

A STRANGE STORY.

(Concluded.)

We passed one peaceful month together disturbed only by distant rumors of the diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding along from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night, when father came home, languid and feverish from one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father all strength seemed to desert my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that if father's life was taken I should have to part with both.

Her life would die with his, for sorrow forges bonds stronger even than joy, and they have suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become life of her life. She could not exist alone.

I struggled hand to hand and sick at heart against what I felt to be an inexorable fate, and on the afternoon of the eighth day I found myself alone and almost despairing, save for the thought of the happiness of the two I had loved best in the world.

The sunset came as I sat by the lake side, flooding my desolate world with a heavenly glory, like a sign from them to me of their new found joy.

The stars had come out, before I ventured to return to the worse than deserted house. I could not hope for help from any neighbor until I sought it myself the next day, and I had to look forward to a night, how horrible I did not foresee, or I could not have endured it. What follows I could scarcely credit myself, if I did not bear on my hand a tangible proof of it in a well defined scar; and, even now, I could not bear to write of that night's experience had not my children's laughter and my loving husband's care long since banished all unnatural gloom from my life.

While I had been sitting alone on the lake shore, toward the evening, I had heard a distant shot; it scarcely roused me. A sportsman, I thought, had wandered from his encampment on the opposite shore, had seen some game in our wild woods, killed it, and his canoe had long since carried him away. In the gathering darkness I groped my way back through the familiar little path, and reached my own door. I alone should pass the threshold in the future; their feet were still; the busy feet that had toiled for me, followed me, and had been ever near me! I was to go on my rugged path alone! Heartsick and overcome I stopped at the door, and leaning my head against it, I sobbed in uncontrollable despair. Tired out at length, I had grown quiet and was just about to lift the latch, when a faint moan, as of an animal in pain, and close to me, startled me: then a death-like silence reigned.

I knew I had not been mistaken. I felt that I must forget myself and help the poor creature in distress. "It is very good for strength to know that some one needs you to be strong." No longer hesitating, I hurried into the little cabin, struck a light, and went in the direction whence the moan had reached my ears. I thought of the shot I had heard. It was quite possible a poor wounded deer was lying in the bushes. Yes! I could now see its skin—unmistakably a fawn-spotted dun color. It lay quite still—perhaps that moan had been its dying gasp!—and so I came quite close to it leaned over and, paralyzed with horror, saw my mother's face, only young and very beautiful, as she must have looked when a girl. Deathly pale, dead, possibly, she lay—matted hair all about her face, and clothed in doeskin. Just then she stirred; it was not death. All wonder ceased within me, every feeling fled before the thought that this being, whatever, whoever she was might be saved to live.

I dragged her the few steps into the

house, laid her on my hemlock boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, bathed her head, and in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and, when at last her great eyes opened, it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaned forward, in an excess of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like, wild terror took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

The start she gave caused a fresh flow of blood; dimness passed over her eyes. Again I staunch the wound and prepared nourishment in case she awakened. Too busied in these ways for further speculation, only with a strange weight at my heart and weariness of body, suddenly I felt the gleam of eyes watching me. Such strange eyes! No human expression about them; a stealthy look in them now. Gently as I could I approached her side. She trembled and tried to hide her head when I offered her my carefully prepared food. I moved away and studiously avoided an appearance of watching her. Yet I was intensely conscious of her every movement. I could see her eyeing with a wretched, famished look, a raw venison steak that had been forgotten and lay on the table close beside her. Stealthily, like a beast of prey, her feeble hand stole toward it, and in a moment she had torn it in pieces and devoured it.

Horror filled my heart. Could this creature be human? I sat still in the corner where, myself unseen, I could watch and restrain her if necessary, and soon—weakness having overcome her, after this last effort she lay tossing in an uneasy sleep.

Oh! I was so weary and so very lonely! The dreadful night was almost at an end. I went to her side, threw myself on the bed beside her, and put my arms about her neck. Again her wonderful eyes opened full in my face. I fixed them with my own. I caressed her, called her by the endearing names of old. I besought her to be gentle and to love me. I told her she was my own, the only creature left to me to love and care for! One short second it seemed as if a soul looked out of her glorious, deer-like eyes; then, with a groan, as if she gave the struggle over, and with that low, fearful growl again, she fastened her white teeth in my hand.

Shrieking with pain, I fainted. When I came to myself dawn was struggling in at the window; leaf shadows flickered on the floor. A fearful pain in my hand roused me at length, and a consuming thirst drove me into the woods toward the spring to allay it.

