

THE ENTERPRISE.

J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

WELLINGTON, OHIO.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

Yells that brought to mind the savage in his war-paint all a-sore!
Raids that recalled the ravage of some border-land expert!

LONE HOLLOW; Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOB" AND OTHER STORIES.

[Copyright, 1888, by the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company.]

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TRAMP.

"Help—help!"
It was a woman's cry, and rang out in piteous terror through the aisles of the dim old woods.

A young girl stood with her back against the trunk of a tree, with extended hands, a look of terror on her white, beautiful face.
From her feet lay strewn a mass of forest flowers, some of them partially woven into a wreath.

The object of the girl's terror was revealed in the form of a man, big and fierce looking, with bushy beard, unsmooth dress and the swagger of a low-bred ruffian.
He had pushed his way suddenly into the narrow glade occupied by the young girl, and it was a low chuckle from his lips that caused her to start to her feet.

"Come here and let me kiss you, pretty," uttered the man.
Then he began to move toward her. It was at this moment that she gave utterance to the cry of alarm that opens our story.

The man was a stranger to Grace Penroy, and his forbidding aspect quite frightened her, even aside from his threatening words.
"Don't touch me, sir," pleaded Grace, in a low voice. She was too deeply terrified now to speak loudly or to stand out as she had done at the outset.

"Go far her, Billy! I'll stand over back. Kiss her, and then we'll see what's next to be did."

And then a second man, far worse-looking than the first, pushed into view. He was ragged, dirty and bear-eyed, his sandy hair and beard not having made the acquaintance of comb or brush in months, apparently. They were certainly all looking a pair of tramps as one would meet within a thousand miles' journey.

Grace Penroy was now too frightened to utter a word. Her blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and a chill stole over every nerve, rendering her rigid and motionless as a statue.

A grunt of satisfaction fell from the lips of the man addressed as Billy, and with a quick stride he stood at the side of the startled girl.
"Help!"

A cry did come to the pallid lips, but this only served to enrage the vicious tramp. He grated his teeth and shook her fiercely.
"Bill! I'll be hissed, at the same time drawing the paralyzed girl toward him.

That moment was an awful one to poor Grace Penroy. A fate worse than death stared her in the face. She remembered then the prophecy of an old gipsy that the family of Penroy was destined to go down in woe to final extinction. She could see the wrinkled, hideous face of the hag prophesying, and it took on the outlines of the tramp's wicked countenance.

"Don't yell if you don't want to die!" hissed the ruffian, drawing her, unresisting now, toward him. His hyena-like grin was repulsive. His breath fanned her cheek. She was ready to faint with fright when an interruption came that was both startling and unexpected.

A sudden blast, awful in its distinctness, fell on the ear of Grace Penroy. The clutch on her arm suddenly relaxed and the giant tramp sank, limp as a dishrag, at her feet.
Grace roiled and clutched a small sapling for support. At her feet lay the ruffian, with blood upon his black countenance. A heavy object had shot from a tree-top upon his head, that object now lying beside him—a short, silver-mounted rifle, the butt of which had done deadly work.

The second tramp was startled. He glanced about in evident alarm, but, seeing no one, made a sudden move to seize the rifle. He was not quick enough to accomplish his design, however. A dark form shot through the leaves and stood beside the prostrate tramp—a youth of slender form, who snatched the rifle from its resting-place and presented the muzzle at the breast of the discomfited tramp.

"If you don't care to die, you will move off."
There was a low sternness in the voice that was effective. Tramps are proverbially cowardly, and this one was no exception. He retreated suddenly, and began to beg for mercy.

"Don't stop to beg," cried the boy, sneeringly. "The country has no use for such vermin, and I had as lief shoot you as not. Go!"

The sounder waited to hear no more, but wheeled and fled at the top of his speed. Then the rescuer of female innocence faced Grace Penroy.
He was a handsome youth of apparently

twenty. His face was dark, his black hair hanging in long, wavy masses to his shoulders. His upper lip was adorned with a black mustache. His dress was plain, yet of fine cloth, and his rather small feet were encased in heavy shoes.

One of his hands had a blood-stain across it where it had been scratched by a twig.
"Miss Penroy, I believe," said the young man, lifting his gray cap with a smile that revealed rows of even white teeth.

"Yes, sir," she answered, opening her honest gray eyes wide with astonishment.
"You are a stranger to me," she concluded, after a moment.

"I suppose so. But few people in and about Stonefield, or Lone Hollow, know Louis Fingal; even you never heard the name I venture to say."

