ALLEN GRAY The Mys'ery of Tarley's Point.

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

BY JOHN R. MUSICK, AUTHOR OF "WALTER BROWNFIELD," "HELES LAKEMAN," "BATKER OF BEDFORD," AND OFRER STORIES.

"What contract?"

Allen drew the written agreement from the pigeon-hole in his desk and read it to

But, then, I didn't know he was gwine to run fur the Legislatoor," persisted Strong.
"Now that he is, I'm gwine to beat him, I

don't keer a cent what it costs me."
"If you run for any other office than sheriff, you will forfeit to me one thousand dellars," said Allen, very earnestly.

"Thunderation!" Your contract says so," and he called

his special attention to it.

"It's a trick, ye two hev set up a trick on

me, that's all thar is o' it." "No, it's me ye set up a job on," said Tom Simmons, at this moment entering the office somewhat abruptly. Mr. Strong wheeled about and glared furiously at him. Allen, now quite thankful that the two men were together to year their spicen upon each other, stood with folded arms and a smile on his face to see what would be the

result of the meeting.

"You heah!" roured Strong.

"You here!" yelled Simmons. 'Yes, un' I'm agwine to beat you."

"I'm agoin' to see ye laid in the shade of it busts me to do it." Ye've utlers been a crossin' me, Ton Simmons. Yer one o' the kind t' allers be in a feller's track. It war a mighty sorry piece o' timber they made ye out ov any

"Jist say what ye please, I'm agoin' to beat ye, George Strong, of it ruins me fur the Legislatur' to do it."

Then Strong swore that he would beat Simmons, and vowed that he would rather defeated any day than see his enemy elected.

"Gentlemen," said Allen, coolly, as he stood leaning against his desk watching the angry men, "my support has been promised to both of you and you shall have it. It would be a feather in our cap to have both sheriff and Representative from our village I come here in the juterest of Turley's Point, and to that end I am working."

"D'ye think ye kin help Turiey's Pint, by sendin' him to the Legislatour!" asked

Then sink Turley's Pint." "Would it help our town by electin' him

sheriff!" roared Simmons. "Then let 'er bust." Gentlemen, so long as you entertain such hostile feelings there will be little hope for the advancement of our town. If you wish to effect any thing here, and to build up a thriving commercial center, you must stop this combatting each other; put your shoulders to the wheel and go to work

n earnest for yourselves, for each other and for Turley's Point." "Me work for him! Never!" roared Sun-

Think I'm agwine to gin him a boost! Not much, said Mr. Strong.
"But I shall hold each of you to a strict observance of the contracts you have You shall each of you run for the

"I'd ruther be beat a thousand times than see him elected," crie! Strong, as he left the office, In language equally as forcible Simmons gave vent to his feelings, "I think I begin to see the cause of some

offices to which you were selected in the be-

ginning, and I will support both."

of the trouble with Turiey's Point," said as he stood on the fr building gazing after the two receding figures going in different directions. "The town is made up of antagonistic rings and Every man here would rather die himself than see some one else prosper. They have taken prosperity by the throat and are throttling her The sun beamed lazily down upon the

sloping roofs of the houses scattered along the narrow valley and hillsides. The store buildings were distinguished by their square fronts and painted signs. The usual crowd of loafers were gathered about the stores and saloons and were sitting on the porche or counters. The floors were well-worn and rotting, while from the damp warerooms at the rear one could inhale the damp air issuing from decaying vegetables. There was an air of duliness about the little village, as if it had been stifled by the thick at

" No wonder that Turley's Point is on the downward road," said Allen. "With such a class of citizens as these there is bittle or no hope of it over reviving."

Summer passed, and as the time for the election drew near the heated contest among candidates became greater all over the coun-Unkind words were uttered by men who should have been friends. Hopes rose and fell as the "ide of political conflict went Allen pursued his established course of independence, supporting the Republican for the Legislature and the Democrat for sheriff. He became the mark for many sharp retorts from other newspapers, and was accused of riding two horses at ence horses that were certainly going in different directions. As the contest became more heated many came to him to induce him to give up one of the candidates, but he stated be was pledged to both, and, having the mterests of Turkey's Point at heart, could not be swerved from his course.

His determination alone prevented Simmons and Strong from withdrawing to defeat each other. Candidates from other parts of the country were nominated, a Demoerat from lientonsville was put in ation for Representative, and a Republican from another village put in nomination by his party for shoriff, against Mr. Strong. The fight waxed hot. Ko slander was too

vice, low or unreasonable for Simmons to tell upon his fellow townsman, Mr. Strong, nor could Mr. Strong conjure up in his fertile imagination any thing too base to tell on his fellow townsman, Simmons. Allen appealed in vam to their reason,

assuring them that they were ruining each other, and destroying all the hopes of Turley's Point. Each swore he would sink Turicy's Point to beat his opponent.

