

THE ENTERPRISE.

J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

WELLINGTON, OHIO.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

A tender smile on the lips we kiss, A flush of joy on the cheek, A clinging grasp in the hands we press, Love's love when the dear ones speak; Ah, friend, these are better, a thousand fold, Better than glittering heaps of gold. The light of love in a shining eye, Dear arms that around us twine, And peace that deepens as the years go by, Unchanged by the flight of time; Oh, these are the treasures of price untold, Better than heaps of shining gold. The swift warm touch of dear little hands, The music of childish words, Sweet voices that ring from morn till eve, Like songs of summer—the birds; Oh, these are treasures to keep and hold, Better, far better, than silver or gold. The little home with vine-clad door, And song birds under the eaves; The bowers where childhood's fairy sing, To whisper of wind and leaves, Are better than castles grand and old—Are better than gifts of burning gold. So speed, speed away, my childhood's dream, Of treasures costly and rare; I'll take what my loving Father gives, With thanks for His tender care; He knows better a thousand fold, And give to His children the truest gold. —Mrs. C. E. Fisher, in Western Democrat.

ALLEN GRAY;

The Mystery of Turley's Point.

BY JOHN E. MUSICK.

AUTHOR OF "WALTER BROWNFIELD," "HELEN LAKEMAN," "BANKER OF BEDFORD," AND OTHER STORIES.

[Copyrighted, 1898, by the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE STROLL—A MYSTIC BEAUTY.

To Allen Gray it seemed as if Strong and Simmons were constantly watching each other, to thwart one another's plans. However, it may only have been by accident that Mr. Strong came into the office just an hour after his political opponent's visit. Having scented himself, Strong said: "There isn't any doubt, Mr. Gray, that Simmons is onto my racket. He knows I'm going to run for sheriff, and he'll beat me if he can."

"I don't think he knows any thing about it, Mr. Strong," said the editor. "Yer mistaken; I tell yer mistaken. That man is just watching me all the time. He's allers tryin' to spile my plans. I believe the devil owes me a spite an' is payin' me off with bad neighbors. Wasn't he in here to-day?"

"Yes, but we were talking on a business matter," said Allen, with some hesitation, "I wanted to buy that corner lot of his."

"Ye did. What did he ax yer?"

"One thousand dollars."

Mr. Strong gave a prolonged whistle. "That's more'n twice what it's worth. I wouldn't give him three hundred dollars for it; for the house is no account at all."

Three or four days later, when Mr. Strong had almost induced Allen to purchase some of his property, Tom Simmons, having heard of it, determined to "spoil the trade," if he had to injure all the property in Turley's Point to do so. A large number of the citizens of Turley's Point seemed to be watching each other, trying to prevent their neighbors' success, even to their own detriment. As nearly every body seemed pulling against every body else, the business outlook of the village was not bright.

On Sunday afternoon Allen Gray determined to set all warnings and rumors of danger aside and take a stroll to the hill on which the mysterious stone house stood. It was a delightful day, and he found the walk pleasant. The trees were in their richest green, and wild flowers nodded their saucy heads in the gentle breeze which stole through the forest. The nimble squirrels ran before him, frisked about among the branches or chattered from some leafy retreat. He followed an old disused carriage road, once macadamized and an excellent thoroughfare, but now in a dilapidated state, and partially overgrown with grass. The grim old forest on either side of him seemed dark and gloomy.

The distance was much greater than Allen had supposed. Though the top of the old stone house could be seen from the village, he lost sight of it the moment he entered the wood. Having paused to rest at the foot of a long hill, he discovered a narrow but well-worn path leading off at right angles through the trees, and decided to follow it. Through a forest of grand old moss-covered oaks, winding about among huge masses of rock which in centuries past had tumbled from the bluff above, the path took its course until he found himself at a delightful spring of clear, cold water at the foot of the hill. Here Allen paused and gazed about him.

