PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAIN STORIES

Henry W. Shoemaker

A METALMARK BOOK

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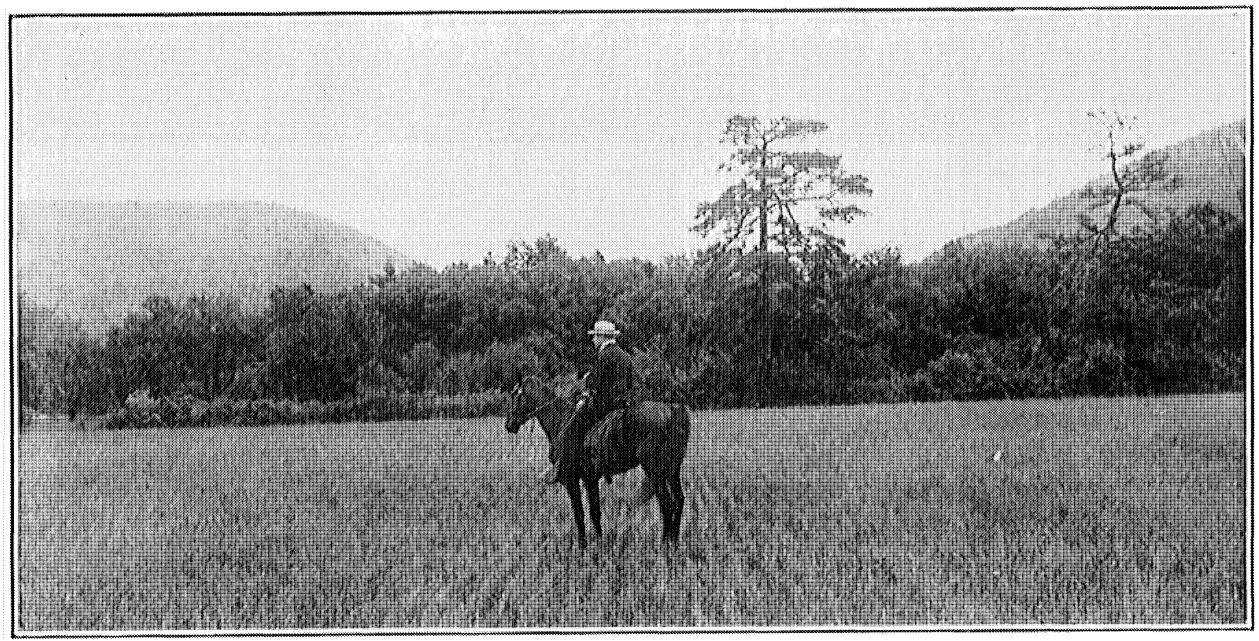

A GATEWAY TO THE PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINS

Pennsylvania Mountain Stories

By HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

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Reading, Pennsylvania

LAST EDITION

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PREFACE TO LAST EDITION

THE query has frequently been made by readers of previous editions of "Pennsylvania Mountain Stories" whether the stories were "true" or "made up" by the author. As so many of the tales are devoted to subjects of a more or less supernatural order they cannot very well be true; neither are they of the author's invention. The idea for the book came to the writer as the result of college vacation trips through the Pennsylvania mountains, on foot, on horseback, or by "buggy," and the stories were told him, mostly after supper, by old settlers at lumber camps, farm houses and backwoods taverns where he stopped. Unfortunately he heard such a lot of stories that numbers of the best were forgotten, or the salient points of others confused; but from the mass of information the contents of this volume were finally knocked into shape. The stories were heard none too soon, for a new era of things is fast coming to pass in the Pennsylvania wilds. Most of the big lumber camps are gone, and forest fires have swept over their sites; the old types of woodsmen and hunters have either gone to the northwest or passed away. The farmhouses and inns now have electric lights, telephones, even sometimes use steam heat, and the mail is delivered at their doors. And all this in the space of ten years! Therefore, the chance of getting together a collection of similar stories in the future would seem more difficult. Still, new conditions produce a new series of traditions, and these may be worthier in every way than the ones herein so imperfectly recorded. All of these stories have their distinct localities, but names have been frequently changed to avoid offending relatives of some of the characters. For instance, the first story, "Why the Steiner House Patient Pulled Through," took place at the picturesque old Musser House, Millheim, Centre County, which burned down a

couple of years ago. Readers of the "Story of Altar Rock" can see the rock at Round Island, Clinton County, while Post Office Rock, described in the story, "The Romance of Post Office Rock," is a favorite resort at Sinnemahoning, Cameron County. The deserted house in the Black Hollow, where "Old Righter's Ghost" appeared, is still standing several miles from Rauchtown, Clinton County.

In conclusion, the author wishes to heartily thank the press and public for the interest they have shown in this book through its five editions, and assures them that their desire to give recognition to the picturesque legends of central Pennsylvania has saved these traditions from the oblivion that otherwise might have befallen them.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

Reading, Pa.
January 3, 1911

WHY THE STEINER HOUSE PATIENT PULLED THROUGH

'CARGO was a traveling man. He traveled out of Pittsburg for a hat and cap house, and therefore ought to know something of the world. His territory comprised mostly the small towns, and his easy manners and good looks made him welcome wherever he was on his rounds. He was unmarried, about 30 years of age, and in 1895, a year or two before the time of this story, he had shaved off his mustache to keep up with the new style.

It was evening when he got in the hack at the railroad station in Robertsburg to take the two and one-half mile ride over to Youngmanstown, which was a larger place, although not on a railroad. For a wonder he had not been feeling well, and the bumps with which the bad springs accentuated the rocky road, made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. The lights were lit when the 'bus pulled up in front of the Steiner House, and the traveling man and two lumber jobbers got out.

The Steiner House, which was run by old Tommy Mertz, had been built during the golden age of Youngmanstown, fifty years before, when it was a stopping point for the stage lines that ran along the valley and across the mountains previous to the building of the railroad. It was still the headquarters for bark peelers on their way to and from the woods, farmers on their way to vendues, and, of course, the traveling men or " drummers."

The hotel was of a design well known at that time. It had a series of three porches—one on a level with the street, the others above. Additions had been put on about every twenty years, with the result that there were rooms of all sizes, high ceilings and low ceilings and stairways and corridors innumerable.

McCargo, in response to the proprietor's query of "supper," said he had eaten, and asked to be shown to his room. A boy with cataracts on his eyes, who was carrying his grip, groped the way up stairs and unlocked the door of room 18, in the oldest part of the house. Originally it had been an enormous room, running from the front to the back of the house, but it had been divided into two rooms by a partition made of a lot of door frames, fastened together with the knobs and locks still on them. The partition looked more like a hallway in a many-roomed apartment house in a big city than the dividing wall between two bed chambers in a country hotel. The furniture consisted of a wooden bed, which was painted green with red floral designs, and a wash stand and chair. There was blue paper, but not a picture on the walls. In one corner, driven in the woodwork, were a couple of iron hooks for clothing. The house had been so added to, that there was only one window left in this room, and it looked out on the stable yard, now used as a storage ground for bark wagons.

McCargo felt pretty sick and did not notice his surroundings, yet he could not get to sleep. He tossed about and by the feeble light from the window repeatedly looked at his watch. He laid on his face in a frantic effort to coax sleep, but it did not work. In the stillness he thought he heard some one moving in the room—he turned around and distinctly saw a figure. He called out, "Who's that?"

There was an answer, but too low to understand, so that he concluded it must be a woman. In another second he was sure it was, as the light of a candle suddenly flared up in the hand of a very pretty young girl dressed in black. Sick as he was, the visitant was not unwelcome to him, and he nodded that she could come nearer. This she did, and bent over him, caught his hand, felt his pulse, stroked his brow and readjusted the bed clothes. She continued her ministrations, but he was too sick to make

any inquiries, until the faint streaks of dawn filtered in over the roofs through the window. Then the candle went out. He rolled over on his face again—she was gone! He fell asleep and when he awoke was completely muddled as to whether his late visitor had been a ghost or a boarder from an adjoining room, so he decided to keep quiet about the whole occurrence.

The proprietor missed him at breakfast, as he was known as an early riser, and went to his room. The door was locked on the inside, and as he shook it the big brass tag on the key rattled.

McCargo without a word threw himself out of bed and opened the door. His appearance frightened the proprietor, to whom he told what a sick man he was, but with manly caution, let drop no hint about his lady friend.

"I will get Doc. Swope right away," said the landlord as he went down stairs.

The doctor came. "That's a very sick man," he whispered to the proprietor's wife, who came with him to the sick room. He found a high fever, with other symptoms pointing to typhoid. He returned several times during the day and when night fell he decided the patient was too ill to be left alone. There were no trained nurses in town, but there was a colored woman, the wife of the hostler at the St. Elmo hotel, down the street, who nursed occasionally, but she was away in an adjoining village with a case, though expected back the next day. One of the waiter girls said she would attend to him during the night, but she fell asleep in the kitchen before she even got to his room.

He was asleep for a minute—or perhaps it was an hour—some one rolled him over in bed, he looked up, and there was his fair visitor again. This time he had a good look at her. She couldn't be over 20 years of age, was above the middle height, straight, slight and well formed. Her face was oval, her hair and eyes were the darkest

shade of brown, her complexion was pale, while her expression, which was intelligent and kindly, emanated chiefly from her lips, which were thin and curved, yet sensitive. He would have given a thousand years in paradise for just one kiss on those beautifully arched lips.

He was too sick to talk to her, but was pleased to see her. Again he wondered who she was; now he was certain she wasn't a ghost, but when she vanished suddenly at daylight he was sure he was going to die from delirium.

The morning dawned brightly. The doctor, the proprietor, the proprietor's wife, the waiter girls and even Joe Levine, the storekeeper, who had heard of his illness, visited him and tried to make his condition easier.

The colored woman came that night, a big woman with a black face and big black hands, was all that he could remember about her. Her presence worried him, as he feared that she would keep away his pretty visitor. The colored woman had a rocking chair brought in and eventually she fell asleep in it. The mysterious young girl came in; this time she talked a little to him, but put her fingers to her lips when he asked her who she was. The next day came and went much as before. He was no better, and with another night came more sleep for the big colored nurse.

When the young girl reappeared, McCargo, who had been saving his strength, made bold to demand her name. This time she gave it — "Elsie Eyer," she told him. "You have acted well, otherwise I'd never come again. You will pull through all—"

Evidently she had talked too much, for she faded into nothing before his eyes before the last sentence was concluded. The next night, however, she came again, but her outline was less distinct.

"I can't talk to-night," she faintly whispered. But with another night she seemed all right, so he asked her whence she came.

"I don't belong here," she said. "You can under-

stand." He did. Whether it was imagination or not, Elsie Eyer was a ghost. She came every night, loving and tender in her attentions. He was always better in the morning, but worse at nightfall—the doctor and another physician from Bellefonte couldn't understand why.

At last one night when she was with him he took her by the hand, which was the prettiest and whitest he had ever held, and told her he would like to die then and there, and marry her in the spirit land.

"No," she said. "I cannot marry; you must get well."

The next day he was worse and the doctors about gave him up; an aunt and uncle, his only relatives, were telegraphed for in Pittsburg.

That night he again demanded of her why she would not marry him—why he should get well.

"I cannot tell you."

"Please, for heaven's sake, do, I must know," moaned the delirious traveling man.

"I hate to, but I will," she replied. "Look this way."

He tossed over in bed and saw before him a tall, powerful figure of a young man, apparently 25 years of age, dressed in woodsman's garb. His shoes were laced up over his trousers to the knees and he wore a flannel shirt of army blue with brass buttons. His black hair was worn in a top knot and parted at both sides, and brushed down over his ears, while his upper lip was adorned with a very small mustache. His features were large and full of character, but his face was sallow and deeply furrowed.

"This is Mr. Packer Devling," she said. "We left here together. I think it was from small pox. I nursed him. It was in January, 1869. There are no marriages with us, but we are together forever—you must get well, there is no use for you to die."

McCargo uttered a cry. The dozing negress awoke. He was shaking all over. She thought his end had come and called for the landlord.

They were all mistaken. In the morning he was better. The noon train which connected with the west brought his aunt and uncle. For the first time he expressed a strong desire to get well. His aunt sat up with him at night and he steadily improved.

"He has successfully passed the crisis," said the doctors. Eventually he was able to get out and go home.

"I don't think that room is haunted after all," said the proprietor, "else that feller, when he was so crazy with the fever, would have seen *her*."

THE STORY OF ALTAR ROCK

IN the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century, several bands of French trappers found their way from the trading posts on Lake Erie to the Elk branch of the Sinnemahoning. They followed this stream to the main run, where some of them went out the Bennett branch toward Benezet, while another party of five built a camp and stockade on a high point at the great bend west of what is now Round Island Station. The camp, which was christened Grande Pointe, and even the subsequent history of these French pioneers has faded into oblivion, although to this day the foundations can be located in the pine forest which since has grown up on the scene of this ancient fortification.

The French policy with the Indians was to fraternize and be honorable in all dealings with them, and for this reason their trading and trapping enterprises were eminently successful.

However, some few of the young bucks resented the intrusion of the whites, especially after the building of the Grande Pointe camp, which seemed to insure their permanent residence in the locality. But the squaws and less warlike of the braves, who bartered furs for hitherto undreamed of fineries and satisfying stimulants were glad of their presence in the neighborhood.

Of all the hostile braves, none cherished a more bitter and uncompromising hate than did the tall, spare, young soothsayer, whose name translated is equivalent to Two-Pines.

He was a medicine man by descent, and in his frequent visions he saw nothing but frightful omens of his people's annihilation at the hands of the palefaced strangers. Still, the greed for bargain and luxury was too strong in

the majority of the tribe to give but a passing thought to predictions, that, at another time, would have been instantly heeded. They turned away, shaking their heads, when on festal days he mounted the Altar Rock for devotions, where sacrifices were offered, and commune with the spirits held, and on whose narrow ledge an Indian was supposed to bear a charmed life and be for the time invulnerable to poisoned arrows or javelins.

Altar Rock, which modern writers call Pulpit Rock, Chimney Rock, Steeple Rock and Nelson's Rock, is one of the most remarkable natural wonders in the State of Pennsylvania. Its diameter in no part being over ten feet, it rises like a graceful column to a height of sixty feet, where it is surmounted by a flat slab of dimensions approximately ten by twelve. The entire cliff is composed of brownstone, and is undulated and fluted by the action of water in past ages. On top of the flat slab stands a living white pine, forty feet tall, its gnarled roots clutching at the rocks in a grim effort to hold its place against the onslaught of the elements.

There is no earth on the Altar Rock from which the tree can gain sustenance, but it grows healthy and green in its barren home. Until the autumn of 1893 there was a second white pine, the exact counterpart of its mate, growing on the rock, but it was struck by lightning, lifted bodily from the roots and hurled into the valley below.

It was one bright September morning, after Two-Pines, the soothsayer, had spent the night on top of Altar Rock in meditation and prayer, that he heard the crack of a gun fired somewhere near the Sinnemahoning. A few minutes later he came face to face with a Frenchman, Pierre Le Bo, dragging the carcass of a bull elk to the river's edge, to sink it until he might have time to prepare it for eating. Two-Pines' anger was thoroughly aroused. To see this intruder killing the beasts of the forest, which belonged, in his idea, to the Indian race, was too much for him, and he struck the Frenchman a terrific blow on the

head with a stone mallet, crushing his skull and causing instant death. Then he reclimbed to his retreat on Altar Rock, and prayed rapturously for the gift of strength to annihilate the white beings who defiled the valley of the Sinnemahoning.

It was in this attitude of prayer that he heard footsteps and whispering voices in the woods beneath. Nearer and nearer they came, until through the leaves he beheld, to his satisfaction, the forms of four French trappers, heavily armed. Two-Pines arose and stood erect, in the dignity of his Titan stature, and with arms folded across his breast, seemed to defy the avengers to slay him on his immortal pedestal, where poisoned arrows and javelins had less effect than drops of summer rain.

A little Frenchman named Lafitte leaned his heavy gun upon a snag, took careful aim and fired at the defiant warrior. There was a loud report, and when the foul-smelling smoke had cleared, the dead body of Two-Pines lay upon the Altar Rock.

An hour later the Frenchmen abandoned Grande Pointe with its valuable stores, and started down stream in canoes. That night the camp was looted and burned by the Indians, and whether the trappers succeeded in reaching a friendly refuge or were murdered on the way, has never yet been fully ascertained. But from the flat top of Altar Rock two little pines sprouted slender and straight, with long, silky needles. Taller and taller they grew, until, side by side, with their smooth barked trunks, and shapely tangle of dark green foliage, they resembled the figure of an Indian youth, the slain, but defiant Two-Pines.

THE SPOOK OF SPOOK HILL

MUCH was added to the air of mystery and romance which has always surrounded the steep, oak-covered knoll near Pine Station, Clinton County, when in 1859, some workmen in digging a cut for the Philadelphia & Erie railroad, unearthed the foundation of an ancient stockade and blockhouse.

From that time to the present, the antiquarians and local historians have wrangled over the name and traditions of this fort, some declaring it to be the ruins of Fort Horne, in reality a structure of more recent construction, and columns have been written in the newspapers, but apparently none were aware of the true history or connected it in any other than a remote way, with the famous headless spook who haunts the spot where the old fort stood, and gave Spook Hill its name.

From the lips of an ancient citizen of Pine, I heard what he declares to be the true tale of Spook Hill and the fortress; and my informant tells me that his authority is from no less a personage than Peter Pentz, the Indian fighter, who in turn, heard it from still earlier settlers.

" One cold night," said the aged citizen of Pine, " Lieutenant Gaston Bushong, of the French trading post ' Numero Sept,' was sitting before the blazing beechwood fire in the blockhouse, half dozing under the gentle influence of the glowing logs. He was the second in command of a chain of posts which extended from Lake Erie east to Shickalimy (now Sunbury), and was noted as a shrewd trader, and a stern, but honorable friend of the Indians.

"At a homemade slab table nearby, sat his niece, the beautiful Jacqueline Le Van, who was busily engaged in writing a diary of her experiences in a huge leather-bound copy book. Jacqueline was a girl of much talent, of excellent family, who had left her parents' chateau in the south of France to accompany her uncle to the wilds of Pennsylvania, as she was ambitious to learn enough of life in the new country to compile a book of travels, which it was her dream to publish when she would return to France.

" In a corner lay four sleeping French trappers, in ragged suits of buckskin, and beside the iron-bound door was crouched a spotted one-eyed hound.

" Suddenly the hound jumped up, sniffing the air and barking loudly, while a sound of footsteps could be heard from the outside. Everything became in a state of confusion in the blockhouse; Lieutenant Bushong seized his pistol, the sleeping Frenchmen jumped to their feet and slouched to the gun racks, until a voice from without called: 'Bushong! Bushong! ouvrez la porte. C'est Le Brun.'

" Lieutenant Bushong evidently recognized the speaker, for he replaced his pistol on the table and ordered one of the trappers to unbolt the door. This was done as quickly as possible, and in walked a young man of about twenty-five years, swarthy and bearded, clad in semi-military, semi-backwoodsman's garb. He was followed by four trappers, each carrying three or four guns, the last one dragging a bag of ammunition.

" Lieutenant Bushong was amazed to see the garrison of post 'Numero Six' at such an hour and so far down the Susquehanna, but before he could express his amazement, Le Brun, the leader of the newcomers, exclaimed, 'Excuse our presence here, sir, but an unfortunate thing has happened. One of our men killed an Indian medicine man named Two-Pines on yesterday. The redskins are enraged; we fled for our lives.'

" 'A grave mistake, a grievous blunder,' said Lieutenant Bushong calmly. 'No matter what the provocation, it was contrary to the policy of our company; but since your man has destroyed the life of this Indian, you had better make yourselves comfortable here until the matter can be referred to the Council of Chiefs.'

" Both parties of trappers were soon exchanging reminiscences. Lieutenant Bushong and Le Brun discussed in undertones the different phases of the unfortunate killing. The beautiful Jacqueline Le Van resumed her voluminous diary writing and the blockhouse once more resumed its nightly tranquillity.

" Next morning, to make sure, a reconnoissance was taken from the little watch-tower on top of the fort. No Indians were reported in sight, so the whole party spent the day sunning and packing furs to be shipped down the river. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Louis Lafitte, a little humpbacked Frenchman, who was said to have slain the medicine man, went out in the stockade to chop some wood, but he had scarcely raised his axe before a well-directed bullet, fired evidently by an Indian, pierced his skull and he fell over dead. This meant that the refugees had been followed and a skirmish was imminent. Lafitte's body was left out over night, no one caring to run the risk of going after it, but just before daybreak his companions buried him near where he fell. However, the cover of partial darkness proved deceptive. Before they could re-enter the blockhouse, the sun rose and Indian sharpshooters commenced a fusilade, mortally wounding two Frenchmen.

" Lieutenant Bushong hurried to the watch-tower just in time to see a band of redskins skulking away from a dense grove of pitch pines on the brow of Cable's Ridge, a point of high ground to the southeast of the fort. Quickly he aimed and fired, having the satisfaction of seeing a big, burly savage roll over in death agony. Then he summoned the garrison, which besides himself, num-

bered five men, to man the gunholes in readiness for an attack. Hardly had he given this order when a shower of bullets from the ridge began to rain in on the fort; but the Frenchmen replied gallantly, and for a time honors were even.

"In half an hour the Indians tired of this waste of ammunition, and fifty strong the braves emerged from their thicket and made a wild charge down the hill to the blockhouse, the air resounding with their uncouth yells. Although they fell by the dozens, the remnant with reckless courage attempted to scale the stockade, but as their heads appeared above the top of the fence they were laid low by the unerring bullets of the Frenchmen, and fell over one another shrieking with agony and hatred, not a few times their blood splashing into the faces of the trappers at the gunholes.

"At last, the bravest having been killed, the redskins retreated up the ridge, which sanctuary was only gained by eleven out of the fifty who had so courageously dashed down on the blockhouse but twenty minutes before.

