Being a Few Romantic Chapters From the Life of a Country Editor

BY JOHN B. MUSICK. AUTHOR OF "WALTER BEDGEFFIELD," "HELES LAKEMAN," "HASTER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES.

"They seem to four that I am being watched," said Allen to himself, "and I suppose that the sooner I get away from

here the better.

He gave his horse the rein, and the animal cantered away at a brisk pace.

It was a quiet night. The hum of insects and chirp of crickets along the wooded

rend made pleasant music for the lonely traveler. Though he had been considerably rested, his muscles, unaccustomed to the hard strain so recently put upon them, were brulaed and sore. Had not his horse been an easy-going animal he could not have stood the journey. Being alone and unincumbered the return was much more com fortable than his ride of the night before.

The farmers were returning to their homes after their hard day's toil. The weary horses, now freed from the clanking chains, crunched their corn and outs at the stalls. As Allen cantered along the dusty road he envied the farmer, sitting on the door-step to cool his heated feet, the night of sweet repose that was before him.

The country was thickly settled, and for the first hour or two of his night ride he heard the low murmur of voices in and about the farm-houses. At one the weary plow-man sat on the front porch smoking his evening pipe; at another a pair of lover were cooled upon the lawn; at a third two or three newy children were playing prison nouse, their shouts and laughter making the weary traveler glad.

But anon the hum of voices and scenes of life died away. As night still more closely enwrapt the earth in her sable mantle a quiet repose fell over the seene and all be came silence. The farmer had cooled his feet and was sleeping sweetly; the plowman had smoked his pipe and retired; the lovers had separated with a parting kiss, and the merry childish voices were hushed

in alumber Only occasionally was he aroused from his gloomy reveries by a restless dog running out into the road to bark at the passing stranger. Then he plunged into a great forest-covered valley, and the hoot of owls and screams of night birds grated upon his nerves, causing him to shudder.

Having only a forty-mile ride before him. and not wishing to enter the town before daylight. Alien allowed his horse to joy slong quite leisurely, while his mind dwelt upon the strange events of the last few weeks, terminating in this most extra-ordinary journey. How was he to account his strange absence, and would be be able to keep this visit a secret from the tall.



dark stranger! Somehow he felt that that tall, dark man, giving his name as X. Y. Z., was his enemy, and if he had been pursued be was one of the pursuers.

All night, over lonesome roads, through dark forests and along silent lanes the young editor continued his journey. When morning dawned he was in sight of the village where he was directed to stay.

He went to a small hotel, where he gave his horse into the care of the landlord ordering the horse to be groomed and fed and that breakfast be prepared for himself. He slept most of the foreneou, but at two o'clock rose, and after a hearty dinner called for his horse. Which way are you goin't" the landlord

asked. "Back home-up the river," he answered.

"Did ye come from up the river?"

Been out tradin'!"

"No, sir. I went to a town below here on some business, and I am now on my way

Glad to escape so inquisitive a man as the landlerd was liable to prove, Allen paid his bill and mounting his horse galloped away in the direction of Turley's Point.

If he went straight ahead he would reach the Point long before night, which he did not wish to do; so, coming to a thick forest, he rode some distance into it, and there waited until the sun had gone down and the shades of twilight had begun to deepen, when he again resumed his journey.

Allen was almost worn out with his long affic at such unseasonable hours, and was very glad when he found himself once more In the vicinity of Turley's Point. It was still early, and not wishing to be seen by any one, he rode around the village, entering the old deserted turnpike some distance above it. Here it was so dark that he could scurce see an object three pages before him, but he managed to find the path, and took the horse to the very spot where he had found him, and tied him to the same tree.

He felt a great burden lifted from his breast. He seemed to be just awaking from a troubled dream. Cramped by his long ride, his stiffened limbs seemed hardly able to carry him to the village.

Danger was ever; a few moments more and he would be in his bed resting from his

tollsome journey.

Allen reached the turupike, and had just stepped out of the narrow path into it, when a tall dark form sprang upon him Before he could make an effort to realst, he was seized by the shoulders and huried to the earth. A hand clutched his throat and a sharp bright blinde glittered in the star-light above him, while a voice almost sti-ffled with hate, hissed in his car. "Die, you dog!"

