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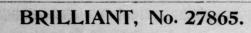
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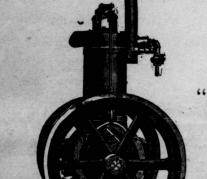
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The Witch of Cragenstone

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By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

when the heavy mist lay thick and

in the cloudy atmosphere, young Simon

with an expectant look of happiness

care across a meadow near the Taun-stor farmhouse. Suddenly the sweet

and almost over Mistress Hetty Taun-

umbering ways thou'rt enough

and three cows gone dry since yest

again, shifting on his feet uneasily.

ens." the maid retorted, although the

lantly.

CHAPTER IV. BOUT twelve miles or so down the rough and stony mountain road below the village of Cragenstone two men on horseback were slowly ascending a steep defile. The former, having the face of an Englishman, but dressed in the extrava-gant fashion of the French nobleman

of that period, looked about him dis-"By St. Peter of the Fetters," he exclaimed impatiently, "a more toilsome journey, worse roads or harder riding it hath never been my fate to experi-ence! Gaston," turning to the man who rode after him, "what said that sour visaged callant we encountered just

pelow about the road to Cragenstone? "Hang me for a witch if I could un lerstand a word of his mumbling," the man replied. "Such suspicious looks he cast at us, as though we were high-waymen who would take his purse or run him through, roused my ire, Sir Godfrey. Certes, but I was tempted to slap his sour face!"
"Peace, Gaston!" Sir Godfrey La Fa-

blenne, who had been looking intently at something in the distance, threw up his head with an air of pleasure. "Sure ly that rough structure of logs above our heads on the rocks is a dwelling house. Methinks I see signs of human habitation.

rode rapidly up the steep incline, halt-ing abruptly when he reached the top "Quickly, Gaston!" he called cheer-

fully to his servant, who was following at a slower rate of speed. "At last try; also the two roads"-pointing ahead with his whip-"that yonder ahead with his whip—"that yonder churlish fellow we encountered just below did mention. As we could not get his meaning, Gaston, perchance 'twould be better to make inquiries be en. I can think of no worse calamity than to go wrong on the rocky roads of this mountain wilderness. Follow slow ly, Gaston, while I ride thither to ask

our way of the people at the house."

The intense silence surrounding the ely, desolate looking cabin was bro ken by the noisy clattering of a horse's hoofs as La Fabienne rode up to the door and knocked upon it loudly with the handle of his whip. For a moment there was no response; then a light footfall was heard, and a voice asked timidly, "Who knocks?"

"A traveler that would but ask his way to the village of Cragenstone," La Fabienne called in reply. "Open

without fear."

At his bidding the door was pushed out an inch or two, and a girl not more than ten years of age peered through the opening. At the unexpectand handsome dress astride the gayly ountain bred child was startled out her mouth fell open and her eyes fairly protruded with awe and astonish-

"A greeting, good mald," La Fabienne said, lifting his plumed hat and bowing. "Canst tell me on which of these two roads the village of Cragen-

"Thou-thou canst go right on." the girl stammered in great confusion.
"The—the other road leads to Stern-

and, beckoning to his attendant to fol-low, La Fabienne rode on rapidly. "Tis passing strange," he reflected, "how the impression was fixed in my mind that Cragenstone lay on the other road Damme 'twere well I asked the ere I would see Margaret. As 'tis, I shall see her soon, mayhap before dark-ness falls, and, by my troth, one glance from her bright eyes will cause me to orget the perils and fatigues of this

With a sudden bright smile of hap-



"A greeting, good maid." lower riding slowly, the rein loose in his hand and his head falling forward

ride perforce with better speed." "Aye," the man grumbled under his breath, "'tls easy to have a light heart when thou dost carry a full purse, also the knowledge that at the end of this tedious mountain climbing thou hast for a reward the embraces of thy mistress, but with a man's throat athirst,

"There," she exclaimed, "in my dehaving had naught but unwholesome water since breakfast, and a stomach groaning for bread and meat 'tis not so Just then some raindrops falling were swept into his face by the wind that had risen with sudden fury.

