

# NIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER  
 CONTINUED BY GOSNEY PUBLISHING CO. 1873.

CHAPTER III.  
 As the young ladies entered the parlors the parents' hearts almost broke. The interview, and George fully shared the pain. That they were laboring under some strong excitement was very apparent. They passed, without pause, directly to Mr. Newton's side, and the eldest, "What is it all, father?" we called at Roseville and were told that the ladies were engaged, but while we stood on the steps receiving this message we could not fail to hear Mrs. Le Barron using the most violent and abusive language to her husband, and, oh, father, she copied your name with injustice and dishonor, employing the most bitter terms, which she surely intended us to hear.

"Both accusations are utterly false," indignantly replied George.  
 "Oh, we of course were sure of that," answered Rose, seating herself on her father's knee, "but still, as you direct, for that you and mother are greatly disturbed about something is very evident."

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"It would be very strange, my children," said Mr. Newton, "if your minds did not at times turn toward possibilities until you have seen both your friends and they fully understand your present position. I do not say this because I have the remotest suspicion that loss of wealth will produce any change either in Danbar or Greenville. On the contrary, I expect to see increasing tenderness and a more earnest desire to shield you from trial and hardship."

Rose sat unusually quiet, and George's loving watchfulness changed the current of her thoughts by saying:  
 "Your question, my gentle Lily, remains unanswered. You were inquiring concerning property belonging to our mother. Could you not read an answer in father's glance which made her cheeks as fresh and blooming as your own? She will not accept by right that which would embarrass her husband in settling the whole concern on the broadest basis of our education and honesty."

"And that, my son, is but simply doing my duty, not at all deserving your gallant compliment. Would you willingly give any the least occasion to accuse your father of wrong or injustice because legally I might retain that which could enable him to make a most satisfactory settlement of this whole business?"

"Oh, no, mother; I rejoice that you can do as you propose if by so doing the most capricious can find no blame in father, yet you must allow me to be a little proud of your reticence."

"No, indeed," exclaimed George. "She may thank her own extravagance fully for it all. Her husband would never have ventured on such measures as that of which he was guilty during father's absence if she had not so wickedly involved him by her insane love of display. No blame can possibly rest upon either father."

"Ah, yes, my son. In trusting so implicitly to another's honor or judgment I am to blame. The principal of an extensive and complicated business like ours should never relax his vigilance."

"But, father, will not your loss in this failure be as heavy as the others?"  
 "Yes, my Lily. By far the largest proportion."

"Then why did that wicked woman cast unjust aspersions on you?" said Rose, with excitement.  
 "None of the members of the company will credit her words, nor indeed the business world generally, my pet. The unkind language you heard was simply the outburst of a disappointed ambition woman, who should receive our pity rather than our harsh censure."

"But, dear papa, tell me, please, is this failure so severe that any will lose or suffer by you?"  
 "My dear little rosebud, we shall be able to pay every penny. Your eyes can meet the gaze of the universe fearlessly and sure that none is impoverished through our losses."

"Then who cares, or why should we all look pale and anxious over this?" replied the bright girl, clapping her hands joyously.  
 "But, little one, are you aware that if we must leave our pleasant home, resign all the appliances of ease and luxury that now surround us, lose caste among many of our companions, while we labor and economize strictly to be able to supply the family with the bare comforts of life? How can our darlings endure this great and sudden change?"

"Grandly, my dear papa. I don't dislike the change at all. I was telling sister but a few days ago that our mode of life was not satisfactory, being, as it has always been, utterly useless. For years we have been simple works of art about the house for others to look after and arrange in their daily routine. In the morning we cannot rise till Marie or Therese comes to dress us, and all day long they dance attendance upon our whims. At night we must be dowered and put to bed like little babies. I have long felt dissatisfied with myself, because I was conscious that I was not developing all the powers God had given me and yet could not understand how to change this daily routine of my life."

"Now we may at least have both hands and feet were made for."  
 "But, dear father," said the eldest sister, with some hesitation, "I thought our mother had fortune invested in her own name, entirely subject to her control, to provide for just such an emergency as this. That surely will supply all your wants. Then why speak of returning to the hard labor and close calculations of your younger days? Your children will cheerfully do that. Our parents should rest now and allow us to learn the same useful lessons you so wisely practiced in your youth."

