

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER.

Down at the corner grocery store Sat Billings. Haft a dozen more were grouped about the stove that day.

"The ones who used to win success would find hard sleddin' now, I guess, in tryin' fer to write their name high on the deathless scroll of fame.

"Fact is, to-day there ain't no chance fer anybody to advance. The things worth doin' has been done; there's nothin' left fer any one.

"Now there's Columbus; s'posin' he were one of us to-day, he'd see there ain't no worlds a-loadin' round just sort o' watin' to be found.

"The printin' press, the railway train, the ships that plow the ragin' main, an' the telegraph an' telephone, an' all things, were once unknown.

"Some folks say we've as good a show as what they had long ago fer findin' out things. That's all bosh; Leavin' is all we've got, b'gosh!

"An' say! I purty nearly hate the man who dares to intimate the wise men who have passed away was smarter'n what we're to-day."

"My dear, I am acting for the best," firmly. "My usefulness here is over, and to remain would only make matters more disagreeable for you, as well as me.

"Not much of a place to leave," as he turned and swept the barely-furnished room with a glance. "But, still, I'm sorry to go."

"He was a slender young man, with a keen, intellectual face, and carried himself with a certain dignity, as became one who had been five years the village schoolmaster.

"As his glance lingered on the faded hangings, the uncomfortable-looking haircloth furniture, the faded rag carpet, it rested on a small trunk in the middle of the room, and he frowned.

"I wonder what can keep the fellow?" he muttered. "He promised me faithfully he would not disappoint."

"Well, here I be," said the newcomer, in a deep, bass voice. "Very good, Jim. Now, you will take this trunk to the station, without saying whose it is. Let no one know I am going. Understand?"

"Here is for your trouble," and from a slender purse the young man passed over a silver piece, which the other, after biting, thrust in pocket.

"Barnett waited until he heard the man's steps on the front porch, then, with a parting look around the room that had been his home for five years, he blew out the lamp and slipped down the stairs and into the night.

"He made his way rapidly along the country road, which, without the moonlight to guide him, he could have traversed safely, he knew it so well. Passing a few dark houses, he came at last to the entrance of an extensive estate, and paused for a moment before the great iron gate.

"It seemed to him that the stone lions bearing shields on the pillars on each side of the way were grinning at him derisively. 'I wonder if I shall ever see this place again,' he murmured. 'Am I acting for the best? I hope so.' Then, as he saw a faint light still glimmered in the gatekeeper's little house, he passed rapidly on. Further he found a hole in the tall hedge, and, wriggling through, entered the park.

"It was evidently not the first time that he had found his way into the grounds in this surreptitious way,

for here, where the old trees interlaced, not a gleam of moonlight penetrated the place. Yet he walked on without stumbling through the blackness, coming presently to another hedge, scarcely higher than his shoulder. A silvery radiance shone over this part of the park. Here he paused for a moment to listen, then stepped back again into the shadows. There was the sound of rustling leaves, and then a man appeared in the moonlight.

"Dick could only make out that he was tall and ragged, for his face was in the shadow of an overhanging bough. Only for a moment did the stranger stand there, when he turned and made off in the direction of the house, the lights of which could be seen gleaming in the distance.

"What can that ruffian be doing here?" muttered the schoolmaster, as he came out into the path again. "A poacher, no doubt, after Ellison's fish. Better buy such things than have a stocked lake to attract all the wandering vagabonds in the country."

"He approached the hedge again, peered cautiously over, and, catching sight of something white in the distance, uttered a low whistle. The young woman, for such the white object was, running forward, opened a gate in the hedge near at hand, and came toward him.

"Oh, Dick!" she began, impulsively, lifting her face to his, "what does it—what can it all mean?" "I will tell you—but not here. Come, we are far too near the house to talk in peace," and he drew her away into the shadows, but still in sight of the moonlit path.

"Finding a fallen tree, he pressed her to sit down, and then took a seat beside her. "Now, then, tell me quickly. Don't you see, I am burning with anxiety?" she said.

"There is little more to tell you than that I think it best to go away. It is only a question of time before I should be sent. Your mother has learned of our attachment, and she could easily break it off, she believes."

"She little knows me," replied the girl, firmly. "After all, what can she do?" "Well, the first step would be to get your father to discharge me, and that, I believe, he contemplates doing, though he has been friendly to the last. Still, she could persuade him. I feel sure of it. Then, you see, I would have to go anyway."

"But what is to become of me—what am I to do?" almost in tears. She was little more than a child, barely 17. "I don't want you to go—I won't have it!" with a stamp of the foot.

"My dear, I am acting for the best," firmly. "My usefulness here is over, and to remain would only make matters more disagreeable for you, as well as me. I am going to the city, where there is some chance for me to show my ability, if I have any. There is no chance for me to rise here, and when I have made a competence, and am in a position to take care of you as you deserve, why, we will marry, in spite of the world."

