LOVE SONG

Oh, better than stars or sun Oh, better than moon or foam
Of the broken wave in summer cave
When the green sea thunders home:

Ob, better man swallow's flight
O'er the clear stained dawning pale,
Or the long delight thro' the rose-steeped night Of the love-drunk nightingale;

Yea!—better than angel's song
That wins with a love divine—
Is the light that wakes in thine eyes
when breaks
My soul from my lips to thine.

THE GRAY TOWER.

What I am going to tell you is not really the whole of the tale, but only the first chapter; yet it is a good story in itself, and there are some things which make me unwilling to say all I know, at least in print.

The Gray Tower was the southeast corner turret of that stone building which stood until quite recently on Waverley place, at the corner of Washington square. It had a picturesque effect as you walked down University place from Union Square, and it was almost the only romantic building in New York.

almost the only romantic building in New York.

My first chapter opens on a winter's day about 1890 or 1892, if I recollect rightly. It was snowing heavily as I stepped into Broadway, and I turned up my collar and stood a moment irresolute. The old horse cars jangled by with ...eir bells muffied in the snowy storm; the tall newspaper offices across City Hall square twinkled and shone from their thousand windows, and I was slowly turning toward the Park place station, when I saw what I guessed, even at that distance, to be a familiar figure cross the brilliant light of one of the highest windows on the other side of the square. It was Collins. No one else moved about a room in just that loping, darting manner. I knew it was his office, and I knew he was the very man I wanted to see before dinner. I hurried over to Park Row and was shot up to his floor.

"Hullo, eld man; busy?"

"Hullo, old man; busy?"
"No, no; come in."

"Hullo, old man; busy?"
"No, no; come lu."
Collins sat under an electric light, a pair of shears in his hand and a sea of papers tossing round him. He parted the red hair back from his forehead with his left hand, and looked upquickly with that childish, gnome-like smile, and the piercing, glittering, blue eye-light, that his friends knew so well. Suddenly he dropped the shears and ran his long, conspicuous hand hurridly through the stack of old papers he had been clipping.
"Look here, look here! This is what you ought to see! Where is that copy?"
"Something I found this afternoon. It's a romance; a whole story of forty years ago; the most startling piece of fiction in real life. And not a 'scare head' to it! O, those felows didn't know how to make up a paper!" (Fumbling all the dime and rummaging with that aggressive hand.) "Now, I have lost it. Where in the name of seven..."

Then he swore feverishly in a high.

Then he swore feverishly in a high minor guttural.
"Ah, here it is. Look at that, look at that!"

At that?"

His eyes were like glowing steely gimlets, and the perspiration started on his temples in his excitement. It was nothing but an old scrap of unbelievable romance he had unearthed. It had no possible use to him. But he was always a tinder-box of enthusiasm, and fired like a child at small things. Collins has no particular part in this story, yet I can never dissociate him from it. Its strange unexplainable quality has a certain kinship with his half-canny personality, so that I never recall it without feeling his eyes burning into me with incredulity and delight and defiance and his eyes burning into me with in-credulity and delight and defiance and mockery, as he handed me that torn issue of a New York journal of balf

century ago.

As he said, they made little display

As he said, they in those days, and of startling matter in those days, and the story, as I remember, was told in that brief, sober way which has since become almost extinct among news-

become almost extinct among newspaper men.

Briefly, it was an account of a strange discovery made by some workmen who had been repairing one of the towers of the old building on Washington square. In making their renovations they had come upon a disused closet, whose door had been bricked up and roughly plastered over. On the closet floor, covered with impalpable dust, clothed in her silk evening dress, lay the beautiful specter of a woman.

ing dress, lay the beautiful specter of a woman.

I say specter, for it seems destruction had come upon her so gently, so furtively, that her body, was almost unmarred, except for the dinginess of where she lay, or there had been some time. There are records of such iustances, showing that dissolution is not always swift to follow death. But whether the present case had been due to the sealing of the narrow room chemical treatment of her body and garments after death, was all surmise. But there was the fact. On the dusty floor, in a 'little apartment scarcely larger than an ample bath, as if she had fallen in a faint, with one arm spread abroad and the other hand at her throat slept young beauty, arrested in mid pleasure (so she looked), and hed there in duress while the busy round of life rumbleu in the streets below. It must have been the very pathos and wistfulness of beauty—the image of that shadowy loveliness, snatched away from the midst of Joy and gayety, so untimely, and not even allowed the common boon of oblivion. Where was she all this while, the radiant spir't who had dwelt in that comely tenement? Had she herself, too, like her frail, Indestructible person, been held in suspense somewhere, neither among the livirg nor the dead?

