ALLEN GRAY; The Mys'ery of Tarley's Foint.

Being a Few Romantio Chapters From the Life of a Country

Editor.

IT JOHN & MUSICE. AUTHOR OF "WALTER BROWSFIELD," "HELES LAKEMAN." "BANKES OF HEDFORD." AND OTHER STORIES.

" Do you think you Lave's real remarks bie novel, Mias Hopkins" he asked. "I know it, I know it! Just let me read a few pages to you.'

show, amateurs patronizing country newspapers always insist on reading their own productions to the editor. Like the first-born infant, they are too delicate to entrust to other than parental hands. Miss Hopkins began :

THE MYSTERY OF THE ROCK HOUSE ON THE HILL;

OR. THE GROST I LAST WALK OF THE BLUFF. A Story of Life and Ineath, Love and Superat unol."

"You see, I am something like Hawthorne, delving into the supernatural," said Miss Hopkins, with a smile which displayed her false tooth.

"So I observe; please proceed," said the editor, trying very hard to be interested.

"It was a dismally dark night. The winds sighed a mournful requiem through the tree tops, and it was at that hewitching hour when graveyards yawn and ghosts The render paused to stalk forthmark the effect on her hearer. He sat unmoved by the startling beginning, and she asked him how he liked it. Very well, he thought, and said "go on." She went on. It was a crude story, full of improbable incidents, and gush ng over with tear-stained love scenes. The heroine was such a tender-bearted creature, and had such a tendency to burst into tears, that the reader soon b came disgusted with such imbecility, and was in constant dread of another explusion. The funny man was a strained characte best. He was constantly at his wit's end to be witty. In fact, the story was flat and in sipid, and while the editor knew he could not use it, he had a great delicacy in expressing his real opinion of it. "What do you think of it, Mr. Gray !" she

finally asked.

Allen was at a critical point. There sat the authoress before him, holding the dearly beloved creature of her imagination in her hand. He would as soon think of tellng a doting mother that her child was ugly as to express his real opinion of this story Miss Hopkins. She had influential friends, persons of great depth and acumen, who had long since discovered a wonderful embryotic genius in Miss Leethy. To reject her story was to insult their intelli genes and influence, while to publish it was to make himself the butt of ridicule by all thinking people. It would require skillful management to steer clear of his many complications, but Allen was equal to the

'Wo couldn't publish a serial story in the Western Republic now, Miss Hopkins," he said. "Wouldn't it be better to send it to Harper's!

The reader may ask what harm the Harper's had done him that he should wish to ent on them. But we inflict this punishme must remember that Allen was only a huing in a great strait. Drowning men will catch at straws, and Allen. like all other men, was anxious to shift the load he bore upon the shoulders of some one class Moving uneasily in her seat, Miss Hopkins

'I don't think it worth while to send this to the Harper's, Mr. Gray, they are too old fogyish to even discover true gentus, you know. Like all the established publishers, they have got to going in lines and ruts, which new genius struggles to break away from. One can't doit with those publishers.

win art and metane had the presumption to deny owing any of his present would: a prosperity to him, and was so ungraterial as to threaten to kiels his benefactor, sut of the office if he did not ecome meri civil. "I said I would give you my support," he

concluded, "and so I will when the proper une comes, unless you exasperate me into breaking my promise; but I am determined not to be driven into making a fool of mywif.

. Why don't ye show yer hand, then, of yes fur me asked the impatient Simme "It's not time to show my hand yet, it's entirely too early, and you are making a donkey of yourself by insisting on it." "Well," growled Simmons, pulling on his

soft felt hat, preparatory to going, " when the time comes you've got to show yer hand."

> CHAPTER VIII SOMETHING DEMONTACAL.

"How d'you do to-day, Mr. Gray!" asked

Toney Barnes, entering the editor's sanctum a few days after the events in the last chapter "Rather tired; be seated," Allen an-

swered, casting a suspicious look at a pon derous roll under Toney's arm. "I thought I would bring you a story," he

said, with a triumphant smile. "I heard you was going to use one of Miss Hopkins "I heard you novels, so I thought I'd bring you some thing worth publishing, if you must have a serial Allen assured him that he was in no need

of any thing of the kind, and had never for a at entertained a thought of publishing

Miss Hopkins' story. "Not agoin' to publish it !" cried the amazed Toney; " why, it's all over the town and country, too, that you intend runnin' her novel as a serial in the Western Repub tie.

"It is a mistake."

"I thought so. Nothin' she writes is fit to be in print," said Toney, somewhat acrinoniously. "Bays she used to contribute to Harper, but I guess 'twas to their waste basleet

"The number of waste basket contributors is much greater than those whose

papers are published." Yes, I suppose so; but no one likes to write for the editor's waste basket : it don't usually pay," returned Toney. "But let me read you a few chapters of 'The Bloody Knife, or the Wild Witch of the Santes Border.

