IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that He who made
This wondrous world for our delight,
Designed that all its charms should fade,
And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire
And struggle onward to achieve,
With every unattained desire,
Was given only to deceive.

It cannot be that after an The mighty conquests of the mind Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall, And leave no record here behind:
That all our dreams of love and fame, And hopes that time has swept away, All that enthralled this mortal fame, Shall not return some other day. It cannot be that after all

It cannot be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage of Paradise.
—David Banks Sickles, in N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST. Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED.

My old nurse insisted on my remaining at her house for dinner, and left me seated on the porch while she went

inside to prepare the meal.

From my seat I could see the station
far down the hill, through the trees. Two men were moving about on the platform, but the distance was too great to allow distinction of anything but their forms.

Remembering then that my field-glass had been left here at Sarah's house on the morning of my arrival, I called in to have her bring it to me, which she did.

Taking the glass from the case I adfusted it to my eye and then turned it

toward the station.

My sight had not deceived me even In the momentary glimpse of the face

at the window. The face was Horace Jackson's, and there the fellow was now, standing on the edge of the platform, speaking most earnestly, judging by the

CHAPTER XIV.

gestures, to the station agent.

The rest of the day was spent at Sarah's house. Here at least were quiet, calm and peace. No uncanny mysteries, no disturbing influences marred the restfulness. The old nurse herself was a certainty; no doubts and fears were produced by her society. By her absolute faith in me, by the many little expressions of devotion to my best interests, a feeling of security was inspired, so that when I started on the homeward journey the influence of Sarah's peaceful abode went with me.

The sun was hanging low, and a cool breeze had risen. I insisted upon walking, much against Sarah's wish. breeze had risen. But the horses had had a hard day in the fields, and I would not allow them to be taken from the cool clover patch.

Reminding the good-hearted woman of her promise to drive over to Nelsonville early in the morning, I started up the road toward home. The dust had been laid by the heavy shower of the morning; the air was bracing; the last song of the birds was sounding; the patches of woodland through which I passed were resplendent in the rays of the dying sun, which shot golden shafts through the leafy masses; over all were calm and peace and solitude. My spirits answered to the influences of nature, and in a happy reflective mood I proceeded on my way. In my one beautiful object predomi nated-Florence.

With the lovely phases of the peace ful evening appealing to the sense, it seemed natural for my thoughts to turn to the beloved one-to dwell on her goodness, her faith, her love for

Anticipation of future happiness when my darling should be always at my side, should be in my life, rounding it out in the fullness of content, engrossed my mind. There were no cruel forbodings, no forecasting dire events, no warnings. Even the sight of the station agent, Skinner, cutting across the fields toward Sunset Hill, caused only a temporary relapse from my happy mood.

If Skinner's errand was with the Morleys, Florence would undoubtedly refuse him admittance after what I

By the time I arrived at my house the had fallen behind the mountains, and only the golden rays remained in the western sky and fired the edges of the single cloud.

Going up through the yard, I noticed the door to the cook house was unlatched. I had been unable, in my explorations of cherished spots of interest in boyhood days, to gain en-trance to the cook house. The door had been locked, and I had not considered it of sufficient importance to ask Sonntag for the key.

Wondering why the place should now be unlocked, I pushed the door open and entered.

The recottection of a deep, dark apartment anderneath, which had been used as a root cellar during my grandfather's time, was brought to mind by seeing that the door leading to the stairway was partly open. Obeying a sudden impulse, I entered, and, standing on the landing, gazed down into the impenetrable

Now, there was no reason why I should go down into that cellar; nevertheless a strong impulse urged me on,

came over me, something like that which a child feels when, impelled by curiosity qualified by fear, it is about to venture into some unknown place. I would probably have gone to my room and procured a candle had not this fearsome sensation come over me. I laughed at myself for experiencing it.

Testing every step before trusting my whole weight upon it, lest the timbers rotted by the dampness might give way and precipitate me headlong to the depths below, I went slowly to the depths below, I went slowly down into the Egyptian darkness. My hand rested on the rude balustrade all the way, and when it came to the end I knew I was standing on the last step.

I am probably no more of a coward than most men, and had never been afraid of darkness; but this was the blackest night I had ever been immersed in. Really there was a lesser degree of darkness when I closed my eyes, for then the sensations of the glowing western sky still lingered.

Standing there on the bottom step, an unaccountable fear came over me

Probably it has been perceived from this history that impatience regarding things which seem to have a bearing on the supernatural is one of my characteristics. To feel a sensation of fear when there is no apparent reason for it, causes disgust at what I consider an unpardonable weakness.

