knew that by some means Miss Letson would detain her at least one day and I hoped to be able by some means to keep you apart after that."

"Why did you induce your father to follow me to New York?"

"I did not know that you had gone to New York. I supposed you to be at Scranton with your soldiers; when Pa left home it was only to go to Scranton; I did not know that he would go to New York. I induced him to go to Scranton because I believed Stella to be there with you. I knew that in trying to walk home she was doing her utmost to keep faith with you; I did not doubt that she had telegraphed to you her failure to get home by the train and her determination to walk; that after leaving here you received her message; I believed that having received her message you met her and induced her to go away with you and get married. That is the whole truth! God knows that that is all. I wish that I knew more."

XVII.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

The entire population of Minersvale and the surrounding country and adjacent towns was aroused.

Thousands of men tramped over the hills in every direction, for miles.

Cordons of searchers were systematically moved forward and back, sweeping like a living broom across every hill, through every hollow, over every plateau and valley.

Not a cluster of bushes, not a hollow stump, not a stream or pool, well or shaft, not a barn or empty structure or any outbuilding was, for miles around, left unexplored.

During the day the hills were peopled more thickly than were the pleasant parks of a populous city on a fair day. All night the hills were red with fires and aflame with glaring torches.

Day and night, night and day, the search went on and the same ground was covered repeatedly; but not a trace was discovered, not a clue was found. Hope died within the hearts of the searchers and their numbers began to decrease. Some were worn out physically; some retired because of their conviction that further search would be futile.

Some alleged that the young lady had disappeared from reasons of her own. Some did not doubt that the adjutant had her safely carried off. Some had no doubt that she had eloped with one of the adjutant's rivals. Some concluded that she had been captured by brigands who, in due time would demand a ransom. Many did not doubt that she had been murdered and he body securely hidden.

Then came rumors from many distant places that the young lady had been discovered at each. Sometimes she was reported to be on the stage; sometimes she was a milliner; sometimes a waiter in a dining room; sometimes a clerk; sometimes a saleswoman and once she was in a lunatic asylum. Many of these rumors were very explicit. They burdened the telegraph wires and occupied much space in press reports. Many newspapers published unrecognizable pictures of Miss Stella beside the pictures of the "discovered" and sometimes there really was a resemblance, which was usually found to be due to the skill of the engraver or the artist.

All these rumors were investigated, for each really inspired a hope. Many people have become suddenly crazed and it would not do to let any hope go by ungrasped.

When the volunteer searchers abandoned hope and retired from the search the adjutant begged for a detachment of cavalry with which to renew the search and a detachment was detailed under his command for that purpose and again, in a careful and systematic manner he scoured the whole country, but with no new results.

When, in the regular course of their march they came to the abode of John the Baptist, they found him at his door with a pitcher of water just brought from the adjacent spring, and the adjutant said:

"Have you seen or heard anything of the young lady who is lost among the hills?"

"You seek the virgin? The time is at hand! 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his path straight;' 'I indeed, baptize you with water, but one cometh after me who is mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose. He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost!'"

"Do you see all these people? They are looking for a young lady who is lost. Old man, pull your wits together and try to remember if you have seen her."

"Yes, Yes; the virgin! Ye seek the virgin, but your time is not yet! The time is ripe! There be some standing here which shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his glory; for he shall come in the clouds of heaven and all his holy angels with him! Ye scribes and pharisees, hypocrites! Oh, ye generation of vipers! Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

"It is useless! He would not remember, if he had seen her an hour ago."

The thick walled hut with its stone roof and nailed door was left to its insane proprietor and the searchers went onward over the hills, anxiously continuing a hopeless search.

For a full week the adjutant and his detachment went fruitlessly up and down among the hills, scanning their summits and scouring their bases. Then the troops were ordered back to camp and the search for the lost Stella Zenith was ended and her disappearance was added to the great catalogue of unsolvable mysteries.