It was useless for Allen to advocate the interests of the Turky's Point candidates when they were doing all in their power to ruin each other. Every good word he spoke for them was flatly desied. The local harred which had blighted Turiey's Point seemed to culminate in wild rage on election day. At ten o'clock in the forenoon it had became dangerous to be out.

Drunken, barly rufflans were parading

the streets to the terror of all good citizens. Half a down brawls raged during the day, and black eyes and bloody noses became a

ommon sight before evening.

The young editor, disgusted with the people, the town and the election, remained in his office all day. When returns came in from all the townships he was not surprised to learn that both the Turiey's Point candidates were badly defeated.

CHAPTER XVIII. "THAT CAN SEVER BE."

Simmons and Strong found the hitterness of personal defeat somewhat awestened by the knowledge that their enemy had goes down with them. Morese, gloomy and ill-natured, each went moping about the streets, cursing his own lib-luck, and wondering what blight had come over their town that it could not be saved from inev-Allen Gray had come at last to realize that Turiey's Point was doomed, and all his endeavors to save it were worse than

"I will give it up," he said to nimself, as he sat at his deak one day. "It is no use to try to do any thing for these foolish people while they are so blindly jealous and envious of each other. If a stranger comes here to purchase property or engage in business he is discouraged. I will sell out the paper and go to other fields where I shall have more favorable surroundings." But property in Turiey's Point, was not a ready sale, and he could find no one bold

enough to venture to take the editorial helm of the Western Republic.

During the summer just passed Allen continually hoped amid the heat of political conflict and a failing business to entirely forget all about the stone house on the hill. of the Western Republic.

But as the weeks rolled on he found the image of one of the inmates of that mysterious building becoming daily more fixed in his mind and more and more a part of himself. Try as he would it was impossible to efface that image from his memory.

He had taken frequent strolls to the stone jouse, but not a soul was to be seen. It med as utterly deserted as if on an island which had been uninhabited for ages. The fountains were dried up, and weeds were growing in the garden.

They are all gone, taking that blighting, withering mystery with them!" said Allen, a few days after the election, having returned from a stroll to the top of the hill. "I will forget her-I will leave the neighborhood, and, in other fields, amid different

scenes and people, begin life anew." As autumn advanced he made vigorous efforts to dispose of the paper, but without avail. Summer seemed to linger in the tap of winter, and those days of ripening fruit and golden harvest were continued

onger than usual. One evening when the moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky, and the landscape med more lovely than by day, Allen de cided to take one more stroll. His many fflictions had taught him to love solitude



SHE WANDERED DOWN TO THE OLD DESERTED ROAD. ure the young editor, was growing des perate, frequently driving her victim to the solitude of the forests where, free from her

sickening nonsense, he could commune with nature at his own sweet will. In no place was he more secure from intrusion than on the quiet hill-top where the old mansion, like some vast castle, was set up as a guard for the village. Alien went straight up the hill to the front gate, intending to sit down on the stone steps and enjoy a few momenta' reflection free from

the cares and annovances of the world.

But when he reached the gate and glanced through the iron bars, he was astonished at the transformation. moon was bathing the scene in a flood of mellow light. All signs of neglect were removed, and flowers were blooming and fountains so long dry and silent had found their voices again and were laughingly gushing out the brightest sparkling water. air seemed full of life and gladness. From an open window came the strains of

a piano. Allen was entranced at the French air that floated on the evening breeze from the window of the house. Even as he list-ened enraptured the music ceased, the door opened, and a slight form, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, came down the white-pebbled walk to the gate. Allen instinctively shrunk back so as not to Crouched in the shadow of the wall he

was again thrilled at sight of that angelic being who had seemed to become a part of himself. Bertha opened the gate, and, drawing the silk shawl about her shoulders, passed down the old turnpike humming a plaintive air. Her head was uncovered, and, her wealth of golden hair hung loosely about her shoulders, was made the sport of the

"Where is she going?" he asked himself. Slowly he rose, following her. He could not give any reason for his course, save that he was impelled by some inward impulse.

Had he conquered his heart! Certainly not, for now that he was near her again se same strange wild emotions had so completely taken possession of him before were all revived with ten-fold power. Still humming the plaintive French air, she wandered down the old long-deserted road, until she came to the path which led to the spring. Following, Allen soon saw her scated upon the old rustic seat. Behind a large square stone, which ages ago had tumbled down from the bluff above, he stood and gused at the lovely creature who seemed to be a domesticated dryad, that had stolen away for a few moments to her native haunta.