I struggled through the underbrush, and there, close to the water, discerned a confused mass. There lay my poor sister, dead, her head pillowed on a wild cat of the woods, shot by the same hand, probably, that had wounded her fatally.—*Appleton's Journal.*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, under the last will and testament of George Gard, late of the Township of Wysox, deceased, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
W. M. H. SMITH, Executor.
Towanda, Feb 24, 1881.—5w

DISSOLUTION.—The co-partnership heretofore existing between Charles Johnson, N. M. Eichelberger and Peter McIntyre, under the firm name of the "Johnson Manufacturing Company," is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Peter McIntyre retiring from the firm. The liabilities of said firm will be paid by Charles Johnson and N. M. Eichelberger, and all notes and accounts due said firm will be paid to them.
Towanda, Pa., March 12, 1881.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, executrix of the estate of Ethan B. Moore, late of Ulster, deceased, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
LOUISA MOORE, Executrix.
Ulster, Feb. 24, 1881.

MRS. D. V. STEDGE,
Manufacturer of and dealer in
Human Hair Goods,
Special attention given to

COMBINGS—Roots all turned one way.
Switches from \$1 upwards. Also agent for Hunter's INVISIBLE FACE POWDER, Madam Clark's Corsets, and Shoulder Brace Elastics.
Particular attention paid to dressing ladies hair at their homes or at my place of business, over Evans & Hildreth's store. MRS. D. V. STEDGE.

NEURALGIA CURED BY
DR. BURR'S NEURALGIA AND SICK-
HEADACHE PILLS.

A universal cure for Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Paralysis, Palpitation of the Heart, and Headache arising from over stimulation either from

OPIUM OR ALCOHOLIC SIMULANTS.
These Pills are very pleasant to take (they dissolve in the mouth) and effectually cure all diseases arising from a deranged nervous system.
If your druggist is not supplied, ask him to procure it for you, from the wholesale dealers. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents.
For Sale by
CLARK B. PORTER,

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Ever mindful of the interests of its patrons, has established a CITY

Ticket Office at Towanda.
REDUCED RATES to all principal points WEST. For passage tickets, colonists' tickets, or tickets for a party of passengers, apply at the office of the New York, Lake Erie & Western R. R., Ward House, Towanda, Pa. Baggage checked to all points.
JOHN E. WARD, Agent.

FRANK P. GRADY
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Corner Main and Pine Streets,
Keeps a large assortment of

Cloths and Suits, and makes a SINGLE GARMENT or a WHOLE SUIT to order ON SHORT NOTICE.

His present stock has been purchased at
VERY LOW PRICES,
and he proposes to give his customers the benefit of his good bargains.

GIVE ME A CALL.
FRANK P. GRADY,
Practical Cutter and Tailor.
Towanda, Jan. 13, 1881.

MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.
Parrott & Gressel

will open with a large assortment of cloths and suitings, and be prepared to do MERCHANT TAILORING BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, about March 1st, in the store lately occupied by W. H. Pool, one door north of Chamberlin's. Reserve your orders for them and save money.

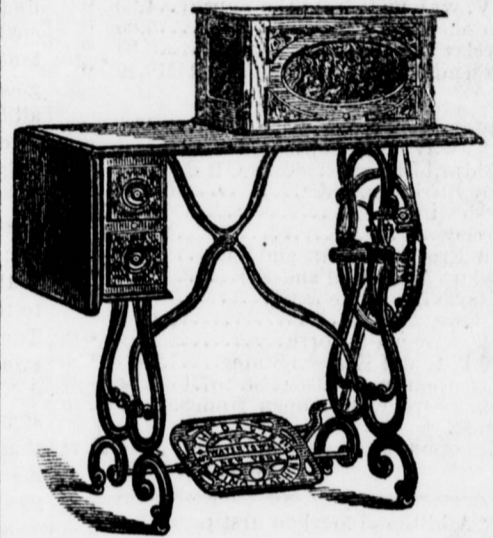
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Hair Cut and Shave
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\$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that any one can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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GOING WEST

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TICKETS TO ALL POINTS
WEST, NORTHWEST and SOUTHWEST, at the
Lowest Possible Rates
by any route. For information as to routes, time changes, connections, &c., to any place in the United States or Canada, call on or address
H. E. BABCOCK,
Ticket Agent, Towanda, Pa.

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O. A. BLACK, Agent,
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LARGE STOVE, \$3 00
SMALL STOVE, 3 25
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With same additional charges for cartage.
W. M. MALLORY
October, 24, 1879.

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keeps several
PUBLIC HACKS

and is ready to attend all calls in his line promptly. He runs to ALL TRAINS. Charges for night and early morning trains 25 cents per passenger. Regular customers supplied with tickets at reduced rates. Charges for attending funerals from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Horses and carriages to let.
Orders left at his office below council rooms will receive careful attention. H. W. MILLER.
Nov. 27, 1880.

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A sure cure for Dandruff and all other diseases of the Scalp. Stops the hair from falling out; invigorates the hair nerves; cleanses the hair perfectly and gives it a beautiful and healthy gloss that cannot be obtained without its use.

Price 50 cents per Bottle.
Manufactured and sold by
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Nathan Tidd,
DEALER IN
PITTSBURGH, WILKES-BARRE, AND
Loyal Sock Coal.

Invites the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. I shall keep a full assortment of all sizes, AND SHALL SELL AT
LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
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Aug 60. N. TIDD.