

**UNCONFESED.**

She may seek to flirt and flout me,  
She may seem to dream and doubt me,  
She may lead me devious ways  
With her wiles about me;  
But, beyond it—ah, she knows  
By her footstep my heart goes!

She may will to tease and try me,  
She may choose to run and fly me,  
She may give me stint of praise  
And be seldom rich me;  
But, beside it—ah, she knows  
By her footstep my heart goes!

She may cozen and deceive me,  
She may show pretense to leave me,  
She may turn away her gaze  
Thinking thus to grieve me;  
But, beneath it—ah, I know  
By my heart her footsteps go!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

**THE DEATH BIRD**

BY M. QUAD.

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Long enough before I, a lieutenant of infantry, made my first trip across the great Staked plains of Texas as an escort to a couple of civil engineers I had heard of the death bird of the desert. No living man had ever seen it, but there were plenty who had heard its notes, and its notes always meant danger. One might travel to and fro on the Staked plains for a year and never see a bird of any sort except about their edges. The only living things to be met with are serpents, lizards, scorpions and skulking wolves. The aridness and desolation are too much even for the buzzards.

The death bird, so the legend went, appeared only at night, and then no man saw him. He came to give warning. His notes were peculiar, and no hunter could imitate him, but one hearing them in the silence of the night and the desert could make no mistake. Before making the trip an old hunter said to me:

"There is but one danger to look out for—the Apaches. They may follow you clear across the desert. They will not attack you by daylight, but at night, without your having seen a sign of them, they will creep upon you as softly as serpents and spare none. Listen for the notes of the death bird, and when you hear them take instant warning."

There were 16 of us in the party. Fourteen soldiers were supposed to constitute a force able to take care of itself anywhere. There was more anxiety as to our water and rations than as to the Indians who might dog our footsteps. It was midsummer, and the heat on that great surface of sand and alkali soil was simply terrific. After the first day, when we were clear of shelter, a march of six or eight miles was all any one was capable of. The nights brought cool breezes and recuperation, but they also brought a loneliness no person can describe. Men afloat on the wide ocean in a small boat hear strange sounds at night and are made afraid. Men on the desert are almost made cowards by the uncanny surroundings. If there is the chirp of a cricket or the howl of a coyote, it is not company. It simply adds to the loneliness. If the night is unbroken, then it is as if a heavy blanket had been thrown over your head to shut out the living world.

We saw nothing of Indians. No one believed that a party took our trail. A faithful watch was kept, however, but after a few nights when I had come to realize how helpless we really were I found myself depending on that legend of the death bird. If we were menaced, he would warn us. We had been out a week when there came the blackest of black nights. It was black because it was moonless and a storm was gathering. Our tents were set up in a cluster, but they could not be seen at a distance of six feet. Three sentinels were on duty, but they could not see the sands at their feet. If the Indians had followed, there would never be a better night for a surprise. It would be no trick at all to creep within stabbing distance of the sentinels, and a volley of arrows and bullets sent through the tents must wound or kill, most of us.

I was sitting in the door of my tent an hour after midnight, wondering how soon the storm would break, when there came to me from a point not far distant the notes of the death bird. They sounded a bit like the call of a quail, and yet they were unlike. They were like words instead of notes. They were soft and clear, and from the very first they said to me:

"Look out! Look out! Look out! Danger! Danger! Danger! Death! Death!"

I repeat that the bird seemed to be talking instead of crying out in its natural notes. I may have got this idea from my state of nervous apprehension, but so it was. I turned and woke up the two sleeping engineers and asked them to listen. They did not make out words as I did, but one of them whispered:

"That's a danger cry, or I never heard one. I tell you we are menaced by some great peril!"

Thrice the death bird called its notes, and then all was as before. A soldier was sent creeping away to call in the sentinels. A few rods to the north of us, as we had noticed when going into camp, the sands had been toyed with by some strong gale until the ridges almost formed a natural fort. With the greatest care and in the deepest silence we left tents and baggage, and taking nothing but our water bottles and muskets, we crept out of camp to the north and by and by reached the fort. It was so dark that men had to be felt for instead of spoken to, but at the end of half an hour we lay in line with our muskets resting on a sand ridge and pointing toward camp. One could tell by the feeling in the air that the storm would soon break and that the first break would be a vivid flash of lightning. The men

were instructed to fire with the flash in case it revealed Indians about.

