



# HIS FLEETING IDEAL

## The Great Composite Novel.

THE JOINT WORK OF  
W. H. Ballou, Ella Wheeler Wilcox,  
Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun,  
Alan Dale, Howe & Hummel,  
Pauline Hall, Inspector Byrnes,  
John L. Sullivan,  
Nell Nelson, Mary Eastlake,  
P. T. Barnum, Bill Nye.

### IX.—EXPEDIENTS OF DESPAIR.

By MARY EASTLAKE Illustrated by Miss E. L. SYLVESTER.

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It is the nature of a man to pursue.  
He regards the whole world as a hunting ground, and anything that pleases his fancy, whether it be a bird, a pretty woman or a brute, as his lawful prey.  
He may not care for the game or know why he pursues it, but the chase is irresistible, and like the child with the butterfly, he will spoil his pretty clothes, stain his toe and get his feet wet running through brambles and puddles as long as the winged thing is in sight.  
If woman only knew it she could win her lover by eluding him, for man ever wishes what he can't get easily, and prizes most the fruit that hangs highest. To him no beauty is so enchanting as that which smiles and blushes beneath the mystic web of a gauzed veil, and doubly lovely is the loveliness that turns and flies at his approach.  
Henshall knew neither rest nor peace of mind. The throbbing, sobbing notes of Edna's violin were as sweet to him as the music of the rolling spheres of the old philosopher.  
He had eyes for nothing but the soft brown of her hair, lashes, complexion and dress. He thought of her through the day and dreamed of her in the night, and could they have been vocalized every sigh would have uttered, "I will find her."  
And as he followed this small woman with his thoughts and his soul his bride Lena first became moody, then tearful, and finally so despondent that she threw herself in the arms of her companion and begged her to tell her what to do.  
There was not any too much nectar in the make up of Mrs. Smith, and no danger of her sharpening the edge of Mrs. Henshall's sensibilities. Instead of putting her arm about her neck, and electrifying her medulla spinalis with the magic of her touch, she took a hairpin from her coiffure and proceeded to loosen the turtleneck about the girl's finger nails.  
"And so you are disappointed with married life already? Well, my dear, you have only made the common error of expecting too much. You have foolishly invested the field of wedlock with the contents of a rose, and studied your hero through the magnifying lens when you should have reversed the glass."



"Now let me advise you not to be unreasonable; don't tell me you expected to marry an angel. You are a mortal and married to a man, one of the queerest brutes that tread the earth. Yes, men are queer brutes," she repeated, crossing her eyes in fancy; "enthusiastic and deferential enough before marriage, but an entirely different sort of breed afterward."  
"But Henry isn't; he's the same now that he was a year ago. He scarcely notices me, and never speaks unless I ask him a question. There's something on his mind. It isn't his work, for he hasn't finished a canvas this long time; and it isn't I, that's certain."  
"Now, Lena, don't be foolish. You get as much petting as the average woman has a right to expect."  
"Right? Am I not married to him, his lawful wife, and shouldn't I expect some evidence of his affection?"  
"No, except nothing; you can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Let him get thirsty; let him alone."  
"But I don't want to let him alone."  
"And there's just where you make a mistake. When you get your third husband you'll know how to manage him. The trouble with you is this, you have too many feelings and too much heart. It is a bother to have feelings, and my advice is to get rid of your heart if you want to have good digestion and keep your youth."  
"A woman with a heart is in the power of her husband; a wife who has none can do as she pleases. Take all, give nothing in return—that's the true philosophy of matrimonial peace if you can't find contentment; and you needn't hunt for happiness, for it is not to be found on this planet in quantities to speak about."  
This sort of advice was gall and wormwood to the honest, innocent young woman, but she knew well enough that her companion spoke from her bitter experience, and nauseous as the dose was she took it, dried her eyes and went to dress for a walk.  
They had been at the Palace hotel in San Francisco for a week, and the paint-