It was white, white silk and a mass of white lace, that she was dressed in

It was white, white silk and a mass of white lace, that she was dressed in. And under the sollure of dust the pale gold of her hair was shining and alive. But the only clew to be identity was the small cambri; handkerchief, intitled in one course. itialed in one corner N. D.

When I had read the article, Collins

"How's that?"

"Fine."
"Why don't you investigate it?"

"Investigate it? What is there to investigate? This is all ancient history."
"Well, perhaps. Still, I have an idea.
You know the building don't you?"
"Yes, I have seen it. I have never been in it. I answered.
"Very good," said he. "Now I know an old feilow who lives there; has rooms in one of the towers; the tower on the southeast corner. I'll give you a card to him. Go and see him. He is full of stories of the building; has had a roost there for fiftsen years or more, and, if you can get him to talk, you may hear something."
Collins gave his gnome-like inscrutable, childish laugh, and his eyes danced in elfish giee. He might have known everytning or nott. ng at that very minute.
"What sort is ho?" I asked

everything or nothing at that very minute.

"What sort is he?" I asked.

"Well, he is old, queer, a character, a gentleman. You must be punctilious. You must be ceremonious. Hand him your caru along wan mine when you knock at his door. And by the way, you will have no troupie fitding the room. Enter from either side, walk to the middle of the long hail, then turn to the cast out into the court, and after that in at another door to then turn to the cast out into the court, and after that in at anotaer door to the south; then climb stairs until you can climb no more, and knock anywhere in the dark ahead of you. You can't miss the door. If you feel cagefully, you will touch a brass knocker; that will please him better.'

"And what time should I call?"

"This is as good a time as any. You would be sure to find him in about this hour."

"Very good." I said, "I will go up there now. Give me your card."

Collins scribbled a line on his card introducing me to Nicholas Denny, Esq., and I left him—not, however, before I had time to catch another mocking smile as it vanished from his eager

ing smile as it vanished from his eager

fore I had time to catch another mocking smile as it vanished from his eager lace.

In less than half an hour I was crossing Washington square in the gaslit gloom, with the gray bulk of the university rising before me. I went by to the Waverly place entrance, pushed in the heavy, clanging door, and walked along the low hall, as Collins directed me; then I turned to the left into the area, and next to the right into another hall of the building. Then I began to climb the stairs, three or four flights, lit by a single, flickering gas jet on each one. At the top of these I was in the last hall, as I thought, with several doors going in to it; and I fancied I must have made some mistake when I noticed in the farther dark end of the hall a space blacker than the blackness, opening high ap from floor to ceiling, like a gorge in the mountains, and right up this gorge the narrow treads of yet another stair leading into pitchy darkness, with sheer wall on either hand. There was nothing for it but to venture. Up I climbed; step by step, until suddenly a crack of light at my feet, a little to the left, told me I must le on his landing.

I stepped quietly to the door, felt

ing.

I stepped quietly to the door, felt for the knocker—a huge old affair, very stiff in the joints—and knocked.

A chair moved inside, and I heard the rustle of curtains or draperies. Then steps came slowly, stopping altogether once or twice, and opened the door to me.

"Mr. Denny?" said I.

door to me.

"Mr. Denny?" said I.

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Denny, may I have the honor of presenting an introduction from my friend Mr. Collirs?"

"Certainly, sir—certainly; and very pleased to see you, too. Walk in, sir, and pray be seated. Sit you down by the fire; you must be chilly. A disagreeable evening is it not?'

"Yes, it is cold; out you are very cozy up here, all by yourself."

"Oh, yes, snug enough. You see, I have the whole lower to myself, small as it is. Lere is no one else on the same floor. That is something."

