Arthur S. Burr, of Old Haddam, when going across lots recently discovered miles north of Blakely, is known the carcass of a woodchuck partly eat- throughout that section as one of the en, and a little further along a ruffed most truthful men in it. At least, so grouse. Thinking it was the work of a says the Early County Times. Refox, he made search and found the bur-cently, while Mr. Jenkins was out row, with a large black hen and two hunting, his dogs began barking at more partridges at its mouth. Suspect- something in a large hollow log. It ing there were young partridges in the was a wild hog. He took the hog home row, he made up his mind to return and dropped it in his cornfield. It is and dig them out, as the town of Had- there now. A few weeks ago Mr. Jen

young foxes in the end. The partridges shoot at the hog as it ran off down the were partly eaten, but the wodchuck corn rows was just like shooting at it was completely cleaned out, nothing standing, so far as getting a "bead on

foxes were more destructive to game up a small target and "cracked down than all the hunters, and have noted a at it five times, then took his ax and great increase of foxes in towns that chopped in and found five balls all in have not paid a bounty for the last few one hole in the middle of the spot. years. The only incentive the farmers' That settled it-that the fault was not boys have for killing the fox is the in him or the gun, but the hog had outbounty money. Eight partridges in a run the bullets. burrow but four days old show the

VENEER PRODUCTION. Some Woods Can Be Sawed as Thin as

Writing Paper.
While the finer and thinner veneers

of costly woods are sliced tangentially fashion for a lady to provide her lapfrom the side of the log, there are woods that cannot be cut this way-no handkerchief, but to have visiting cards amount of boiling or steaming rendering it possible to cut them without lady pays a visit, taking her lapdog with breaking down the tissues to such an her, she sends up the dog s card along extent as to destroy their surfaces for polishing-while others, says Hardwood, becoming discolored from steaming or boiling, and being too hard to cut otherwise, have to be sawed. The fine-toothed, thin-gauge circular, with flanged center, is the favorite for cutting all ordinary veneers thicker than 30 to the inch; 20 to the inch is the thickness most commonly used for cabinet work and finishing, but much thinner is used in the case of rare and costly woods, or rare abnormal or accidental figures, as in the case of burls. Some woods have to be cut much thick- surprised to see a lady come in, accomer, being unable to bear handling when panied by a handsome collie. too thin; genuine ebony, the only fine inch in thickness, owing to the extreme | ly packed in prett | itle card cases. brittleness or want of cohesion, but there are other woods that can be cut as thin as writing paper and still be handled in large sheets. Other woods there are that will lose their fine color on exposure to the atmosphere, especially a smoky one; these are cut only when immediately wanted, and are kept covered until the finishers can put on a protective coat of some prepara-

Not in the Embalming Business Once, when a man of great note died, his friends tried to get Dr. Holmes to "say a few kind words about the deceased which might be published." But he declined. "Do you see?" he said, "they want to engage me in the emhave also to be very late each of halming business! But I cannot help to with extraording streets. balming business! But I cannot help to with extraording

BLACKWELL'S

gives a list of valuable pres-

mts and how to get them

KEPT AHEAD OF THE BULLETS.

Their Desirue tyene a Shown by the Con- Astounding Swiftness of Foot Shown by a Georgia, Razor-Back. Col. Taylor Jenkins, who lives a few dam pays a bounty of two dollars a kins went out to kill it, thinking he could easily do so with his unerring It was five days before he had a rifle. He searched about till he chance to do this, and when he dug out "jumped" it. Down a corn row it went the burrow with the assistance of like lightning. He leveled his rifle and Sherm Fowler he found that the wily "cut down" on it, but never touched a mother fox had removed. They were hair. He "jumped" it again and sho determined to have that bounty, and in- again, but no hog. Again and again cidentally the foxes, and after a long he "jumped" it and shot at it, with the search they found a new burrow, pick- same result. He began to wonder what ing up two more partridges on the way, could be the matter. The corn rows On digging out this new hole they took were as straight as moonshine whisky out eight partridges, three rabbits and and his gun true as the third party to

large woodchuck, with five Tom Watson, yet hit it he couldn't. it" was concerned. To make sure that Sportsmen have long claimed that he didn't "wobble" off the hog he put

> LONDON DOGS OUT CALLING. Their Cards Go Up with Those of Their

> Mistresses. It appears, from an article in the Figaro by M. Paul Megnin, that in London at the present time it is not only the dog with a little wardrobe and even a made for it, too. When a fashionable with her own.

editor of one of the leading sporting papers in London, when the servant brought in two cards, one that of a lady and the other as follows

Collie.