"Lieutenant Bushong then surveyed his men. Two of his five gunners lay dead, shot cleanly through the foreheads when their faces had appeared at the gunholes. Realizing the inefficiency of his force, he ordered the survivors to pack the valuables aboard the raft which was moored on the river below the fort, and make down stream to the next blockhouse, which stood pretty nearly on the present site of Williamsport. The survivors, who were glad of a chance to escape, tied together the most valuable hides, brought out the money from its hiding places, stacked up the guns, and before long had loaded them aboard the raft. The time spent in embarking these accoutrements was valuable time wasted, as it gave the Indians a chance to recover themselves, with the result that before the party was afloat, the Indian gun-fire began anew.

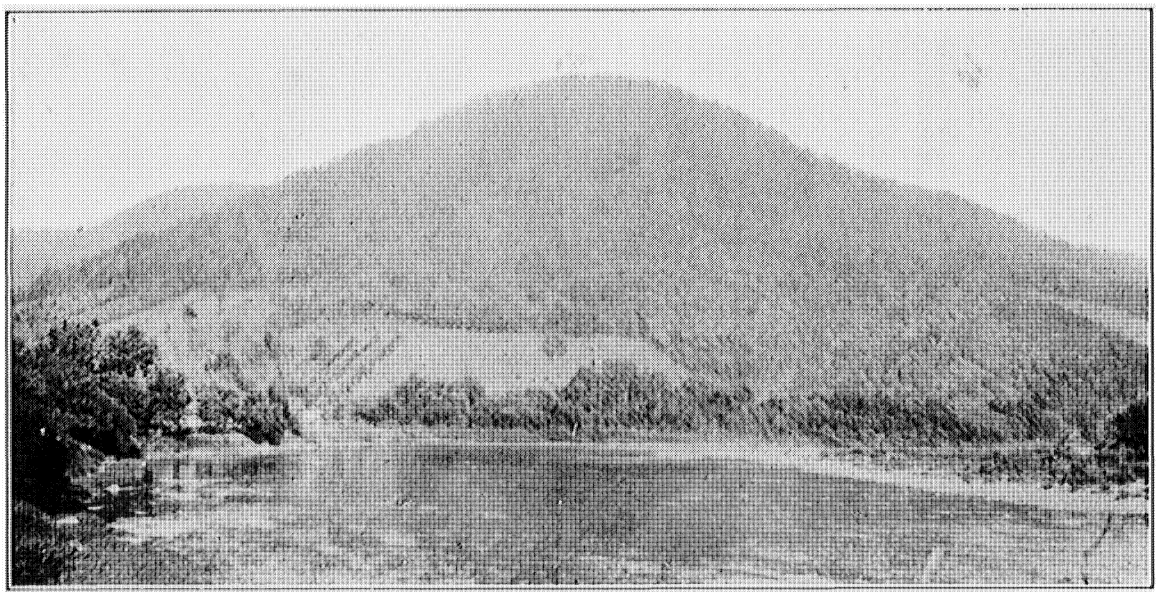
"Lieutenant Bushong, LeBrun and Jacqueline seized their firearms and returned the volleys. The lieutenant

commanded the trappers to make off and down stream, stating that he would protect them until they got out of firing distance, and would follow later in a canoe.

"Thus at the noon hour under a fierce fire, the raft with three Frenchmen, some furs, forty guns, three kegs of powder and a chest of gold pieces, started off, and was soon swirling away with the current. When they were safely in midstream, Lieutenant Bushong, Jacqueline and LeBrun made a dash from the back exit of the blockhouse and down a steep bank to the canoe. Half way an Indian bullet laid low LeBrun, and, regardless of their own great danger, the lieutenant and Jacqueline bent over his prostrate form to ascertain the amount of his injuries.

"Quick as a flash, a young Indian who had crept around from the ridge and lay concealed in some water birches by the river's edge, sprang forward, and, unobserved, drew Lieutenant Bushong's sword from the scabbard; then he dealt him a terrific blow which severed the gallant officer's head from his shoulders, and in another instant he grasped Jacqueline by the hair and dragged her back into the bushes. As he caught her, she uttered a piercing scream which was heard by the trappers aboard the raft, now almost to the Pine Creek riffles. In a couple of minutes a crowd of nine or ten redskins emerged from the brush. Their leader, the Chief Susquee, picked up the severed head of the lieutenant, and danced and waved it about, finally pitching it out into the river, where it dyed the water red as it sunk.

"But even death did not bring peace to the brave spirit of Lieutenant Gaston Bushong, as now the farmer boys who cross this fateful hill at noon, even when the summer sun shines brightest, aver that they see a headless figure in powder-stained regimentals, searching among the tangled saplings, poke berries, alders and grape vines, perhaps for the head he seems never destined to find, but which found him an ignoble place in history as the Spook of Spook Hill."



A VIEW FROM POST OFFICE ROCK

THE ROMANCE OF POSTOFFICE ROCK

"HOW long must I bear this bondage; is there no chance to ever get away from here?" These were the words that were whispered to herself by a beautiful young girl one June day, as she leaned over the edge of a gigantic rock which overlooked the valley a thousand feet below, where the two branches of the Sinnemahoning come together, and flow off to the east as one. From her looks she was apparently not out of her teens, but her face indicated that she had endured much suffering, giving her a more expressive and intelligent countenance than belonged to most persons of her age and sex. In coloring, she was a brunette, with a perfect oval face. Her deep-set eyes were of an unusual shade of greenish purple, much the same color as the waters of Biscayne Bay. Her lips were small and sensitive, with the upper lip protruding slightly, and her arched nose turned up just a little bit at the end, giving an archness and vivacity to her expression that would never grow old. Her jetty black hair was very profuse, and worn low on her head, while her entire appearance was intensely interesting and attractive.

As she gazed off at the wonderful panorama before her, she could see range after range of pine covered mountains, some running like level rows, while others were cut up into the most fantastic peaks, every geometrical figure being represented by their diversity until they faded off into a faint line far away to the north. She could follow the course of the river with her eyes to a point where it coiled itself back of the mountains and disappeared. Everything was still, the very vastness of the scene was oppressive! By the river bank she could make out a pair of white herons wading, while smaller birds flew silently from tree to tree. It was at that part of the day when

the birds and insects seemed to have ceased their songs and nature had lapsed into a state of calm.

She was not alone. A few yards back of her on a flat rock, with his back propped against a hemlock, sat an Indian chief, smoking a pipe. He called himself her "husband." His name, which to modern readers would be unspellable and unpronounceable, had the English equivalent of "Snowy Owl," but his appearance was not at all in keeping with that appellation. He was six feet tall, very dark, with exaggeratedly aquiline features, and very small, restless yellow eyes. His head was hairless except for the black top knot that bristled or collapsed with his varying moods. A dozen young Indians were leaning against trees at respectful distances, but no word was passed between any of them, and they had seen the wonderful view from the mountain top too often to be affected by it.

The reader may ask for an explanation of the presence of this fine-looking white girl among these hideous savages, with whom she appeared to be so uncongenial. She was not with them of her own accord. She was a captive. Her name was Jacqueline Le Van, and her birthplace was in Gavarnie, a village up in the mountains between France and Spain. Well educated, she came to America as secretary to her uncle, who was in charge of a French trading post located in the West Branch valley, where she spent a year very pleasantly, studying the birds, animals, insects, flowers, trees and natives of this wild region, besides making herself very useful to every one at the post, keeping their accounts and writing their letters.

Owing to a fatal quarrel between some Frenchmen and Indians, an attack had been made on the trading post, her uncle was killed and she was captured by the savages and taken as a gift to the great chief "Snowy Owl." Of course he was impressed with her beauty and charms and decided upon an instant marriage. There was no such

thing as " refusing" him, so they were married according to the fantastic ceremonial of the tribe. During the intervening three years, she had borne him two children, but not wishing to figure as the progenitor of a hybrid race, had neglected the infants, so that they died. This sowed a feeling of bitter hatred and jealousy in " Snowy Owl," and frequently he had been prompted to kill her, but that he wished to prolong her suffering by captivity. She had planned a hundred ways to escape, but he had her surrounded and watched day and night by the tribesmen, so she had given up such an idea in despair. As she wanted to get back to France and was deeply religious, the oft-recurring idea of suicide was repugnant to her.

On this morning she was feeling particularly depressed. She had overheard the young Indians discussing an overland journey that soon was to take place, which would keep her further in the wilderness, where escape or rescue would be more difficult than ever. As she leaned over the rocks she thought of the misery of her position, which grew more hopeless every day. She called this great rock the " Postoffice," as from it she could look off into the world beyond and wait there for news, which thus far had never come.

While thus meditating she noticed to her infinite surprise the bow of a canoe appearing around the bend in the river. Hastily she looked back of her; old " Snowy Owl" was so abstracted by the atmosphere of his pipe that he was practically asleep, while the younger Indians, imitating the action of their chief, were far over the borderland of dreams.

Patiently she waited. Nearer and nearer came the canoe. The white herons rose up and flew away into the woods. She could make out there were three men in it. All were young, and each one had a gun by his side as they quietly paddled closer and closer. In the front of the boat she could make out the features of one of them. He was evidently their leader. His rough hunting cos-

tume showed off to advantage his sinewy form, while his red-brown curly hair emerged from under his coon-skin cap. Again she looked around; the Indians still nodded their heads in sleep. Quick as a flash she was on her feet. It was a desperate chance—life or death. With a nimble spring she was on the top of the rock. She had to act with redoubled haste lest the men below in the boat see her and call to her, thus arousing the Indians, and, with rare courage she leaped off into space. Straight down she went. The men in the canoe did not notice her until they heard a crackling of boughs and saw a woman dangling by her tattered skirts in the branches of a big pine tree by the water's edge. They turned their boat inshore, and their leader, whose name was Simeon Shaffer, a young hunter from the eastern part of the province, climbed up the tree like a wildcat, and soon had her freed from her predicament. She hastily whispered her story to him, and before another moment had elapsed, was sitting safely in the canoe on her way down stream.

Later, when old "Snowy Owl" was stung by a bumblebee he awoke. Jacqueline was gone, leaving not a sign of a trail behind her. They surrounded the mountain, but no trace of her could be found on its slopes. Among his uncouth curses old "Snowy Owl" wisely remarked: "That woman must be the devil."

THE FATE OF SIMEON SHAFFER

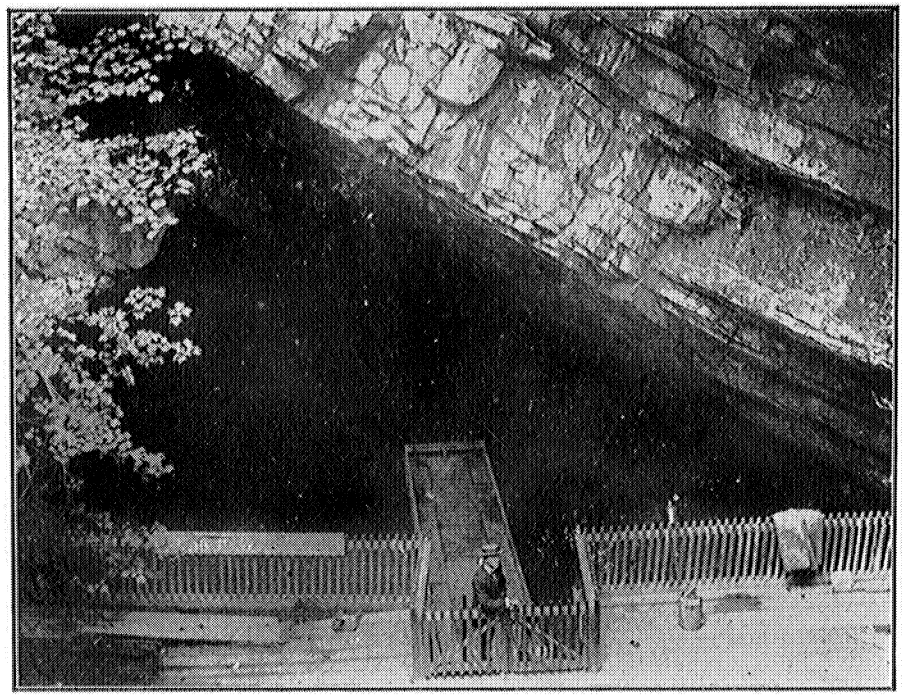
WHERE the McElhattan and Spring Runs come together in a turbulent medley of bubbling ripples, and birches and quaking-asps thrive where the forests of evergreens once prevailed, there rises a perpendicular cliff of yellow, uneven stone to the altitude of eight hundred feet. The sides are so steep that the few stunted trees stand out horizontally. On top of the forbidding cliff, which is dubbed by the mountaineers the High Rocks, a grove of pitch pines flourish, which in days gone by, sheltered the Indian councils held on this natural fortress. Here it was that the powerful chief, Ho-non-waw, would sit on every clear morning, smoking his twisted pipe, and dream of perpetual victories. And here, also, the Indian signal fires blazed forth when the relentless race war was waging between the white man and red.

In the peaceful lowlands, a couple of miles from the High Rocks, Simeon Shaffer, a young pioneer, had built a cabin and cleared a few acres of the dark, rich soil. With his beautiful wife and three children he was perfectly content, and refused to be drawn into the disputes between the settlers and the aborigines. Frequently the Indians came to his cabin door to have their knives sharpened or to buy small lots of ammunition, and he seemed to be living among them on terms of honest peace. In the last days of September, young Shaffer would be gone from home a day at a time on hunting expeditions, as he wished to lay in a stock of dried venison for the winter. He always left a loaded gun with his wife in case of an unexpected attack, but there really appeared to be no use for such precautions.

But one night, when he returned from a successful chase, he perceived that the door was wide open and no

fire threw out its glow from the hearth. Inside the door lay the body of his wife, shot through the head (with perhaps the very ammunition he had sold the redskins) and scalped. The children were gone, carried off by the cruel savages. The heart-broken pioneer, in the presence of the moon and stars, vowed he would avenge the devastation of his home, and from a peaceful builder of a homestead, he became a merciless enemy of the Indians, joining the Brady brothers in many skirmishes of the most desperate kind. Six months after the death of his wife he had killed eleven Indians, including Sa-lon-ah, son of Chief Ho-non-waw, and his ambition would have no rest until he had slaughtered the great war chief himself. From a distance he had seen Ho-non-waw smoking on the High Rocks, but to approach him was no easy matter, as Indian pickets swarmed about the approaches to the mountain.

He knew that if he shot at one of these scouts, whom he might meet on his way to the chief's retreat, it would bring the others to him, so he decided to make the climb unarmed, save for a hunting knife. Stealthily he passed several sentries unnoticed, and onward and upward he crawled on the far side of the rocks, until daylight found him on the level bench, where he lay in a thicket of hog-berries, until the dignified chief strode to his favorite ledge and sat down to smoke his twisted pipe. The time had come! Springing from his concealment, Shaffer rushed up behind his foe and gave him a mighty shove. There was a crunching of gravel, a tearing of garments, and as Ho-non-waw fell from the cliff, with diabolical presence of mind he seized the leg of the pioneer, and together they went down, down, eight hundred feet, tumbling over each other, and lit with a crash in the topmost branches of a chestnut tree. The Indians soon discovered their loss, and reverently removed the chieftain's body and gave it burial. But as for Simeon Shaffer, his bones were left to bleach and crumble in the chestnut tree.



THE ENTRANCE TO PENN'S CAVE

THE LEGEND OF PENN'S CAVE

IN the days when the West Branch Valley was a trackless wilderness of defiant pines and submissive hemlocks, twenty-five years before the first pioneer had attempted lodgment beyond Sunbury, a young Pennsylvania Frenchman, from Lancaster county, named Malachi Boyer, alone and unaided, pierced the jungle to a point where Bellefonte is now located. The history of his travels has never been written, partly because he had no white companion to observe them, and partly because he himself was unable to write. His very identity would now be forgotten were it not for the traditions of the Indians, with whose lives he became strangely entangled.

A short, stockily built fellow was Malachi Boyer, with unusually prominent black eyes, and black hair that hung in ribbon-like strands over his broad, low forehead. Fearless, yet conciliatory, he escaped a thousand times from Indian cunning and treachery, and as the months went by and he penetrated further into the forests he numbered many redskins among his cherished friends.

Why he explored these boundless wilds he could not explain, for it was not in the interest of science, as he scarcely knew of such a thing as geography, and it was not for trading, as he lived by the way. But on he forced his path, ever aloof from his own race, on the alert for the strange scenes which encompassed him day by day.

One beautiful month of April, there is no one who can tell the exact year, found Malachi Boyer camped on the shores of Spring Creek. Near the Mammoth Spring was an Indian camp whose occupants maintained a quasi-intercourse with the pale-face stranger. Sometimes old Chief O-ko-cho would bring gifts of corn to Malachi, who in turn presented the chieftain with a hunting knife of truest steel. And in this way Malachi came to spend more and more of his time about the Indian camps, only

keeping his distance at night and during religious ceremonies.

Old O-ko-cho's chief pride was centered in his seven stalwart sons, Hum-kin, Ho-ko-lin, Too-chin, Os-tin, Chawkee-bin, A-ha-kin, Ko-lo-pa-kin, and his Diana-like daughter, Nita-nee. The seven brothers resolved themselves into a guard of honor for their sister, who had many suitors, among whom was the young chief E-Faw, from the adjoining sub-tribe of the A-caw-ko-tahs. But Nita-nee gently, though firmly, repulsed her numerous suitors, until such time as her father would give her in marriage to one worthy of her regal blood.

Thus ran the course of Indian life when Malachi Boyer made his bed of hemlock boughs by the gurgling waters of Spring Creek. And it was the first sight of her, washing a deer-skin in the stream, that led him to prolong his stay and ingratiate himself with her father's tribe.

Few were the words that passed between Malachi and Nita-nee, many the glances, and often did the handsome pair meet in the mossy ravines near the camp grounds. But this was all clandestine love, for friendly as Indian and white might be in social intercourse, never could a marriage be tolerated, until—there always is a turning point in romance—the black-haired wanderer and the beautiful Nita-nee resolved to spend their lives together, and one moonless night started for the more habitable east. All night long they threaded their silent way, climbing the mountain ridges, gliding through the velvet soiled hemlock glades, and wading, hand in hand, the splashing, resolute torrents. When morning came they breakfasted on dried meat and huckleberries, and bathed their faces in a mineral spring. Until—there is always a turning point in romance—seven tall, stealthy forms, like animated mountain pines, stepped from the gloom and surrounded the eloping couple. Malachi drew a hunting knife, identical with the one he had given to Chief O-ko-cho, and seizing Nita-nee around the waist, stabbed right and left at his would-be captors. The first stroke

pierced Hum-kin's heart, and, uncomplainingly, he sank down dying. The six remaining brothers, although receiving stab wounds, caught Malachi in their combined grasp and disarmed him; then one brother held sobbing Nita-nee, while the others dragged fighting Malachi across the mountain. That was the last the lovers saw of one another. Below the mountain lay a broad valley, from the center of which rose a circular hillock, and it was to this mound the savage brothers led their victim. As they approached a yawning cavern met their eyes, filled with greenish limestone water. There is a ledge at the mouth of the cave, about six feet higher than the water, above which the arched roof rises thirty feet, and it was from here they shoved Malachi Boyer into the tide below. He sank for a moment, but when he rose to the surface, commenced to swim. He approached the ledge, but the brothers beat him back, so he turned and made for some dry land in the rear of the cavern. Two of the brothers ran from the entrance over the ridge to watch where there is another small opening, but though Malachi tried his best, in the impenetrable darkness, he could not find this or any other avenue of escape. He swam back to the cave's mouth, but the merciless Indians were still on guard. He climbed up again and again, but was repulsed, and once more retired to the dry cave. Every day for a week he renewed his efforts to escape, but the brothers were never absent. Hunger became unbearable, his strength gave way, but he vowed he would not let the redskins see him die, so, forcing himself into one of the furthermost labyrinths, Malachi Boyer breathed his last.

Two days afterwards the brothers entered the cave and discovered the body. They touched not the coins in his pockets, but weighted him with stones and dropped him into the deepest part of the greenish limestone water. And after these years those who have heard this legend declare that on the still summer nights, an unaccountable echo rings through the cave, which sounds like "Nita-nee," "Nita-nee."

THE HERMIT OF THE KNOBS

A FEW weeks ago, while driving across the Allegheny summits from Snowshoe to Karthaus, the driver reined his horses on the highest point to show me, far in the distance, the famous Knobs of Clearfield county, three peaks of almost Alpine aspect, which rise pyramid-like above the surrounding ranges.

I told the driver that I had often seen the Knobs before, and had climbed to the top of the middle and largest one, and that I had spent a night several years since with an old French hermit, now dead, whose cabin stood in a hollow near the mountain's base.

It was on a walking trip through the Divide region in the days when I was still in college and had plenty of time for idling and investigation, that one August night, just after the sun had set behind the Knobs and the heavy gray dusk was settling down upon the rugged landscape, and cold gusts blew from the mountain gorges, I came upon the little cabin by the creekside where the hermit resided.

I found him sitting on a stool by the cabin door, poor old Pierre Bayle, smoking his corncob pipe, his eyes blinking in time to the musical tumbling of the creek over the smooth, black stones. I spoke to the old fellow, and started to pass on, as I was on the last lap of my journey, but he asked me what my hurry was, in such tones of politeness, that I dropped my canteen and stopped to talk with him.

His conversation led me to believe that, while not a man of education, he possessed more than ordinary intelligence, and a slight accent caused me to inquire if he was not a Frenchman, to which he promptly replied: "Yes, and more, a Parisian." So when I informed him that I had visited in Paris, could speak a little French, and had been on the Rue Berri, where he said he was born,

we became good friends, and talked of Europe and Paris, then switched off to hunting, timber and local politics, until I looked at my watch and discovered that it was 10 o'clock and far too late to reach my destination, so I accepted the old man's cordial invitation to spend the night in his shanty.