"Rain, more discomfort!" he exclaimed in great vexation. "Methought those low black clouds had a look of evil portent. By the memory of my mother I do swear it," he continued angrily, "that not for sums of gold, not in obedience to the commands of twenty La Fablennes, would I leave Paris again to journey forth to any mountain village in this accurst coun-

Finding that his master was gaining on him, Gaston gave his horse the spurs and so suddenly that the startled animal fairly leaped into the air, then, running wildly, disappeared with its rider over the top of a sharp de-

white over the meadows, and the houses and trees were but indistinctly defined barn door for them to enter.

of a woman's voice caroling gayly fell on his ears. Raising his his horse," Mrs. Taunston ordered from her high position. "There, that is well Now help me to alight." ead he listened then with a quick

When on the ground she lifted the light and, following Josiah, who was leading the horse to its stall, paused a ston, who at that instant passed in his direction from behind a clump of trees with a pail of fresh milk in each hand. moment to dismiss the man "Thou stupid Simon!" she cried out, greatly vexed. "With thy awkward, "Thou canst go now, Jacob, to thy bed. I would have a word in private

the good milk spilled upon the ground. Taunston paused in the act of lifting measure of oats to regard his mother with surprise, thinking something of unusual importance must have happen-ed that she made so much ado about it. morn! An' look, my clean frock is all bespattered! Ah, lackaday, 'tis well for me my mother is from home, since In her storm beaten, mud besmirch ed garments, holding the flaming can I would never hear the end o' her dis-Kempster, greatly abashed, turned

"Forgive me, gentle mistress," he said contritely. "Thou didst come so He nodded a rough assent, and she lightly, like a little gray shadow of the "Today 'a gray shadow' and t'othe

Josiah's heart grew cold within him "I like not thy comparisons, "I heard the idle gossip," he replied nearsely, "but gave the rumor no cre-Simon Kempster,"
In silence he picked up the halt dence, as my cousin in our frequent meetings hath made no mention of emptied pails that she had set upon the ground, and they started down the long such a man. Why detain me here at lane that led to the Taunston farm-

> asant gossip? Margaret is so young, her aunt so strict, I much mis-doubt me that she e'er hath had much the house. 'Tis a fitter place for converse, if thou hast aught to say, than blowing the flame of thy candle int

doorway, but his mother sprang before him, laying a strong detaining hand on earnest words. "Forsooth, thou canst his arm. "Hist! Hetty waits within and mus ter, thy cheeses or the last new calf not hear," she said in an impressive "Josiah, methinks I saw your

thy mind for thoughts o' pleasing a silly maid?" she concluded, with a pert toss of her head.
"I have room in my mind and in my heart for thee, sweet Hetty," he re-"Ha!" Josiah exclaimed sharply.
"Why dost thou think so? What manner of man didst see?"

plied soberly, "and I would be happier could I please thee better."

They were startled by the patter of The two tall figures standing clos together in the dark barn under a great drops of rain, and the wind, rising candle throwing out faint, uncer ing with a loud howl, caught up Hetty's light skirts and tossed her soft hair roughly over her face. Without stopping for more reproaches or ex-

could toward the house, reaching the commenced her narrative slowly as one long shed that projected from over the who knew that what she had to say door of the dairy just in time to escape a drenching. At that moment Josiah Taunston, astride his horse and an hour later, when I was still busying myself about the chamber of the dead, I heard sounds of horses' feet and the enveloped in a black storm cape, coming around the corner from the barn, caught sight of them.

