we weary o' the way
re Winter weeps for May:
last, sweet rest,
flowers abreast—
nat's Life's holiday!

We've had our dreams in years gone by— An' then our bitter wakin'! And sweet came song, the way along, Whilst the poor heart was breakin'.

But, weary o' the way, Song thrills no more the May; The Silence seems To sing through dreams Of Life's last holiday!

We've had our toil, and our reward, A-journeying down the years; God gave us Love—all gifts above— And the sweet gift of tears.

But, weary o' the way. We greet the shadows gray, And thankful rest With flowers abreast, -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

THE SHERIFF'S DEPUTY. Ja

BY LUCY BAKER JEROME.

IF it had not been for the gray eyes that looked you in the face from the big slouch hat you might have said that the sheriff's deputy was the proverblal square peg in the round hole. Every one in Putnaw Creek had wondered when Jack Farley, standing but five feet two in his leathers, with a voice like a woman's, a countenance apparently hewn out of wood and known as the most modest and retiring man throughout four counties, had been appointed deputy to Sheriff Hart, a glant in stature f.d a genius at bluffing, who boasted that he was the terror of evil doers all over the state.

Since the deputy's election, now some three months cold, his duties had mainly consisted in interfering in a few cock fights, forbidden sport now, save in precincts out of reach of the law; in the keeping of an eye on the saloons along the river front, and in guiding convivial and belated wanderers gently toward the lock-up at the farther end of town. But this morning the town was astir. Big Pete, who made his home in the pine-covered mountains, descending only at long intervals to secure the needed supplies for his cleverly concealed cabin far up some mountain trail, was wantedand the sheriff had set out to secure

He had ridden into town the night before; had become involved in a hasty quarrel with a man whom he had never seen till that moment; had drawn his revolver and shot, once-twice-and a man stretched at horrible length lay prone in the dusk, while miles away, heading toward the mountains that rose gray and grim against the sky line, rode pursuer and pursued with but a league between.

The sheriff returned the next day angry and excited. Farley rode mildly in his rear. They had ridden 40 miles into the mountains only to be baffled by one of Big Pote's clever tricks. Cutting across a stream which in dry weather served as a ford, he had its bank, had discovered the hoofprints scious that Big Pete rode leisurely along in their rear. On the return way they had been met by an old mountaincer who explained the ruse to them

to return for his quarry at daybreak. The deputy lounging carelessly outside the store, listening in silence to you! the questions and comments of the various groups of men, might have seemed, to a casual observer, slightly bored, but the eyes under the slouch hat were unusually bright and keen, and not a word of the heating arguments that occurred was lost on him. He sat quietly on a dilapidated box, hastily upended for the convenience of his small stature, and appeared to be lazily chipping bits of wood from the corner of the log building. leaned forward a little to look at the last speaker.

"What d'you say, Jim?" beard turned slowly toward the dep-

"He's got some things cached on the mountain side. I seen him there one like a hawk."

'Where at?" asked Farley, indiffer-The old man leaned eagerly forward. "Say! You know that big flat-top pine up beyond the fork of the Snow river

foot along the river bed." "I wonder f Hart'll know about that place?" queried the deputy in his soft voice, rising as be spoke and casting path.

a keen giance about. The old man shot a contemptuous glance at him. "I guess the sheriff ground, the child in his arms, with her will get him all right," he commented brown curls tossed by the light; sweet was ever known to specify. The found in the child in his arms, with her and that "no person in poor health," Carolina, which has, relatively, the was ever known to specify. The found is the commentation of the commentation of the child in his arms, with her and that "no person in poor health," Carolina, which has, relatively, the will get him all right," he commented laconically, tilting his chair on its hind legs that he might have an uninterrupted view of Farley's face. of the repression habitual to those English surgeon for making so dog- derstand. "Hart's pretty keen on the scent, and who live closely communing with the he ain't no slouch when his mind's mountains, and Farley, stunted, active trary is so easily proved. The jour-souri the negro dialect differs entirely made up. I reckon we'll hear some- and ready, in the rear.

thing to-morrow. If Hart can't get him, nobody can." To this last remark Putnaw Creek's muscle and brawn were winning cards, thews and sinews appealed to the pair of oars resting idly on the thwarts,

primal forces in them. But Farley took the implied disapproval good naturedly as he had taken everything in life so far, and only on the ground and w smiled gently as he slid from the when Farley spoke. cracker box, and nodding to the circle of men drifted slowly up the main commanded.