"And will that be very long—very, very long?" she asked, in a doleful voice, that caused him to laugh. "Not long, if the world appreciates my transcendent genius," with a flippant air. "Not long, if hard work and application will lift me to a respectable place in society."

"Still, I think it is very mean of you to go," poutingly. "Don't think it is not a wrench for me to part from you." "But the girl refused to be comforted, and it was only through lavish endearments and many promises that she became more composed and reasonable, and began to share his view, that it was for the best."

"But we can't part this way," she protested. "I must give you something to remember me by. Just wait here for a moment until I run over to the house. I shall not be gone long," and, before he had a chance to protest that a souvenir was not necessary, she had flitted away out beyond the light into the shadows.

After she had gone he found himself listening to the myriad voices of the forest, that seemed to fall with irritating reiteration on his ears. He felt far from being in a cheerful mood, not knowing what the future might bring forth, or if, indeed, he ever should see her again. It was such a breaking away from old ties, this starting out, after the placid years he had spent as the village school-teacher. Sometimes he wondered if he was fit to wage a good fight beyond there, in the humming city. Well, at least, he was not without courage, and, if he went down, it would be to fall fighting.

"How long the girl was! It seemed to him that she must have been gone for hours. Perhaps she had been detained, and it would be impossible for her to return. Still, knowing what a passionate little person she was, and accustomed pretty much to having her own way, it would be a difficult matter for them to have kept her back. Finally, he could bear the waiting no longer, but rose and stepped out to the edge of the trees, looking anxiously in the direction of the house. It would be really too bad if their last meeting should be so woefully curtailed.

A step behind him, and, as he turned, it was to face Mrs. Ellison. Even in that light he saw that her face wore an angry expression. "What are you doing here?" He did not answer, for the surprise of the meeting had checked his speech. She was a tall, handsome woman, and wore an evening

dress that displayed her fine arms and bosom. In the moonlight, with the dark trees around, she was a picture for a painter. She was swinging a garden hat back and forth in one jeweled hand, with an angry gesture, then, stamping her foot, she repeated the question: "I ask you again, sir, what are you doing in these grounds?" "It may be that I came to take a last look at the house—of my friend, Mr. Ellison," he stammered.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble—since it is my house and not his," which was true, Dick knew, since the wife had the fortune. "And now, since you have seen it, go!" "Yes," replied the young man, but making no move to leave.

"I know that it was one of the family you came to see," she continued, with rising anger. "I congratulate Mr. Ellison on his protegee. A fine guardian for young people, truly. Sneaking in here, like a thief in the night, to see my daughter, who is too young to know better."

"Your daughter will never suffer at my hands, madam," the anger rising within him, which he dared not give vent to. "Enough! We will not discuss that matter. Your presence here is a sufficient answer. And now I insist again on your going. Do you want me to appeal to the servants?" "I—I will go, I will go," murmured poor Dick, as he moved away, cursing his misfortune in having encountered this beautiful fury at such a time. Once he looked back, only to find that she was still standing in the path looking after him. She doubtless meant to remain there until she was sure that he was on his way out of the park. With a sigh he went on his way, until a turn of the path hid her from sight.

Then he stopped for a moment to consider. Should he not be able to return by a circuitous way to the place where he was to wait for Grace? What would she think if she arrived there and found that he was gone? Was it not worth braving even the anger of Mrs. Ellison to try and see her again? While he was considering the matter an agonizing cry in a woman's voice rang through the woods. Had something happened to Grace? Without a moment's hesitation, he dashed back over the road he had just traversed. It was only a short distance before he almost stumbled over the figure of a woman on the ground. It was very dark at that point where she lay. He stooped and picked her up, carrying her into the light. It was Mrs. Ellison. Her eyes were closed, a strange pallor on her face. He laid her gently on the bank at the side of the road. Had she fainted? It was strange that he should be the first one to come to the assistance of a woman who had been abusing him but a few moments before. Had the excitement of that short interview so worked on her nerves that she had fainted? What was to be done? It was an embarrassing position for him to be in. There was nothing that he could do to help her, and yet help was needed. Should he call for assistance? There seemed to be nothing else to do; he could not leave the poor woman there, even if she had insulted him.

Then, as he leaned over her, hoping to see some signs of returning consciousness, a shuddering feeling of terror crept over him. There was a strange stain on the white silk waist, a stain that, as he watched, seemed to be spreading slowly—slowly. Filled with horror at the sight, and the consciousness that he was in the presence of the victim of a tragedy, he looked around him with frightened eyes. Then he turned instinctively to his hands—they felt warm and strangely moist. With a feeling of overcoming faintness, he stooped hastily and began to hurriedly clean them on the grass. It seemed as if it seemed as if the stains would never come out.

He was rising, eager to be on his way to the house and warn the people of what had taken place. Then he felt a strong hand grasping his shoulder. He remembered trying to wrench himself free. Then the confused sound of many voices, the flash of lanterns and imprecations, in which his name was mingled, then a blow that mercifully seemed to dispel all these distorted visions, and a grateful oblivion that hid everything.

