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FURNISH YOUR PARLOR and please your wife—you may never get another, and may be sorry some day that you didn't do all in your power to make her happy. We are selling Parlor Sets at the Very Lowest Figure, while we have some fit for mansions.

M. E. TANGNEY, The Canadian Post. LINDSAY FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1895. SINNERS TWAIN.

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surrounded by high banks, had an evil reputation. Some renegade Sioux or Piegan Indians had some few years before committed some bloody atrocities near this spot, and the dead had been buried here. Upon rude platforms were ranged human bodies wrapped in buffalo robes and blankets, which were now coated and crusted with drifting snow. The great gnarled, scraggy branches of the leafless trees and that significant scaffolding with its awful burdens, when viewed from the frozen bed of the creek on which she walked, stood out with a horrible distinctness against the starlit sky. Time or the bears had broken down some of these stages, and she knew that hideous, shapeless and unnameable things lay strewn around and partially buried in the snow. It was a veritable Golgotha. And now a cold shiver ran through the frame of the girl as she lifted her eyes and gazed fearfully up at a number of grinning skulls which a playful mounted policeman or a wandering cowboy of a decorative turn of mind had fixed on the scraggy limb of a gnarled and blasted oak tree. Even as the girl looked there rose a weird, eerie moan on the still night, and a startling crash that drove the blood to her heart and chilled the surface of her body. In spite of herself she sank down on her knees, and clasping her hands before her muttered a prayer as best she could. Marie was not naturally timid, but that place had an evil reputation, and the law of association is a powerful thing. But it was only a stray thought that had caused her to drop down on her knees, and she was upon one of these awful burdens had been too much for the rotten supports, even then threatened her? As for going back, when she came to think of it, she felt utterly unable for the task. And now the real nature of Marie began to show itself. She hardly for a moment thought of that fate which might so soon overtake her. She had none of that enervating, half pitying compassion for herself in the abstract that some less unselfish ones have. She did not even regret the step she had taken, though it now threatened her life. She only knew that if she had not come on this vain errand she would have regretted the staying behind still more. Her only thoughts were for her father, but as her eyes wandered over the ghastly prospect her heart sank within her.

At last in the east the gray dawn was breaking; the stars began to disappear one by one, like lights in a great city at break of day. A thin, ghostlike mist began to creep from butte to conical knob and across the billowy prairie, like the phantom sea that it was. It hung low and converted the tops of the little buttes and ridges into mimic islands, until the earth somewhat resembled one of those landscapes that the imaginative mind will conjure up in the clouds. But, away to the left, a couple of miles off the girl saw a unique sight. She saw the entrance to the Devil's Playground—that weird, nightmarish valley into which the boldest Indian will not enter, but only gaze upon fearfully from the brink of the chasm. Constituting the portals of this valley, the girl saw gigantic pillarlike masses of vitrified clay that resembled the painted pillars in some vast gorgeous and barbaric old world temple. Indeed the variety and originality of coloring in these pillars were beautiful if bewildering in effect. Just beyond them lurked, reproduced in colored clays, those wonderful freaks of nature—the forms of monsters and grotesque animals, whose shapes started one with a suggestion of intelligent design. From the painted and garish terraces themselves projected griffins and gargoyles, just as one sees them in old and quaint cathedrals, but only more grotesque and suggestive by reason of their vivid coloring.

so familiar as these more common ones. No wonder they say that on the trail there is a flower for every day in the year. Close to the trail a great wagon was camped, with a white canvas top to it. Some little distance off the horses, released from their toil, are rolling in the grass and throwing their legs wildly into the air in the most grotesque and extravagant fashion in their endeavor to roll from one side to another. And she is crawling about on the grass, with one hand grasping the gathered skirt that holds the flowers she has been plucking. Close to her, on his hands and knees, like a great overgrown school-boy, is his father, with smiles wreathing that usually sad and austere face. She had made him stoop down before her, and, like the playful child she is, she has struck a fringe of flowers into the band of his broad cowboy hat and is now endeavoring to string a chain of daisies round his neck. All the children of Eve pursue the same methods of play the world over. And this grave, bearded man is looking as proud of that chain as if it were of gold, and she were the new star adorning his breast. As he ponders by far, for there is no pride on earth to compare to that of a father in his only child. She is happy as the day is long. Aye, long—but never too long for them!

