THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, 7DUTOBER 2, 1892-TWENTY PAGES

RIVAL VILLAGE LEANDERS couple of more grumpy, disagreeable

How Two Swains Swam Off for Love of One Fair Maid.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD NEW ENGLAND TOWN

The Girl Liked Both and Could Decide on Neither-A Dying Promise and Its Dividing Power-Won After Long Waiting.

Elten J. Bushirp in Philodelphia Pros. On a guiet street in gualat, picturesque Mount Holly, which is the county seat of Burlington county, New Jersey, dwell the aged descendants of a couple around whose lives, many, many years ago, was woren a tale which has passed down with generations as one of the few thrilling annals of the old revolutionary town. And the two plucid, kindly old maiden ladies who live there are not the least averse to recounting again and again the story which has thrown around their dead and gone ancestors such a halo of interest, and which to this day clothes them with a mild reflection of the same. Rather, indeed, are they flattered that the corious stranger will condescend to interest himse I with their "poor little history."

The two old ladies are the great grandchildren of Ruth and James Cops, who supply the principal characters of the oldtime story. It has never appeared in print before, and I am sure the reader will agree with me that not a whit of its thrilling interest is lost by reason of its antiquity.

Something over a hundred years ago. but a short time prior to the breaking out of the revolutionary war, there lived in the village of Mount Holly, then known as Bridgetown, a malden called Roth Maisley. A fair slip of a girl was Ruth, with straight lissome figure, slim but well rounded withal, great gray eyes and a quantity of chestnut hair, worn after the manner of the Puritan damsels, in long glistening braids down the back.

In all the country round, choose and pick among the revolutionary maidens as you would, none could be found who would with Ruth compare. The country swains with one accord bowed at her shrine, and were her willing servants And right regally did 18-year-old Ruth accept the homage, rather, indeed, as her inborn due, than as an involuntary gift

Many were the jealousies and heartburnings which the little Ruth caused by her coquetry. The other village maidens envied in secret her fair face and form, but in public gave no sign. The emotions of a century ago, it is said, were better masked than ours, so to preserve the thread of the story we may assume that no violent outbreaks of isalousy were induced by our heroine's beauty, but that she was popular with young and old alike.

Of the scores of young men in town. and out of it, for the latter far outnumbered the former, who held themselves most miserable when Ruth's smile rested not on them, there were but two who looked upon themselves with any degree of hope, as possible winners of the object of their ardent adoration. These were James Cope, the son of a well-to-do farmer living just out of Bridgetown, and Clavton Monroe pursued the humble but honest trade of hat making in the town.

James was a typical sturdy, sun browned farmer lad, just turned his majority. Intelligence, of the practical, as the finish, stood a long, low boat unsentimental type, was one of his house, resting half upon the laud and strongest traits, and in the village,

boys I never saw." "If you don't stop it I'll go in the house." she went on, as silence yet was her only reply. Then the recumbent youths mabl-

ested some interest. "It's not my fault, Ruth," said James. raising himself up on one elbow and

looking up at her. "I say it is your fault," broke in Cinyton angrily, "wasn't I here first?"

"It makes no difference if you were, James retoried glaring across at him, 'you've got no more right here than I have.

"Oh, dear," ejaculated Ruth, in despair, "was ever such a muddle as this " "See here, Monroe," suddenly spoke up James, "I at least believe you to have a little honor; now I am willing to settle this matter here and now. We'll leave h to the girl herself whom she likes the best, and the one who loses never comes tere again. Are you willing?" Ciavton meditated a moment, "Yes, I

nm, he said. Weil, then, Ruth," continued James. turning to her, "say which one you care for most and if it's Monroe I'll never intrude myself on you again. If I happen to be the lucky man Monroe will have

to be bound the same way." The girl sat looking down upon the twain with brows knit in anxious perdexity. Five-ten minutes passed, lames and Clayton meanwhile looking intently at her with unwavering Inten-"To tell the truth, boys," she finally

said with an embarrased little laugh. don't know which one of you I d the best. I like to have both of you with me, but as for saving which of you I could best spare, I can't do it. I honestly think I could be happy with either, she concluded.

