

SOWING.

How thou thy seed of corn and wait awhile.
See the snow falling and the ice-spray gleam
Above its hiding-place. Hear the wind
And the wild tempest sweep o'er mile and
Of sudden landscape. Watch the rain-cloud's
Empty above it, and the siffling beam
Of sunlight thwart the field, until a seam
Of tender green shoots up to greet the smile.
And let God's miracle be wrought once more
Of life from death—from loss, most wondrous
The cornfield glitters with its golden store
On the same land where late the storm
Beat on the bare, brown earth. Thy sowing
Thine but to wait and pray lest faith
—should wane!

How thou thy seed of love, O heart, and wait
And fears
Though it lie hidden—though thy doubts
Whisper to thee 'tis lost, and thy sad tears
Fall on the ice-bound soil of bitter fate—
Surely the seed will live: Spring sets the
Of life wide open. See! though hid for
Leve seeks the light of love—its tender
Shall gladden thy sad eyes at last, though
Even but the blade perchance and not the
Ofttimes God seeth that Love's flower
Hath no perfection this side of the tomb.
But needeth for its growth the purer air
Of His sweet Paradise: after earth's gloom
Leave hath its blossoming—not here, but
—there!

—Kate Mellers, in Chambers' Journal.



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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

A few moments sufficed to dress the cut properly, and after turning over the knife and revolver to the authorities, to aid in identifying the two robbers, Tom was about to start for his hotel when his new acquaintance said, bluntly:

"Hold on a minute. I'd like to know the name of the man who stood by an old chap to-night and saved my life. How did you happen along so handy like?"

"My name is Tom Scott, and I happened to hear those men planning to rob somebody, so I kept an eye on them. That's all."

"No, it ain't all, by a long chalk," was the hearty response. "You did more'n that, and I might be chucked into the dock before this only for your pluck. My name is John Avery, and I'm pretty well known along the water front as a man of my word. If I can ever do you a good turn you can count on me. Live here in the city?"

"No, I'm just from New Hampshire," said Tom.

"Looking for work?"

"No, I'm trying to find a chance to get to the Klondike."

"Then, by thunder, you needn't look any longer," was the prompt reply, "because I'm bound there myself, and you shall go with me if you want to. I wouldn't ask a better mate than you. Where are you stopping?"

Tom mentioned the name of his hotel and the other said at once:

"All right. Let's go there and talk this thing over."

Half an hour later they were seated in the smoking room and Tom's modest story was told. When he had finished his friend said:

"That's a good, straight yarn, and some day I may have one to tell you that will open your eyes. All I need to say now is that my name is John Avery, I'm an old 40-er without wife or child, and I'm bound for the Klondike to get my pile. It's waiting for me there, all right. I've taken passage on a sailing vessel because I like the water and hate the cars. Besides, there is no use getting there before spring. I will pay your passage out on the same vessel, and you can keep your little pile. If the Yukon camps are anything like the old days in California, you'll need it all and more, too. We'll call it a loan or anything you like, and you can pay me when you strike a rich claim."

Tom protested faintly, but he was overwhelmed at the prospect, and soon yielded.

"We'll see about getting your passage the first thing in the morning," said Avery. "And now, as my old head is giving me particular fits, I guess I'll get a bed here and turn in. I was calculating to sleep on board to-night, but I'll wait for daylight before I try that trip again."

Then, pressing Tom's hand warmly, the old miner said:

"Good night, mate. You oughter sleep well after saving a man's life, and money, too. Do you know I have \$5,000 in my clothes, and but for you it wouldn't be there now."

There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes, as he turned hastily and left the room, leaving Tom to his pleasant thoughts.

He could hardly realize all that had been crowded into the few hours since his arrival, and his sleep was broken by fitful dreams, in which robbers and robbers played prominent roles.

CHAPTER II.

TOM MEETS AN OLD ENEMY.

When Tom Scott awoke the following morning his side was stiff and sore, but by the time he had dressed and made his way downstairs he had almost forgotten the wound in the realization of the fact that the way had been miraculously opened for him to reach the gold region.

He found the old miner waiting for him in the smoking-room, and as he

entered the latter arose and greeted him heartily, saying:

"Good morning, Scott. How is the side to-day? Pretty sore, isn't it? My headpiece is rather tender, too, from the clip I got, but they'll both have time to heal before the voyage is over. Come on, let's get a good square meal and then we'll go down to the vessel. I hope she'll be ready to sail to-day. All my stuff's been on board for a week now. You'll want a few duds, too, I dare say, for the trip."