CHAPTER XV. THE MAN WITH THE HOUSE WILLY. Wholly unprepared for the sudden attack Allen Gray was quack to think and equally as quick to act. His movements had to be with lightning-like rapidity to seize the wrist of the desconding hand which held the murderous dagger, but case he had the arm he clung to it with an iron grasp. Next, with his hand that was free, he sensed the hand of the would-be assassin, which was clutching at his throat until he was aluted, and tore it loose. The assailant had one knee on the chest of the man he had huried to the earth, but not knowing how atrong he really was, the young fellow actually aprang from under him, and in a moment was on his knees. He clung with wonderful tenucity to the hand which still held the daggor, for he

mow that it was certain death to release his hold. The struggle was slient and desperate, for both were strong, determined men. While Allen's opponent was taller and henvier than himself, the latter had an advantage in activity and skill in wrestling and ben ing. From their knees the strugging men se to their feet

The dagger fell to the ground and neither could get it. The contest became one of endurance. The men were fighting for life. They struggled, turned and twisted, and fought with maddened desperation until Allen floatly struck his antagonist on the head. The blow staggered him, and another ought him to his knees.

Following up this momentary advantage, Allen struck three or four more blows and felled him to the earth. Enraged and furious at the sudden attempt on his life, the young editor seized the dagger which lay on the ground at his side, and raising the gleaming blade to drive it to the heart of

his assailant, he cried:
"Now we'll see which dog shall die!" A piercing shrick rose on the air, and a slender form clad in spotless white flew to ward them and seized the uplifted arm.

"Oh, don't, don't in Heaven's name, don't murder him!" cried the beautiful girl, at whose solicitation he had gone to renchtown.
"Bertha-Bertha-you here!" gasped Al-

lee, starting back in surprise, not un-mingled with horror, when he reflected that he was about to take the life of a ha-"Oh, spare him, spare him. In the nan of the Virgin let there be no blood shed!"

to whom her at yearance was not such an inexplicable mystery, rose to his feet and

in a voice of suppressed thunder said:

"It is very kind of you to save my life after piotting so long to take it."

"Oh, Heaven-I never—never dreamed it would come to this!" grouned the beautiful giri, still wringing her hands in agony.

The master turned upon her much as cruel father or muster might upon a child or servant, and in a tone of muffled thunder

We've had enough of this-go home." In his excitement and rage Allen could listinguish a strong foreign accent in his anguage, which on ordinary occasions was

not perceivable. "Not while you threaten each other," she answered, sobbing bitterly.

Why did you follow met Did I not tell ou to stay within ze house! I know-I know; but if I had not come

would have been killed," she answered, still sobbing. " It makes but little difference," he an swered, with an oath. Turning upon Allen an eye which in the darkness blazed with the fire of an angry tiger, he said in a tone

which trembled in its earnestness: "It would be better if you leave this country Young man, you be and never come back. very foolish, very rash not to have followed the advice of the village, and let the mystery of Turiey's Point alone."

He wheeled about, taking the arm of Bertha, and was gone, leaving Allen gaz-

ng after them in wonder and amazement. Will wonders never cease?" he asked imself. "This strange mystery will drive me to madness, and how am I to solve it!" He happened to think of the dagger which had doubtiess fallen from his hand when Bertha had come so suddenly upon them, and thought he would take it, as it might prove a clew to this strange mystery. He stooped to pick it up, but it was no where to be found, it was gone. Where, ow had it managed to slip away! Eithe he tall stranger or Bertha had taken the knife, and he was satisfied it could not have een the former. With all his soul on fire with jealousy, and torn and racked by a condred conflicting emotions, he started

down the hill toward the village.

"Oh, Bertha, Bertha, gone, left me without a word, after all I have done and sufered," he grouned, as he hastened to the

But Allen had schooled himself to bear is sufferings without a word of complaint and next morning was in his office as usual. During his absence another issue of the pa per had been published and circulated. He at down at his desk and glanced over his There were a few unimportant letters, one or two from old acquaintances, ongratulating him on the success of his A smile curled the lip of the editor as he

hought how far from success this venture n the newspaper business had come. To di inquiries about his absence he answered hat he had been suddenly called away on usiness. Not a word of ais strange ad enture did he breathe to any one, and those who saw the young man sitting so calm and business-like at his deak never dreamed that he had come so near losing his life only the night before at the hands f the master of the stone house on the hill. "Back again, are you?" said Miss Hop-

kins, with a smile on her shriveled face. am so glad you have come, for I really think I have a gem of a poem this time."