er had sought in vain to meet his ideal. The amusement boards were placarded with bills for her concert engagement, every performance of which he had attended. He had cultivated the acquaintance of the theatre manager, and through him secured an introduction to Herr Rudolph Opper, whom he had wined and dined at the hotel. He had smoked, walked and driven with him, and as a last resort to win his confidence begged the impresario to sit for a portrait.  
"Now, I would like very much to have you and Mrs. Henshall meet my little star, but I have nothing to say about it. It rests entirely with her, and she has positively refused to make any acquaintances. These professional women, you know, have to be humored, but Miss Neville, I am convinced, has a reason for wishing to avoid people, and as she is not well, I feel compelled to respect her wishes."  
Henshall was pretending to portray the musician one morning when this conversation took place, and at this rebuff his brows knitted, his heart sank and his brush fell from his hand.  
"Well, of course, Herr Opper. I don't wish to seem impertinent, but I met Miss Neville several times in New York."  
"You did?" interjected the musician.  
"That is, I saw her—heard her play, and I have seen her every night during this engagement. My reason for asking to be presented is that I wish to make a picture of her for the next Academy. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen or dreamed of, and if I could only paint her I believe the picture would make me famous."  
The model, who was playfully dote-tailing his fingers, offering no answer further than a mild indorsement of the compliment to the girl's beauty, it suddenly occurred to Henry that it might be policy to get the assistance of Lena, and excusing himself he went to call her.  
While he was away Opper got up to stretch his legs, and in the circuit of the improvised studio came upon a small folder, which carelessly opened revealed a sketch done on a business card that fairly took his breath away.  
"Miss Neville!" he muttered to himself. "Then this is the villain she has been trying to avoid ever since we left New York! My God! and I have been telling him about her. Another! Three! Two more! As I live, there is nothing else. And I was seriously thinking to have this man paint her from life. Well, well, well! this is great luck. I must go; this is something remarkable!"  
A few moments later, when Henshall returned with his wife to propose an invitation for a supper party, he was surprised to find the room vacant.  
There was no sign of Herr Opper in the hall, and as the elevator was at the bottom of the shaft he wisely concluded that his visitor had gone. The next thing was to send a playfully petulant note after him by messenger, and urge the importance of an early sitting for the next morning. The reply dumfounded him.  
Herr Opper would not be able to keep the appointment nor make another until his return to New York.  
At the concert that night the manager could not be seen, and when he had been repulsed a third time Henry fell to thinking with such fierce energy that he did not notice the burly detective in evening dress who followed him into the hall and occupied the seat adjoining his.  
When Dr. Watson reached Chicago and came face to face with his wife and his antagonist he was momentarily stunned.  
"Curse the luck!" he thought to himself. "There are four sleepers in the train, but only one dining car, and no matter how I calculated it would be awkward. There's no use figuring. I can't do it."  
And he instantly became solicitous for his patient.  
"My dear sir, what is it? Speak," putting one hand on the old man's shoulder and taking his pulse with the other. "You are pale, your eyes are glassy and you're chilled. Forgive me, dear Mr. Crawford, the run from New York has been too much for you. We should have laid off at Detroit. But we'll make amends here."  
And before the astonished old gentleman could recover his senses at this unexpected burst of interest Dr. Watson signalled a porter to conduct him to the waiting room while he went to overtake Miss Brown, who had already arranged her section for the journey.  
"My dear," he said, taking her by the arm. "I've changed my mind; come out on the platform. I want to speak to you," anxious to avoid the possible recognition of his wife. "Mr. Crawford is not well, and I have decided to stay over until tomorrow, but you can go on alone. Here's the letter and the tickets, and here's some money for your expenses."  
"Go to Miss Crawford at once, and \$500 spot cash if you catch the bird and hold her until we arrive. If anything happens I'll wire you and sign the message 'Brother,' so as not to arouse any suspicions in the mind of Miss Edna should she chance to see it. That's all, I guess. Good-by, sister. Won't you shake hands? Well, have it as you like. Be good to yourself and look sharp."  
The bags and traveling blankets were hardly gathered up when the bell rang, the cry of "all aboard" was heard and the train steamed out of the depot.  
Dr. Watson called a carriage and ordered the driver to take them to the Palmer house.