"It would not be worth while, Toney, for all our space is engaged. Every inch that can be spared from news will be devoted to advertisements.

Who wants to read advertisements? said Toney, with a look of disgust. "They are invaluable to a country news

paper. They bring in considerable money and without them we could hardly exist. "I suppose it's money and not talent you

want," surcastically returned the author Allen smiled, and then in a very calm manner proceeded to explain that this is a very practical world, and one could not conduct business without doing so on business principles. His story might be very good, and just what some other publishwanted, who was willing to pay a good price for it, but it was valueless to him.

" A dealer in dry-goods wants to buy drygoods, and can not be induced to purchase potatoes, no matter how good the quality or how cheap they may be offered him. No matter how good your serial may be, I can not use it."

Toncy's disappointment was considerably alleviated by the knowludge that Miss Hop kins' story had been rejected also. Afte the political campaign was over, the editor thought he might possibly be able to use a serial, and if he found himself in such a position, would be pleased to look at Toney's nanuscript.

Gathering up that ponderous roll, the disappointed author left the office with a He was not the first, nor will he be sign the last, author to heave sighs of disappointment. Oh, ye hard-hearted publishers, what a dark account will yours be, when all the sighs and tears of disappointed authors are arrayed against you on that A day or two later, while Allen was He went to another window which he als struggling between an article for the upund barred, but it was so intensely dark

to heard a dozen paces away, said: "Go away, Mr. Gray; go at once, and ever come near me again if you value your crack in the wall, but could make so new discovery. Slight clouds almost completely obscuring the stariight, the night had already grown Will you go with me to the gate " he

very dark. In places where the tall oaks grew close to the wall it had already asked. become so dark that Alien was forced to grope his way, At last he reached the rear gate, which

was made of thick oak boards, so close to gether as to be more of a door than a gate He tried it and found it locked. There was a cruck at one side of it, through which he had a good view of the garden and rear of the building. It looked like some gigantic the relief of both all was quiet, and there fortress rising up in the darkness before was no one in the yard. him, with only a solitary light dimly shining from one of the windows. Was it a spirit of reckless adventure or

some unknown impulse which prompted him to scale the wall! He was active, strong and bold, and the feat required but a moment's time. When he touched the ground he half be lieved that he was on enchanted ground. never stopped to think that he was an

intruder who was endangering his life by oming here; though a feeling of supersti-



IN ONE OF THE BASEMENT WINDOWS.

ous awe, which he fought manfully to re ist, kept creeping over him. For a moment he parsed under the very rec where he had seen the object of his af-

fections bathed in tears. To him it was hal wed ground. "Oh, Bertha, Bertha, are you still miser ble!" he asked himself, fixing his eyes on the gloomy old castle-like house. He was nside the wall almost before he knew it. and did not find it very difficult to induce imself to go quite up to the house and try to learn something of its inmates. He fol owed a path leading through a garden, unleafy howers, until he came to the car of that immense structure, where he

In one of the basement windows he not saw a second light. It was a very dim ight, and could not be seen a few yards

rom the building. Alien supposed it was a ght used by some of the servants engaged a their household duties. Though he list ned long and carefully, no sound, not even he ticking of a clock, could be heard. Long to stood gazing through the basement winlow down into the dimly-lighted room.

His perseverance received its reward at ast. A pale, ghostlike form in long white robe glided across the room. It made no more noise than a feather being waited cross the floor by the breath of a playful

Despite his skepticism on supernatura puestions, Allen telt cold chills running up its spine, while his hair seemed to almost tand upon end. That light became paler nd more thost-like, and he could hardly bewe he was not gazing upon beings of another world. Spell-bound he stood gazing t that mystic figure gliding as noiseless) bout the room as if it floated upon air. He out his hand upon the window which was alf above and half below the surface of the rround, and found it protected by iron bars

ffectually preventing ingress or egress. " Yes, sir. "The honor is a prasse," thought Allen The old bastile could not have looked more vim and terrible than that house on this

seemed gazing into his face. Was it man o

CHAPTER IX.

Despite all his courago and all his skep-

with terror that he shrank from the win-

low. That horrible creature that glared at

He had run across the lawn in the garder

before he could collect his wits sufficient to

ing through the garden when he discovered

Allen came to an abrupt halt. On that

figure glided until it had disappeared insid

he summer house. Then issued therefrom

a low, musical voice, sweeter by far than

the fairy's shell-in a plaintive song. Like

the enchanted boatman, he drew nearer to

listen. The air was new to him, and, the

words being in French, he could not under-

The singer scarce spoke above a whisper

et each note was distinct and clear. His fear

was gone in a moment, and he stood thrilled

with pleasure at sound of that familia

Bertha, and he determined not to go away

without another attempt, at least, to have an

you from this prison and make you happy, should feel that my work in life was ac

"Oh, Berlin, Bertha! if I could only take

He reached the summer house, and fear

ng that an abrupt entrance might frighte aer, he went to the rear and halted within

few feet of where the beautiful singer sat

the ceased singin 1, and a sigh escaping h

How was he to make himself known

year door. The clouds which had of

sudden apparition, but Bertha was no ord-

"Why did you come here !" she asked, i

sad, reproachful manner. "I warne

on never under may circumstances to en

or these grounds, under penalty of death

Allen was for several moments unable to

answor, because he had no reasonable ex-

"Do not reprove me, Muss Collins, for I as

are you that it was no morbid curiosity

Could you understand the danger in

which you place yourself by coming here,

and the pretty girl, taking a few steps

marer to him, "you would not do so. It is

eath to us both to be discovered here."