"What is the title!" Allen asked. "Love's Young Dream," the old maid

"Very touching indeed," said the editor, with becoming gravity, partially uncon-

clous of what he was saying. Oh, sir, I have shed tears over it," said he ancient maiden, enthusiastically. was late in the evening, and tired of the

toils of the day I had retired to rest, and as I lay on my bed thinking what I could do to advance the interests of the liestern Sepublic-I am always thinking of you" she parenthetically added, looking very tenderly at him-"I was suddenly seized with a desire to write. I believe-yes, sir, I verily believe that a voice called on me to rite that poem. The voice of fame-"Please read it, Miss Honkins." No ed-

or in his soher senses ever asks un author to read his or her productions, so the reader can imagine how desperate was the condi-

"Now, Mr. Grav," said the old maid, with feeble attempt at a blush which failed, lowever, to appear on her powdered check. 'do not say it is splendid unless you really hink so. You are such a person to flatter, especially young girls."

Allen was too deeply, too painfully as noyed by the complications in which he found himself to observe the coquettish manner of the poetess, and with no other



"LOVE'S TOPNG DREAM," SHE ANSWERED. object than gratifying an ambitious writer, to abstractly said:

"You write excellent poetry, Miss Hop-"There. I knew it-" "But let me hear your poer."
She unrolled her manuscript and pro-

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM. BY MISS LEETHY HOPKING So young, so gulfant, brave and fair, Dark gray eyes and anburn hair, Sweetest treasure ever known, On, my loved one, west thou my own? old you ask me here to tell When litst I dreamed of love's sweet spell? Should you sa't me how I know That this heart with love doth flow! would answer, I should say On that happy, golden day, When these charmed eyes first That one whose will shall be p

"Go thou, to the song birds,

Speak to them of love, Hear it wh spered in the winds Or the coons of the dove

Atlen, whose mind had really not been on the poem more than half the time, here asked her to whom she alluded.

"Oh, I won't tell," she answered, and blush made a desperate effort to struggle through the rouge on her cheek. "Now I don't believe I will read any more

Leave it with me."

"Ob, not for the world," "Den't you intend to have it published?" he asked, beginning to wonder why she had taken up so much of his time.

"No, no," she answered, holding the p lous manuscript close to her heart. For a moment he gazed at her in astonishment, and then, before he was aware of what he

was doing, remarked: "You are a very remarkable girl." Evidently putting a wrong construction upon his words and manner, she gasped:

"Oh, don't!" Although Allen had read the history of that unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Pickwick, yet so much was he absorbed in the mys tery of Turley's Point that he had only given a secondary thought to the poem, and ill less to the conduct of the authoress, and wholly failed to discover the matrimoniplead Bertha, wringing her hands in agony. al twinkle in her eye, and was not caring to Allen stood transfixed and dumb with prolong the interview. He said: "Very well, Miss Hopkins, if you do not ent, while the dark-whiskered man,

wish me to use your poem I will not insist." "Oh, well, then, you may have it, but I wouldn't give it to another person on earth," said Miss Hopkins, handing him the delicate little roll of manuscript. " Are you partial to publishers?"

"Oh, hush?" and this time the blush man aged to wash its way through. It is difficult to tell how far she would have gone, (for Miss Hopkins was arriving at an age that makes a woman anxious to marry, desperate), had they not been interrupted by a stranger. It was a man, holding up the front of his

flapping broad brim hat with one hand, while in the other held a horse-whip of the Mack make kind. "Whar's the editur?" he roared, in a voice

of thunder.
"Oh, dear!" screamed Miss Leethy Hopkins, in a paroxysm of fear, springing up from the chair where she had been sitting

and getting ready to faint. "What's the editor?" the stranger again yelled, bringing down one foot with a stamp that made the building ring. "Show me that ar editur, I say—whar's the editur!"

"Oh, don't - don't - please don't," creamed Miss Hopkins, to whom a golder opportunity now seemed to open. She could immortable herself and gain the love of this publisher at the same time. This was the invincible man with the horsewhip come to demand satisfaction of the editor



I WANT THE SEE THE EDITUR.

Every body has heard of "the man with the horsewhip;" many editors have formed his this individual is thought by many to be an indispensable check to editors. "Git out o' my way, gal-whar's the ed-

itur!" roared he of the horsewhip, dancin "Ob don't don't don't!" screamed Mis-Hopkins, wringing her hands and falling

upon her knees before the enraged country an. "On, spare him; spare him this time "I won't do it, I won't. Whar's the ed-

itur! I'm er goin' to hosswhoop him, I don't keer of it's at a funeral."