After lighting a smoky little lamp, he led me into the room, where I was struck by an air of old-fashioned neatness and comfort, but especially with one window which faced the rough mountain height. It was decorated by pink silk curtains tied with ribbons, and before it was a gilded wire stand covered with an array of flowers growing in gilded tin cans, gilded earthenware and gilded vases. There were wild violets, geraniums, ginseng, touch-me-not, a rose bush or two—in fact, a bewildering profusion of flowers and queer looking plants which gave the window somewhat the aspect of a shrine. I looked through the window, expecting, perhaps, to see a charming vista before me, but there was nothing more to be seen but the rough mountain's precipitous sides, covered with charred logs and whitened chestnut sprouts, a scene typical of lost hopes and untold desolation.

I made bold to ask of Mr. Bayle the meaning of this elaborate window garden, especially when there could be so little sun where it was, and he faltered and tried to explain it away; but, seeing my continued interest and air of sympathy, he sank into a rickety armchair facing the window, and, gazing into the now impenetrable darkness of the night, profound in its awful stillness, told me the tragic story of his life, wrecked from sentimental ignorance and mad desire.

"I was born in Paris, in the Rue Berri," the old hermit began. "It was many, many years ago. I really forget the year. In fact I never lived at all until I was 18, so everything that went before is best forgotten. I might be in the French capital still, but for a single moment's joy. I was a gun-maker by trade and worked in a little shop not far from the fortifications. I earned good pay

for one so young, but as I had little schooling, had no ambition. One bright May morning I was standing by my forge near the open window, working and singing, watching the breezes sway the blossoms on the horse-chestnut trees, unconcerned and thoughtless, when down the wide Boulevard I saw a splendid carriage approaching—I can see it yet; the handsome horses with banged tails; the bewigged coachman and footmen—the silver trappings of the coach—and when it drew near I saw, leaning back on the cushions, the most beautiful young woman I had ever seen, or ever will—a perfect brunette, with clear complexion and bright eyes! The other workmen, filled with curiosity, for coaches of this kind seldom passed our way, rushed to the windows to admire and marvel, and the revolutionists among us to curse and grumble, and many asked who she might be, and amid the racket I heard some one say, 'She is the Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord.' I heard no more, but stood transfixed with instant love, rooted to the spot, until after the carriage had passed on its leisurely way. Then the master of the shop shook me violently and asked me where I was. Part of me was at the forge in the gun shop, but the rest of me, the Better Part, I called it, went with the Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord, never to return.

"After that day I became a poor mechanic, I neglected my work in efforts to discover the home of the Princess, and when I did learn where the palace was situated, spent my evenings hovering about the neighborhood, not in any hope of seeing her, but to know that I was near her. On Sundays and holidays I lurked around the courtyard, hoping to see her again, but in vain, until I was finally chased from the premises by the porter, armed with the bar with which the iron gate was clamped. At last I was discharged from the gun shop, and I was not sorry, as I hoped to seek better employment, where I might educate myself to become somebody, I knew not what. So I became a watcher at a bookstall near the Seine,

where I read books of all kinds at my leisure; but my Better Part was still wandering, and one afternoon, during my day dreams, the stall was robbed and I was again turned loose. I saw a vessel on the river and, gaining the confidence of the captain, became a helper for my passage to the coast, and there thought I would make a man of myself and forget my hopeless love by going to America. I worked my way across as a deck-hand, reaching New York just before the Civil War, and served my adopted country in a Zouave regiment. The new country, instead of diminishing my love for the beautiful Princess Irene, only aggravated it, and after awhile the officers became disgusted and had me mustered out for inefficiency. I took to drink, became a tramp, and my wanderings brought me to Clearfield county, where I met some French people with whom I spent the winter, supporting myself by working in the woods; but when spring came, I decided to strike out for the West. The first night I stopped at the house where I now am, then a deserted hunters' camp, in the virgin forest. It was in the month of May, and thoroughly exhausted, I laid down on the earthen floor, gazing through the window which you admire at the awful blackness of the night. All at once my troubles seemed to vanish, the sun-light, in great golden beams, poured through the broken panes, and I felt myself back at the forge in the gunshop, the birds were singing in the horse chestnuts across the way, a great carriage came lumbering along, drawn by stately bay horses with banged tails, and I could hear the rattling of the silver trappings; raising my eyes I beheld the face of the beautiful and long-lost Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord. The carriage passed on, the sunlight grew dimmer, and I found myself once more lying on the floor of the miserable hut; but I resolved to stay and every night since, toward the midnight hour, I take my place in the rocking chair and watch with eager eyes the splendid carriage go by, and feel the presence of my lost love, the beautiful Princess Irene LaFayette de Nemours-Perigord."

PRAIRIE KING

RAIRIE KING, 2:11¼, chestnut horse foaled 1888, by Clay Wilkes, 2:21; dam, Lottie Patchen, 2:25½, by King Patchen, 2:27; consigned by estate of late George A. Burd, Longstown, Pa."

This description from the catalogue was read aloud by a spectator at one of the Old Glory sales in Madison Square Garden, New York City, to a friend who sat beside him. The reader was a short, stout, red-faced fellow named Harvey Albright, who had recently failed in the livery and hotel business in a small New Jersey town. At present he had nothing to do, and with his friend, Zekey Morton, an ex-trotting horse trainer of shady reputation, was attending the big horse sale to pass away the time. Albright was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and Morton was a Yankee, two races which are noted for their love of the trotting horse.

"There he comes now," said Morton, as the crowd of spectators around the auctioneer's box fell back to allow a sturdily built, dark chestnut horse to be led by them.

"Pretty good looker for thirteen years. Got a low mark and good breedin'; he's sound, but offul rough lookin'," commented Albright, as he chewed his unlighted cigar.

"He'll go cheap, too," replied Morton, his lean features watching the impending sale with keen interest.

The auctioneer had begun to talk: "What am I bid for this son of Clay Wilkes and Lottie Patchen? Got a mark of eleven and a quarter made as a five-year-old at Readville," and went on to praise the horse from every conceivable point of view. After he had finished there was a pause; several men walking around the horse and examining him, but there were no bidders. At last an old man, with a fur cap and white chin whiskers, back in the crowd, yelled, "One hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars to start him," chorused the auctioneer. There was another pause and then the auctioneer became impatient.

"Let's go halves and take a flyer on him; he may have some speed left," whispered Morton to Albright.

"All right," said his friend. So the New Englander called out, "One hundred and ten."

"Twenty," said the farmer.

Then there was another pause and the auctioneer, after following several false leads, was about to sell him to the farmer, when Morton called out—

"Thirty."

That was the last bid. The auctioneer tried awhile but could arouse no one else, and it was late in the afternoon, so he brought down his hammer—"Sold for one hundred and thirty dollars to the gentleman in the third row."

Albright and Morton quietly left their seats and crossed the track and went to the cashier's box, where they paid for the horse out of two big rolls of small bills.

"About busted us," remarked Morton, as he folded the yellow receipt. They chased away a colored man who offered to lead their horse anywhere "for a dollar" and went down to the stalls in the basement, to more closely inspect their purchase. They found him to be a horse standing about 15:2 hands, of powerful frame, but in such bad condition that it looked as if he had not been properly tended for months, except that he had been freshly clipped for the sale. They exhibited the receipt to the attendant and silently started off with their bargain. Out into Fourth avenue they went and turned into 24th Street, where they borrowed a runabout and harness from a friend who worked in a sales stable, and in another half hour were driving Prairie King toward the Erie ferry. It was on the long drive that followed that the plot was hatched, and the two inactive horse sharks suddenly became all alertness and activity.

"We'll take him to my brother's farm for the winter,"

said Morton, " and I'll jog him on the road and in the spring I'll get him ready for the county fairs. We'll start him out under a new name, for he'll never step near to eleven again, and we'll make a thousand clear for each."

" What'll we call him?" asked Albright—" Joe Wilkes, or Old Glory, or Keystone Boy, or—"

" Let's call him Freehold, after that town in Jersey," said Morton. " It doesn't sound a bit suspicious like."

So he was named Freehold. After he was on the road three days, which was not a long trip, considering the number of road houses visited, the party drove up to a comfortable farm house which overlooked the Delaware river, that divides New York State from Pennsylvania. It was the house of Morton's brother, and the large family came out to greet him.

" 'Till we got that card this mornin' we hadn't heard tell of you for near on to a year," said brother Isaac, " but we're glad to see you and meet your friend, Mr. Albright. That's quite a likely horse you've got there."

After supper Morton explained to his brother that he had come to spend the winter and do his share of the work, and in his spare moments " jog the new horse." Albright hung around for a couple of weeks and then went away, and the next heard from him he was in Portsmouth, Ohio, where he had gotten a job as bartender in a hotel. Zeke Morton, though, worked hard all winter with the old horse, and by spring had him in splendid condition.

" We're ready to start in now," he wrote his friend the first of June, and when a week later Albright arrived he was met at the station by the Yankee, driving " Freehold," who looked like a young horse, and was so full of go he could hardly be held.

" We mustn't start him more'n twice this summer," explained Morton, " but that'll do us. He's a sure winner in the twenty-four class."

On the Fourth of July the combination was located at Cochransburg, a large city in one of the southern New

York counties. A $300 purse was offered for 2:24 trotters, and Freehold was entered. A good many horsemen knew Morton as a trickster, but even they accepted the story of his having developed one of his brother's farm bred horses, and never suspected an imposition. The race drew a big crowd to the fair grounds, and betting was brisk. Morton and Albright got together over $400 and played their horse for every cent. Morton did the driving, and in the first two heats "made out" for him to act unruly, and he finished among the tail-enders. In the next three heats he did not tease the horse, but let him come through by a roundabout way, beating the country nags in 2:28½, 2:28¾ and 2:30½. The two owners collected their winnings, which amounted, including the purse, to $1,200, and without celebrating, quietly left town by the road the same night.

"If I'd a known he had such speed left, we'd better have started him straight," said Albright.

"Too late now," said Morton. "In the future I'll drive all the heats to win to avoid risk, and we'll turn over a new leaf and be square, since we're in such luck."

"It's a pity we changed his name," reiterated Albright.

There was a meeting at Spencersville, twenty miles from Cochransburg, the week following, so Freehold was headed there and started in the 2:25 class. The owners got some good bets down and Morton drove a clean race in each heat, winning the three easily in 2:28½, 2:28¼, 2:29¼. That night Albright and Morton left town a thousand dollars to the good.

Freehold began to be noticed in the papers, so his owners decided to "lie by" for a time, so they waited until the middle of August and started him in the 2:25 class at a meeting at Clearwater, N. Y.

Morton kept his resolve to be square and had to drive out to win, a big bay gelding from Pennsylvania called Red Jacket, pressing him closely in each heat, which Freehold won in 2:26, 2:24½, 2:23¾. The owners cleaned up about $800 besides the $200 purse. Morton

was for shipping back to the farm for the winter, but Albright dissuaded him, saying: " Now since we're racing square danger is past," and his cupidity knew no bounds.

Besides, an enterprising secretary from the big Labor Day meeting at Derrstown, in the Pennsylvania mountains, had gotten Red Jacket's entry for his 2:23 class, and offered free transportation if Albright and Morton would ship their " great green trotter, ' Freehold.' " The horse was shipped and rested until the Labor Day race, " which promised to be a most exciting contest," so the " Derrstown Gazette" stated. The enterprising secretary worked up a lot of local interest, and crowds of home sports watched the Pennsylvania and York State horses every time they came out to be jogged.

Labor Day dawned bright and clear and an unusually large crowd was at the track. The feature was the 2:23 trot, purse $300, the entries including, so the card read: Freehold, ch.g., Albright & Morton, Hillside, N. Y. Red Jacket, b. g., Elmer Dubs, Lycoming, Pa. Foster Dawson, bl.h., J. C. Smith, Beck's Siding, Pa. Monkey Charlie, r. g., A. White, Carlstadt, N. J. Indian Girl, ch.m., Oscar Griem, Middle Creek, Pa. Bobbie Good, ch. h., T. Burkhardt, Allentown, Pa. Betting was lively, and Morton and Albright put a thousand dollars on the result. Red Jacket's owner had a thousand in the pools, also, and swore he'd win the race, even if his horse fell dead in the effort.

In the grandstand sat a young girl named Mrs. Sebring. She had lately been married and moved to Derrstown from the western part of the State. With her were her husband and her uncle who was spending Labor Day with them. As the horses were driven past one by one, to the starting post, for the " big race," there was great cheering from the spectators. Indian Girl was owned near Derrstown, and came in for most of the applause, while the betting contingent vented their lungs on Red Jacket and Freehold.

" That horse looks exactly like our old Prairie King,"

said Mrs. Sebring, as Freehold jogged by. "He has the same three white feet and pink nose, and dandy mane and tail; we sold him last fall after father died."

Then she turned to the program and read, "Freehold, chestnut gelding, Albright & Morton, owners."

The first heat was exciting from start to finish. Before they had gone an eighth of a mile all but Freehold and Red Jacket were hopelessly beaten, and the pair raced side by side until the last quarter, when Freehold forged ahead and, without a touch from the whip or a word, won in the fast time of 2:19.

"Trots the same as Prairie King," said Mrs. Sebring, quietly. "I swear it's him; he had a record of 2:11."

Her uncle overheard these words and said: "Clara, if you are sure that's Prairie King, it's your duty to inform the officials; it is a serious offense to enter a horse under a different name."

When the horses came out for the second heat, Mrs. Sebring placed herself by the fence that separated the spectators from the track, to observe more closely. Red Jacket passed by, looking badly after his late effort, and soon Freehold emerged, stepping as gaily as if nothing had happened.

"It's Prairie King, it's Prairie King, his name's not Freehold," fairly shouted Mrs. Sebring, as he went by.

Several men heard her and questioned her and soon a small crowd had collected around listening to her story. Just then the race started and Freehold was again making a runaway race of it. Down the stretch he came alone and crossed the wire, duplicating his record of 2:19. Amid the cheers several men ran to the judge's stand—

"Freehold's a ringer," they shouted. "His name's Prairie King, and he's got a mark of eleven." Mrs. Sebring herself was half dragged to the stand to personally substantiate the charges, and her husband and uncle, seeing her predicament, followed closely behind. Some one grabbed Freehold by the bridle and would not let

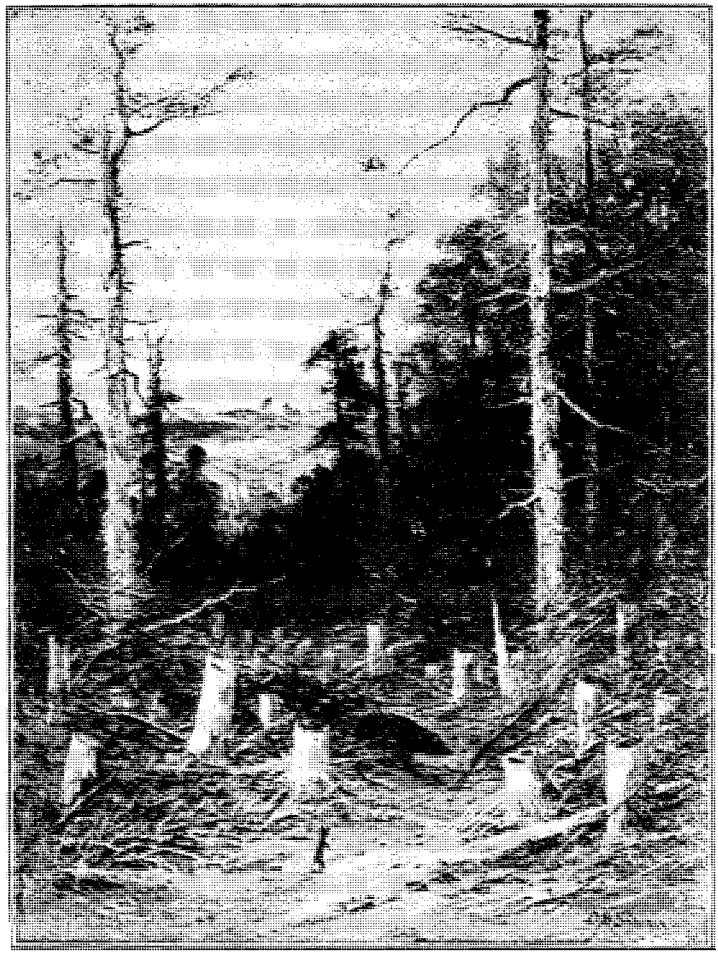
him be driven to the stable, and Morton was pushed out of the sulky by angry men.

Elmer Dubs, owner of Red Jacket, was shouting, "I want my rights," and pandemonium reigned. A visiting pickpocket reaped a harvest among the frenzied yokels. A boy ran up in the judge's stand and blew a bugle, while a judge reached over his shoulder and told the crowd to be quiet.

Then the president of the driving club announced that a grave fraud had been perpetrated; that Freehold was Prairie King, 2:11¼, and the two heats were given to Red Jacket, and all bets off. From below Zekey Morton screamed a protest, but was hit over the head with a beer bottle, and knocked down and trampled on by the mob.

Freehold, or Prairie King, got loose and galloped down the track into the stable yard. Mrs. Sebring was being congratulated on all sides.

Soon the cry went up, "Where's the ringer's other owner?" But Albright was among the missing. Already he was on a trolley car bound for the next town, a decidedly wiser and sadder scallywag.



A ROAD IN NORTHERN CLINTON COUNTY

OLD RIGHTER'S GHOST

NEARLY twenty-five years have passed since the mysterious death of this old German, but the eye witnesses of the phenomena leading up to the event still live, and vividly recall the occurrence.

Down in the Black Hollow, which lies between Sugar and Nippenose Valleys, stands a square frame house. It is now deserted, and time and neglect have reduced it to the most dilapidated condition. All the whitewash has gone, the windows have been removed, and but one chimney points menacingly to the solemn sky. A few peach trees in the kitchen garden still yield fruit, which brings the small boys of the adjacent clearings (but always in midday) to wander about the tenantless place.

Some years ago, on one of my rambles among the wilds, I happened upon this ancient house. I noticed its superiority to the farmhouses of the locality, and wondered why it stood deserted. The house seemed extremely habitable, the rooms being large, with open fire-places, and the barn, which had been burned, to judge from the dimensions of the foundations, was equal to anything in the river bottom. When I reached McElhattan I eagerly inquired, and was told the history of the Michaels farm.

In 1886 considerable lumbering operations were being carried on by Lock Haven parties in the hollow, and a crew of seven or eight men, who were skidding logs, building slides and shanties, were boarding that winter at the farm-house. In addition to these woodsmen and the family of the farmer, there was an aged German named Righter. Whether he was a relative of the family, a dependent, or merely a paid boarder, the woodsmen never learned. But for some reason he enjoyed unusual privileges, his peculiarities being encouraged, it was thought, by the tolerance in which they were held. This old German was said to have a haunted mind, and it was im-

possible for him to sleep at night, the very approach of dusk sending him off into indescribable fits of terror and fear. Every evening six large kerosene lamps were placed in his bedroom, over the "back kitchen," and all night long he would walk up and down the room, sometimes crying piteously. But at sunrise he would throw open the shutters, extinguish the lamps, and lie down for a comfortable sleep which would last pretty nearly all day. He apparently came down stairs but for one meal, which was toward sundown, but the family left loaves of bread and crocks of milk in his room when he retired for his nocturnal struggles. Several woodsmen who slept below in the kitchen, complained that his tramping and wailing kept them awake, but the farmer gave them the alternative of enduring it or leaving. He said his family had "gotten used to it, and others could too." Who this old man was, where he came from, and what ailed him was an unceasingly interesting topic of conversation among the naturally curious woodsmen. They tried to engage him in conversation, but could not even learn his first name. "Righter's my name," was all he would say.

When the first shadows would creep into the corners of the kitchen where this odd German spent his afternoons, he would jump up from his chair and cry, "Light der lamps, light der lamps." The children, who were well trained, would run up stairs and illuminate his room and close the shutters, then, preceded by a boy carrying a lighted candle, he would climb up the narrow, rickety stairs, lock and bolt his door, and commence his nightly tramp, tramp. This kept on all winter long, until one evening in the month of April, at seven o'clock, a piercing shriek was heard from old Righter's room. The woodsmen, who were all in the kitchen, having just finished supper, ran up the back stairs to the room, and, finding the door locked, pounded on it vigorously.

Then a child's voice was heard from below, "Here comes Daddy Righter now," and the sound of feet could be heard on the front stairs. Some of the men rushed

down stairs again and toward the front door, while others continued battering down the door to the recluse's room.

Those who came down saw a remarkable sight, for with leisurely tread, Righter could be seen coming down the front stairs, a smile playing over his distorted features. The men looked at him aghast. He slowly opened the front gate, leaving his footprints on the soft, muddy path. When the men recovered from their fright, they made after him, but he had vanished in the semi-darkness. In the meantime, the door of the bedroom had been broken in, and, lying on the bed was found the lifeless body of old Righter, with an indescribably sweet smile upon his distorted face.

THE MOUNTAIN SOLDIER'S PRESENTIMENT

WE were in the little churchyard at Robertsburg, John Dice and I, and he was pointing out to me the last resting place of some of his old friends, noted hunters and woodsmen, and the graves as well of the soldiers who went to the front from Oak Valley in the Civil War. In a corner of the cemetery was a modest stone, blackened by weather and moss, and on the grave was a small linen American flag that had been placed there the last Decoration Day, with the colors almost washed out beyond recognition. On the stone was the inscription, "Eli Aurand, Private Co. G., 200th Pa. Vols. 1839-1862." Old John Dice called my attention to the stone, remarking that the poor young soldier's life had been needlessly sacrificed, if only his power of second sight had been consistent with military discipline.

"It happened this way," he said. "It was before dawn on the morning of the first day of Fredericksburg, and a heavy black mist hung over the campgrounds, that Eli Aurand was awakened with a terriffic start, and the realization that he was to meet his death within a few hours. He was a mountain boy, who had married young, and whose patriotism had made him enlist in defense of his country, even though he had to leave his wife and two little children at home. After awakening, instead of the impression of immediate disaster diminishing, as is generally the case, the idea became clearer and clearer in his mind, and each minute made him more positive of his doom. He spoke to his closest friends in the company as they were washing, John Casher, John Askey and Sam McCloskey, and with their native superstition they advised him to obey the 'token' and keep out of the firing for that day, if possible.