argerous to you and to me. It would be

Allen Gray was only deeper plunged into

this dark mystery. He was speechicas, his

in seried stupefied, and he was incapa-

ale of thinking. He stood dumb, almazed

and almost as palled as the girl before him. She camp outle close to Allen, and speak-

why do you braist in disobeying met"

use to make. At last he said :

ips told the introdor that she was sad

The fair singer he had recognized as

a figure in white entering a summer h

him through the iron bars could not be hu-

CHANGED WITH THEACHERY.

cism in ghosts. Allen Gray was so overed

Never had he seen such a face

monster?

stand them

interview with her.

nary personage.

that brought me."

voice.

g in a chantons addictione that could not said the politician, in a voice somewhat

husky. "What is it. Mr. Simmons !" He did not look up, but spoke in a manner as imperturbable as if he were discussing some ordinary matters, and knew nothing of the swelling volcano at his back. He was coolness itself; there was not the slightest quiver in his voice. The total indifference of the editor was somewhat embarrassing to the angry

"I give you my sacred promise that I will," said Atlen, carnently. He took the arm of the trembling girl politician. Mr. Simmons cleared his throat, an within his own, and in silence they walked to the gate. Here they halted, both caating anxious glances at the great old house bracing his nerves for the terrible ordeal, in a voice still more husky, said : "I'm satisfied now that you are playin which rose up so glassifily before them. To

me treachery. "Then you don't believe what I say on the

"Yes, I do. You promised me to stand by

The editor made no answer, but wrote

teadily on until he had finished, and then

coolly pressed 11, blotter upon his paper

Taking up the document he had just written.

" I. Thomas Simmons, hereby agree to be

ome a candidate for the office of Repre-

Assembly for the State of M ssouri at the

coming election, and hereby declare that I

will be a candidate for no other office at

said election, at which time the editor of

the Western R p bic, by aid of his paper

thee And should Allen Grav, the said

editor, support me and I fall or refuse t

Tom Simmons and filled his soul with de

light. Once have it executed and he wou

was very unxious to sign it at once, but Al

len insisted on it being executed in dupli

vate, and when this was done, and he had

Are you satisfied now, Mr. Simmons?

"Well, I am very busy. Good morning."

CHAPTER X.

have his enemy, Strong, on the hip.

H

sentative of this county in the next Gene

"Go, go," said Hertha, engerly. Though matter "No, I don't."

an' I know it."

ha read

speaking in a whisper, her voice trembled with passion and fear. "It would be fatal for you to be discovered here; it would be Allen retained his temper, and as coolly as if he was merely taking down items of news, continued to write. He was very your rain-death-" She became choked busy. After a few moments he said: with sobs, and for a moment was silent. "So you accuse me of treachery?"

"Bortha," said Allen, his voice strangely calm, "you are in great distress-what is

"Will you leave then?"

"Oh, do not ask," she answered, continu ing to sob. "Leave me to my misery and eternal doom. I am the most wretched of humans, my fate is sculed, and it is useless for others to attempt to aid me. Go away-

go awa; But I will not leave you alone in this distress. What is it | Tell me that I may

heip you." I can not, dare not tell."

" Bortha, you are miscrable here?" A sob was the only answer.

"Let me take you away from this terrible placer.

"No, no, no; not for the world. Do not think of that. I can not leave-1 am held nere by bands stronger than iron."

"How long have you lived here?" " Not more than eight months-though it ems so many ages.

snall support me as a candidate for Another moment's awful silence followed. nd then Allen, becoming desperate, said "Bertha, I would aid you if I could-I-

yould give my life if necessarysaid Gray the sum of one thousand dollars "Hush-hush-" she quickly interrupted, eizing his arm. "You know not what you and in consideration of this agreeme should the said Gray fail and refuse t Oh, why don't you go! Go, in Heav BRV. give me his aid and support, at the time an en's name, and let us forget that we ever

met. I-I-I am doomed, and why should to pay to myself, Thomas Simmons, the just you wish to drag both yourself and myself and true sum of one thousand dollars. down to ruin?" and, completely overcome, she buried her beautiful face in her hands. case of either forfeiture above stated is agreed by the signers hereto that th Dazed, bewildered and confused, Allen amount so forfeited may be sued upon an Gray staggered and caught at the wall for cliceted out of our goods and chattels i What was he to do, how could he

support. any court of law in this State having juris remove the burden from this ociect of his diction over the same. In witness of which affections) He seemed to realize that she we have hereunto set our hands and scals was lost, lost to him forever This was a very legal-looking document

A voice at this moment in the direction of great old house caused both to start, and the beautiful girl again seizing his arm in a grasp that trembled, in a terrified whisper, said

"Go, go at once, before it is too late. Go go, or we will both be undone Nimbly as an aerobat, Allen leaped the

copy in his pocket he was considerably r wall, and with his brain in a whirl, and a lieved thousand conflicting thoughts swaying his heart, ceturned to the village.