Allen, who had been standing cool and apparently unconcerned ever since the arrival of this stormy stranger, now spoke up

for the first time." "We will excuse you, Miss Hopkins," he said, as calmly as if some ordinary matter was under discussion. "Leave me with this

man; he undoubtedly has some business to "Ye bet I hev. It's important, too, an'

I'm anxious to git at it.' "We will excuse you, Miss Hopkins." "Oh, I will faint!"

"Get out in the open air and you will feel better."

But, oh, dear, I am so afraidme, but I must be alone for a short time.

He opened the door as he spoke and Miss Hopkins, sobbing and simpering, left the "Be seated, sir," said Allen to the in

furiated farmer, who stood somewhat amazed that the editor did not quake and tremble before him. "I want to see the editur," he bawled. "You shall see him, but there is no need

for you to be in such an extraordinary With a growl something very much like an oath, the man threw himself into a

chair, and Allen, with amazing coolness Now, sir, what do you want to see the editor for!

"I want to wear out this hosswhoop on roared the curaged husbands bringing the whip with a savage whack on the desk. "I am mad; I tell ye I am mad, and when I git riled I eat mount

" You are mistaken, sir: you are not half so mad as you think," Allen coolly remarked. "Tell rie why you are mad!" "That piece -that piece in yer paperahout me-that I misrepresented, slandered and

lied on Sam Herrin bout the corn knife." For the first time Allen now recognized the enraged man as George Leeper, his former correspondent from Billy's Creek. "Well, Mr. Leeper," said Allen, folding his arms very quietly, "there was a mis-

understanding between us on that matter, you know you told me it was all a harmless ske, while Sam Herrin says it was a manous slander."

"Well, he is the man you want to se then. I published your representation of the matter; and, at his request, publish his, which was only just and right that the ablic may draw their own conclusions low, as to the editor for whom you ar oking, you met him on your former visit, and he has not changed so much that you need fail to recognize him. But I really think the proper thing for you and Sam Herrin to do is to settle your disputes with rselves and not be dragging them into hе пемирарота."

Having given this wholesome advice, the editor costy turned to his desk and began writing. For several minutes George Leeper sat glowering about the office like a baffied tiger; then rising, he said:

" I want my paper stopped." "Is your subscription paid?" Allen asked, taking up a large book and opening it. "I paid half a dollar on it, an' I swa'r I seon't pay a auther cont. I don't want yer

paper any more, nother. " It's against all rules to stop a paper un

til the subscription is paid in full."
Allen went on writing as if the violent dancing and cursing at his back did not dis-turb him. This subsided in a moment, and he heard the ring of a silver dollar on the desk at which he was writing the door slammed spitefully, and the man with

was gone. A terrible noise withtion. He looked through the window d 5 tw a man leaping, dancing and yelling a Lalitop about a hundred paces away, curing he was the best man on dirt. It a Luiston about a the man with the horsewhip from

mly's Creek. CHAPTER XVL

A DESPETATE DETERMINATION, Allen smiled. The man from Billy's reck had cultivated his ill-temper until ie was embled to fly into a passion on the slightest notice. Some men do this, apparently, for no other reason than to make hemselves miserable.

Growing tired of the silly fellow's antics he editor turned to his deak and tried to ory himself in his business. But notwith standing the many exciting and ludicrous vents, his mind was not wholly won away rom the mystery which seemed to be real blighting his life, and kept his thoughts from business. In his busiest moments, unld the most exciting events, the cry: "In Heaven's name spare him!" rang on his car. The sweet, sad face of the mystic whom he could not but love, seemed iways before him, pleading with her large no eyes for relief. Who are you! Who are you!" he asked

mself again and again as the vision rose sefore his mind. Ten thousand termenting fiends seemed constantly aggravating him with their doubts and fears.
"I will know the worst," he declared to

simself. "If I have to beard the lion in his

en, I will know all." The stranger from Billy's Creek was for gotten, so wholly was Allen absorbed with thoughts of the stone house on the hill. The rustic bully had grown weary with cursing nd striking the air, and, as no one seemed dispute his title to be "the best man on he left the village, to carry to friends a wonderful story of how he had nade the editor quail. The editor, meantime, sat in oblivion of

is existence, when he was startled by a Looking around, he was not a little surprised to see Miss Leethy Hopkins standig just within the door. Why. Miss Hopkins, are you here?" the

ondering editor asked.
"Ah, are you hurt!" she sobbed, hysteric-No." he answered, in astonishment.

"Oh, I-that is sir I was afraid that lence had been done you," gasped Miss opiring, sinking into a chair.