We drew our chairs up to the fire. The fireplace, like the room, was narrow and tall, with a small grate of coals high up from the floor in the old-fashioued way. The room might have been sixteen by twelve and was very lofty.

All the upper walls and the ceiling.

lofty.

All the upper walls and the ceiling were painted a heavy dark blue, which swallowed up all the light the fire and one candle in a silver candle-stick could give. The door by which I had entered was in one corner, and the fireplace in the middle of the other side. Directly opposite the fireplace was a wide double Goorway hung with heavy porter's which were closed.

The old gentleman talked easily, with a smile, spreading out his hands to the fire. He seemed just the one to be full of stories and traditions of the place, and I only waited the opportuni-

be full of stories and traditions of the place, and I only waited the opportunity to interest him in that direction.

"Yes, I said in reply to his last remark, "the atmosphere of one's surroundings is I ore important than the surroundings themselves; don't you

think so?"
"Ah, yes, indeed; that is very true."

"Ah, yes, indeed; that is very true."
"And your atmosphere nere is so romantic. There is really no other place like this in the cfty. I should think there would be innumerable tales about it; are there not."

But he froze at this; gathered his fingers in from the blaze and opened them wide two or three times before he spoke; and I caught a sudden hunted glance quite out of ketping with his courtly demeanor.

He seemed to consider before he

He seemed to consider before he

"Yes, yes, indeed, I believe there are many legends about the old building I hear them repeated from time to time; and usually they have been a good deal embelished—a good deal embelished. Veracity is a difficult accomplishment eight." plishment, sir."

belished. Veracity is a difficult accomplishment, sir."

And he turned to me with the most winning and wise smile. I said nothing, and he relapsed into his attitude of consideration, watching the fire. It was just here that a curious thing happened. I leaned my head back on the easy chair a moment, waiting for him to take up the conversation where he had left it with hesitation. As I did so I noticed for the first time a small mirror hung over the fireplace, and in If I could see ...e dull green portiers behind us. I thought how restful the relor was to the eye. And then, about five feet from the floor, they parted and a girlish face looked through and roguishly surveyed our backs. She smiled very merrily, and pressed the soft curtains against her yellow hair; then her dancing eyes ran, unsuspectivaly over the mirror and caught mine fairly watching her and she vanished, in consternation as it seemed.

"Oho!" thought I,
But the old man gave no sign, and
I, of course, said nothing. Veracity is
a d... cult accomplishment.
The little by-play was over in a few
seconds—almost before my old friend
could take up a new sentence.
"You see, sir" (beginning with a long
breath, and gazing into the fire). "you
see, sir, one looks at things differently
at your time of life. Truth seems quite
true, and falsehood quite false to you,
no doubt. But, when you come along
to sixty, it will not appear so easy all
offhand. And somehow, do you know,
the little broken incidents of life often
please me best, the stories that have please me best, the stories that have been left unfinished and will never be been left unfinished and will never be finished for us, perhaps. Not that I love the Venus more because she has lost her arms, poor lady; still the loss adds a wistfulness; and wistfulness, when you come to think of it, is a very large part of the charm of art.

"I have just such a one of those tiny incomplete dramas .n my mind now. I have not quite filled out the whole circle of the plot from the small are which has come under my notice, but I shall, perhaps."

Here he turned and smiled again doubtfully at me.

I shall, perhaps."

Here he turned and smiled again doubtfully at me.

"It is a very interesting—a very interesting tangle of events, I am quite sure. Perhaps you know this large hotel on Broadway in the next block to us? Yes? It is muc. affected by Southerners. I believe. However, that is neither here nor there, perhaps. At all events, there was an alarm of fire sounded shortly after midnight one February many years ago. I was living not far from here, and was just coming home when I heard the commotion. As I reached the square, coming down Fifth avenue, I saw the smoke and flames in the direction of Broadway, and hurrien to the scene with half a dozen companions.

"When we reached the hotel the flames were spriging out of the third-floor windows. There did not seem to be any immediate danger to the inlates. The fire "as evidently confined to one or two rooms. Suddenly a man, partially dressed in evening dress (or partially undressed I should say, for I take it he had just laid aside his coat), rushed to the window next the one where the fire was flercest and flung it open. We saw the room burning behind him. He put one foot on the sill. 'Make a rope, make a rope,' someone should from below.