"Good even, Simon Kempster." He spoke without smilling, in the stern manner habitual to him. "Hetty, I go now to fetch our mother, who sent me word, by Brother, Sparrow that the voices of men. Looking through the lattice, I espied a cavalier richly dressed and mounted, followed by a serv the roadway just below Haggott's and. having pulled rein, there waited, unde-cided which road to pursue. With word by Brother Sparrow that the great interest I was still gazing from behind my place of concealment with mother hath been nursing for the last few days, and she would fain return wonder at the unusual appearance in before the heavy storm sets in that ably attired when with quick decision the knight rode up to the door and knocked upon it loudly. Little Abigail "Hadst not better eat before thou Haggott, who waited below, answered "Nay, I'll not wait," he replied. "The

"Which road to Cragenstone?" he

storm is upon us now. Happen I'll take a snatch at Haggott's. We will ride in late. Keep a good watch on the ise, Hetty." Urging forward his horse, he rode rapidly away, and as the last sounds of hoofs pounding the ground passed beyond their hearing Simon turned to

good Mistress Haggott, whom our

"As night doth approach an' the storm will be a rough one, with noi-some high winds," he said, "methinks 'twould be right fearsome for thee to sit alone."

Hetty appeared to deliberate the question carefully. "Happen thou had better stay awhile," she said, with affected indif-

ference, "but I warn thee if thou doth prate of nothing but thy farmyard onders, thy churnings and thy chickens I shall send thee on thy way most peedily." Then as she saw his happy fac-

of distress come into his eyes that told her that he could not understand what he lacked in his efforts to please her she added more kindly, "But, prithee, on his breast in a most dejected manner. La Fabienne laughed lightly.

"Parbleu, Gaston; take courage!" he cried in gay tones. "Surely after this good news of Cragenstone so close at hand our hearts are light and we can hand our hearts are light and hearts are enter Simon, an' in passing do me the

> fully the graceful turn of the small white wrists. Having finished her task, the you woman lifted her eyes to Kempster's face, with roguish raillery in their

ing silently at her side admiring wist-

sire to fill the pans quickly I did forget to thank thee for carrying the milk. Forsooth, good Simon, lay such bad manners to thoughtlessness rather than an intent on my part to slight thee." "Hetty"--be stepped closer and caught her hand in his-"at times when thy words sound trifling and thy manner seemeth hard and cold is't because thou dost not heed, that thou'rt only a bit thoughtless, or dost thou really feel the aversion ofttimes thy words and

manner do express?" She let her roguish glance turn into a kindly one and allowed her hand to remain in his as she answered softly: Some apples, Simon, that are tart to the taste are sound at the core. Thou farmer, must I teach thee that? And for my words and ways, they are part of me that, added all together, make

one naught now could separate us."
Simon, putting his disengaged hand under her chin, lifted her face to his. "God knows I like thee, Hetty," he said soberly, "an' thy words, hard or tender, so glad I am to hear them, fall on my heart gently, like the rain on

Matters having grown too serious for the trifling little maid, she drew away hastily, exclaiming, with a light laugh: "Thy farmyard comparisons again, Simon! Now, fersooth, my words are mon! Now, fersooth, my wo like rain falling on thy crops!"

It was several hours later when Mispillion behind her son, rode into the to grow heavier, and the rain was now cloaks they wore, the riders were the farm hands, rubbing his eyes as if just roused from sleeping, opened the

"Light the candle, Jacob, and I will hold it while thy master doth put up

with thy master." frighten one into a at! See, now, all

die above her head, she approached nearer, saying, "As brother Camett rode with us, Josiah, I had no chance

"My son, we spoke the other night of certain rumors current that thy cousin Margaret had left a lover in France that wast coming here anon to claim her hand in marriage."

this late hour, when I am already chill-ed to the marrow, to fash me with such ouse together. "Whatever I say or do, I ne'er can

please thee, Hetty," he observed re-proachfully as they walked along. "Tis one day that my ways are converse with men, much less already a lover plighted and betrothed. Let's to What can I do or say that would win thine approval? For my happiness doth depend on thy smiles and favor, Hetty." this foul horse stall, with the wind "Thou'rt happy only when thou'rt on a blaze. thy farm among thy cows and chick-

or lamb that doth bleat about thy dooryard. What room hath thou in cousin Margaret's lover ride by good Brother Haggott's door late this after

tain streaks of light, presented a weird picture. Suddenly the horse whinnied.