The mystery surrounding the old stor house and its inmates seemed every me ment growing more complicated. Aller Gray had always prided himself on having a great deal of insight into human charac ter, and fancied that he could rea people as open pages, and here was one who baffled all his skill. Who was this Berthat Her face and her name were Anglo Saxon, but her education and man ners French. That she spoke the language fluently and might be mistaken for a native

Frenchwoman he did not doubt, yet when onversing in English there was not ever the slightest foreign accent on her tongue She was an enigma, and the more he strove to solve the problem, the more difficult it be same of solution.

Another sleepless night, another light reakfast, and again at his office with a heavy heart and aching head. He was struggling manfully to fix his mind upon the business before him, when the door softly opened and a farmer entered.

for the editor, ain't vef" he asked. "Well, I fotched ye a little piece about

or neighborhood fur ye to print in your paper. Ef ye use it I think I kin git ye some

that ar' gal to skule."

" Only foulteen.

mmenced it."

A WILD-CAT FIGHT.

Between Two Toms in the Presence of an Applauding Female

Levi Smalling, a Spring Brook hunter, recently witnessed a remark able fight between two male wild-cats in the woods of that section. "I was still hunting for squirrels and rabbits," said Mr. Smalling, "when I heard a terrific yowling and snarling down in the ravine from where I was tramping through the woods. I knew at once that the noise was made by wild-cats, for I had heard them scream at night many a time, and my first thought wathat a wild-cat had been caught in a trap and was yelling from pain. listened for a minute, and then I heard two distinct voices. I hurried to the brink of a ledge to look down in the ravine, and on my way it seemed as

me for the Legislatur, and the minuit I'm away from here, there comes that infernal though I could hear three wild-cats Strong, and you are a connivin' an' con screaming, and I was not mistaken in tivin', an' no one knows what in the world this, as I soon found out. yer up to, only I know yer settin' up some "When I got where I could look cind o' a job on me. Yer playin' off on me

down I saw what all the fuss was about. In an open space two male wildents were making the hair fly from one another's bodies, yelling, scratching and biting, and every now and then tumbling over each other and tearing up the leaves. On a limb close by to them sat a female with her back humped up, and she was spitting and sissing and urging the others on. 1 made up my mind right away that the mainder of the night. The next mainder two toms were fighting over her, and ing the pig was led around, and I enjoyed the row more than any thing I had ever seen in the woods. When run, I hereby agree to forfeit and pay to the toms got tired of clawing one another they crouched on the ground

a few feet apart and lashed their tails and howled, while the one on the limb kept up a continual noise and lashed the manuer aforesaid, he forfeits and is her tail; too.

"After each resting spell' the toma rushed at one another again, and while they were ripping, and tearing, and making the blood fly I clambered down the lodge, stopping every time they stopped for fear they might hear me and provided a dime accompanied a either run away or make for me. It guess. Then a rush set in. Three seemed to be nip and tuck between them. for they were both big and strong, and each appeared bent on killing the other before he would give up. I wanted to kill them both and get their hides and the bounty money, and so waited for a good shot at them. I had a charge of buckshot in my right barrel and a bu let in the left, and my intention was to send the buckshot at them when mixed up in the next bout.

"Then they flew at one another again, but before I could reach the spot that I wanted to get before I blazed away the toms separated once more.

By this time they were pretty well fought out, and for a few minutes all they did was to glare at one another. swing their tails back, and howl. The she cat then sprang from her limb to another branch, giving a scream as she leaped, and in less than ten seconds the toms dashed at each other and fought more furiously than ever, fill-

ing the woods with their yowls. "Then I banged away at the heap with the charge of buckshot. One of the wild cats leaped into the air and fell down dead, and the other went howling into the bushes out of my sight. I saw that there was no use of

-Editor-"Mr. Funnyman, your

humorous department is not half so

bright and fresh as it used to be. Are

you in poor health?" Mr. Funnyman

'N-o, sir, my health is all right, but

I'm afraid I'll have to give up the

humorous work." "What's the

matter?" "Well, sir, I got married

some months ago, and now when I

print a joke about wives my wife

thinks it means her, and if I mention

around and raises the roof: and, be-

sides, one of my wife's brothers is a

plumber, another is an ice-man, and

the other is a coal-dealer, and she has

a half-brother who is a book-agent,

and they're all big men with ugly

tempers. If you don't mind, I'd like

to retire from the humorous depart-

ment and take a position as obituary

-He-"And so your mother does not

object to our engagement?" She-

"Mother has not formally given her

consent, but I think she will. She is

my record is without a stain, but we

must hurry matters along as fast as

possible and get safely married before

the local campaign opens. I've been

He Disappointed His Friends.