CHAPTER II. IN THE SHADOW OF THE BARS. The landlord of the Bluebell inn of Exton was dozing in a corner of his cafe one morning, moodily meditating on the dullness of business and the appalling temperance of the natives, when he was startled by a deep voice calling out: "Waiter, a pint of champagne!" Mr. Peter Bowersox was on his feet, rubbing his eyes, and wondering if the voice was a part of his dreams. Not since he had started in business in that too abstemious village had anyone surprised him by such an order. He looked, expecting to find a bediamonded traveler who had strayed into his inn for want of a better, but found himself facing a small, gray-bearded man, clad in a snuff-colored suit. His hands were red and knotted, he wore a shocking bad hat, while his dusty and bulbous shoes showed that he had not come in town in a carriage.

Peter thought he must have heard wrong until the order was repeated, with the pleasing addition, "Make it a quart." Then Mr. Bowersox realized that he was confronting a pleasant reality, and not a dream, and at once set down his guest as a prince traveling in disguise. It did not occur to

him that princes seldom spoke with a pronounced Yankee twang. The wine was secured from its fly-blown eminence behind the bar, where it had served for many years as an ornament. After it was duly opened, the stranger displayed his princely character when he invited the landlord to share its contents. The stranger smacked his lips with gusto over the vile decoction of gooseberries and alcohol, to the great delight of the host, who was afraid the first taste of the beverage might be the cause of a violent outbreak. It warmed his heart to meet with a customer so easily pleased, for the natives of the place were not very considerate of his feelings. He was a shrewd enough judge of human nature to know that the stranger was there for a purpose, so he waited respectfully to learn what it was.

"It seemed to me as I came along that there was a great deal of excitement going on in the town for such a quiet place," began the man in the snuff-colored suit. "What's up? Some political matter on hand?" And he looked the landlord over keenly with his sharp, black eyes. "No wonder they're flyin' 'round like hens with their heads out off. There hain't been such doin's, I guess, since the town was started!" exclaimed Peter, who dearly loved to retail gossip.

"Ah!" and the stranger took advantage of the other's enthusiasm to drop the contents of his glass on the floor. "There was a murder committed up to the big house. You might have passed it on the way down. Got two stun critters on the pillars on each side of the big gate."

"Ellison's wife, it seems, was walkin' in the park 't'other night 'bout ten o'clock, and she never come back alive. Was struck down right in the path near the house. Just one blow—she never spoke again."

"Bless me, what a tragedy for a quiet place like this!" "Ye may well say so. The folks is wild. It'll go hard, I'm afraid, with the school-teacher."

"What had he to do with it?" and the little man seemed to prick up his ears, as if a point of interest to him had been reached. "Well, they think he done it—and everything points that way. Ye see, the Ellisons had one child—a daughter."

"Ah!" The little man pushed his glass aside, drew himself closer to the table and looked at Mr. Peter with such a piercing expression that the good landlord for a moment was speechless. "Well, what about this daughter? Why don't you go on, man?" exclaimed the stranger.

(To Be Continued.) THE HARNESSSED CYCLONE. An Illustrative Instance of the Triumph of Mind Over the Perseverity of Matter. It was during the portion of his career when he lived in the valley of the South Fork of the Big Sandover river that Henry Plymshaw, the inventor, made his most notable invention. This invention had to do with cyclones, writes H. V. Marx, in Harper's Magazine.

One afternoon Inventor Plymshaw saw a splendid specimen of a funnel cyclone coming over the prairie, and he called to me and said we would go out and study it, since it was evident that it was going to one side. The instant the cyclone sighted us it came straight in our direction. We weren't prepared for this exactly, so all we could do was to run. We were just on the point of giving up, when a most extraordinary thing happened. Curious thing. Sort of natural, too. That cyclone stepped down a 50-foot well. And there it was. Only one leg, and that down a 50-foot well in the middle of a sheep pasture. If it had had two legs no doubt it could have scrambled out, but it couldn't make it with one. Couldn't do anything but revolve. And it did do that. I never saw a cyclone revolve like that one. Mad, apparently, because it had missed Plymshaw and me, and got caught. So it just buzzed around like a top. Nothing in the world to stop it.

Most men—mere men of action—would have been satisfied at getting away and not having to revolve with the houses and lots; but not Plymshaw. No; he got to thinking, and what was the result? Put a belt around the stem of that cyclone just at the top of the well, set up a dynamo, strung wire, and ran all the machinery and electric lights in that part of the country. Regular Niagara for power. Going yet. Nothing to stop it, you see. Wonderful what a thing mind is!

A Composition on Man. In a school here the children were asked to write an original composition. Here is part of what a little girl wrote: "Man was made before woman. "When God looked at Adam he said: 'I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. "Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. "My papa is so nice that I think he was a little girl when he was a little boy."—Little Chronicle

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