JOHN MARCHMONT'S REVENGE.

By G. W. Campbell.

White Plain Valley is generally unknown. The gently rolling country is enclosed by two parallel Pennsylvania mountains that rise up like guardian sentinels. To the east of end of the valley flows the beautiful Susquehanna River, calm, placid and serene except sometimes in the spring when it takes a sudden notion to invade the surrounding lowlands to the dismay and discomfort and disgust of those in the pathway of the inundation.

John Marchmont owned a productive farm at the end of the valley bordering on the west bank of the river. I said owned, but there was a mortgage of something like seven thousand dollars on it, but with good luck there was no reasonable doubt why he should not liquidate the debt in time if there seems always to be an if in the way. The if in his case was one of those annual uprisings of the Susquehanna. Not that he was not prepared. He knew for several days that the water would probably [illegible] had been an [illegible] winter. And when the sudden warm rains came they combined with the [illegible] that broke through the boom, completely devastated and ruined Marchmont's farm. The house and barn met the same fate and over the well tilled acres piled the sharp white sand to a depth of from four to twelve feet. Marchmont's ruin was as complete as if his whole farm had been washed away.

About this time Marchmont was engaged, if you can believe the gossips, to a young lady who was the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Samuel Seemore, a young, rough, uncouth red headed fellow of about thirty, was another admirer of Mary. After Marchmont had lost his property he hesitated about calling on the Blakelys and left Seemore a free field. Seemore was not much of a laggard in love affairs and won Mary. When Marchmont heard of their marriage he decided to seek his fortune in the Far West.

Seemore and his wife went to live on a little place that he had inherited from his mother. The house was a small uncomfortable affair, unpainted and with a general aspect of decay. After a time little Seemores came and still the place remained the same, or rather sank still deeper in to decay. Mrs Seemore long ago gave up all attempts of having things look any different. Her husband's promises to fix up the barn, patch the fence and paint the house, she long ago began to regard as something mythical. The few acres would not afford them enough for existence. They were wretchedly poor and barren. Seemore worked out by the day for different farmers, but at that he was reckoned as a failure.

Eleven years had passed since Mary Blakely married. It seemed like a nightmare way back in the almost obscure past. Eleven years of misery, poverty and weary drudgery. Then one day the whole valley was excited. It was reported that John Marchmont had returned from the West and was exceedingly wealthy. They said he had purchased the property next to the Seemores, and was going to erect a fine mansion. Nobody could verify the report until Marchmont came himself and when he was questioned he admitted the truth of the rumor.

Some said his intention was to spite the Seemores because of the disappointment years before. But Marchmont with a cynical smile kept his views to himself and made a confident of no one. In the course of time his mansion became a reality. It was the finest in the whole valley. Marchmont established himself with his widowed sister and several servants. But he did not derive any satisfaction from sitting in his luxurant home and gazing on the abject poverty of his neighbors. His cynical smile hid the thoughts of the real man.

One day about haymaking time, Marchmont had occasion to go some little distance up the valley to see Hiram Bridenger. When he arrived there they were just taking a load of hay onto the barn floor. He climbed up in the haymow to where Hiram was and causually glanced down on the wagon where Sam Seemore, older now, but still the same old Sam was pitching the hay.

When the load was half off, somehow, Seemore fell off backward, striking his head on the barn floor, breaking his neck. It fell to Marchmont's lot to break the news to his wife, a task exceedingly difficult, but he thought it his duty to do it.

Somehow or other he could not feel as sorry for Mrs Seemore, as he thought he ought. He was really ashamed of his lack of sympathy. Something deep in his heart seemed to vibrate with new life; a glimpse of a new future dawned indistinctly on his conglomerated ideas. He did not stop to reason the why or wherefor, but accepted it as a joy that was of the moment, to cherish lest it should vanish to return no more. The little Seemores, four of them, came into his thoughts for some amount of interest and attention. They were more than mere units; they were of some consequence, though, for the life of him he could not fathom why they should unconsciously occupy so much of his thoughts.