After a hearty meal the two men proceeded to the wharf, and as they reached the scene of the previous night's struggle the elder man said, quietly:

"I'll never forget this place as long as I live. If those rascals had only dreamed what I carried with me they'd have finished their bloody work and I'd have been down there."

As he spoke he pointed significantly toward the icy water in the dock and then added:

"The money was nothing, but—"

He broke off suddenly and led the way in silence until they reached the vessel, where the captain, a grizzled old salt, was pacing the deck and urging the stevedores to greater efforts.

The Seabird was a trim built craft of about 600 tons. The cook was flying about the deck in his white apron, the second mate was hard at work below, and as the two men stepped on board the captain said, cheerily:

"Good morning, Mr. Avery. We're about ready, you see. The wind is fair, and if nothing happens we'll be under way by dinner time. The mate has gone back on me and I've sent after another man."

In a few words the miner informed the old seadog of his adventure the preceding evening, adding:

"This is Mr. Thomas Scott, who saved my life. If it hadn't been for him you'd have sailed without me, and now you've got to take him too. He'll pay the same as I do, and share my stateroom. Is it a bargain?"

"He's welcome," was the curt reply, "as long as he's to bunk in with you. I've no other spare berth."

"Good," exclaimed Avery. "Come on, Scott, we'll have to hurry up and get your stuff."

Tom's companion was an old traveler, and knew exactly what was required for the voyage, as well as where to obtain it, and when the tug came alongside at noon our hero had a well-filled chest of clothing below, and stood on deck watching the operation of getting under way.

"Make that hawser fast lively!" shouted a harsh voice near him, and Tom turned to see a short, thickest man, bustling about and cursing the sailors roundly. His face was turned away, but there was something familiar in his bearing, and Tom was wondering at this when Capt. Coffin shouted:

"Let the men get their dinner while we are towing down, Mr. Rider."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Tom started as if he had been shot. He saw the mate turn towards the poop deck as he replied and there was no mistaking his features. The red face, bushy beard and brutal mouth could belong to none other than Tom's old enemy, Obed Rider, who had brought the story of Capt. Scott's flight to Merivale. If any further proof was needed, his broken nose, which added to the repulsiveness of his appearance, was noticeable at the first glance.

As he caught sight of Tom he stopped as if rooted to the deck and uttered an exclamation of amazement, for the recognition was mutual. Then an evil light blazed in his eyes and he bounded towards Tom, hissing through his set teeth:

"How came you aboard this craft?"

His fists were clenched, but he paused before reaching striking distance, for four years had developed Tom Scott from a lanky boy into a tall, muscular man, and the same undaunted spirit now looked boldly into the other's eyes.

The captain and the old miner were both below at the moment, the former having gone to his dinner, after giving his last order, and the chief officer stood glaring at Tom like an enraged animal. He had been shipped at the last moment and had no knowledge of any passengers on board, supposing Tom must have been engaged as a common sailor.

"What are you doin' of on that quarter deck?" he demanded, as Tom made no reply to his first question. "What's the matter with you? Open your mouth or I'll open it for you! What are you doing here?"

"None of your business," replied Tom, finding his tongue at last.

"I'll make it my business, blimed quick!" cried the infuriated officer, his eyes snapping as he thought of the long voyage ahead and his power to take his revenge tenfold on one under his authority.

"Get forward where you belong," he shouted.

Tom understood now what was passing in the other's mind, but determined not to undecieve the mate in order that the truth might be all the more crushing when made known.

"I won't stir a peg for you, Obed Rider," he replied, "and if you are not careful I will make your face look worse than I did when I was a boy. What bad luck brought you here I don't know, but I warn you to keep clear from me!"

The expression on the mate's face was fairly fiendish as he snatched an iron belaying pin from the life rail and rushed at Tom, crying:

"You won't stir, eh! Curse you, I'll show you the difference between afloat and ashore!"

But his blow was arrested in mid air by an iron grip about his wrist and the weapon was torn from his hand instantly. He found himself pressed against the mizenmast with a force that nearly took his breath away, while Tom said, steadily:

"Don't try that with me again or I'll push you overboard!"

As he spoke he released the mate, who sprang for the cabin steps, his face crimson with passion, shouting:

"Mutiny! Mutiny! I'll have your life for this!"

He had reached the head of the steps when Capt. Coffin appeared on the scene, attracted by the mate's loud tones.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded, as the officer tried to push by him on the steps.

"It's mutiny, sir!" was the angry reply. "Wait till I get my pistol, and I'll soon settle it!"

