

A SONG OF HOPE.

I. Weep not the years— The bitter storm and trouble of the past, Life will not thank thee for thy tenderest tears: Take heart—take hope at last.

MRS. FORRESTER'S FIRST HUSBAND. By E. RALPH.

My name is Spencer Lockwood, my profession the law. Last summer, I spent my vacation, as usual, in a charmingly old-fashioned inn near Milford, Penn.

I congratulated myself upon having left "pleas," "plaints," and all such things legal far behind, for a time at any rate, absolutely unsuspecting that I was on the eve of becoming a leading actor in a stranger criminal drama than ever I had played in at the Court of general sessions.

"By Jove!" I said to myself as I sat at the open window after dinner on the evening of my arrival, and watched a young lady, accompanied by an elder one, passing up the road.

Jackson, the proprietor, knew me well, and would have no hesitation in enlightening me as to the identity of the fair stranger.

"Them two," said Jackson, "is Mrs. Russell and her daughter. Mrs. Russell is the widow of a captain in the navy, and I should say, is pretty well off. They live in that old red shingled house half a mile up the hill road.

"The old lady's a bit sophisticated, so they say, hasn't a soul above tea-table gossip, and is about the worst kind of mother a young girl could possibly have, according to my opinion."

All this whetted my curiosity to know more of the young lady, a desire which the good offices of a friend, who introduced me to Miss Russell.

She was young; in fact, barely 21. She was good looking, too, but wore, I thought, a depressed and anxious expression. Naturally, I concluded that she was in ill health, a victim, perhaps, to the gayeties of the New York season.

I came face to face with Miss Russell and her threatener. "Don't be too sure of that!" I cried, addressing the latter, a truculent-looking, underbred loafer. "I have overheard quite enough to know that you are intimidating this lady, and I warn you that if you don't sheer off to the instant it will be the worse for you."

The fellow looked me up and down, as if to calculate probabilities, but, judging discretion to be the wiser course, with a jeeringly defiant laugh, disappeared in the thicket to the right.

The immediate strain lifted, Netta Russell all but completely collapsed on the reaction, and I saw that there was nothing for it but for me to accompany her home.

Her helplessness rendered her still more an object of solicitude to me, and I begged her to, if possible, confide in me, so far, at least, as to enable me to do what I could for her.

She then, after a brief hesitation, told me the most extraordinary story, imposing upon me, however, the condition that I would not repeat it to a soul.

I, of course, assured her upon this point, and listened thunderstruck to what practically amounted to a confession.

"Miss Russell," I said, "I—" "That is not my name," she interrupted me.

"Not your name?" I exclaimed. "No. Not a human being knows what I am going to tell you—I am married!"

"Yes!" I echoed. "Yes! I was married nearly four years ago, and my name is—Forrester."

Then she went on to say that when—a girl of 17—she was staying with some friends at Long Branch, she met a man with whom she fell in love. Handsome, fascinating, and knowing far more of the world than she did, she believed in him. His proposal of marriage to her, on the condition that she should keep the matter a profound secret for a month, so that he might obtain the consent of his father—who, he said, was a wealthy Chicago banker—she innocently agreed to.

"I think," said the detective, "that if you will wait half an hour my agent will have something to tell us about this very enterprising gentleman." As, indeed, he had.

He reported that, having taken Netta's note to the address given—a cigar store with private letter boxes to rent—he left it to be called for.

He found that a man had been asking for letters in the same name, each day for the two previous days.

Posting himself in the passage, the agent saw the man come and receive the letter and shadowed him home. He knew him as a notorious "crook."

Handing his memo. book to his principal, the latter read out: "Name, Earney. Well known turf operator. Ten years in 1895. Just out."

It was decided, subject to Netta Russell's opinion, that nothing much was to be gained by a prosecution of the rascal.

It is needless to say that I caught the first train back to Port Jervis. Prepared by a wire from me, Netta met me at the station, and drove with me to Milford.

Already she looked brighter, and comparatively free of her melancholy. I found, too, to my great satisfaction, that she had told her mother everything.

Netta married a year later. Who she married you may well guess, and I think I may suggest that her second husband was an improvement upon the first.—New York News.

FISH EATEN BY FISH. Now the Little "Killies" Seek to Elude the Big Bass.

"SALTING" A GOLD MINE. HOW TO TURN A WORTHLESS CLAIM INTO A BONANZA.

An Old Hand at the Game Will "Salt" a Mine Right Under Your Eyes and You Be Never the Wiser—Interesting Experiences of a Forty-Niner.

"Lots of people think," said the grizzled Forty-niner, "that nowadays 'salting' a gold mine is one of the lost arts. Those people were never more mistaken in their lives. 'Salting' a mine to sell it is even more common than it used to be, and every week in the far West some shrewd dealer, by the liberal use of 'salt,' unloads an empty proposition on the gullest tenderfoot."

"Easy to detect, you should think? Not a bit of it. An old hand at the game will 'salt' a mine right under your eyes, and you never the wiser."

"Tell you how it is done, you say? Well, you must think I am pretty crooked myself, to know the ways of the devious ones; but experience is a thorough teacher, you know."

