Hetty, or The Old Grudge.

By J. H. CONNELLY,

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The fences were half buried; the round.

on it, suggested a fanciful resemblance

John's first duty was the breaking of

the ice in the watering trough for the

eartle. In quick response to the sound

their shelter under the barn floor and the

lows in their stable, pigs squealing shrill

lemands for immediate feed, chickens

fluttering down from the hen house and

quawking in foolish alarm at finding

Three hours fater, John, mounted on

his big black borse, and dressed in his

best, rode down the lane on his way to

the unbroken snow in the roads being

much too deep to admit of speedy or com-

fortable sleighing. But that was no hard-

ship in a community of equestrians, and

would make little difference in the at-

tendance at the meeting house, to which

going pretty regularly, whether Presby-

terians or not. In the valley one was

either a Presbyterian, in sympathy at

least, or nothing, as no other sects had

yet gained a foothold there, and it was

not fashionable to have oneself looked

upon as "nothing" from a religious

The black horse found himself much

surprised and annoyed by the constraint

his rider put upon his pace. He was not

accustomed to being required or even per-

mitted to go at a walk with John on his

back, yet here they were a good two miles

from church and a tight rein still kept on

ever, than people are prone to give them

credit for, and it is not impossible that

he may have fully understood the situa-

tion when he discovered that he had been

made to arrive at a certain cross road

just us a very charming bay mare car-

rying a young woman, whose attractions

were doubtless more apparent to his mas-

ter than to himself-emerged from that

"Good morning, Miss Mulveil!" said

John, speaking with deferential diffidence,

for the young man must be much more

hardened in the ways of gallantry than

ness, attempt love making in the open

"Good morning, Mr. Cameron," she re

"Family has to be represented, and

"Why? I'm sure it's a lovely day for

"Well, mother thinks she may have

'If Danny prefers one place more than

rheumatism, from the change of weather;

the snow hurts Miss Elder's eyes; and, as

another, it is most probably because of

some better prospect for deviltry that his

"You mustn't be too hard on Danny,"

She told him the story of Rufus' dis

comfiture, narrating it so graphically

"Danny is a good boy," he attirmed em-

phatically, "and as body shall ever again

hear me say otherwise. I mean to buy

gun for him the next time I go to

"You have made an ally of him al-

ready. I never knew him to take up so

for anybody else as he does for you. I'm

afraid such a magnificent present as a

"Nothing is too good for a boy who has

"Yes. Anybody else than me, who

She looked up at him with an arch

smile, blushed and dropped her eyes,

without reply in words, but words were

not necessary for him to understand her.

to feel that way about the girl he loves?"

"Don't you think it natural for a man

"What do I know about how a man

"You know I am-and with you, Het-

"Why, how should I know that? You

"Do you mean to say that you have not

"Well, perhaps I might have suspi-

cloned something, if I had known as

"It hasn't been so very long since I

found it out myself. And that seems a

have seen you grow up right under my

and the only one I could ever care for,

until I found it out by shooting you.

tell you it was a mighty big surprise

when it came to me solid, Hetty. And it

has made the whole world different to

person could feel. Why, I'm seeing all

there is in the world worth caring for, to

The girl's eyes sparkled with happiness,

but her cheeks were red as flame, and she

"I didn't see you at spelling school

Thursday night," she said hastily, as if

interposing a new topic to block John's

too rapid public progress.

much as most girls do about such things,"

known it ever since the day we met up

gun would spoil him altogether."

omes to see you, is a trespusser.

"Oh! Then you are in love?"

never mentioned it to me before,"

feels when he is in love?"

ny telling you."

on the 'Backbone?'

that it seemed to John he could see his

laughed Hetty. "You don't know how

for Danny, he just wouldn't come."

genius for michief has discovered."

"He a good boy! How so?"

ival sprawling on the floor.

anybody to be abroad, who is not sick

air, in broad daylight, on the highway.