In a moment, as neither of the two ouths spoke, she said in a low voice, You settle it between yourselves and I'll abide by the decision '

Very well, 'broke in James, hardly

waiting for her to stop, "we'll fight." "Indeed you'll do nothing of the sort!" answered Ruth vehemently, "I'll have nothing to do with either of you if you

"I'm willing to do snything," said Clayton. "I agree that it's better to settle it now if it's possible. I'll fight if necessary. "Shame on you!" cried the girl. "To

think of you two men wanting to pound each other like wild beasts over a thing ike this I'm ashamed of both of you.

Are you willing to swim down from Dutch Fred's ice house, on the upper James asked, looking aggrescreek? sively at Clayton.

"Yes," answered he, "anything "Very well: then we'll swim down from the ice house, and whoever reaches the

two-mile crossing [now Huck's wharf] first wins.

All right," said Clayton, "I'm suited. When will this be?"

"Thursday-day after tomorrow," was he reply, "at 9 o'clock in the morning." "Very well," said Clayton, "Fill be here," And as early hours were the thera? rule then he bade Ruth good night, and

strolled away in the dark. James folowed soon after. The intervening day was spent by Roth in a state of extreme mental excitement. Repeatedly she tried to de-cide in her own mind as to which of the

young men was her favorite, but failure met her at every attempt. When at last Thursday morning dawned, warm and clear, Ruth arose rom a well-nigh sleepless couch, and

prepared to dispose of the morning duties, that she might be present promptly at the scene of the contest In the meantime the news of the race had become noised abroad, and several ours before 9 o'clock the farmer folks egan to assemble along the wooded edge of the Rancocas creek, which ran hen, as now, between banks of wild and picturesque beauty. Just beyond what is now Hack's wharf, the spot selected

the moment when it hade fair to be too The still stanch boithouse was almost In the midst of her despairing emo-Wernsteins

tion, which Ruth felt must certainly show itself in her face, she turned away her head. Suddenly's great cry went up from the crowd. She turned. Her heart gave a glad bound as she saw James now in the lead but a few feet from the old wharf. But why were the people hurrying to the edge of the water? Why were their faces so horror-stricken?

Into

Ruth ran with them. She saw Clayton's head sink. It rose in a minute, but blood was flowing from his month. His eyes were fixed and unnatural. James, intent on the goal, heeding not his fellow swimmer nor the horrified cries of the spectators, kept steadily on uptil his head, trembling and exhausted, touched the wharf's edge. He turned triumphantly to look at Clayton, but his expression changed to one of alarm as he saw his ghastly appearance. Back he pushed , overpowering his exhaus-tion, and assisted in lifting the all but

meonscious youth from the water and into the bouthouse near by A doctor was among the spectators,

and went in with them. Ruth went in too, unnoticed by all. The physician bent over the prostrate figure a few moments, while the blood continued to well up in a small bright stream. Then he shook his head

"The boy's broken a large blood vessel." he said laconically. "He can't THE.

Clayton heard the words and slowly opened his eyes. "Are you sure?" he whispered. The physician nodded his head sadly.

The eyes closed again. "Oh, doctor!" cried Ruth, pushing through the crowd, forgetful of all save her part in the accident. "Don't let him die this way! Can't you do some-

thing? "No," said the physician; "nothing." "And I was the cause of it all." sobbed the poor girl, as she turned to go away.

I'm the one that killed him Clayton opened his half-closed eves

again at the sound of her sobs and feebly put out one hand toward her. She threw herself down by his side and bowed her head upon his hand. No sound broke the stillness save

Ruth's sobs. One by one the men, awed and touched, went softly out of the boat house. Then Clayton opened his eyes SITS D.

"Ruth," he said, faintly, "promise me something.

"Auything, dear, ' she sobbed. "It's a good deal to ask, perhaps," he went on, in a scarcely audible voice,

but I would have won if this hadn't have happened. You belong to me by rights. The girl made no answer, save a re-

newed burst of weeping. "Promise me, Ruth, to stay mine as ng as those initials are there.

And he made a movement of the hand toward the large letters carved in the end of the boathouse. "I promise, Clayton," Ruth sobbed.