"Why, my dear girl," said Mrs. Newton, smiling, "your thoughts seem to be in the same channel as your brother George's."  
 "They often do that, mother," said George, throwing his arm lovingly around his sister.  
 "And do not mine also, Sir Brother?" asked Rose with an injured air.  
 "No, Skyler; oh, no. Your thoughts seem singular up to heaven's high arch and thence descend upon us with sunshine and rosy hues in the darkest hour, you darling little sunbeam, you."  
 "But, Rosie, what will Jasper say to

enchanting dream of love to find all that his heart had so desired turn to bitter ashes? This sad disappointment in the home he had so fondly pictured, and the little satisfaction found in the wealth and high position gained by scarcely honest means recalled his parents' efforts to inculcate true principles, which, had they been adopted, might even then have shielded him from the sorrows, already foreshadowed, in the early period of his middle life. When at last Mr. Newton accepted him as a partner, how firmly did he vow to his conscience never again to indulge in the dangerous experiment of unscrupulous speculation! The strict prohibitions against any such attempts, which were a part of the rules of Mr. Newton's business, helped to confirm him in these wise resolutions. Once secure of the partnership, he most anxiously strove to conceal from Mr. Newton some of the business transactions of his earlier life, well assured if once known his continuance in his present position would be of very short duration.

For years he had stood well with the community. A few whispers of his former "haste to be rich" reached Mr. Newton, but after a strict yet quiet investigation he found no cause to believe the rumors and was proud of his confidence. The reports gradually died away. Meantime his home was not the bright and refreshing spot his youthful fancy had pictured. Le Barron was not naturally a bad hearted man. He loved his wife had been almost idolatrous. He fancied her perfection, but a few short months dispelled the illusion, and for many years he had been the slave of her whims and caprices.

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It just where the break occurred, the broken bow keeping the rope from slipping. The end of the rope was carried to the ground, the dog was turned loose, the men began to pull and the circus was in full operation. The panther held on for awhile, but his endurance was not equal to the strain, and as he came down the air seemed filled with his teeth, nails, spit, fire and a host of other interesting bits, when the varmint broke away and made a dash for one of the men. By a quick manipulation of the rope, however, the panther was thrown over the edge of a high bank, where, completely used up, he dangled until killed by a liberal use of clubs and stones and his hide was carried home in triumph by his victors.

Last week was a good one for both panthers and Smiths. During the week Albert Smith, of Hunter's creek, went out after his own as in the case of a panther in the brush. He fired a shot at it, but failed to hit it, as it escaped in the underbrush. Coming on toward home Smith discovered that the panther was following him and, watching for a good opportunity, he caught sight of it in an open place and by a well directed shot stopped its further progress. It was a female and measured 8 feet long.

During the middle of the week Sam Collins, while coming up from Pistol River, saw three panthers alongside the river. Having but a pistol he failed to hit any of them, though he took several shots at them. Later he returned with a rifle, but the rain had obliterated the tracks of the animals and he was unable to trail them up.

The first panther story of the season is a good one and comes from the southern portion of the county. It happened one day last week, and in this wise: Early in the week Fred Smith, a son-in-law of Mr. Snodgrass, and a man named Hardenbrook, shouldered their guns for a jaunt in the hills, and calling a favorite dog started up the trail. They were merely on a trip to hunt up cattle and count the number of calves with which they had been enriched, therefore they took but a small amount of ammunition for their rifles. They were but partially successful in their search, says the Gold Beach, Curry county, Gazette, and after being out several hours started homeward, each having four bullets left in his rifle and not anxious to meet any large game. Their dog, however, was very ambitious, and with a predisposition to amuse and worry felices, soon had his ambition gratified by securing up a big panther, which he scared into a tree, after a garrulous but harmless matinee.

The hunters, hearing the turmoil, went to the rescue of the dog and soon were pumping lead at the terrified beast. The last shot from Hardenbrook's rifle broke a hind leg of the panther at the shank, and with a howl of rage he went upon the ground and making it interesting for the dog. However, the combination of dog, men, rocks and clubs, brought into play was too much for him and he again took to a tree. Here was given Smith's opportunity for a record as a marksman and he made the record. Three shots failed to take effect, while the fourth one raked the panther fore and aft, plowing a furrow through his skin but failed to dislodge him.

With ammunition all gone and the wounded panther still able to wag his tail in defiance from the limb of the tree, the men held a consultation as to what should be done, and finally decided not to go home unless they could take the varmint's hide home with them.

