

THE WIND IN THE EVERGREENS.

When the drifted snow has hidden
Roads and fences from the sight,
And the moon floats through the heav-
ens
Like a frozen thing, at night,
Flooding all the frigid stretches with
a ghostly, bluish light,
I like to lie and conjure
Up old half forgotten scenes,
As the savage wind goes howling
Through the sighing evergreens.

There's a cottage I remember,
With an orchard in the rear;
There's a winding pathway leading
To a spring that bubbles near—
Ah, the dipper that I drank from bears
the rust of many a year!
There's a peach tree near the window
Of the room where oft I lay
In the long ago, and listened
To the wild wind howl away.

When a range of snowy mountains
Stretch along the winding lane;
When the gently sloping meadow
Has become an icy plain,
What a joy it is to snuggle under
quilts and counterpane,
And hear the peach tree creaking,
At the corner where it leans,
While the wind goes badly shrieking
Through the mourning evergreens.

When the ruminating cattle
Stands in bedding to their knees;
When the sheep are warmly sheltered,
When the horses are at ease,
And the kittens in the kitchen are as
happy as you please—
When father's work is ended,
And mother sits and sews,
There's a wondrous mystic music
In the angry wind that blows.

Ah, the rambling little sheepfold's
Weatherbeaten, so they say;
The horses are no longer
Munching at the fragrant hay—
Beneath the old-style kitchen stove no
happy kittens play
And, out behind the village church,
A mossy gravestone leans
Above two mounds o'er which the
wind
Sighs through the evergreens.
—E. S. Kiser.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

(The Life Story of an Army Belle.)
There are colonels and majors and
generals and some old captains who
hold that Isabel Hampden was the
most attractive woman who ever
graced the frontier; and in their time
most women seemed attractive because
of their scarcity. She was handsome,
and accomplished, and clever, and
something more than all these which
was inexplicable but very potent. She
had been brought up in garrisons and
large cities, and by the time she was
two-and-twenty she knew the world
rather well. Moreover, she knew men
—not girls and women, but men.

Because she had been allowed to live
in posts during most of what should
have been her boarding-school days,
and because she was pleasant to look
upon and to converse with at an age
when most girls are impossible, men
had fallen in love with her pretty
much ever since she could remember.
It was said that she had refused all
the bachelors in all the frontier regi-
ments. This was not far from the
truth. A woman who had married one
of the rejected ones said that refusing
was a habit Miss Hampden had formed,
and that it began to look as if she
might never break herself of it. In
the nature of things, this was repeated
to the girl. Her good temper was one
of her charms. "It is so much better
a habit than accepting them all," she
argued, sweetly. Nevertheless, she
wounded if there were not some truth
mingled with the malice.

But Lieutenant Loring was the last
victim of her practice. He proposed
to her, unfortunately for himself, just
after she had met young Ardsley.

"I thought this morning that maybe
I would marry you," said Miss Hamp-
den. "But I've changed my mind,
some way."

Loring was accustomed to a great
deal of frankness from her, but it
clashed with his notions of feminine
modesty for a woman to have enter-
tained thoughts of marriage before the
offer thereof.

"Weren't you just a trifle prompt in
determining my intentions?" he asked.
"Has the event proved me wrong?"
she returned.

He lost his temper. "You are spoil-
ed," he said.

"If you knew how often I have heard
that! Yet I do not think I am. I am
simply sincere, and you are a little too
vain, all of you, to grasp the difference.
I like you awfully well—no, now, don't
misunderstand me. I don't love you,
and you are too nice a fellow to be
married to a girl who only likes you.
No," she repeated, "I do not think I'm
spoiled. I am not agitated and tearful
as I ought to be, perhaps, under the
circumstances. I used to be, but I've
passed that. I have been so placed
that men were making love to me at
an age when other girls were playing
dolls. It's partly because I am pretty
and partly, largely, because there are
so few women out here. When I have
been in the East, I haven't made much
of a sensation. I've grown a bit hard-
ened, perhaps. Custom has dulled the
edge—which was fearfully keen and
cutting, at first—of being told that I
am breaking a heart. But, though I
am only twenty-two, I've lived to see
dozens of your marry and be happy.
You'll do the same."