Asked if he knew the name on the card, M. Megnin said he presumed it was some dog fancier. He was greatly

M. Megnin went to a stationer's shop really jet-black wood known, and large and ordered 100 cards for his little dog enough to be of any use, will not stand He was again surprised to find that the sawing much below one-fourth of an stationer had some ady printed, neat-

> Making Var Salloon Women make the aerestats, or ment, and also do some part of the ing of the ballcons. They work sheds built specially for the purpose There are about 35 women eng and all earn good wages. The mostly the wives and daughters diers, and have all been care trained by the superintendent balloon department. The mak the balloons requires a very touch, one thin flim of bullec

and that's where poor Jim slipped n; She paused before the man thus chaacteristically disposed of and presente Brant. It was the man he had seen be fore-material, capable, dogmatic. A glance from his shrewd eyes-accus tomed to the weighing of men's weak nesses and ambitions, and a few hurrie phrases apparently satisfied him the tered listlessly through the cro-I WANT that he had taker some irrevo



dently been aroused by the singular abstraction of this handsome, dis-tinguished, but sardonic-looking offi-But the next moment he was singularly interested.

A tall young woman had just moved dolent yet simple gracefulness that seemed familiar to him. A change in her position suddenly revealed her face. It was Miss Faulkner. Previously he had only known her in the riding habit of confederate gray which she had at first affected, or in the light morning muslin dress she had worn at Gray Oaks. It seemed to him to-night that the careless elegance of her full dress willfulness of her chin and shoulders was chastened and modified by the pearls round her fair throat. Suddenly their eyes met; her face paled visibly; he fancied that she almost leaned against her companion for support; then she met his glance again with a face into which the color had as suddenly rushed, but with eyes that seemed to be appealing to him, even to the point of pain and fright. Brant was not conceited; he could see that the The "COURIER" is the best paper girl's agitation was not the effect of my mere personal influence in his recognition, but of something else. He turned hastily away; when he looked I-NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD Every week, full and around again she was gone.

Nevertheless he felt filled with a vague irritation. Did she think him such a fool as to imperil her safety by openly recognizing her without her onsent? Did she think that he would lare to presume upon the service she had done him? Or, more outrageous thought! had she heard of his dismore outrageous gruce, known its cause and feared that he would drag her into a disclosure to think that! She had perhaps regretted what she had done in a freak of girlish avoid her hereafter, and she should out. We've had worse jobs than that more often before him than he cared government for mess beef at the other to think that she was the one human and there was that general who being who had been capable of a great wouldn't make an attack when it the texture of the super that surround rained, and the other general—you it.—N. Y. Post.

CLARENCE.

act of self-sacrifice for him-

"Well, I don't wonder! Here are all

the women asking me who is that good-

though his eyes still glittered, "furious

that I have to wait until the one woman

I came to see, the one woman I have

not seen for so long, while these pup-

pets have been nightly dancing before

her-can give me a few moments from

In his reaction he was quite sincere.

morse as he saw the quick faint color

rise, as in those old days, even through the to-night's powder of her cheek.

"That's like the old Kla'uns," she said,

with a slight pressure of his arm, "but

we will not have a chance to speak

until late. When they are nearly all

gone you'll take me to get a little re

freshment, and we'll have a chat in the

conservatory. But you must drop that

awfully wicked look, and make your-

self generally agreeable to those wom

It was perhaps part of this reaction

which enabled him to obey his hostess'

them, to talk of the old days."

looking Mephistopheles, with the

smile crossed his face.

Red Avenger."

en until then.'