Just then the men returned with a stretcher, upon which the dying boy was placed and carried tenderly home to his stricken parents. As the shades of evening fell he died. Ruth gave her-

self up to uncontrollable grief. Upon the succeeding events of the story we can touch but briefly. For

many months after the fatal race the sadness of Clayton's death lingered upon the community. Then, slowly, in the inevitable way of all hurts, the wound ielded to the great healer, time, and the dead boy's friends began to recover from the shock. They did not forget, far from it, but the sad details came to

be seen through the mist of long intervals, rather than clearly, as before. And who shall censure Ruth if she, oo, began to recover her wonted snirits and to look upon life as, after all, not all lost. Youth is elastic. Her regret was none the less fervent and sincere because it vielded to time. Clayton's memory was cherished never more warmly, but still she realized that James held the

completely submerged, but gave no sign

One night in early February of the spring which followed, after a winter of almost unprecedented rigor, in which flood after flood had risen and subsided only to rise again, there came the final freshet of the breaking up season. All the lower section of the village was quite submerged and tha sulles waters piled high with jagged ice cakes rushed at will through the dismantled streets. For a night and b day the flood held

full sway. Then it fell quito as rapidly as it had risen, owing to the breaking of a huge dam far down the stream. The land again rendered visible by the subsidence of the waters bore just

the same appearance as before with one The old boathouse, statch exception. and steady until forced by a power stronger than itself to yield, had disappeared. No trace of it remained save here and there a broken plece of timber drifting on the creek's muddy bosom.

The sequel? Surely there could be but James Cope walked up the path to the door of the Maister cottage two days after the flood had subsided, taking with it the old bosthouse. And the maiden Ruth faithful to the last in her promise to the flead Clayton, but released now from its observance, withheld no longer from her lover his rightfol due, won through lobg and patient waiting.

Cholera

When properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear, choiera can bearly always be cured. The patient should go immediately to bed and remain as quiet as possible. Send for a physician, but while awaiting his arrival take Chamberiain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoss Remeay in double doses after each operation of the bowels more than patural. If there is severe pair or cramps take it in double doses every fifteen minutes until relieved. This remedy has been used with great success in seven epidemics of dysentery that were almost as severe and dangerous as cholera, and if used as directed a cure is almost certain. Every family should have a 50-cent bottle at hand ready for in stant use. After the disease is under contro castor oil must be taken to cleanse the

system. No other physic or substitute will do in place of castor oil. For sale by druggists.

Fooled a "Smart" Lawyer.

When Cardinal Gibbons was blshop of Richmond, Va., he happened to b the defendant in relation to some church property.

When called to the witness stand the plaintiff's lawyer, a distinguished legal uminary, after valu endeavors to inrolve the witness in contradictions, struck upon a plan which he thought would annoy the hishop. He thereupon questioned the right of Dr. Gibbons to the title of bishop of Richmond, and called upon him to prove his claim to the office.

The defendant's counsel, of course, objected to this as irrelevant, but the bishop, with a quiet smile, said he would comply with the request if allowed half an hour to produce the necessary papers. This being allowed, the bishop left the court room and returned in twenty minutes with a document which he proceeded to read with great solemnity, all the more solemn as the paper was in Latin. The plaintiff's lawyer pretended to take notes, industriously bowing his head once in awhile as if it acquiescence, and meming perfectly convinced at the end.

When the reading was finished he announced that the papal bulls just read were perfectly satisfactory, at the same time apologizing for his expressed doubts. The next day it leaked out that the bishop, unable to find the papal bull at his residence, had brought to the court and read a Latin essay on Pope Leo the great, written by an ecclesiastical student and forwarded by the presi dent of the college as a specimen of the young man's skill in Lutin composition. The smart lawyer never heard the, last

Duel on a Tight-Rope.

In Dublin, at the beginning of this century, there were two rivals in the art don't we, Mary?" of rope-dancing, a Frenchman named Mary nodded coolly, as if the sp

AN INTERESTING FOSSIL.

Discovery in Alaska of the Remains of the Extinct Whale-Lizard.

The steamer City of Topeka has just rought down to Seattle from Alaska one of the greatest natural curiosities vet discovered in this country. It is the skeleton of a whale-lizard, and is the second of its kind known to be in existence. The other was found some years ago near Oxford, England, but is much smaller than this one. It is now

in the British museum. This skeleton was discovered about four years ago near the Muir glacier by a prospector named Frank Willoughby

L Buck of Everett heard of it, and, having learned its exact location as nearly as possible, determined to find it and bring it down for exhibition at the World's fair. After a long search he and his Indian assistant found it on top of the giacler, six miles from the sea, 500 feet above sea level, and a mile from the place where it was first discovered. It firmly imbedded in a great cake of ice. and took the party two days to dislodge it. It had at some time been either crushed or shattered by a fall, for it was somewhat damaged.