This was an opportunity not to be neglect ed, something seemed to whisper in his ear, and he felt at the same time a wild, almost irresistible, desire to rush from his concealment, cast himself at her fect, and vow that he would never rise until his love was returned. He waited long enough to get full control over his feelings, when he went boldly forward to her side.

She rose with a little exclamation of surprise, and said:

Mr. Gray, are you here! I had almost lost hope of ever seeing you again. Did you wish to see me!" he asked. "I did. I wish to thank you for your noble act-for so kindly obeying my re-

Say nothing about it. It was a simple service I rendered you, and one which should be forgotten."

Yet one I will never forget, Mr. Gray I would be ungrateful indeed were I to forget that, at my request and for me, you risked your life."

"Have you any objections to me sitting re at your side!" said Allen. ne whatever. There is no other seat, and you must have become weary climbing

How is the little boy?" he asked, sitting self at her side. He is well." Does he like to stay there!"

He can be happy nowhere else." For several moments Allen sat thinking that he was fully repaid for all he had endured on that journey.
"Was I pursued!" he at last asked.

"No, sir, you were not."
"I-I thought I was, and yet there was no direct proof of it." Every precaution was taken to prevent

pursuit, and every precaution taken in case you were pursued; but, thanks to Providence, r precautions in that direction were un-"How did he learn of my return!"

"I do not know, Mr. Allen-but let us not ik any more of that. Grateful hearts will ever hold you in sacred remembranfor your noble self-sacrificing actions. I can not thank you enough. I wish I could repay the debt of gratitude I owe to you." "I would rather you would not mention

"I will not, then. You want to go away from Turicy's Point!" "How did you learn that!"

"I judge so from your editorials, and I have soon your juces and material advertised for sale in other papers."

said Allen, sadiy. 'Turley's Pour has been a disappointment to me and the business and failure." With a sigh she answered:

"Turie," a Point has been a great disappointment to more than yourself. It has been the rock on which my bark of hopes "What do you mean!" Allen asked, gazing wonderingly into the sweet, beautiful face. You, who have scarce been in the village,

how has it wrecked your hopes!"

"By Turioy's Point I include the house on the hill, and there some of the darkest days of my life have been spent. I have formed no acquaintances here save yours, and from the first time I met you I felt that you were a brother. A real brother could not have been kinder than you have been, and for your noble conduct I shall never cease to be thankful."

For a few moments Allen's emotions got the better of him. At last, regaining in part his seif-control, he determined to dare ill and know the worst, and in a voice of cod culmness said:

'I wish I could be more than a brother to

'No, no, do not mention that," she said, her face very pale, yet she was not excited. "I did not come here expecting to meet you," she went on, "but since by chance we have met, I am glad of it. Your faith in myself has convinced me that you are superior to others. But, while I admire you, I can never be more than a friend, a very dear friend, a sister if you will, but nothing

"Oh, Bertha-Bertha! in Heaven's name don't drive me mad!" he grouned, in the bit-terest agony. "Don't you know that I love

"I have feared it," she answered Feared it!" "Yes, feared it from the very first." "Why need you fear honest love! Oh, Bertha, Bertha, do not drive me away in utter despair. I have tried to forget you; but I can not. If you do not love me now, give me some hope, say that you will love me in the future and become my wife."

"Oh.Heuven, that can never be!" she wept violently, wringing her hands. "It can; it shall be," cried the freuzied

Allen, seizing one fair plump hand and raising it to his lips. You know not what you say, I am already married."

He dropped the hand and staggered as if he had received a blow.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STARTLING REVELATION. "Now you despise me, don't you?" said the pale beautiful woman, in a voice so sad that it fell like a funeral wail upon his ear. 'No, no, I can't say that!" Allen groaned.

How could I have been so deceived?"
"Do you forgive me!" "Yes, yes, for Heaven knows it has not been your fault !" "I will ever be a sister to you, Mr. Gray,

and as you saved the life of my little brother at the risk of your own, I shall ever hold you in grateful "remembrance." Like one stupefied, Allen stood leaning against a tree, gazing at her and half believing that it was

all a dreum. At last he said: "Who is your husband! That dark whiskered man She nodded her head in answer. She was weeping softly.
"Great Heaven! He her husband!" He

was more than twice as old as she, and here was nothing congenial in their She rose to go, but, putting out one hand, gently touched her arm, and in a voice

of stony calmness said: 'No, no, madame, do not go yet; it is time that I should have an explanation. I have been buffetted about by the varying winds of fortune, till I have grown weary of it; let me know the whole truth-all of this mystery, and if I have any honor in my al, I will keep your secret.'