The captain looked about him in surprise. Tom stood alone on the quarter deck, and the whole matter was inexplicable unless the new mate was crazy, a thought which found ample justification in his disordered appearance.

"Mutiny?" he repeated, contemptuously. "See here, if you've been drinking, Mr. Rider, don't let it happen again. I can make allowance for sailing day, but see it doesn't happen again!"

"I am as sober as you are," was the surly reply. "That man there! That Scott whelp! He refused to obey me, and I'll see whether I am mate of this ship or not!"

With one stride the captain reached his side and thrust his weather-beaten face close to the mate's, giving him a look before which the other quailed.

"Look you!" he said, sharply. "When you speak to me remember I have a handle to my name, and see you put it on every time! You must be drunk!"

The mate looked from one to the other as if he could not believe his own senses. What did it all mean? Why did the skipper refuse to side with him and allow Tom to stand there unmolested after assaulting his superior officer? Seeing he could do nothing but glare at Tom the skipper turned to the latter and said, coolly:

"It's next to impossible to get a sober man nowadays. The best seamen all seem to make it a business to keep drunk all the time they are ashore. After they get out to sea they are all right."

"Capt. Coffin," said the mate, stepping forward. "I have not touched a drop of liquor to-day. I ordered this man to go forward and he resisted me."

"Ordered him forward! Well, that's a good one!" and the captain broke into a hoarse chuckle. "Why, bless me, but a course you didn't know! Mr. Scott is a passenger on the Seabird and is going to Frisco with us. There's another down below, a Mr. Avery. Make you acquainted with Mr. Scott. Mr. Scott, this is my mate, Mr. Rider. It's all my fault not telling him you was aboard. Kinder funny, wasn't it?"

"We don't need any introduction," said Tom, quickly. "I have known Obed Rider a long time. I don't know any good of him, either."

Capt. Coffin was surprised, but he asked no questions, preferring to wait until he could see Tom alone. The mate bit his lip in baffled rage as he saw his prey not only removed from his power, but placed in a position where he must be treated with outward respect at least. He turned on his heel and went forward, vowing vengeance under his breath, but not daring to show his feeling further before the captain.

"So you know my mate?" then asked the captain.

"I knew him years ago," replied Tom, "and we had some trouble. It doesn't matter what it was about, but his nose got broken, and he hates me as hard as I do him. He may be a good sailor, however, and no doubt he is. He used to sail with my father."

A hail from the tug saved Tom any further explanation, and as the captain bustled off to reply Avery came out of the cabin and joined his roommate, who told him briefly about the recent trouble, making no mention of the original cause of the enmity between himself and Rider, for the charge against his father was too sore a subject to pass his lips.

By the time dinner was over the vessel was well down the harbor. When Boston light was reached the westerly wind began to freshen, and the sails stood full. Lines were hastily cast off, the tug's whistle gave a short blast as a parting salute, and, with a graceful nod of her sharp bow in return, the bark shot toward the open water, with every square inch of canvas pulling at the sheets, and the captain rubbing his horny palms with delight at the prospect of a fine departure.

John Avery was an old sailor, and the motion of the vessel caused him no inconvenience, but Tom was soon stretched in his bunk, where he remained the better part of two days, while the Seabird flew along before the favorable gale in a manner which did not belie her name.

When he managed to get on deck Cape Cod was more than 300 miles astern, and already the weather was beginning to grow milder. A few days more made him completely well, and long before the equator was reached he had acquired quite a professional roll and felt perfectly at home.

Of the mate he saw very little, as the latter stood watch and watch with the



"I'll show you the difference between afloat and ashore."

second officer, being on deck every other four hours, night and day. Mr. Green, the second mate, was a bright active young man about Tom's age, and the two became very friendly as the Seabird sped steadily to the southward. It seemed as if old Neptune had made an extra effort to help the vessel along for she escaped the customary calms near the line and caught the southeast trades the same day she lost those from the northeast which had served her as well. No incident of importance occurred to break the monotony of the voyage, and as they stood by the wheel one noon when Capt. Coffin was taking his observation he announced that they were as far south of the line as Boston was north of it.

Then he went below to look at the glass, cast a careful glance around the horizon, and went below once more, only to reappear on deck.

"There ain't a cloud in the sky," he said, bluntly, "but the glass is going down as though the bottom had dropped out of everything. We're going to catch it, as sure as my name is Seth Coffin. My glass never lied to me yet."

