QUID PRO QUO.

I begged a kiss of a little maid,
Shyly, sweetly, she consented.
Then of a sudden, all afraid,
After she gave it she repented,
And now as penance for that one kiss
She asks a poem—I'll give her this.

But how can my song be my very best
When she, with a voice as soft as Circe's,
Has charmed the heart from my lonely breast—
The heart, the fountain of all true verses?
Why, oh, why should a maid do this?
No—I must give back her kiss.

—R. U. Johnson in Century.

OUR PHANTOM GUIDE

"Any light out there? My, but it's dark, and the roadbed seems to have been washed away. Say, Hugh, whatever are we to do after losing our way in this fashion?"

Hugh McClure and I had been shooting over a Perthshire moor, and dallying too long after game had been caught in the descending night and the far more unpleasant descending rainstorm.

"Blest if I know," answered Hugh, wading his way out of a mudhole and shaking himself like a huge Newfoundland dog.

"Gents, I can guide you to a place of shelter," said a deep, hollow voice beside us. We both sprang back, for there, but a few feet away, stood a horse and his rider, the dark mass being partially distinguishable from the darkness of the night around.

That a horseman should be in a place where it was difficult for a pedestrian to get a secure footing was strange enough in all conscience, but that he should have apparently risen up among us without any warning whatsoever was stranger still.

"How did you ever steer your horse down here?" I queried in a tone that I tried to make one of surprised pleasure, but miserably failed in the attempt.

"I have lived on the borders of this moor all my life," replied the voice, "and my horse knows every foot of the way since he was a foal."

This explanation was satisfactory enough for men in desperate circumstances. Hugh and I thanked him for his proffered services and requested him to lead the way. We sought to obtain a glimpse of his features, but they were wrapped in the invulnerable gloom of the night.

As he passed I noticed that his horse was a very tall one and that its eyes shone through the darkness like the eyes of a gigantic cat, but with a far more unearthly and ferocious light than that of the docile grimalkin curled up before the fire, speculating profoundly on the rise and fall of stock in the rodent market.

The horseman rode a short distance in advance, holding in his beast occasionally to enable us to catch up. It was a hard task to do so. The rain was descending in torrents. The wind howled and whistled across the moor. At every step we sank above our boot tops and often almost to our knees.

A vivid flash of lightning shot across our way. For an instant the features of our mysterious guide and the form of his steed were revealed. He was half turned in his saddle and was glancing back at where we were floundering behind. His face was like the face of a skeleton covered over with tightly drawn skin, through which two malicious eyes gleamed with a vindictiveness that was startling in its intensity. Over his form and over that of his horse were cast some long robes that looked like the trappings of a funeral car, the horse's head being also enveloped, save for two eyelets, through which it surveyed us with the blazing eyes of an unbroken mustang. The rider wore a tall hat like those worn by our forefathers 100 years ago and with something fastened around the brim that I could have sworn was a bow of crape.

"For God's sake, stop, Hugh!" I cried, holding his arm. "Did you see that fellow's face? I do believe he is no living man. Not of our world anyhow."

Hugh McClure was as practical a Scotchman as ever failed to appreciate a joke or pass an examination in Edinburgh university.

Through the opaque night I could feel his withering glance of scorn as he made answer, "If you want to talk of ghosts in the middle of this God forsaken spot in this heaven condemned weather, you can do so, Percy, but you shan't have me for an audience," and he forged on, calling to our guide:

"In the name of the first pilot, how long will it be before you can steer us to the world again?"

The hollow voice came echoing back:

"One mile to the right is a cottage where we can find shelter. Come on!"

"A mile of this!" wailed Hugh. "Oh, my sins have been many, but what I suffer tonight should atone for all!"

We had, however, passed the worst portion of our journeying, and the footing now became more secure. Still the rain descended in sheets, and the wind blew with a force that ofttimes threatened to sweep us off our feet.

Like a far distant star we at length saw a light ahead. It appeared, then disappeared, then appeared again.

"There is the cottage," said our guide. "We will reach it soon now."