She was weeping softly.
"Do you biame mer" she asked again "No; you have perhaps never given me any cause to believe you were single, save when you called yourself Bertha Collins. I supposed that you were Miss Collins.

My English summers Calling the Franch ls Collieur, or De Collieur. My life has been such a sad one that I do not know as it would interest you. However, as you have befriended me, if you insist on knowing all,

you shall. Allen was seemingly as calm now as if he had been in his office transacting some ordinary business. His face might have shown some faint signs of the agony that was torturing his soul, but could not have onveyed any thing like an adequate representation of the sufferings he was endur-

He calmly hade her sit down, and re-took his piace at her side.

"Mrs. Collins, regard me as your brother," he with an effort said—"as a brother very away-one whom you will perhaps never see again, but one who will never blot you image from his memory. This has, indeed, been a sad remance, but it is almost over The curtain will soon descend between myself and hope forever, but before it falls on the final act I want the key to this sad

drama. That mysterious stone house on the bill has been a puzzle to Turley's Point for years. What is in it! Is it a prison-house for people, a home for the insane, or a place wherein the fiegds assemble for incanta-tions and unlawful rites?"

"It is all," she answered, her face deathly white

"I will," said the pretty creature, with a deep-drawn sigh. "Colonel Collins, as he is known among his few English acquaintonces, inherited the stone house on the hill from his father, who built it a great many years ago. When first crested it was in-tended to be the home of the old monsieur, but his wife would not live in it. My mother was a French woman and my father an Englishman. There were but three children in our family, a brother seven years older than myself and the little boy whom you remem-



"BO YOU BLAME ME!"

ber taking to Mile. Camille in Frenchtown Three years ago my father was alive, and were a happy, prosperous family. Colo nel Collins, who had been living alternated in France and America, a sort of an ad venturous life, came to our house in Day ton, O., where father was at the time knows as one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. I felt a peculiar distrust of the man from the first moment I saw him, but father and mother, on the centrary, seemed fasci nated with him.

My mother, like myself, feit an instinctive repugnance toward her countryman. He so ingratuated himself into the good graces of my father that somehow-I knew-in a few weeks he had complete con-trol over his business affairs. My pool brother, falling into the snares set for him was led to the gaming table, which brought about, among other sins, forgeries that in few months ruined our family. enter into the full details and horror of the

faw months that followed. "Torald to them, no sooner has Calone

Collins gaided complete Catror over the destinies of every member of our family, than my father and only protector, died Before his death Colonel Collins proposed matrimony to me, and, knowing that we could not live happily together, I refused

With mother and my little afflicted brother 1 left our home in Dayton, and come West to my aunt Mile. Camille, in Frenchtown. We were very proud, and resolved to keep our degrading misfortunes to ourselves. My older brother remained behind, hoping to save someting for us out of the wreck of our once handsome fortune, though mother and I had in our own names property, the income of which would be ample for our wants. We little dreamed that in coming to Frenchtown we were near-ing the rendervou of the man whom we dreaded above all others. Anut Lucile was giad to receive us, and offered us a home with herself as long as we would accept it. I intended teaching music, or securing a position as a governess, and we thought we could once more be happy. My little deaf brother never seemed so happy as he was with my aunt, who doted on him.

"One night there came a knock at the door, and my brother, wild-eyed and hag-gard, was admitted. He had only time to explain that he was charged with forging a check on Colonel Collins and was now flying from the vengeance of the law, when the door opened and Colonel Collins himself entered. Tortured by fears and barrassed by a man who was scarce less than a demon, my poor brother was seized with convulsions, and for days his life was despaired of. Colonel Collins informed me that unless I became his wife my brother, regardless of condition, should be dragged to prison. This would kill both him and my mother, and frightened, borrifled and unconscious of the awful step I was taking without consulting any one, I consented. I dared not appeal to an officer to protect me from this man; for, believing my brother to be a criminal, officers of the law were

men most to be dreaded.