"Eli Aurand had everything to live for—at least so it seemed to his viewpoint. He thought of his wife—only

twenty years of age—with her black eyes and pale sweet face; of his little boy, Wilbur, and his little girl, Lizzie; of his farm, which he had been working so hard to clear; of his house that he intended to whitewash on his first furlough, and could see it in his mind—the square structure built of unplaned hemlock boards, stained black by the elements, with the young orchard in the rear, where the afternoon sun shone so brightly; and the stable with the big raw-boned workhorse, and the three pairs of buckhorns and a panther's skull, relics of his markmanship, which hung in the work-shop; of the high mountains, where he could always get work in the lumber camps. It was all too real and beautiful to leave just yet, and while he had been 'converted,' the authorities differed too much about the future life to make it desirable as an abode just yet. His comrades hurriedly told him of a dozen instances where portends of death had come true. Aided by his own strong instinct, he said, 'I'm going to see the officer. I know he will let me off when he hears my story.' Eli had never known what fear was, in the lumber woods or as a hunter, and could not conceive of such an idea of being suspected of cowardice.

"When he got to the officer's tent, he asked the orderly to grant him a few words with that personage. The company's regular captain had died in the hospital a week before, and it was under the temporary command of a lieutenant—a tall, slim fellow, with a pale yellow mustache and goatee, a recent graduate of a New York military school. Eli Aurand stood outside awaiting him, with the damp, drizzly fog outlining his blue uniform against the sombre gray of the atmosphere. Soon the officer appeared, and the young private told him his story The officer's eyes flashed with anger. 'Nonsensical, ridiculous, won't hear of such a thing. Go do your duty like the rest of them.' And, without another word he slipped back into the warm confines of his tent.

"There was nothing to do but submit, so Eli went back to his old friends, and told them that it was no use,

and even as he spoke the weight of his doom seemed to crush him more than ever. Pretty soon the company was ordered to take its place at a stone row back of an old rail fence, and they moved forward with the unconcern of brave men. When they had reached the stone row and were about to take their positions, Aurand turned and approached the lieutenant, and said, with a firm voice, 'Let me off this morning, sir, for the sake of those at home.' The officer turned on him as if to stick him with his sabre. So he quickly made for his place, and as he started kneeling, a Confederate sharpshooter's bullet pierced his body. 'God help my wife and little children,' cried Eli, as he rolled over on his back, and lay dead among the rocks and brambles."

GRANNY MYERS'S CURSE

THAT belief in witchcraft still exists in the United States cannot be denied, as the newspapers every now and then print accounts of doings of alleged witches in remote parts of the country. But nowhere did it flourish and its teachings defy the advance of modern enlightenment to such an extent as in the mountains of Central Pennsylvania.

A typical case of Pennsylvania witchcraft is that of an old Swiss, Christ by name, who tills a sixty-acre farm on a bleak mountain top along what is known as the "Pine Road," that runs from Jersey Shore to Loganton. His house stands back a hundred yards from the road. The original structure was built of logs, but as more prosperous days ensued a frame mansion was "tacked" on the less imposing log cabin.

Not another house can be seen from the windows, which look over a dreary expanse of fire-swept summits, "slashings" and abandoned clearings. The gable of the large barn, standing between the road and the house, is covered with bear paws, nailed in disorderly profusion. Several sets of buckhorns adorn the slanting roof of the nearby corncrib.

With such surroundings, it is not surprising that people become easy prey to mental vagaries, and live in terror of persons possessing supposed supernatural powers.

Formerly Christ had his brother, Michael, whose house was two miles up a secluded hemlock hollow, for "next door" neighbor, but alleged spirit rapping and apparitions, culminating in the suicide of an old man named Righter, who made his home with the family, caused Mike to move to a farm nearer town and neighbors.

At present Christ's nearest neighbors are the family of an old woman whom we shall call Granny Myers, reputed among the mountaineers as a witch, and famed for the potency of her spells, who lived in a windowless shanty three miles away.

One Fall, about fifteen years ago, some of Christ's cattle broke into the Myers buckwheat field, and one was mysteriously shot. Threats of criminal prosecution were made, until one night Granny Myers strode into Christ's kitchen, and, in the presence of several witnesses, cursed the farmer, his wife and daughter, in these words: "Christ, you shall shrivel to death with rheumatics, your woman shall develop a cancer, and your daughter shall cough up blood until she fades away." Then she went out, slamming the door after her, leaving the Christs in a state of nervous collapse.

Several months passed by; it was the month of February; the Pine Road was deep in snow and not even a shingle-sled could navigate; but a little thing like this could not daunt old John Dice, the witch doctor, from the river bottom, who, clad in his familiar coat of Confederate gray, knee deep in slush, was bound for a vendue in the east end of Sugar Valley.

As he passed the Christ farm, a withered figure hobbled to the fence, and waved his hand to him. "Shon, come here," he called. "My woman is dying mit der cancer, my girl is coughing up blood and I'm dying mit der rheumatics."

The witch doctor climbed the gate and followed the farmer to his house. Mrs. Christ, complaining of terrible pains in her side, lay moaning on a sofa, and the nineteen-year-old daughter, worn almost to a skeleton, dragged herself about the house, coughing every few minutes.

"Granny Myers done it," was all they would say. The witch doctor, who understood the trouble at a glance, promised to have the spell removed within the week, and before an hour was at the hut of the alleged witch.

On his way, in a snow covered lot, he noticed four miserable horses huddled together, protecting themselves as best they could from the cruel winter wind. All told, they had but two eyes and one good tail among them, these cast-offs from the disposal sale of the Williamsport Traction Company—now operated by trolley.

Granny Myers, a tall, rawboned woman with a long nose and enormous hands, was smoking her clay pipe by the stove, when her old enemy, who never knocked, came in, shaking the snow from his boots.

"Go over to Christ's and tell them you have taken that spell off, or, mark my word, it's now Friday, by next Monday your four horses will be dead, and you will follow them."

That was all John Dice said before he resumed his tramp to the vendue. The next Monday, true to his promise he appeared at Granny Myers' door, a scythe and a pole-axe, purchased at the vendue, slung over his massive shoulders. Granny heard his footsteps, and was on hand to meet him.

"You old deil," she said, "meh crowbaits are all four dead, and I was to Christ's a-yesterday."

When the witch doctor revisited the Christ kitchen a vastly different scene met his eyes. Christ, humming to himself, was mending a rocking-chair; his smiling wife lifting a heavy kettle from the stove, while his buxom daughter was setting the tea table.

"Von't you stay to supper, Shon?" said Christ, "the old hex's taken off the spell, an' we're ahl well again."

WITCHCRAFT VS. MOTHER-IN-LAW

GRANNY MYERS had a daughter who was "mahried" to Jakey Welshans, a small storekeeper in the German Settlement. The old woman would tie up her bundle and wend her way over the hills and make protracted visits to her daughter, often lasting a year at a time, much to the disgust of Jakey. On one of these visits, when she had created turmoil among the Welshans for eleven months and showed no signs of going home, Jakey hit upon the scheme of enlisting the aid of John Dice in ridding his household of the disturbing mother-in-law. So one day he met John, who was electioneering for a Republican candidate (John is a Democrat), and told him of his unhappy predicament. "Der old voman is awful scaret of you, Shon, ever since you kilt them horses on her, and, if you tell her somthin' bad may come to her, she'll light oud preddy quick."

"All right," said John, "let's tend to her case now."

"Der old voman is a great lisdener, Shon," continued Jakey, "and if you talk kinder loud on der porch, she'll be peekin' through der keyhole." Arriving at the Welshans' store, they walked around to the side porch, ostensibly to give John a drink from the well. A hasty glance through the kitchen window showed Granny Myers standing inside the closed kitchen door.

"I'm down on that infernal old mother-in-law of yours," said John in his loudest tones, "and she'd better be going home soon or—"

"Oh, don't talk like dot, Shon, she's a loafly voman," interposed son-in-law Jakey.

"I mean what I say," said John. "I have no use for that old hex, and she'd better clear out, for if she doesn't her blood will dry in her veins and she'll die standing up." Then John got his drink of well water and resumed his electioneering for the Republican candidate. But his

words had their effect. At the dinner table that day Granny said she " thought it was time to go home." All endeavored to prevail upon her to stay, even the children, but with no avail. At half past four the next morning she came downstairs with her bundles and started on her ten-mile walk across the mountains. And to this day Granny Myers has never revisited the German Settlement.

THE HAUNTED TAVERN

T the approach of evening a heavy fog arose, making the navigation of the timber rafts a difficulty in the "big river." The mountainous shores were completely veiled from sight, as were even the lights in the cottage windows of Liverpool. Big rain drops pattered, waves washed over the rafts, and the logs creaked and slapped in the uncertain current.

The steersmen lit their watch-lights and called aloud their warnings to prevent collisions, and vainly looked about for places of refuge until morning.

On a raft of spars bound for Marietta, were two brothers, Jacob and Richie Vail, who, although they had been rivermen all their lives, were a trifle apprehensive on this occasion. The current and fog had forced them close to shore, and as they beat around for a comfortable eddy, they noticed a big building loom out through the darkness on a neck of land which ran out into the river. To this they steered, made fast, and abandoned the raft for the night. No lights shone in the barred windows of this house, but nevertheless the brothers knocked at the door. To their surprise it was instantly opened by a young woman, who, as she stood there shading the candle with her hand, produced an impression on them which they never forgot. Of medium height, with straight, black hair and pallid face, she had, like Victor Hugo's Duchess Josiana, one pale blue eye, while the other was brown. Her countenance was withal peculiarly attractive. When she heard their predicament, she invited them in, explaining that her house was a raftmen's tavern.

Richie, who was somewhat of a "ladies' man," inquired if she had a male companion in the enterprise, to which the young woman replied that she had been alone since her husband died, two years since.

After supper, Jacob, feeling very tired, asked to be shown his room, while Richie declared he would like to "keep company" with the young widow by the fireside.

The room in which Jacob was domiciled for the night was of large size, and the one chair, washstand, and long-legged bed seemed diminutive in comparison. There was no loft above, and the square-hewed rafters and arched roof, through which the rain leaked, was like the haymow of a barn, rather than a bedroom.

The woman handed him her candle, said good-night, and as he undressed, he could hear the buzz of her conversation with Richie. He blew out the candle and climbed into the long-legged bed, and covered himself with two or three patchwork quilts, in preparation for the much needed sleep. But in less than five minutes he was rudely disturbed. First one quilt, then the second, then the third was pulled from him by unseen hands, and thrown in a heap in the furthermost corner of the room. He looked up, thinking it some joke of Richie's, but could see no one. He jumped from the bed, got the comforts and recovered himself, only to have them seized again. A third time he regained his coverings, and held on to them with his stoutest grip, but was powerless to prevent their removal. He ran over to the washstand and groped about for matches to light his candle, but there were none to be found. As he started for the door to call for help, unseen hands hurled him across the room, where he struck the wall with a terriffic thud. The more he struggled, the more he was forced against the wall, as if held there by a hurricane. His clothes were thrown from the chair and lay in disorder on the floor, and in his helplessness his watch was lifted from under the pillow and he could hear the crystal shatter as it smashed against the rafters. His cries for help brought Richie and the woman to the door, but they were unable to open it, although there was no key in the lock. They hammered and banged on the door, while poor Jacob was held tight by his invisible tormentor. Suddenly the door flew open,

Richie and his companion were hurled upon the floor, Jacob fell in a limp mass, and the comforts whisked across the room and readjusted themselves upon the bed. Richie's lantern was extinguished in the excitement, but all hands found their way to the stairs, and fled from the bewitched apartment. Once downstairs, the woman tried her utmost to coax the raftsmen to remain, promising them better quarters, but they cursed the tavern and its devilish occupants, and in the uncertain haze of dawn hurried to the water's edge and loosened the raft from its moorings.

At their next stop they met a gang of raftsmen who laughed when informed of the awful night's experience. "Why, that's the 'haunted' tavern," they explained. "That woman's husband, two raftsmen and an Irishman were murdered in that room at a dance two years ago, and from that time there's been some hellish happenings in that big room under the roof, and it's pretty certain that one night is all you'll want to spend in it."

The unsavory reputation of the log tavern spread to the entire rafting fraternity, and the odd-eyed young woman was forced to abandon the premises for lack of custom. For a number of years the structure was unoccupied, and latterly was used for a cow stable, until the great flood of 1889 carried it away.

FANNY HEDDEN'S HOTEL

TO anyone finding himself with a spare day on his hands, and the ability of getting to Watsontown, there is no pleasanter way of putting in that day than to drive through the beautiful valley to McEwensville, Turbotville and Washingtonville.

It was my privilege to have taken this drive one sunshiny April morning, just when the pale green leaves and vari-colored blossoms were budding forth, and the air was sweet with the odor of the grass. Myriads of robins, blue-birds and meadow larks were warbling in the brushwoods, and the roosters by the roadside gave vent to their Spring-rejuvenated crowing. The ducks were taking their first swim in the brown muddy mill ponds.

The broad farming valley stretched out like an English landscape, the cultivated fields alternating with groves of stately oaks or hickories, and dotted here and there were the substantial white farmhouses in whose front yards flourished the tall, but alien Norway spruces.

Quiet reigned in the streets of McEwensville, with its tall spired gothic churches, and rows of little stores, with show windows of small paned glass. And likewise in Turbotville, were the streets deserted, except at the huge white public house, where several idlers sat on the porch in the morning sun, waiting for some stranger to treat them to their favorite drinks. We passed the scene of a recent conflagration, where one-third of the peaceful, old-fashioned street, and the friendly shade trees, had been swept away by the uncontrollable flames. New frame houses were being erected, but they were narrow and shallow, painted yellow and blue, in unfavorable contrast to the low-roofed comfortable dwellings they pretended to replace.

Once more out in the country, we followed the winding turnpike, over bridges which rattled as we crossed, by

ancient cemeteries, with gothic monuments and decaying cedar trees, and past fields sprouting with lawn-like wheat. And when we crossed a little stream, whose bed was shaded by untrimmed willow trees, we found ourselves in another village of the past, Washingtonville.

The little white houses stood flush upon the street, which led up to a hill crowned by several good-sized churches. In the center of the town was "Fanny Hedden's Hotel," built, like the other structures, close upon the road, but differing from them in having two tiers of balcony-like porches, where guests could sit and watch the doings of the town and wait for fresh travelers to arrive. Before this old-time hostelry we stopped. A half-grown stable boy held our horse, while a thick-set young man ran out and greeted us obsequiously, with a decided British accent, such as you would expect to be met with in the taverns we read about in rural England. But when the stable boy addressed him as Mr. Herzog, I knew it was only a case of the adaptability of the Pennsylvania Dutchman who had lived in foreign lands.

We were ushered into the low-ceilinged office, the walls of which I was surprised to find covered with old colored prints depicting scenes in American sporting and political life as it was sixty years ago. And there was one print which was evidently not American—"King William at the Battle of the Boyne."

While we registered, a country boy came in and tacked up dodgers which announced a "Dance at Jerseytown, Friday night," and I sincerely wished I could remain long enough to attend the function. I made the country gallant's acquaintance, and he showed me a strange medal or button he had found the day previous while helping demolish an old house. Apparently of silver, the size of a modern dollar, the medal had a head of Washington in the centre, with the motto, "We uphold our President." Beneath and around the edges were the letters, V., M., N. Y., C., R. I., N. J., N. H., D., M., V., N. C., S. C., G., which, I interpreted to be the initials of

the thirteen original states. There were two small holes in the centre which inclined me to believe this curious relic had been used as a button. "I wouldn't take a dollar for it," said the country boy as he went away.

Dinner was quickly prepared and we ascended the narrow stairway to the dining room. At the door we were met by a smiling old woman, Fanny Hedden herself, who confesses eighty years, but looks and acts thirty years younger. The dining room was a spacious apartment, the long windows and high ceilings being a decided change from the low rooms on the ground floor. In a corner was a walnut sideboard of antique design, and the walls were decorated by five or six engravings of Biblical scenes. The table was lavishly set with every conceivable variety of preserves and relishes, and by our plates were tall cutglass goblets. Mrs. Hedden and her grandson, for such the young landlord proved to be, both apologized for their inability to provide for us properly, which inability we failed to see. While her grandson was filling our glasses with sparkling home-made wine, which he proudly declared "was made of the grapes from the arbor on the back porch," we commented on the Biblical engravings which were on the walls. Mrs. Hedden, noticing that we were interested in curiosities, hurried from the room and brought in a woven basket of immense dimensions which she said was made by her grandmother, and was over a hundred and fifty years old. "And it's as good as ever," said the old woman, as she poured the contents of the ice water pitcher into the basket, which did not leak a drop.

After finishing the appetizing repast we were conducted to the parlor "to see some more old pictures," as Mrs. Hedden expressed it. In the parlor I noticed a Canadian scene, which led me to suspect that it was in that country Mr. Herzog acquired his English manner of speaking. But most remarkable of all, three life-size portraits of handsome women, two blondes and one brunette, in the decollette garb of 1860, hung in this room, but

Mrs. Hedden could give no clue as to the identity of the persons they represented, as she had "bought them at a bargain from a retired boarding house keeper in Philadelphia, Centennial year." As the classic faces of these long-forgotten charmers smiled from the tarnished frames, I wondered where the originals could be, whether living or dead, after the long lapse of years!

After inspecting the various bedrooms, in one of which we found engravings of nymphs and shepherdesses evidently dating back to the eighteenth century, and expressing our satisfaction at the courteous treatment accorded us, we ordered our horse and buggy. After paying our bill, we sped away toward the magnificent deer park and estate of Congressman Alex. Billmeyer, which is not a mile distant from Fanny Hedden's Hotel.

THE GHOST WALK

IN a dilapidated log farmhouse in the White Deer Valley, resides an aged hermit, whose name I shall slightly alter, as he is still living, and call him Daniel McKean. Fifty-five years ago he was the dashing son of one of the most prosperous farmers of the valley, but now, alone and friendless, he ekes out an existence from his deteriorated farm land.

A kindly old man is Daniel McKean, but his mind, long focused on a single thought, has made him an uninteresting companion to the neighboring agriculturists who find him an unresponsive listener to their stories of crops and horses, and guns and politics. But to a stranger, who will enter into the spirit of the old man, and assent, not differ from his metaphysical imaginings, he is a strange combination of scientific knowledge and illogical stubbornness. With his parents he had moved to his present abode during the year 1846, when the hilly sides of the valley were in timber, and had helped his father and brothers clear a good-sized farm and erect a substantial farmhouse and barns. He was then a stalwart, red-cheeked boy, fond of taking the country girls "to meeting," and the best horseman for miles around.

In front of the red bank-barn, which he aided to build, stood two gigantic white pines. They had been left to shade the watering trough until two young maples planted by the McKeans reached sufficient size, as it is a peculiar fact that the Pennsylvania farmer has a prejudice against the native pines, preserving in preference the most miserable maple or pin oak for shade or ornament.

One night the McKean sheep had not come in from the mountain and Daniel mounted his buckskin stallion, "Jefferson," in those days all the farmer boys rode stallions, and went in search of them. Far off among the hills he found them, and it was past eleven o'clock when

he had them safely corralled in the sheep-yard. He had put his horse away and was going to the house, when he noticed a peculiar ball of white light dancing in midair between the two white pines. He stopped to watch the phenomenon, which gradually elongated until it assumed the form of a young girl of supernatural beauty. The spectre remained motionless and seemed to catch the eye of Daniel, who remained transfixed to the spot. Then it slowly walked to one tree, touched it with one hand, and in a moment more resumed the shape of a ball of white light—and disappeared.

Daniel was amazed at what he had seen, but kept it a secret from the family. The next night at the same hour he crept from the house to the watering trough, when the apparition appeared and vanished exactly as the night before.

Night after night, Daniel watched the spot, fascinated by the beauty and mystery of the phantom, until his father demanded the cause of his unseemly conduct. After several stormy scenes, he confessed, much to the indignation of his orthodox parent, who refused to believe the story unless he should see it with his own eyes. He accompanied his son to the ghost walk, but next morning he could not be induced to say whether or not he had seen anything remarkable. But one thing was certain; after breakfast, despite his son's entreaties, he chopped down both the grand old pines and ordered them cut into kindling wood. To Daniel this was an act of desecration, and he shed tears as he dragged the shaggy boughs to the brush heap.

When night came he resumed his watch by the stumps, from which the red pitch was oozing like blood. But alas! no phantom appeared. The hours passed wearily, morning came, but everything was matter-of-fact. On each successive night he was in his usual place, but not a ray of hope was in store.

Before a year had elapsed he began to act queerly. He neglected his work, muttered to himself; and thought

only of the night, when he could sit on the dug-out water trough waiting for his ghostly love.

Years went by; his parents died, his brothers and sisters moved west, but he remained. His old friends regarded him as crazy, and young people coming home from church at night feared to pass him, sitting motionless by the rotting pine stumps.

But loss of friends and reputation could not shake his faith, and to the present time he waits and hopes for the return of his spectre sweetheart.

OLE BULL'S CASTLE

I LEFT the railroad at the lively little city of Cross Forks, and followed the mountainous valley of Kettle Creek toward the former home of the world-famous violinist, Ole Bull. Here and there neatly fenced farms were sprinkled among the rugged peaks, but as the valley became narrower, and the mountains higher, the scene became one of desolation rather than cultivation.