"Oh! no, I shall not," moaned Lor-
ing.

"Oh! yes, you will, Jack. And I sha'n't
mind. Now I've promised to dance
this with the new Mr. Ardsley, and if
we stay out here any longer every one

will surely guess what has happened."
"They'll know, when they see me."
"Don't be a goose, Jack. It's only
the heart that is trying to take itself
seriously that exhibits the pain."

"Don't discuss a subject you know
nothing about. You have no heart."

He left her, with an exaggerated
bow, as young Ardsley came up.

As Miss Hampden waltzed off with
Ardsley, she knew that Loring was
wrong; that this tall boy, fresh from
West Point, as new in experience of
the world as the brass buttons on his
blouse, was the man she was going to
love. He would love her, of course. It
is to be feared that it did not enter her
head that he might not. She liked his
strong, rough-cut face, and his jolly,
stone-gray eyes, and his drawing,
heavy voice, and his waltzing, and the
way he held her. After the dance she
determined that she liked his hands,
and when she looked at them, she saw
a ring.

"Is that your class ring?" she said.

"Yes," he told her.

"May I see it?"

He gave it to her, and while she ex-
amined it he sat and admired her. On
his part, he liked the woman who car-
ried herself haughtily, he liked tall
women, he liked straight, black hair
and olive skin and dark eyes and large
features and a neck of statuesque pro-
portions. In short, he liked exactly
the things he had never fancied up to
then. Miss Hampden raised her eyes
and met his. She smiled, but it was
like no smile she had ever bestowed
on a man before. He looked at her
very gravely, and her hand closed
tightly over the ring. In a moment
she was studying it again.

"I like this. It's unusual," she said.

"I am glad you think so, as I con-
ceived the design." He expected to be
told that he was clever.

"Indeed!" was all she said, and that
indifferently.

"How cool! I rather thought you'd
express surprise and give me some
credit. You are not addicted to flate-
ry, it would seem."

"I am not. But I don't think it
would have been flattering to be sur-
prised that you have done it. It struck
me as being quite the thing you would
naturally do."

"That is very pretty."

"It is perfectly true."

It happened, oddly enough, that Ards-
ley chanced not to have heard of Miss
Hampden's reputation by the next
night. He was rudely awakened to a
knowledge of it. There were private
theatricals in the hop-room, and Miss
Hampden was the leading lady. Now
the suitor was quite recovered, and he
meant to play a joke on those in the
audience who were not—and these
were some eight or ten, three of them
married. He proposed to the heroine
in nicely read lines, and was rejected
by her with a perfection that spoke
her practice. So the audience thought;
and it laughed. When the laugh had
subsided, the hero arose from his
knees. He walked to the footlights
and sighed.

"Ah! well," he said, "I have one
crumb of comfort. I am not the only
man in this place who is in the same
fix."

The astounded Ardsley looked about
him, and he picked out the entire num-
ber by their faces. Miss Hampden drop-
ped her head in her hands and laughed
with the rest.

Between the acts, Ardsley made in-
quiries and learned the truth. He was
bitten with a desire to obtain the un-
attainable, and he was not one to dally.
He went behind the scenes.

"Whom are you going home with,
Miss Hampden?" he asked.

"I fear no one will take me after the
light Mr. Graves has put me in."

"May I do so?"

She nodded, and Ardsley went back
to his seat.

"So you have refused the entire
army?" he asked, as they walked
home.

"Not quite."

"The entire department?"

"Well, a fair percentage of it," she
admitted.

"Are you going to refuse me?"

"I can't say until you are offered."

"I offer myself now."

"And I accept you now."

"Good enough! Will you announce
our engagement to-night at supper?"

"At the risk of being adjudged in-
sane—yes."

"Put on this ring until I can get you
another. Your hands are not small. It
will fit your middle finger. Now I am
in earnest."

"So am I," she said.