CHAPTER IL When Brant returned to his hotel here was an augmented respect in the he had been struck down. And now pice of the clerk as he handed him a ote with the remark that it had bee nan. He had no difficulty in recogniz ng Snsy's peculiarly Brobdingnagian

"Kla'uns, I call it real mean! I be eve you just hoped I wouldn't know If you're a bit like your old self ou'll come right off here-this very I've got a big party on-but acts! Haven't I growed! Tell me And my! what a gloomy swell the young brigadler is! The corriage will for you-so you have no excuse The effect of this simple note up

trant was strangely out of proports

to its triviality. But then it was Susy ery triviality-so expressive of characteristic irresponsibility - tha had always affected him at such mo ments. Again, as at Robles, he felt it re act against his own ethics. Was she right in her delightful material sp Was she not happier than if she ha en consistently tructo Mrs. Peyton, the convent, to the episode of her the atrical career, to Jim Hooker-even t himself? And did he conscientiously be lieve that Hooker or himself had suffered for her inconsistency? No: From all that he had heard she was a suitaole helpmeet to the senator, in her se ial attractiveness, her charming oster lations, her engaging vanity that dis armed suspicion, and her lack of re-Nobody even dared to hold the senat responsible for her promises, even whil

that met him in the hall, with the pre-

ence of some of his distinguished su

periors. At the head of the stairs, with

circling background of the shining

rosses and ribbons of the diplomati

orps, stood Susy-her bare arms and

neck glittering with diamonds, her fa-

radiant with childlike vivacity. A sig

nificant pressure of her little glove a

welcome, but a moment later sh

caught his arm. "You've yet to knot

him," she said, is a half whisper; 'L

thinks a good deal of himself-just his

Jim. But he makes others believe

cifted easily apart. Brant :

half remorsefully con-

presence of two or three reporters at

correspondents who were dogging his

steps or the glances of two or three

commands with a certain recklessness enjoying the fellowship of both, and it that, however, seemed to be in keeping said that the worthy man singularly with the previous Satanic reputation he profited by it. Looking upon it merely had, all unconsciously, achieved. The as a phase of Washington society, Brant women listened to the cynical flippancy resolved to go. of the good-looking soldier with an un-The moon was high as the carriage disguised admiration, which, in turn whirled him out of the still stifling ave excited curiosity and envy from his nues towards the soldiers' home a sylown sex. He saw the whispered quesan suburb frequented by cabinet min tioning, the lifted eyebrows, the scornisters and the president—where the good senator had "decreed" like Kubla ful shrugging of shoulders-and knew that the story of his disgrace was in Khan, "a stately pleasure dome to enthe air. But I fear this only excited tertain his friends and partisans. As him to further recklessness and trithey approached the house the tremumph. Once he thought he recognized bling light, like fireflies through the Miss Faulkner's figure at a distance, leaves, the warm silence broken only b and even fancied that she had been military band playing a drowsy walts watching him-but he only redoubled his attentions to the fair woman beside essamine in the air thrilled Brant wit him, and looked no more. sense of shame as he thought of his resently dissipated by the uniform

But he was glad when the guests be gan to drop off; the great rooms thinned, and Susy, appearing on the arm of her husband, coquettishly reminded him of his promise. "For I want to talk to you of old times. Gen. Brant," she went on, turning explanatorily to Boompointer, "married my adopted mother in California, at Roble a dear old place were I spent my earliest years. So you see we are sort of relations by marriage," she added, with delightful naivete. Hooker's once vainglorious allusion to his relations to the man before him flashed across Brant's mind, but it left now only a smile on his lips. He felt he had already become a part of the irresponsible comedy of life around him. Why should he resist or examine its ethics too closely? He offered his arm to Susy; they descended the stairs; but instead of pausing in the supper-room, she simply passed through it with a significant pressure of his arm, and drawing aside a muslin curtain stepped into the moonlit conservatory Behind the curtain there was a small she sat down, so that when he dropped beside her their hands met and mutual-

"Now, Kla'uns," she said with a slight comfortable shiver as she nestled down at old Robles, isn't it? Tell me.

"I have." "And it's something dreadful, I know," she said, wrinkling her brows with a pretty terror. "Couldn't you telt his heart beat strangely. pretend you had told it to me and let us go on just the same? Couldn't you,

"I am afraid I couldn't," he said, with a sad smile. "Is it about yourself, Kla'uns? You

know," she went on with cheerful rapidity, "I know everything about youalways did, you know-and I don't care and never did care, and it don't and ever did make the slightest difference to me. So don't tell it and waste time, Kla'uns. "It's not about me-but about my

wife," he said, slowly. Her expression changed slightly. "O. her!" she said, after a pause. Then half resignedly: "Go on, Kla'uns." He began. He had a dozen times rehearsed to himself his miserable story, always feeling it keenly, and even fear ing that he might be carried away by emotion or morbid sentiment in telling it to another, but to his astonishment he found himself telling it practically, calmly, almost cynically to his old playmate, repressing the half devotion an even tenderness that had governed him from the time that his wife, disguised as a mulatto woman, had secretly watched him in his office, to the hour that he had passed her through the lines. He withheld only the incident of Miss Faulk-