XVIII.

TOM COYNE MAKES A TRADE

Tom Coyne was a Free-born American Boy. His parents lived next door to the Zeniths and naturally enough Tom lived there also. Quite as naturally the young ladies of the Zenith household entertained many decided opinions concerning the average Free-born American Boy; and the concensus of opinion among the Misses Zenith was antagonistic to the Free-born American Boy and they sometimes expressed their respective opinion to Tom personally in language as vigorous, emphatic and unmistakable as custom permits the Free-born American Maiden to make use of. Indeed, there is no doubt that they sometimes stretched the permission of custom to its utmost limits and ceased to stretch that permission with some reluctance, feeling that justice had not been done in the case; perhaps even feeling that justice is unfair and tyrranical when she forbids young ladies to employ all of the resources of language concerning the Free-born American Boy!

Some days after the search for Miss Stella was abandoned Tom Coyne entered the parental parlor where his mother was chatting with a neighbor. His mein was that of a conqueror of nations who fully appreciated his own importance to historians.

"Now, that's what I call a bargain!" he said, displaying a flint-lock musket of the oldest pattern extant. The stock was clumsy, the barrel of amazing length, and the calibre great enough to carry a peach. But it was a gun and that satisfied Tom. For its oddities, its deformities, he cared nothing; his boyish ambition had been to own a gun; this was a gun; he owned this gun; therefore he was happy.

"Tom! Where in the world did you get that?" his mother asked in a discouraging tone that was lost on Tom.

"It's mine."

"Where did you get it?"

"Traded for it."

"What did you trade for it?"

"Brownie."

"Oh, Tom! You poor foolish boy! That old gun is not worth fifty cents and the calf is worth five or six dollars! Your father will make you undo that trade."

"You tell him to not? I'd rather have this gun 'n a whole drove of calves! 'N it won't eat nuthin' 'n it won't cost nuthin' 'n it will kill rabbits like gosh! We can eat rabbits 'n I'll see that it kills plenty of 'em, you bet! 'N I'll have more fun with this gun in a hour than I could ever have with Brownie! A feller can play with a gun an' enjoy life but no feller with good sense can play with a calf 'n have fun!"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, my boy but it is a foolish trade."

"Well, mayn't I keep it to-day?"

"You may keep it till your father comes home and then he may do as he pleases."

"'N you make him let me keep it Ma; anyway I'll go huntin' now; I've got powder 'n shot."

He stuffed his pockets full of old newspapers for wadding and proceeded to load the piece. The gun was so long that he had to thrust the butt several feet to the rear before the muzzle was lowered within his reach so that he could pour into it the tremendous charge of powder that he held in his palm. Having deposited the powder in the barrel he stood the piece erect and rattled the butt on the floor to settle the charge into the chamber. Finding that he could not, owing to the altitude of the muzzle, keep the gun perpendicular while he drove the wadding home, he mounted an upholstered chair and started a roll of paper down the long bore. Then a new difficulty was encountered; the rammer could not be drawn without inclining the gun, the length of the gun added to the length of the rammer exceeding the height of the ceiling; and Tom had an idea that the powder must be kept level in the chamber or something would happen! Therefore the gun must not be inclined until the wadding was packed upon the powder. Climbing down from the chair he went to the porch and stood the gun on the ground, so that there was only a cloud for the rammer to penetrate.

Having rammed the wad home with a vigorous and willing arm Tom sent a handful of shot rattling down upon it and after the leaden pellets he sent another section of newspaper. Throwing the gun across his left arm he proceeded to prime it by pouring powder into the pan which he uncovered for that purpose. Captain Zenith was sitting on his own porch reading the Scranton Republican and Tom's priming movement brought him into range and he cried:

"Tom! Don't point that thing this way!"

"Beg your pardon, Captain, I didn't notice any one!" and the gun was shifted with the muzzle toward the parlor window, bringing the sportsman's mother into range.