Very little of the hemlock forests remained, the mills and railroads of Cross Forks having done their share toward desolating the valley. At last, as I came around a bend in the stream, and likewise in the road, I saw before me, half way on the summit of one of the highest peaks, the jagged ruins of what appeared to be a medieval castle. The bright August sun glistened on the gray stone walls and parapets, and high above all, under the canopy of the cloudless sky soared an eagle in his solemn grandeur. Never, I thought, had the harmonies of nature united themselves better than on the site of Ole Bull's Castle. But there was one element which by some might be thought discordant; on the steep sides of the mountain on which the castle stands worked half a hundred woodsmen, their blue and red shirts in bold relief to the dark green of the hemlock forest they were destroying. The click, click of the axes, the wheezing of the crosscut saws, the squeak of the spuds and the rattle of the cant hooks producing a strange contrast to the otherwise complete stillness of the scene. Returning to the medieval simile, one could imagine these gaily bedecked woodsmen as the home guard of the lord of the manor, throwing up fortifications on the mountain side to repulse the assault of some hostile force.

The part of the mountain which they had already denuded stood thick with hemlock stumps, peeled clean of their bark; and shining pink-white in the sunlight like

rows upon rows of tombstones in the graveyard of the ages. And the freshly peeled glistening logs, piled one on another, in seemingly regular order, reminded one of the coat of mail on the capacious breast of some mighty warrior of the Middle Ages!

I climbed the steep mountain, pausing every few minutes to enjoy the fresh panorama which opened before me, and when I reached the castle grounds, the view stretched in boundless immensity in every direction; range after range of dark green, light green, blue and brown mountains could be seen to the north, the south, the east and the west. Thin white columns of smoke which rose from distant ravines, betokened the presence of steam saw mills.

I could not but admire the taste of Ole Bull in selecting this sublime spot for a mountain home, far from the turmoils of the valley, like the philosopher in Sartor Resartus.

Of the castle itself but one wall remains, the one nearest the precipitous cliff, and from its windows the occupants could have looked down a sheer descent of three hundred feet to where Kettle Creek winds about like a thread of silver fresh from the smelter. Across the ravine is another mountain, as steep but not as high as the one on which the castle is located, which rises majestically up with its uneven cliffs and graveyard of hemlock stumps. It recalls the canyons we have seen in our geographies, and later on railroad posters, but from what I know of the west, the ravine of Kettle Creek, at least in Ole Bull's time, was far more beautiful, for what it lacked in depth was more than recompensed by the dense foliage which grew in a tangle on the rugged sides, a glorious gift of nature, which no western landscape can boast.

BOONEVILLE CAMP MEETING

FOR several days the livery stables of Lock Haven had been wearing an air of great activity. Long rows of newly washed buggies and surreys stood in front of the sheds, while hostlers ran about grooming horses, polishing harness and beating green lap robes.

If you asked the half-grown colored boy, leading a raw-boned caricature of a horse up and down the stable alley, the cause of these extraordinary preparations, he would reply: "Booneville Camp's a Sunday."

Although Booneville is fully fifteen miles from Lock Haven, nearly every member of the population able to hire or borrow a "rig" makes the journey to the Camp Grounds, across the dusty mountain roads.

We entered the "office" of one of the aforementioned livery stables a rough board partitioned room, the walls decorated with framed colored prints of three famous horses of the past, Abdallah, George Wilkes and the Byerly Turk, and left our order with our aimable friend, Hon. Frank Felmlee, for "a first-class team" for Sunday morning.

Camp Meeting Sunday proved typical of the month of August. At eight o'clock, when we started, not a breeze was coming from the mountains, and our "first-class turnout" was of the usual description—two long, bony, gray nags, smothered in a profusion of fly nets, hooked to a low-geared buggy.

Driving along the broad turnpike leading from town to the mountains, we overtook numerous teams bound in the same direction. There were surreys, loaded down with stout families and heavy lunch baskets, the horses steaming with perspiration from the unnatural loads; young men driving buggies, accompanied by the inevitable "young ladies they kept company with"; half-drunken country sports lashing delivery wagon horses in borrowed

carriages, and old ladies in phaetons, going to see the great preacher from New Berlin, each equipage followed by an indescribable canine and a cloud of dust. The road led through the prosperous milling village of Flemington, Mill Hall, famous for its axe factories, and Salona, interesting as being settled by Greek refugees in the early part of the nineteenth century.

We finally reached the gap in the mountains where the stony road was cut out of the mountain side, below which a roaring stream flowed, and began a continual ascent for five miles.

Looking back we could see several turnouts already played out, the men walking, the women peering out anxiously while the perspiring beasts tugged up the hills.

As for the young men with the "young ladies they kept company with," they had stopped in the shade by the springs gurgling from the mountain side, for they certainly were in no hurry.

Here and there we passed a farmhouse or bark peeler's shanty, with empty bark wagons by the road side, but all evidences of habitation missing, everyone having gone to Camp Meeting. Even the cabin of Granny McGill, famed as a witch, was deserted, that worthy woman too, having joined the band of worshipers for the day.

When the summit was reached, and the rushing stream and slashings left behind, we touched up our horses and flew through a bit of farming country, where the air blew in strong gusts, and sheep grazed by the "stake and rider" fences, and by log farmhouses, with barns decorated with bear paws nailed to the gables.

Again we entered the hemlock forest, following the path of a black creek as far as the Sulphur Springs, where before us lay a view of the beautiful Sugar Valley, cultivated half-way to the summits of the opposite range of hills, from its very center rising the three church spires of Loganton, and down the valley we could make out the little village of Booneville, where the Camp Meeting is held.

The hot sun shone on the slate roof of the Logan House, the only hotel in Loganton, kept by the affable Harry Cole, where we stabled our horses and got lunch before going to the camp grounds.

Already a large crowd of mountaineers, old and young, had collected around the hotel to "see the rigs come in." There was "Clem" Herlacher, the local barber, just back from six months as a cowboy in Texas, his jet black hair hanging on his shoulders, his face hidden by a large sombrero, the center of admiration from the country boys. Sam Motter, the relentless hunter, stands by his wagon telling the bystanders how he killed the young bear which lies on the straw in the wagon box. Old John Dice, the witch doctor, at heart an unbeliever in any form of superstition, is recounting miraculous experiences to Tom Miller, pseudo-inventor of a scheme for perpetual motion. Augustus Geyer, eighty-one years old, once a forester for the King of Prussia, is swapping war stories with "Black Headed" Bill Williams, who claims to have originated the first Bucktail Regiment. On a rocking chair on the hotel porch sits Maud Keener, the barmaid, a survival of the ancient custom, who on week days dispenses Muncy Valley whiskey and Sunbury beer to thirsty travelers, but to-day is surrounded by half a dozen young blonde giants, with heavy shoes laced up to their knees, who have come in from a "bark job" on Cherry Run.

The dust on the highways grows thicker as scores of mountaineers from distant settlements drive past the hotel on their way to the camp ground.

Every conceivable kind of equipage is represented. A big horse harnessed beside a pony, spring wagons with wheels that do not match, reins and bridles of rope, dilapidated carryalls, farm wagons covered with straw and crowded with children, and most wonderful of all, a one-seated carryall with a cradle rocking to and fro in the back, wherein lay a sleeping infant, almost hidden by mosquito netting.

A boy on horseback, the bridle with blinkers and check-

rein, stops at the hotel and is immediately swallowed up by the crowd of loungers. He brings news that the livery 'bus from Lock Haven has broken down somewhere in the mountains, about five miles from Loganton, tumbling men and women and precious cases of bottled beer on the roadside. But before one can learn what is to be done for the unfortunates, Elmer Kastetter, the stable boy, has brought out our team from the barn. Our start is just in time to encounter two mountain boys racing their buggies. Crossing a narrow bridge, they came together with a crash, spokes, shafts, harness and whips flew in every direction, and the fickle crowd abandoned speculating on a far-away break-down, and rushed down the road en masse to the scene of this fresh disaster. Driving through the bed of the stream, we dodged by the pile of scrap iron and kindling wood, and although blinded and choked by dust and almost wrecked by racing teams, we at last drive down the steep hill into the camp grounds.

Fully five thousand people are assembled in the grove of gigantic hemlocks, either strolling about under the trees, eating from copious lunch baskets, or listening to the black-bearded preacher from New Berlin, whose voice resounds like a sledge and anvil. Back of him on the platform sat over a dozen other preachers, bearded, solemn and sedate.

A thousand horses, most of them with their heads stuck in feed bags, are tied to trees and fences.

Elk Creek, a limestone stream, has dried up, and hundreds of children are playing on its rocky bed.

Country boys, with wide-brimmed straw hats, red neckties and green and yellow barred bicycle stockings, arm in arm with red-cheeked, white-dressed girls, walk unceasingly up and down the avenue in the center of the park. The tin-type tent, kept by Mrs. Stanley, an old gypsy woman, and her daughter Eliza, is surrounded by a laughing crowd, who guy the boys as they come out after having their pictures taken with their sweethearts. But the calm of the scene is rudely interrupted by a tow-haired bicyclist,

wearing a red jockey cap, and, of course, the green, orange-barred stockings, who, in riding down the hill to the grounds, coasted off the bridge into the dry stream, and crawls up the bank, cut and bleeding. A few minutes later the eyes of thousands are turned to a horse which has broken loose, and dragging a buggy, dashes through the grove, ripping off wheels in its way until its wild chase is brought to an end by running into a tree, smashing the buggy to splinters.

And thus the happy Sunday passes, the day gradually softening into night with no signs of the vast concourse departing homeward. Kerosene torches, fastened to the trees, give the woods a weird appearance, the flickering light shining on the strong, pious faces of the worshipers, singing, " I'm on My Way to Zion, I'm on My Journey Home," and Professor Black's immortal melody " When the Roll is Called Up Yonder I'll be There."
ney Home."

Not until a thousand silver watches have noted the hour of ten, and the giant black-bearded minister has pronounced the benediction, does the homeward march begin; the neighing of horses, rattling of wagons, and the roar of joyous voices making a strange contrast to the stillness of the countryside.

Everyone is talking of the events of the day. Everyone is happy. Truly the Sunday at Booneville Camp Meeting is to these people what Christmas, Easter, Birthday, Fourth of July and Derby Day, rolled into one, would be to us, so important a place does it fill in reckoning the life of the Pennsylvania mountaineer.

THE BALD EAGLE SILVER MINE

THE legend of a silver mine of fabulous richness, hidden somewhere in the Bald Eagle Mountains, between Pine and Aughanbaugh stations has had for over fifty years a remarkable fascination for the ne'er-do-wells, soldiers of fortune and "divining rod" men of that section of the country.

Up to thirty years ago, small bands of Indians, claiming residence in the New York State Reservation, were in the habit of camping every Fall on the Hugh Shaw farm at the confluence of Pine Creek and the Susquehanna River, not far from the town of Jersey Shore. Ostensibly there for the selling of beautifully woven baskets and trinkets, the more suspicious of their white neighbors ascribed to them an entirely different purpose, for on dark nights these Indians would hurriedly cross the river in canoes, with lanterns muffled in blankets, and climb up the mountain which rises precipitously from the opposite bank. By the lights they could be followed to the summit, where they kept moving about until daybreak. On several occasions the redskins were shadowed by local busybodies, who were always discovered by the Indian's outposts. Lights would be instantly extinguished, and the Indians would disappear in the darkness, leaving their eavesdroppers more mystified than ever. The whites still held to their belief that it was treasure the Indians were after, as farmers in the upper Pine Creek Valley, who had met the savages on their homeward trips to the Reservations, declared that they carried bags of pure silver, which they showed to whites, whom, at rare intervals, they took into their confidence, but persistently refused to tell the location of the mines.

One or two Pennsylvanians, who had lumbered near the Seneca Reservation, in Western New York, met traders from Buffalo, who said they had bought silver from certain Indians who were recognized as having been in the vicinity of the Bald Eagles.

In Lock Haven until recently lived a gentleman of wide culture, who became interested in the fabled silver mine shortly after the Indians had ceased their yearly pilgrimages. His geological knowledge told him that it was possible for pockets of silver to be present on these highlands, so in a spirit of adventure he paid a visit to the Cattaraugus Reservation. After diligent inquiries he learned that of all the Indians who had been to Pennsylvania, but one, an aged squaw, remained. However, she was too feeble to make another journey. By liberal gifts of money, and promises of further rewards, he finally induced this old woman to draw a diagram of the location of the mines, which she described as a cavern which led a hundred feet into the body of the mountain, where progress was barred by walls of the purest silver.

Armed with this map, the Lock Haven would-be Monte Cristo hurried back to the Bald Eagles as fast as the Seashore Express could carry him. Out on the mountain he went, expecting to find the mine in less than a day's search. But disappointment awaited him, though he found the landmarks, a dead yellow pine, and a pile of stones thrown up in pyramid shape. Then he hired two countrymen to aid him, with no better success.

After a month's fruitless search he engaged an engineer and a surveyor from Williamsport, but they too, failed utterly. Goaded to a point of "do or die," he again visited the Reservation, but in the meantime the old squaw had died, on her deathbed leaving the secret to her half-breed grandson, Billy Douty. The half-breed was positive he could find the treasure trove, if some one would pay his expenses to Pine, which proposition was gladly accepted by the gentleman from Lock Haven. Billy landed in Pine Station at six o'clock one evening, refused any supper, and made straight for the lower mountain. "Me find before morning, me dead sure," he called back as he cut across lots.

Next morning he was back empty-handed and hungry, but not discouraged. He loaded himself with a stock of

provisions and went out to the mountain, remaining night and day in all kinds of weather for three weeks. Occasionally in the stillness of midnight the ring of his pick could be heard far away on the lonely summits. At last his patience gave way, and he abandoned the quest, saying, "River run wrong, Allegheny River run west, Susquehanna run east, me twisted." And to this day the silver mine of the Bald Eagles awaits a rediscoverer.

THE BLACK WOLF OF OAK VALLEY

HE last time I heard a wolf call on the mountain," said Black-Headed Bill Williams, "was one night in the fall of '63, when I was home on a furlough from the army."

We were discussing the passing of panthers, wolves and other animals from Pennsylvania, on Bill's spacious porch, which overlooked the Susquehanna Valley with the towering Allegheny mountains far to the north that seemed to be an impenetrable wall between us and the different race of people in York state. On the porch, beside Bill and myself, sat a Methodist preacher in a baby chair four sizes too small for him, whose expression seemed to denote that he secretly disapproved of everything concerning Bill, except his wife's excellent chicken dinners.

"Yes, it was in the fall of '63, but then wolves have been killed much recenter than that, but not around here —there are too many railroads and hunters. They did kill a queer kind of black wolf over in Oak Valley about twelve years ago—I was over there cuttin' ties at the time, but I always thought it was more devil than wolf."

"What is that?" said I, who was surprised to find that even with the side-whiskered preacher present we were to hear a spook story.

"Well," said Bill, "there was a feller over in the east end of the valley named Silas Werninger, a lazy cuss, who never cut a cord of wood in his life, and one Saturday night he was at old Tommy Mertz's Hotel in Youngmanstown and got into a row with a couple of old farmers. and before they could stop him he had shot them both —one died—and was on his horse and off to the mountains. After a couple of weeks he tired of playing 'catamount' and at night used to visit his wife and children, who lived in a log cabin on the outskirts of Jacobsburg. At first people did not like to tell on him, but it leaked out, and a posse surrounded him one morning before day-

break, but his dog gave the alarm and he decided not to come out. The constables then decided to go in after him, and standing in the second story window he riddled two of them with bullets as they were battering down the door with a fresh-cut telegraph pole. Werninger kept up the shooting until his ammunition was exhausted, and then some one in the posse, I think it was Sam Himes, pitched some burning rags through the garret window and set the house on fire. Mrs. Werninger and the two little ones ran out to safety, but Silas shouted he would never be taken alive, and coolly cut his throat with a razor. When he didn't come out, the crowd ran into the burning building and found him lying dead. They were just able to get his body out before the roof fell, and they laid him by the well until the Coroner came. After that was over the question came up of a funeral. The Lutherans had a graveyard and so had the Evangelicals, but there was a kick from both parties about burying a murderer and suicide in 'consecrated' ground, and, besides, they said, that Silas' father was a Jew peddler—so to quiet things down he was buried after night in the center of a grove of thrifty white oaks, not far from the road that runs from Jacobsburg to Youngmanstown.

"All was well until the cold weather came on—then the children said they saw a big black shaggy dog hanging around the oak grove, and some young men who were looking for chestnuts one Sunday afternoon, saw it and said it wasn't a dog at all, but a big black wolf. The old men at the hotel said there hadn't been a wolf in these parts for twenty years, and the ones they saw were grayish brown and never black. Finally old Ira Sloppey saw it —he had killed a lot of wolves in Clearfield county just after the war—he was positive it was a wolf, but its color was a bit strange. He chased it out of the grove, and hit it several times with stones, he said. He organized a hunting party, and twenty men, mostly young fellows, went out to kill the ugly beast.

"They found it in the grove, scampering in and out

among the trees. Sometimes it would stop and paw the earth.

" ' It's there to dig up that murderer's body and eat it,' said old Ira. Just when they had it surrounded, it darted between the legs of old Ira himself, and twenty muskets and rifles were fired after it as it disappeared into the brush. When the smoke cleared away, it was found that old Ira had been shot through the ankle, and is a cripple to this very day.

" That broke up the organized hunt, but several boys took their dogs to the grove, but they would not leave the high road, although their owners beat them soundly and repeatedly threw them over the fence. Women became so frightened they would not use the road, after several had fainted when they saw the monster darting in and out among the trees. The situation became so unpleasant, that it was decided that the wolf must be gotten rid of at any cost.

" Previously no thought had been given to a supernatural origin of the ' wolf,' but one day Sam Himes chased a deer clear over to the Spring Run Bridge, and as he was near the home of the famous witch, Granny Myers, he stopped in and told her the whole story.

" ' Goshens,' said she, ' I knew that business all along. That hain't no wolf, you foolish, that's poor Sile Werninger's spook. He hain't been happy since they planted him in them lonesome woods. If you go back and put him in the Lutheran Cemetery, you'll see no more of that wolf.'

" Sam Himes dropped the chase then and there, and went back to Jacobsburg. He got the ear of all—even poor crippled Ira Sloppey—at the hotel that night. Nothing was said publicly, but the next morning all that remained of Silas Werninger was dug up and buried beside the body of his mother in the Lutheran Cemetery.

" That Saturday night Sam Himes announced he had seen and killed the black wolf at the edge of the oak grove. For months afterwards old Ira Sloppey would say to him in his knowing way, ' When are you going to show me that wolf's scalp? And, remember, you've got to give me half the bounty.' "

THE MISSING HANDICAP WINNER

THE "Bull markets" of 1901 had poured a golden shower into the coffers of Hartman Gregg, and enabled him to realize for the first time in his life the desire to establish a thoroughbred horse-breeding establishment. He had owned for several years a large farm that was less than an hour's ride from Philadelphia, and only lacked the livestock to make his outfit complete. It had always been his idea to have a winner of the $25,000 Brooklyn Handicap at the head of his farm, and now that he was financially able, set about to find the required animal. He read over the list of winners carefully. There was Ornament, that won in 1898, held at an upset price by a Kentucky breeder; Sir Walter, the 1896 winner, the especial pet of a New York fancier; Howard Mann, the 1897 winner, had died of colic a year after the race; and Hornpipe, winner 1895, after begetting such awful "skates" as Sandy Flash and Hanover Hornpipe had broken down and been shot. Dr. Rice, that won in 1894, was just beginning to win success in the stud, and Fred. Foster would not put a price on him. Diablo, the game campaigner, that won as an aged horse in 1893, was put to producing hunters in Virginia. Judge Morrow, the 1892 winner, who ended his racing career as a successful steeplechaser, had been bought for a long figure by a wealthy New York breeder. Tenny, who won in 1891, was on a big farm in Kentucky, and Castaway II., who won in 1890—no one knew where he was at present—and so when Hartman Gregg found out that one handicap winner had gone a-begging somewhere, he decided that this was the horse for him.

He reasoned out that a horse with class enough to win this rich handicap must have qualities that would insure a good progeny—especially as the colts of previous winners like Dry Monopole, Sir Walter, Dr. Rice and Judge Morrow were beginning to win recognition on the tracks.

He looked up the breeding of old Castaway II., and as son of Outcast and Lucy Lisle, found him bred to suit the most exact requirements of the time. He was a four-year-old when he won the great race—had run a few times afterwards on the big tracks—went wrong and was sold to a small owner from Gloucester. The turf guides showed he had run several times in 1894 on an outlaw track at Alexander Island, near Washington. And it was there that Gregg repaired to find him, although after being among the missing for nearly eight years, the chances of finding him seemed very slim.

"The probabilities are he's pulling a dump cart across the Long Bridge or dozing before a darky hackman's surrey in Pennsylvania Avenue," said a very consoling friend. But Hartman Gregg was undaunted and went his way to Washington. He took the trolley to Alexandria, frequently scanning the hack horses that dragged themselves by the car for a horse which might disclose the lines of a once great thoroughbred. He saw several but not the right color. They were long and angular with meagre tails and dilated nostrils and appeared fully aware of their lowered positions in life.

The conductor showed him where the race track was situated. "We used to carry big crowds out there," he remarked. Gregg looked around for a good place to get out, and spying a livery stable with a fat Irishman sitting outside on a stool, he had the car stopped and alighted. He spoke to the Irishman, who replied politely, and they soon became engaged in a conversation.

"Yes, I mind Castaway II. very well, a good looking horse. They kept him in a stable back of that brick house down the street. His owner lost everything and skipped, and they sold him for $56, to pay for his feed bill."

"Who got him?" queried Gregg.

"A saddle horse dealer in the city," said the Irishman.

Gregg learned the name of the saddle horse expert and returned to Washington.

At the stable, a tall Southerner in charge said he would look over the books. In a few minutes he came back and said that they had kept the horse a week and resold him for $75 "to a party that stood close to some big Virginia breeders," and whose stables were not far from the White House.

Gregg walked there and found the dealer, who said he had kept the horse for six months and no one wanted him, so he put him in an auction and he went for $25 to a war veteran from Pennsylvania, who was in town for a regimental reunion.