ner's complicity and sacrifice. "And she got away-after having kicked you out of your place, Kla'uns? said Susy when he had ended. Clarence stiffened beside her. But he felt he had gone too far to quarrel with his confidante. "She went away. I honestly believe that we shall never

meet again-or I should not be telling ou this!" "Kla'uns," she said lightly, taking his hand again, "don't you believe it! She won't let you go. You're one of those men that a woman when she once has hooked on to won't let go of even when she believes she no longer loves him-or meets bigger and better men. I reckon t's because you're so different from other men-maybe-there are so many lifferent things about you to hook on to-and you don't slip off as easily as the others. Now, if you were like old Peyton, her first husband, or like poor im, or even my Boompointer, you'd be all right! No, my boy, all we can do is try to keep her from getting at you

here. I reckon she won't trust herself in Washington again in a hurry!" "But I cannot stay here-my career

is in the field." "Your career is alongside o' me, honey-and Boompointer. But nearer We'll fix all that. I heard something about your being in disgrace, but the story was that you were soft on some secesh girl down there and neglected your business, Kla'uns. But of her folly. Well, she need Lordy! to think it was only your own wife! Nevermind, we'll straighten that it And yet—yes, there was a on. Why, there was that commissary make past three weeks it had been end of the field and selling them to the

wouldn't invade the state where his sisenemy, her accuser—the man who had ter lived-but we straightened them out scarcely treated her civilly. He was somehow, and they were a heap worse ashamed to remember now that this than you. We'll get you a position in thought had occurred to him at the the war department here, one of the bedside of his wife-at the hour of her oureau offices, where you keep your escape -even on the fatal slope on which this fond illusion must go with the you'll come and see me-and we'll talk weather-beaten, lubberly craft, rest-the girl who had served him so loyally was ashamed of it! A bitter

He said with an effort: "But I've told against the flaming curset sky, s in the field."

ing eyes, who is prowling around my "Don't you be a fool, Kla'uns, and rooms as if searching for a victim. leave it there. You have done your Why, you're smilng for all the world like poor Jim, when he used to do the too, and everybody knows it. You've earned a change. Let others Suzy's voice, an illustration, recalled him to himself. "Furious I may well take your place. be," he said, with a gentler smile, al-

He shuddered as he remembered that his wife had made the same appeal. Was he a fool, then, and these two women-so totally unlike in everything right in this? "Come, Kla'uns," said Susy, relapsing

against his shoulder, "now talk to me You don't say what you think of me, o my home, my furniture-of my posialthough he felt a slight sense of re--even of him! Tell me!" "I find you well, prosperous, and

happy," he said, with a faint smile. "Is that all? How do I look?" She turned her still youthful mis-

chievous face toward him in the moon The witchery of her blue eye was still there as of old, the same frank irresponsibility beamed from them; her parted lips seemed to give him back the breath of his youth. He started, but she did not. "Susy, dear!" It was her husband's voice. "I quite

forgot," it went on, as he drew the curtain aside, "that you are engaged with gins' tawny head appeared over the rail a friend, but Miss Faulkner is waiting to say 'good night,' and I volunteered to "Tell her to wait a moment," said

Susy, with an impatience that was as undisguised as it was without embar-

But Miss Faulkner, unconsciously following Mr. Boompointer, was already upon them. For a moment, the whole four were silent although perfectly composed.

Senator Boone and r. unconscious of any infelicity in his interruption, was calmly waiting. Carence, opposed suddenly to the young girl, whom he believed was avoiding his recognition rose, coldly unperturbable. Faulkner, looking taller and more erect in the long folds of her satin cloak, neither paled nor blushed, as she regarded Susy and Brant with a smile of well-bred apology.