"Going to meeting, I suppose?"

none of the others will venture out."

sponded demurely.

him. Horses think and know more, how-

point of view.

everybody, practically, made a habit of

church. All the church-going in the val-

hemselves ingulfed in the snow.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.) mother." he announced, in a cheery "Oh, but this is true," shouted several voice, looking back into the house before voices. "Here, Jim, he down again! Get closing the door behind him,

In a moment, one of the young men compactly grown apple trees in the orstretched himself out on his back, upon chard looked like enormous snow balls; a log, holding his arms straight by his the well-sweep, swellen to colossal prowides, and half a dozen others stationed portions by the accumulation of snow up themselves, three on each side, with merely the tips of six forelingers touching to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, him. One of the bystanders exclaimed: "Hold in;" and the seven held their breath, until they seemed to swell and grow red, when just as it was evident of his chopping the chorus of farm life they could not continue the restraint a broke forth-horses neighing in their second longer he ordered "Now." And stalls, hells tinking among the sheep in Instantly the recumbent man seemed to float up in the air, not as a lifted weight. but rather as a cork, liberated deep down In the water, darts up to the surface. Manifestly, the six had employed no exertion, such as would have been neces gary to tess the sturdy young fellow up In that fashion under ordinary condi-

The minister was astonished, and felt that his confidence in the law of gravi- ley that day had to be upon horseback, tation had been strangely betrayed. As for an explanation, he had none, and baying hone, he very naturally, from his point of view, was disposed to stigmatize the incomprehensible thing as "the work of the devil." a time-honored, elerical way of meeting all sorts of difficulties. A fortunate diversion, however, saved him from committing himself to even that orthodox refuge. The arrogant houndpup, that had followed him upon the ground, overweeningly conscious of distinction as the minister's dog, had been achieving a steadily increasing unpopufarity among the other dogs by his supercilious manners, until eventually, a cur of low degree, taking grievous offense at his ostentatious scorn, suddenly mounted bim and took a sample piece from his neck. The pup's hasty comments on the outrage were uttered in a tone so piercing that all the other plebeian dogs seemed suddenly inspired by a frenzy to keep him up to concert pitch, and joined in a general melec, with him as the central point of their ferocious activity. A bucket of water hurled upon them put a speedy end to the fight, but the fear of having his rattered pup still further damaged was excuse enough for the minister to hasten away without spending any time in theorizing upon strange phenomena in natural philosophy. As he rode

off he called back: "If I get time, I will send a communication about it to the Washington Intel-

Sim Mulveil wheeled quickly to Goldie, who was his constant companion, and slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed in a tone of triumph:

"I've got it, b' gosh!" "Got what?"

"What I was trying to think of. The came of that paper brung it back to me. It was in the Intelligencer I saw it, a good two months ago."

Well, what was it, anyway?" "Never you mind just now. I've got to go over to Washington and see the papers that far back, before I say for certain. But you'll see the pride of that conceited John Cameron taken down a good many pegs before long, and with them spoons, too.

What! You don't mean it?" Yes, I do. But you keep your jaw what about it. I'll do nothing until I get good and ready, for when I strike it will be for keeps. If I don't take him, I'll good a boy he was last Sunday night." quit bein' constable.'

'Why, Sim! You don't mean to say them spoons are-"Yes, I do. Stolen, b' gosh!"

"Lord! I hope you'll prove it on him - whether it's so or not. I'll help you all E can.

"Well, you may be able to swear to comething when the time comes. One way or another, I've got to land him in town." fail or kill him.

CHAPTER XI.

During the night succeeding Roger Mc-Fariane's frolic, there was a heavy fall of snow. That which first came down his genius for running off trespassers, was moist and clinging, but as the hours of darkness went by, the still air grew colder and colder, and the niveous crys tals, dry, light and fleecy, piled high upon even the smallest twigs in the forest and bridged over the spaces between them, so that the boughs bent with the weight of a simulated foliage of immacu-

Like "a new heaven and a new earth." fresh and pure from the fashioning of their Creator, hushed yet in the awe of first consciousness of being, shone the cloudless sky and no less spotless world beneath, upon which beamed the golden rays of the morning sun. But all the refulgent white glory that flooded the universe was cold and still as death itself.