too smart for him. It's my chance, I got to do is to sit quiet. Any accireckon." He slapped his leg and dent," he took a straight glance at the rubbed the place thoughtfully. Under man in the bow, "will mean two lives—this new investments the straight glance at the rubbed the place thoughtfully.

erately, "an Half street an i

Englishmen from various parts of the since-a low, surrounding country remained a day or two in the vicinity in the hope of Nance-wha bagging some locally famous game. So She loved h when Bg Pete, sitting warily at his that did! cabin dor, a week after his night visit growl. Nanc to town, heard the familiar crack of and Farley's the sheggun, his grim brows relaxed, trigger. The and he continued his work-the binding together with leather thongs the little wooden bed that he was carefully mending. It was such a tiny bed that the En-

glishman who appeared just rounding the other side of pine, stared in amazement. daintily fashioned, its carefu surfaces glistening in gilded knobs reflerays, it seemed an unreal object, one likely to melt into thin air if ap- gering his child; equally unwilling to proached too close. However the En-

feet away, and Big Pete, with wwered brows, uttered a swift, me wolent oath 'Hell! An Englishman!" "Mornin'," returned the Englishman,

noted the empty game bag hanging from the stranger's shoulder, and drew leisurely to his feet.

"Huntin'?" he briefly asked. The stranger nodded, dejectedly unslinging his empty bag.

"Devil's luck, and I've been camping in the mountains these ten days, too." Big Pete's look of relief was instantaneous. He resumed his seat on the rough bench and the stranger approaching, slid carelessly along the other end. He handled his gun awkwardly, and Big Pete, observing it, smiled grimly, as he drew some more deductions

"Thar's game in these hills, ef you know whar to look fur it," he vouchsafed, gruffly, as if fearful of an opening wedge

The Englishman's eyes expressed polite attention-nothing more. They were peculiar eyes-gray, alert and steady. He kept them fastened on a near rock, and his shotgun lay carelessly across his knees. As he asked his next question, his right hand dropped lightly on the barrel. "The nearest town on a straight trail

is Putnaw Creek, eh?" Big Pete's eyes leaped to the defensive again, but he answered the question with apparent irreverence.

"There's only one man in the hull damned outfit; that's Farley. He can Monthly. ride faster, shoot straighter and manage a boat better than any one in the ounty-what in hell!

For the muzzle of the Englishman's gun lying carelessly across his knees cold, held a glint of steel. "I'm Farley," said the stranger,

Big Pete swore a little more. The end seemed unpleasantly near. "Stand up!" ordered Farley, shortly.

"I've a boat this side the river. The way lies down that trail." Strive as he would, the deputy could not keep the elation from his voice.

again half a mile farther up had failed. Luck had turned his way doubling on their it is, had successfully eluded his pursuers, who, riding on in mad haste, were hamile what manner of man lay hid under the discouraging outer crust of his personality, had come, and he had jumped at it with a will. His eyes never left the outlaw's face. In his triumph he spoke that the sheriff vowed "By God! I'm not going to lose

Big Pete squared his shoulders defiantly. He ached to spring at the lit-

is a potent argument in favor of the man at the other end and siged sullenly toward the hidde "Be you a-goin' away, p The outlaw stopped wi denness of an animal. Farle

tchthe childish voice and its appeal. In a trice Farley grasped the situation. The little girl who just then came fly-An old man with grizzled hair and ing across the line of vision, as evieard turned slowly toward the depdently the owner of the tiny is d., and the look in the outlaw's eyes told the

Farley did not hesitate. He nodded day. He was windin' round the place | brusquely to Big Pete, and the outlaw construing this as Farley intended that he should, stooped and swung the child to his shoulder. Her large, serious eyes looked back uncomprehendingly at Farley, and the deputy, while knowing that Big Pete's capture was canyon? It's by the big bald bluff 40 now doubly sure, felt a quiver of emo-

tion run along his nerves. It was a strange trio that stalked in grim, dumb silence down the mountain shoulders lifting above the surrounding crass at every rise in the uneven 'Hart's pretty keen on the scent, and who live closely communing with the

Big Pete plodded stolidly on. His mien was that of a captured lion, but with the child in his arms he no longer population grunted an unqualified as-sent. To these rough lumbermen steady marching, the fork of the Snow that many savage and semi-civilized speech of the colored population. river canyon loomed before them, and and the sheriff's six feet of perfect the boat, yawl-rigged and with a single

lay near the rocky shore "In with you!" said Farley, briefly. Big Pete placed the child carefully on the ground and was about to obey,

"The little 'un, too," he meaningly

Street.