By way of sustaining his apprehensions for the welfare of Mr. Crawford, who was in reality very much prostrated from the fatigue of the journey, the doctor conducted him to the Turkish bath and had him steamed, rubbed and rolled until he was nearly dead. He had to be carried to his room on a stretcher, where he remained through the entire week.  
Message after message was wired to Miss Brown during the week without getting any answer in reply.  
Suddenly one day the treachery of the woman flashed through the doctor's mind, and he dashed off a dispatch, and marking it "rush" he carried it down to the rotunda of the hotel.  
The dispatch was addressed to Louise Neville. It read:  
"Come at once. Your father is dying."  
"DR. WATSON."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**George William Curtis.**  
Had letters kept you, every wretch were yours;  
Had the world tempted, all its chariest doors  
Had swung on flattered hinges to admit  
Such high bred manners, such good natured wit:  
At courts, in senates, who so fit to serve?  
And both invited, but you would not swerve.  
All manner praises waiting that you might  
In civic duty spend your heat and light  
Unpaid, untrammeled, with a sweet disdain  
Refusing posts men grovel to attain.  
Good Man all own you; what is left me then  
To heighten praise with but Good Citizen?  
But praise can harm not who so calmly met  
Slender's worst word, nor treasured up the  
debt.  
Knowing what all experience serves to show,  
No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.  
You have heard harsher voices and more loud,  
As all must, not sworn liegemen of the crowd,  
And far aloof your silent mind could keep,  
As when in heavens with winter midnight  
deep.  
The perfect moon hangs thoughtful, nor can  
you know  
What wounds her lucent calm drives mad be-  
low.  
—James Russell Lowell.

**A Schooner Tossed by a Whale.**  
The schooner Lulu lies on the ways at Captain Hunt's wharf, at the foot of F street, in quite a dilapidated condition, her bottom scraped as though she had been drawn across the bight, and about a quarter of her rudder missing. It all happened in this way:  
The evening of July 10 Captain Ed Burke was at the wheel, sailing northward under a stiff breeze. The vessel is of five tons burden and was loaded with 4 1/2 tons of fish. He was just off Point Canova, 250 miles south, and was home-bound. All at once the little craft reared up out of the water, the stem went down into the sea, and a crashing told that something unusual had happened.  
John Fitzhughes was sitting forward near the port rail, and he went overboard head first, but in his descent he grabbed a loose line that hung over the side. The vessel next raised out of the water from the middle, as if forced up by a powerful jackscrew. She went up like a flash and fell back just in time to right herself. Then something struck the rudder a powerful jolt, and the tiller threw Captain Burke sprawling to the deck. By this time Fitzhughes had managed to climb aboard, and a huge whale, appearing to be wounded, threw water from his spouting apparatus all over the vessel. The monster swam rapidly away, spouting at irregular but frequent intervals, and the two salts got on their knees and offered up thanks for their safe delivery.—San Diego Sun.

**What Antone Found in the Coal.**  
It was a queer find, that of Antone Hagenlocker, and none can blame him for being surprised. Antone is an engineer in the employ of the Ansonia Brass and Copper company, and as he placed an extra large lump of soft coal under the boiler he had no thoughts of what that lump of coal contained. A few minutes later he opened the furnace door again, and what was his surprise to see in the furnace a handsome plant resembling a species of cactus! It was bright red from the heat, every vein in the leaves being defined. He carefully removed it from the furnace without breaking, and when it cooled it turned to a dull gray color.  
It rests on a base of coal and then stands out a well defined petrified plant, but not carbonized, so that it burned as readily as did the coal surrounding it. He has shown the formation to many, and nothing like it has ever been seen here. The stalk of the plant where cut from the parent stem is well defined. Mr. Hagenlocker is to have it mounted and placed under a glass case.—Waterbury (Conn.) American.