On his right beneath a wide-spreading beech was an old rustic seat. It had evidently been there a great many years. Lovers may have sat there and breathed vows with only the gray old forest to hear them, long before he was born.

At one time the whole forest seemed to have been a grand park, but allowed to run wild, it had become a labyrinth of tangled undergrowth and vines. Throwing himself on the rustic seat Allen gazed into the spring, which, gushing out from the side of the hill, formed a sparkling rivulet that glistened over a bed of many colored pebbles. This cool retreat was a haven of rest to the tired editor, and he flattered himself that here he might frequently find security from the persecutions and annoyances of poets and politicians.

But the afternoon was wearing away, and as he had determined to visit that mysterious old stone house, he could waste no more time at the spring.

As he rose to return to the main road, something bright on the side of the path caught his eye. He stooped to see what it was, and discovered a golden chain partly covered with leaves and dirt. He drew it out and found buried beneath the leaves, but attached to the chain, a golden locket. It was a lady's locket, and Allen knew at a glance that it did not belong to any one at Turley's Point.

"What shall I do with it?" he asked himself. "Keep it and advertise it? That is the best I can do; but suppose I open it and take a peep within."

He pressed his thumb on the spring and the lid flew open, revealing only a short tress of soft, golden hair, which had evidently been clipped from the head of a child. "That reveals nothing," said Allen, closing the locket, putting it in his pocket and starting back to the road, tapping the leaves with his slender cane.

Reaching the main road he ascended the hill toward the great house. The road between the spring and top of the hill bore some evidences of recent travel. He had nearly reached the top of the hill when he found a lady's kid glove lying at the side of the road.

The glove was too small and of a quality too fine to belong to any of the women whom he had met in the village. "Of two things I am certain," soliloquized Allen. "There is a lady at the stone house on the hill, and she takes strolls."

Allen began to wonder what kind of a person she was. Was she young or old, beautiful or ugly?

The top of the hill was reached, and he found himself on a broad plateau with a large, magnificent mansion before him. A high wall, on the top of which were sharp iron pickets, surrounded house and grounds.



HE CAME TO A SUDDEN HALT.

As far as he could see. The gate was tall, surmounted by a high arch supported by pillars of stone. All the nursery stories of enchanted castles which he had ever heard of read came with wonderful freshness to his memory. There was something so grand and yet so weird in that imposing pile, reared as it seemed in the very heart of the wilderness, that Allen was inspired with a feeling of awe, if not fear. For some time he stood gazing at the vast building. Then he went a little nearer, and from a slight eminence could see fountains playing on the lawn, while the gentle breeze came to him laden with the fragrance of sweetest flowers. Notwithstanding the grandeur and beauty of the house and grounds, there was something so weird and strange about them that he felt strongly inclined to retreat.

"Oh, pahaw! I am getting almost as silly and superstitious as the villagers," said Allen to himself.

After examining the front as well as he could, he decided to walk completely round it. Those people might have good reasons for living lives of seclusion, and he would not question their rights. That they were people of refinement and taste the palatial residence and fairy-like grounds were ample evidence. They might be even better than represented. The people at the village had doubtless misconstrued their conduct, and given their neighbors on the hill worse names than they deserved.

With these thoughts in his mind Allen wandered around to the rear of the great mansion and halted. The great wall inclosed about ten acres, and from what little Allen could see of the grounds they seemed in excellent order. The wall in the rear was boards two inches thick and eight feet high, and through the cracks the editor had a very good view of the garden.

A well-worn path, leading from the garden gate to the river bluff a fourth of a mile away attracted Allen's attention, and, wearied with gazing at the house, he thought to go to the bluff and watch the sunset.

He had almost reached the great cliff when he came to a sudden halt and stood transfixed with amazement. There, standing on a grass plot, gazing across the dark river beneath, was a beautiful girl about eighteen years of age. She was very pretty, with large blue eyes, a wealth of golden hair and a form which might have been the envy of a sculptor.