"I never did until this moment," admitted Grace, blushing prettily under his earnest gaze.

"You may learn more of me in the future," he said, leaning thoughtfully on his handsome rifle.

"I hope so. I love you much. Will you not come to the house? Grandfather will be pleased to see one who has befriended his pet grandchild. It all seems strange to me. You were up in a tree. I do not fully understand it even now."

She shuddered and clung more tightly to the sapling for support, while her honest gray eyes regarded his handsome face questioningly.

"I was in the woods gunning, looking for deer. I know that old hunters sometimes watch a deer-trail from an elevated perch—my brother always did, and he was one of the most successful Nimrods in the West."

"And were you perched up there watching for a deer?" questioned innocent Grace.
"That's about the truth of it," he admitted.

"But there hasn't been a deer in these woods in years," and she laughed for the first time.

"I must beg leave to differ with you there, Miss Penroy."

"But I know," affirmed the girl. "I have lived at Lone Hollow for years and years—"

"And never saw a deer?"

"Never."

"Yet I have been here but one day, and have seen as pretty a one as I could wish to look on. I sat entranced watching the beautiful creature, consequently forgot all about my rifle."

There was a quizzical smile on his face, while a mischievous glint sparkled in his eyes.

Her long lashes dropped, covering her gray orbs. She bit her lip in some confusion. His full meaning dawned on her brain, and she did feel annoyed, and certainly would have been offended had not she eyed so much to the youth before her.

"Sever mind, Miss Penroy," and his merry laugh rang out pleasantly. "I did not mean to give offense, I see that this fellow is stirring. Shall I bind him and turn him over to the authorities for punishment, or do you prefer to overlook his rascality?"

Grace regarded the fallen tramp with a little tremor of disgust and fear.

"I think I will not punish him further. If he recovers he will not forget the blow, and—"

"Of course. We will leave him to the tortures of an outraged conscience," interrupted Fingal, lightly.

"Are you sure that he is not mortally injured?" questioned the tender-hearted Grace.

"I am sure of it. Even if he was mortally hurt who would weep for him?"

"He had a mother once," was Grace's soft answer.

"So had we all," sighed Fingal, his light mood vanishing suddenly. "But there's no danger of harming such a fellow as this with an ordinary thump; their heads are thick."

He bent down and made a brief examination.
"No harm done," he said at length, coming to his feet. "I believe I will accompany you home. There's one resident at Lone Hollow whom I wish to see."

"A friend?"

"No, an enemy."

"I can not conceive of such a thing," declared Grace. "I am sure all the inmates of my home are good people."

"Perhaps you don't know Lara Joyce as well as I do."

she indulged herself freely on the present occasion.
"We were living not far from Detroit—father's business was in that city."

"Indeed! Do you like this lonesome place?"

"At first I did not."

"Yes. You have become accustomed to the solemn old place."

"Yes, in a measure."

"Do you often wander so far from home as to-day? It seems to me not wholly safe for you to do so," persisted Fingal.

"Not often. I am, however, privileged to do as I please. I expect, when my cousin comes, I shall take immense pleasure in visiting all the noted scenes and wild places in the neighborhood," declared Grace, with no little enthusiasm.

"You tell me you have never seen your cousin. Certainly you do not know that you will like her."

"No, but then I mean to. It certainly will be her fault if I do not," declared Grace, emphatically.

"Believe so myself," he returned, smiling into the pretty, flushed face of his beautiful companion. "There are noted spots in this vicinity, you tell me?"

"Many. Just a mile to the west is Hangman's Gulch, where 'tis said one of the first settlers was robbed for murder. Then I have heard that not far from this hollow is a cone where at one time old Lila Doby secreted himself several days from his pursuers. You see, we live in a romantic region."

"I should say so," agreed Fingal. "You ought to be a poet, or an artist, Miss Penroy, then you might immortalize the country roundabout."

They walked on then, descending the hill, following the wagon road along up the next incline to the front door of the old mansion. On the porch an old man sat smoking a pipe. His hair was white as the driven snow, his face smooth-shaven after the manner of olden times. His dress was quiet and old, and altogether he presented the appearance of one of the revolutionary patriarchs.

He sat in a huge arm-chair as old and as quaint as himself, while at his side, leaning against his knee, was a heavy cane out from the native woods.

He removed his pipe when he saw the two young people coming up the broad graveled walk, pushing with wrinkled fingers his glasses high upon his bald brow.