That meant that the chase from now on would lie in the country. So Gregg, after learning the veteran's address, left the next day for the Pennsylvania mountains. He found himself on the night of the third of July at McConnellsburg, a county seat, and the nearest place of any size to the home of the missing handicap winner's present owner. He asked at the old stone hotel for Joel McKee, and was told he lived eighteen miles north of town on a farm. "But," added the proprietor, "you'll see him in town to-morrow. He always rides his old charger Castaway, that won the $25,000 race in New York City, in our Fourth of July parade."

This was, indeed, good news. All the next morning, amid the incessant din of the firecrackers, he watched the horsemen riding into the main street. Young boys to old men, colts to decrepit family mares, all manner of riders and horseflesh; but no horse met his eye that looked like a Brooklyn Handicap winner. At two o'clock the parade began, the horsemen preceded by a brass band, in single file, most of them dressed as Indians, followed by pedestrians, also in fancy garb, several negro minstrels and a vast throng of spectators. A blind man, led by his small son, who rattled a tin cup with one penny in it, passed by in the crowd; but Gregg was too busy watching for the coveted steed to give him any assistance. After the procession had passed up and down the street a dozen times, he asked the hotelkeeper if he had seen

Mr. McKee, or his horse, but was told neither had been in line.

The next morning Gregg was on his way out to the McKee farm in a "livery rig." The driver was a very communicative, red-cheeked country boy, who entertained him with all the gossip of the celebration of yesterday. When they got to the farmhouse, a large log structure with a coating of plaster, Gregg got out and went around to the kitchen door. He knocked, and truly he might have been "knocked down by a feather," to use the old expression, when it was opened by the loveliest looking girl he had ever seen.

She was about the medium height, not over five feet five, with a slender, well-formed figure. She had those matchless red cheeks that denote a strain of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Her eyes were round, and the shade of fresh spring violets, while the smile that sparkled through her long dark lashes would have captivated the most unimpressionable. Her pretty nose was just a trifle uptilted. Clusters of her fine-textured black hair appeared from under her large Yale-blue sunbonnet. In a month she would celebrate her twenty-first birthday, and her beauty of face and figure was at its most noticeable point. The young man had not expected to see such charms in this remote locality; but it is just such a shock that is needed to jolt into being the sparks of love.

"Does Mr. McKee, who owns a horse called Castaway II., live here?" said Gregg.

"Yes, he lives here, but he's in the field. We killed that horse day before yesterday," timidly replied the smiling young girl, who was Sally McKee, the veteran's daughter. "You see, father was planning to take him into town to ride in the big parade, but a colt kicked the old horse and broke his leg, and we had to shoot him."

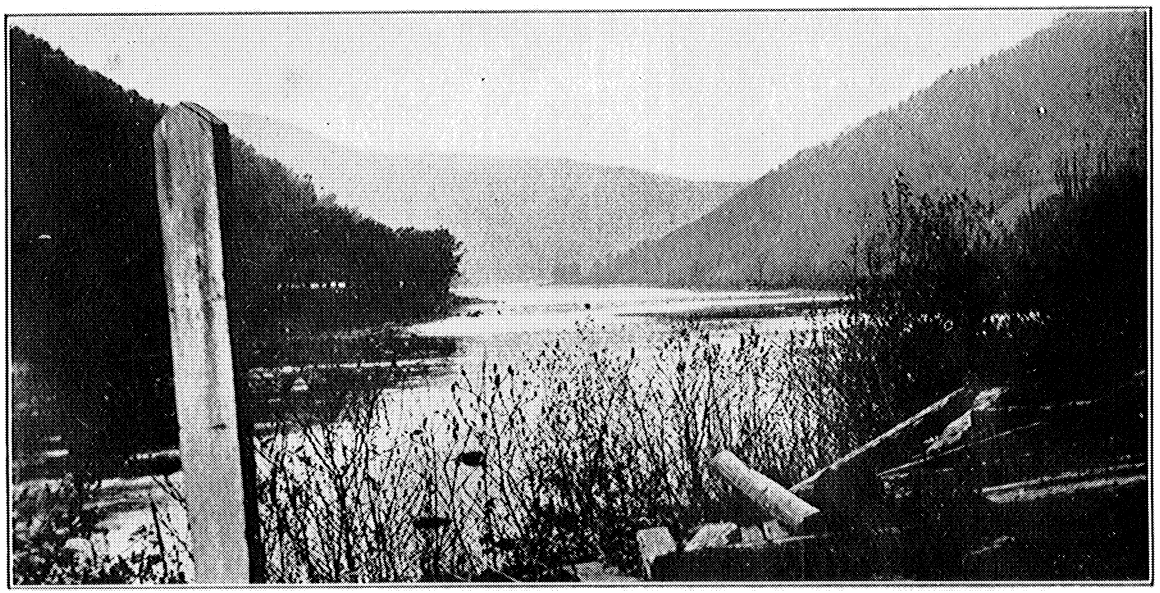
Here now was a predicament—the horse he had hunted for weeks was dead—but he had met a very exceptional young woman, and would have to leave her sooner than he wished. Just then a wiry old man, with a gray mus-

tache and broad straw hat, came around the corner of the house.

"Father, this is a gentleman from Philadelphia, who came to see poor old Castaway." The young fellow bowed and explained his mission, and was about to add how it had been in vain, when the beautiful Sally McKee saved the day by saying in her sweetest tones: "Won't you put your horse up and stay for dinner?" And Hartman Gregg put all thought of handicap winners out of his head to enjoy a far more pleasant realization.

THE PRISONER OF COLBY'S GAP

IN the past, as during the present, the region of Colby's Gap bore an unpleasant reputation. Its present day ill-repute is due to the shocking murder of the Colby family by a half-crazy woodsman, named Lute Shaffer, about twenty years ago. Its past disrepute was caused by the fact that it was the scene of a terrible Indian massacre, only in this instance the Indians were massacred instead of the whites. On account of the height of the mountain and the number of winding ravines and steep precipices, the country adjacent to the Gap was the last stand of the Indians, who were the dregs of the tribes that remained, until they were all killed or driven north to the Reservations in New York State. On top of Mt. Cherry, a high eminence that rises from the confluence of Cherry Run and Fishing Creek, the redskins had built a redoubt. Nature was partly responsible for the structure, but the cunning Indian hand finished the work, and it resulted in a fortification that resembled a baronial castle rising from the summit of a highland on the Rhine. From the loftiest battlement a view could be easily obtained of the surrounding hills and valleys, as well as the "hollows" which served as approaches to the mountain. The determined efforts of the white settlers had driven away or slaughtered all but twenty aborigines in the region adjacent to the Gap. These consisted of the remnants of several tribal organizations. There were sixteen braves, three old women and one young girl, who went by the euphonious name of Wild Cherry. They were a wily set, and had fought for their existence in this locality with a fortitude born of desperation, and gave no quarter and expected none in return. The settlers' families were constantly uneasy from the knowledge that a few Indians were near, and many a wife or sweetheart begged her protector to remove the cause of apprehension. The settlers were only too anxious to kill the Indians, but it was



ON THE WEST BRANCH OF THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER

hard to get within gunshot of them, and dozens of well laid plans to lure them into traps had failed signally. But they were being gradually surrounded and forced into a narrower territory until finally they were driven into "Little Sugar Valley" and the fastnesses around Colby's Gap. They usually made the redoubt their headquarters, and were content to live by killing game, and wisely made no attempts to pillage or attack the whites. In the daytime a strong guard watched the women and stores in the natural fortress, while the best shots among the braves hunted deer. At night the quickest witted and nimblest of the young men served as watchers on the mountain side. Listening Wolf, a slim, ugly visaged youth, was generally used as night guard, and invariably did his duty well. Neither man nor beast could approach Mt. Cherry on the darkest or even windiest night —if it was a wild beast it never escaped with its life; if it was a belated white traveler he was scared away before he could take another step nearer the approaches to the fort.

Listening Wolf was in love with Wild Cherry, and thought that his prowess as tribal watch dog would stand him in good stead. It didn't however, as she decided to marry one Mountain Ash, a handsomer youth, and left her watchful lover in the lurch. He, of course, pretended not to care, and did favors for the old woman to whom he confided his indifference. Within him, however, slumbered a hatred that grew until it became a mania, and was all the more intense because he gave it no outward expression. He vowed revenge and pondered over the myriad of ways to get it. Finally his chance came, and he made up his mind to wreak a vengeance that would forever destroy the chief actors in his blighted romance, as well as its eye-witnesses. Down in the valley was a level plain. It had been forested at various times, but had burnt over repeatedly until now it was a vast open space, where prairie grass grew, and Indians formerly planted corn. The Indians dared not use it now, as an aggressive party

of Pennsylvania Dutchmen had built a big log house in the most suitable location (Lamar Station stands on the identical spot), and were prospecting for springs, farming a little, and killing many deer, elk and wild pigeons. Their ostensible leader was Frederick Stump, a hardened wretch, who some years later murdered six Indians in cold blood at Swinehartstown (now Middleburg), and threw their bodies into the waters of Middle Creek. The attempt of the authorities to punish him for his crime almost resulted in a civil war, and he was spirited out of jail by a posse of pioneers, and fled to the West. On the night when Listening Wolf decided on his revenge, the Dutchmen had been drinking rum, and were in an ugly and belligerent frame of mind. Their guns were loaded, and they vowed instant death to any Indian that might cross their path then or at any future time.

The little Indian band retired to their mountain fastness for the night, and men and women were soon settled for sleep. Listening Wolf was put on guard, and though it was a cold night in December, he went out to his task gaily. After he had satisfied himself that all his brother Indians were sleeping, he stole silently down the mountain, and once on the trail that led along the creek he started on a run. He was at the door of the Dutchmen's cabin in twenty minutes, and hammered on it with his gun. Stump himself opened it, and when he saw Listening Wolf, whom he knew well by sight, he was too surprised to shoot. That surprise saved the Indian traitor's life, and he was able to tell in a few words that he had been injured by his brethren and would betray them to obtain revenge. The other Dutchmen clustered about Stump and chorused their approval, and hastily picking up their guns, all hurried out into the night air, and silently followed the wicked Indian in the direction of the mountain fortress. Stealthily they followed their guide up the natural stone steps that led to the redoubt, and had it not been for the fact that the half-drunken Stump tripped and fell over his gun, the massacre would have been a

complete success. This accident happened fifty feet from the entrance to the fort, and in a moment every Indian was awake and primed for the attack. But the Dutchmen were determined, and hurled themselves among the Indians with fury, and began clubbing the savages to death with the metal butts of their muskets. Ten Indian braves and three old women were killed, while Wild Cherry was pounded into insensibility and carried down the mountain by Stump. Listening Wolf, realizing the extent of his fiasco, deserted the Dutchmen and joined with the Indians in repelling the attack. He tried to pretend he too had been surprised, but while they said nothing at the time, there wasn't a redskin who but fully understood his treachery.

The six survivors ran away when they saw they could hold out no longer, and the victorious Dutchmen, after stripping the dead and gathering up everything of value, complacently started toward the valley to follow Stump and his beautiful hostage, Wild Cherry. The exultation of Stump was short-lived, for, like a goldfish out of water, the Indian maiden was dead in three days. Despite this, the feelings of the party were decidedly good, and they longed for their compatriots to hear the news, so it was not long before all broke camp and started "down country" to spread broadcast how they had wiped out the last of the hostile Indians. They were entertained royally along their route, and several found admiring wives, and, in fact, all were so well satisfied that they never started west again, and their descendants to-day can be found scattered all the way from Lock Haven to Middleburg.

The six Indians who escaped hid for over a week in the hemlock thickets in the mountain gorges. They had very little to eat, as they left their guns behind when beating their hasty retreat from the fortress. When they finally mustered courage to return, they found that the Dutchmen had completely looted the place, although they had overlooked a number of firearms and provisions

buried under the flat stones which served as flooring. During these vicissitudes the treatment accorded by the other Indians to Listening Wolf was brotherly and civil, yet underneath, all, especially the bereaved husband, Mountain Ash, were thirsting for revenge.

One morning a distinguished visitor was brought into camp. He was the wise man and prophet, old E-Cho. He had been a close friend of Conrad Weiser, James Logan and other white men who had dealt fairly with the Indians but recently he had been tricked out of his lands by some Philadelphians connected with the government. He had been to Lancaster making an ineffectual plea for the restoration of his property, was rudely treated, and was on his way back to the Allegheny river, where some of his tribesmen were settled. Before he came to the fort on Mt. Cherry he was told the awful story of Listening Wolf's duplicity, and it was he himself who suggested the form of the punishment. One minute after his arrival Listening Wolf was seized, thrown down and bound and gagged. It was done so quickly he had not time to ask the reason, which inwardly he knew so well. The other redskins gathered together all the provisions in the fort, the past mouth having been an especially good one for the chase, and each man carrying a goodly load, started for the brow of the mountain, led by the venerable Prophet. He showed them under a rock where a great cavernous fissure ran deep into the mountain's heart, nine hundred feet. By listening there could be heard the trickling of a spring at the bottom, but otherwise it was as silent as it was dark.

"There is a large room below, bigger than the biggest Council House," said the Prophet. By piecing together thongs of hide, the provisions were let down into the chasm. As each lot went down, the wise man fervently blessed it. When all had been thus stored away, the party quickly returned to the fort, where Listening Wolf lay rolling on the ground in helpless misery. Mountain Ash and old E-Cho lifted him on their shoulders and bore

him to the orifice of the deep black hole. There he was gently laid on his back, while the old Prophet raised his hands heavenward, and put upon him the curse of immortal life. "Thou shalt live at least two hundred years, and only one thought shall dwell within your mind, the memory of your foul treachery to the race that gave you birth." Then the thongs of leather were put under his arms, the gag was taken from his mouth and he was unbound. With a groan like a dying bear he was let down into the black pit, until the slackening of the ropes showed he had touched bottom. These were then cut off as low as the reach of the Indians would permit, and Listening Wolf was abandoned to his fate. Aided by the Prophet, huge bowlders were laid across the fissure's mouth, leaving an opening large enough only for air to penetrate. They worked all day, and when it was finished it looked as if there never had been a larger opening to the pit. "He cannot climb up," said the Prophet. "The sides are straight and slippery; even if he does, he cannot displace those mammoth stones." As they moved away Listening Wolf's groan floated up from his noisome dungeon. The Indians, following the advice of the Prophet, that further resistance to the whites in that locality was useless, gathered up the remnants of their belongings and started with him for the Allegheny river, never to return.

One hundred and fifty years have passed, and Listening Wolf still moans out his remorse in his prison in the mountain's heart. Berry pickers and hunters often sit on the huge rocks which close the entrance to his living tomb to eat their lunches or discuss the happenings of the day. Listening Wolf seems to know that they are there, for he groans more steadily, until he becomes hoarse from the hopeless effort. The berry pickers and hunters only smile, though some throw a dried crust or empty their pipes through the airhole, but they never make an effort to free the hapless redskin, and appear disinclined to interfere with his dreadful sentence of immortal life.

GRAN'PAP MYER'S LAST WALK

IT had been the boast of Gran'pap Myers, and his only boast, that for forty years, ever since the railroad had been built, he had never missed a night at Hemlock Station to see the "evening train" come in. He had seen the train grow from a combination outfit, consisting of a passenger coach and a box car towed by a panting "wood-burner" with bulbous smokestack, to a train of mail, baggage and handsomely built passenger cars, drawn by a trim engine that maintained a fast schedule on its run. Besides old Gran'pap Myers there was always a good-sized crowd at the little station every night. Work and supper were over and it was the most logical thing to stroll over to the platform to watch the brilliantly illuminated train slow up to the station and inspect the travelers with their heavy baskets and bundles getting out of the cars and learn "who was going to town." With Gran'pap Myers and a few others it meant something more than strolling over to the station. He, for instance, had a four-mile walk from his lonely shanty among the mountains to revel in the short enjoyment of the train's arrival.

It was all right on the warm summer nights, but in the winter when the roads were blockaded with snow and the train was oftentimes two hours late, it became a serious proposition to some, but not to Gran'pap Myers. When it was stormy he generally sat in the waiting room until the train pulled in, the seats being occupied by young woodsmen, farmer boys, middle-aged idlers and war veterans, who constituted the crowd of regulars who never missed a night at the station. All kinds of topics were discussed in the interval as they sat about on the narrow wooden benches which faced the whitewashed stove. They smoked and chewed and occasionally drank a little liquor when church members were absent. When Gran'pap Myers passed his 87th birthday his health began to fail. It wasn't noticeable at first, but one wet, thawing night

in January he fell in the snow about a mile from his cabin and laid for an hour before he could muster strength enough to get up. Shortly after that pneumonia set in and he was reduced to a serious condition. His old wife, who fought him and conciliated him by turns, at first would have no doctor, but, being a famous exponent of the "Black Art," tried to bring him back to health by various signs and spells. Other nearby "witches" were brought in, but their potency seemed unavailing. At last the old man's sons got word of his critical condition, and brought out Dr. Strausser to attend him.

He sank faster under the doctor than under the "witches," and it became apparent to all, his end was near. The only regret he seemed to have had during his illness was his inability "to go to Hemlock to see the evening train come in," and when his wife told him he was going to die he asked permission to make one last request. It was a perfectly natural one. He requested them not to nail down his coffin lid, so, as he expressed it, he could "creep out onct in a while and go in and see the evening train come in." His wife and sons gladly assented to this wish and when he died he was buried in Mt. Pisgah cemetery in a coffin with a detachable lid. Not a week after his interment the story was started that Gran'pap Myers' ghost was being seen at night on the mountain road which led down to the railway station. Some inebriated boys who worked in a paper-wood camp first circulated it, so it was generally disbelieved. Others more reliable from time to time told the same story with the usual variations.

One of the most active to denounce the tale as a wicked fabrication was Torrence Snook, a Sunday School superintendent of rigid life, whose only weakness was that he, too, loved to watch the evening train come in. He said before the whole crowd in the waiting room that he had been on the road nearly every night since Gran'pap Myers was buried, but had seen nothing and heard nothing. One wet, rainy night, in the last of February, Brother

Snook was wending his way up the muddy mountain road after "train time," with coat collar turned up and hat brim pulled down, for he never carried an umbrella, when, as he came suddenly around the bend in the road at "Panther Hollow," he saw the huge, ungainly figure of a man before him. He hurried his steps to catch up with the stranger, and, as he neared him, the figure turned and looked him full in the face—it was Gran'pap Myers; he will swear that to this day on "a stack of Bibles."

The old man was always ghastly pale in life; to-night he was even more so, and his long, grizzled hair hung around his face from under his black slouch hat. His eyes gleamed like "fox-fire" and the trouser legs of an uncommonly neat black suit were splashed with mud clear up to his hips. Snook stood still in sheer astonishment, and when he stopped, the pseudo Gran'pap Myers stopped also. After a five-minute pause the figure of the old man started forward again, and Snook, seeking to outwit him, remained standing. The spectre was instantly aware of this, and again ceased walking. After half an hour standing in the pelting rain, Snook determined to go forward, no matter what the cost, and as he did so, the figure started into motion. Several times Snook tried to pass him, but the faster he moved the faster ambled the form of the aged man. At last he reached the little side road which led into his house and when once off the highway, he broke into a run, and fell breathless into his kitchen. He was unable to get out of bed the next day or for two weeks thereafter, and two doctors pronounced him as "suffering from a severe nervous shock." The neighbors soothed his sick bed each day by reciting fresh experiences of pedestrians who had met old Gran'pap Myers' ghost on the road at night. By the time Brother Snook was able to be out, all the regulars at the railway station who lived "on the mountain" had abandoned their favorite pastime, and scurried indoors as soon as the evening's "feeding" was finished. When Snook got out, he hitched up his horse and buggy

and visited the most influential mountaineers who had claimed to have encountered the apparition. By afternoon of that day seven buggies were seen driving across the hills to Granny Myers' shanty.

When they got there the old woman came out to the gate to meet them. At first she thought it was a donation party, but the grim visages of the bearded visitors showed her something less neighborly was imminent. They told their story forcibly, how all had met Gran'pap Myers' ghost on the mountain road at night, and demanded, for the peace of the community, that the coffin lid be nailed down to prevent his further ramblings. The aggregation was so determined that she gave her consent, and one of her stalwart grandsons, armed with hatchet, nails and pick and spade, jumped into Snook's buggy and drove with him up the hilly road to Mt. Pisgah cemetery. As they drove away Granny Myers muttered to herself, "Well, if they stop him haunting the mountain road he'll begin haunting me, but I guess I must stand it." At the graveyard young Myers speedily uncovered the old man's coffin, and, out of curiosity, lifted the lid. There he lay, just as natural as the day he had been buried two months ago, except that the legs of his neat, black trousers were splashed with mud, clear to the hips. "That'll settle it," chorused the satisfied mountaineers, as the heavy nails were driven into the coffin lid. It did. Gran'pap Myers' ghost was never seen again on the mountain road, and the attendance at the arrival of the evening train became as numerous as ever.

THE LITTLE GREY

THE final heat of the 2:30 trot had been finished, and the drivers were sliding out of their sulkies. Stalwart negroes of inky hue were blanketing and leading the horses down the track to the stables. The crowd in the grandstand was beginning to break up. Long lines of buggies, carryalls and automobiles were filing out of the exits of the Fair Grounds. The afternoon sun was growing orange colored as it shone behind the great cottonwood trees along the river. At the gate to the stables, a hundred men and boys ran forward to get a close view of the winner of the last race and his young owner. They were so persistent that horse and driver had to literally force their way through the concourse. The big darky at the winner's head, walked very proudly, while the animal, a showy little grey stallion, called Shadeland Spider, seemed full of life after the three gruelling heats. He had reduced his record to 2:22, and had beaten a good field of horses. Gus West, his owner, a youthful liveryman, wore a happy smile, but all the time he kept looking from one side to the other, as if to catch some one's eye. He kept saying to himself: "If she isn't on the stand, she will be at the stable; she will be glad to see me, and know I've won my point, and beaten that Jakey Eichholz skate." When the stables were reached there was a big crowd of idlers, including several women, and these West scanned eagerly. Friends were there to congratulate him, and there was the inevitable dealer to ask if the horse could be bought. Despite the lateness of the day, a photographer tried to take a snapshot of the outfit. "She'll be here soon," thought West, as he helped unharness the new champion of Swiftville. This was the name of a small, but growing South Dakota town, which, for some reason or other, had developed into a great horse and sporting centre.