"What a mean fellow not to offer us a lift on his horse!" grumbled Hugh. "I certainly have enough trouble to keep my own footing not to have to guide a horse over these bottomless holes, but he might have been civil enough to make the offer anyway."

We were now proceeding over the soft, damp turf of the moor, and I had frequently stopped from time to time to feel if the horse left any tracks behind him. Not the trace of a track could I find.

"Hugh," I whispered, "that horse is leaving no tracks behind him."

"Do stop your ghost stories," said Hugh impatiently. "Anyhow, restrain them until we get out of this lost part of Scotland."

After half an hour's tradging we stood before the cabin from whence the light had proceeded. It was a small, mud walled concern covered with a thick roof of thatch. Two little windows on either side of the narrow door had their shutters up, and through the jagged chinks the rays of a strong illumination within shone brightly.

"Go right in and make yourselves at home, while I take my horse to stable," said our mysterious guide as he turned off to the rear of the hut.

We pushed open the door. The apartment we entered was a large one, much larger than the outside of the hut would lead us to believe, but what astonished us the most was the luxurious manner in which it was furnished. Heavy tapestries covered the four walls, a thick Turkish carpet was spread upon the floor, four chairs of solid mahogany, two lounges of the same material, all upholstered in the richest velvet, a huge bureau of polished pine and a mahogany table were situated in various parts of the room, the lounges standing temptingly before the wood fire that crackled up the chimney unrestrained by any grate. A hanging lamp suspended from the cross beam, whose shade seemed studded, if not with actual jewels, with wonderful imitations thereof, cast a brilliant, almost dazzling, light over all.

"Well," said Hugh as soon as he could realize the situation. "This seems like a fairy tale, but then in a fairy tale this would be an enchanted castle and not an enchanted hut. Ah, but those lounges look tempting, however! This must be some great man's shooting box, though it looked very unlike one from the outside as well as I could see. That man you took for a ghost must be the owner. His invitation for us to make ourselves at home sounded as if he was. Well, I would not mind meeting such a ghost again under like circumstances, from which circumstances, however, may heaven forefend!"

We were so tired and wet, and this apartment being evidently the only one in the house, we proceeded to undress and hang up our garments to dry. Under one of the sofas Hugh had discovered two dressing gowns of superb finish, which we calmly appropriated, and our host delayed so long about rejoining us we lay down on the lounges and were soon sleeping as worn and weary wayfarers alone can sleep.

What sounded like the clash of a mighty cymbal brought me erect on my feet and wide awake after enjoying a much needed and refreshing sleep. I looked about. The lamp had gone out. So, too, had the fire. But in the center of the room a pillar of light seemed to descend from the roof to the floor. In the midst of the pillar was the upright form of a venerable old man. His head was thrown back, his long, white hair falling in a mass over his shoulders. His great beard covered his entire chest. He was clad in an ox's skin, fastened by a hempen girdle. His bare arms, powerful and sinewy, were bound behind him to a shadowy stake, and his naked feet—merciful heavens!—were resting upon live coals of fire. On looking closer at the face I saw a look of hopeless, unspeakable anguish thereon, but not a moan escaped from the writhing lips. As I stood horror stricken, a sweet female voice rose and swelled in a weird wild chant of heart piercing sadness. The words were Gallic, but the tones in which they floated through the silence of the room were the tones of a soul to whom hope is lost forever. As it ended, a mocking laugh rang loud outside the window and was followed by a horse's neigh. We knew from the cold blast that rushed in that some one had opened the door. Simultaneously the specter disappeared. I felt an awesome presence not of earth approaching.

Hugh's voice gasped in my ear. "For God's sake, let us fly!"

Dressed only in the gowns we had discovered, we rushed madly to the door. As we passed its threshold, we heard behind us a yell of disappointed rage that made the blood run cold in our veins.

We dashed on blindly, panic stricken. At length toward morning we met a party of hunters, who at first very naturally took us for a pair of escaped lunatics roaming aimlessly on the moor and clad in two old tattered, mildewed dressing gowns that had seemed such handsome dresses when we first saw them in the hut. On our relating our adventures their voices rose in a mutual cry of astonishment.