Out of eye range his expression changed. His face lit up with an inmanded Farley, furlously, noting Pete's refluctance at this last order, and guession he thought, grimly. "Hart won't get him. He's too cock-sure and Big Pete's too smart for him. It's my change I got to do is to sit pulet. Any accidence of the property of th

this new impetus the loggers of Putnaw Creek would ardly have known their deputy.

If it were not for the child—

The place thoughtfully. Older maybe three."

Big Pete, baffled and helpless, looked at the receding shore with sullen deputy.

If it were not for the child going to take it." she sat quietly in f ont, her dark eyes has deemed it necessary to composite tree-shadowed riveted on the sun it water, which in manuel of 40 pages, giving culi ped into his brain. her short mountain life she had never recipes useful under conditions at it held were fas- seen before. He plate, and he re- he saw the gray aged in that prison. To exist for months within a are directions as to morning dreary, whitewas ed cell! To see the each ingredient sunlight and feel the clear, number of then, swingfresh air once m

law must t e its way. And little would become of her? -the only living thing gave an inarticulate e looked round in wonder, hand tightened on the child was climbing over

each her father, when he motioned he back to her place. Big Pete, his eye forcing Farley's, spoke: oin' to 'come o' the kid?" not been there till now. the little brown, downswiftly averted his gaze ting in mental chains. save his own life for fear of endan-

resign her without a struggle, and a glishman continued to stand some 20 gleam of something like pity shot over his mask-like features. Big Pete uttered another low, inarticulate growl. They were nearing the shore. Farley, on the alert, saw the danger signal in the outlaw's eyes, and divined what crossly. "Do you know where I am, must inevitably follow. With a sudden my good man? I rather fancy," he swift twist of the tiller he drove the added in a vexed undertone, "that I've boat's head far up the sandy beach, at the same instant running down the Big Pete shot a covert glance at the sail. The yawl ground in the swirling

speaker. He was a little man with a sand, and lay, a mere chaos of slatted general air of hopelessness and insuffi- sails and tangled cordage, while a ciency about him that at any other mighty oath was hurled from under time would have moved Pete to grim the weight of the canvas. Big Pete, and silent mirth. As it was, he merely heaving and struggling among the wreckage, and hearing no sound from Nance, put forth one superb effort of. his own deductions. Big Pete rose his immense strength-convulsive, despairing-but the twining mesh held him as in a vice. Then he saw the broad, keen knife gleaming like the silver scales of a fish among the cord-

There was a mighty, sparkling splash, and when Farley, who was busily engaged in extricating a badlyfrightened child from the mass of splintered timbers strewn along the shore, was able finally to look in that direction, only some little ripples on the surface told him that far down the river a man was swimming, with new courage born of hope and of remembrance that should never die.

"Yes," said Farley, laconically, some days later. "He was a pretty tough customer, but I most pulled the job through. I'd like to have brought him in, jut as things was, I couldn't. He's got quarry somewhere on that peak.' He pointed to where the jagged spur stood clear and blue against the snow line. Little Nance, at his knee, looked at him with comprehending intelligence and smiled.

"I'm going up there again some day." continued Farley, musingly, returning Nance's confidential smile. Under his breath he added:

"But not as deputy." - Overland

A Chinese Fish Story.

The fish editor of the Courrier de Tientsin is going strongly at present. Gloat over this, oh, ye disciples of Munwas pointing straight at his breast, chausen, and cuil a passing pointer, and the Englishman's eyes, dark and oh, ye followers in the footsteps of oh, ye followers in the footsteps of Ananias:

> "Some days ago an enormous fish, 36 feet long, was caught in the vicinity of Peitang, near Tangku. It was cut up and sold in the surrounding vil-The carcass of the fish probably poisonous, as 300 inhabitants who had eaten of it are dead and many

What royal fiction such a man would scribe about the sea serpent!-Shanghal Times.

ETIQUETTE ON THE LINKS.

Facts to Be Learned by American Players from English Cousins-Consideration for Caddles.

Not only in the actual playing of golf, but in the effquette of the game, the American players, or some of them, might well learn something from the visiting Englishmen, says the Boston Transcript. An observer of all the games, and a participant in the practice tle man and throttle the life out of rounds, states that there was a marked him, but the open throat of a shotgun | difference between the Americans and the Englishmen in their bearing toward the caddies. The Americans, especially the college boys, were impatient if the caddle did not at once find the ball after the drive. The Englishmen did not hurry or werry at all. They almost inful eyes were on him, but he, to was disconcerted by the unexpectedness of caddie did a service for which he was being paid. They consulted with the caddle and usually accepted his judgment as of of cakewalk music might be justified in value, even if it was sometimes in error. not thinking so, but the fact is that there And they did not run. One of the caddies are hope than 50 separate dialects was sent up the hill at Myopia to indicate among the colored population of the the direction of the hole. He started to south, says the New York Sun. run up the hill with his heavy bag of Anyone who has travelled through clubs, after a sharp command from one the tidewater countles of Virginia is

of the college boys. Englishman for whom he was doing the used in the cotton fields of Alabama. The

WHEN A MAN SNEEZES.

