Beyond the Mountains

By FRANK M. PITTMANN

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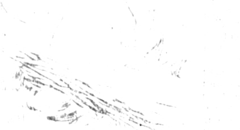
The birds were singing blithely in the valley and on the mountain, and there was a joyous echo in the girl's heart, as she tripped along the rough pathway. Barbara Graves was going away, and she was glad. All nature was awake early as if to bid her a fond farewell. The old Dame's children knew her step and loved her voice.

[illegible]



Robert Clayton was sitting on a log [illegible]

She did not believe Drake had seen the white kitten in the air. His face flushed at the imputation. A man may know he has been lying, but he likes not for others to possess such knowledge, much less tell him so.

"The buggy is waiting on the other side," he said. "Let us go, Bab."

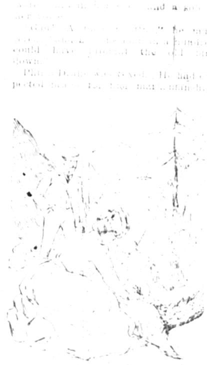
Distrust of Philip Drake had come upon Barbara Graves suddenly. She had not met him many times, but his promises of a happy life had been alluring. The thought of going away and seeing the world outside of books had been charming. [illegible]

"Down there, Mr. Drake," pointing toward the valley, "is a man who loves me, a brave man, one whom I have known all my life. He has never deceived me, as I find you have done. Had you loved me I—I thought—" Her lips trembled, but her voice was gentle, and she broke off suddenly. "Good-bye!" She did not look back.

Not till then did her full beauty and the grace of her heart, mind and self burst upon him, and, villain as he was, as he realized that she was lost to him forever, a paroxysm of grief came over him, and he flung himself upon the ground.

* * *

Robert Clayton was sitting on a log by the roadside. He had just finished reading a letter and had placed it in his pocket, and his head was resting despondently upon his hands. [illegible]



Barbara gently performed the service. Yet he knew Barbara would naturally be excited that morning, and he meant to make no mistake. She had not stopped to shake his hands, and reached the summit slightly in advance.

"How could you?" she cried, bitterly. "Is it not enough that the living emblem of our country has grown so scarce that no man here, however, ignorant, would have molested him"—she pointed to the dead eagle—"and yet, for mere wantonness and to test your skill you did this?"

A half-scowl flashed into the man's face, but it vanished instantly. He had caught sight of a white object in the eagle's talons, as he advanced.

"No, Bab," he rejoined, apologetically, "it was to save your kitty. I could not bear to see it killed."

It was true that the liberated kitten was struggling to release itself from the talons. [illegible] Barbara gently performed the service. Then she gazed steadily into the eyes of the man from the city.

"I thank you," she said, the anger gone from her voice. "He is not much hurt. The string must have broken." She stroked the kitten's shivering fur. The flowers had fallen from her hands and lay scattered upon the gray feathers of the eagle.

"All he knew, God taught him," she went on. "He was but true to himself. Mr. Drake, you have not been that. When you were here before, you promised that although you would give much to secure this eagle, for my sake you would leave it in peace."

It was Barbara's nature to be frank.

And even when they reached home, which was after they had ascended the mountain and buried the eagle, there was such a look of joy, love and happiness in her eyes that he really could not refrain from kissing her again and again, and, yes, she actually embraced him twice, so that the violets and daisies talked about it, the blue-jays nodded knowingly, and the brown lizard on the fence winked at the fat bumblebee in the rose bush.

BUILT HER OWN HOME.

Louisville Woman Has Erected a Cottage in Which to Live.

[illegible]

Centipede in a Statehouse.

[illegible] and a quarter inches long and [illegible] centiped ever seen in this part of Texas. Sheriff George W[illegible] of [illegible] county came across one of the insects in the corridor of the second floor of the building recently. It was captured alive and placed on exhibition in a local drug store. It was over six inches long.

Bejeweled Gold Pig.

The name of the Prince of Wales did not appear in the list of those who gave wedding presents to Lady Randolph Churchill. That was in accordance with his own wish, lest he should seem to [illegible] a marriage of which his judgment disapproved. But the prince did not forget his long and kind acquaintanceship with the bride, and he [illegible] gave to her the day before the wedding a little gold pig set with jewels.

Censorship in China.

[illegible]

Conscience makes cowards of us all unless we are lawyers.

Goat Dies for Science

Lymph Treatment Explained at Meeting of Animal Therapy Association.

[illegible] fered a moment's [illegible] it was from stage fright. It was given a few whiffs of chloroform, and dreams of green meadows probably danced through its brain a while. That was with it the end of earth.

As soon as the goat became insensible Dr. Hawley began to demonstrate the method of taking from the goat the lymph and tissues which are used in animal therapy. He began by tying the carotid artery so as to back up [illegible]

[illegible] died a perfectly peaceful and happy death. Yes, death to him was a blissful and iridescent dream."

This clinic was preceded by a lecture in which Dr. Hawley explained the principles of the lymph cure. This was followed by an experience meeting in which a number of persons described the wonderful cures they had experienced, and lauded to the skies the merits of animal therapy.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

COMFORTING WORDS TO THOSE IN DECLINING YEARS.

Some Thoughts Suggested by the Invitation to Christ to Abide Overnight in an Oriental Village—The Eternal Resting Place.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)

Washington, Oct. 7.—In this sermon Dr. Talmage discourses upon the invitation given to Christ to stay overnight in the oriental village and makes some consolatory suggestions. The text is Luke xxiv, 29: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

[illegible]

Our Greatest Need.

[illegible] the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen.

The Source of Strength.