Marchmont attended the funeral and tried to assume a cynical expression at the ceremonies. There was very little sorrow exhibited by him and when the funeral was over he felt as if a weight of years had been lifted from his heart. To the country people [illegible] he seemed cold, distant, [illegible] yet it was only at the surface. [illegible] as much belief in human nature as ever. He had faith in the consistency of human nature in general. His [illegible] was a real thing, something to be highly prized, to be cherished beyond all worldly things, the basis of true happiness, [illegible] he cast it away as it were with a gesture of impatience.

About a year after Seemore's death Marchmont was sitting in his library as usual. His active mind [illegible] thoughts [illegible] over memory's [illegible] when a sudden idea came to him, the [illegible] which brought the [illegible] Why not marry Mrs Seemore? [illegible]

[illegible] nature [illegible] why [illegible]

"Oh [illegible]" Marchmont [illegible] walk. They say there's no fool like an old fool, and I guess I'm getting to be a big [illegible]. I [illegible] before I know it.

He followed the road [illegible] past the Seemore habitation and unconsciously gazed in [illegible] they were just preparing to retire. Marchmont swallowed a sigh as he resumed his walk. He had not gone far when he retraced his steps. Was his eyesight playing him false or could that be some ghost flitting down the road? He hurried after the vanishing apparition determined to ascertain the identity of the apparition, and when he neared his home he saw it staring up at his mansion.

Then a thin faint voice was wafted to his ears. He gathered a few broken sentences.

"Oh if things were — wouldn't it be grand! What a mis— I — oh! Heaven! Me to dure the burden. Keep on the way — don't let me wan—"

Marchmont walked quietly up to the lone figure and softly said: "Why, Mary, what are you doing out at this time of night?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr Marchmont?" and she gave him a startled look of inquiry. "The house was so suffocating that I couldn't stand it any longer so I came out for a little walk. It is such a beautiful evening, the moonlight was so tempting that I couldn't resist."

Marchmont stood gazing into the face of Mary Blakely—he was young again. The pale moon shot its silvery shafts of light down on the hammock that swung neath a bower of grapevines. His arm encircled Mary's slim waist. His brown eyes looked into her pure deep blue ones. His love was an effulgent passion that would reign on through the dim vistas of coming years, down through eternity and beyond.

He was suddenly interrupted in his pleasant reverie by Mary's voice, for the moment he thought she had spoken, he was listening as of yore.

"I must go home now. I've been out long enough."

"Allow me to walk back with you?"

"I'm not the least bit afraid," returned Mrs Seemore, but she was thankful, somehow or other, that Marchmont walked by her side.

When they arrived at the gate Marchmont looked into Mary's face, weary, toil-worn, but with a certain amount of womanhood left, and a dignity about her that he remembered he had often stood in awe of her in the long ago. To think of her years of wretchedness spent here caused a wave of emotion to surge through Marchmont, which almost overwhelmed him. His heart went out to her. The heart-throbs of his love were like the swells of the ocean beating on the rocky shore. He would ask her to be his wife. He would make her happy. He would make himself happy, too. And the little Seemores, well, he'd do right by them, too. Then pride loomed up before him, gigantic, grim overbearing, unrelenting. It recalled the wretched poverty of the Seemores, the four ragged children of his rival, how she had left him for Seemore, and how his friends would jeer and laugh at him, why, he would be the laughing stock of the whole valley. He, the rich Mr. Marchmont, marrying such a wretchedly poor family! No! Pride would not let him do such a thing. He couldn't think of such a proposition as that; he'd dismiss it from his mind.

"Then he muttered: 'Oh, hang pride, I'll take her just as she is!"

"What did you say, Mr. Marchmont?"

"Why, I said it was a mighty fine evening; I don't know when I ever saw a more lovely night."

NO STING IN DEATH

French Specialist Declares That Death Is Painless.