Her eyes were fixed upon the river, and she was not yet aware of his presence. As the rays of the setting sun fell upon this angelic being, Allen thought he had never seen one so lovely. That she was an inmate of this wonderful house seemed to give an additional charm to her beauty, and he found his heart beating with a hitherto unknown emotion.

At last the sun dipped behind the trees across the river, and, heaving a deep sigh of regret, the young lady turned to retrace her steps homeward, when she discovered a handsome young stranger standing in her path.

CHAPTER V.

ARMING FOR THE CONFLICT.

It was difficult to tell who was the most confused, Allen Gray or the beautiful girl before him.

Her dress and manner indicated culture and refinement, and he felt that he must apologize for his presence.

"I beg pardon!" he stammered, after an awkward silence of a few moments. "I came for a stroll to the bluff, not aware of your presence. I hope I have not annoyed you."

"There was an honest frankness in his voice and manner, more reassuring than his words. A change from surprise and terror to pleasure, so instantaneous as it was remarkable, came over her face.

"Oh, don't blame yourself, sir," she said, in tones the sweetest that ever fell on mortal ears. "What a delicious voice. How like the chime of a silver bell. Then, as if not altogether recovered from her surprise, she stammered: "I—I was watching the sunset."

"It is a delightful view from here," said Allen, recovering at once his self-possession. "I do not wonder that you came here to witness it; I came for the same purpose, but seeing you, and not wishing to disturb you, remained in the background."

"You have lost much," answered the beautiful girl, her angelic face wreathed with smiles. "I frequently come to this bluff to visit the sunset, and the scene never grows old."

"No doubt, were I near enough, I would do the same."

"You are the new editor at the village, are you not?" she asked, with charming childish simplicity.

"I am; my name is Allen Gray, and I am editor and proprietor of the Western Republic. You live in the stone house on the hill, do you not?"

She started, a death-like pallor swept over her face, and in a confused manner she answered: "Yes, sir."

It was painfully evident that the stone house on the hill was an unpleasant topic to this young lady; therefore Allen determined to avoid it. He began praising the beauties of the sunset sky, the grand old forest and delightful flowers.

"I found some things to-day in my rambles," he at last said, "and may be you can tell me who is the owner." He drew from his pocket the glove and locket. "Do you know whose these are?"

With a glad smile upon her face she came quickly to his side and said: "They are mine. The glove I lost this morning; the locket was lost two weeks ago. Where did you find them?"

He told her all about finding them, and then, both having regained their equanimity, they became absorbed in a pleasant conversation.

It seemed as if they had known each other for years. Little heed was taken of the flight of time. Twilight shades were long held in the background by the broad face of a full moon shining from a cloudless summer sky. There was such a strange fascination about each of the other that they did not notice that the stars were twinkling at them from the heavens above.

When Allen asked what her name was another momentary confusion seemed to come over her, as she answered *By-the-Gods!* but by his admirable tact the confusion was but momentary, and she was discouraging as pleasantly as before. Those moments seemed to possess a world of pleasure to Allen and will never be blotted from his memory. This lonely creature, whose beautiful face and golden hair bathed in moonlight seemed angelic purity itself, produced such an effect upon him as to electrify and change his whole nature. The dark mystery, which hung like a pall over her, seemed to only heighten the charm which made her so attractive.

Almost unconsciously they walked down the path to the garden gate. Allen knew not of what they talked, he only seemed to realize that he was in the presence of one on whose beauty he could feast his eyes forever, and to the music of whose voice he would never grow weary of listening.

Her disposition, when not freighted with a strange, mysterious dread, was happy, and her laughter fell like rippling music upon his enraptured ear. But all things must have an end, and this charm, delightful as it was, must be broken.

They reached the point where their paths lay in different directions, one to the gate of that great, gloomy old house, the other around the enclosure to the village.

"I must go in now," she said, her face becoming just a little clouded. "It is growing quite late, and I can not longer remain out."