"I have but a faint recollection of my marriage-just as if it was a frightful dream. When I came to realize that I was his-almost soul and body-I resolved that I would make him as good a wife as I could without loving him, and determined to pro-tect my family. He had us secretly conveyed to the stone house on the hill There we have lived, he holding as a constant menace over me the destruction of my mother and insane brother, who are inmates of that house. While I do not love my husband, and was forced into marriage with him, yet as God is my witness I have made as good a wife as he would let me, and I shall live and die loval to my marriage yows. He wanted mother and I to assign over to him the property we hold in our own names, but this we refused to do, determined to save it for my afflicted brothers. He flew into such a rage at our diobedience that we feared he would do my little dumb brother some harm, or send him away where we should never see him again. It was then that I, for that child's sake, dared make the visit to you and entist your sympathies in him, as you remember. You may think it unwomanly, immodest, but if you could realize what was at stake you would overlook the imprudence of the act. At my aunt's the little boy was among loving friends, while at the old stone house on the hill he was not only miserable but in constant danger of being taken away from us, where we should

never see him again."
"Mrs. Collins, your conduct on that occaon is quite praiseworthy, instead of meriting censure." assured Allen, "but why do you live with such a monster! The law will

give you a divorce." "I am a Catholic," she answered, "and neither does my religion or my conscience approve of divorces. No, sir, my little brother is safe from his persecutions, my insane brother can not live long and mother and I will endure rough usage and imprison ment until death shall release us from bon dage. She will not leave me, for she thinks my burden would be doubled if she was not here to share it. I promised, although under duress, to live with him until death do us

part, and I will keep that promise." Alien's head was bowed upon his h At last, with a troubled sigh, he asked? "What is his motive for this strange conduct. Is be an outlaw, as has been

charged?" 'No, sir; he is a strange man, law-abiding in the common acceptation of the term, but self-willed, cunning and unscrupulous in the accomplishment of his designs. In his cold, selfish way he loves me, but his is a love to blight rather than bless. His extravagance has frequently pecuniarly embarrassed him, and it is at such times that he does not scruple at any means to try to force from mother and I our property."

"What are those strange sights and sounds seen and heard at the stone house

on the hill!" "No doubt the reports of them have been greatly magnified by persons believing the place haunted. The lights are made by a peculiar magic lantern with which my insane brother some times amuses himself. His shricks and laughter, which has driven so many horror-stricken away, are but the ravings of a mad-man. You know all, Mr. Gray," she said, rising. "It is not proper that I remain longer. Regrets that we had not met sooner are useless-it is useless for us to think of each other at all. Allow me to thank you for daring what you did. My husband was very angry at you for thwarting him, and he would have killed you

at that time if he could." "Did he abuse you for it?" "Not more than he has on other occa-

"Was he jealous." "Oh no, he knew that my motive was only to thwart him, and save my unfortunate little brother Claude. Now, farewell! I go back to my mother and duty! God approves this sacrifice. I am sorry that I am forced to complain of my husband, and this story told for the first time shall never be repeated. I shall remember you in my prayers-but-but-we must never see each other again-farewell." She sobbed butterly. Allen took her

hand, reverently touched it to his lips, and, mable to utter a word, wheeled about and left the scene.

> CHAPTER XX. CONCLUSION.

Allen Gray found the remainder of his life at Turiey's Point irksome. He kept the secret of the old house on the hill to himself. As he had no hopes of improving his business at the Point, and he found it daily growing more unpleasant, he deter-mined to make a change; although he offered his press and material very cheap, no one could be found to take him up.

Driven to desperation he at last be

thought him of a scheme, whereby he might be able to dispose of the Western Republic, Those politicians and statesmen, Messrs. Simmons and Strong, learning nothing from defeat, continued to war upon each other. They had sufficient money to purchase the newspaper, and, as Toney Barnes began to evince a desire to enter the journalistic field, he determined to make some use of the poet. "Toncy, can't you get Mr. Strong to buy

the Western Republic and put you in as editor!" Allen asked the poet one day, as he came into the office with a fresh roll of man-"I den't know; I will see him about it,"

said Toney, his face becoming joyfully bright. It was an easy matter to set Miss Hopkins after Tom Simmons, and when Tom learned that there was danger of Strong purchas ing the paper and using it as a lever to crush him, he made haste to raise the money and buy the concern himself. Thus reseased, Allen Gray, unmoved by the sighs, tears and delicate insinuations

of Miss Hopkins, quitted the dull little Mis-souri town, and in Chicago sought new fields of labor, with little hopes, however, of driving from his mind the sad memories of the past. He secured a position as reporter on one of the great city dailies, and for a year his life ran on with but little to disturb its

come into * > Training when the editorin-chief sent him to the scene of a railroad disaster, which a telegram had announced but a moment before his arrival. The wreck was only a few miles from the city, and a special car took himself and several other

newspaper men with him. Darkness had already enveloped the landscape, concealing much of the ghastly horror, when the scene was reached. It was a broken bridge and there were shattered coaches and mangled passengers in the heap. The reporters set to work, first assisting the surgeons and their aids in res-

Allen Gray dragged from beneath a broken car, a slight form. That pale face and those long golden tresses were familiar to him, and holding the insensible girl close

to a lantern he gasped:
"My God, it is Bertha!" Gently he laid her upon the greensward and called a surgeon to her side.

