

straight ahead, and it will take you into town."

"I am to be in Plymouth for a few days longer," said Herder, "and I hope we shall see each other again."

"I hope so, too, sir," answered the boy heartily.

The two new friends parted very cordially.

Before Herder reached the town again, he had resolved to visit Mrs. Vallance. When he had parted from his aunt in the morning, she had told him he should do so, and he had answered her with a half-promise, not himself certain that he wished to follow her advice immediately, though the intention of making himself known sooner or later to Mrs. Vallance had been in his thoughts since his conversation with Hammond. The events of the morning had had the effect of quickening his intention. He knew the cottage in which Mrs. Vallance lived, he had been directed to it by Miss Field, and he had to pass it in returning to his aunt's house. He rang the bell, and instead of its being answered by a servant, the door was opened by Mrs. Vallance herself. The single maid servant of the family was out for the afternoon. Brought thus suddenly face to face with Mrs. Vallance, George was for a moment taken somewhat aback, but in the next he felt almost certain that he was recognized. A quick, half-doubtful look came into her face.

"Mrs. Vallance," he said, "do you know an old friend?" His voice confirmed her recognition.

"You are—George Herder," she answered in a low voice, which, despite the effort made to control it, trembled. She led him into a little sitting room.

"You know me again, very quickly, Mrs. Vallance," George began in a rather hurried manner; "as quickly as I did you. I saw you the other night at Mrs. Norcott's."

"Were you there? How did I never see you?" Her voice was still not very firm.

"Easily enough. I was with Fred Hammond. We did not stay long, and I kept a good deal in the background, for I knew no one. I did not see you till just before we left, while you were playing."

The meeting might have seemed to a casual on-looker a very ordinary one, and to one of an emotional nature, who was aware of nothing further than that the two were old friends, less cordial than the occasion warranted. But Herder was an undemonstrative man, not through sluggishness, but through shyness of temperament; and Kate Vallance's life had been such as had tended to subdue in her the outward expression of emotion. George Herder narrated to his listener the chief events of his colonial life; and Kate related her history since the two had parted. And thus it was, with old memories, waked to new life, stirring in the heart of each, the two met and talked with scarcely the expressed warmth of old friends. By-and-by, Katy Vallance, returning from afternoon school, entered the room, and was introduced to the stranger.

"You will stay to tea with us, Mr. Herder, will you not, and wait till John comes back?" Mrs. Vallance said; and George consented, although he was due at his aunt's to 6 o'clock dinner.

John Vallance's sport improved as the day wore on, and he lingered late by the river. His mother and sister, with George Herder, were standing in the verandah of their cottage, awaiting his return, and John saw, as he drew near the house, the third figure of the party. The sight somewhat surprised him, for visitors of the male sex were not frequent at the cottage; but his surprise was increased ten-fold when he made out the figure of his friend of the morning.

"John," said Mrs. Vallance, when her son had approached, "this is an old friend of mine, who tells me that you and he have already met. He is the nephew of Miss Field, and went to Australia many years ago, as you have heard her tell. His coming back has taken us all by surprise."

"Why, when I mentioned Miss Field's name this morning you never said anything," said John.

"No; I must ask your pardon for that little deception," said Herder, with a smile. "I was not sure at the time that we should meet again so soon."

There seemed to John Vallance to be a little mystery about the stranger, but he was content to leave events to explain themselves. Herder staid a short time after tea at the cottage, and then took his leave. A day or two after he was there again with his aunt. George found himself lingering in Plymouth far longer than he had intended. His aunt pressed him to extend his visit, and he fell in very readily with her wish. Soon John Vallance and his sister became accustomed to the sight of Herder's brown beard and kindly sun-bronzed face at their home, and the friendship between George and the young people grew and ripened.

Herder had been more than a month at Plymouth, when one afternoon he

made his way to the Vallance cottage with a fixed purpose in his mind. He found Mrs. Vallance sitting alone in the little garden in front of the house. George came direct to the matter. "Kate," he said quietly, but not without a tremor in his voice, "I don't know whether I can offer you the same sort of love as I did long ago. I suppose a young fellow's love is necessarily somewhat different from that of a middle-aged man's, but I can promise the true affection of one who has not thought of any other woman since he gave up hope of you. Can you accept it? I am going to London to-morrow, to write and arrange matters with my business men in Australia. I have staid in England about as long as I had intended. Am I to return to my bush life, or to remain here for good? It depends upon you."