"I ask your pardon if I seem bold," said Allen, hoping to detain her but a moment longer. "I am very homesick in the village; there is so little congenial to my nature, and I—I hope we may see each other occasionally."

Alternating flashes of crimson and pallor of death swept over her face, and in a voice almost choked with dread or confusion, she stammered: "Perhaps—we shall!"

"Do you hope so?" he asked, his face full of earnest eagerness.

"I—I don't know—I fear I do," she stammered, a look of wild terror coming over her face, which sorely puzzled him.

She left without another word. He watched her as she tripped lightly down the path, and saw her occasionally press her snow-white handkerchief to her eyes. She reached the grim old garden-gate, which she unlocked, and turned her white face to him for a moment, waved an adieu with her small jeweled hand, and passed in from his sight.

Allen heaved a sigh as she disappeared. Dull, indeed, seemed the world when that bright, sunny creature had shut herself within those gloomy old walls. He went slowly homeward, hardly able to tear himself from that mysterious old castle-like house, which had become so wonderfully attractive to him.

"If she is one of the ghosts that haunt that building I would never be frightened from it," he said, as he walked down the hill to the village.

It was late, and the church bell was ringing for evening services when he reached home. He had been trained to regularity in his attendance at church, so he hastened away to the small house where the good people of Turley's Point met to worship. Like most churches the members were not all as good as they should have been, and even pretended to be.

There he saw Tom Simmons and George Strong, both belonging to the same denomination, who broke the bread of life and sipped the emblem of the blood of the atonement on the holy Sabbath, and next day began anew their hostilities and opposition to each other's plans.

Like one in the midst of a delightful dream and wholly oblivious to surroundings, Allen sat throughout the entire sermon. The preacher, lost in the fog of his own argument, was striving to wade through some mystical proposition, which he did not clearly understand himself, and Allen might be excused from attempting to follow him.

That night angels, with the sweetest songs mortal ears had ever heard, hovered over Allen Gray's bed. Masses of golden hair and eyes of heaven's own blue were near him. One dearly beloved vision was nearer than any of the others. Her angelic face had upon its expression of mingled pain and dread. In his great fear of losing her he stretched forth his hand imploring her to remain. Reason, even in sleep, seemed to say that it was only a creation of his imagination—the result of a dreaming fancy—quicken by his recent interview with the pretty girl from the mysterious house. It was the sad face of Bertha, but oh, how lovely! All night long she seemed ever with him, and when he awoke her image was still in his mind.

At his office, wherever he went, he saw that sad, pale, sweet face.

"I'm armin' for the fight," said George Strong, on entering the office that evening.

"How—what do you mean, Mr. Strong?" asked Allen.

"I've got my fightin' rig on; I'm in the field in earnest, an' I'm a-gwine to make the race, hit or miss; I'm bound to be sheriff."

"Will you have any opposition?"

"Course I will," he answered, while his



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT; GIMME YOUR HAND ON IT!"

face grew dark. "I'll have opposition as long as he an' I both live."

"To whom do you refer?"

"Tom Simmons. He's my evil genius. Whatever I undertake he tries to head me off. Ef I'm about makin' a trade an' he finds it out he spiles it. I've made many a dicker he knew nothin' about, and I guess I've spoiled about as many trades for him as he has for me."

"I don't think he will be your opponent, Mr. Strong."

"Oh, yes he will," was the firm reply. "He's allers been in my way, and allers will. I want you to stand by me."

"For sheriff?"

"Yes."

"You do not intend running for any other office?"

"No."

"You won't ask me to support you for any thing except sheriff?"

"No, sir, I won't."

"Well, Mr. Strong, I think when the time comes I will give you my support. I have determined that the Western Republic shall be an independent periodical, and I shall favor a home man for sheriff."

"That's all right, giv' us your hand on't," said Mr. Strong, shaking Allen's hand warmly.

With hopes greatly revived he left the office.