"Eh! It's Gracie, and—and, yes, by the board of the prophet, it's a young man! Confound it; confound it, I say! One young man is enough for a girl. Haven't I told her—"

"Grandpa, this is Mr. Fingal. He saved my life, and I want you to thank him, as I can not, for the act. Mr. Fingal, Grandpa Vandible."

Then Grace went in to her mother, leaving the two gentlemen together.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Vandible, as he shook the stranger's hand without rising, "I've got the stiffness of old age in my bones, and can't get up and down as I once could."

"Certainly, sir."

Fingal laid his rifle carefully aside and accepted a chair that stood near.

"Grace says you saved her life. What did she mean? I'm sure the huzzy ought not to put herself in danger. I've warned her enough, yes, I have. But there's no end of trouble one has with the girls, confound 'em; yes, I say, confound 'em."

Then Mr. Vandible readjusted his glasses, and peered his cane gently while he resumed his smoking.

Fingal explained the meaning of Grace's words, and when he had modestly told his story the old man's cane fell with a mighty crash to the floor. Up went the glasses once more, and the pipe was quickly removed from his lips.

"Confound it, confound it, I say," uttered Mr. Vandible.

"It isn't really safe for a young girl to go out unattended," asserted Fingal, after a moment.

"No, it ain't, that's a fact. I've talked till all was blue to keep Grace from running wild in this way, but I might just as well talk to a fence-post, I had. I'll tell you, my young friend, one thing, and the old man laid his hand on Fingal's knee and regarded him with a queer pucker of the gray lips, speaking evidently in confidence, "I've tried to have Grace marry a protector, I have."

"Such a comical look came to the old fellow's face as to bring a smile to the lips of Fingal in spite of his efforts at gravity as he listened to the old man's story.

"Could she! Could Grace Penroy marry! Great Mahomet! Young chap, there isn't a gentleman in forty miles of Lone Hollow who wouldn't jump at the chance to wed Morgan Vandible's grandchild. She's an heiress, my boy, an heiress to millions. Confound it, sir, confound it, she shall marry, I say, and at once. I want this trouble off my mind. This looking after the girl is a torment, and to think another is coming! It'll be pandemonium here after that; yes, pandemonium, I say."

The old man groaned, jammed his glasses once more over his eyes, resumed his pipe and began smoking furiously.

Fingal felt that he had found an original, and was immensely pleased.

He now too ask the driver, I suppose. That must be my cousin's trunk."
"Of don't think it is too late," uttered Fingal, springing up and hastening in pursuit of the stage. He was fleet of foot, and soon overtook the lumbering vehicle.

"The gal'll come to'ards night," said John, in answer to Fingal's question.
"Yess, the chist was born. She'll be along with a private rig, I was told."

And Fingal brought this information back to Grace and her grandfather.

"I'd a pesky sight rather she'd stay away altogether," grunted the old man.

"Why, grandpa?" cried Grace.

"I had, though. Her mother was the worst female I ever saw. She'd a catamount temper, and gave poor Jonas, her husband, no end of trouble. If Lara's any like her mother I want none of her. May be, though, she's like meek Jonas. If so, it wouldn't take much of a hand to manage her."

"Grandpa, remember, that Lara hasn't any father or mother now, and that we must be kind to the orphan."

"Yes, yes, that's true, Gracie. We'll be kind to her, and she shall have half my fortune if she behaves herself. I say that and I mean it, I do."

The old man had various moods. At one time he seemed harsh and stern, while perhaps the next minute he would be all sympathy and compassion. He had one soft spot and that was love for his granddaughter.

Fingal excused himself and was about to depart, when Mr. Vandible said, suddenly: "Boy, I haven't settled with you for smothering the head of the tramp who insulted Gracie. How much do I owe you? Name your own price now. Don't be bashful; I can pay any amount from a dollar up to a million, I can."

The old man drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket and proceeded to open it with pompous deliberation.

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed Grace, shocked at the practicality of the old gentleman. But Fingal received the offer in good part.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Vandible," he said, with a laugh. "I may crave your hospitality on more than one occasion, which, coupled with a friendly smile from Miss Grace, will be ample reward."

"Yes, yes; but, confound it, that's just what I don't want. The girl's got more youngsters hanging round her now than she can manage."

"Grandpa, why will you?"

"Stop! stop! stop!" commanded the old man, thumping the boards with his cane. He looked very angry, and poor Grace was completely crushed. She dared say no more, and with a parting word Fingal walked away.

"High-strung young buck," muttered the old man, after the young hunter was gone.

"Grandpa," protested the girl, "you have offended the gentleman. I am sure he will never come here again."