There were a dozen men on the car

who saw Mr. Biank waiting on the

crossing ahead, and one of them re-

"Now you see if he don't lead right

off by saying what an open winter the

Blank stepped aboard, entered and

greeted half a dozen people, and,

while all were holding their breaths,

"Gentlemen, what a cool summer

we had last year?"--Detroit Free Press.

-In domestic life there are faithful

and intel igent women who discrimi-

nate between the beneficent purposes of

who devote their lives to the former,

and only their odd moments to the

latter; there are others so wrapped up

nominated for an office."

marked:

he said:

editor."-Philadelphia Record.

a mother-in-law her mother come

their pig. and beat their game." Nobody slept until the pigtaken over to the scales and weight He pulled down one hundred seventy pounds to a hair, and villagers went home and hunted their nickels, and dreamed of pigs scales and sharpers throughout the fore starting on his journey, one with owners remarked to the assesting crowd:

THE GUESSING PIG

How It Furnished a Constant ; Revenue to Its Owner,

A few weeks ago two men are

Western town, leading a p

was, perhaps, big enough and

enough to be called alog; b

termed it a pig, and, as they the

over to the care of the land

the night, one of them said:

whose inn they proposed to re-

"Be awful careful of that pig-

a daisy-a new breed just from s

land. We've sold him to a farmer

here for fifty dollars, and we o

want any thing to happen to him

The landlord locked up the pig.

then began to think, and cogitate

suspect. When the strangers had a

"I have twigged the racket Th

two fellows are sharpers, and that

guessing pig. To-morrow they

give you a chance to guess at

weight, at ten cents a guess,

you'll be cleaned out-only you and

As the fellows sleep, we will we

to bed he called in some of the

and said:

"Gentlemen. I am going to way this pig directly. May be some you would like to guess on his weight I'll take all guesses at ten centam and whoever hits it gets fifty certa This little speech provoked a lap and selected stock of winks and select but no one walked up until the th man said that any one person e guess as many times as he carefy four merchants put up fifty goes each; a justice of the peace took this a lawyer said that about twenty was do for him. Before there was a pause in the guessing about his hundred had been registered and mi for. Every soul of them guessed one hundred and seventy pounds. was curious what unanimity there m in the guessing; but the pig-men not seem to notice it. When all h been given a chance, the pig was to the scales, and, lo, his weight m exactly one hundred and seventy-

pounds! "You see, gentlemen," explained t spokesman, "while this animal weight only one hundred and seventy pour along about eleven o'clock at nig we feed him about five pounds of a meal in the merning before weights You forgo' '> take this matter in consideration."

Then somebody kicked the landlas and he kicked the justice, and it justice kicked a merchant, and wh the pig-men looked back from a dista hill the whole town was out kicks itself and throwing empty wallets in the river.-N. Y. Ledger

FIRING AWAY MONEY. trying to get another shot at him, and I sent the bullet at the female and What It Costs to Fire the Guns of an knocked her off the limb, I didn't dinary Man-of-War. War is an expensive undertake stir from the spot until I had chucked and even playing at it costs a great a charge into each barrel, and then I deal of money. After paying out to hurried down to see if I had killed the or three million dollars for a ship she one. She was dead enough, I was that is only a beginning. To keep a glad to find out, and then I thought I ordinary man-of-war "in commissi would search for the live tom, think--that is, to furnish the necesary su ing that he might have been wounded plies, and pay the officers and menby one of the buckshot. I found him costs about a thousand dollars a dit after a little, and I guess he would The armament of a man-of-war have given me a pretty lively time of very costly-much more so than ms it if two of his legs hadn't been broken. As it was he showed fight and tried to people imagine. A fifteen-inch Krup tear my bootleg off, but I had the adgun weighs eighty tons, and cost vantage of him and I shot him through \$125,000; the corriage weighs for tons, and costs \$40,000. Every times the head."-Scranton (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. of these monsters is fired, it cost \$2,000.

A STRANGE VISIT " Be you the editor f" It was a weazen-faced little old man with frosty beard on his chin, and weak, watery ves, who looked in at the door of his san am. His dress was the home-spun of a farmer, and his hat-brim was tacked up

Simmons left the office

"Yes

one side 'Yes, sir, I am," Allen answered. My gal scratched off this little piece, and

thought as may be ye'd like it." The little old man timidly entered the oftice and handed the editor a neatly-folded bit of paper. Allen was astounded to not find it rolled. Unfolding the paper he found written in a plain, legible hand some news tems of the neighborhood.

"The article is very good, sir. I will use "D'ye think that gal kin write?" the old man asked, somewhat anxiously

Yes, sir; she lacks cultivation, but she will acquire that." The old man smiled, and said :

She and got no larnin' to 'mount to any thing but also lite es writin' monstrous we an' studies hard to git her pieces right. Ef

ye think she'd over make a writer, I'd send

" She has good, strong common sense; he

So young, and yet do her work so well

"Oh, yes; I subscribed when ye first

Sun.

If she has proper cultivation and persever-

ance she may make her mark in the world Do you take the paper?"

article shows it. How old is shot "

any thing; they are simply abie to buy the jewels which some poor miner has dug up. All of our successful authors make their start on obscure publications."

"I believe you are mistaken, Miss Hopkins. Harper's would read your manuscript and decide fairly upon it.

"I am sure they would not," she per sisted. "If they don't find this out of their rul, they have some special favorite whose manuscript is just ahead of mine, and they'l send it back with a printed apology that its rejection is not necessarily a lack of literary merit, but because they have something like it on hand. Those New York publishers are not in sympathy with new authors."

Miss Hopkins was a woman of literary experience, and was not to be induced to give Harper's the infinite pleasure of rejecting her manuscript.

"I am sorry; but I-I really have not space for your story at present, Miss Hop-kins," said Allen. Being able to put but one interpretation on his refusal, she asked Are you going to communee one of Mr.

Barnes' stories !" "No, we can not possibly use a serial at present." he answered.

Whyt

"Because our people think that in order to build up this town all space possible should be devoted to it. Besides, the fall election is coming on, and the canvass will necessarily domand a great deal of space.

Miss Hopkins looked very much disappointed, but after a few moments she said " Can you use a poem occasionally ?"

+ I think I can. This only partially repaired her disap

pointment. She declared the people of Turey's Point must be very ignorant to refus such a novel as " The Mystery of the Rack House on the Hill," and bewailed the fats of struggling genrus, held down by the iron hand of projudice.

She took her manuscript and left the office with a look of disappointment and a heavy heart. We console ourselves that Miss Hopkins is not the only author who has met with disappointments.

Her visit had temporarily led Aller Gray's mind from the subject which had become so painful, but when she was gone it returned with double force, and all his efforts to forget Berths, by plunging into business, were unavailing. That beautiful being who had grown so dear to his heart was always present.

"Oh, Bertha, Bertha! will this crushing weight never be removed?" he asked him-ROLL

His reveries were interrupted by the abrupt opening of his sanctons door. Mr. Tum Siminons, with face inflamed with anger, boldly entered.

"See here!" he cried, with the air of an ensured muster, "what's this I hear?" Allen told him that he had no idea what he had heard.

"I hoar yer goin' to play me foul ?" What do you mean by playing fould

Allen usked. "You're gein' back on me."

"In what way !"

"You ain't agoin' to support me." "Who told you I was not?"

"I hear'd it. It's the gineral rumor," 'General rumor is false, then," was the firm answer.

"I want it understood, Mr. Allen Gray, reared the enraged Sommons, bringing fist down with emphasis on the deak, "that if you go back on me-don't support me as ye promised ye would, I'll fling every thing I kin in your way. I made ye what ye ar he hissed through his teeth. "Yes, str. 1 tuk you from authin'-lifted ye right up ou o' the dirt, and just as I git semothin' made out o' ye, by the Lord ye're gond back on me. I won't stand it. Why, if it hadn't a been for me what would you been i-muthin

It is not pleasant to be reminded that we are under obligations to some person for our existence and prosperity. Allen Gray was so impenerous as to become offended

building of Turiey's Point and the myster ithin that he could at first see nothing. As of the great stone house on the his eyes became more accustomed to the he heard a heavy step at his side and, look foom, he made out an object, that seeme oving about within. Was it man or beast

ing up, saw Mr. Strong. "I'm not agwine to stand it," cried Slowly it drew nearer and nearer to the window, until a pair of great hollow eyes Strong, augrily.

As mildly as he could, the country editor asked for an explanation. 'Yer playin' me foul."

"You are laboring under a grave mis-take," Allen returned, making a great effort to keep his temper

"No, I'm not; fur I know ve ar'. Didn't ng into that face. ye promise me f'ar an' squar' ye'd support me fur sheriff P1

Yos.' " An' yer gwine t' go back on me?"

"No, I'm not; unless you provoke me into breaking my promise, you will receive the support of the Western Republic."

But they've got the yarn 'gwine all over the country that yer pledged to Tom Sim-THORN.

"For sheriff, I am pledged to no one but yourself, Mr. Strong, and at the proper time you shall receive my hearty support," said Allen, rising to his feet, his face flushed with excitement. "Now, pay no attention to the stories you hear, and keep your in-

remember where he was. He was hasten tentions to yourself, until the time has come for you to make your announcement." "I understand. Well, of yer gwine to stand true to me, it's all right, but of ye do go back on me, I'm agwine to knock the

props right out from under ye, an let ye fall hard enough to break yer own neck; now we understand one another, don't well "I think we do." "Very well, good-day."

"Good morning, sir."

Although pledges had been renewed, and the ambitious candidate for sheriff had been

reassured, it was evident that he was not fully satisfied. Both himself and Tom Sim were suspicious; unconsciously judging all men by their own standard, they were suspicious of way body. Each foared that some powers influence, that great unknown pressure which politicians early ome to dread, would be brought to bear

upon the editor to alienate him. They watched each other with hawk-like eyes, and one never went to the printing office that the other did not notice him, and at once surmise that he had come to buy off the editor. Each had a vague belief that the other was to be an opponent for the office to which he himself aspired. they should be candidates for different offices never entered into the mind of

iven while he was pondering on that mat oither. or she rose from her seat and came out a Allen Gray was not one to give up a mystery unsolved. Having fallen in love with the young lady at the mysterious house, he scured the faint starlight at this moment colled away, and the features of both th was fully determined on a solution to the mystery which seemed clouding her life intrudor and astonished girl became quite distinct. and crushing all her hopes. Notwithstand-She stopped and gazed at him for a ming she had urged him for his sake and her ment in silent amazement. Any other gir would have shracked, swooned or field at th own to keep away from the stone man-

sion, on the evening after his interview with Mr. Strong he found himself on his way toward the house on the hill. It was before he started, and the moon, which had grown so old it would not shine until late in the night, would give him as

The front part of the house was dark and slient as if it had been deserted for years. This time he ventured up to the great stor steps and gazed through the iron wicketgate. He could see the broad path leading up to the house, which was composed of flat dressed stones. A fountain was on each side of the path, but both were idle now

No sign of a living creature could be discovered, nor from any of those great, deep windows was there to be seen a single ray of light.

" I will go completely around the house. thought Allen, " and more critically examine it than I have ever done."

On the cast, west and north sides of the house the walls were of oak boards standwas so impenerous as to become offended. Ing upright. On his tour around the grounds Eq leavest to his feet, his over to uning fire. Allen frequently halted to peep through a signers out our way." Where do you live?"

" Down on Billy's Crick." answered the farmer.

He was an unpretentious author, wearing his pants in his thick cowhide boots, was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a soft broad brummed hat on his head. His "galuses were home made, and he had all the peculiar characteristics of a denizen of Billy's Creek Allen took the roll of MS., and after much

ever beheld such blazing eyes, as nov giared at him from the darkness of that mysterious chamber. Frozen with a strange, inknown horror, the adventurer stood gas 1 Suddenly a wild, demoniacal laugh sceme to shake the old building to its foundatio (Real stones. The speil which chained Allen was broken, and he started back with a half-R suppressed exclamation of terror.

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" YER THE EDITOR, ALS'T YEP"

trouble unrolled and smoothed it out ac

it could be read. An amateur manuscript

may usually be recognized by being rolles

so tightly that the editor's patience is ex-

cad. Frequently the manuscript is rejected

without being read for this very reason.

The manuscript contained only a few news

"MR. EDITURI Not havin' seen any thing frur

cars juice no made the floor cruck

"Are you a subscriber for the paper !"

"No; how much is it! If you'll put that piece in, I believe I'll sign fur it."

"It is one dollar and fifty cents per an

The citizen from Billy's Creek had only

fifty cents, but he promised to bring in the

balance next time he came, and a country

editor very seidom refuses credit, es

The countryman was gone, and Allen was striving, by toil, to drive away the sweet,

sad image of that beautiful face which had

made such a wonderful impression on him.

when the door opened, and this time it was

the ambitious politician, Tom Simmons, who

entered. No thunder-cloud was ever darker

"Be scated, Mr. Simmons," said the

and continued writing away at his desk.

ti Thana's available furned to not !

than Simmons' countenance.

editor, camiy and politely.

lay on a table near.

+ Na.

"But how much is it fur a year i"

pecially when he gets one-third cash.

"One dollar and fifty cents."

" I did-won't it do?"

give offense to any one.

a11.7

hausted before he can get it in shape t

"Tell your daughter that I will always b glad to have any thing from her pen, and as soon as I am able to do so, will pay her fo ter contributions." "Much oblogged to ye, Mr. Editur, 11

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Nichall

oll her, and Sarah'll be right down glad to know it, fur she's mightily sot on writin', said the old man, as he left the office.

"There is true genius in a log cabin, said Allen, gazing at the manuscript There is modesty associated with it. What contrast between the modest little counry girl, and the ambitious Miss Hopkins or oney Barnes. For her there is a brigh future, for them nothing but envy, jealousy nd grumbling at hard-hearted editors. But vito would have thought that so many peoble were turning their attention to are and journalism. I supposed these to e avocations which were demanding follow rs, but instead, the professions are over rowded. It seems as if the whole world vas going into literature. People living in e most remote parts of the earth seem to ave caught the inspiration to write.