The gray-haired mun of science bent over her, placed his ear to her chest, and said her heart still beat. Restoratives were administered, and she began to revive. Allen turned away and noted several lifeiess forms lying at the side of the track. Among them was the dark-whiskered Frenchman, the husband and evil genius of Bertha.



Even in death there was a look of flendish satisfaction upon his haughty face. Calmiy Allen went about the wreck, and hurriedly writing up the affair, took it to a reporter on a rival paper and said:

Luke. I am in great distress to-night and I wish to ask a favor of you. You may

think I am asking too much, but when you come to learn all, you will not blame me. "What is it, Allen!" Luke asked, in amaze "Take my report, and at the first station

They had now come near enough to lantern for Luke to see his companion's "Why, Allen, what is the matter with

you!" he asked; "you look as if you had "I found a friend here"-

telegraph it to my paper."

"Dead!" "Not dead yet, but she is badly injured. Go to the office and explain all to the editor-

in-chief," of will." With the first car Allen went back to the ity. On the seat at his side, her head resting on his shoulder, was a pale, beautiful young woman, her long golden hair stredm ng in rippling waves down her back. She was under the influence of narcotics and

groaning with pain, "Does the young leddy go to a 'ospital?"

asked the coachman, as Allen lifted his still

unconscious burden into a carriage. "No: to the Palmer House."
To the hotel they drove, and securing one

of the best rooms, he had the most skilled surgeons called and a nurse engaged. Much of his time was spent at her bed side, and when those sweet blue eyes first opened imbued with reason, they fell upon he pale, anxious fare of the young editor. For days she was too week to talk, but when she grew strong enough he told her all. She then informed him that her mother and oldest brother were dead, and her husband having become unbearable, she was flying from him at the time of the accident At the last stop before it occurred, he having come ahead of her i another route, had bearded her car. I had just found her and swore he would all her when there ras a crash as if Heaven and earth were meeting together, and she knew no more.

Allen ascertained that her aunt was now iving at Dayton, and telegraphed her to come at once to her injured niece. Tender,v

as a brother the reporter cared for her until Mile. Camille came. Youth, health and a strong constitution were on Bertha's side, and she recovered very rapidly. When Mile, Camille came he brought the little dumb boy, who was rejoiced to see his sister and his companion

on that long dark ride. Bertha's recovery was so rapid that soon after her aunt's arrival she was thought to se well enough to go home with her. When Allen came to bid her adieu he said: I have one request to make of you!"

"That you permit me to correspond with

"What is it?" she asked.

For a moment a look of pain swept ove

THE SAME ANGEL CREATURE HE HAD LOVED

so LONG. the pale, beautiful face, the golden head was bowed in thought, and she said: "Wait until a year has clapsed." "Not before!"

"No, not before, but remember that I will ver hold you in grateful remembrance. Their parting was simply as friends, sertha looked very pretty in widow's weeds, for she insisted on wearing mourning for the man who in life had made ber Allen waited anxiously for the hour when

all restrictions should be removed. Meanwhile he was becoming one of the foremos ewspaper men of the time. From reporter he had reached the position of city editor on one of the largest and most widely known duilies in Chicago. The year gone by, Allen wrote, and in due time received an answer. The correspond-ence became regular, and at the end of an-

other six months a leave of absence was

granted the overworked city editor, who

hied away to some place in Ohio. Reaching Dayton, he hires a carriage and orders the driver to take him to Mile. Camille's. As the carriage draws up to the pretty cottage gate, there standing by it, awaiting him more beautiful and youthful in appearance than when he had seen her on the bluff bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, was the same angelic creature, whom he had loved so long.

He sprang from the carriage. There being no barrier to check their natural im pulses, heart met heart in one long rapturous embrace. Claude came to shake the hand of his friend, and even Mile. Camille could muster up sufficient English for a dedaily routine. One evening he had just lightful conversation.

car terso long missing from his dethat his associates began to wo was the cause of his protracted absence. The managing editor seemed to know the cause, though he kept his own counsel.