"What are you going to shoot, Tom?" Captain Zenith inquired, "rebels, deserters or a provost marshal?"

"Rabbits! 'n you bet I'll kill a drove of 'em! I know where they're thicker 'n hens teeth!"

"If you kill for market you may bring me two brace."

"How much 'll you give?"

"Market price."

"All right, I don't know how much that is, but I'll find out 'f you don't know. 'N say, Captain Zenith, I've just traded Brownie for this gun 'n Ma says 't Pap won't lemme keep it. Won't you tell Pap 't he oughtta lemme keep it?"

"Yes, Tom, I'll talk it over with him and help you if I can."

"Thank you Captain. You're a brick if yer girls is sassy. I tell you them girls of yours is terrors 'n I don't see how you get along livin' in the same house with 'em. It's bad enough livin' next door. Carrie isn't so bad, but I wish a bushel that Mollie was a boy for about a hour! I'd enjoy the occasion by givin' her a mighty good lickin' to last her for life an' make her respect boys as long as she lives. Now Stell was different! She'd give a feller fits fer tricks, but she'd treat him nice, too; 'n she'd help a feller over a fence 'f she did scold him fer climb'n'. I always liked her 'n I always liked you, too, Captain, 'n I'm awful sorry Stell's lost."

"Thank you, Tom," the Captain answered with tears in his eyes, and in tones that told of an aching heart.

Tom proudly shouldered his artillery and took up his march of happiness to the scene of anticipated conquest and glorious slaughter.

XIX.

THE PROPHET AND THE VIRGIN.

"I am the voice of one crying out in the wilderness, saying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his path straight.'"

The words at first apparently away, away, miles away, then close at hand, aroused the fainting girl and she opened her eyes and saw the Prophet standing over her.

From childhood the Prophet had been Miss Stella's familiar terror. Now, when she was weak, exhausted, crippled and helpless, the sight of him, there, was more terrifying than would have been a sight of the spectre in unclad bones and she fainted again.

"The time is ripe! Father! Thou hast revealed unto me the Virgin! His chosen one whom all creatures and men and angels shall hallow! The virgin whom He hath blessed."

Once more she heard that deep voice and awoke to find herself clasped in the strong bare arms of the Prophet as he bore her toward the ironclad door of the stone hut. Her terror was now so great that instead of depriving her of her consciousness as before, it roused all her faculties to their highest. She made an effort to release herself but he was unconscious of her purpose and clung to her with tender care. She continued her struggles as she said:

"You are the good Prophet, John the Baptist, are you not?"

"He hath revealed it unto thee. Thou art the Inspired Mother; no man hath revealed it unto thee. I am that Prophet; but no man is good; God is good."

"Please take me home?"

"God hath prepared for thee a habitation for the nativity of His Son; 'For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be.' Once was He born in a manger as it is recorded in the sacred books of his chosen apostles; now shall he be born in a cave as it is erroneously written that he was aforetime."

"Oh, take me home; please take me home? I am hurt and I am lost."

"Who can understand the deep mysteries of God, save them to whom He hath revealed them? He hath chosen thee from among all thy sex and now art thou revealed unto me whom He hath preserved, commanding me to minister unto thee that His name may be glorified."

"I must treat him as a crazy man," she said mentally; then, aloud: "Since it is God's will that you should minister to me, bring me to the water and then hasten to town and bring some one skilled in surgery for I am badly hurt."

"Blessed among women and forever to be revered among men art thou, since thou art the second Mother of the Son. Surely it is His will that I shall minister unto thee."

She now felt assured that he meant her no harm; that he regarded her as sacred and himself as her servant, but his answer raised a fear that he considered himself her only servant, and that he would allow no one but himself to serve her. Therefore she remained silent, revolving what was expedient and what was possible as he bore her within his hut.

He carried her through two dark chambers, into a third where he laid her upon a bed of hay, spread upon rough boards that were supported by unhewn posts.