When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning and that the surrender of the fort could be easily made. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besiegers sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted by temptation there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble. But there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparation for its coming. [illegible]

[illegible] you are apprehensive that the [illegible] flower [illegible] utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is dark with an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

Life's Balance Sheet.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friends you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

[illegible]

The Eternal Resting Place.

[illegible] not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining, and yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds and bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven, but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gate and the great white throne. [illegible]

[illegible] then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours, three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left, five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. [illegible]

The Evening Shadows.

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will not longer be misinterpreted or your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted! You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachael weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening! Death will come, sweet as slumbers to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured, delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it, your pulses will beat it, your joys will ring it, your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening."

STORY OF A BEAVER.

An Interesting Anecdote About a Captive Creature.

[illegible]

PAWNEE ROCK.

Historic Landmark Has Almost Disappeared in Twenty Years.

[illegible] comparatively little remains to be seen of that once imposing promontory of the Kansas "desert," for the hand of man has done more in twenty years to efface it from the earth than the elements in centuries of time. The material obtained by the destruction of this landmark of the early days, is used in the construction of dwellings, bridges, etc., by the inhabitants in the fertile valleys surrounding this spot.

Establishing Chain of Evidence.

As stated recently the brothers Utter of Amity, N. Y., have got into a snarl because bees belonging to one had found peaches belonging to the other while searching for honey. The beekeeper claimed that it could not be proved that his bees were the offenders, but his brother has ingeniously overcome this difficulty. The bees were found extracting juice from the peaches and were caught in a wire cage. [illegible] When the [illegible] over a liberal sprinkling of flour which stuck to them. When thoroughly coated they were released and all flew straight for Brother Utter's hives, thus establishing a complete chain of evidence. The beekeeper, however, declines to give in and will fight the damage suit.

Italian Electric Cartridges.

[illegible] safe, so that there will be no necessity for isolating the magazines where they are stored.

Precise, but Disagreeable.

"You have traveled abroad?" inquired the well-meaning conversationalist. And the man who worries about words answered stiffly: "Possibly you will inform me of some way in which I could have been abroad without traveling."—Washington Star.

English Milk Laws.

The English pure-food authorities are dealing strictly with offenders against the milk laws. Mark Lane Express mentions two recent cases. In one the charge was that part of the cream had been removed and the milk sold as whole. The defendant denied that it was either skimmed or watered, but was fined $20. In the other case the use of boracic acid was charged against several persons, and fines ranging from $5 to $90 were imposed. One of the witnesses, Prof. Boyce of University College, said that this substance was highly injurious no matter how small a quantity was used. He had experimented with kittens and found that even a minute quantity of boracic acid in the milk consumed by them was harmful.

Myriads of Green Flies.

The naphtha launch of L. A. Scott of Philadelphia came suddenly to a stop recently in a swarm of myriads of green flies along the lower Jersey coast. The engine refused to run. The force was turned off and an investigation instituted forthwith, which resulted in the finding of about two gallons of "green heads" tightly packed into one of the air chambers which fed the engine with oxygen. The flies had been drawn in [illegible] until they were solidly packed [illegible]

Lone Bandit Holds a Stage.

[illegible]

There is a Class of People

[illegible] coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Will Wed the Governor.

Governor J. C. W. Beckham of Kentucky and Miss Jean Fuqua, one of the prettiest of Owensboro's girls, will be married at the First Presbyterian church in Owensboro on Nov. 21.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

[illegible]

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

[illegible]

A few simple HERBS, scientifically compounded and called THE GARFIELD HEADACHE POWDERS, have given relief to thousands of people who suffered with headaches. They soothe and quiet the nerves and cannot possibly have any bad after effects as they are guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs. Send for free sample. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. One trial will convince you of their wonderful curative power.

Some men never do anything without overdoing it.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Lapland is truly the land of the infant industry.

Wise is the young attorney who peruses old books.

Every farmer should read the Osborne Co.'s small advertisement in this paper.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

YOU NEED NOT SUFFER.

With Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia or Backache. "5 Drops" will Relieve All Pain and Cure You.

SWANSON'S "5 DROPS" is quick and positive. It prevents and absolutely cures disease. It kills the germs. It acts with marvelous effect on the stomach, liver and kidneys; purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and places the entire system in a healthy condition. It is the cheapest and best medicine in the world, 300 doses for $1. It is for you who are crippled and helpless, bed ridden and hopeless. Here is life and Hope; a positive cure. "5 DROPS" is for man, woman and child, the best remedy on earth to have in the house, ready for every sudden sickness or pain. BUY A BOTTLE TODAY. It gives instantaneous relief and is absolutely the only certain cure for RHEUMATISM in all its forms. It is also used with unfailing effect in Sciatica, Backache, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Nervous Dyspepsia, and nervous affections of every description, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrah, Croup, Bronchitis, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, and kindred diseases.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT.

[illegible]

"IT HAS SAVED MY LIFE."

"I do not know how to express how wonderful I think your "5 DROPS" is. I was suffering intensely with NEURALGIA, and thought for a month that I would have to die. One day a lady called to see me and brought an advertisement of your Swanson's "5 DROPS." I resolved to try it and sent for a bottle. I have not had an attack of suffering since I took the first dose. I believe it has saved my life. This statement is positively true. I shall always take pleasure in recommending your "5 DROPS" for the cure of NEURALGIA. Yours very truly,

L. R. Smith, El Dorado Springs, Mo."

SWANSON'S "5 DROPS" is sold by us and agents. In many places the druggists are our agents. If the remedy is not obtainable in your town, order of us direct. Large size bottles 300 doses, $1, sent prepaid by express or mail. Trial bottle will be sent on receipt of 25c. Agents wanted in new territory. Write Now!

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 164 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.