So then I determined to chastise my cowardice by keeping on and explor-ing that dark hole. I would not allow myself to beat an ignominious retreat simply because a sensation of fear inclined me to such a course.

I took the last step, and my feet

rested on what seemed to be a loose plank, which gave way a few inches under my weight. From the feeling of insecurity this brought to me, I thrust out my foot to feel my way before proceeding farther.

Before I could take a step forward however, from somewhere in that tomb like darkness, in deep, solemn tones

"Another step means death. Pause before you take it!"

To say that I was simply startled would not be true. I was paralyzed with fear. My hair bristled up, my heart began a trip-hammer action, and the blood surged to my head in a fierce

"Back, for your life!" again sounded the voice, this time in sterner tones. "Back, for-"

But I stayed not to hear more. Never had that stairway been ascended in greater haste. I fairly tumbled up, using my hands as well as my feet. Pausing not to close the cook-house door, I made a wild rush for my room. intent on the one only purpose of escaping from the unknown terror of that horrible voice. I closed my bed-room door after I had entered, and bolted it. Then I threw myself into the nearest chair and covered my face with my hands.

some time I remained so, limp, powerless and completely unnerved.

The night had fallen when I again looked up, and my room was shrouded in gloom. Darkness was horrible; so, staggering to my feet, I fumbled about some matches, and in feverish haste lit the two lamps and the candle which were in the room. The window was open. I closed the shutters and bolted them. The door leading into the parlor where my grandfather's body had reposed in the coffin waiting for burial, so many years ago, was also open, and in my wrought-up imagina-tion specters of the dead seemed to pass There was no bolt to this door and, not feeling satisfied in having it simply latched, by great effort I shoved a tall chest of drawers against it.

Even thus barricaded there was no feeling of safety. There was no knowing what fearful mystery might come through the floor from the walledp cellar beneath.

The experience just passed through was enough to frighten anyone. But it was not that alone which caused such a complete demoralization of my nerves and so absolute a terrorism of all my faculties. There was something more than the demonstration just encountered, something from within myself.

Looking back to the time now I realize how true it is that often coming events cast their shadows before.

After awhile I began to realize more and more that the intensity of the fear which had swept over me was not wholly caused by the sound of the voice or the attendant circumstances I scouted all idea of a supernatural ori gin: but, then, what was it?

The season of the year had arrived when the farmers had about completed the garnering of an abundant harvest and therefore a feeling of content abounded. The countryside was overrun by tramps, the members of the dus ty fraternity well knowing that food was never denied a hungry man by the well-provisioned farmers. Perhaps the cook-house cellar was a rendezvous for a number of tramps. I was so eager to arrive at some explanation of the event which would have a wholly materialistic bearing that the absurdity of a man seeking a resting-place in a damp foul cellar, when a much more comfortable bed might be secured out at the barr amid the hay and straw, did not strike

Then, too, the place would undoubt edly lose a degree of horror if a light was introduced. So, seeing that my pistol was in my pocket, and taking the candle and some matches, I again made for the cook house. Having resolved to descend again into the mysterious gloom, I did not allow myself to pause and think; that would mean perhaps a and think; that would mean perhaps a return of my fright. I must plunge into the mystery suddenly, or not at all. It was like taking a cold-water bath; the longer one waits the harder to make

Inside the cook house I lit the candle and, taking the pistol from my pocket, approached the stairway.

About again to descend, the recollection of my first experience came to me in all the force of its unearthly qual-

As I cautiously proceeded a thrill ities, and I was seized with a trembling fit. My knees smote together, and my hand shook so that the flame of the candle was nearly extinguished.

The return of my fear, however, made me all the more resolved to go on. I gritted my teeth, and, advancing my pistol in readiness, slowly began the pistol in readiness, slowly began the descent. Not a sound greeted my ears save that made by my own footsteps. After reaching the bottom step I held the candle aloof and gazed expectantly around.

The room was about 20 feet square: the flat stones with which it was paved and the surrounding walls were slimy with moisture, and here and there reflected back the light of the candle. That was all. No human being was in sight, not a sign of one having been

At my feet a part of the stone pave ment had been removed and a plank in-serted. Lying near the edge of the plank was a paper with some printing on the outside, like that on a bond or deed. I stepped down upon the plank, and again noticed that one end sank under my weight. Stoop-ing down to pick up the paper, my ears were again assailed by the solemn admonition seeming to come from the opposite side of the cellar: other step means death. Pause before you take it!"