Toney Barnes at this moment entered ith the freedom of a popular author whose ervices were indispensable to his publisher ad throwing himself carelessly on a chair

"Well, Mr. Gray, I've got something grand this time. It beats Poe's Raven."" "Fame and fortune are within your grasp, hon?'

tilly a Crick fately | that that I would rife a fu ines fur yu. Times are good here. Crops is plendid, an farmers amost dun plown' corn. "Well, I've got it. The great success of Poe's Raven was that nobody could ever unfom briggs fell and broke his arm last sunds derstand it. Now I've got something here im jones tuk mat Stivers to meetin' last hat can't be half so well understood as the We have meetin' again at the school Raven."

Allen had read several of his productions merely waiting until assured that you that were superior to the Raven on those rrounds. In fact, all of Mr. Barnes' poetic are a man of high character, and, of ffusions were difficult of solution. course, you are, my love." He-"Yes.

" Just let me read this to you," said Toney. "I am very busy-leave it-"No, no, no; its not long, and I will read

"Go ahead, then."

ing, all alone. While the daw of even damp lay upon the "Oh no, no, it's just all a joke, that's

"Did the dew lay only upon the stones?" he editor asked.

"Oh. n o-wait and you will see how it all nes out," and he contined:

"The night way d rit, the sun was down, And all around me rose Ten thousand fanc of gobbi as bold-Ton thousand mortal foes

For hours I searched the forest round,

Blood dripping from the sockets down, On this horr d thing I cast a glance. And then fell sense less to the ground."

the home and its mere trivialities, and can you tell me what's in that poem !' "No, sir. I give it up, nor do I think there's a man living that can," Alieu un-

stugly answered. That speaks well for it," said Toney, with

give me wealth and fame. How much will Very well imoving that a storm was su give me for it ?" coming. Allen determined to meet it holdly,

The great dynamite gun on board th new gunboat Vesuvius is fifty-five for long, has a bore of fifteen inches, # the profectiles are eleven feet long and weigh nine hundred pounds each The cost of the gun and carriage \$40,000, and every time it is fired \$50 goes up in smoke.

It is true that all guns are not mi sters, but all gun-firing is very costly The Fortifications Committee of Congress has made an appropriation 1 test eight, ten and twelve inch guns from which some idea may be gained of how money is fired away during a naval or army contest.

Two hundred and fifty rounds one ten-inch gun costs, for powdet, \$17,000; projectiles, \$11,000-a total of \$28,000. The same number rounds from a twelve-inch gun cost \$39,500. Each shot weighs half a tot which costs \$300 if made of steel, and \$75 if made of cast iron. The eight inch guns fire a shot weighing three hundred pounds, and every discharge costs about \$100.

In old-time warfare, when a sixt pounder was a monster and a third two-pounder considered large, gat were worked very rapidly; but now days, with increase of length an weight, comes slowness of execution But even supposing the Krupp gat mentioned above to be fired six tim an hour during a six-hours' enga ment, that would represent \$72.0 fired away. And that is only one gas So you see war is expensive, even set pastime. -- Golden Days.

-On dairy farms where butter made at home, no second grade quality can be pardoned. The comp tion is now so keen that only prices remunerate the dairy farmen therefore the family should have the best butter made in the land.

What It Describes.

A new allegorical poem called "Alone ! the Desert" is often quoted at the summit resorts this season. It describes the advert tures of a huckleberry in a hotel pie -Ne* York Star.

Baseball Literature.

Old Gentleman (to boy in book stand)-1 want a copy of "Jack, the Giant Killer." Boy-Yes, eir; I s'pose yer goin' up to the game this afternoon .- New York World.

Consequently Could Not Give Assess the home exists for the welfare and Stryke-Will you do me a favor, old min happiness of the inmates - Once a Smyke (rapidly)-I have not got a cast-Town Topics.

Alono I searched the forest o'er, Alone I searched the forest wild, When suid niy I heard a cry Proceeding from some wandering child, " For hours I searched value on.

When sudden y a borr d ghost Arose bleeding from the ground. Its head was sycless, hair on fire

"Now, sir," cried Toney, triumphantly,

sir; I don't want to set down." growled the politician, nervously fingering me sterentyped advertising plates that

in showy furnishings, luxuriant surwild ecstatic laugh. "This-poem will roundings and general appearances that they lose sight of the truth that "At present I do not feel able to buy it."

"Ob, you might make a big profit owners. has pin

nonse. Sam herrin was heerd classin the other day, betase some felier had his ox yoke. Sam had better bring tack the corn knift he bur ored frum me last year, when I wurrn't p home. Hall a dance last week at Bart Davise house. Sol Smith was there, he was so tall h bumped his head agin the jist. Si hod so muc-

"Who wrote this!" asked Allen. Toney read : Once in a deep, dark, lonely swamp, await-"I guess so, if it is not so personal as to

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