Slowly and with an air of protest, animated Nature awoke to recognition of the temporary domination of the inanimate. The peewits, nesting under the caves of the barn, were first to see what had happened, and discontentedly twittering to each other, agreed it was quite hopeless to look for a breakfast under all that snow, and they had best stay in their mighty queer thing, too, that I should warm shelter until the prospect improv-A gallant game cock, champion of nose, all these years, and never have tak the barayard, forebore his customary matutinal challenge to the universe, and en any notice that you were the loveliest and most lovable girl in the world floundering awkwardly through the deep snow to the refuge of an overhanging straw pile, looked about him with disgust and regret that he had left his comfort-

The sun was well up before a faint me. I never knew before how happy a epiral of smoke lazily floated straight toward the zenith from the kitchen chimney of the house, for the morning was me, when I look into your eyes, darling." Sunday, when late rising is permissible even on a farm. A couple of dogs, sniffing the odor of breakfast in the air, crawled out from under the porch and glanced anxiously up and down the road stretched themselves in time to meet John Cameron and give him their honest canine greeting as he emerged from the kitchen door with an ax in his hand.

"The deepest snow yet this winter,

You didn't object to going away and

eaving Rufus Goldie with me? "No. When you told me to do so, I saw

I was perfectly safe." You talk as if you were sure of me

"Of course I am. How could I be otherwise? I love you, and you know it.

And you love me, and I know it." "Laws! John Cameron, you don' know any such thing."

"Every kiss you gave me last Sunday night was an affidavit to it. I've got ton good an opinion of you, Hetty, to think your kisses could go where your heart didn't. Yes, it's just solid love between us, and why should we waste time pretending anything else, making believe what we know in our bearts isn't true and what we wouldn't, either of us, have the other think so for all the world?"

"John, sin't you a little afraid, some times, that you are a very sudden young man ?

"Maybe I am, but life is short. I'd rather be sudden about getting what I want than sorry for losing it through slowness. Which do you yourself think s best. Hetty?"

"Well-it isn't good to be too slow John.

"Spoken like a sensible girl, my darl ing. And now, when shall we get mar-

"Oh! It's too soon to talk about that." "Not a bit. We mean to get married, "I-I don't know. Oh, John, what do

you want to talk that way for on the road to meeting, and in broad daylight! You ought to be ashamed." "I'd be ashamed of myself if I didn't take any opportunity that offered."

"How much practice you must have

had talking to girfs, to be so bold about

that I never before, in all my life, said to any girl or woman, except my mother, the words: 'I love you.' And when I say them to you. Hetty, they are as true and come as straight from my heart as they ever did when I spoke them to her. I simply don't see why a man should be

shamefaced, or beat about the bush, in

baring his heart to the girl be loves well

enough to make his wife; and that brings

me back to the question I asked you before- we mean to get married, don't we?" closer alongside of me, until you are western requirements and is sufficient-scrouging my mare off the road, and I by described by the title which the forjust know, if I'd say 'Yes,' you'd grab eign residents of a certain settlement me round the waist and kiss me, and people would be sure to see us, and I'm not going to get myself talked about. If you want my answer, you can come over to-

night and get it. "Why, you darling, that's good enough answer for the present! Oh, how I do loved you, Herty! Come back into the ond; you needn't be afraid of my cutting up right out here before folks. I won't and pouting lips so close to him, without wanting to- There! Hold on! Don't start off that way! I won't do anything. Thunder. We're almost there, and at that gait we wouldn't have five minutes more to talk."

"Come along. We can do our talking to-night, without setting other folks talking to-day. There's a whole lot of people coming down the ridge road, and on the rise of the hill behind us are two men, and I do believe one of them is Rufus