The ramphorentes has been extinct or over five centuries. It is described in natural history as "the king of the and and sea," doubtless from the fact that it was equally at home on land or in the water. In water its speed was terrific; it swam with its legs, its enormous wings serving to keep its body above the surface, so that it must have appeared to be walking on the water. An idea of its great size can be formed from the fact that one bone weighed 794 pounds, and the weight of the whole skeleton is 2,400 pounds.

Mr. Buck will put the bones together at his home at Everett, and after exhib-Hing the skeleton there will send it to the Smithsonian Institution for exhibition at the World's fair.

The Great Amazon.

The commercial importance of the Amazon river is shown by Fanny B. Ward, in a late syndicate letter. With Ward, in a late syndicate letter. its affluents this river furnishes more than 50,000 miles of navigable water. Its eight principal tributaries are each over 1,000 miles long and more than 350 other branches unite to form its main stream. The largest ship that was ever built could sail straight up from its mouth 1,000 miles, while for hundreds and hundreds of miles along its lower ourse are lateral channels, technically called igaripes (cance paths), in which boats may travel without ever en-tering the main stream—the ba-yous of the lower Mississippi valley duplicated on a greatly enlarged cale. The Amazon basin is more than three times as large as that of the Mississippi, including a vast untrodden forest fully 1,500 miles long by 1,000 miles broad, whose edges only have been explored by a lew adventurous rubber numbers and seekers after tortoise shell wood, mahogany, and other valuable limers. At its mouth the river is 180 miles from shore to shore and 820 feet deep; at Santaren, the most important interior city of Brazil, it is ten miles

Mrs. L. R. Patton, Rockford III., writes ^{*} From personal experience 1 can recommend DeWitt's Sarsaparilla, a cure for impure blood and general debility

A Rainy Day Marriage.

It was pouring hard and a certain minister not long since filling one of our city pulpits settled himself for an afternoon of sermonizing, says the Lewistown, Me., Journal. Suddenly there came a sharp ring at the bell. On opening the door a gentleman and lady, both in ordinary supparel and much the worsefor the storm, stepped into the hall.

"Say, parson, we want to get splicedcomes with a snort. It's a good deal

her we might as well be spliced today as any time. Mary said her clothes wasn't fit, but I told her they'd do for a

rainy day He had his license, and so, choking back her indignant query if he didn't know it was the custom for the lady to set the wedding day, the parson's wife

ncted as witness and the two were spliced. Did Napoleon III Paint His Face? Pall Mail Gazette: Zola, in "Le Debacle," suys that the emperor Napoleon painted and powdered his face on the day of the buttle of Sedan. The statement is founded, he states, on the evidence of a princess of the imperial family and of persons living at Sodan.

M. Paul de Cassagnac now writes: I was one of those who approached the emperor the nearest at Sedan and remained the longest with him. It was holding my arm that he walked about during the whole of the battle of Mouson. It was on my shoulder he leaned when seriously 10 and suffering terrible pain to get into his carriage to go and give iimself up a prisoner to the Germans several times ate at his table in company with him and sitting beside him. Now I affirm it is absolutely incorrect and false that the emperor used paint

and powder. In case of need I appenl, as far as the day of the battle of Sedan is concerned, to my comrade-in-arms Robert Mitchell. With regard to the princess indicated by M. Zola, that is to say, Princess Mathilde, I have the honor of her acquaintance and believe her incapable of gratuitously throwing undeserved ridicule on the omperor especially under such grievous circum-



During a summer storm among the Catskill mountains the guests in the Mountain House hotel were in the parlor when it was announced that "the house was going past on the outside." An eye witness wrote: "All rushed to the piazza and there, sure enough, upon a moving cloud more dense than the fog that enveloped the mountains was a perfect picture of the great building i colossal proportions. The mass of vapor was passing slowly from north to south, directly in front, at a distance apparently of 200 feet from the house, and reflected the noble Corinthian columns which orna-mented the front of the building, every window and all the spectators. Th cloud moved on and ere long we saw one pillar disappear and then another. We

ourselves, who were expanded into giants in size, saw the gulf into which we were to enter and be lost. I almost shuddered when my turn came: but there was no escaping my fate; one side of my face was velled and in a moment the whole had passed like a dream.

Rousing a Isrunkard.