"Aweel! Aweel!" exclaimed the eldest of the hunters, a grizzled veteran, with the snows of some 60 winters on his head. "Ye air th' first men that ever slep' in the laird's hut and lived to tell the tale."

We begged him to explain, for sick and scared as we were we were an ious to know what we had escaped from.

"The hut," said the old hunter, "was occupied o'er 80 years agone by the laird of Knockeranie, the eighth of the name. On his young wife dying he betook himself and his infant daughter to it. He furnished it from the castle. Then he shut himself out from the world. No one ever saw him, but when his daughter got to be a gruid pert girl she used to be heard singing, tho' few e'er cast eyes on her. It was said that the laird had mickle gowd hid in the hut, and one night robbers broke in, killed the daughter and her father after almost burning his feet off trying to make him tell where his money was hid. A horse and his rider were found drowned in the marsh next morning, and they do say he was one of the murderers, for blood stains the water could not remove were on his clothes. He is said to haunt the marsh yet, so's to bring lost folks to the hut whar the murder was, and whoever enters the door is never seen again."

I tell the story as it happened. Whether we were suffering from temporary aberration, caused by the germs of a fever that laid us low for many days, I leave for others to decide, but Hugh and I often gaze in awe at the old dressing gowns we still possess, the relics of that terrible night.—Vere V. Hunt in Chicago Tribune.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. C. W. Hodgkins.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania.

For the accommodation of persons who desire to attend the meeting of the German Baptists (Dunkards), to be held at Decatur, Ill., May 28 to June 8, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell from May 24 to June 1, inclusive, excursion tickets from all points on their system west of and including Baltimore, Lancaster, and Reading, and south of and including Sunbury, to Decatur and return, at a single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return to starting point not later than July 9.

A lady at Tooleys, La., was very sick with bilious colic when M. C. Tisler, a prominent merchant of the town gave her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says she was well in forty minutes after taking the first dose. For sale by City Drug Store, C. E. Belcher, Prop.

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Person who sympathize with the afflicted will rejoice with D. E. Carr of 1235 Harrison street, Kansas City. He is an old sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism, but has not heretofore been troubled in this climate. Last winter he went up into Wisconsin, and in consequence has had another attack. "It came upon me again very acute and severe," he said. "My joints swelled and became inflamed; sore to touch or almost to look at. Upon the urgent request of my mother-in-law I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm to reduce the swelling and ease the pain, and to my agreeable surprise, it did both. I have used three fifty-cent bottles and believe it to be the finest thing for rheumatism, pains and swellings extant. For sale by City Drug Store, C. E. Belcher, Prop.

Reduced Rates to Denver.

For the accommodation of persons who desire to visit Colorado on the occasion of the meeting of the National Education Association, at Denver, Col., July 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets on July 3, 4, and 5, to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pueblo, at the extremely low rates of $50.75 from New York, $49.25 from Philadelphia, $47.50 from Baltimore and Washington, $47.25 from Harrisburg; proportionate rates from other points. These tickets will be good for return passage from Colorado points on July 12, 13, 14, and 15, with an extension until September 1, if desired. A special train of Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars will be run, leaving New York at 10.10 a. m., July 4, stopping at prominent intermediate points, and arriving at Denver on the afternoon of July 6. This affords a grand opportunity for a trip to the world re-nowned Rocky Mountain resorts in Colorado at a comparativly small cost.

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On and after Nov. 25, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek Station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

8.55 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & R. train 3 for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, and Erie.

7.55 a. m.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Skykes, Big Run, and Punxsutawney.

10.27 a. m.—Accommodation from Bradford, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, and intermediate stations, for DuBois and Punxsutawney.

2.20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, and Bradford.

5.10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Skyes, Big Run, Punxsutawney, and Walston.

Trains Arrive—7.00 a. m. accommodation from Punxsutawney. 8.55 a. m., Mail from Walston and Punxsutawney; 1.00 p. m., accommodation from Punxsutawney; 5.10 p. m., Mail from Buffalo and Rochester.

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