"I assure you that I am uninjured."

" Hut he looked so furious!" "There is little danger in looks." "And I had such a dread of him."

"He is gone now, and can do you no in-iry," said the editor, misinterpreting the "Oh, Mr. Gray, I-I would not have had im injure you for the world, and we were

"So we were," returned Allen. "I beeve we were talking about the mystery of furley's Point, were we not!"

alking so pleasantly, too, when he came

"No, no-oh, you rogue, you know about what we were talking," said Miss Leethy, wiping her eyes and blushing profusely be hind her handkerchief.
If he comprehended Miss Hopkins he did pretend to, but in a cool, even voice "I was going to ask you something about

that old house on the hill." Don't you know it is a forbidden topic?" "Yes, generally it is," he answered, with sigh. "It is not every one that I would alk with on this subject, but as we have casionally exchanged confidence on other ubjects, we might on this."

"Oh, of course." She managed to blush puite profusely now, and coyly pinching at he folds of her dress, gathered them down to narrow plaits.
"I thought you would be willing to tell me

ill you knew about the matter." "Oh, ves." She sighed and gave him a glance from he corner of her eyes.
"What is the name of the man who lives

n the stone house!" Allen asked, without oticing her look or making an effort to Some say it's Collins, but he has a great. ig French name, something like De Col ieur, which they say is his real name, and

hat he took the name of Collins in place of t, because it is easier to pronounce "How many have they in family at the ock house!" That is very difficult to ascertain. Some

say there are several, others that there are not many. They have a good many servants, sut, as all talk French, no one can find out any thing from them." "Did it never strike you that there is:

reat deal of romance about this singularly nysterious old house on the hill?" "Yes, sir, it has," she answered; "and I cheve that it would be an excellent them

"It might. What do you know of it?" "Oh, not much "How long have you known that tall,

lark-whiskered man! "I don't know him at all." "You mean you have no formal acquaint-"No. sir "

"How long since you first saw him?" Three or four years ago.' "Had he been here before that time!"
"I have heard that he had. He has been

ving at the old stone house on the hill, at hort periods, for several years." believe you said that a young lad vas once seen within those walls !" "Yes, sir; that was only a few months

I have heard that she was seen again within the last few days. Som one discov red her sitting on a rustic seat beneath an old oak, at a spring on the hillside, between the village and the rock house." "No one knows. She seems to be an ad

ditional mystery. It is generally supposed that she is the daughter of the darkwhistered master of the stone house."

"She has no resemblance to him what ver," interposed Allen. You have seen her then." " From the description I have had of her he has no resemblance to him.

"No; yet parents and children are som imes very dissimilar. Do you think she has lived there long! "No, sir, she can not have been ther

ore than a few months at most," an swered Miss Hopkins. "She was never sen about the place until recently.' "Have you ever heard of any children eing seen or heard there!"

" Do you think there are any!" "There are none. They would find it im sessible to keep a child within those great valis so quiet and sileut that it would not e seen or heard by some one," answered

Does that dark-whiskered man male frequent trips away!"

"I suppose he does—it is seldem, how

ever, that any one ever sees him go away or some back. For weeks at a time he is no seen, and then we know he is away from the old house on the hill. Then all of a sud den he is discovered walking about the big house, or oven coming to the village at making the acquaintance of no on Some people think that he is the chief of a banditti and goes away to his rendezvo see sionally. Then there is an old mother Tilln who believes in witchcraft. She says

he is a warard, and that the strange sights som and strange voices heard there so often are the result of his wild lacantations and invocations of the evil spirit. have heard people say that they have heard screams, shricks and wild, demoniac laughter from within that old house, which almost froze the blood in their veins."

Allen, having witnessed some of the trange sights and heard some of those mysterious noises, did not think that she was exaggerating them in the least. But his strong common sense told him that there vas nothing supernatural in all he had seen and heard. It could all be very easily acsunted for if properly understood. He was not so much interested in the house and the mysterious sights and econds granuating

more at as en the negativity, Layste. Thus Routh's.

"Do you know any thing of the young "No, sir," she answered, curtly, while an expression flitted over her face which he uld not understand, unless it was a tinge

Did you ever hear any thing about her!" "Only what I have told you," she an-wered. "She has never been seen but

He could have told much more of the great one house on the hill than any one knew had he chose to do so, but he determined to keep his counsel to himself. The conversation began to drag, and as it was growing late, and she considered the

young editor free from any further danger present, Miss Leethy Hopkins left th Allen's face was convulsed with pental anguish, and, striking his desk with his fist, he said: This has gone far enough. Be it life or death, misery or happiness, Heaven or hell, will probe that mystery-I will know all pefore another sun rises. I will go to the tall stranger and demand an explanation,

ery and doubt."