They were very much in earnest, the
event proved; and the garrison derived
unmixed pleasure from the total, un-
conditional, obvious surrender of Miss
Hampden. She was as open in her in-
fatuation as she had always been in
everything else. And Ardsley was
equally infatuated. He took back the
class ring and gave her a diamond
which cost him three months' pay.
They were altogether happy. So, just
a fortnight before the day arranged for
their wedding, the Gods demanded the
first payment on their loan.

Ardsley was ordered off on a scout.
Miss Hampden was the sort of a girl
who might have been expected to take
this reasonably. But she did not. She
clung to Ardsley, and cried like any
little girl, and did not behave in the
least like a woman who had seen
countless scouts. And she let him go
to the wars remembering her standing
with her arm against the wall and her
head upon her arm, sobbing as if her
heart were utterly broken. He himself
was moved and stern. Loring would
have liked to remind her that hearts
which were really wrung did not show
their pain. He had not yet recovered.
Ardsley did not come back from the
scout. He was in a fight on what
should have been his wedding day.

Others were killed and their bodies
were recovered and buried, but Ards-
ley's body was never found. There
was a tale that a fire had been seen
on the battle-field the night after the
encounter, and in the midst of the fire
a tree with a form which might have
been that of a man against it. There
were Indians grouped around it. Miss
Hampden never heard the story. She
never even guessed at what had hap-
pened until twenty years afterward.

She was the superb and spiritless
wife of a mighty general, and she was
accompanying her husband on a tour
of inspection in the West. They were
at an agency, one day, and were visit-
ing the tepees. It was the agency of
the Indians that young Ardsley had
fought two decades before; and the
general's wife was nerving herself not
to show that she remembered this.

The general was examining the
trinkets that hung on a string around
the neck of a half-blind squaw.

"Here is a West Point class-ring!"
he exclaimed.

His wife repeated her words of
twenty years a-past.

"May I see it?" she asked, coolly.

She took it in her hands and turned
it about. She could make out the de-
sign, though it seemed to have passed
through some heat that had melted it.
There was no doubt in her mind.
Nevertheless, she looked inside. The
heat had not affected it there, and the
initials were quite plain even yet.

"D. A.," she said, "it was David Ards-
ley's ring. The fire did not touch the
letters. I understand now why they
never could tell me which was his
grave."

The general broke the string and
picked up the class-ring from among
the scattered baubles. The squaw was
chattering and whining and clawing
around on the earth. The general held
the ring out to his wife. She raised
the dark eyes that had been so bright
and happy the last time it had been
held out to her.

"Can I have it?" she asked.

The general put it in her hand, and
the hand closed over it.

"Thank you," she said.—GWEN-
DOLEN OVERTON, in "The Argonaut."

Smuggling the Marijuana.

In southern Arizona the jail and
prison officials have their hands full in
trying to prevent the smuggling into
their institutions of the seductive mari-
guana. This is a kind of "loco" weed
more powerful than opium. It grows
from seed by cultivation in southern
Arizona and in Mexico. It is a dan-
gerous thing for the uninitiated to han-
dle, but those who know its uses say
it produces more ravishing dreams
than opium. The Mexicans mix it with
tobacco and smoke it in cigarettes, in-
haling the smoke. When used in this
way, it produces a hilarious spirit in
the smoker that cannot be equalled by
any other form of dissipation. When
smuggled inside the prison walls its
devotees readily pay \$4 an ounce for it,
but free men can buy it on the outside
for 50 cents an ounce. Gen. Shriver of
the prison force at Yuma has just un-
earthed a large quantity of the weed
that had been cached within reach of
the convicts who work in the outside
chain gangs.

Athletic George of Greece.

King George, of Greece, in the ear-
lier years of his reign, often partici-
pated in the feats of running and leap-
ing of which his countrymen are so fond.
In order to conceal his identity, he en-
tered the contests under the name of
George Papadopoulos. In a certain am-
ateur contest which he won he was ac-
cused of being a professional. As
"George Papadopoulos" naturally could
not give a satisfactory account of his
identity and antecedents, the crowd be-
came convinced that he really was a
professional. In order to escape rough
treatment he confessed his identity, not
to the crowd, but to a police officer
who managed to get him away to a
place of safety without permitting the
crowd to discover that they had been
threatening their sovereign.