Grabbing the paper, I quickly sumed an upright position, and, hold-ing the candle above me, gazed intently in the direction of the voice. There was nothing but the walls around me.
With cautious tread I took the forbid-

Back, for your life! Back, for your life!" The words were hurled at me in flercer tones than before.

I advanced another step, and still ived. Waiting a few moments, with attention strained to fix the spot whence he voice sounded, and being given no further warning, I began by the light of the candle to search the place closely with my eyes. Where could the voice have come from? No possible hiding-place appeared; nothing but the bare

Moving the candle about, it struck me that there was a space in the wall op-posite which did not reflect back the ight, which did not have over it the dank green ooze. When I approached nearer, two cracks running parallel perpendicularly, and about two feet apart, became apparent. I ran my hand over the intervening space, and found it smooth. A close examination re-



ealed to me what seemed to be some kind of a wooden door, rudely painted to represent the surrounding stone walls. But there was no sign of bolt, latch or hinge. If this was a door it must close with a spring lock which was on the other side. But then how was it opened? Rapping upon the wood produced a hollow sound. Undoubtedthere was some kind of apartment

What was it used for, and where did lead to? Was there a passage way behind the door leading to the walledup cellar under my bedroom? This was probable, as the door was in the wall nearest the main building.

Some one had gone through the door

on the night of my arrival, and, startled by the pistol shot at my reflection, had allowed it to slam.

ing thus to myself, I noticed a small hole between two stones at about the height of my chest. Resting one hand on the edge of the door frame, I stooped down to examine it more closely.

Immediately there was a blinding flash right in my eyes, a hot flame al-most burning my cheek, a loud report, then total darkness. The candle was shattered in my hand. There was the smell of burnt powder, and my lungs told me of the smoke which filled the cellar. Half stunned, I groped about for the stairway, but it was some time before I located it and ascended.

The soft, pure air outside partly revived me, and I managed to drag myself across the yard to the main building and so to my room. On the first occasion, terror had lent Reetness to my feet; now they seemed weighted with lead. A numbed indifference to my surround ings was over me. I was heavy-headed and drowsy, so much so that I fell asleep.

I awoke suddenly, with a start that brought me to a standing position. A glance at my watch told me it was past nine o'clock, and that I had slept two hours. When I put back my coa for the purpose of replacing the watel in my vest pocket, a rustling of paper attracted my attention.

This brought to my mind the piece had picked up in the cook-house cel-lar and hastily thrust into my coat-pocket. I took it out and examined it.

Among the securities lost by the bank in the robbery was a batch of Morgan county refunding bonds. There had een 100 of them issued, each of \$1,000 denomination, and the bank had pur-

chased the entire issue.

The paper picked up in the cook house cellar, and which I now held in my hand, was one of those \$1,030 bonds. CHAPTER XV.

How did the bond which was stolen from the Safety Security company over a year ago get into the cel-lar of an old country house be-longing to a former employe of the bank? Who could have dropped it there, and where were the rest? Was a trap laid for me?

Sonntag, Skinner, Jackson, the unexplained and curious relation between these three, the walled-up cellar, the underground passage undoubtedly leading to it, and so safely guarded—what could it all mean? Was it possible that my old house was the receptacle of the stolen property, and Sonntag. Skinner, even Jackson, the gang, or a portion of it, had perpetrated the rob-

If this was true, then there was ar attempt being made to furnish some proof which would throw ecnviction

Was this the mystery which sur counded me? Single-handed, how could I hope to cope successfully with it?

Jake Hunsicker and his wife were to be depended upon as far as their judg. ment and ability went. I thought of Mr. Morley, who, being a trustee of the bank, would naturally be interested in the affair. But that gentleman's own evident troubles, and the unwillingness to add a greater load to the already overburdened man, turned me from the idea of aid from that direction.

There was another one, and the thought had no sooner come into my head than I proceeded to follow it up. Stealing cautiously from the hous went out to the barn and saddled the horse, mounted, and was soon tearing down the Sidington road.

ITO BE CONTINUED.]

Consanguineous Marriages.