**In September We Realize That—**  
Latin roots lie deeply buried.  
Wrappers are among the necessities.  
School dresses must be donned again.  
Summer roses have withered and gone.  
The peach season does not last forever.  
July and August do not complete the heated term.  
Carpet bugs and moths have taken no summer rest.  
Ministers have grown energetic, eloquent and inspiring.  
Lunch baskets must be filled with choicest, daintiest bits.  
"There's no place like home," and winter quarters must be secured.  
The fluttering of birds' wings is only a premonition of the long journey south.  
No tracks are to be found on sandy beaches, summer acquaintances are of the past and the pets have been brought home.—Good Housekeeping.

**Rural Electric Roads.**  
Plans are now being perfected at Cleveland by which a large part of the grape and market produce crop of the section east of the city will be brought in by electricity this fall, and the East Cleveland electric road has built two lines connecting with its street tracks five miles beyond the eastern city limits into a rich market gardening and grape growing section, and will fit up its old passenger cars for the transportation of freight, running the cars directly from the farms to the city market houses. Another line is building through the country from Berea for a like purpose, and several others are projected.

**CHARGED WITH HIGH TREASON**  
Warrants Out for the Arrest of the Homestead Advisory Board.  
PITTSBURGH, Oct. 1.—The greatest sensation in the Homestead mill trouble since the riot of July 6 was sprung by the Carnegie company officials. A veritable bomb was thrown into the camp of the strikers when Chief Justice Paxton, of the state supreme court, issued warrants for the arrest of all the members of the strikers' advisory committee, charging them with treason against the commonwealth. This is the first case of the kind ever known here.  
The men charged with treason are: David Shannon, John McLuckie, David Lynch, Thomas J. Crawford, Hugh O'Donnell, Harry Bayne, Elmer E. Rail, Isaac Byers, Henry Byers, T. F. Brown, George Chappers, Isaac Critchlow, Miller Colgan, John Coyle, Jack Clifton, Dennis M. Cosh, William McCanneggy, Michael Cummings, William Combs, John Dierken, Patrick Fagan, W. H. Gatches, Matthew Harris, Reed Kennedy, John Miller, S. B. Seavright, John Murray, H. H. Thompson, Martin Murray, Hugh Ross, William T. Roberts, George Rylands and George W. Sarver.  
The information recites that on or about July 1 the defendants, not swerving the duty of their allegiance to the laws of the commonwealth, but wickedly designing and intending to excite insurrection, rebellion and war against said commonwealth, did, at the borough of Homestead, unlawfully, maliciously, falsely and traitorously compass and intend to raise and levy war, the insurrection, rebellion against the commonwealth of Pennsylvania with a great multitude of persons, numbering hundreds, armed and arrayed in a warlike manner with guns and revolvers, cannon, swords, knives, clubs and other warlike weapons and did array and dispose themselves against said commonwealth, and that its constitution, laws and authority were defied, resisted and subverted by the defendants and their armed allies, contrary to the duty, allegiance and fidelity of said defendants.  
The first five men to be arrested were Acting Chairman Crawford, Edward Beard, George Rylands, John Dierken and Brown. It is said that Pat Ferris, the chief of the Carnegie detectives, has over 100 more warrants, and they will be served as fast as the men can be located. The men were locked up in the guard tent at Munnhall and were later taken to Pittsburgh, where they will have a hearing. In no case were the warrants read to the men, who are indignant over the proceedings.