"I expect to leave Washington tonorrow, and may not be able to call again," she said, "or I would not have so particularly pressed a leavetaking up

"I was talking with my old friend, Gen. Brant," said Susy, more by way of introduction than apology. Brant bowed. For an instant the clear eyes of Miss Faulkner slipped icily across him as she made him an old



heside him, "it's a little like your chair fashioned colonial courtesy, and taking Susy's arm she left the room. Brant did And to think it's five years ago. But not linger, but took leave of his host ai-Kla'uns, what's the matter? You are most in the same breath. At the front changed," she said, looking at his dark door a well-appointed carriage of one face in the moonlight, "or you have of the legations had just rolled into waiting. He looked back and saw Miss Faulkner, erect and beautiful as a bride in her gauzy draperies, descending the ctairs before the waiting servants ated; recalled himself with an effortcurriedly stepped from the porch into close behind him in the distance, and even felt the dust from her horses' hoofs rise around him as she drove past | His oars dipped into the water, and him and away. .

THE QUEEN'S DONKEY bee the Property of a Poor Basque

Queen Victoria, during her recent sojourn at Cimiez, on the French Meddrive, on pleasant afternoons, a very sleek and comfortable-looking donkey. of the restless and pleavure-loving The aged queen, holding the reins her- French. self, seemed greatly to enjoy her drive, and the complacency of the donkey suggested that he almost understood the honor which was being done him. This donkey, whose name is Jocko, has

an interesting history. During a previous sojourn in the same district, says the Youth's Companion, the queen was one morning enjoying herself incognita, in the open air at Acquisgrans, when she saw a peasant leading along by the bit a donkey which looked as if he had once been a fine animal of his kind, but now seemed to be almost starved. He was lean, languishing, evidently suffering, thing fascinating in her very pose, an The queen asked the man if his don-

"That depends, signors," said the man. "If I were to sell him, now, how should I get my living?" "How much did you pay for him?"
"A hundred france."

"I will give you two hundred, and you can buy another donkey." The man sold him to the unknown 'signora," and poor Jocko at once began a new life. Abundantly fed and carefully groomed, he blossomed out as a royal favorite. The story spread, and | would-be murde: the queen could take no more promenades with convenience, for she was certain to encounter every day several peasants who tried to sell her decrepit and half-starved donkeys. She bought

During her late visit the queen drove through Acquisgrana with Jocko, and his former owner, the peasant, saw the equipage go by. The donkey was fat, glossy and glittering with buckles of ver and gold.

"When I sold the donkey, why didn't I throw myself in?"

To Restore Old Books. Valuable books and engravings that age and the book-worm have defiled are restored by using paper of a specia experiment tinted the exact color page that is to be mended. A hit wi Arabic or gum tengacanth is pothe mixture so that it will ho gether. A thin sheet of something glass, or mica, or celluloid, is not us the spot to be repaired, which is fil with the pulp, which, by a detie touch, is worked to just the surface an

GHOST OF THE "PANGUIN."

BY WILL LISENBEE.

For more than a week the Penguin rank and your uniform-you don't look had laid at anchor in the little harbo bad in it, Kla'uns-on better pay. And at Bastia. She was a small schooner, her yards splintered and one of he Brant felt his heart turn sick within masts broken, yet she looked strongly him. But he was at her mercy now! picturesque, standing with bare pole you that my career-nay, my life-now allowed my little boat to drift before the gentle breeze.

Aboard the craft there were no signs of life visible, and I knew that live work of fighting-mighty good fight- gins must be ashore, filling himself with rum, as was his custom when Capt. Darke was absent.

My old friend, the captain, had been beating about the Mediterranean with his lubberly schooner for half a scor of years, and so he might still have bee engaged, but for the arrival of a lett at Bastia telling him of a newly-i herited fortune left him by an unwho had been living in Florence.

But upon receipt of the goods new h was off at once, leaving his disable schooner in charge of Muggins, an ol sailor who was more honest than As my boat drifted alongside the

Penguin I perceived a rope trailing over the port side, and, making my lit tle craft fast, I drew myself upon decl I looked about me, but no one was isible. It was evident that I was th only soul aboard the l'enguin.

I threw myself on a camp-stool in the shadow of the sail and fell to regard ing the range of dark hills that ros back of the romantic little city. Pro ently I was interrpted by the sound o oars, and a few moments later Muj He started when he saw me, and wa about to beat a hasty retreat when my ice stopped him.

"Bless me, I thought you were ghost, I did, by the powers!" he said. seeming well pleased that his fears had ot been realized.