Kate Vallance placed her hand in Herder's. "Then I think we should all like you to stay, George," she said.

It was but a few minutes after this that John and Katy Vallance returned from an afternoon's walk.

"John," said Herder, with his hand on the boy's shoulder, "stepfathers are not always represented as popular people, either in books or real life. But supposing I were to become yours, would we be the worse friends, think you?"

"No, sir, I think not," answered John, with simple heartiness; "I have never known a father, and I will gladly take you for one."

"And Katy," continued Herder, turning to the girl, and drawing her to his side, "I know you will say the same as John."

Next morning Herder was in London, and in the evening of the same day found himself at Hammond's lodgings. Fred listened to his friend's brief statement with a quiet smile. When it was finished he said: "A month ago, you remember, I asked you how your little story was to end, and you gave me but a doubtful answer. I had my own thoughts at the time, though I did not venture on prophecy. You have answered me now in the most satisfactory way, I congratulate you, George, most heartily; and all I ask is, that you let me be your best man."

THE MURDER OF COL. HOBLITZELL.

COL. W. H. HOBLITZELL was a contractor on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad with his camp and workmen in Black Canon, Gunnison county, Colorado. He was a resident of Ursina, Somerset county, Pa., and formerly a contractor on the Pittsburg and Connellsville railroad.

An Italian, who demanded his pay, called at the tent of Col. W. H. Hoblitzell in the Black Canon, on Tuesday morning, Oct. 27, and got into an altercation with that gentleman, the result was that the Italian was very severely pounded. He then left Col. Hoblitzell's tent and, procuring a pistol, returned and shot the contractor, inflicting a wound from which his victim died on Thursday night.

The story of the pursuit and capture of the Italian is a thrilling one and reads with all the interest of a western novel.

Col. Hoblitzell was shot early on Thursday morning. At eight o'clock that evening Sheriff Yule reached the camp. His horse was smoking from the hard ride, and he exchanged it for a sure footed and tolerably fleet mule. Col. Hoblitzell was alive when the sheriff reached the scene of the tragedy, but he died shortly afterwards.

The first move of the sheriff's was to hunt up from the men employed at the camp a couple of honest and faithful fellows, who knew the Italian and could be counted upon to stand by and aid him. The task was not a difficult one—Col. Hoblitzell being popular among his men, and a hundred hot-blooded fellows were eager to accompany the sheriff in the pursuit of the Italian. The sheriff selected Peter Smith and A. S. Albright, and just before nine o'clock on Thursday evening left the camp, keeping to the west down the canon. Smith, who is a young man of undoubted courage, and who swore by all that was holy that he would catch the murderer or never return to camp, rode a small sorrel pony. The sheriff and Albright were mounted on mules. The wagon road led the men from the camp across a prairie of sage brush. It was a dark night and cold, and withal a dismal ride. Trustworthy information had convinced the pursuers that the man they pursued was well armed and desperate. It was known that immediately after firing the murderous shot, he had hurried to his cabin, and taken there from a double-barreled shot gun. This weapon, with the English bulldog with which he committed the murder, made him a formidable foe to overtake.

An hour's ride brought the sheriff and his companions to camp 1 (Fay & Carico's), where, however, nothing had been seen or heard of the fugitive. Fay & Carico's camps No. 2 and No. 3 were also passed with equally unsuccesses. In

all these camps men were found awake and eager for news of the murder.

The new moon had set as the pursuing party left camp No. 3 and started a long and cheerless ride for the first camp in contractor Hutchinson's division. There was scarcely enough light to enable the men to see the road. When seven miles had been traveled the smouldering ashes of a camp fire were made out, close to the road on the right hand side. It immediately occurred to Smith that this fire had been kindled by the Italian, and that he could not be far distant. The three men at once reined in their animals and held a hasty consultation of war.