Time went on, and little Shadeland Spider was led up

and down to be cooled off, the beaten horses at his side. The horses from the other races were one by one being locked in their boxes for the night, but Gus West was far from satisfied. He had won the race in straight heats, from a field of seven; he knew he owned a horse that could win in almost any company, but where was Hannah Ramsey? He did not dare to inquire, for he did not want anyone to know she had broken her promise to meet him after the race. It was just as he was turning the key in the padlock on Spider's box, when an automobile runabout chugged up, and the driver, Jim Baird, called to him to ride in to town. As he stepped into the car, Jim whispered to him, "Did you hear about that Ramsey girl? She has been married to Jake Eichholz since June 22, and went East with him this afternoon."

Gus dropped his head a trifle, but said nothing. He had experienced a blow from which it is difficult to recover. Some might call it "the pain that lasts through life." All his interest in horses, business, friends, the future and the past dropped like the weight falling out of a clock. He was alone in the world, with his sorrow. He was at his livery barn that night, and the next morning, bright and early, for he had no use for quitters, and, nursing a grief makes it like a millstone, rather than a knife thrust. But his interest in sport was dead, and it was not long before the little grey stallion was sold to an Eastern trader, and shipped to a trainer in Pennsylvania. Jake Eichholz—who had gotten the girl—felt Swiftville a little too warm a place, so he moved his string of horses, also, to Pennsylvania, as he was a native of Allentown. Jake seemed to have more success with his horses in the East than in the West, but his past lack of success with horses had been counterbalanced by his success with women, poor Gus West's girl in particular. She seemed to be happy, and lavished as much interest and attention on his collection of battered campaigners as she had previously devoted to the pride of her former lover's stable, Shadeland Spider. It happened that the Eich-

holz horses were shipped to Derrstown, a thriving Central Pennsylvania city, something over a year after the elopement of the horseman with Hannah Ramsey. Jake had an upstanding chestnut gelding, named Sullivan Patchen, with which he expected to clean up everything there, as he had at other fairs. Strange to say, a man from Lewistown, who now owned little Shadeland Spider, had him entered at the same meeting, and, to make matters more extraordinary, both Sullivan Patchen and Spider were carded for the same race, the free-for-all. The Derrstown track lies in the centre of a plain. On every side stretch miles and miles of rich farming country, grid-ironed by fine limestone pikes. In the distance various ranges of mountains can be made out, the nearest, the Montour, the White Deer and the Bald Eagle; the most distant, the Black Log, Jacks, and the Shade. The forest covered mountains give a wild background to the very scrupulously cultivated plains. There is no more delightful spot in the late fall than the old Derrstown track, and a "sporty" crowd was on hand to witness some good contests.

Eichholz was standing by the stables, waiting to go out behind Sullivan Patchen, in the first heat. "Say," he remarked, to a couple of intimate friends, "there is a little stud in this race that beat my old standby, Governor Burke, out in Dakota, a year or two ago; just watch me turn the tables on him this time."

As he was saying this, Shadeland Spider hove in view, his present owner walking by the sulky, holding the lines. When he got abreast of Eichholz, the animal stopped short, and Jake, impelled by curiosity, moved close to him and attempted to look at his mouth. Suddenly the horse made a vicious lunge, catching the man's right hand between his teeth, and almost biting it in two, where the fingers join the palm. He hung on grimly, and would not let go until severely beaten over the head by several stable boys, with bale sticks.

Just as the merciless stallion freed him, Mrs. Eichholz

and a couple of girl friends appeared on the scene. One look at the little grey was enough; the frightened and rueful wife ran sobbing to the highway. Surgeons were summoned, and the injured horseman was taken to the hospital, and his horse "scratched" from the race. Some persons demanded that Shadeland Spider be withdrawn as being a "savage," but a compromise was effected, and they started him muzzled. He made a show of his field, and the timers hung out "2.15" as the mark in the last heat, which he finished with head swinging; he seemed very happy, this little grey!

THE STRANGE VIOLINIST

IN a few minutes the dance at the White Horse Tavern would begin. All the couples were on the floor waiting for the music to strike up. Jacob Vail, the best fiddler in the Susquehanna Valley, had laid his violin on a chair for a few minutes, while he went into the barroom for a last drink of Union County whiskey, before the festivities commenced. Hardly had the door which separated the dancing hall from the barroom closed, than Jackson Swartz, a country gallant, was seized with the same desire, and he hurried after Jacob to the drink emporium. Maggie Schoyer, his best girl, who weighed "in summer time" two hundred and fifty pounds, and in winter, goodness knows how much more, left to her own devices for the time being, and staggering under so much weight, sat down on the handiest chair. As luck had it, it was the chair where Jacob Vail had laid his fiddle. There was a crackling of wood, a bursting of catgut, a loud cry of dismay from the dancers, and it was all over—the violin was smashed beyond repair. The noise penetrated to the barroom, and Jacob, followed by Jackson and the landlord, burst into the hall, to find that the "music producer" was no more. Jacob, who was naturally good-natured, only smiled, but the landlord was very mad. He stammered out he was sure the dance would have to be called off, for there was not another fiddle in Dalmatia, and probably not another this side of Swineharts-town. There was an old man at Selins' Grove, Daddy Harman, who played, but he was sick and never would loan his violin. Maggie Schoyer, the cause of all the trouble, being too big to hide herself and her humiliation, had to stand in the middle of the crowd and take the calling down that every one gave her. Jackson Swartz, who lived near Klinefeltersville, seven miles away, said he recollected two fiddles owned there, but they were out of order. If Jacob could repair them he would drive

right after them. This at best seemed doubtful, and some of the boys were putting on their caps to go out to the barns and harness their horses to start homeward.

During the excitement, the young hostler had crept into the barroom and came to the open door of the dance hall to listen. When he learned the trouble, he edged forward and said to Jacob, who seemed the coolest man present, "A party upstairs in this hotel has a fiddle. I helped him up to his room; he came on the east-bound stage, and is going away to-morrow morning."

"Where is his room," shouted Jacob, and then everybody chorused, "There's a fiddle in the hotel." Jacob was deputized to the ungracious task of rousing the sleeping guest, and ask for the loan of his violin. He knocked on the door, which was opened, but, contrary to expectations, the stranger was not asleep. He was sitting by a table reading over a mass of manuscripts covered with red seals. On the bed lay the violin, in a handsome black leather case with gold clasps. One look at him convinced Jacob that the man was a distinguished individual, and something made him positive he was a violinist of note.

Tactfully he said, "Brother, will you kindly play a few pieces for the dance they want to have downstairs? I am the fiddler, but my violin was broken, and they are all heartbroken, because they can't have music." The stranger ran his white fingers through his long, straight hair, got up, and replied deliberately that he would be only too happy to furnish a few pieces. He took his violin from the case, and followed Jacob to the dance hall. His appearance there created a tremendous sensation, his slender, black garbed figure, with the massive head and growth of thick raven hair, the clear-cut aquiline features, the piercing dark eyes, being so impressive and unusual.

Modestly he took a seat and began to play. From disappointment to sudden delirious joy is a wide leap, but that was the condition of every dancer after the music had

been playing two minutes. The intermissions were far too long it seemed, and time when he played surely had extra wings. Almost before they knew it, streaks of dawn were peering through the windows, and some of the lights had burned out. Not a man or woman had made a signal to stop, and the strange violinist seemed to note in their expressions, their feverish desire for him to continue. How long the dance would have lasted no one can tell; it was the young hostler who broke the spell. He came in from the barroom and whispered in the stranger's ear, "The eastbound stage goes in five minutes." It left regularly at six o'clock, so that must have been the time when the dance came to an end. The stranger finished his piece, and, bowing, quickly retired from the room, and went upstairs. When he came down the dancers were standing just where he had left them. Jacob Vail alone had presence of mind to follow him to the stage. "Who have we to thank, sir, for the grandest night of our lives?"

The stranger handed his valise to the hostler, and took from his inside pocket, a card. Then he jumped in the stage, and the driver cracked his whip, and they were off down the road. Jacob turned the card over in his hand and read "Ole Bull." As he did so, the dancers came out on the porch, they had recovered their senses, and began cheering the stage as it disappeared over the hill. Not long after, the weekly papers told how Ole Bull, the world's greatest violinist, had been turned out of his castle, in Potter county, by mendacious land sharks, and had to resume fiddling to make a living. The throng who attended that country dance at the White Horse tavern, then began to feel as if they had been entertained by an angel unawares.

A GHOST OF AUGHWICK

I HAD not thought the house was haunted. I had lived in it alone for a long time and had never seen or heard anything out of the ordinary. In fact it was my boast that of all places I had lived, I practically never dreamed here. Besides I was, and am getting to be again, a skeptic, especially on the subject of apparitions. But the old house should have had a ghost, even if for so long it seemed to be without one. It had been built many years before the Revolutionary War, on a grant direct from William Penn. It stands on a high hill which slopes down to the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Across the river the Bald Eagle mountains end, and to the east the view runs as far as it can follow the winding river. Great trees surround the house, white pines, oaks, hemlocks, maples, beeches, birches, gums and wild cherries. On either side of the stone gates, stands an enormous tree, one a white pine, the other a hemlock, the former planted by Conrad Weiser to commemorate a visit to the old manor house, the latter set out by my ancestor, as a witness to the tree planted by the distinguished guest. With such surroundings and such historic memories, it seemed a shame that the prosaic twentieth century should rob "Aughwick," for that was the name of the estate, of visitants that appeared in similar surroundings in days gone by.

One evening in July, it was about quarter to eight, and not yet dark, but to keep the house cool, the outside shutters were closed, which made it seem darker, I walked down the hall from the dining-room and into the library. As I went in, I instinctively stopped short to avoid running into the slender figure of a young woman. Her outlines were not very distinct, but she seemed to be a brunette, although her large full eyes were the color of the waters of Maiden Creek, that beautiful stream in Berks County.

The negro servants were in the back of the house, but I made no remark of surprise. Before I could say "Beg pardon," the figure had gone, and I was in the high-ceilinged library alone. I could dimly see the white marble bust of the Roman poet, Lucretius, my favorite literary guide, on one of the lofty bookcases. I ceased to remember what brought me to the library, and went out, and on the piazza. Fifteen minutes later I came to the realization that Aughwick had a ghost.

Probably a month later, when the recollection of my experience had grown dimmer, I happened in the library about the same time. Though the hour was the same the room was darker. I brushed up against the white robed figure, but she was gone before I could ask for explanations. Less than a week after that, I was absolutely alone in the house; the colored servants had left early to go to campmeeting in a grove, somewhere near Williamsport. It was the same hour, and intentionally I ventured to the door. I could see the figure start up suddenly from a large easy chair, and come towards me. The fact that it had assumed such a human pose as sitting in an easy chair, demolished all my fears in an instant, and I asked her pardon very obsequiously for disturbing her. She did not answer, so again I expressed apologies, and held out my hand in a friendly gesture. Seeing that she was not making any effort to retreat, I told her that I was glad to see her, and hoped she would make herself at home. I marvel now, when I look back, at the thought of myself talking up to a ghost! Her next move was to start towards the door, but I stopped her by saying I was lonely, and wouldn't she tarry a little while to keep me company.

Then she spoke for the first time. "I am indeed glad to stop a while," she said. "You are the first person I have spoken to in a long, long interval; I cannot measure it in time, it is so long." I replied I was happy to talk to her, and hoped, especially as we met under such odd circumstances, we could be friends. "You remind me

greatly," she said, " of a friend I had here long, long ago. I thought you were he, until you spoke." I said I thought he must be some relative, for, although the old house had been deserted for a period of forty years before I came there, it had never been out of the family since it had been built.

The spirit looked me over again, and said: " I am sorry you are not the same person I have been waiting for now so long." I asked her to tell me the story of this friend who resembled me, and said I might help her find him again. " I came here with him," she said. " He was the loveliest man I had ever met, and we were very happy here for a brief time; it seemed no time at all. How delightful it all was. We rowed on the river, and took horseback trips up and down the valley; sometimes I went out with him when he shot the wild pigeons in the tall beech and maple trees. In the evenings he read poetry or talked philosophy. I did not understand either, but felt perfectly happy.

" He had found me in Philadelphia, in Front Street, where the ships came in. I had not been over long from London. This was a wild country, but so different from anywhere I had been, it did not seem lonely. I had a husband in the old country, a hardened criminal, but I considered myself free from him when I stowed away on the ship that brought me to America. I never wrote a letter after I reached this country, and had changed my name every month. The man who looked like you, was very much in love with me; he was always with me, except when he went out for deer or wolves, and took trips for political reasons, for he was a member of Congress." I held my breath. I knew who the man was, but I did not tell her.

" One night in summer I was expecting him back from Washington City, but not until late. It was too early, and too hot to light the lights, so I was sitting in this room, in a chair, placed in this corner, waiting and thinking. I could think of nothing else but him. Just before

eight o'clock I heard footsteps coming in the back door, and down the long hall. I jumped up—thinking, for some reason his horse had brought him from the stage landing quicker than usual—I looked up, and, to my horror, beheld a hideous face, the face of a drunkard and a fiend, a face that had given way to every passing lust and whim—my husband. Before I could scream he was upon me. I must have fainted, for when I came to I was covered with blood, and speechless. He had gone, and above me, with trembling hands, holding wavering candles, stood my friend, the master of the house, still in spurs and riding boots, surrounded by his faithful black servants.

"My eyes were open, but I could not say a word; my heart was still, I was conscious, but outwardly I was dead. The grief of my friend was terrible to witness; he sat on the floor calling me by name: 'Helen, Helen, Helen,' in outbursts of passionate lamentation. Later several bearded doctors arrived, who shook their heads and tried to lead the sorrowing lover into another room. In the midst of this pitiful scene everything grew black, and I knew no more.

"After a while, it may have been five years, or ten years, I cannot judge time, my personality seemed to reassemble itself and possess the power to move at will out of oblivion. Guided by my strong desire, I found myself back in this room. It was empty; no sign could I find of my friend or any other living soul. I kept coming back, and one night I discovered the room nicely fitted up, and I began to feel sure he would return. It seemed an age before anyone visited the library at dusk. The night I heard your footsteps in the hall, I was certain it was my lost friend, and I rushed forward to meet him, and it was almost the man, but not quite. Now who was he, that so resembled you?"

Reluctantly I had to admit he must have been a cousin of my grandfather's, who was master of Aughwick for some years, until he suddenly refused to live there any

longer, and spent most of the remainder of his life in Illinois. During the Civil War, being an ex-Congressman, he obtained a commission, but was accounted missing after Shiloh. While telling the story a warm breeze seemed to sweep across the gloomy room. I gazed through the darkness, the ghost was gone! Vainly have I watched for her since, until, with the passage of time, I am reverting to my old disbeliefs. I hope she will return, as "Aughwick" should have a ghost, but one that will be more consistent in its appearances. Perhaps she is wandering now among the monuments at Shiloh.

IN THE LUMBER TOWN

EACH time the doors of the barroom in the Wilsonburg Hotel opened to admit a party of Saturday night revellers, the big irregular flames of the natural gas lights flickered in every direction, and occasionally seemed ready to go out altogether. In front of the bar there was a line three or four men deep, tall, awkward loggers and paper mill hands principally, with a sprinkling from the crews of the log trains, being waited on by the massive personality of Mike Sullivan, the bartender, resplendent in a brand-new white apron.

It was snowing heavily outside, and the crowd of nondescript loungers who usually hung around the railroad station had joined the throng in the bar, as the Erie express was announced to be four hours late. Each new arrival, after finishing his drink, would drift to the steam radiators by the windows, and, after thawing out, circle back to have "another of the same." Conversation was general, and sometimes the arguments were boisterous, but above it all could be heard the continued sound of men knocking the snow off their boots, as they came in the doors.

Two wandering rolling mill men from the Middle West were leaning on the bar, asking questions of Mike Sullivan. They wanted to know all about the town, how many men worked in the saw mills, the planing mill, the paper mill, and in the lumber camps of the neighborhood. They were evidently city-bred fellows, as one of them pointed to a huge stuffed animal on a shelf above the main entrance, and inquired, "Do you have animals like that in the woods around here?"

Mike was pleased at this query, though he had been rather indifferent in answering them before. "Sure," he replied, "we have lots of 'em, bigger ones than that; this one weighed fifty pounds when he was killed." The strangers eyed the creature a couple of minutes, while

Mike served some other customers, and then one asked, "What kind of an animal is it?" Mike was now in his element, as a natural history demonstrator.

"Why, man, that's a true wildcat. Do you not see his long tail? I measured it myself with a foot rule; it was just twelve inches." Just then "Old Man" Josh Dunlap broke into the conversation. "You see, gentlemen, we have wild cats, and true wildcats and catamounts in these here woods; the wildcat is just a tame cat got wild, a true wildcat is a wildcat that has a long tail, and a catamount has a short, stumpy tail." The strangers looked wise and asked: "Do you have bears in these woods?"

"Lots of 'em," said "Old Man" Dunlap, "but they haint as fierce as wildcats."

"Beg your parden, brothers," said a tall man standing nearby, "I want to correct you a bit on the cat proposition. There are four kinds of wildcats in these woods."

The last speaker was Bob Mellick, yard boss of the paper mill and a former schoolmaster. "There are four kinds of cats in these woods," he repeated, "the tame cat that has become wild often grows to great size and is dangerous, that is one variety. Then there is the true wildcat; he has a short stumpy tail, and is generally a brown, sandy color, that is variety number two. Number three is the catamount or Canada lynx, he is a big gray fellow, with a tail shorter than a true wild cat, has a flatter face, and two tips of hair like baggage tags on the tops of his ears. Number four is that stuffed creature on the shelf up yonder—it is a hybrid cat, a cross between a tame cat and a true wild cat or a catamount. That accounts for his long tail and legs that are somewhat slimmer than those of a true 'Bob' cat."

Presently every one in the bar was listening to "Professor" Mellick's lecture, although most all disagreed with him in one particular or another. All manner of hunting stories were resurrected, and the rolling mill men who were the cause of this unexpected drift to natural history,

soon fancied they had lit in a region teeming with savage animals.

By eleven o'clock the crowd had begun to thin out appreciably, but still a score of men, including "Old Man" Dunlap, "Professor" Mellick, and the two "rollers" lingered about the premises. "Ed." Murdock, the train porter of the house, leaned against one of the radiators reading a soiled and crumpled newspaper. Mike Sullivan was selling less liquor by the glass, but was steadily engaged in putting up "quarts" and "pints," for his customers to take home "for Sunday." The rolling mill men having spent all they could afford that night began drawing their black slouch hats down over their pinched, clean-shaven faces, preparatory to going forth into the storm.

Just as they were edging towards the doors, they opened with a rush, bringing in a flurry of sleet and wind and a very much excited little fat man, carrying a shot gun. "Hey, people," he gasped, "they's a hellion of a panther in my pig pen; th' boys is off on a huntin' trip an' got all the rifles, an' I can't scare him with this here musket!"

"Panther, eh?" said "Professor" Mellick, "guess you're fooling us; you mean a big catamount."

"Not on your life," shouted the little fat man. "I know wildcats well. This critter has a long tail."

"Long tail," hissed the "Professor," "it's only one of those cross-breeds between a catamount and a tame pussy."

"Come and see for yourself then," almost cried the little man, and he started out the door, followed by all except Mike Sullivan, who was too wise to abandon the cash drawer on a Saturday night.

The little fat man's name was Billy Commons. He lived on the cliffs about half-a-mile back of town, and he led the way through the blinding sleet, followed by his motley crew of volunteers. All hands had run hurriedly out of the barroom, but before they were half way on the

steep winding road many had stopped to catch their breaths, and when at rest began wondering who in the party was appropriately armed to do battle with a fierce panther, an animal very few of them had ever seen before.

"Old Man" Dunlap was the first in the party to put his thoughts into words. "Who in this danged party's carryin' weapons?" he called out under his breath. There was a long pause, and then the two rolling mill men, rather sheeplishly, drew a brace of formidable rakish-looking revolvers from somewhere under their black coats —"guns" which looked as if they had seen active service in many encounters on lonely trestles, in freight cars, "joints," or along gloomy river fronts.

"Ever hunted?" said Old Dunlap sarcastically. The "rollers" never answered, but the entire crowd soon resumed their plodding up the cliffs.

"I'm going back after a rifle," said Dunlap. "Keep a watch on him 'till I return," he called as he turned on his heels.

They almost ran into Bill Commons' farm buildings before they saw them, the sleet was falling so thickly. Bill knew the way, however, and lit his lantern as soon as he unlatched the barn door. He led the party through the horse stable, where all the horses, includng a big "leggy" thoroughbred stallion, were standing rigid with their ears thrown back in terror. At the far end of this stable a door led into the pig pens. All the porkers were huddled together in corners, and the lantern light showed that they were smeared with blood.

Bill opened the door to the yard where the carcasses of five large hogs lay in full view. Inspection showed that they had been mauled but not eaten by the monster, whose blood-stained footprints were discernable in the snow and on the fence where he must have recently leaped across. On the other side of the fence lay the mangled remains of a black woolly watchdog, another victim of the panther's fury.

"His tracks lead to the edge of the cliff," whispered

Bill, as the crowd clambered after him. "There he is now, gee whillikens, what a big fellow!" He held up the light as he spoke, and disclosed the form of the awful brute crouching on an overhanging rock, like some fiend menacing the town below. The spectacle was so terrible that all forgot to feel afraid; as they drew nearer the monster turned deliberately around and eyed them, at the same time licking the blood off his chalky white muzzle. One of the rolling mill men became so excited that he fired five shots at it. Only one of them took effect, glancing along the breast, but striking deep enough to draw a ridge of blood. The panther got up, uttered a growl, and then gracefully leaped over the cliff.