The results of consanguineous mar-riages have been differently regarded various authors of note. Esquirol attributed to them a predisposition to insanity among the descendants. Meniere asserts that in the majority of eases deaf mutes owe their infirmity to the ties of relationship between their parents. Lucas thinks that these marrieges are a cause of degeneration in the human race, producing mental dullness, brutality, insanity, impotency, etc Liebreich states that consanguinity is frequently the cause of pigmentary retinitis among the descendants. Raynaud ranks it among the conditions which may produce albinism. On the other hand, some authorities have explicitly declared themselves in favor of such marriages, and assert that they are not at all injurious, and that genthey give good results. In face of such extreme opinions it is perhaps not astonishing that there are to be found names of equally high repute among those who affirm that these marriages are productive of both good and evil results, depending on whether or not any constitutional disease affects either party.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Song of the Siren Several years ago, when the famous old siren whistle was blown so frequently at the river mouth-no, not by the river mouth-a certain East end family owned a cow. She was just an ordinary cow in all respects, save one The siren whistle had a remarkable effect upon her. Every blessed time the whistle started in to wail and moar that cow started up a vigorous series of moos. And the most curious feature about it was that the cow's vocal effort ran up and down the scale in ; fairly close imitation of the whistle. "Too-oo-oooo-ooo!" would go to the siren. "Moo-oo-oooo-ooo!" would go to But there was always a wild crescendo shrick at the end of the si ren's efforts that no cow—no matter how accomplished—could hope to rival. And this cow, being a sensible and rather phlegmatic animal, didn't attempt it. Dut her efforts within reasonable

limits never failed to arouse the hilari ous attention of the neighbors, and frequently caused neighbors to pause by the fence and listen open-mouthed to the astonishing performance.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They Knew Ma.

The train had stopped for a few min-utes at a station out on the plains, and two or three barefooted girls and boys had their backs against the depot and their fingers in their mouths, they stared at the passengers. Sudden-ly a boy of about ten years dashed around the corner of the station and called to his brother and sister: Joey! Ma says if you an' Maggie don't come right straight home she'll—she'll well, I forgit what, but she'll do it, sure, for you know what ma is when she gits started; so you'd better straight off!" Joey and M Joey and Maggie evi dently knew what ma was when she "got started," for they started homeward as fast as their bare little fee would carry them .- Youth's Compan-

To Make It Popular.

"Socially," said the social philos pher in his usual assertive way, "the success of a sport does not depend upon the sport itself." Thereat they all marreled. "I will guarantee," he went on to make any old thing popular these days if some one will only invent a dis tinctive and attractive costume for it.' Thereat they ceased to marvel, for he had proved his case.-Chicago Post.

At Last.
The shipwrecked artist, afloat on raft in mid-ocean, opened the grip to which he had clung when the went down, and proceeded to rig up an apparatus to catch the wind.
"There!" he exclaimed, as he com-

pleted his task. "It can no longer be said that I never made a sale of my canvases."-Brooklyn Life.

A Kind Recommendation Weakleigh-My trouble has reached that condition where I am obliged to have a specialist. Can you recommend Dr. Cutter?

Flint-Gertainly. Weakleigh-What is his specialty? Flint-Autopsies. - Richmond Dis-

Awful Results of a Cyclone that Struck Three States.

of Human Lives Were Blotted Out and Loss to Property Foots Up More Than \$500,000—Path of the Storm Was More Than 150 Miles in Length.

Chicago, May 20 .- Forty-two persons are known to have lost their lives and 28 others are reported dead as the result of the tornadoes which devastated portions of eastern Iowa, western Illi-nois and northern Wisconsin Wednesday night. Iowa heads the list with 19 fatalities. Fourteen deaths are re-ported in Illinois.

Wisconsin reports nine known dead, with unconfirmed stories bringing the total in that state up to 37.

The storm in Iowa started near Stan-wood and swept through the north-eastern part of Cedar county, the southeastern part of Jones county, the northern part of Clinton county and touched the southern part of Jackson county. Nineteen persons lost their lives and more than twice as many were injured. The property loss will probably reach \$500,000. In many probably reach \$500,000. In many places not a building of any description was left standing. Cattle, horses and hogs were killed by the hundred. The Iowa storm crossed the Missis-

sippi river into Illinois near Savanna onsiderable damage was done on Illinois side before this storm spent its

The second tornado in Illinois started near Stillman Valley and swept northnear stillman valley and swept north-ward, wrecking farm houses and kill-ing as it went. But the greatest loss of life was at the point of origin, where four were killed. At Lanark the storm ended its career by wrecking the county almshouse and killing three in-mates. Three others were fatally ined. There were over 50 persons in building when it went down and ured. all of them were more or less injured.