"Well, now, what the deuce is there about me, Muggins, to make you think

me a ghost?" I asked. "Oh, it isn't that you look like ghost, Mr. Raymond," he returned apologetically. "But, you see, when ove is looking to see a ghost, he's prey certain to take the first live thing h es fall on for what he's looking for." "Then you were expecting to

mething of the appernatural kind tain't often a cove is believed when h ells such a story. There's a ghost o this old hulk, or else I'm losing my eye-"And you really believe in such nor

ense?" "I believe what I sees, that's all."

"What did you see?" "Well, since you ask, I don't mind elling you. You see, since Capa Darke went away and the crew was d charged, the Penguin has been unde my care, and I have been sleeping board the vessel and spendi of my time here. Last night about to o'clock I woke, thinking I heard some thing moving near me. I was sleeping about me I sees a woman, all in white moving like a specter right by the hatchway. While I was watching, it seemed to sink into the deck and disappear. I'm not the man to run from a

single night-prowler, but I felt queer-like at this, and can't see how a woman might have descended the companion ladder, I goes down with a lantern, but finds nothing. Then I looks all over of another. no more that night, and though I look after the ship during the day, I shan' sleep here again if I know myself, call it ghost or what you will." With this he picked up a lantern and

descended to his boat that lay along-

"Then I shall spend the night here and lay your ghost for you," I said. "You'll greatly oblige me if you will," he returned, "though I'll be blowed if think you succeed. Good evening, Mr. Raymond. I'll drop alengside early in the morning and see how you have fared. There's the key to my cabin, he added, tossing the key upon the deck. "You'll find pipes and plenty of tobacco, and a sip of rum in a decanter. if you look close. Now again good night to you."

1 he was gone. Dusk was already settling over the water. I took a seat on the deck and lit a cigar, and began running over in m; mind some of the events that had be fallen me since my arrival in Corsica. For more than three mouths I had been staying in the commande litt quiet seclusion that was a prasing co trast to the life I had been spendin for the past two years in the gay capit

One is not likely to expect to mee with adventures of the thrilling kind in the peaceful precincts of Bastia, vesomething bordering upon this had come to my lot less than a month be-

For the amateur artist the quaint lit tle city will furnish many subjects for the pencil and brush, and I had made good my opportunities since my ar-The most prized among my collection

tion was the portrait of Veda, the litt Corsican fruit-seller. There was sen

the dark beauty of her face had draw me to her as if by some subtle witches One evening, as I was strolly mortal terror come from the court of ruined building where several pe families had taken their abode, and tering hastily I perceived an a knife, in the act of striking a mirl s was crouched in the corner of the I struck the 1

ded, leaving in face to face with soda, the intende-She only paused a moment to press

kiss upon my hand; then she althrough a gap in the wall and was That was the last I had seen of told me that she had belonged to wealthy and influential family, and that she had received a finished educa tion. But reverses had come; her fa-

vendetta, and she had finally been left a penniless orphan. se to whither she hadyfled. Still I had lingered about the places

her from my mind.

I used to see her. Was I in love with the little Corxican beauty? Her face would come before my men tal vision asleep or waking, bringing a sweet sensation I had never before experienced; and yet I tried to dismiss

I sat smoking for some hours upon "Just then a train turned the curve the deck of the Penguin, watching the and the way it used him made him yellow lights dancing in the romantic | feel very much cut up. - N. Y. World little city, and drinking in the fresh,

sweet air of the night that stole up from the Mediterranean.

It was about 11 o'clock when stretched myself upon the cot which Muggins had placed upon the deck. 1 fell asleep soon after, and dreamed of

Muggins' ghost. It seemed that some strange pres ence came to me-a woman, beautiful beyond any dream; and just as I reached out to touch her she vanished, leaving only a faint odor of some strange, sweet perfume. I awoke suddenly with that inexplicable sensation that sometimes tells us of the unseen

presence of another. I sat up and looked about me in vague bewilderment. The moon had risen out of the sea and was flooding the deck with its mellow radiance. As my mind grew more composed I detected a subtle perfume on the night air, the same that had come to me in my dream.