Do we suffer to die? La Lacture the famous French paper puts this question and Dr. Necker the eminent specialist of the Parisian hospitals answers with a big round no.

"I have observed and noted with the greatest attention," [illegible] he says, "all the phenomena of that the most important act of life that is called death, and I can affirm that it is painless. Sensibility that compound action of the brain nerves and muscles which produces all our feelings both physical and psychological is the first thing to die. It becomes extinct before the animal life ends and consequently there is no pain in death.

"Death [illegible] sleep is an absolutely unconscious and painless act. Nobody [illegible] remember the exact moment [illegible] he [illegible] asleep and no one has a notion of the exact moment when he dies.

"In some cases when the brain is clear enough to permit the patient to think and reason, the man about to die realizes his position, but even then he [illegible] only also [illegible] have a very faint and [illegible] idea of what happens to him [illegible]

[illegible]

"As to physical pain there is none.

"When a person becomes so ill that he is at [illegible] no matter what the direct cause [illegible] might be [illegible] when a man is about to [illegible] sensibility [illegible] or [illegible] of sins [illegible]

"It is logical therefore to think [illegible] was suffering [illegible] disappeared [illegible] where there is an [illegible] absence [illegible]

"I am [illegible] with the [illegible] from [illegible] with the [illegible] to find [illegible] what the feelings of a drowning man were.

"He struggled desperately for two or three hours and during that time [illegible] his sufferings both physical [illegible] were intense, but [illegible] the approach of death all feelings disappeared. His brain worked [illegible] had been so weakened that while he had a notion of what [illegible] it was so faint and imperfect that he could not fully realize his [illegible]. He was picked up and saved [illegible] he was in his own opinion [illegible] that [illegible]

"A [illegible] had his two legs cut off by a train. He was brought to the hospital and according to the ambulance [illegible] he did not complain of any pain. He only begged the doctors that his legs be not amputated. I conversed with him for a few minutes of the different things and to all my questions the [illegible] answered with perfect accuracy. Suddenly he looked at me and said:

"How good this is!"

"What?" I asked. "Nothing," replied the child, "but I feel all over my [illegible] something that is very nice."

"And he died."

It is known that the sensation felt by a mortal wound inflicted with a rifle bullet is that of a light blow. In many instances when the wound while dangerous is not necessarily mortal, the blow is felt in another part of the body. The writer himself was shot [illegible] in one of the battles of [illegible] revolution and felt the [illegible] very slight pain under the [illegible]. It was only after several hours that he discovered his mistake.

Death by [illegible] according to the most famous medical authorities is delicious, as is death by hanging.

Stamp Out Clay Eating

Efforts are made to stamp out the habit of earth eating which is prevalent among the natives over almost all of India. In northern India the favorite form of earth consumed is the gray or drab colored shale. This is excavated mostly at Meth in Bikanir and is exported to the Tunjaub at the rate of 2000 camel loads a year.

In different districts different kinds of clay are eaten but if the natives have at one time a taste for a special kind of mud as the habit increases the depraved appetite soon becomes satisfied with bricks and broken pots. White ant soil with the nests and ants themselves is also considered a great delicacy.

The reasons given for indulging in the habit are a peculiar fascinating odor and taste in the clay, rendering it a delicacy, an unnatural craving due to disease, to satisfy hunger, force of example, supposed medical virtue.

The habit is not always confined as might be imagined to the lower orders. A university graduate confessed to a friend that the bland earthly odor was a great temptation to him, and that the very thought of it made his mouth water. He always enjoyed the odor he said when showers fell upon previously parched earth. The effects of the habit are disastrous. Those women addicted to it very soon complain, first of a pain and weakness in the limbs, then of palpitation and difficulty of walking a little distance up hill. After some time all the other symptoms of anemia are fully established, sallow and pale complexion, tongue and gums bloodless, and general debility. Very often dropsy follows.