New York Sun: A drunkard was sleeping off his potations in a Third aveune hallway, near Twenty-eighth street, when Patrolman Clinton of the Thirty fifth street station espied his protruding legs. He didn't begin to pound the rather thin soles of the poor fellow's worn shoes, as is the custom with the wide; away off on the Brazilian frontier park keepers in dealing with sleeping it is seventy feet deep, and 2,300 miles tramps on the benches. He reached above the sea it is almost a mile across. over and grasped the sleeper by the nose, and the fellow was on his feet in

an instant. "You must have tweaked it pretty hard," suggested a witness of the incl-

dent. "Not a bit, sir," he replied "I didn't hurt him at all. You see, sir, barring the lungs, the nose is the principa organ of respiration, and the lungs, sir wouldn't have much to do if it wasn't for the nose. When a man's asleep, and especially when he's drunk as well, he's pretty sure to breathe as nature intended im to, sir, and that's through his nose All you have to do then, sir, is to pinch Musgrave & Piquetta, his nose, shut off his wind, and up he

more human, sir, tuan the bastinado,

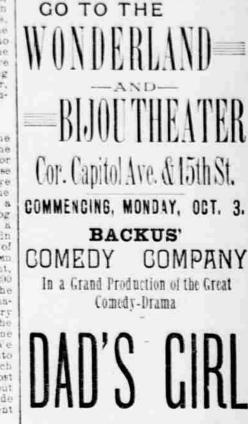


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"Well, my consciouted privad, what has appeared to you? Why, I never same you in such a said plight before, you look as if you hadn't a friend in the world."

"T'll tell you, corpulence, I have been a treat signers, and if you can do anything to where we I will consider it an everlasting

"Why don't you do as I do, and there cill be no question as to your recovery.



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Neat Song and Dance

where none was better known than he James was looked upon by housewives and maidens alike, as a "well-favored And many were the soft eves lad." that glanced wistfully at him, as he sat. in all the discomfort of Sunday apparel. in the little Methodist chapel OD Brainerd street, upon the Sabbath day. Clayton, too, was sturdy, in a slighter fashion than his rival. In that day of ruggedness, indeed, a tall, solid frame. and a well-built body were considered indispensable to parfect manhood. In point of feature, Clayton was handsomer than James. The sun had not obscured, nor the wind roughened, the clearness of his skin. He usually were "store clothes," too, while James was obliged to content himself with homespun. Added to this, his residence in the town gave him increased facilities for seeing Ruth, of which advantage he was not slow to avail h mself. Be it said, also, that Clayton, too, was a favorite among the townspeople.

The older and more staid villagers, who viewed the growing rivalry between the two lads with no less interest than did their sons and daughters, were disposed to look upon Clayton as just a lit-tle ahead in the race. But not from Roth, forsooth, was this impression gained. No judge upon the berch could be more impartial than she in the distribution of her smiles and favors. The beholders, unprejudiced upon one or the other side, would not have given preference to either. And the contestants themselves, too, alternately hoping and fearing, were sorely puzzled as to the outcome.

One by one all of Ruth's suitors but these two fell away. They were forced to, in fact; for between James and Clayton every minute that Ruth could spare from her mother's kitchen was monopolized by one or the other. Neither made any scruple of intruding upon the other when in Ruth's company, and for that reason the two rivals merged from a condition of quiet, friendly rivalry into bitter, uncompromising animosity. This unfortunate fact made it exceedingly uncomfortable for Ruth, who try as she would could not induce the slightest exchange of civilities between the two enemies while in her presence.

Back of Ruth's home stretched a mendow, on the far edge of which was a clump of tall maple trees. Under these had been constructed rustic seats, where to enjoy the cool of early evening Ruth and her gloomy-faced lovers were wont to go.

One August evening found them there in the accustomed spot. Upon a wide seat between two of the largest trees was seated Ruth, and at her feet, stretched at full length on the cool. sweet-smelling grass, lay James and Clayton. They were as far apart as possible to still preserve the smallest distance between themseives and the girl. who sat looking from one to the other with considerable perplexity. For a full half hour Ruth had been trying to set the conversation ball-rolling, s pr o ceeding which under the circumstances was fraught with great difficulties, and indeed it seemed as she sat gazing upon them, with mingled indignation and amusement, with almost unsurmountsble obstacles.