Hetty's keen sight had correctly identified the distant horseman as Rufus Goldie, and if she had taken a second look she would have known equally well his companion, who was none other than Simeon Mulveil. Rufus lived at the constable's house most of the time, instead of staying where he properly belonged, among his nearer relatives, over in Fay ette County, near Uniontown. The two nen not only harmonized well in character, but had business relations which brought them into close association. Mulveil, who was a widower, owned a good farm and a sawmill-the latter an inheritance from his wife, to whom it had been left by a former husband. Rufus can the mill, on shares, and also did some work on the farm when the head of water was too slack for sawing, or lumber nor in demand. Hence, he and Simeon, thrown much together in their hours of labor, had got into the habit of each other's society, generally went abroad in company and were as nearly friends as it was possible for such natures to feel friendship. There was secretly between them at this time, however, a good deal of jealousy, for each knew that the oth er was a rival suitor for Hetty Mulveil's hand. That feeling would probably have separated them, had they not been linked by the hend of common hate for John Cameron, whom they instinctively recognized as the one destined to earry away

the prize from both of them. Following and spying on this ride to church, they saw, and gnashed their teeth at seeing, how closely the black horse and the bay mare moved along together and how slowly they went. "I'd like to put a bullet through him."

growled Rufus Goldie. "Well, you'll learn before long from "So would I; but I wouldn't like to be hanged for it," snarled the constable. 'You're always atraid of the law.'

"The law's something to be afraid of, "No; not the law, but getting enught," "The law has a tarnation long reach." "It don't go as far as a gun, though-

etween man and man. "It'll go far enough in John Cameron's ease to suit me.' "Do you feel like speaking any plainer

o-day than you did yesterday about "I don't mind telling you, but you must keep it mighty close, for if he got word of it before I am ready to jump on him.

"I'm not likely to do anything that

he might not be there when I landed."

would be much good to him." "Well, it's just this. I saw in the paper, about two months back, that there was a robbery of silver spoons from a house over by Canonsburg somewhere, read all such things because it's my official duty, but my memory isn't good and I can't recollect names well. That' nothing, though. I can go over to Washington to-morrow or next day and see the paper. And I'm just as sure as that I'm

ilive the spoons we saw yesterday are the stolen ones. I feel it in my bones so could swear to it." "But how are you going to prove he stole them?"

It takes two to make a quarrel-but "I don't have to. If I find them in his when one is willing it's easy enough to ossession, it'll be for him to prove he "No. I had to go over to Noblestown, | didn't steal them. Even if he gets off | find another,

about a span of horses and didn't get he will have been put in fail anyway. | SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

kely to marry any Jail bird." Rufus winced, though he said nothing For reasons bost known to himself references to juil birds grated on all there was of sensitivenes in his being,

"Yes," pursued the constable, "if I find t's all right when I see the paper, as I'm sure I shall-I've got them initials mark ed down, 'B. W. B.' or 'R. B. W., and one or the other is bound to be right-I'll get the warrant for him at once, But won't serve it until Thursday, 'Training Day," when half the county will see him ticken as a thief.

Rufus started with the impulse of adden thought, looked fixedly in his com panion's eyes for a moment, and said in low tone of suggestion rather than of

"And if he resists arrest?" The constable elenched his jaws with a

"Then something had may happen to

m-in a perfectly legal way. The two scoupdrels grinned at each other in sympathy, shook hands and rode on at a livelier pace after the couple, who had by this time disappeared under the grove surrounding the house of prayer. (To be continued.)

Chraper than the Grave.

The advance of cremation in Engand, shown by the establishment of a municipal furnace in the north and he projection of a new crematorium not far outside the four-mile radius in London, recalls the Interesting history of Japan in the matter. Cremation followed Buddhism into Japan about 1,200 years ago, but it only partially superseded the Shinto custom of disposing of the dead by interment. In 1873 cremation was totally prohibited by the Japanese government, whose members seem to have had some confused notion as to the practice being

un-European and therefore barbarous Having discovered that, far from being un-European, cremation was the the goal of European reformers in such matters, they rescluded their prohibition before two years had elapsed. Cremation in Japan is carried out in a somewhat rough and ready manner, The cheapest process only costs about "John, you're riding up closer and \$1.12. This is scarcely adapted to ly described by the title which the forin Japan gave to the native cremation ground among the hills-"Roast Meat

Photographing the Clouds.