This chamber was long, wide and very irregular in form; so low that the Prophet could not quite stand erect in it. There were three stools—old chairs without backs, given to the Prophet by the people; a large pitcher, a few cheap dishes of odd sets, a wash basin; two lamps, one of an old fashion, being a triangular iron pan filled with melted fats in which floated a bit of cotton cloth, one end hanging over the edge of the pan and burning. This lamp stood upon a small broken stand which was arranged and draped as an altar with curtains of old cotton prints and an open Bible was upon the altar beside the burning lamp.

By the dim light upon the altar Miss Stella was able to see that the apartment was only a chamber in the drift of a coal mine and she concluded that the hut had been built at the entrance to an old mine that the drift might be thus utilized for habitation.

Having deposited his burden upon the bed the Prophet approached the altar where he knelt and prayed, fervently praising Jehovah for his goodness and mercy and long-suffering. He earnestly petitioned for the speedy redemption of the world from sin and death and the elect from suffering.

While the Prophet prayed Miss Stella reflected that she must depend upon him for relief and release. She realized that to control him she must humor his hallucination with which she had been familiar since long before she was able to comprehend it. Although her suffering was excruciating her own overpowering individuality and the wonderful strength of will and amazing self command that she possessed enabled her to see the lighter side of her unfortunate position and she uttered her reflections to her own ear:

"I certainly was not born for the stage; I know that; but before this limited and partial audience I must venture to assume the role of the New Virgin and I may do so with reasonable anticipation of success; but I shall not demand an encore."

When the Prophet arose she said to him:

"In the hollow of His hand hath the father sheltered thee since the first advent of the Son that thou shouldst herald the second coming of that Son and prepare His way."

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying: 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his path straight.'"

"For me thou hast searched long and to-day, through great tribulation and suffering have I been guided to thee that thy soul may rejoice and that thou shouldst minister unto me as thou wouldst minister unto the Son, and that thy mission might at length be accomplished."

"No mortal hath revealed it unto thee. Men scoff at the prophet of the Son who cometh unto his own. In other times he came unto his own and his own received him not. They stoned his prophets of old and in these latter days they have derided his messenger whom He hath sent before his face as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His path straight.'"

"I suffer much. Bring water that I may have my limb which an accident hath injured. Oh, hasten, hasten; I suffer!"

"Behold, oh Mother of the Son, I am thy servant and only thine till He be come, when I will be His servant first and in being His servant I shall be also thine. Let me therefore hear thy commands that I may obey; only, till He be come, I may not leave thee."

"Bring water."

The Prophet produced the great pitcher which was full of water and at her bidding slowly poured the cooling element upon her tortured limb. Her relief was great and when the pitcher was empty she sent him to refill it. Upon his return she said:

"This foot is wrenched from its place and the pain is almost more than I can bear. Do you understand surgery?"

Her pain and her anxiety were so great that she forgot to maintain her sacred forms of speech, but the Prophet did not notice the fact.

"The Father will give me knowledge as I require."

"You must carefully exert the great strength He has given you as I direct. Take hold upon this foot thus," and she fixed his hands upon the heel and over the instep, "and pull upon it with all your power, straight away, till it is replaced. Mind me not if I should cry out or faint; for I know not if I shall be able to endure it."

"Even as thou wilt, shall it be; for the Father hath sent thee to me for care as thou shalt require."

She placed her uninjured foot firmly against the foot-board of the bed and laid hold upon the head-rail with both hands. Then, nerving herself for the agony, she bade him pull. His touch was torture to her, yet he was tender and reverent and pulled as she had instructed him; steadily, firmly, straight. When the strain was felt she screamed, but maintained her position. Perspiration gushed from every pore and when the joint snapped into place she fainted.

When she revived the Prophet was kneeling in prayer at the altar. She bade him bring water and with great difficulty she sat up in her place and bathed the swollen member. Then she said:

"Bring bandages that I may bind it up."