The smoke from the smouldering fire arose from an open garden of sage brush. The nearest timber was between a quarter and a half a mile distant. It was obvious that if the murderer lurked in the vicinity of the fire, he had his would be captors at a decided disadvantage. They knew that he was well armed and desperate. It was therefore decided, as nothing could be seen of him, to continue on down the canon to Hutching's first camp, and to return over the road in the morning. Arriving they remained in the camp not more than ten or fifteen minutes, and then remembering the smouldering fire they had seen began to retrace their steps eastward. Coming to the house of a ranchman (whose name they have forgotten or failed to learn) they applied for shelter, and upon stating their mission were well taken care of.

After a rest of three-quarters of an hour, just before daylight they were in the saddle again on their way to the fire by the roadside. Albright rode in advance, Smith rode a horse length or two behind him, and Sheriff Yule rode in the rear. The first streaks or daylight were making their appearance as the party came in sight of the camp fire by the roadside. Involuntarily they slackened their speed, and just as they did so the figure of a man was seen to descend from the left bank and move into the road. It was clearly the intention of this person to hail them, and they advanced slowly and cautiously. There was not enough light to make his features distinct, and he evidently failed to recognize the approaching horsemen, for he stood in the middle of the road, and as Albright drew up to him asked for a match. Smith, who, as has been said, rode close behind Albright, recognized in the indistinct form the murderous Italian, and riding his horse close up by the side of him said, "Hello Pete."

The Italian started, but recognizing in Smith a fellow workman, replied "hello," and extended his hand, which Smith grasped with a tight grip, calling out at the same moment to Sheriff Yule, "cover him George, this is the man!" The Italian held his shot gun loosely in his left hand, and in his right hand carried a rabbit. His pistol, the pistol with which he had shot Col. Hoblitzell, was stuck in his belt. He was dressed in a canvass suit, and wore a soft black hat. At the words of Smith Sheriff Yule instantly covered the miscreant with a Colt's "forty-five," and then riding up to him deprived him, by a single wrench of his shot gun. The Italian was at first disposed to make fight, but seeing that he was outnumbered, submitted to be searched. The pistol was taken from his belt and in his pocket was found \$48. He was then made to mount behind Albright, and Sheriff Yule and Smith placing themselves close behind where they could see every motion, the journey toward Gunnison was begun.

It was broad daylight when the party came in sight of the Hoblitzell camp. They approached it cautiously, fearing a discovery of their prisoner. Groups of excited men were seen standing in the road as they reached the summit of a hill commanding a full view of the camp. There was nothing to do but make a run for it. Albright plunged the spurs into the side of his mule and the sheriff and Smith keeping close behind, the dangerous gauntlet was successfully run. The crowd of angry men at the camp were taken too much by surprise to do anything. The three animals and four men had passed them before they recognized the Italian.

"Stop," yelled the crowd, "bring the here! give him to us," but the sheriff's party spurring up their animals continued and made the escape. Shortly after 4 p. m. the party reached Gunnison with their prisoner, and avoiding the main streets arrived at the county jail unnoticed. The Italian was then hurried into the cage and was securely shackled.

As threats of lynching the Italian were made by the railroad men, the prisoner was shackled at his ankles and removed to the court room, and Sheriff Clark himself guarded him.

At midnight Mr. Clark was sitting in the court room when he heard steps on the stairs. He says he thought it was an extra guard for which he had sent, and that he therefore opened the door. In an instant he found himself confronted by half a dozen pistols in the hands

of men who wore black masks. At the same moment other masked individuals entered the room and approached the Italian, who was sleeping upon a bench in the back part of the court room. Just what was done to the Italian Mr. Clark was unable to say. Not a word was spoken, and as he was securely held by two masked men, he was unable to obtain a view of the room. All he knows is that the mob, having the Italian in their possession, passed him and went out of the door.

As they reached the hall he heard the muffled shrieks of the poor wretch. From the sound it was evident that the murderous gang had attached a rope to their victim's neck and were dragging him down stairs. His body bumped upon the stairs, and his cries were heard the entire way. At this moment the men who held Sheriff Clark released him, and slipping quickly out of the court room, turned the key, locking him in. From this imprisonment he was subsequently released by his wife.