"Well, there are all sorts and kinds of 'salting'; one of the neatest tricks is in the manner of 'salting' a mine where the test is by pan. Suppose, for instance, a man comes to sell you a gold claim. He declares that his pay dirt pans out \$50 to the pan or thereabouts, and offers to take you right out to the claim and prove his statement. You take him up, and out you go together. Your man is openness itself. He tells you to shovel up a pan of dirt from any place on the claim that you like, and he will wash it out for you. What could be fairer than that? No possible chance for a fake, you think. Of course not!

"All right. You shovel up your panful at random and hand it over to your man to be washed. You watch him with an eagle eye. No chance while you are by for him to slip a little dust from his hand into the pan! You are too keen for that, of course. In fact, as the moments speed by, and the dirt and water swirl away over the edge, you begin to think what a nice old boy he is anyway—nothing to conceal, everything open and aboveboard. His smile is truly benevolent as he puffs away on his old pipe, or, rather, bites the stem in the corner of his mouth, for he is so in earnest over his work that he has fairly let the pipe go out, and it is almost upside down."

"Look out!" you say, "your ashes are falling out!" "Oh, well, the tobacco is out anyway," he says, and goes steadily on with his work, you meanwhile watching eagerly and covetously for the shining particles and dust to gleam from the black sand at the bottom. Ah, there they are at last!

"You draw a deep breath of relief and delight, while the benevolent old man looks up with a kindly smile and says, shaking his head: 'Wal, I declare, that shows up a heap sht better even than I figured on. I'm sort of sorry I named that price to you on this 'ere claim. Looks like as if you had a bonanza.'"

"But you gave me your word," you blurt out impetuously, "and you can't go back on it!" "No, young feller, that's right. I'll stick to what I said. But gosh! I had no idea she'd pan out like this."

east," at my request led me promptly through the tunnelings of the party just beginning to be developed. A couple of his men in one of the tunnels were filling up big canvas bags with quartz and pay dirt that had evidently been mined out only a few hours before.

"I felt that I was an old hand at mining, and so I walked up promptly to one of the bags that had just been filled and said: 'I want this one taken out for sampling.' The mouth of the bag was tightly sewn together, so I knew that it could not be tampered with."

"The owner looked somewhat pained at my abrupt methods, and I was fairly gleeful over my acuteness and promptness."

"Well, to my delight, that bag assayed away—almost to the limit. It was as rich ore as had ever been found in the camp. Within 24 hours the mine belonged to me, and, though it cost me about all I had, I was walking on air."

"But the atmosphere forms a very thin sort of a promise, and is likely to let you fall through suddenly. So it was with me. The mine was simply N. G. I worked it a month, with no results, and then quit in disgust."

"I told my story to an old miner. 'Salted!' was his brief comment, 'salted to the limit.'"

"But how?" I asked. He looked at me pityingly.

"Young man," he said, "you're tender at that business. Of course that chap had scattered a handful of gold dust in each of those few bags. He knew you'd pounce on one, and I'll bet he could hardly keep from yelling when he saw you walk right into the trap."

"The Forty-niner shook his head sadly. 'It is melancholy, even 50 years after, to recall the occasions when one has been tried and found an easy mark,' said he."

"Salting" a mine with a blow pipe isn't an uncommon way to do the trick," mused the narrator of old California days. "That method requires considerable skill. Suppose a crooked owner of a half-developed set of tunnelings decides to unload. He goes through the tunnels, notes carefully all the knobs or chunks that project prominently from the sides or roof, and with an ingenious sort of a blower, he forces fine gold dust into the cracks and crevices of these outcropping knobs. Then he takes the would-be purchaser through the mine."

THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY. Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will always be found right.

LIKE TRAMPS. One Section of the County Where Hoaxes Are Ever Welcome. "Speaking of tramps I know of one place in the United States where this interesting and erratic member of society is looked upon as a luxury," said a visitor at one of the hotels in New Orleans.

MOOSE THAT TAMED HERSELF. Animal is Thoroughly at Home on a Hotel Lawn. Kineo has a special attraction just now in the shape of a cow moose which makes herself thoroughly at home on the hotel lawn eyeing spectators mildly or chewing her cud in the sun with evident satisfaction.

EVERY WOMAN. DR. PEAL'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. When in Doubt, Try Serravallo's Pills. They have stood the test of years and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Headache, Sleeplessness, and Vertigo, etc.

Grant Helped Out. Capt. Lamb, the Richmond member, always adorns his speeches with numerous brief incidents, in which the life of the colored people of the south is depicted.

BUSINESS CARDS. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. MCDONALD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. SMITH M. MCOREIGHT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DR. B. E. HOOVER, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA. DR. L. L. MEANS, DENTIST. DR. R. DEVERE KING, DENTIST. DR. W. A. HENRY, DENTIST. E. NEFF, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

YOUNG'S PLANING MILL. You will find Sash, Doors, Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Varnishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which I will sell cheap.

WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Serravallo's Pills. They have stood the test of years and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Headache, Sleeplessness, and Vertigo, etc.

How to Keep an Umbrella. Apropos of rainy days and their indispensable accompaniment, the umbrella, an authority says that an umbrella which is stood upon its head to dry will last just twice as long as the umbrella allowed to stand in the usual way when not in use—that is to say on the ferrule, instead of on the handle.