Photographing the clouds has recently become a recognized branch of practical meteorology. It also affords beautiful pictures for the collections say but what I want to. The man of amateur photographers. The French wouldn't be a human who could love a astronomer, M. Antoniadi of the Juvisi girl as I love you, and see her bright eyes observatory, who has had much experience in cloud photography, says that all kinds of cameras, large and small, mounted and unmounted, can be employed for this purpose, but considerable practice is required to determine the proper time of exposure. In order to quench the blue of the sky and bring out the contrast between the clouds and their background yellow screens, preferably composed of thin cells containing a chemical solution, are employed. Exposures vary from a small fraction up to one-third of a

Protective Coloring and Form. The sea is full of wonders of protective coloring and form, and there is one real chameleon in it-namely, the chameleon shrimp. This, like its land counterpart, changes color from minute to minute-now green out in the sunlight, now yellow on the sand, and again dark brown under the shadows of some projecting rock. There is another quaint little fish which haunts the weeds tracts of the Gulf Stream, and there builds its nest and lays its eggs like a bird rather than a fish. This animal—the antennarius—is not very easy to see owing to its similarity to its surroundings. It imitates in color the weed it lives in, and like the chameleon, constantly changes its

In the Wilds.

The preacher had a good deal of natural ability but very little education, and his congregation consisted mainly of wood splitters, fruit growers and small farmers. In Illustrating his subfeet he said .-

"My friends, you've been out on a dark night when you could hardly see your hand before you, and you've said how pitchy dark it is; well, pitchy darkness be dark, and my friends, you know what a gross is; if not, I'll tell you, A gross is twelve dozen; now you will understand the darkness that covered this people, for it was one hundred and forty-four times pitchy dark, and that be dark."

An Artist King. , When wearled with State affairs, the King of Portugal has merely to take up his brush and palette and all trouble is forgotten. Since his accession to the throne, some eleven years ago, he has accomplished a great deal in the artistic line, and the honors which have come to him have proved that he is no mere dilettante in art, and that he could have made his mark as a

Not a Lion Tamer.

Cecil Rhodes keeps two lions in his grounds in South Africa. He once tried his own powers as a lion-tamer for weeks, but without success, "I could have controlled a man in a much shorter time, and got him to do what I please," said the great politician. "Lions are nobler creatures than men. that's evident."

A girl cannot be said to really enjoy anything unless she laughs so hard that she swallows her gum.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheertions that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Don't you feel a thril of exultation every time you see those symbolic letters U. S.?" asked the patriotic citizen. who had just returned from Europe. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.

'And I like 'em best in the shape of a remarked; monogram. They look almost exactly like a dollar mark."-Washington Star.

Ple that melts in your mouth is astonishingly obdurate after it gets into bind her over to keep the peace." your stomach.-Detroit Journal.

With a Reckless Persian Mayor, "My guess concerning 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters' ought to attract great attention." "What Is It?"

"I believe Omar Khayyam wrote them."-Chicago Record-Herald.

"Cluess it's a sure go 'bout 'em goin' ter auction off this 'ere busted rail-

"Well, by gum, I seed red flags along the track in three or four places."

Cayuse Made Good. Pepperhole Pete-Cayuse Charley is gone at last; he tried ter throw the makes!" through express off th' track an' wuz "Yes; in colorature cooking she is

Larist Luke-Waal Cavuse made good; he allus sed he'd never die with his boots on. Ohio State Journal,

Cause for Congratulation. Drummer Any mail for me John II. Klawback? Pettyville Postmaster-Nope!

Drummer-Good! The firm hasn't fired me yet!-Puck. The Only Way.

"Bores can't bore me." "Why not?" "I always manage to get the lead away and hore them."-Puck.

A Definition. Musician I t'ink he's a true moosician-a true artist.

Friend-What do you mean by that Musician-Vell, a true artist is one vot would love art for its own sake-If he could afford it.-Puck.

Why He Broke Loose, Mrs. Von Blumer-I thought you said that Mrs. Peterby had such thorough control over her husband that she made him go to church every Sunday. He wasn't there last Sunday.

Von Blumer-No. He found it was of the pork market. affecting his golf.-Life.

Off and On. "He gets on a spree occasionally, doesn't he?" "Oh, yes, off and on."

"More often on than off, I suppose." -Philadelphia Press.

"I want you to take me to St. John's Wood, Cabble,"

"All right, sir, but would you mind getting in the other side so as the old 'orse don't see yer?"-Phil May's An-

"And they tell me a colony hath been planted in Delaware. Hast heard how it is prospering?"