**DANN DIES IN JAIL**  
The Bank Wrecker Ends His Life with a Dose of Morphine.  
BUFFALO, Oct. 4.—Edward S. Dann, the notorious bank wrecker, has ended his infamous career with his own hand, adding self murder to his other crimes. He died yesterday evening at the close of the day he was to have been tried for robbing the National Savings bank. The cause of death is given by his family physician as "rupture of an artery in the brain." It is known, however, that he took opium on Saturday, and the intent of suicide is very clear.  
The news of Dann's arrest caused great excitement when it was made known in June. He was not locked up like a common criminal at first, but was allowed to go to and from his home under surveillance of a detective. Then it was that Dann made his first and unsuccessful attempt to take his own life. He swallowed twenty morphine pills. His stomach rebelled, threw off the poison and he lived on in disgrace.  
The examiners found in Dann after a column of figures, abstractions running back for a long period of years, and continuing up to the very day he was apprehended, when he stole a package of \$10,000 deposited by ex-Justice Charles Daniels, of the supreme court. The shortage at first was stated at \$100,000, then at \$200,000; then it was said to more than reach the bank's surplus.  
Finally it was learned that the aggregate steal was half a million. Before the figures had reached this total Dann had been put in jail on warrants sworn out by indignant stockholders, headed by Alderman Jack White.

**Nancy Hanks in 2:04.**  
TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Sept. 29.—The world's record for the light harness horse, either trotting or pacing, was lowered yesterday when Nancy Hanks trotted a mile in 2:04. The 6,000 people who saw it, it is breathless for a moment after the little mare passed under the wire, and even Doble, always modest of speech, declared when carried to the judges' stand on the shoulders of the crowd and called upon for speech, that he was "hoarse and Nancy Hanks went so fast it took my breath away."

**The New Postage Stamp.**  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 29.—From and after Jan. 1 next the familiar face of George Washington will disappear from the two-cent postage stamps, and an illustrative picture of Columbus and his discovery of America will take its place.

**Miners Convicted of Conspiracy.**  
SPOKANE, Wash., Sept. 30.—Four of the Coeur d'Alene miners who have been on trial for conspiracy were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from fifteen months to two years. Ten miners were acquitted.

**An Ironed Grave.**  
LOCKPORT, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The remains of Bass, the ossified man and museum freak, who died a few days ago, were placed in an ironed, bolted vault, so that the doctors or museum freak hunters cannot steal the body.

**The Head of the Jesuits.**  
MADRID, Oct. 3.—Father Martin has been chosen general of the Society of Jesus by the convention of Jesuit delegates at Azpetia. Father Martin is a Spaniard, fifty years old.

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### READING RAILROAD SYSTEM.

#### LEHIGH VALLEY DIVISION.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, MAY 15, 1892.

LEAVE FREELAND.  
6:15, 8:45, 9:40, 10:35 A. M., 12:25, 1:50, 2:43, 3:50, 5:15, 6:35, 7:00, 8:47 P. M., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazelton.  
6:15, 9:40 A. M., 1:35, 5:30 P. M., for Mauth Chung, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila., Easton and New York. (8:45 has no connection for New York.)  
8:45 A. M. for Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia.  
10:50 A. M., 12:16, 4:39 P. M. (via Highland Branch) for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.  
6:15 A. M. for Hook Ridge and Allentown.

SUNDAY TRAINS.  
11:40 A. M. and 3:45 P. M. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazelton.  
3:45 P. M. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia.  
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.  
5:50, 6:52, 7:36, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 1:15, 2:35, 4:39, 6:56 and 8:37 P. M. from Hazelton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
7:36, 9:15, 10:56 A. M., 12:16, 2:35, 4:39, 6:56 P. M. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).  
1:15 and 3:45 P. M. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauth Chung.  
9:45 and 10:56 A. M. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauth Chung.  
6:15, 10:35 A. M., 2:43, 6:35 P. M. from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via New Boston Branch).  
SUNDAY TRAINS.—from Hazelton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.  
11:31 A. M. from Delano, Hazelton, Philadelphia and Easton.  
3:21 P. M. from Pottsville and Delano.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.  
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C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Full Moon	11:12 a.m.	Moon	20 1:24 p.m.
3rd Quarter	4:39 p.m.	1st Quarter	28 4:20 p.m.
4th Quarter	12 p.m.	2nd Quarter	28 4:20 p.m.