"I believe if he had known that Tom Simmons intended being a candidate for the Legislature he would have foregone his desires for sheriff in order to beat his enemy."

That same day Tom Simmons entered the editor's sanctum to announce that he, too, had decided to arm himself for the conflict.

"It's no use to wait longer. I'm goin' to know the very worst right now," said the excited politician. "Are ye goin' to support me fur the Legislature?"

"Do you intend running for any other office?" Allen asked, shrewdly.

"No, o' course not; I can't run for two offices at once."

"You only ask the support of the Western Republic for you as a candidate for the Legislature?"

"That's all this time. When I run for Congress o' course you'll stand by me!"

"That will be a long way in the future; for the present let us consider only your race for the office of Representative."

"Wall, that's all the office I've got any notion o' runnin' for; an' what I want to know is whether I kin depend on the Western Republic standin' by me?"

"When the proper time comes you can see ye mean it?"

"Yes."

"Shake!" cried the enthusiastic politician, seizing the editor's hand. "Now ye won't go back on me!"

"Certainly not; you are my man for the Legislature."

"Ye won't support Strong?"

"I shall support no one but yourself for Representative, Mr. Simmons, the Western Republic will be for Thomas Simmons first, last and all the time, and at the proper time will be anonymous."

Mr. Simmons' delight almost burst all bounds. He laughed, slapped himself on his knees and overflowed with self-congratulation on his own shrewdness in getting ahead of Strong, whom he supposed was aspiring to the same position he was to attain.

"I was goin' to withdraw all my support from the paper if ye went agin me," said Simmons, as soon as he had somewhat recovered from his wild ecstasy of joy, "but now I'll stand by ye. I've got some money left, and when ye want any draw on me."

Allen suggested that the influence of the Western Republic might be broadened by extending its circulation. If Mr. Simmons knew of persons in the county who were not subscribers it might be an excellent plan for him to subscribe for them and send the paper to them. Simmons thought so, too, and paid for twenty-five new subscribers.

Allen was acting in good faith, and had determined to support both Simmons and Strong for the offices to which they aspired, but while they were armng for the conflict he, as the knight who was to champion the cause of each, thought it well to arm, too.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BABYLONIAN TOMBS.

Relics of Ancient Burial Rites in the Ruined Asiatic City.

The Babylonians believed, with all nations of antiquity, that the dead had the same needs in the future world as during their sojourn on earth. Death was in no sense an interruption, but a continuation of life under another form, and the traces of food in old Babylonian cemeteries show that it was the custom in this region, as among the Hindus, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, to place the required nourishment on the graves of the departed, though it is likely that the rites, from being at first carried out with the utmost seriousness, became in time an act of piety toward the dead, much the same as we deposit flowers on the graves of those who are dear to us.

A curious survival of this ancient custom is to be found among the orthodox Jews, who on the day of the funeral place a morsel, with salt and oil, by the side of the corpse. At present the sermon has, of course, a purely symbolical significance, but it is evident that the original purpose of these articles was to serve as food for the deceased. To this day Russians piously throw pieces of bread on the graves of friends and relatives, and one is strongly inclined to suspect that the less commendable Russian custom—so graphically described in one of Tourgenieff's novels—of combining a jolly repast with a funeral owes its origin to a perversion by no means uncommon of this same rite, by which the food, instead of being offered to the dead, came to be consumed by the living.

The large area covered by Babylonian cemeteries is worthy of remark. Sargulh measures about 12,000 square feet, and El-Hibba 15,000, and it is clear from this that they must have served for entire districts. Nor is it at all unlikely that Sargulh and El-Hibba are only parts of a vast necropolis—like those at Memphis and Thebes extending over a locality that for some reason was regarded as sacred to the dead, and to which bodies were brought from all parts of the empire. The Egyptians, we know, conveyed their dead hundreds of miles down the Nile, in order to inter them in the holy ground of Memphis or Thebes. The story of Jacob's burial in the book of Genesis is a reflection of this custom. To this day thousands of corpses are brought yearly from Persia and elsewhere to Nejd (near Kufa) of Arabs who desire to rest in the ground consecrated by the blood of the murdered Ali—Harper's Weekly.