They finally hit upon a plan and at once put it into execution. Taking a lariat from one of the horses they made a running noose in the end of it. Then securing a pole Smith climbed the tree and endeavored to slip the noose over the panther's head. The animal was too sharp for him, however, and every time the rope and pole came near he sent it away with a stroke of his paw.

In his efforts to protect his head, however, the panther forgot his hind quarters and carelessly let his broken leg dangle below the limb. He knew not the men he was dealing with, for, seeing this leg, Smith succeeded in slipping the noose over it and tightening

it around the broken leg. The animal was now in a predicament, for if he moved he would pull the noose over his head and thus be killed. He was now in a predicament, for if he moved he would pull the noose over his head and thus be killed. He was now in a predicament, for if he moved he would pull the noose over his head and thus be killed.

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HANDSOME SUMMER WRAPS.  
 Five attractive wraps for summer wear are shown in the accompanying illustration. They are dainty combinations of lace and ribbon that will make any woman look stylish.

THE ROYAL GEORGE WRECK.  
 A Last Century Fatality Recalled by the Victoria Disaster.

The wreck of the flagship Victoria in the Mediterranean a few days ago was not the first flagship of the British navy to go to the bottom in time of peace. It is the first instance of the kind in connection with which an admiral lost his life.

This disaster recalls to readers of English history the wreck of the Royal George, which, though it occurred more than one hundred years ago, had never until now been approximated in fatal and dramatic incident and interest.

The Royal George had long been an object of pride to the English navy. She was the oldest first-rate vessel in the service. She carried 108 guns and it was said she had carried more admirals' flags than any other vessel afloat. At the time of her disastrous end she had just returned from a cruise off Spithead, where Lord Howe's fleet of forty sail of the line and nearly 200 merchantmen lay at anchor.

It was the 20th of August, 1782, that a pipe admitting water to cleanse the ship was found to be out of repair. The end of this pipe was three feet below the water line and the big vessel had to be keeled over to allow the repairs to be made.

To accomplish this the guns on the port side of the ship were run out of the port holes as far as possible and those on the starboard side were shifted amidships. This brought the port holes nearly to the water's edge, and while the men were at work the vessel tilted a little more and the water began to run slowly in through the port holes.

So gradually did the water enter, however, that it was some time before it was discovered that there was anything wrong. Suddenly a stiff breeze came up, the vessel tilted further, and the water fairly poured into her hold.

The officer of the deck ordered the drums to beat for the righting of the ship; but it was too late. As the vessel keeled over guns shot and everything movable rolled with it to the lower side, and the enormous vessel fell flat on her broadside with all her masts in the water. So rapidly did all this take place that, even with hundreds of other vessels at hand hardly any aid could be rendered.

The air was rent with the cries of all on board as the Royal George sank beneath the water. Of 1300 persons, including 520 women and children of the visiting families of the seamen, nearly 900 perished. The rest escaped by mounting to the rigging or clinging to floating timber and were picked up by boats. Admiral Kempelfeldt, who was writing in his cabin at the time, went down with the rest. One little child clinging to the fleece of a sheep that swam along with its precious burden until an officer from another ship came to the rescue of both.

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# You and Your Children

It is a wonderful remedy, which is alike beneficial to you and your children. Such is Scott's Emulsion of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, and all Chronic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. All the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bown, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

# TELEPHONE REGISTER

GREAT SPEAR HEAD CONTEST.

Save the Tags. One Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

\$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES, \$10.00 each.  
 5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, \$2.50 each.  
 23,100 PORTER GREENS BUCKING HANDELS FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES, \$2.00 each.  
 115,600 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS, \$1.00 each.  
 115,600 LARGE PICTURES (14x22 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, \$2.50 each.  
 261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO \$173,250.00.

CAUTION.—No tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name and Address, County, State, and Number of Tags in each package. All charges by express or freight prepaid.

HEAD.—SPEAR HEAD possesses more qualities of intrinsic value than any other plug tobacco produced. It is the sweetest, the toughest, the richest. SPEAR HEAD is the most economical and most satisfactory of all tobaccos. It is the largest seller of any similar tobacco in the world. It is the only tobacco that has ever caught the popular taste and pleased the palate. Try it, and participate in the contest for the larger share of the prize money. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

THE F. J. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

# HAVE YOU TRIED DRUGS AND FAILED TO FIND A CURE?

Thousands of Cures by our Belts are persons who have done so.

# DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT