

THE BOY FROM TOWN.

Last night a boy came here from town To stay a week or so...

He wears a collar and a tie And can't hang by his toes...

When our old grander hissed he run As though he thought he'd bite...

He thinks it's lots of fun to pump And see the water spurt...

A little while ago when we Were foolin' in the shed He suddenly got mad at me...

The Man Who Would Not Be Saved.

BY HENRY OYEN.

AN almost dismantled, forsaken, adobe house stood alone near the edge of the sand-plain...

To the east a range of squalid black rocks rose into a precipitous mountain range...

On the side of the shack nearest to the mountain side stood a new freshly-painted army ambulance...

Crosswise on the tongue of the vehicle, limp as a half-filled grain bag, lay the form of a man clad in the striped trousers of a private soldier...

At first glance, it was easily discernible that man and mules were but recently dead from gunshot wounds...

Within the adobe house Second Lieut. Horton, recently Cadet Horton at Fort Pratt, was hurriedly making preparations to resist the band of Apaches who swarmed amongst the black rocks...

The devoted mescaleros who squatted behind the rocks were in no haste to rush in and finish the game which they had so securely trapped.

They had two mute witnesses up there among the rocks, two who were just as dead as the private who lay across the ambulance tongue...

So they crouched closely down behind their shelters, and leisurely satisfied their instincts for long-range shooting.

Horton, quite well aware that the trait of self-preservation—the terrible desire to be the "first through the breach"—was exceptionally well-developed in the race to which those among the rocks belonged...

No Horton carefully directed the girl to a corner where the walls appeared strongest and Amally began to cut loop-holes...

The bright sunlight which caused every speck on the mountain side to stand out wonderfully vivid, materially aided him, and after he had found the correct range he managed by carefully shooting at every ex-

posed redskin to force a very wholesome fear into the soul of the enemy. The girl, entirely inefficient to render any aid, sat silently watching with a wonderful kind of interest...

The hours seemed to come and go, to them; a dozen times Horton had momentarily ceased his fire to listen for the welcome thud of hoofs...

Horton carefully examined each precious charge in the pistol, striving to force himself to think calmly; and all the time an unknown voice repeatedly asserted that further resistance was entirely useless.

Instinct, however, told the girl that his cheerfulness was entirely assumed, but by neither word nor look did she betray this knowledge.

Silent, not voicing vain regrets, nor weak vindictives, they stood, living for the moments that reeled off with fearful regularity, each fraught with the question of life or death.

Horton, closely watching their every move and carefully weighing every circumstance, reluctantly decided that the time had come to make the girl aware of the hopelessness of their situation.

"It's all up with us now, I'm afraid, Miss Jordan," he said, quietly. "They're getting ready for a rush out there, I see, and when they try that, I'm afraid I won't be able to hold them off..."

"I know," she said, quickly, as if the privilege of speech was a relief after the long pulseless wait.

"Well, be killed. Well, you'll find that I'm not afraid to die!"

"Tisn't that," he said, drooping his eyes to the floor. "They won't kill you, you know, Miss Jordan; 'tisn't their style with white women. They'll—they'll let you live; you understand, don't you, Miss Jordan?"

For a moment she did not comprehend, then when the revelation dawned upon her all her composure and self-possession gave way.

"My God, they don't really do that, do they?" she cried. The boy nodded. "Oh, it can't be," she said, clasping her hands as the fearfulness of the boy's disclosures grew upon her.

Horton walked to a loop-hole and scanned the plain in an effort to find one clew upon which to hang a single thread of hope. But nothing new appeared to disturb the never-ending monotony of the landscape.

song that the world was still good to live in. The girl stood with clasped hands, gazing straight towards from where the fatal bullet would come...

When the first naked braves bounded up to the door with rifles held at ready, he fired twice, quickly, at the foremost, then as more came forward to take the fallen's places, he turned and skillfully shot her through the heart.

The foremost Apache fell a wriggling heap in the doorway as if struck down by a swift and powerful hand, and almost simultaneously one more fell likewise.

It was some seconds afterwards that the rifle reports coming up from the mountain pass were Lieut. Thompson and his troop—traveling towards Fort Pratt—were firing, dismounted, told Horton that he was saved.

For a moment the new lease of life fairly exhilarated him. Then his eyes fell upon the form of the girl, as she, a white, still heap upon the mud floor, lay beside him.

After all, Thompson and his men were too late. He was not to be saved. The girl was dead, and he had no right—

The first trooper to enter was a lightly-mounted private, and he found them lying almost side by side.

Lieut. Thompson, when he saw them, remarked that there would be two more scores for Horton's company to even up when it came their day to reckon face to face with Sultateau's mescaleros.—Overland Monthly.

A Virginia reader sends a story told by the late Alban S. Payne ("Nicholas Spicer") as an actual occurrence. It concerned a hard-riding, hard-drinking young Englishman who settled near Linden, that state...