Was it only the effect of my imagination? No: there could be no mistake as to its reality. Something white lay at my feet; I picked it up; it was a del icate piece of lace embroidered linen. and exhaled the breath of perfume that had before greeted my senses. While I stood bewildered at the amaz-

ing circumstance, I perceived a white form emerge from the hatchway and move forward, with a slow, gliding movement. I stood immovable, watching the fig-

ure as it came toward me. As it drew near. I perceived that it was a girl, and as the moonbeams fell on the pale face I recognized it as belonging to Veda Dorlos, the little fruit seiler. Her eyes were wide open, and staring

recently ahead in a way peculiar to the somnambulist. She was a sleepwalker! The thought came to me like a flash. Yet, what could account for her presence aboard the Penguin? Without attempting to answer the

puzzling question, I started toward the figure, but as I did so, the sound of something like the dropping of an oar in a boat came from over the port. Then a moment later the dark figure of a woman-the same I had seen making the assault on the little fruit-seller-slipped noiselessly over the rail. She paused for a moment to glance about the ship. then, with a cry of rage that might have proceeded from some wild animal in deadly combat, she leaped upon the unconscious girl, the blade of a long knife glinting in the rays of the moon. Roused to action by the sight of the murderous intruder, I leaped quickly forward, and, before the knife descended to do its deadly work, I caught the hand that held it.

But if I reckoned on an easy victory in subduing my adversary, I soon dis covered my mistake, for the woman though aged to all appearances, seemed to possess the strength of the strongest man, and, finding herself foiled in her murderous attempt, she turned upon me with the fierceness of a panther Coming unexpectedly as the attack did, it caught me off my guard, and before realized my peril, the hand that held the knife was wrenched from my grasp then there was a swift blow, a keen pain in my shoulder as the blade en tered; then a mist gathered before my eyes, and I sank unconscious upon the SIXTH ST. OPP. LISTER &C.A

When my senses returned it was broad daylight, and I was lying on a cot in Muggins' cabin, the beautiful but troubled face of Veda bending over me. It was about a week before I was able to get ashore, and, though I had a trained nurse from Bastia, Veda refused to leave me entirely in the hands

love the little Corsican beauty with such an intense devotion that I could not bear the thought of separation.

misfortunes. The old hag who had twice sought the life of Veda was prevented from taking my life by the timely arrival of Muggins, who had come over to the vessel in his boat just before daybreak to see how I was faring. Finding herself thwarted, she leaned into the bay, and was drowned before she could be rescued by Muggins.

She was the last of the Baralodo family, between whom and the Dorlos a dreadful vendetta had existed, and i was to escape the vengeance of the old woman that Veda had stowed herself aboard the Penguin, hoping to be carried to some foreign land, and thus es cape the violence and death that con stantly threatened her.

Veda and I were married, and a onth later sailed for America in the Penguin with my old friend Capt. Darke, who had returned and had the ressel repaired. Muggins was much elated over the

happy ending of my attempt to "lay his ghost, though he always declared had made a most lucky failure, and instead of laying the ghost, I had myself been layed by it.-N. Y. Ledger.

FOND OF LETTER H. Men Use It for an Initial in Names When Any Other Would Do. "It's a peculiar thing," said the

more for its hospitality than it is for its inquisitiveness into the character of its guests, "it's a peculiar thing the fondness that the average man has for the letter H as an initial. Now, I don't suppose that there are more middle names beginning with H than with any other letter-M or R or S or B-but nine men out of ten, if they are in doubt about a middle initial, decide on H," quotes the New York Sun. my middle initial is W, but for every letter I get, except from people I know well, that has my initial right, I get three in which it is put down H. It's very seldom, too, that you'll find a man with sufficient strength of character to leave out the middle initial of the man he's writing to if he doesn't know it, so he claps in an H and lets it go. There seems to be a prevailing superstition that a man isn't just what he ought to be unless he has a middle name, and hat the chances are very strong that at name-begins with the eighth letter the alphabet.

Now, here's another instance: Cast our eyes over this page of our regiser. That is mostly late guests who rop in here late at night and sign ames other than their own. See the result: 'Charles H. Jones,' 'John H. Smith,' 'George H. Robinson,' 'A. H. Brown,' 'F. W. Brown,' and so on. There are ten names on that one the middle initial of which is H. Now that letter isn't any easier to write than any other letter; it certainly isn't any more ornamental, and I can't see that ther had fallen a victim to a dreadful in any respect it has an advantage over the rest of the alphabet. human race sticks to it with a fidelity penniless orphan.

I was deeply interested in her, but like to have some wise man tell me why.

"Ha! ha!" quoth Romeo Gruffvoice, he tragedian, as he wearfly stepped from tie to tie on the way from Frostrille, "'tis the first time, forsooth. I have played the roll of detective. The firectors of this road know me not. but I am on their track."

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