In Wisconsin the storm was more violent than anywhere else, but fortu-nately it originated in the lumbering districts of the northern counties, swept along the line of the "Soo" road and spent its force in the pineries. Nine persons are known to have been

Conductor Carroll, of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, who arrived in this city Thursday after a run of over 150 miles through the storm center in Iowa and Illinois, says:

"The first reports of the death and disaster caused by this storm fail to give the full account of the havoe worked. At Elwood, Ia., a point half way between Marion and the Mississipway between Marion and the Mississippi, several people were killed and the buildings of the town were swept from their foundations. At Detmar Junction four persons were killed; at Briggs' station report was brought of many buildings leveled and two persons killed; at Preston five were resorted dead and thou the train general. ported dead and then the train crosse the Mississippi into Illinois.

"At Savanna news was received of the killing of four persons at Teade's Grove, the first station east of that city. All along the line of the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul road, from Sa vanna across the state, were received reports of violent and destructive

storms. "At Stillman Valley we had the first view by daylight of the awful devas-tation wrought by the storm. A section of the village about 40 rods in breadth was so completely razed that not a single piece of wood a yard in ength could be seen. Had the evelone veered a few feet northward the street would have been destroyed and ores of lives would have been sacri

At Marion there was a very heavy storm of rain, hail and wind. A nches in circumference fell. After it turned to the north and wrought destruction in Wisconsin.

For 150 miles it followed the easterly track of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad and left death and devas-tation in its path. Mr. Carroll relates that at Dellinger Junction a man drove up the railroad station, gave his horses loose reins and rushed into the depot for shelter. A moment later the cy-clone caught the horses and killed both of them. So violent was the wind that

their carcasses were torn apart.

Marshfield, Wis., May 20.—A severe tornado passed through the central portion of the state Wednesday night. portion of the state Wednesday night. The storm passed through Clark, Mar-athon and Langdale counties, leveling houses, farm buildings and forests Antigo suffered the most. Three people were killed and 12 injured there. Elmhurst reports ten fatalities. A Siegler a family of five perished. The messenger sent to Marathon City for aid states that buildings all over the village were leveled by the storm. A large church was blown from its foundation. A large barn was picked up and landed clear across a 40-acre elearing.

Rhinelander, Wis., May 20.-Further details of the storm in northern Wisconsin report that 18 people were killed at Heafford Junction. The train on the Soo railroad from the north was delayed several hours, having been compelled to turn back on account of the storm. Telegraph poles and wires were demolished in all directions and buildings in the path of the storm were razed.

Six Men Drowned.

Pittsburg, May 20.—Ten men at-tempted to cross the Allegheny river on a raft, near Springdale, Pa., yester day afternoon and when in the cente of the stream the raft was swamped by the rough current and the men were precipitated into the water. Four men succeeded in reaching the shore, but the others were drowned.

Hempstead Chosen for a Rendezvous Washington, May 20. - Hempstead L. i., has been selected as a rendezvous for the troops from the New England and middle states and it is expected that 19 regiments will be quartered

VIOLENT STORM. \$500 Reward

formation that will lead to the arrest a placed from and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., seen, the east line of Franklin Housier's flam. on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY AUGIEU,

FINE LIQUOR STORE EMPORIUM, PA.

MHE undersigned has opened a state of lower store, and invites trade of Hotels, Restaurants, we shall carry none but the best Amican and Imported

WHISKIES,

BRANDIES GINS AND WINES.

BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGIE, Etc. Bottled Goods.

I'm addition to my large line of liquous I comp constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

OP-Pool and Billiard Room in same builds CRLL AND SEE MR. A. McDONALD, PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.

\$\$ DAC\$\$DAC\$\$DAC\$\$DAC\$\$DAC\$\$ F. X. BLUMLE. EMPOBIUM, PA.

> BEER. WINES.

융

WHISKIES.

And Liquors of All Kinds. The best of goods always carried in stock and every-thing warranted as represent-

Especial Attention Paid to fiail Orders.

EMPORIUM, PA. SECUCIÓN SECUCIÓN DE SECUCIÓN

> 60 TO . A. Kinsler's

Where you can got anything you want t Groceries,

Provisions, FLOUR, SALT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS,

CANNED GOGDS, ETC., Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigara.

Goods Deliyered Free any Place in Town. CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES. IEAR P. & E. DEPOT

> ~~~~~ EMPORIUM

Bottling Works SOHN McDONALD, Proprietor.

-XCX Bottler and Shipper of Rochester Lager Beer, BEST BRANDS OF EYPORT. The Manufacturer of Se Wines and Pure Liquors

We keep none but the very best r and are prepared to fill Orders on re notice. Private families served JOHN MeDONALD.



TON FILE IN CHICAGO NEW YORK OFFICE A. M. KELLCOB DEWSPAPER CO.