At last Alien returned to his post, bright, smiling and happy. Luke, who was now associated with him on the same paper, asked him a great many questions in regard to his visit, all of which Allen evaded. A few days later, however, when he met the city editor on the street, accompanied by the prettiest blue-eyed, golden-haired reature he had ever seen, who was introduced to him by her proud husband as Mrs. Allen Gray, light began to break in upon his darkened mind, and he thought be understood fully the cause of Allen's pro-

tracted absence A few weeks after his marriage and return to Chicago, Allen received a letter from Toney Barnes, accompanied by a poem for which he hoped Mr. Gray would find a publisher. Toncy stated among other items of news that Simmons and Strong had at last succeeded in financially ruining each other. The Western Republic had suspended several months before, and Miss Hopkins had "married a widower over on the Island with nine children." He concluded by saying that the people were all moving away from Turley's Point, and the been deserted.



"Why?" "Because there is said to be a man in the noon,"-Life.

Busting a Coincidence.

the next five minutes?"

woman yesterday stood at the writing desk in the corridor of the postoffice with pen in her hand and a postal card before her She was thinking deeply when a man ap proached with a postal card in his hand looked in vain for a pen and finally said: "Madam, are you going to use that pen for

"Yes, sir," she replied. "I am just going to write to my husband." "And I am just going to write to my wife Curious coincidence, eh?" "I don't know about that. My husband ran away, and I have just got his address and

was wondering whether I should tell bim to stay or ask him to come home." "By George, madam, but how singular My wife also skipped out and I was wonder ing what to say to her. We are in the same boat. Shall we write: 'Come home, darling, or, 'I never want to see your face again?

who came up behind him. "Trying to make a mash, are you! This is the way you hunt for work, is it! Come home with me or I'll pull all the hair out of your head and scratch that woman's eyes out!" He went humbly along in tow, and a news

"Yes, I think it is!" remarked a woman

What a curious coincidence!"

boy who sat on the window sill looked after the pair and soliloquized "That's what I call busting a coincidence and catching a liar at the same time. Better write for your darling to return by tele graph, ma'am."—Detroit Free Press.

A Horrible Revelation. She had advertised for the return of her dog, and it was a long haired Skye terrier- ple is to be evolved. But at preregular valuable thoroughbred. The reward both the people and the language a was to be \$10. A stalwart Celt came timidly in the process of making, and forward and asked if that was the dog. Being answered affirmatively and paid the reward, the affection of the lady, who kissed and hugged her poor, dear, little darling, at tracted his attention and the following skir nish ensued:

"Where did you find the darling?" "Small comfort would it do you, madam. did I tell you." "But tell me while I caress the angel." "I can't tell you, because you would not

"But, dear, darling Dandy-was Dandy cold!" "Sure, madam, I don't know. I saw you advertisement in the paper and recognized him tied to the end of a long shtick and a roman washin' off winders wid him."-Phil

adelphia Press Why We Celebrate This Month.

One of the bright young teachers in the model department of the normal school de cided recently that she would interest ber class in the history of the home of the free. etc., by devoting a portion of one hour to a discussion of the centennial celebration which is to occur in New York on the 30th of this month. As a starter she asked: "Now, who can tell me what it is that they are going to celebrate in New York on the 80th of thus

There was a profound silence among the children, but at last one little fellow put up . ais hand in a besitating sort of way and said I think I know." The youth was encouraged to unfold the

inknown information to the class, and promptly said: "Why, it's just one hundred years ago that George Washington gradu ated, and they are going to celebrate it."-Albany Express. Easily Explained.

tant relative of yours! Mr. Brown-Yes. Cross Examining Counsel-What relation Mr. Brown-My brother. Cross Examining Counsel-But you just told us be was a distant relative. Mr. Brown-So he is. At present he is China.-London Pick-Me Up.

Ward McAllister-Who is this Anson that the newspapers are yelling about! Where does he come from! Citizen-Have you never heard of Capt

Anson, the leader of the great Chicago nine Ward McAllister (with lofty contempt) -Nine, did you say! Only nine! What ab surd folly to make a hero of such a man! Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Briggs-You can't get 'em in the pen. can you! Mr Briggs-No. The pesky little things. There they go again. "Those pigs remind me of you, John." "Why!

"Because they'd rather run round every

where else than go home."-Chicago Hermid At the Sunday School, "And now, children," said the superinten dent, benignantly. "are there any questions you would like to ask before we leave this

pigs in the pen the first time you tried? in quired the sweet little girl on the front sent -Chicago Tribuna. Something That Wouldn't Make Much.

"How long did it take you to get all the

Managing Editor-Did you prepare that "The Intellectual Attain the Four Hundred!" Reporter-Yes, sir Managing Editor-About how much space will it occupy!