"I declare, I think it's too bad!" the girl finally broke out "Here I've been trying to task to you for a long time. and hardly a word have I gotten out of

"You certainly can't expect me to Ruth, as neither of the young men youchsafed any answer; "a

half upon piles in the water. It beonged to Clayton, and had been built by imself. Beside acting as a shelter fo his boat, also home made, that part of the shed resting on solid ground was tilized as a workshop. On one end layton had carved, in his idle moments,

two monstrous initials "C. M. At about half past 8 the two young men appeared, bringing with them home made swimming trunks. Stepping into Clayton's boat they were owed up the stream toward the starting point, a distance of perhaps one and a half miles. The faces of both were set and determined, and the flow of light talk and badinage from among the rowd did not move them.

The throng watched the boat out of ight, and ontil 9 o'clock, when they new the swimmers must have started. But one man of the many possessed a watch, and numerous were the occasions upon which he was forced to produce it for the benefit of those less fortunate.

One quarter of an hour after another passed, but the group of watchers showed no waning of interest. Ruth stood at a ittle distance apart, silent and pale. Suddenly a small boy, who had never

moved his eves from the point where the swimmers would be first seen, cried engerly, "Here they come" At this the spectators crowded close upon one another to secure a better view, and the straggiers came hurrying up. As the two heads came rising and falling around the bend of the stream, the large crowd stood motionless and silent, every eye fixed upon them. When both were in full sight, however, closely followed by the boat, the spell was broken, and one

of the men shouled excitedly, "Monroe's nhead! "No! No! Jumes is ahead!" contralicted half a score of his friends.

But as the swimmers forged slowly but steadily forward, coming nearer and

nearer the finish, it was seen that hardly an inch intervened between James and Cisyton. The faces of both were purple with their terrible exertion, and the breath came from between their parted lips in quick, strong gasps. Clayton's face, especially, was livid, and his strained, bloodshot eyes rolled as he tried to secure the least advantage over his opponent.

Down they came, neck and neck, until fifteen feet more would see the race ended. So closely were their heads to the line that they might have been swimming together. The difference, if any, was not perceptible. All cries had by this time subsided, and in breathless engerness the onlookers stood awaiting the result, and ready and eager to cheer the victor, without regard to who

that might be. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a few inches grew between the swimmers. Both were exhausted now, and moved very slowly. But that it was Clayton was in the lead could easily be seen who by all. He was making almost superhuman efforts, and was putting forth his last remaining strength in a final sport. With distorted face and clinched

ment.

teeth he continued to gain slowly. As Ruth, too, saw this she was conscious of a vague feeling of disappoint-What was the cause? she asked herself. There could be but one cause. and as she watched and saw Clayton still gaining Ruth realized despair-ingly that she wanted James to win with all her heart and soul. His sturdy self-reliance and independence, his readiness to do battle for her to decide lost all resemblance to its quiet, placid his rights, had made an impression upon her which she had not recognized until ing a good part of loser Bridgetown.

chief. place in her heatt. Who, 1 sav. shall blame her if, by and by, this came to be the one feature of her life?

Two years have passed. Stanch as a rock still stands the boathouse, and boldly as ever shine out the huge initials -a constant reminder. The August sun again shines upon the quiet little vil-lage, and upon the clump of trees in the neadow where we saw Ruth and her two lovers two years ago. It is just setting now, and Ruth is

here again. She is older, more mature ooking, but none the less fair to look upon. The years have done well for James, too, who, as before, lies on the grass at her feet. He is a handsome nan now; a man of whom any girl might be proud. So Ruth thinks as she looks down upon him.

"Do you remember just two years ago. ames?" she asks.

"Will I ever forget it, do you think?" is his reply.

He sighs and turns away his head. He cnows the promise which keeps them apart, and it chafes him deeply. Ruth, too, sighs. Many and many have the conflicts which she has neen had with her conscience to keep from regretting the promise made to Clayton those two years ago. A great onging fills her heart as she sits there, ooking with unseeing eyes at the dying sun. But in that desire the thought of riolating the sanctity of that promise

finds no part. James looks up and meets her eye. "Do you think it just, Ruth?" he asks

wistfully. "Don't ask me, James," she answers unsteadily, and her eyes fill.