A planter in Assam succeeded in almost completely suppressing the habit on his estate by making offenders stand out with a piece of mud in each hand exposed to the ridicule of the remainder of the coolies.

The highest elevator in the world tourists 500 feet to the top of a vertical mountain near Lucerne. It lifts

[illegible] SPARROWS TO SING

Bird Raised With Canaries Learned to Imitate Them.

A series of interesting experiments in which English sparrows have been taught to sing sweetly is recorded by Dr Conradi. The aim of the experimenter has been to determine what are the conditions under which birds learn and cling to their traditional notes. For this purpose says the American Journal of Psychology he has taken very young birds of nonmusical species and kept them entirely with songsters to determine whether they would thus acquire the musical notes.

In July 1893 he put four fledgling English sparrows into the nest of a pair of singing canaries. Three of them died but the fourth survived. This one had already acquired a sparrow chirp but hearing thenceforth only the notes of the canary he went no further with the language [illegible] was his birthright [illegible] instead he came [illegible] when among the canaries [illegible] give notes different from sparrows [illegible] Even when he was sent [illegible] of the canaries were singing he could be seen [illegible] his throat as if he were [illegible] from the sounds [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] he was [illegible] again [illegible] the report was being written [illegible] the experimenter he was [illegible] quite an adept in [illegible] song and [illegible] singing [illegible] many [illegible] his song with com[illegible] and some circles on his [illegible]

To try the effect of association upon him Dr Conradi removed him for a time in his first year from the canaries and put him where he heard only sparrow chatter. Gradually he ceased to sing and began to return to the neglected sparrow tongue, but when he was again living with the canaries he regained all he had lost in less than a month.

From Ibsen's Letters

Many interesting characteristics of Henry Ibsen are shown in a recently published volume of his letters. For instance while the dramatist was moderately poor in his early life that circumstance did not reconcile him to poverty. In later years he established what in America would be called a [illegible]. His letters prove that he often [illegible] his friends in the [illegible] of aged Lorenz Dietrichson as early as [illegible] receiving his appeal. "They have applied to me for such information but I do not care to give it myself and Mr. Schold is of course not sufficiently acquainted with the facts of the case. You can understand that the matter is one of considerable interest to me. Therefore it is that I come to you as my old friend. String some facts together, dear old fellow, in a manner that will suit the Germans. Write as favorably as your conscience will permit. The starving-poet business is no good nowadays. Tell about my pension from the government and the storthing. Tell that I am traveling and that I am for the time being in dem grossen Vaterland, etc."

In a letter to Laura Kieler, also a writer, he says: "Is it your intention to pursue the career of an author? For this something else and something more is required than talent. One must have something to create from, some life experience. The author who has not that does not create, he only writes books. Now I know very well that a life led in solitude is not a life devoid of experiences. The human being is, however, in the spiritual sense, a longsighted creature, we see most clearly at a distance, the details confuse, we must get away from what we desire to judge, one describes summer best on a winter's day."

Many of the letters display the author's natural pride, this one not dealing with poetry at all but a dishonored draft. "Yesterday, however, Raynkilde received an extremely scornful, insolent, and, to a certain extent, inexplicable leter from Baetzman, who returned the draft, making use of the expression. 'This sort of thing won't do here'—words one might use if one caught a swindler in the act of doing some rascally trick which one could prevent. But such words must not be written about me. The man who said them to me I would kill on the spot."

Gold is on exhibition in the mining department, Melbourne, Australia, found in the New Chum mine, Bendigo, at a depth of 4,200 feet, the record depth of gold discovery.

One moderate drinker is worth more to the devil than a dozen drunkards.

Bear and Forbear

Randall came slowly down the wood road that led to the resort ground. The fact that every step brought him nearer to Vivian did not hasten his pace because Webb was also there and of late Vivian's fancy had seemed to favor this rival who was all that the word "eligible" implied.

He turned from the main road and came into a neglected lovers lane. Some little distance from him he saw an elderly female forging her ample form through the undergrowth that had sprung up across the remains of a path leading past a small Summer house.