Gradually the wind died out, until the Seabird lay becalmed, rising and falling on the swell, but the sky remained clear. The barometer continued to fall in an alarming manner, and after an hour the heat became oppressive.

Then from all quarters of the horizon a mass of white clouds arose, until they presented the appearance of huge mountains of snow, darkening as they ascended, and massing together until they formed a canopy overhead, entirely concealing the blue sky above. Soon they deepened until the whole heavens were solidly black, as if covered with folds of velvet. In a few places, however, the color seemed to vary to a dark, purplish gray, as one edge of an overlapping cloud was exposed.

Long before this time all hands were on deck, and the Seabird was stripped for the battle with the elements. Whatever his other faults, Obed Rider was a good seaman, and with but few suggestions from the captain, he had made everything snug, only a close-reefed mainmast and storm staysail showing aft, while a portion of the foretopmast staysail stood out white and clear against the gloomy background, in readiness to pay her head off when needed.

There was a painful stillness, broken only by the mournful monotone in the rigging which always precedes a hurricane, and as though the craft knew her danger and tried to utter her feeble protest against the forces of nature.

Suddenly, far above the mastsheads, sounded an unearthly scream, as if the storm demons had united in sounding the charge. Still the sails hung idly, and not a breath of air could be felt.

Then in the far distance a long, bright streak suddenly illuminated the horizon, increasing with marvelous rapidity until all could see what seemed to be an endless line of rolling snow. It was impossible to bring the vessel's head up to meet the danger without wind, and she lay helpless in its path, rolling uneasily about on the disturbed sea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

How an American in Cuba unwittingly Called Out the Whole Army.

In one of the old stories of English folk-lore we are told that, in the caverns of Alderley Edge, a ridge of high land, are 999 horsemen ready to start into action should the right bugle blow. The author of "Cannon and Camera" had, in Cuba, his experience of a like assembling. With a party he was on his way, through mud and rain, to a spot where he expected to get a fine view of Santiago.

"We came to a river already much swollen from the shower, its stream rushing down in torrents from the hill-top. Through this we were obliged to wade up to our armpits, holding our cameras and plates above our heads."

"When we reached the dilapidated old fort we fell in with the outpost of the Cubans in front of San Juan. We were told that, two or three days previous to our arrival, the Spaniards had evacuated this fort very unceremoniously. This was the day after the battle with the rough riders, in which, being routed, they fell back on their main forces, about two miles in the rear."

"In this old fort was a bell tower, containing a finely carved bell. Something prompted me to go up into the tower and examine the bell. Once there, an impulse seized me to ring the bell, and I did it, with alarming effect; far out of hiding came every Cuban soldier for miles and miles, all wildly gesticulating."

"I realized immediately that this was the signal for assembling in mass should the enemy be seen to advance. I shall never forget that sight so long as I live. Of course I was admonished for doing it, but when I assured everybody that my intentions were honest forgiveness was accorded me."—Youth's Companion.

Musical Egotism.

A musician died, and his sleeping soul waited at the gate. Then said the angel: "Has this man sinned?" "Yes," answered the voices of the neighbors; "he has played his own works all day."

"What shall be his punishment?" asked the angel. "Let him hear those works forever," cried the voices. So the soul was awagened in hell by the chanting of its own music. "This must be Heaven," it said.—London Academy.

Silk is considered unclean by the Mohammedans, because it is the product of a worm.

In Westminster Abbey 1,173 persons have been buried.

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TIME TABLE.
In effect Nov. 15, 1904.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

EASTWARD		WESTWARD	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 4	No. 3
Toledo Cherry St. Lv.	7:15	7:15	7:15
Toledo Union Depot	7:20	7:20	7:20
Wapakoneta	7:30	7:30	7:30
Chillicothe	7:40	7:40	7:40
Bellevue	7:50	7:50	7:50
Monroeville	8:00	8:00	8:00
Norwalk	8:10	8:10	8:10
Wellington	8:20	8:20	8:20
Massillon	8:30	8:30	8:30
Massillon	8:40	8:40	8:40
Navarre	8:50	8:50	8:50
Zoar	9:00	9:00	9:00
Valley Junction	9:10	9:10	9:10
Sherrillsburg	9:20	9:20	9:20
Mingo Jet.	9:30	9:30	9:30
Brilliant	9:40	9:40	9:40
Selo	9:50	9:50	9:50
Brilliant	10:00	10:00	10:00
Mingo Jet.	10:10	10:10	10:10
Sherrillsburg	10:20	10:20	10:20
Martin's Ferry	10:30	10:30	10:30
Wheeling	10:40	10:40	10:40

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