"There are none here. I will pray to the Father and he will provide."

Again he knelt at the altar and prayed. This time as a confiding child asks a simple gift from an indulgent parent, he asked for linen wherewith to make bandages as the Chosen Virgin might have need.

While the Prophet prayed Miss Stella tore from one of her muslin skirts as much material as she required and made bandages with which she tightly bound the injured limb.

Having concluded his prayer the Prophet returned to her. Seeing that she was already provided with the bandages he evinced no surprise whatever and said in the most matter-of-fact manner:

"'Ask ye and ye shall receive;' 'no good thing will he withhold from them that ask him.' Why do the sons of men refuse to learn that they should ask for what they want and want only that which is good?"

Miss Stella emptied the remainder of the water upon the bandages and asked the Prophet to bring more which he did at once without remonstrance or reluctance. When that was all used she sent him again. This time he was gone long and she feared that he had forgotten her and his errand and had perhaps gone away for one of his frequent evangelizing trips.

Her spirits fell; the gloom of the place acted upon her mind. A great fear of—she knew not what—something intangible but terrible overcame her.

The air of the subterraneous cell stifled her; the place became an awful impenetrable prison in the inaccessible bosom of the earth; why did not the Prophet return? Could he have forgotten the Virgin? Had he wandered away to preach among the people as he often did?

Oh, the horror, the awful horror of the place! She could not endure it; she must escape! She got up to go out but she had not the strength to stand up and she fell to the floor. Feebly she crawled back upon the bed. She cried aloud for help. She was sure that hours had passed since the Prophet's departure! She would be left there to perish alone under the earth out of the sight of men! Forever out of the sight of men!

An awful agony of terror was upon her; the horror was greater than she could bear; her reason abdicated to terror; her mind became chaos; delirium directed her imagination.

She was no longer alone. She saw about her a multitude of living terrors in distorted forms; hideous dwarfs, horrible giants, grinning clownish gnomes, impish pigmies, ferocious hobgoblins, inhuman creatures in human forms, with heads of hawks and owls and ugly birds of prey, whose hands and feet were talons, and whose talons and beaks pinched and pierced and tore her limb!

The whole cave was filled with repulsive reptiles and dangerous beasts. They hustled and fought each other for space and opportunity to attack her. They clung to the walls and hung from the low roof. She was buried in writhing, wriggling lizzards; bats whirred and swooped and ducked about in every direction and some burrowed in her hair. Hissing serpents crawled and coiled on every side, lurked among her garments, and with arched necks thrust up through coiled and writhing bodies, darted glistening tongues at her from between sparkling eyes in dark corners; while rats with beady eyes and blistering feet scampered over her quivering body and a thousand spiders, as big as prattling babes, with clasped hands formed a circle all about her and danced, danced, danced, up and down, all moving at once, up and down, up and down, all moving alike and all ready to bite her limb when the snapping turtles would let go of it.

XX.

ONE DAY IS AS A THOUSAND YEARS.

The Prophet returned with his pitcher full to dripping, of sparkling spring water, carrying it with as much care as if each drop was a pearl of great price, to lose which would be an offense against that Son for whose coming he waited in confidence.

Entering the chamber of the Sacred Virgin, he found Miss Stella lying upon the ground, crazed from pain and fever.

He placed the pitcher upon a stool, tenderly took into his arms the precious charge delivered to his keeping by that deity he served so soulfully, and laid her upon the bed. Taking both of her fevered, restless hands in his own he murmured:

"'He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me into the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me upon a rock. Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.'"

There was soothing in his voice, his words, his touch; or perhaps it was only in the fact of human presence; and she was calmed. She began to talk upon subjects familiar to her. Sometimes it was to her sisters; sometimes to Bell Morton; most of all, to the adjutant.