To one of the larger trees a young bear at the stage between sportiveness and growth was secured by a long chain. [illegible] he crossed the course of this luckless approaching woman.

Bruin accustomed to inspiring terror or to receiving overtures in the way of propitiating peanuts retreated in astonishment from the vigorous thrusts of the green cotton umbrella.

A rustic bench a few steps further on invited the woman to rest. Enthroning herself thereon she leaned an elbow on either knee and gazed earthward.

Randall's eye was caught by the wonderful [illegible] headgear that adorned the woman. It was a big straw bonnet covered with yellow straw [illegible] which it would be difficult for [illegible] or milliner to define.

Bruin took [illegible] stock them for his favored [illegible] peanuts. He came forward. To the bear's eye there could be no more tempting prospect than [illegible] A [illegible] and a huge paw [illegible] powerful [illegible] the bonnet.

With the [illegible] of the terrified woman was mingled a [illegible] ripping tearing sound. Her hatpins had not been securely impaneled and to his [illegible] the trunk of the tree Bruin bore in triumph not only the [illegible] bonnet of his prey, but also her [illegible] kinky-rinkled wig leaving her with a white, smooth shining pate.

"Happily [illegible]" softly whispered Randall to himself as he hastened to the rescue. He wrestled with the bear and the headpieces until he had secured the latter and restored them to the hysterical woman whose hands were clasped over her defenseless head.

He is quite tame," reassured Randal, turning toward her and apparently not noting the rakish set of the wig and bonnet which were of wildly antagonistic angles.

"I was never here before," she gasped, "and I took him for a big dog. Why I am that skairt and beat like, I don't know as I can make the hotel."

"Rest here a little while," he said kindly, "and I will walk back to the hotel with you."

"My, but I am glad you come along," she said gratefully. "I always supposed city folks were terribly stuck up, but you're just like her Miss Grey. I ought to have listened to her. She told me I had better walk with her. My, but she is a fine girl!"

The light in Randall's eyes aroused her curiosity.

"Do you know her—Vivian Grey?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes I know her," he made answer, his heart throbs quickening at the mention of the loved name.

"She boarded at our farm one Summer and she is always just as sweet to me as she is to her city friends when I come to town. I have been sick and our folks packed me down here to the hotel to rest up a spell. I'd have been awful lonesome but Miss Grey was here and she looks after me."

While Randall was helping his corpulent friend up from the rustic bench a tall, handsome supercilious man came through an opening in the woods. He gazed in astonishment at the pair.

"Oh, Randall," he drawled, with a suspicion of a sneer in his voice, "keeping tryst in this romantic spot? Who's your fair friend?"

The "friend" detected the sneer, and turned to him resentfully, but before she gained her voice Randall responded in quiet tones.

"My friend, Webb, is a lady who was frightened by an attack from the bear here, and I am walking back to the hotel with her where she is staying."

"Oh, I thought it was 'Beauty in distress.' They are not quite so exclusive at the hotel as they were last year. I am on my way to keep an appointment with a mutual friend of ours, so I will bid you adieu and leave you to your fate."

Randall's response was averted by the appearance of a lovely young woman in the doorway of the Summer house. She bestowed a slight and frigid bow upon the astonished Webb and went up to the woman.

"Mrs. Beagle," she said, sympathetically, "I am sorry for your fright. I was resting here in the Summer house during your encounter with the bear. I was coming to the rescue when I saw Mr. Randall was doing everything necessary, so I awaited developments. I will return with you to the hotel."

"It was lovely of you to be so nice to her," she said in an undertone to Randall, as Mrs. Beagle went back to the bench to collect her belongings.

The expression in the beautiful eyes of the speaker made Randall's heart leap. What happened during their walk back to the hotel is immaterial, but that night Bruin was treated to a whole pack of peanuts.—BELLE MANIATES.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

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Columbia, S. C., February 4th, 1903.

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