Shot a Deer on Their Way to School.

Two pupils in a Monticello, (Me.),
school, aged 13 and 15 years, started
out to shoot a deer before school a few
mornings since. They discovered the
deer and both fired, and both killed the
deer, one putting three buckshot and
the other a bullet through the vital
of the beast. They got their prize
home and dressed and were at school
in time for all their lessons. They
didn't shoot a human being by mistake.
It's not the way of Aroostook lads
Great grown men, with less sense and
experience, do that.

A Clerical Alderman.

Dr. Forrest Browne, the new Bishop
of Bristol, was the first clerical alder-
man elected in England, and for many
years did excellent work as a Justice of
the Peace at Cambridge. In his first
sermon before the Judges at St. Paul's
he excited some astonishment by
speaking pointedly of "our duties and
difficulties as magistrates."

The Latest English Luxury.

A glass house under water is the lat-
est luxury. A rich man, who has a
large lake upon his estate, recently
caused it to be drained, and in the
deepest part he has had a house built
which contains three rooms—a smok-
ing-room, a dining-room, and a ser-
vants' waiting room.

A Curious Fact.

It is an inexplicable fact that men
buried in an avalanche of snow hear
distinctly every word uttered by those
who are seeking for them, while their
most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate
even a few feet of the snow.

Land Values in Cape Town.

A bit of waste land at Cape Town
bought five years ago for \$3,000, has
just been valued at \$150,000.

MET AN OBSTRUCTION.

The Brave Man Who Calmly Yielded and
Threw Up His Hands.

"Yes," admitted the big traveling
man, as a number of the craft were
having an evening seance in the cafe, "I
was one of the victims in that train
robbery. And I want to tell you fel-
lows right here that there's no other
experience in the world so well calcu-
lated to take the conceit out of a man.
I had expressed a desire frequently
that I might encounter some of these
modern bandits I'd show them what
it was to go up against a good, game
man, and I'd put at least two or three
of them out of business.

"But I didn't. Three miles out from
Duck Center they held us up in a deep
cut. Before I suspected trouble there
was a big fellow with long hair and a
16-inch revolver, coming down the aisle.
His eyes were like live coals of fire,
and there seemed to be more of them
than are credited to Argus. When he
thundered 'hands up,' I came pretty
near dislocating my shoulders because
of the suddenness and vigor with
which I obeyed the order. Two men
following the chap with the gun took
up the 'collection,' and when they
came to me I surrendered everything,
even to my elegant self-acting revolver
that I had bought with a special view
to wiping out train robbers. I never
entered a protest.

"Right behind me was a little old
maid, not bigger than a pint of cider,
with corkscrew curls and shary fea-
tures. They took the pocketbook from
her lap, but when they went to appropri-
ate a jewel case, she flew up like a
hen defending her chickens. That
watch was for her niece that was going
to be married. She had raked and
scraped and skimmed to buy it, and no
robbers were going to get it. With an
unexpected movement she had knock-
ed the revolver against the roof of the
car and was clawing at the other two
men like a wild cat. They forced her
to her seat, and when the big fellow
had recovered his gun he stood laugh-
ing. 'Keep your watch, ole girl,' he
said, 'an' here's a little trinket to put
with it,' as he tossed her a handsome
pin. 'Ef any of these men had your
sand we'd never got away with this
job after you disarmed me.' And he
was right about it.

"I Don't Need It."