With this desperate resolve fresh on his ips and engraven in his heart he seized is hat, and leaving Toby to close the office, left the village and hurried up the old disused road to the great stone house on the hill.

even if he shoots me dead on his door-step. Death is preferable to another night of mis-

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW TURLEY'S POINT DEFEATED HERSELF. When Allen Gray reached the house on he hill, instead of going around it as he had done on former occasions, he walked directly up to the great front gate and tried to enter it; but it was locked.

His first thought was to scale the wall, which he could have done by going to the rear, but seeing a servant in the front yard called to him. "I want to see your master," he said.

The servant, who understool some English, shook his head, saving: "Ze monsieur gone-ze monsieur gone Monsieur no come—no come bon jour mon-sieur!" And turning about, went away.

Allen waited a long while at the gate hoping he would see some one else to whom he could appeal. Darkness came over the earth, and he was at last forced to leave. Slowly and sadly he turned about and went down the hill, his head bowed in thought. "After all, am I not a fool?" he said." Why need I care? What can she be to me?"

it was folly for him to attempt to drive her image from his mind; it had been indelibly stamped upon his heart and could never b effaced. She had been no coquette seeking onquests; she had made no advance nor evinced any boldness, even when visiting im by night, to have him take the little boy to Frenchtown. She seemed to have been reared in seclu-

sion and taught to look upon every one as an enemy. It was only the direst necessity that induced her to trust him on that occa "I will banish her from my mind," he re solved, and for weeks made heroic efforts to do so. He was partially aided by the petty annoyances, which, like the sting of hornets,

fering. It was only a week after his unsuccessful visit to the great stone house that he was interrupted one morning by the abrupt entrance of Mr. Tom Simm

tended to divert his mind from greater suf-

"I want to know the truth from you!" cried the excited Simmons. " Do you mean to insinuate that I have een telling vou talsehoods!" demanded Allen, angrily.

"No-no I don't: but I want to know all " Tell me what it is



and you shall know all of it?" said Allen, with considerable spirit. "Do you intend supportin' me for the Legislatur' ("

"I have signed, sealed and delivered my contract to do so, and I certainly will. "Are you goin' to support George

Strong "Not for Representative."

next issue!

" For any office?" "What?" roared Tom Simmons. " For sheriff.

"Is he runnia' for sheriff?" "Why didn't you tell me sooner! Have ye published my announcement yit?"
"It is set up, and will appear with the

couldn't hey the Legislatur' if I could get it. I'm goin' to run fur sheriff." "But remember your contract-you were to run for the Legislature." "I tell ye I don't want it. I've got ye

"Change it. Put me in for sheriff.

pledged in writin' to support me, an' I'm agoin' to run fur sheriff an' bust him up or "But look at your contract and see if you can. Don't you see that if you refuse to run for Representative and declare yourself a candidate for any other office, that you forfeit to me the sum of one thousand do

lars!" "It's a trick; ye've set up a job on me, ried Tom Simmons, furiously. "I'll not stand it."

"You have signed the agreement,"

"But you wasn't to work for Strong.

Nothing was said about whom I should er should not support for any other office. With my paper and influence I was to support you for the Legislature, and that wa Tom Simmons, the ambitious politician of Turley's Point, left the office scratching his head in perplexity and wondering how he was to get even with his enemy, Strong,

saw his enemy entering it. "There, now he's goin' in there to lay plans to bust me up; I know it," said Sim-Allen had scarce got rid of one of the Turley's Point politicians, and turned again

He was not so anxious to be elected himself

as he was to beat Strong. He had only got

one block from the printing office when he

to his desk, when the door of his sanctum opened and Mr. Strong burst in. "I swar, things hev got to come to a fo cus!" he roared, in a fury. "Very well, sir, let them focus," said Allen, somewhat spiritedly. "What is

"I've heerd yer gwine to support Sim-

"I am." "What, arter ye obligated yerself to "I support you for sheriff, and him for

"Is he running for the Legislatoor!" Yos. "Hey ye published my announcement "It will appear this week."

"Change it."
"Why?" "I'm not gwine to run for sheriff. I'm gwine to run for the Legislatoor." "But remember your contract."