After a time the Prophet released her hands and repaired to the altar before which he so frequently prayed, and again communed in his simple, reliant way with that Father whose will ruled his soul; whose benificence and love he gratefully and devoutly acknowledged; whose favor and protection for the Virgin he besought in fervent words.

Surely the prayer was heard by the Supreme Protector! When the supplicant arose the water caught his sight and he remembered the purpose for which it was desired. He took the pitcher and poured the fresh, pure, cooling contents upon the bound limb of the delirious sufferer until the bandages were thoroughly saturated; and from that hour he kept them so, day and night, tollingly caring for her with a patient tenderness born of that love which is deeper and greater than the love of youth and maiden, because it was a love of sacred duty and a reverential deference to the will of Him in whom was fixed the faith of the loving servant.

That service was the purest religion, it was the willing, joyful obedience of the trustful disciple who regarded the sufferer as the One Chosen, the one taken out from among all His creatures, to give to the sons of earth that Son whose first coming had opened to all the gates of eternal life and whose second coming was to purify the earth, free the world from sin and emancipate men from temptation.

The devout nurse never forsook the presence of his charge, save in her service; to bring fresh water, to get her a drink; to minister to her; or to kneel at the altar whereon stood the ever-burning lamp, and appeal to the Father in her behalf.

Day after day, night after night, her fever and her delirium continued and neither the patient nor the nurse knew aught of the flight of time or the multiplication of days.

One afternoon she awoke from a sleep and saw the Prophet kneeling at the altar. Remembering that he had gone after water and how frightened she had been by his long absence, she thought that she had fallen asleep and that he had returned while she slept. She asked:

"Did you get the water?"

The Prophet arose and approached her, and she, wondering why her voice sounded so strange, continued:

"Please let me have the water? I must bathe my limb."

She made an effort to sit up but could not rise.

"What is the matter with me? I am so weak! I feel terribly tired, yet I have been asleep and ought to feel rested! How strange my voice sounds."

"'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His path straight'"

"Please help me to sit up?"

He gently assisted her and she added:

"Thank you! Won't you please take the pitcher and pour water on those bandages till I tell you to stop? I must keep them wet or this hurt may become serious. But it does not pain me now; before I went to sleep the pain was fearful."

She examined the injured limb and was utterly bewildered. The inflammation was gone and there was not even a trace of soreness.

She sat in silence, her mind fixed upon her wonderful recovery.

Motionless and silent, with the water pitcher extended toward her, stood the faithful Prophet, unnoticed, for she was endeavoring to collect the fragmentary recollections of many days of anguish, many nights of horrors, many hours of fright and fear and pain and torture. And yet she could not realize that she had slept beyond a few hours! Still, if she had slept but a night and during that sleep rest had been broken by so many disturbing dreams, how was it that her limb had so suddenly healed? Why had she grown so weak? She saw her hands and in wonder held them to the light. They were wasted and thin and looked almost like the withered hands of an old woman! She was frightened and thought of Rip Van Winkle's sleep of twenty years and with terror at her heart cried:

"What day is this? What month? What year? How long have I been here?"

"Now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation!"

"How long have I been here? A day? How many years?"

"'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. He esteemeth every day alike.'"

"No, no, not twenty years! I have not slept twenty years? But you look older! I look older! I wonder if I am very old? I have been sick—oh, I wonder how long! It must be a terribly long time since I came here!"

She fell back and drew a coil of her long, shining black hair before her face, half fearful that she was now an old woman whose hair had grown white through the bleaching of years. She felt that it was years, more years than she could guess, since she left Barton!

Tears flowed from her closed eyes.

Over her stood the Prophet still silently extending the water toward her. When her tears ceased and her heavy, regular respirations told him that she slept again he put aside the vessel and resumed his devotions before the altar.

All through the night she slept and when the morning broke upon the world without, she awoke so much refreshed that she was able to rise to a sitting posture.

Almost immediately the Prophet came in and offered her food which she ate without knowing what it was or from whence it came.