At last, when we were all in a tremble with anxiety, the flash came. For a few seconds it was as if a great searchlight had fallen upon the desert. It was so blinding that every eye was closed for a second. When opened, they beheld a band of 20 Apaches on hands and knees within 25 feet of the tents. A volley was fired straight into their faces and a second as another flash showed a few in retreat, and then we lay there in the pouring rain till daylight came. There had been in the band, as near as we could figure it, 21 Indians. We had fired without aim, and the destruction wrought was due to luck or accident, but there were 16 Redskins lying dead on the sands around the camp. Among these were a full chief, a subchief and five or six noted warriors. Our volleys had accomplished more than a year's campaigning with 600 soldiers. Indeed they brought peace for two years. Said one of the survivors to me afterward:

"We had planned to kill the entire lot of you. We heard the notes of the death bird and knew you would hear them also, but we didn't believe you would understand the warning. Had you not understood and moved away not a man of you would have escaped."

For many days subsequently—aye, for many months and years—as I was posted along the desert or journeyed across it I looked for the death bird at morning, noon and night, but I never got sight of him. His mission was to fly only at night and to tell of peril.

**Why Did They Miss?**

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depletes the remarkable ill success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Marryat, terms the incident the one marvelous tale in his book, "Mountains and Mohehills." In former times it would have passed for a miracle.

Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun, but there still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our loader was bare, and we could not afford to be merciful.

The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, a deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also.

From the same distance, about 75 yards, we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted.

I then crept up to the fawn and within 20 paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then, unharmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother.

We looked at each other in surprise. Fourteen shots within 70 paces of a motionless deer! "Well, I'll be hanged!" was one man's comment. "Crack shots!"

We could not explain it, unless the rarefaction of the air had made the deer seem nearer than it was.

**To Raise Palms From Seeds.**

To start palm seeds is an easy matter. Place half a dozen seeds in a six inch pot, covering them so they will be about two inches below the surface. They should then be well watered, and the soil should be kept fairly moist continually until the little seedlings push their way up. The soil should never be allowed to dry out, nor should it be kept soggy. Another good plan is to place all the seeds in a box of moist sand and examine them every few days. Those that burst and begin to sprout may be planted in flat boxes two or three inches apart in a good, rich, sandy soil, or they may be potted if well started in small pots.

It should be borne in mind that the embryo, or seed, leaves of palms are usually entirely different in form from the true, or character, leaves which come later. In the embryo leaves the form is long and narrow, swordlike and usually with no divisions.—Robert R. McGregor in Woman's Home Companion.

**The Stones Burned.**

In 1701 Philip Guiler, the discoverer of coal at Summit Hill, near Mauch Chunk, lived in a rough cabin in the forests on the Mauch Chunk mountain. While in quest of game for his family, whom he had left at home without food of any kind, his foot struck a black stone. By the roadside not far from the town of Summit Hill he built a fire of wood and threw pieces of the supposed stone about it so that the embers might last longer while he was roasting a fowl. He was surprised after a little while to see the stones glow and retain their heat for a long time. He carried a lot of the coal home and burned it there. The few neighbors soon learned of the discovery, but there was no mining to any extent in Carbon county until after the war of 1812 had begun.

**An Old Custom.**

Why is it the duty of the bride to cut the wedding cake? The fact is—at least so a professor told me the other day—that the Romans are at the bottom of it. The original Roman marriage was effected by the simple process of the bride and bridegroom breaking a cake of bread and eating it together. This developed into the bride cake, and the bride cut it because it was the duty of the woman to prepare food for the man. Young brides of today who think it the height of ill luck not to cut their own wedding cake are probably not in the least aware of what they are symbolically pledging themselves to, but they had better bear in mind that if they wish to keep a man in a good temper they must not forget to feed him.

**NEUBURGER'S HOLIDAY STORE NEWS.**

**SPECIAL PACKAGE DELIVERY.**

As an inducement to early buyers we have arranged a Special Room for the storage of Christmas Gifts. These we will deliver Free of Charge anywhere in the region next Monday. We have also added additional help to our clerical force, so that the many patrons of the Big Store can be promptly and courteously served.

**Exceptional and Matchless Opportunities TO HOLIDAY SHOPPERS.**

The Big Store, never in its history, offered such a

**Magnificent Array of Useful and Practical Christmas Gifts**

at the astonishing low figures that each and everything has been priced at for this special sale.