TAMING A CANARY.

How a Bird May Be Taught to Perch Upon His Master's Nose.

The method I have followed in the earlier training of canaries is not original with me. I sm indebted therefor to a Catholic priest, whose entire success therein encouraged me to make

some efforts on the same lines. There are two important prelimiparies in the process: First, you must have no one else in the vicinity of the bird's cage-or, better still, in the room; and second, a rare degree of patience is requisite. Of these two essentials, moreover, I would place the

greater stress on the latter. The small bunch of fluff and feathers and warbling unceasing, whose dainty tricks shall form the burden of my sketch, I called Cap. He was of a bright, yellow tint, but had a black spot topping his head and extending well down to the eyes. This ebon speck, so neatly placed, suggested his name. When he first came into my possession Cap was a bit fractious-for a bird. Here, then, is the method by which I tamed him. At a dozen intervals in the day I approached the cage slowly, and,

placing one finger near the wires where the perch rested, instantly jerked the finger away. This action, which may seem rather foolish, I repeated over and over, but always in gentle fashion, so as not to frighten the bird, but only to excite his curiosity. Well, it gradually dawned on the tiny brain that I was afraid of having my finger pecked-the very impression my action was meant to convey. The canary's shyness was becoming obliterated through the novel idea that I was actually afraid of him! Cap began quite soon to act on this idea, and with lessening caution each few times. Nor did I fail to give him opportunities. By slow degrees I got closer to the wires and intruded my finger at greater length between them, withdrawing it directly on the bird's approach, and if he chanced to overtake and peck it I simulated much misery if not pain at dition of mind that now leds the mishap. "Well, it got so at last, simply by

following the above rules, that, whether Cap was eating or bathing or picking his feathers, he left off the task and flew to the side of the cage the instant my finger appeared, and later on, in fact, if I dared to come within a yard of his territory! His enjoyment of my supposed fear of him was merged at last in genuine temper, and he would evince it by outstretched wings, sharp squeaks, and eyes which had as much of the devil in them as they could hold. At such unmannerly times he stood on one leg, grasped the wires with the other claws, and bade me particular defiance. Cap was now tamed; so the aggra

\*ating measures employed in bringing about this condition were gradually dropped, and a coaxing system, which varies, of course, with bird lovers, was adopted to win confidence where I had effectually displaced fear. Once you tame a bird, it is advantageous to give him the liberty of the room for a couple of hours every day. He thus has the chance to improve an acquaintance made behind the bars. But tame him first in the cage; this is my experience. And now let me recount some of

Cap's cute accomplishments. I have time and again had him alight on my shoulder or on the top of my head while I was writing, and he had a trick of fluttering around or below from these points and polsing with perfect sang froid on the bridge of my nose! This, indeed, was his favorite coign, albeit a trifle awkward for me. Sometimes I placed his bathing dish on the paim of my hand, which I held

out invitingly, and Cap made not a particle of bones about alighting on the dish rim and, after a few preparations, dousing down in the water and making it fly while he performed his ablutions. Having finished, he would seek the top of my head, shake himself thoroughly, and then make the circuit of the room warbling at the top of his voice. My door often stood open while Cap was out of his cage, and if I left the room his invariable practice was to fly after me and have a "lift" down stairs on my head or shoulder; while often, when he heard my step coming up and I had previously crept out without his seeing me, he would fly down to meet me. Occasionally, has been left open over night, and Cap has awakened me in the morning sit has awakened me in the morning sitting demurely on the bridge of my nose. This may not appeal very strongly to the credence of the reader, but it is a fact, as are each of the instances named of my canary's talent for making himself perfectly at home. miles, the foot of the mountainess -Cor. N. Y. Sun.

-Some persistent novel readers in the British Museum devoured as many as twenty volumes a day, and occupied their seats so persistently that the authorities have been compeled to issue the rule that novels that have been first published within the preceeding five years will not be issued to readers unless some especial reason can be given by those requiring them. -A correspondent says that he treats every man as a rascal until he proves

and if he is a rascal you will be greatly ahead by watching him. -A company with a capital of \$156, 000 has been formed to build passenger

himself honest, and that he finds it

saves him many a dollar. If the man

is honest he will not suffer from being

watched as you would watch a rascal,

tunnels under New York City. -Dancing is said to be declining in popularity in England.