What Time Is It?

Before you answer deduct a quarter of a second or add a quarter. Every watch or clock that is supposed to be correct, that is warranted, that runs by a chronometer, is out of the way at least a quarter of a second in twenty-four hours. There is no such thing as correct time on the face of the earth. Yes, that is so. If you want the correctest of correct time dig a hole in the ground, take your watch or clock along, get some one to stand on the edge of the hole, call out "Greenwich time!" and then pull the hole in after you. There is no vibration in the hole, and it is the vibration or oscillation of the earth that makes the chronometer go wrong.

Poison for some animals is food for others. Dogs can eat hemlock or hyocyanus, which is fatal to dogs and most other animals. Dogs and horses are not easily poisoned with arsenic. Goats eat water hemlock with impunity; pheasants, stramonium; rabbits, belladonna; and morphia is said to be innocuous to pigeons. There is some truth in the old saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." This is due to habits and idiosyncrasies.

It is estimated that the girl who dances catwalk waltzes travels about fourteen miles; and yet the same girl gets very tired if she walks five blocks.

The Oldest Furniture Store in Town, Having had 36 competitors and still lives.

Furniture of all designs can be had at our rooms at living prices.

Undertaking attended to with the usual promptness, accompanied by a Funeral Director.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY, A. G. & G. L. COUCH.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

Now offered by N. P. ROBINSON, The West Side Grocer.

Regular 60c Golden Syrup 42c per gallon. Extra fine cooking Molasses at 50 & 60c per gal. Case's clean sweep 40c Tobacco at 32c per lb. The best flour in the world at ordinary prices. The finest prizes with Baking Powder ever offered Also Fresh Roasted Coffee, Fresh Oysters, Fresh Groceries and Provisions of all kinds at the lowest living prices.

Goods Delivered Promptly in the Corporation.

NEW JOGGING CART, Is the best Cart in the market and will ride as easy with a boy weighing 25 pounds as a man weighing 250.

Is the best Cart in the market and will ride as easy with a boy weighing 25 pounds as a man weighing 250.

"White Bronze Monuments On Top."

The only Monument made that preserves the record for ages. "Inscriptions always legible." Buy the Bronze as it does not need replacing.

Portsmouth, N. H., White Bronze Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. Over 30,000 now in use in this country. The largest yet made standing in the States where granite is best known. Now is a good time to order.



R. N. GOODWIN, Agt. - Wellington, O.

For the Latest Improved Ensilage and Fodder Cutters, Horse Powers, 1 and 2-Horse Tread Powers, Corn and Cob Feed Mills, Feed Steamers, Call on G. E. TOWNSEND, Wellington, Ohio.

Scientific, Common Sense Treatment for Piles, and all diseases of the Rectum and Anus, without the use of Knife or Ligature. Rarely interfering with the patient's ordinary duties and practically painless. 9 A. M. to 3:30 P. M. L. D. HUDSON, M. D., 51 ATWATER BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

Learn short-hand, Old School. Every graduate employed. Big salaries. Low tuition. Quick work. Thorough instruction. Typewriting and Penmanship. Under the personal management of F. W. Willis, late Private Short-hand Reporter of Hon. J. Warren Ketter, ex-Speaker Lower House of Congress. (Catalogue 20 students free. Address, WILLIS' COLLEGE SHORT-HAND, Springfield, O.)

Inland Home Sires, Farm, Saver and Family, Importers and Breeders of Purebred and Patent Cattle. Horses. We offer a very large stock to select from, guarantee our horse breeders, make low prices, and sell on easy terms. Large catalogue free. Address, Harvey & Co., Detroit, Mich.

DR SELLERS' NEVER FAILS COUGH SYRUP. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.