English Surgeon Says It Is a Sign of Good Health-Queer Oriental Customs.

Big Pete's massive head and Hutchinson has said that "when a tion are many, the French accent and man sneezes heartily he may know intenation are preserved. In South himself to be in the best of health," Carolina, which has, relatively, the nal in question then goes on to re- from what it is elsewhere in the south late many old superstitions with regard to the ill luck attending sneezing, some of which, while proving ledian phrases and Indian methods of races of the orient have some curlous customs regarding the sneeze. Where the sultan of Monomtopa sneezes, for instance, the fact is made known from

the palace by a certain signal. I stantly every subject withing hearing of the signal sets up a shout, the cr is taken up by others, and so extend until it runs through the confines of his empire. When the sultan of Sena,

French Have Lost Their Knae In Crimean days it used to be that French soldiers could manufa appetizing and nutritious dishes of nothing in particular. Apparently knack has been lost, for Lieut. Bil casped, as in fancy vailing in barracks. In adobe walls of the given variety is aimed at

of the Finest a in Her Cl

Lying in the Central yas going the process of being is an old engine, No. 03, on says the Mexican Herald. To represents nothing to the cast server but an old scrap iron pi ooked after," said Farley, thirty-odd years ago the cows g ere was something in his of her way and the amazed sp clapped their hands and shoute applause when she passed by u speed, running at the rate of four kild meters an hour, with Van Scotk hangin out of the cab, with one strenuous hand upon the throttle and the other upo the hand brake, which was under su perfect control that within a few min utes' notice the train could be brough to a stop-with the assistance of a few

ties thrown across the track. The engine weighed about nine tons, and the tank was a part of the cab. Water was brought in buckets by the fireman and conductor when they were not engaged in brushing the reptiles that overtook the train from the platform. This feature occurred at every available waterhole. Rich grandees, prests. peons, beggars and what not waited with interest to see her arrive at a station, pulling a coach, and when she arrived admired the ingenuity of the Yankee who invented so great a machine. Her day is past, and she remains but to remind of the improvements that have been made, and also to call to mind the history of the ploneer railroad men of the republic.

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BRAVE IN FACE OF DEATH.

The Thrilling Grand Stand Play of : Famous Bull-Fighter in a Spauish Arena.

One of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena is recalled by the recent feat of the Spanish toreador Reverte. It occurred at Bayonne, says an enchange. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careening wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sany on one knee with folded arms in the / Adle of the ring. He was right, but he F d not allowed for the margin of accident.

The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendld to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

GAINING A LIVING IN ITALY.

Number of Female Teachers Increasing-Three Quarters as Many Priests as in 1882.

The Italian government has published some interesting figures relative to the modes of gaining a living in Italy. Recording to these statistics, the greatest number of persons are devoted to teaching. In 1882 there were male tutors, while now there are 34,346; the number of women teachers in 1882 was 46,887, and now 62,643, showing that female teachers are on the increase. In the medical profession the increase is in men-there are now 22,139 male physiclans, as against 18,984 in 1882, and the women 20 against two of the same the lawyers number 24,196, |

against 20,353. There is a notable increase in the number of monks and nuns. In 1882, S. S. GINGRICH, Prop. they were 28,172, while they are now 40,251. On the other hand, the priests are somewhat fewer, having decreased Bread, Cakes, Buns, &c. from 84,834 to 68,844.

NEGRU DIALECTS.

Parts of the South.

A patron of cakewalks or an admirer

aware that the speech of the negro popu "Don't run, my lad," called out the lation there differs materially from that service, "we've got all the time that there singsong speech of the camp meeting is." Georgia differs essentially from the softer and more melodious speech of the Louisiana negroes from the region of

canebrakes and rice fields. The negro race in the south is es-It is reported that Mr. Johnathan where the reminders of French occupa-

Curious Philanthropy.

James Reilly, one of New York's litllionaires, has a curious ng for the decent d. He is in ep him posthe wishes New York a good dea ping impor force.

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