"A feeling like the sharp prod of knife went to my heart. I knew at once that such a man as that—evidently a French nobleman or courtiersought not the village of Cragenstone unless he were in quest of thy cousin Margaret. Not one of the plain people that bide about here, forsooth, was the magnet that was drawing that man so toilsomely up our rough hills. So listened to their further converse with bated breath. Abigail, almost stunned with the shock and fear of her moth er's death and surprised at the sudden appearance of such a man at the door in her confusion and nervous fear in-structed him to keep right on."

"Which road?" almost shrieked "The rocky, hilly, torturous ascent with deep ravines, abounding in tur-bulent streams and containing precipices sharp and sudden, wherewith to menace and endanger lives of unwary lengthen with soberness and a look strangers-that road he took-the one that doth lead to Sterndorf," she an-nounced, with a grim calmness that did not conceal the note of triumph in her

> "At first when I did hear the timid Abigail give the wrong direction and I saw the men ride gayly forward meought to call them back, for may

"An thou hadst," Josiah interrupted harshly, his face blanched with excitement, "I had ne'er forgiven thee!
'Twas a good hour when the maid met him at the door and missent the worldly gallant!" For a moment he stood there deep in thought; then he added: "In truth

'tis a lonely road, and I much doubt that they will meet a traveler to give them other instruction. The Skollvent stream is greatly swollen. In their eagerness to reach what they think is Cragenstone they will make desperate efforts to ford it, and, once over, delayed in Sterndorf by this storm, that will raise the water to twice its height," he cried triumphantly, "no human being can return across that stream in less than seven days. Pray for a con tinual, steady downpour of this rain, good mother, and heaven give me skill to make the most of my time! Once eh?" her faithful promise given, Margaret is "N mine! And every ambitious wooer that air of determination, "but he will to-cometh here after that may ride away night."—Catholic Standard and Times. cometh here after that may ride away down the mountain to seek a mate in

other quarters!"

He appeared greatly elated. "But yestermorn, mother, I was with my cousin for two hours, and me-She turned away her head, sighing gently, and Simon imagined that she gently, and Simon imagined that she cold and that she did not regard me with. Nell—Oh, he didn't need to be spurred on —Philadelphia Lodger.

not thy prayers, for methinks the di doth direct our guldance. Hast thought of the awful pest of measles in Stern-derf that good Brother Sparrow brought us news of last Saturday e'en? Scarce stricken. He said it was a fell disord that attacked one suddenly with high fever and frightful pains in back and head, stating further that some wer blinded for several days!"

"Said he so?" The red light from the dripping can-dle illumined Josiah's face, showing the exultant expression in his eyes.

"And well good Brother Sparrow knows, for his daughter dwelleth ter tidings than I at first anticipated.

word of this to any other soul." A sudden blast of wind, a sound of rain so heavy that it seemed as if a cloud had burst, and the flickeri flame of the candle was blown out leaving them in darkness. With an impatient exclamation Josiah drew forth his tinder box, and, after striking the flint and steel together sav-agely several times without being able to get a spark, he threw them into the corner angrily, and, taking his mother's arm, they groped their way out of the barn, splashing across the muddy road-way to the door, which was opened by the waiting Hetty, who, vexed with their long delay, greeted them grum blingly and with many complaints.

The Pomelo of China Probably the best all round fruit in China is the pomelo. It is grown in the south central and southern prov nces and is said to be the origina citrus fruit. It resembles the grape fruit of the United States in size, shape color and somewhat in flavor, being sweeter than grape fruit, with less of the bitter quality, with flesh more perfectly separated in the sections and membranes. The natives cut through the peel about one-third of the way from the top, crimping the edge of the section all the way round the fruit, then remove the flesh, tear the section apart, replace them in the peel and serve thus divided and prepared. The fruit is attractive, refreshing, whole some and comparatively cheap. Gen erally speaking, the pomelo seems to be a cross between a shaddock and a good orange, but it is more hardy than either. It has better keeping qualities

Some Real Glants. height of any giant known has reached ten feet." If a cubit is twenty-one inches, Goliath of Gath was eleven fee nine inches in height; if it is eighteen inches, he was just the size of the Arabian giant, Gabara, who was nine feet nine inches. Josephus mentions a Jew who stood ten feet two. Kintolechus Rex was fifteen feet six inches high, five feet through the chest to the spine and ten feet across the shoulders. John Middleton was nine feet three inches. His hand was seventeen inches long and eight and a half broad. Patrick O'Brien was eight feet seven. Turner, the naturalist, says he saw in Brazil a giant twelve feet in height.