Reporter- About six lines. - Burlington

THE AMERCAN LANGUAGE Much of It Is English That He Obsolete in England Americanese is not a more and

improvement or corruption

ever we like to call it of the ha

which is spoken in these slands or

the contrary. Dr. Freeman, in the

his essays, has pointed out that a

in some respects Americans are ap-

deal "newer" than ourselves, is a others they are considerably Much that has died out of our pass our societies, our habits and our still survives in the States, 801 with the language. As every land gator knows, much of it is not been gator knows, but genuine old Espe Old provincial forms, old local and old dialectical peculiarities, have become obsolete or men garisms with us, have kept freshness in the New England Staand thence have spread over the on nent-to spread in time over the war A good deal of what we regard as he kee vulgarism is good, houest ha Saxon that was current in coun tion and books for centuries before Mayflower sighted Plymouth rock 1 perpetual "I guess" of the New I glander is a case in point. "Full tea year he was of age, I guest a Chaucer, concerning the squyre" of the Canterbury pilgrims Hosen Biglow would hardly have the phrase differently. Similarly so words as "peart" and "brash" a "slick" and even "squirm," strike us as specially racy of the San are used to this day in the com speech of the common people is use ern and eastern England. In the wor of that eminent philologist Sam Sa one may find mention of a person ing "smoked"-that is, made a bes -just as in Smollett and Fielding others of our last century novelists American will use "sick" or " just as their forefathers would be done in places where we should m ploy "ill" and "angry." We owe our cousins a certain ages of gratitude for reclothing with a versational respectability many of

highly-convenient words which is somehow dropped out and been placed by much less direct and a less expressive substitutes. What we need be so much obliged to the for the odds and ends which they is picked up everywhere and put b current circulation is more questi ble. For the American is the most cenous of linguists. He has "been feast of languages and stells seraps." The slang of the Chicago San Francisco loafer has levied a tributions on half the Aryan and a or three of the non Aryan tongosa the elements that go to make up ; cosmopolitan population of the u have contributed something to i medley. There is a little Fresch good deal of "Dutch," a fair man of Spanish, a sprinkling of Scandin ian, Italian, a hint at Chinese something more than a percept dash of the tongue of the red man is altogether a strange amalgan i American language-not unlike equally remarkable mixture of which in due course the American is pretty certain that they will exil more remarkable developments still fore the manufacture is completed

A RIDE OF TERROR. The Story Connec ed with a Honder hi tician's White Hair.

London Telegraph.

apon the subject.

In a late number of your paper p correspondent Burdette asks: Say, speaking of Science with a bir & thing? Did ever anybody's hair turn with single night from terror or griet Tin it

Truth, w th a big T. I wonder sometim

hair turning business is only found in the stories; I would like an authoritative state

Now, I am not a "learned mel man," but I think I can answer is dette's question. Some years ago it in Indianapolis, Ind., on business s made there the acquaintance of a " pleasant and intelligent gentless who was a member of the Semir Indiana, Mr. John Coburn. He hall reached middle life. With a fre ruddy complexion and healthy and vigorous step and bearing of manhood, he had an abundance of all hair on his head that indicated su of at least fourscore years. I cedit understand how so youthful a man personal appearance should have remarkably white hair. Curiosity me, after a very agreeable and see acquaintance of several days to "Why is it, Mr. Coburn, that as you a man as you are should have so will Cross Examining Counsel - Now, Mr Brown, you say this Louis C. Brown is a disa liead of hair?" He answered at on "O, Mr. B., there is a terrible story nected with my white hair." And hell it to me as follows: "A few years so was in the cattle business, shipp them by carloads to the East. One if I had a train of several carloads had stopped on a side track to it passenger train pass, and on gen on to a car in the dark my foot slips and for some miles I was supported one foot from falling on to the in where I must have been immedia

> ters. - James A. Briggs. -It was a favorite thought and ceit of the classical writers that were divided into three classes: who themselves knew what they to do; men, who did not theme know, but who are willing to be from others what they should do men, who neither knew nor learn from others what was best them to do. If one can not below the choice few who form the for these three classes, he ought, at he to see that he does not belong " ignoble many who form the this Surrent Literature.

crushed to death. My strength was

hausted. I thought I must die. Ich

not hold on any longer. The trains

stopped. I was discovered and resi

alive. My hair when I attempted

get on the car was black as Big

When I was rescued it was white

snow." My own hair almost stood

end, like the fretful quills of a per

pine, when Mr. Coburn was telling

of his escape from death on that pe

ous night's ride. I think Mr. Col

is yet living in Indiana, as I have his name occasionally in political