"Is there no hope for me, then?" he 2085 00. "Oh, James"' cries the girl, desper-"don't tempt me! You know I ately.

musta't listen while things are as they are! And then he pleads with her, elo quently, and as only a lover who has waited two long years can. There is no thought of unfaithfulness toward his dead rival in his mind, but two years banish many a scar, and he cannot admit the justice of a promise admit

which steals the happiness of two lives But the girl is firm through it all. She admits that she loves him, but she cannot turn her back upon her pledged word, she says. Well, then, Ruth, goodby," he says

after a time. She looks up inquiringly. "I must not stay here," James contin-ies. "I can't. I must go. I'li come

back if ever there's any reason. "Goodby, dear," she says, softly, and he goes.

After that night, for many a long mouth, Ruth Maisley did not see James Cope again. The burden which never left her, in her lonely life, seemed often greater than she could bear. Her friends wondered at her indifference to the modest gaieties of the village-she, who had formerly been their life. But Ruth suffered alone, making a confidant of no one, but bearing in silence the ache that well-nigh overwhelmed her.

The fall and winter which followed were seasons of almost constant storm. All the terrific powers of the elements unleashed themselves and beat with unmitigated fury upon the entire east. The little village of Bridgetown, thought the residents, came in for a too large share of the weather's severity The Rancocas creek, the scene of the ill fated swimming race of two years before

Perote, and an Italian, Signor Sarfuco, who, after trying in every way to outvie each other, agreed to perform together in a "dance of friendship." The two men on the rope were in the full dress of

the period, with lace ruffles, bag-wigs, and swords. Signor Sarfuico in beginning seemed to have some difficulty with his feet, which Perote perceiving, caused him to make some remark, which aroused the Italian's anger, who raised his hand as if to strike. The same instant Perote's rapier was drawn, and before the audience could comprehend that they hid quarreled. Sarfuico's sword was out also and the two were thrusting at each other on the tight rope. Both were good swordsmen, but Perote was the better of the two. He warded off the Italian's thrusts with his rapier till Sarfuico, making one desperate lunge, received a back

stroke, which threw him off his balance and at the same time attempted to grappla with his enemy. Down he went and down went Perote, and there was the Italian hanging on to the rope by his feet, and the Frenchman holding on to it by both hands, when the latter, with face of triumph, cried, "Look, ladies and gentieman, at the straps attached to his shoe neels and passed over the rope There is how he has made himself safe and dared to pretend he surpassed me whose life was spent on the rope and

whose great-great-grandfather per-formed before Henry IV." By this time the spectators had rushed with ladders and feather beds and got both men safely down. Sarfuico's exposure, however, prevented his further success, and he quickly disappeared from the city.

DeWitt's Sarsaparilis is reliable

A Boom in Jerusalem.

A missionary in Palestine writes to a Chicago friend that since the comple-tion of the railroad from Jaffa into the city of Jerusalem, over 800 buildingsresidences, hotels and business houseshave been erected. Real estate agents are swarming into the sacred city, and there is a life and bustle all about that is strange indeed. The holy land will soon be gridironed with railroads, of which Jerusalem will be the center. The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which was opened for traffic September 21, crosses the valley of Hinnom, and passes within a few hundred yards of the Pool of Bethesda. Work on the road to Joppa is progressing well and the Baron Rothschilds, who intends establishing a colony of Jews on the line of this road,

is building 300 houses for their use.

A Cholers scare.

A reported outbreak of cholers at Helmetta, N. J., created much excitement in that vicinity. Investigation showed that the disease was not cholera but a violent dysendiscusse was not choiser but a violent dysen-tery, which is almost as severe and danger-ous as obsista. Mr. Walter Willard, a prominent merchant of Jamesburg, two miles from Heimetta says Chamberlain's Colle, Cholera and Diarrbosa Remedy has given great satisfaction in the most severe cases of dysentery. It is certainly one of the best things over made. For sale op drugrists. Gruggists.

"Fii Put & Girdie Bound About the Earth Locke Richardson In Shakespeare's Comedy of "The Winter's Tale." The Lininger Art Gallery.

Tuesday Evening. October 4. Tickets Mc, at Chase & Eddy's

rocess were a matter of supreme indiference to her.

BEGINNING

Sunday,

Oct. 2d.

Chas. Renwick,

J. Dovell Balle,

Nellie Black.

Arthur Bell.

T. Johnson,

prospective bridegroom, "we didn't bese bowever, are more used for house have work in the mill today and we wanted to get in the time and so it total wanted to get in the time, and so I tola much less elaborate.

Dresses for little girls still remain long,

and I always apply it, sir.

Griffin Sisters.