But Og, king of Bashan, held the record. According to tradition, he lived 3.000 years and walked beside the Ark formed a bridge over a river. We may hear it said of one who is

in low spirits, "he is in the dumps," or "he is in the doldrums," but many who use the latter of these phrases have caught it up without any knowledge of its real significance. The region of calms is a belt which stretches across the Atlantic and Pacific almost on a line with the equator. Here meet the north and south trade winds, and squalls and heavy rains are frequent, but the characteristic of this region, which is known also as the doldrums, is an oppressive calm. The name now-adays loses much of the significance attached to it by sailors in the past, who, if their ships ran into that region, might whistle in vain for wind, as

their sails hung heavily, and all As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.

Warding Off Old Age.
A famous French general when asked how it was that he had such an erect carriage replied that it was because he his fingers thirty times every day. If he had acquired rigidity of the spine so that he could not do that he would have had with it weak abdominal mus

cles, which result in portal congestion This portal congestion interferes with stomach digestion and with the action of the liver. The poison destroying power of the liver is lessened, auto in-toxication results, and arteriosclerosis and old age come on at a much earlie day. But by keeping the spine flexible and the abdominal muscles strong and taut the portal circulation is kept free and old age is held off.—Good Health.

The Little Giant. Colonel Clark E. Carr met Senator Douglas during the time of the fa-mous Lincoln and Douglas debates and thus describes him in his book, "The Illini:" "I had never heard so impressive a voice, so deep and sympa-thetic. He had a sort of confiding way. as much as to say, 'I am going to tell you-I feel that I can trust myself to say to you, as though you were the one person in whom he could confide. He was only five feet four and was well called 'the little giant.' I was as tonished to find he had so good a fig-

In South Wales when the people are pleased with the work of an actor they have a custom of showing their appreciation by singing hymns at the close of the performance. Henry Irving was once playing at Swansea when he was surprised to hear the audience burst into "Lead, Kindly Light," when he appeared before the curtain in response to a call. At the close of the engage-nent the great actor was deeply touched by the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," rendered in the

Her Mind Made Up.
"Pa," said Miss Strong, "I wish you would stay in this evening. Mr. Tar-"So he has really proposed at last

most reverent manner.

"No," replied the daughter, with a

Had Nerve Enough Nell-He hadn't known me ten min-utes before he announced that he was going to kiss me. Belle—The idea! You should have had a hatpin to stick him

A little Moslem when she is a years four months old goes throws years four months out good the "name of God," or Bismiliah, ceremony, which begins her real life. Shels dressed in cloth of gold, with a veil and wreath of flowers, and friends are invited to salute the little queen. She sits on a gold cushlon, which must be borrowed if she hasn't one, and all the rest sit on the floor. Then an old mel-lah recites very slowly a certain verse from the Koran, which is also written in saffron on a silver plate Bibl holds in her hand. She runs her fingers over the words and stammers them after him. "Say it now, Bibl. Be a good him. "Say it now, Bibl. Be a good girl, then you shall see your presents." Soon they all cry: "Shabash! Shabash! Wah! Wah!" and the ceremony of the little girl's first lesson in reading, writing and religion is over. She salaams mamma, then shows her presents to her sahells (girl friends).—Edmund Russell in Everybody's.