"He was too dazed for that. He vaulted through the window and struck the iron paling as he fell."

someone shoured from below.

"He was too dazed for that. He vaulted through the window and struck the iron paling as he fell.

"When my friends and I rushed for ward he lay moaning on the pavement: 'No, no; I'm done for. No, no!' Then ... swooned, and we eased him where he lay, expecting he would die in a moment. But he turned on his side, pulling feebly at his collar with his right hand. I loosened his cravat, and as I did so the fluttering fingers caught at a thin gold chain round his neck, snapped it and plucked themselves away in a weak spasm, grasping something in their clench. Then his eyes opened in terror and a wailing, broken voice came to us: 'She can't get out; she thought him gone. But in another moment he looked up quiet quietly at me and smilled, as if we were old acquaintances. 'My friend,' he said, 'you must keep it,' and he moved his precious handful toward me. It slipped, and with a sigh he was dead."

"I have his keepsake," the old gentleman continued; "It is a very curious plece of jewel work."

Here he arose and went to a cabinet in the corner.

Here he arose and went to a cabinet in the corner.

A very curious piece of handicraft, you will say. If you care for such things you must examine this.'

things you must examine this."

The coals fell in the grate, and a desolate street cry came up from the world below us, but the room was very still. He came back to the fire and showed me in his open-hand a large gold locket, apparently of Indian design, rough and effective.

"How beautiful it is," he said, and his fingers dwelt on it gently before he gave it to me to handle.

As he turned back to the cabinet for

gave it to me to handle.

As he turned back to the cabinet for somehing the tiny casket feil open in my hand and disclosed a beautiful, laughing minature in ivory.

It was the face I had seen five minutes before peeping between the dull green curtains.

Nature's Protection of the Doe Nature's Protection of the Doc.
"One of the strangest, as well as the
wisest, provisions of nature, is that
which protects the doc deer, as well as
some other female animals, from enemies of the carnivorous species during
the period when the offspring is very
young. Between the toes of all the
feet will be found a hose, which exyoung. Between the toes of an the feet will be found a hoie, which extends into the foot about an inch terminating in a sack, in which is secreated a musk or scent of a very strong odor. Ordinarly, when the deer is walking, the air leaves enough scent in each track to enable a dog or wolf to follow a several hours after it has been made; but the foot of the doe is changed for several months after the fawn is born. The glands, if glands they are, dry up, and there is not a bit of odor in the track, and no dog, not even the best deerhounds, is able to follow the trail. Many good hounds have lost their reputation by failing to follow the trail of a female bear with cubs, and perhaps a deer also.

Paris and its Trees.

Paris contains more trees than any city in the world, which is the reason why its streets and avenues are so beautiful. These trees are principally of three kinds—the chestnut and acacia, such as line the Champs Elysees, and the lime tree, which grows in such abundance in the Bois de Boulogne and on certain of the outer boulevards.

Statue 6,000 Years Old.

The earliest known statue is one that has been recovered from an Egyptian tomb. It is that of a shelkh, or headman of a village, is made of wood, with eyes of glass, and evidently a portrait. It is 6,000 years old.

An Albino Squirrel.

One of the very rare albino squirrels was trapped recently by a Maine hun; er. There it not a colored hair in its white fur, and the eyes are of a bright sink.

Advice to Consumptives

There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consump-tion itself, should understand.

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sores.

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Auer's Sarsaparilla."



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juundice, piles, pallor, stitch, irritability,
nervousness, headache, tornid liver, heartnervousness, headache, torpid liver, heart-burn, foul breath, sleeplessness, drowsi-ness, hot skin, cramps, throbbing head.

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D. RIIPKE Seco. Ma.

D. BURKE, Saco, Me.

ror eight years I was annoted with constipation, which became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural action." WM. H. Dellaucett, Dorset, Ont.

THE PILL THAT WILL.

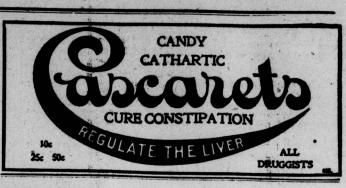


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