**Suits and Overcoats.**

What is more substantial or would be more appreciated by the young or old than a NeuBurger Suit, Overcoat or Reefer? You can make your selections at NeuBurger's out of a stock fully three times as large as any in Freeland.

<p><b>CLOTHING.</b></p> <p>Boys' all wool blue or black Knee Pants, per pair <b>19c</b></p> <p>Boys' Reefers, regular \$1.50 kind, reduced per pair to <b>98c</b></p> <p>Boys' extra fine \$4.00 Reefers, in three styles, reduced to <b>2.48</b></p> <p>Child's \$2.00 Vestee Suits, neatly trimmed and well made <b>1.25</b></p> <p>Boys' fancy all wool hair-line striped \$2.50 Suits, now <b>1.69</b></p> <p>Ten styles in Boys' fine \$4.00 Cassimere Suits, reduced to <b>2.48</b></p> <p>Boys' three-piece Long Pants all wool \$5 Suits, reduced to <b>2.98</b></p> <p>Men's absolutely all wool \$5 Black Beaver Overcoats <b>2.98</b></p> <p>Men's absolutely all wool Tan, Covert, Oxford and custom-made Melton \$8 Overcoats <b>4.98</b></p> <p><b>\$8.50, \$9.50 and \$10</b> now places at your disposal an array of custom-made Gents' Suits and Overcoats in the very newest shades, fabrics and styles which were built for \$12 to \$15 selling.</p> <p>Our complete stock of Men's Suits ranging from \$2.98 up are now offered under the binding guarantee that they are 20 per cent cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere.</p> <p>Men's heavy rubber-lined Duck Working Coats, large storm collars <b>1.25</b></p>	<p><b>HOLIDAY - NICETIES</b></p> <p>Holiday Slippers</p> <p>Jewelry Novelties</p> <p>Fancy Purses</p> <p>Silk and Linen</p> <p>Fancy Handkerchiefs</p> <p>Neckwear</p> <p>Mufflers</p> <p>Umbrellas</p> <p>Artics and Wool-Lined Shoes</p> <p>For the Old Folks</p> <p>and Rubber and Felt Boots</p> <p>For the Little Folks</p> <p>Ladies', Misses' and Children's Jersey Leggings</p> <p>Furs Collars Muffs</p> <p>and Collarettes</p> <p>Kid Gloves</p> <p>Columbia Fancy Dress Shirts</p> <p>Cardigan Jackets</p> <p>Sweaters</p> <p>and Fancy Caps</p> <p>Mackintoshes</p>	<p><b>FOOTWEAR.</b></p> <p>"The Very Latest" is the motto of our Shoe Department. In leather goods nothing but strictly solid leather finds its way to our shelves. In rubber goods nothing but strictly first qualities and those we offer you at exactly the same prices you pay for second grades at other stores.</p> <p>Our Holiday Slipper Stock is a wonder and prices are incomparable.</p> <p>Ladies Dongola and Felt Slippers, per pair <b>50c</b></p> <p>Men's Fancy Velvet and Felt Slippers, per pair <b>50c</b></p> <p>Ladies' \$1.00 fur-trimmed Nullifier Slippers <b>75c</b></p> <p>Misses 90c fur trimmed Nullifier Slippers <b>65c</b></p> <p>Child's 75c fur-trimmed Nullifier Slippers <b>50c</b></p> <p>Our entire stock of Slippers has been equally low-priced for rapid selling.</p>
<p><b>CLOAKS.</b></p> <p>Everything new and nice in Cloaks for Ladies, Misses and Children.</p> <p>Everything in Shirt Waists, Jackets, Capes, Shirts and Wrappers in an unmatched assortment at lowest prices in the county.</p>		
<p><b>DRY GOODS.</b></p> <p>Our Dry Goods Department is more complete than ever. Everything in Dress Goods, Linens, Domestic Flannels, Laces and Ribbons, Blankets and Comfortables are priced for rapid selling.</p> <p>Potters best 49-inch Table Oil-Cloth per yard <b>19c</b></p> <p>35c Turkey-Red Table Linen, per yard <b>16c</b></p> <p>All Shades 50c Dress Cloths, per yard <b>30c</b></p> <p>Lancaster Apron Gingham, per yard <b>5 1/2c</b></p> <p>All standard makes best 6-cord 200-yard Spool Cotton, per spool <b>4c</b></p> <p>Extra Heavy 10x4 Blankets in White or Gray, per pair <b>59c</b></p>		

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