Prison pits were vaults in which criminals in England were kept at night, chained together. There was one at Bristol which was in use as might, chained together. There was one at Bristol which was in use as late at 1815. Down eighteen steps, it was only seventeen feet in diameter by nine feet high, and seventeen men were consigned to it every night. Even more typical was Warwick jail pit, which was occupied at least until 1797. It was an octagonal dungeon twenty-one feet in diameter and almost nineteen feet underground. In the middle was a resspool, and beside it ran a stream of water which served the prisoners for drinking purposes. To this awful cell forty-two men were consigned every afternoon at 3:45, to remain there until after daylight the following morning. The inmates had to sleep on their sides, and their jailer never visited them without guarding himself with an antidote against sickness.

The Decdand.

Decdand (Latin, Dec dandus, to be given to God) was formerly in English law any agent or instrument by which a person was accidentally killed and which for that reason was to be given to God—that is, forfeited to the king to be applied to plous uses and its value distributed in alms by his high almoner.

Thus a kind of expiation was arranged for such fatal accidents as might be due to the fall of a ladder, the toss of a bull or the heavy wheel of a cart, when the victim was, with-out any fault of his own, deprived of the last sacraments of the church. The right to these deodands, which were abolished in 1846, was frequented to individuals or annex

They are mentioned in "Hudibras:" For love should, like a decdand, Still fall to the owner of the land.

A Story of Tennyson.

Dante Rossetti used to tell a story of Tennyson, with whom he was walking one sultry summer night through High Holborn. They passed a building bril-Holborn. They passed a building brillantly lighted up and from which issued the sounds of joyous music. "What is that place?" asked the bard. "It is called," replied Rossetti, "the Holborn casino." "I should like to look in," pursued the bard, "only I should be at once surrounded by a crew of groundlings, who would mob and pester and jostie me." "My dear sir," cauledly separated Dente "if you were quietly remarked Dante, "If you were to get on one of the tables, and your name and recite three of your poetic masterpieces into the probably not 2 per cent of the audi-

Three Methods of Derision.
There are very few allusions to storks in Latin authors, but one of these is interesting. The birds have a curious custom of snapping their bills making quite a sharp noise. Young and old birds, both during and after the breeding season, constantly do this. In the writings of Persius there is a reference to this habit. "There are," he says, "three favorite ways of deriding a man-by putting the hands be side the head like asses' ears, by put-ting out the tongue like a dog and snapping the fingers against the palm of the hand like a stork's bill." The first two methods of mockery are plain but what was the cause of the last. Notes and Queries.

The Snake's Tongue.

The snake's tongue proves to be a most remarkable organ. A student finds its chief function is connected with a sense of feeling without touch and may be a finer development of the sense that enables some people to avoid striking obstacles in the dark. The forked tip and the numerous folds behind it greatly increase the surface exposure. The cells of the epidermis are interlaced by a network of extremely fine nerve fibers, which center in a deep nerve plexus beneath the epider-

Restless Nature.

Nothing in nature is absolutely permanent. Changes are going on slowly, but steadily, every moment, parts of the earth being elevated above the sea, parts sinking below it, the ocean wearing away the coast in one place and building it out in another, and so on to

mis and extending out into the folds.

"What are you writing, Hawley?"
"A story. I'm going in for fiction."
"Really! For a magazine?" "No, for my tailor. He wants his money, and I'm telling him I'll send him a check next week.'

"Can't you swallow even a sugar "No. You see, the blamed thing seems to take its coat off before start-

ing on its trip." Of One Mind Self Made Man—I can't see any sense in wasting so much valuable time on dead languages. College Stu-dent—Neither can I. Since Wilkins started in to win the Latin prize he nasn't been worth a cent in the boat

Brudder Bones—Do you think hit am lucky to hab a rabbit's foot? Brudder Jones—Dat depends. If de rest ob de rabbit am hitched on to it an' he am young an' fat an' tender, I sure do .-Their Opportunity.

Miss Fluffy—I made quite an impresblon at the reception, didn't 1? Everybody seemed to be talking about me.

Candid Friend—They talked still more about you after you had gone! Rest and Arrest. Depositor—Is the cashler in? Mana-ger—No, sir. He's gone away. Depos-itor—Ah, gone for a rest, I presume. Manager (sadly)—No. He's gone to avoid arrest.

Nations, like Individuals, live or die,

BUTLER, PA.