"Damn your soul, you've made us lose him," said Commons, glaring at the trembling "roller" who, with a little more luck, might have finished the "varmint" then and there. Everybody looked over the cliff. They could see the panther down the hill occasionally disappearing behind the gigantic white pine stumps and bushy hemlock saplings, but moving steadily on towards the lights of the town. While they watched him "Old Man" Dunlap appeared with his rifle; he took in the situation and led them over the cliff.

Mike Sullivan, after all his guests had left for the impromptu "panther hunt," kept running out on the hotel porch every few minutes in hopes of seeing some straggler from the party. The last time he went out he beheld, by the glare of the electric light at the railroad crossing, a huge cat-like animal meandering leisurely down the street. He ran in, but through the storm doors watched it cross the tracks and keep on toward the river. In front of a restaurant it stopped and peered in the window. A few minutes later came the hunters. That was too much for Mike. Breathing heavily through his mustache the big Irishman locked all the doors of his bar and ran after the crowd, coatless and perspiring.

The street ends at the river's edge, and as the panther stopped for a minute, the clear shot of a rifle rang out

through the storm. Without a moment's hesitation, the animal sprang into the water, but the swift current carried it off its feet and on towards the railroad bridge several hundred yards below.

"I got him good," shouted "Old Man" Dunlap, as he took aim and fired again at the round tawny head of the monster, as it bobbed up among the cakes of ice and rocks in midstream. The second shot and a third missed and the hunters ran along the bank in the direction of the bridge. Just as the bridge was reached the desperate animal grabbed the wooden "rip-rap" of one of the piers with his claws and drew himself out of the water into temporary safety. Once on the "rip rapping" he climbed nimbly to the trestle and after a brief rest started to walk the cross-ties heading away from town.

Just before the hunters got to the other end of the bridge a shrill whistle was heard. "It's the Erie Express," they all chorused. It was too late to get to town to tell the engine driver to slow down on the trestle and let them shoot the panther, so they all grouped themselves beside the tracks to give the signal when it hove in sight. The engine driver saw them, but he was over six hours late already owing to the blizzard and a freight wreck up the line, so the big engine plunged by without a sign of recognition. The brilliant gleam of the headlight and from the windows of the cab threw the outlines of the panther slouching along the ties into bold relief. Probably thinking it a stray mastiff, the engineman never slowed down an instant, and the cowcatcher caught the hapless animal just when it was within two or three steps of safety and freedom.

When the train slowed down at Ridgway the train conductor whispered to the sleeping car porters that a tramp had been hit "on the trestle this side of Wilsonburg." At Renovo the porters confided to a belated traveled that a track-walker had been killed "above Ridgway." At Lock Haven they had it that a farmer and his team had been demolished "near Renovo." At Will-

iamsport a long enough stop was made to examine into the matter officially. An old car inspector while running his hands among the driving wheels and piston rods drew out what proved to be a panther's paw "as big as a saucer." There was some blood on the cowcatcher, and on the wheels and gears; it might have been human blood, but the panther's paw proved otherwise.

On winter nights in Wilsonburg when strangers ask about the queer looking stuffed wild cat on the shelf above the doors, Mike Sullivan leans over the bar and whispers: "Man, you should have seen the panther that walked through this town one Saturday night. Sure an' he measured fifteen feet from tip to tip if he was an inch."

THE ANTIQUITY OF BARETOWN

ON the rough highlands, several miles from the town of Snow Shoe, Centre County, is situated a remarkable formation of rocks so vast and formidable, aggregating millions of tons in weight, and of such wildly fantastic shapes that travelers always ask themselves whether this can be the work of God or man. Most people, who claim the super-human origin of this mammoth American Stonehenge, which is called locally "Baretown," urge that if these huge boulders were brought by man to such a lonely spot there would be evidence of some purpose, but as they lie in rude confusion, they seem to clearly denote the work of volcanic or geologic conditions. But, on the other hand, the various tribes of Indians, who formerly resided in this region, possessed a well-defined legend that Baretown was the uncompleted or rather uncommenced palace of a ruler of a strange White Race which flourished a thousand years before the Red Skins appeared over the eastern slopes of the Alleghenies. Whether this White Race was a scion of those Norwegians who are supposed to have antedated Columbus, or a distant off-shoot of the cultured Aztecs of Mexico, is open to conjecture. The Indians say that these Whites never numbered more than eight or nine hundred souls, which leads one to think that they had not lived very long on the Pennsylvania Highlands when they were finally superseded by the Red Men. The strange White Race, we are told, made their homes in barrows or caves in the rocky mountain sides and pursued a pastoral life, cultivating small patches of farm land, and tending herds of buffaloes, which were then as tame as the modern domestic cattle. In religious belief they worshiped the rocks, as symbols of Omnipotence and Eternity, and their hope of a hereafter was that their bones might become part of the mighty rocks, which they thought were conscious and growing. They had only two social distinctions, the ruling family and the subjects;

there was no nobility. For years they continued this matchless existence, until it came to pass that they were governed by an ambitious ruler to whom came a desire for conquest and display to win the love of the beautiful daughter of one of his subjects. Although the maiden was flattered by the attentions of the ruler of her country, her heart was elsewhere, and the royal lover knowing this, by promises and pretensions sought to gain her affections, finally swearing he would erect a palace of sacred stone of such stupendous size that it would stand forever, and be seen and admired from every mountain in the Appalachian Range, if she would only give him her love. Moved by vanity, the subject's daughter was won over by this promise, and she agreed to marry the ruler, the ceremony not to take place until the day the corner stone of the palace was laid.

The ruler, when he had won his point, was sorely puzzled how to erect the structure, as nothing of the kind had ever been attempted. He did not know how to transport the vast supply of building stones to the selected site, or where to obtain workmen, so after months of consideration he withdrew his subjects from their quiet pastoral homes, equipped them with arrow guns, spears and knives, and sent them across the Alleghenies to subjugate and capture the inferior Red Race which swarmed in countless numbers on the western plains. From the first skirmish, the White invaders, well armed and equipped, were successful, as the Red Men had never been used to warfare, and after a year's conquest, during which there was a wanton destruction of human life and happiness, the White conquerors returned with over five thousand Red prisoners. These were cruelly put to work hewing out the great monoliths from the mountain sides; driving buffalo sleds on which the smaller blocks were transported, and manipulating the derricks that hoisted the heaviest of the boulders from point to point. At the end of two years of unremitting toil nearly all the Red Slaves had died from overwork, as the impatient ruler demanded

that the work continue night and day. Before arranging for a new expedition to capture another lot of workmen it was decided to enact the royal wedding and laying of the corner stone. The ruler decided that all his White subjects should assemble under the shadow of the enormous corner stone, which stood on end, being held in position by six strong derricks handled by the Red Slave workmen. The ceremony of blessing the ground, on which the stone would sit, and the elaborate marriage ceremony, consumed five hours, during which the admiring subjects stood in their positions speechless and breathless, while the aged High Priest, whose flowing beard and hair much resembled the rocks whose worship he conducted, performed the mystic rites. Back of the monolith rose the six derricks, their chains tightly drawn by the abnormal weight, watched and tended by the famine-pinched faces of the Red servitors. As the ceremony progressed, and the minds of the Whites became focused on the solemn services, a gentle sawing commenced at the base of the six derrick poles, unheard save by the Red Men, who longed to avenge the enslavers of their race. Slowly but surely the small but keen saws pursued their deadly work until —there was a sullen thud—an awful shock—which shook off the tops of the surrounding trees, and huts and bridges tottered—and down dropped the five thousand ton monolith, crushing the entire White Race assembled in its shadow like ants beneath a cobblestone! The Red Men, freed, shrieked and laughed for joy, and came forth to take possession of the farms and villages of their late captors, now buried for all eternity! And around the unfinished pile the Red Men remained, sending for wives across the Alleghenies; and they increased and spread over the eastern country until, perhaps it was Divine justice, they were themselves crushed like ants beneath a cobble-stone by a new White Race which came from across the sea.

RED PANTHER'S FUNERAL PYRE

INDIAN legend had it that the Storm God loved a certain beech tree that grew close beside the banks of Pine Creek, in Penn's Valley. It was a slender tree, the bark was so smooth, and the outlines so rounded and graceful that it closely resembled the nude figure of a beautiful woman. Its outstretched horizontal branches were like the arms and the interwoven leaves like the heavy masses of hair of some ethereal creature. The Storm God, through this love affair, was said to have shown his favor to the entire species of beeches by making them immune from lightning. While the awful strokes would shatter and splinter the noblest of pines and oaks and hemlocks, the beech trees remained untouched.

When an electrical storm approached, the Indians sought shelter under the beeches, shunning rocks or caves or other places of safety, for under the beech boughs seemed to be the only position which was absolutely safe.

The beautiful beech tree that the Storm God loved, became the object of worship with the Indians residing within a radius of many hundreds of miles. Those who lived near it, worshiped beneath it daily, while pilgrimages of hosts of grateful aborigines from a distance, appeared to offer prayerful tributes at intervals of increasing frequency.

The Storm God was constantly showing his fealty to his love by impressive demonstrations of his powers. When pilgrims arrived, a storm often sprang up and trees on every side of the sacred beech would be ripped from their roots by its fury, but would fall in such a way as to cause no danger to the pious visitors.

After a time, every tree in the vicinity of the graceful beech was dead and it presented a strange appearance, so buoyant and green, amid the broken trunks and twisted tops of the other timber. No one could fail but

be impressed by these evidences of the potency of the Storm God's love.

The region where this beech grew became known as the Valley of the Beech Tree, and was famous wherever Indians congregated. The chief who presided over the destiny of the Redskins living in the beech tree vale, was a powerful monarch and warrior named Mountain River. He was a Seneca, and his rule was absolute, having been rendered impregnable by a seemingly endless line of victorious battles and single encounters. His personal appearance belied his reputation for valor, as he was undersized and thin. His face, however, was remarkable, character fairly blazing from his deep-set black eyes, which peered on either side of an enormous crooked nose. His skin was very dark, being almost as black as that of a negro. Though he had always come off victor in every single combat, he had had the misfortune to lose four sons in duels with young braves of rival tribes, and his sway seemed destined to be continued by his sole surviving son, Red Panther.

This peculiarly named youth was as peculiar looking as his cognomen. Unlike his father he was very tall and powerfully made, and his hair was as red as brick dust. He had a bronze colored skin, and eyes that had a yellowish red glint. He was a mighty hunter, both of human and animal victims, and wore, although he was only eighteen years old, one hundred scalps on his belt. He was haughty and cruel—his early success in life having apparently " turned his head."

While his father, and all the rest of the tribe, as well as thousands of Indian pilgrims, professed the deepest reverence for the sacred beech tree, Red Panther scoffed at the traditions that clustered around it, and often swore he would some day cut it down with his hatchet, to show his disbelief in the superstition. He was what might be termed an Indian agnostic, for he openly declared the world to be the product of the merest chance.

Old Chief Mountain River adored his wayward son, but

worried constantly lest he make good his threat and fell the holy beech. He consulted the soothsayers, who informed him if such came to pass, the whole valley would be swallowed up in a sudden convulsion of nature, and that not a soul would survive. Every time the old chieftain begged his son to never mention destroying the sacred tree, the younger Indian would throw chips of wood in his father's face and walk away, laughing.

One bright morning an Indian runner dashed into the settlement to announce that Red Panther had broken all records for hunting, and would arrive in two hours, to celebrate his triumph. The tents and trees were all gaily decorated with garlands of flowers and "ground pine" for his arrival, and the affectionate old chief, his council, the soothsayers, and all the members of the tribe marched out to greet him.

When he saw his father he calmly announced that he had killed, by driving them over a high precipice into Penn's creek, five hundred elk, one thousand buffaloes, one thousand deer, one hundred bears, one hundred wolves and fifty panthers, as well as twenty moose, which had lately strayed down from the Adirondack wilderness in the north. The animals had been collected on the brink after days of beating by several hundred tribesmen, and when they were all crowded together in peril, Red Panther stepped forward, accompanied by a score of his favorite braves, and drove them off to a horrible death.

To show his indifference, he had refused to allow the carcasses to be touched, but left them to rot and feed the eagles, buzzards and ravens. Old Mountain River was overcome by his son's prowess, and embraced him tenderly, amid the tears of the onlookers, who were affected by this touching scene. But the old ruler's joy was brief, for Red Panther declaimed in a speech, in which he praised his own skill as a Nimrod, that he was going to cut down the holy beech tree, beloved by the Storm God, and build a bonfire to celebrate his unparalleled achievement. There was a suppressed moan on all

sides, and old Mountain River fell in a dead faint, from which he was revived with difficulty.

When he came to himself, he saw his son across the creek, slashing down the sacred tree, with his keen-edged tomahawk. With every stroke he uttered savage curses, and when the beautiful tree sank down among the hemlock boughs like a graceful young woman seeking her couch, he jumped on the prostrate trunk, and danced and sang with fiendish glee. Then he ordered his favorites to carve the tree into the proper lengths, and when this was done, the sticks were carefully laid in a heap, and Red Panther leaned forward to light the blaze. As he did so a sudden and terriffic peal of thunder echoed from the clear sky, followed by a hideous streak of crimson lightning. Every one of the fifteen hundred savages present was stunned for an instant; when they got on their feet they saw the lifeless body of Red Panther lying across the newly-kindled fire.

Mountain River was the first to reach his side, and lifted up his son's body tenderly. Not a mark of any kind was to be found on his body, but he was stone dead. The old chief assembled his wisest councillors around him, and it was decided that even if he had been killed for sacrilege, prayers should be offered up to the Storm God to restore such an illustrious young man to life.

In the same hill where the sacred beech had stood, yawns the vast opening of a cavern. To-day it is known as the biggest of the picturesque and romantic Caves of Coburn. The founder of the branch of the Senecas from which Red Panther was descended, was supposed to have entered through it to the Under World, and there learned courage, skill for the chase and the ability to conquer death. It was decided to lay Red Panther's body in state in the largest of the subterranean chambers and begin prayers to have the breath restored to him.

At sundown, on a magnificent bier, draped with every manner of Indian decorations, Red Panther's remains were deposited in the cavern. Chanting weird funeral

dirges, the guard of honor withdrew, leaving the corpse alone in its natural sepulchre.

In the morning Mountain River was to return with his wise men and priests—expecting by that time the Storm God would relent, and restore to life the Indian youth he had so suddenly slain. When the procession re-entered the cave, at the appointed time, they saw, by their wavering pine torches, that a strange miracle had happened, and that never more would Red Panther appear in their midst.

During the night, water, dripping from the roof of the vault, had turned to solid stone, entirely covering the body and the elegantly draped bier on which it rested. Nothing was visible except the mass of recently formed rock, which preserved the outlines of the body and of the sarcophagus, though they were buried under untold layers of crystals.

Fearing another sacrilege, Mountain River and his followers reverently withdrew, leaving Red Panther to sleep his last sleep undisturbed. Later, the mouth of the cave was blocked with heavy stones to prevent intrusion, and it was not until centuries after the last Redskin in the Valley of the Sacred Beech Tree had vanished, that drifts of logs from the spring floods reopened the entrance.

Now travelers climb through a barbed-wire fence, and cross the creek and pass into the cavern, led by stalwart country boys with flaming pine torches, to gaze upon the secure and eternal resting place of Red Panther, who dashed to earth the beautiful beech tree, beloved by the Storm God.

BOB GIRY'S EAR RINGS

WHEN Bob Giry was shot to pieces by a Sheriff's posse in Kansas, after he had driven his team of ponies through a barbed wire fence in his frantic effort to escape arrest for the crime of waylaying a newly married couple who were honeymooning in a buggy, and killing the bridegroom and stealing the bride, a pair of very peculiar ear rings were found in his ears. They were the form of coiled serpents, and the gold, though of the purest, was as transparent as glass, and they were lighter than the lightest aluminum.

The curious crowd which gathered around his bullet-riddled and blood-clotted corpse, as it lay beneath the morning sun on the broad prairie, gave vent to considerable speculation as to the origin and history of the ear rings. Though they were passed from man to man for examination, the sheriff kept a sharp look on them lest some "smart Aleck" should slip them in his pocket, the official regarding them as one of the chief trophies of the man hunt.

It was not until several years afterwards that one of the eye witnesses of the outlaw's ending happened to meet a traveler from central Pennsylvania, and the history of the bizarre ear rings was learned and carried out to Kansas, to be whispered about by folks who feared to tell it aloud, under penalty of being called "superstitious."

Bob Giry's father was a very pious man, but the son grew up the direct opposite, and his proudest boast was that he had never been inside a church. As a small boy he used to break the church windows with stones, and ambush and beat his playmates on their way back from Sunday School. For profanity and blasphemy he could not be equaled, and some oaths of his own invention were too hair-raising for even the most hardened "trooper" or "riverman."

As he was growing into manhood, the late Robert G. Ingersoll's speeches and writings were in their heyday,

and he became an ardent disciple of the "silver tongued agnostic." He could quote Ingersoll by the hour and embellished his boldest statements to give them more emphasis. His irreligion became a cult with the young men of the neighborhood, and it would have been difficult at one time to find enough churchmen on the mountain to fill a Bible class.

One winter he was bossing a crew of woodsmen who were cleaning out a tract of original white pines at the head of Robbin's Hollow, and before they had been in camp a week, he had converted the entire fifteen of them into rabid unbelievers. Every night after supper they would gather around the big log fire in the shanty, listening to their boss' harangues against Christianity and morality in general.

Bob Giry was a big fellow, black haired, swarthy and positive; there was no arguing with him; his quotations from Ingersoll stamped him as a man of learning who should be followed.

As the weeks progressed several of the young converts became especially adept at blasphemy, and contests were held to see who could use the most profane language in alluding to sacred objects. Those who came out ahead were given easy jobs at chopping and sawing, while the mildest tongued were compelled to do the rough work of skidding and road-building.

On Christmas eve it was planned to have a grand contest of profanity and irreligion. Several old free thinkers who lived near at hand were invited to join the company. A goodly stock of whiskey and hard cider had been hauled in for the occasion from Loganton. It was a cold, starlit night, the ground being covered with snow, so the great log fire was useful to the utmost degree.

To make themselves comfortable, all hands had removed their shoes and stockings, which had been soaked with snow, and many sat about clad only in trousers and undershirts. Everything religious was discussed and condemned. Ingersoll, Voltaire, Tom Paine, Benjamin

Franklin, Frederick the Great, Garibaldi, and every one else who had antagonized churches in the slightest, were lauded. Between discourses the cider barrels and whiskey jugs were hit heavily, until their contents were considerably diminished.

As a finale to the evening the blaspheming match began. The idea was to say the most disrespectful things about the highest aspirations of humanity. Bob Giry led off with a torrent of profanity, and then started in to ridicule the revered topics. He had not gotten very far when a noise was heard in the chimney. "Sure it's that damned old fool Santa Claus," shouted Dennis Haley, a little red whiskered Irishman, who was one of the oldest settlers on the mountain, and the rest of the party broke into a loud guffaw. Their humor was short lived, for down the chimney came a huge pair of bare legs, red in color and covered with hair. The freethinkers did not wait to see any more, but dashed for the door and out into the snow, running for "dear life" in their unclad feet and scant attire.

Bob Giry was the last out of the house, but he ran frantically for a hundred feet, until he tripped over a log and fell sprawling. As he flopped, he uttered an awful howl, and his companions looked back only to see the figure of a man eight feet tall bending over him. That sight was enough — some never stopped running until morning. One dropped exhausted in front of the hotel at Rauchtown—another was found in a fainting condition in the woods near Carroll, while a third was discovered sitting by the river bank dazed and speechless, near Aughanbaugh station.

Bob promptly fainted when he saw he had been collared by the ugly stranger, but when he came to himself he was sitting in his chair by the fire in the shanty. Nearby sat the "great unknown" eyeing him admiringly. "You are built after my own mould," he began, when he saw Bob was calm enough to listen. "If you were a few feet taller we'd be taken for brothers, our features are

so much alike. I did not mean to scare you off when I came in to-night. I thought the door was locked, consequently I came down the chimney." The stranger had a winning voice, and Bob was interested. "I would not have broken up your party, not for a mint. I only wanted to drop in and learn a few pointers. Your crowd beats the devil for 'cuss' talk, and I came a good many miles, knowing I could learn something, but on sight of me you all bolted. You're not a very hospitable gang, I'm sure. But I'm proud of you, anyway, from what I have heard; give me a drink."

Bob mixed a mug of whiskey, alcohol and cider, which the stranger drank leisurely. "I want you to keep up your good work," he resumed, "keep at it among the young fellows. If there were a few more like you we would have religion wiped out in one generation. Instead of there being too much bad in the world there is too much good, we must knock it out; and make this world the devil's own place. I see you have your ears pierced. When did that happen?"

This was sort of changing the thread of the conversation, but Bob explained that he had worked in a camp at Quaker Bridge, in the Indian reservation, in Western New York, and had worn ear rings for one winter to please a young squaw he met there. "Take these as a token of my regard," said the stranger, as he pulled a pair of richly fashioned rings from his ears; "wear them always; they will help you to be one devil of a fellow, and an arch enemy of all that is good."

Bob looked at the ornaments before placing them on his ears; they were in the form of coiled serpents, exquisitely made, and while apparently of gold, were transparent as crystal, and light as feathers. "How can I ever thank you, stranger?" he replied. "Can I do something for you? Won't you take my coat—you must be cold, sitting there without even a shirt?" The stranger laughed and said: "I come from a hot place, I'll take it, but let that be the last good deed you do; henceforth

try to break every law moral, civil or divine, as long as you live."

"It's a go," said Bob, and they clasped hands. The stranger opened the door and disappeared down the path toward the creek. The next morning while Bob was trying to corral his lost associates, he found the coat hanging on a sapling near the spring. He felt for the earrings; they were there, all right, and he vowed to be as mean as he could from that day on. In this he was eminently successful, and he had been charged with half a dozen murders before he was brought to book in Kansas.

CONTENTS