Having eaten, she begged the Prophet to assist her to the door that she might once again see the bright light of day and once more breathe the pure air of the hills. Without answer he went out and she heard him remove the fastenings of the ironclad door. Then he returned and gathered her in his arms as tenderly as a young mother gathers her first born from its cradle, and bore her to the outside where he placed her upon a stool, with her back resting against one of the great stones of the wall.

Leaving her there he silently went again into his hut.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Honeymoon At a Farmhouse.

It is no longer fashionable for the bridal couples to go to large cities or on a trip to Europe for their wedding journey. The sentimental period must be spent in some country place, a way side inn or in some quiet old town. A couple who desired to go to a country place near by advertised in a paper that is distributed well over the State for just what they would like in the way of an ideal resort for their honeymoon. Not more than a week or ten days after the advertisement appeared they received a dozen or more answers. Previous to the wedding the husband-to-be visited several of those whose letters read the most invitingly and selected the place he liked the best. The four weeks they spent there were more like a story book than a reality. The rooms were large and airy, the table was exquisite in its cleanliness and the viands that were spread before them were deliciously tempting. A horse and carriage were at their disposal, the river not more than a mile away, and scenery and loafing spots were so plentiful that a new one could be found every day.

The Age of Athletics.

"How our opinions change!" said the bright woman. "It used to be considered eminently proper to be the victim of consumption, but now we run from it as if it were the plague."

Shockingly Practical.

"Miss Wigglesworth thinks she's eligible to the Order of the Crown. She's sure she can trace her lineage back to one of the English sovereigns."

"How far has she got?"

"She told me yesterday she had struck a bar sinister."

"I guess that's right. I knew her great grandfather was a bartender."

CLIMATE IS NOT CHANGING.

Why the Oldest Inhabitant's Stories Are Not Always Correct.

A correspondent in Northfield, Mass., desires our opinion on the question: "Were the winters of 50 or 75 years ago much colder or were the snowfalls deeper than at present?" The opinion is widely held that the winters were colder and the snowfalls deeper, but I can find nothing to warrant the belief except that in the first part of the century a much larger percentage of the population lived in the hill towns in the interior, which are much colder than the valley or the coast towns."

On the general question as to appreciable changes in climate the editor's opinion is that there has been no such change in any respect whatever so far as meteorology proper is concerned. If we divide our records of the weather recorded in North America since the days of Columbus into two periods, viz., before and after the year 1800, we shall find that every peculiarity, such as remarkable storms, winds, rains, floods, frosts, etc., recorded in the current century, can be matched by a corresponding remarkable event before the year 1800. The popular impressions alluded to by our correspondent result almost entirely from the imperfections of our records and especially of our memories. There is a large class of persons whose habits of thought are so crude that when they experience any very remarkable weather they jump to the conclusion that the climate has changed, forgetting that they themselves have had such a limited personal experience that they are not fair judges of the weather over the whole country or of the climate of a century.

Our correspondent seems to suggest that a certain change in the habits of the people, such as the removal from the interior to the coast, or from forests to prairies, or from country to city, or vice versa, will partly account for widespread errors in respect to the climate. The suggestion is excellent, but the editor would be inclined to interpret the phenomenon somewhat differently. The general movement of the population in the past century has been from the Atlantic states westward, and from the country to the city, or quite opposite to the movements suggested by our correspondent. In fact, we find no real agreement in the so-called popular traditions with regard to the weather. We have met with quite as many persons who think the winters are more severe as with those who think the winters are less severe than formerly. Everything seems to depend upon how and where the "oldest inhabitant" lived when he was a boy, as compared with his present condition. The average climate of New England, so far as the weather is concerned, has not appreciably changed since the days when her oldest forest trees were young saplings.—Monthly Weather Review.

A MOTHER-BIRD'S LOVE.

How a Pigeon Cut Her Way to Her Imprisoned Young One.

In the animal