The rest of this wretched story is plainly told by the tracks in the snow and the lifeless body which hung at an early hour next morning suspended from the sign board in front of the livery formerly kept by Kelmel & Allison, on Tumichi avenue. The path in the snow shows that the poor wretch was dragged by the neck from the court house by an easterly and circuitous route to the stable above mentioned, and then strung up like a dog. It is evident that he could not have been alive when the stable was reached.

About 2 o'clock next morning the body, bruised and bleeding, was still hanging from the livery sign, a splendid monument of Gunnison's efficient city government.

How to Pray.

There is a great deal of praying which is simply an insult to the Almighty. We have heard a man say grace at table not because he was grateful for food, but because it was his habit to say something before he began to carve the turkey, so he said it in such a low tone that nobody could hear a word, and so rapidly that it sounded like one whispered German word of twenty-six syllables. The praying machine of the East would save such people a great deal of trouble. A large number of prayers for every conceivable blessing are written on a wheel. The devotee while continuing his conversation turns the wheel rapidly and every time it turns he is supposed to present a petition for all the blessings which are written on it. This kind of praying saves time and in no way interferes with a man's secular business. He could have a wheel placed in his front hall, and while he is putting on his hat and coat he could give it a twist and ask for a quantity of things too numerous to be mentioned in detail. He could have another wheel at his bedstead, and just before he turns over to go to sleep he could put out his hand, start the wheel and then dose off while the machine was expressing his opinions on religious subjects in good orthodox fashion. By adopting some such method as this we could pray more and have less religion than any other people in the world.—N. Y. Herald.

Hymns that Didn't Suit.

Rev. E. P. Tenny, the genial and witty president of Colorado College, was at one time the beloved pastor of the Congregational church in a sea-coast town in Massachusetts. To eke out his salary, his people gave him a donation party, among the presents being a fine new dress-coat for the pastor and a tasty bonnet for his better half. On the following Sunday as they walked up the aisle in their new habiliments, the choir inadvertently struck out with the voluntary, much to the discomfiture of the sensitive clergyman and his wife, "Who are these in bright array?"

At the same church, a few weeks ago, the funeral of a prominent and highly respected citizen of the town, by the name of Knight, occurred, on which occasion, by a singular contretemps, the choir sang as their first selection the usually fitting hymn, "There will be no night there." The effect, as soprano, alto, and tenor successively took up the refrain, was well calculated to excite the risibles of those who had gathered in any but a humorous spirit.

Growing Old Gladly.

Isabella F. Mayo was in the habit of saying, with a sweet, meaning smile, that "people would be very glad to grow old, if they realized the superior privileges of years, and that growing old is not growing down, but growing up."

American Ladies.

The first impression Sara Bernhardt received of the American ladies manifested itself thusly:—"Oh! ze ladies, ze are so beautiful, such clear complexion I never see before," all of which is due to the universal use of Swayne's Ointment for skin diseases, which insures a clear and clean complexion, and a healthy color. This recalls to mind the divine precept "cleanliness is next to Godliness." 44 44

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Health & Beauty. Read and you will not regret. The renowned beauty, Yvonne de Ender, mentioned the world by retaining the wonderful clearness and brilliancy of mind and complexion throughout her life. At the age of 95 her skin was as soft, blooming and fresh as a girl of 16. (The secret was the discovery of the famous sage and chemist, l'Abbe d'EFFIAT.) At her demise she bequeathed this most valuable secret to a physician, who supplied it to the courts celebrities only. At the downfall of the empire it came in possession of a celebrated American physician, who has been eminently successful in the treatment of Blood and Skin diseases; and that the public generally may enjoy the benefits of this successful preparation, the Doctor has placed the recipe with the Bell Mann Co. of New York, who are prepared to supply the demands of the thousands of eager applicants. It speedily eradicates all manner of BLOOD POISONING such as Herpetic, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Patches, Freckles, Black Heads, Rough Skin, Catarrh, Liver Complaint, Inflamed Eyes, &c., &c. It is an absolute antidote for MALARIA, and restores free circulation throughout the system. It is called D'EFFIAT BLOOD AND SKIN REMEDY. Price \$1 per package, or 6 for \$5. Sent by mail in letter form, postage paid. The Bell Mann Co., 642 B'way, New York. For sale by druggists. LET AGENTS WANTED, Send stamp for circular. Mention this paper. October 18, 1881.—17

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