"That's exactly right," chuckled Mr. Vandible, resuming his pipe. "I don't want him hanging and dangling around. There's that impudent Austin Wentworth! I'll have to travel the next time I see him. To think of a girl having three lovers. It's perfectly awful, outrageous, wicked, reprehensible and indecent! I say. Haven't I told you that Clinton Starbright was the one I approved of, and the one you must marry. You know I have, you huzzy, and I don't want any back talk, either, remember that, now."

Again the old man's cane made the floor jar with its owner's emphatic earnestness. Grace knew the old man's moods full well. As for back talk, she once indulged in it, but of late had been wise enough to refrain. She walked calmly into the house and sent one of the men servants to bring in the trunk that the stage had deposited at the gate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAT ABOUT CANES.

The Walking-Stick of Early American History and That of To-day.

About nine men out of ten carry canes, and one man out of ten really needs a cane. Originally a cane was a branch of a tree, sometimes used as a club for defense, at other times as a crutch. In modern times, no one needs a club for protection, since it is at best a very crude weapon, and feeble men who need a cane for support are very rarely met with. But canes are carried almost universally because it is the fashion.

The Mexicans first used canes in America. When the Spanish conquered the country a queer custom was introduced. The chief executive of the town carried a stick with a gold or silver head. It was a kind of scepter.

The people, of course, rarely know how to read or write, and when any man was wanted for a crime, one of the mayor's subordinates would take the cane, find the culprit and place it horizontally upon the latter's chest.

The preceding was equivalent to a summons, and the man had to appear before the mayor under the penalty of being cast into prison. This custom was borrowed from Spain, where it still prevails in the more important sections.

The cane of early American history, like that of Biblical times, was part of the repository of the leaders of the church. It was the principal badge of the deacon.

The cane was about five feet long. One end was embellished with a big knob, the other with feathers. When the small boy rebelled against the straight-back perch he got a rap on the head with the uncharitable end of the cane. If the head of the family got to dreaming about his old English home and the cozy little nest in one of the shires, the turkey's plumage on the deacon's cane feathered the sleeper into life again.

The Irish have always been associated with a blackthorn stick of short and thick dimensions. They used these queer little sidearms in the invasions of the English kings and in religious wars.

It is curious to note how fashion regulates the size of canes. At present, fashion dictates that canes shall be thick and knotty, with large heads, the more grotesque the better. In another year, perhaps, there will be a return to the slim cane, little better than a wand, flexible and light, which was in vogue ten years ago. It will doubtless be of as much service as the thick cane, since that is of no service at all—Golden Days.

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.

WATCH This Space for Special Offers NEXT WEEK. N. P. ROBINSON,

DOLAND'S 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.

J. W. HOUGHTON, BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER! Druggist and Optician,

PHOTO-ALBUMS—Very Choice. SCRAP BOOKS—A full line. PAPETERIES—In late designs. FINE STATIONERY and writing materials. NEW PUBLICATIONS, selected with reference to permanent value and to meet all tastes. LIBRARY SETS—of standard works. CHEAP BOOKS—A large assortment. CYCLOPEDIAS and DICTIONARIES. FAMILY BIBLES, TEACHERS' BIBLES—Oxford and Bagster. AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY DEPOSITORY. FINE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS. POEMS in leather bindings. JUVENILE BOOKS in great variety. Optical Goods, Art Goods, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, and DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES. West Side Public Square, WELLINGTON, OHIO.

THE TORNADO IS KING. THE TORNADO FEED AND ENSILAGE CUTTER.



A new invention for cutting, splitting and thoroughly disintegrating corn fodder, and cutting hay, straw and ensilage. Made in 6 different sizes, from small hand size, to a large Steam Power size. The only machine that thoroughly cuts and splits corn fodder, either husked or unhusked. Economy in wealth. It will pay you to cut your fodder on a Tornado. Cattle will eat it up entirely clean, thus saving much waste, besides avoiding troublesome unrotted corn stalks in the manure pile. The following cut below represents our Cutting Cylinder which can be run up to a speed of 1,500 revolutions per minute making the Tornado the fastest cutter in the world. Fodder cut on this machine is not left in pieces with sharp corners or edges, to cause sore mouth, but is thoroughly pulverized, avoiding all such danger. A trial will convince you that you can save one-half your feed by using a Tornado Cutter—the only perfect cutter in the market. Special discount to the trade. Now is the time to arrange for territory. Write for Catalogue giving prices and full description. Address, W. B. HARRISON & CO., Canton, O.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.