A teacher in a boarding school the other day was "showing off" her pupils before a number of visitors. During the spelling lesson one small, red-haired boy was given the word "introduction." He paused, twisted his lips, stared, and then in a faltering way spelled it correctly...

"Do you know what that word means?" asked the teacher. "No, miss."

"Well, now, I" explain it to you. Does your mother ever have visitors?"

"Yes, miss." "Well, now, suppose that two women come to call on your mother. Your mother knows one of the women, but doesn't know the other. She has never seen the woman and doesn't even know her name. Now how would she become acquainted with this woman and find out her name?"

"She'd send for a pot of beer!" As that was probably the correct answer the teacher had nothing further to say.—Stray Stories.

Any one can hold out a dumb-bell for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of The Scarlet Letter steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday.

"It shall be as you wish, Miss Jordan," he said simply. "Thank you," she said. He stooped and reverently placed her hand to his lips. He would have also spoken, for they had come to be very close to each other in this short moment of awful trial, but an unknown odor of sanctity held him in reserve.

It was a pathetically heroic tableau they presented as they stood there, subdued by the calmness of despair, awaiting the end. The afternoon sun came slantingly in through the rude windows and cast strange, golden lights and dark shadows upon them.

Outside the sun shone on the yellow sand and the black rocks as it had shone from the beginning, and a breath of sun laden breeze coming into the room mocked them with the

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She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

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We will send you a little free.

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Jury List.

Table with columns: Name, Occupation, Residence. Lists names of Grand Jurors and Petit Jurors.

PROPOSITION FROM MINERS

Will Return to Work If Assured Mr. Baer Will Adjust Differences.

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 23.—A delegation of Mine Workers, headed by Peter Williams, of Mahanoy City, called at the offices of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company last night and submitted a proposition to return to work if they could have assurances that President Baer will adjust all local differences at the collieries.

Chief Warden Miles McAndrew, of the county jail, who was acting as a deputy, and District Superintendent Berkeiser, of the Ontario and Western Company, were attacked by an armed mob while driving through Priceburg last evening. They returned the fire and shot a Hungarian through the body.

PROPHETARY ACCOUNTS.

- List of accounts for confirmation, including names like J. C. Hornberger, Eliza Alice Shaver, etc.

REGISTRAR'S NOTICES.

- Notices regarding estate matters, including names like Luther Minium, George Miller, etc.

TROOPS ORDERED OUT

Thirteenth Regiment For Duty in Strike Region.

STRIKERS MOB NON-UNION MEN

Numerous Reports of Violence Caused Lackawanna Sheriff to Call On Governor Stone For Immediate Assistance—Excitement at Shenandoah.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 23.—Governor Stone issued an order early this morning directing the Thirteenth Regiment to report to General Gobin for duty in the strike region. The Thirteenth's headquarters are at Scranton, and the regiment will be quartered in its armory at that city temporarily.

Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23. — Sheriff Schadt, of Lackawanna county, last night telegraphed Governor Stone to send troops to his assistance. The sheriff has just given to the newspapers a proclamation announcing that he would call troops if the lawlessness did not cease, when he received a series of telephone calls to quell disturbances up the valley.

The worst of last night's outbreaks occurred at Archbald. A crowd of 200 strikers, mostly foreigners, ransacked the quarters occupied by the 40 men employed at the Raymond washery of the Ontario and Western Company.

Chief Deputy Sheriff Miles McAndrew was attacked and shot at by a mob at Olyphant. The steam pipes of the Pennsylvania Coal Company's colliery at Old Forge were blown up with dynamite last night.

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IT PAYS

to advertise in a live and up-to-date newspaper. For results try

The POST.

Full-blood Cherokee Indians are clearing the right of way for a railroad in the Indian territory. And all these years we have been led to believe that the Indian stood on a high bluff in the foreground, shading his mournful eyes with his hand, while he watched a locomotive of the vintage of 1869 invading the background.

The size of this year's cotton yield is as yet all speculation, but there is no speculation about the great development of cotton manufacturing in the south. And this, the Louisville Courier-Journal ventures to declare, is but the beginning.

Three hundred million feet of logs were cut on the Penobscot river last season. This is the biggest harvest ever known, and nearly half of it is for the manufacture of paper.

In the general discussion as to what punishment should be visited on reckless automobilists it is strange that no one has suggested touching a match to his gasoline tank.

At Huntington, Ind., Farmer Mason's cow swallowed a small shell and all. The small explored its new quarters. Farmer Mason's cow died.

Editor Shot in His Office.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 23. — George Frederick Muller, owner and editor of the Sewickley Valley News, and one of the oldest and best known journalists of this section, was found in his office yesterday unconscious with a bullet hole in his head. Muller has been suffering from aneurism for several months. It is believed the wound was self-inflicted, while temporarily insane.

Some Reasons Why You Should Insist on Having EUREKA HARNESS OIL. An excellent preservative. Reduces cost of your harness. Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased. Secures best service. Stitches kept from breaking.

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