"Marvelously! The first peach crop bath been a glorious failure?"-San Francisco Bulletin.

A Philanthropist. She (haughtfly)-I happen to know that you have already proposed to two other girls this year. He-Ves. dear. but I assure you it

was only out of compassion.-Detroit

are plainty marked. He-Oh, is that what those things are in the morning." intended for? I always thought those diagrams were dress tatterns.

Their Weak Point, "So you don't think the automobile

will succeed the horse for farm work?" asked the visitor. "Nope," answered Uncle Silas, "finan-

cially they would be a failure. When they'd get old an' wore out how could you turn 'em loose in a field by the railroad so's they'd get kilt? An' even if you could, I doubt If the company 'ud ful to Old or Young Funny Select be held responsible." - Indianapolis Sun.

After hearing evidence in an assault case between man and wife, in which the wife had had a deal of provocation, the magistrate, turning to the husband,

"My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case."

"But she has cut a piece of my ear

"Well," said the magistrate, "I will "You can't," shouted the husband; she's thrown it away."-London Tit-

The Situation. "Yes: Roberts is going home because

the war is over." "And Kitchener?"

"Oh, he's going to stay because it

Realized His Own Madness. "Now you are tired of me and abuse me," sobbed the young wife whose husband refused to hire another maid to take care of her pet dog. "Yet," she continued, "not two years ago you were just crazy to marry me."

"Yes," answered the complacent manbrute, "my friends told me so at the time, but I didn't realize it until after we were married."-Kansas City Star.

Arithmetical Packing. "Jimmy, Sammy says you had more caramels than the rest of the children." 'Well, ma, I seen they wouldn't go 'round again, an' so I jes' had to eat 'em."-Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Her. "If you want to marry her, don't be so abjectly devoted. You simply cheapen yourself in her eyes."

"Then she'll take me. Mary never could resist a bargain."-The King. Art Cookery.

"What lovely brown biscuits she

quite unexcelled.-Puck. Feminine Sincerity. Ted-He stutters so badly it took him

over half an hour to propose to her. Ned-What did she say to him? Ted-Oh, this is so sudden. Judge.



Fly-Poor little things! Nothing

seems to grow up in this desert. A Short Cut to leanty. Agnes-In answer to the question; 'How can I become beautiful in thirty days?" we would recommend that you get popper to sneak in on the right side

Most Curious Thing. Mrs. Quizzer (who wants to know everything)-Now, what do you consider to be the most curious thing you

ever saw, professor?

Prof. Trotter-A woman, madame.-Harlem Life. Beyond a Whisper. "It is a great drawback to be getting

"Yes, it is; people quit telling you secrets."-Chicago Record-Herald. Wanted Specifications. The farmer (wearing long boots)-

Hey, sonny, d'yew want tew shine 'em for a dime? The Bootblack (looking them over)-

How far up?-Brooklyn Life. A Tip in Advance,

First Waiter-You see, the man gave Peto a tip --Second Walter-What! Before he got anything to eat? First, Walter-Yes-a tip that he

wouldn't get any if he didn't hurry .-An Adjunct to Tears, "Perhaps you can direct me," she

sald with pompous condescension to the floorwalker. "I've a crying need "Yes'm." Interrupted the floor-walker.

in his quick, nervous way, "han'k'chief department, fif' counter, nex' alsle," The Sense of Ownership.

"There goes my train!" said the commuter with exasperation, "If it's your train," said a sarcastic bystander, "why didn't you have it wait

for you?"-Sommerville Journal, Can Always Fin! Words. He-This author should be ashamed of himself. A married man, too! He-He says that a man's wife gazed at him in speechless astonishment." Why, such a thing is unknown

in matrimony!-Puck.

The Rest of It. "I don't see why you aren't industrious and economical like the man next She I see in New York every theater | door," said the wife. "You will scarceprogram is required by law to bear a ly have time to get to your office in seaplan of the house on which the exits son. The man next door has his lunch in a basket and starts out at 6 o'clock

> "Yes; and goes fishing."-Washington Star.