That is the reply often made by men
well-to-do when asked to insure their lives.
Sometimes it is true, but how often has
it happened that when disease or death has
come suddenly the supposed fortune made
be dwindling, dwindling process of
forced settlement has melted away to
nothing, and how often it has happened
when death occurs the life policy has
been the only financial resource left.
The great benefits which ready cash pro-
vide against the uncertainties of fortune
or a forced while an estate is being settle-
d makes it as compulsory upon the wealthy
as upon any other class. How many es-
tates have been saved by the ready money
of a life insurance policy? And how
many splendid properties have been seat-
ered and wasted and lost because there
was so much "property" and "so little
money." Capitalists, business men, pro-
fessional men, the shrewdest and most
successful of them, recognize the uncer-
tainities of business and investment and
carry large amounts of insurance. Is it
not wise to be upon the safe side and
accept their conclusions in this matter?
There are many life insurance companies
and many plans of insurance. Do you
want the best for you? If so I shall be
pleased to talk with you about it—or if
you will send your name and age at near-
est birthday on a postal card or in a letter
will bring the desired information.

M. A. SCUREMAN,
Dushore, Pa.

A Horrible Railroad Accident

is a daily chronicle in our papers; also
the death of some dear friend, who had
died with Consumption, whereas, if he or
she had taken Otto's Cure for Throat and
Lung diseases in time, life would have
been rendered happier and perhaps saved.
Heed the warning! If you have a cough
or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—
Call on T. J. Keeler, Laporte; W. I.
Hoffman, Hills Grove; B. S. Lancaster,
Forksville; C. B. Jennings, Agt. Estella;
Jno. W. Buck, Sonestown, and get a
trial package free. Large size 50c and 25c.

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They are brewed by a brewer
and matured by nature in one of
the most complete breweries in the
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absolutely pure, wholesome and
invigorating. Insist upon getting
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New Ranges, New Stove
Pipe, New Stove Repairs, Coal
Sieves, Coal Buckets, Horse
Blankets, New Bedroom Suits
Apple-butter Crocks, Yarden-
iers, Feed Cutters, Stone Jugs,
Easy Chairs, New Lamps.

THIS SOLID OAK
ROCKER

Cane seat, is the greatest
Bargain in Rockers.

We are giving it for
\$2.25 to our customers.

Jeremiah Kelly,
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GRIST MILL Property

Formerly Owned by O. W. Mathers
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I am Now Prepared

To Do All Kinds of Milling on Very Short
Notice With W. E. Starr as Miller.

Please Give a Trial.

KEEP OF ALL KINDS ON HAND.

W. E. MILLER,
FORKSVILLE, PA.

N. B. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will
confer a great favor by calling and paying the amount
due, as I need money badly at once.
Respectfully yours, W. E. MILLER.

January 1898!

Will close all our winter goods and Ladies' Coats and Capes out
at nearly half price, in fact, a good many articles at

At Less Than Half Price.

Our stock is very large and prices will be no object. We here
mention a few prices exactly as we intend to sell. This is no bluff or
trick, but a FACT, that you can save nearly 40 to 50 per cent. by buying
now: Men's suits at \$3.25, regular price \$6.50; Men's overcoats at
\$2.75, are worth \$6.00; Boys' suits, 3 pieces, at \$2.75, are really worth
\$5.00; Children's suits at 75c and \$1.00, are worth more than double;
Men's pants in all wool and all different styles \$1.00, are \$2.00 and
3.00 value; 1 piece pants at big bargains; Men's undershirts at less than
half price; all wool socks 2 pair for 25c; heavy cotton socks 4 pair for
25c; the largest variety of boots and shoes in this section at prices to
suit everybody. Rubber boots and shoes we sell cheaper than any other
store in the county. We will make you such low prices in Ladies'

Coats and Capes

That you will surely be surprised. All we ask is to call and see
them. We will be glad to give you our best prices. Ladies' coats in
the latest styles at \$2.75, regular price \$7.00, we only have about 15 of
these coats left in blue and black, rough goods; Ladies' plush capes at
\$5.00, regular price \$9.00; extra long plush capes at \$7.50; a big variety
of Ladies' coats at \$4.50 and \$5.00; Ladies' cloth capes at \$2.25, less
than half price, they are heavy and good length. We have about 75
Children's coats, age from 4 to 12 years, in very fancy patterns and in
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