-The wives of Msidi, the great African chief, are his ministers of state. He has 500 of them. They run the whole kingdom. -One of the rules of the Royal Li-

brary in Berlin, made with a view to preserving quiet and order, calls for the exclusion of all members of the gentler sex. -The Emperor of Japan is rich. He is allowed \$2,500,000 a year for his household department and his private

fortune is large and increasing.

AN UNMITIGATED EVIL the Borrowing Habit and the a The habit of borrowing has a

less prevailed in all ages, as equal probability has always be garded as reprehensible. many times when a little her help, in case of sudden sickness such emergency, is a tempor sity as well as a kindness, but po ency in borrowing should by couraged. It destroys that make form which the economical and housewife esteems almost epoly her worldly prosperity, and high which can be rectified by any of fortunately addicted to it who has slightest strength of purpose The of the borrowing hahit has been eated by our most ancient as greatest sages and poets. A s-dating back to the almost []period has said; "If thou hast di own, borrow not, since thou has need; if thou hast nothing, borns as thou canst not be sure to be while that shrewdest of cour Polonius, is represented by a peare as urging upon his son L these sentiments: Ne ther a borrower nor a leader be

For loan of loses both itself and final And borrowing ulls the edge of happen The habit of borrowing small ha hold things is a pestilenteril by a thrifty housewives are often pelled to carry an unthrifty neigh-load, or by refusal to initiate dissions and dislikes. It is an old a that of the unthrifty housewisgauged her new neighbors as a lot because they did not have a je kettle or flatiron, or even a drawn tea, to lend, but it was eviden thrift and a spirit of order, with doubt soon earned the respectat the other neighbors.

The gre t evil of the bonur habit, however, lies in the slaver debt to which it leads. It is the sumption of a burden in a mone weakness which in time become most too heavy to bear, and the to cast it off may lead to the

RARE GOLD PIECES. Coin in Shamokin, Pa., sait y Worth \$1,000 or More Major Hamilton, of Shamokia

is the possessor of a very rure and one that is worth at this \$1,000. It was minted in Californ 1852, just four years after the fever of 1849. A mint was estable in San Francisco at that time, mil of the coins were struck off mil warded to Washington as proofs. Government did not approve them there were no more made. The them are now in the possession a United States Government, and fourth is in Shamokin. The Male cured it in a very funny way. At ten years ago he presented a che the Selinsgrove bank, and asis have it eashed in gold, if per This coin was among the mourg

Mr. H. L. Sipes, of McConnella

Pa., has two \$50 gold pieces onen

and the other octagonal. The m one he received from Thornton He saw an advertisement offer for sale and finally purchased the the owner for \$60. On the one of the head of "Liberty" surrounds stars and the date "1855." 0: reverse side in a circle near the s are the words: "San Francisco, " fornia. Wass. Molitor & Ca." 1 octagonal coin looks as though it been cut out by a die. The eness nearly smooth except that it shows radiating from the center. 0:1 other side is the American cages rounded by the words "United St of America." Both these coins a dull yellow color. They were so by the United States mint for the ties who brought the gold to them but were not intended for general culation. They contain no align

are pure.—Philadelphia Record. AMONG THE HAYTIANS What a Traveler Saw in the Inicia

the Negro Republic

The natives' houses are all an

alike that a description of one

answer for them all. The walls of basket work of twigs plastered with mud, occasionally washed the solution of lime. The roof is a 9 patch of palm leaves. The floor and dusky pigs disport, sleep and in a commonwealth of familia There are a number of river cost with a good footing for the animi which you ride. At length after ing in the fierce sun for third which extends the entire length of peniusula of Southern Hayti is real The ascent is very steep in plant the sure footed beasts are accustons mountainous work, and they plot a without stumbling. The path narrow that you brush the dors wet from the bushes on either There are no houses of entertains but there is not a negro hat in you are not welcome. Food is none—not even a yam or ansa can be obtained. The people ways polite. Nowhere have I a single act of discourtesy on the of the lower class black me women in Hayti. They will as inside, and you are at liberty to your rubber air bed on the foor the pigs and pickanina every male resident on the ferman and leaves an Prince and Jacmel road possess than one wife. The first wife is the ruler of the establishment grim appearing old negress. hair braided into nearly a hards tle pig-tail plaits, adm n s er s blow to a woman who rated as

aumber three.--Christian at Wo - The Empress of Austria est traveling-basket fitted up so the is able to make soup on the con has silver sauce-pans with gold dies, and the Empress declare she can make in it belier broth any chef can concoct. -A society called The Char

Union" has been formed in in for the severance of the British pire from the opium traffic. B come of the British-indian ment from opium last year su