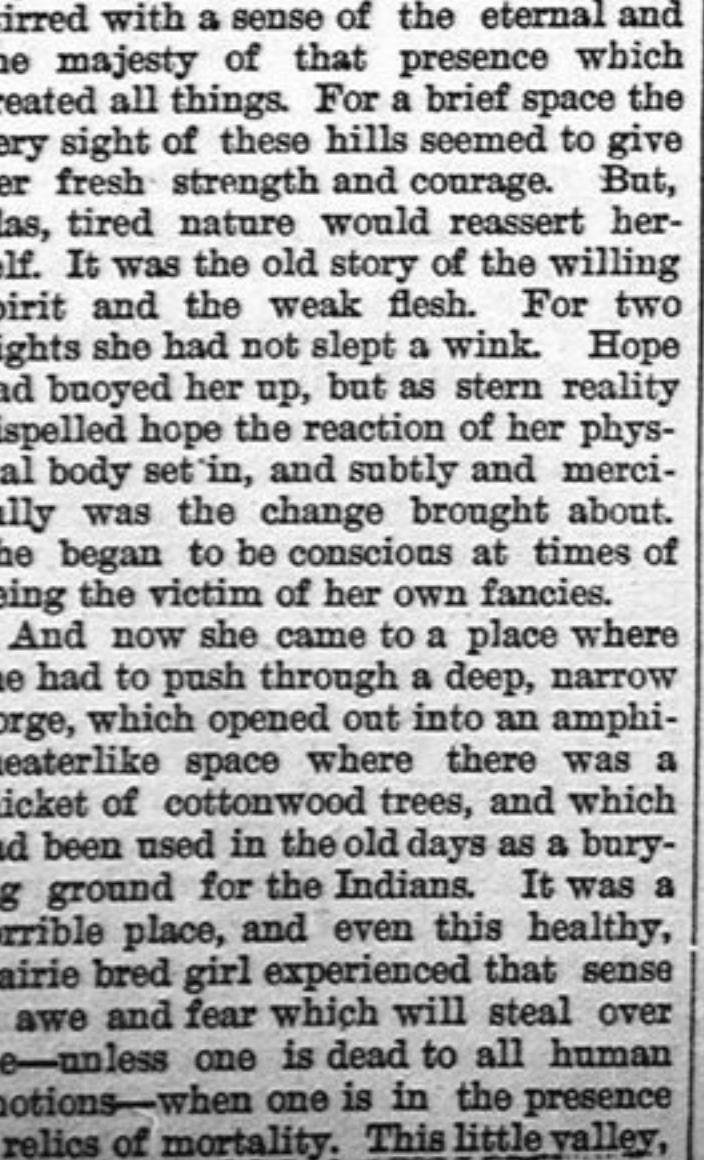
Then a sudden shock, and her dream shattered. She had slipped back into a recumbent position on the snow, and the sudden movement roused her for a brief spell. With a lightninglike flash the brain realized the danger of the situation and urged the weakened body to renewed exertion. But it was powerless to respond. Was this, then, the end of her young life, she who had cherished such dreams and hopes of the future? Was she to perish like one of the beasts of the field, on that desolate snowbound ridge? Were the birds of the air and the jacksals of the plain—the prairie and timber wolves—to fight over her poor body? A thing so fair as she were rare prey for such evil looking brutes as wolves. Even now, far off, but ever drawing nearer, she heard a mournful and prolonged eerie cry, and she knew that already a wolf was upon her tracks. She had a small revolver in her belt, but perhaps it was not worth while using it. Poor Marie! Well might she pray, for that sleep which means death was very close upon her now.

And then rose up before her that face that had so often smiled upon her in her dreams, and she knew it was her mother's face, that dear mother whom she had lost so long ago that her image had become but a sacred memory. Then the face of her father, that face so full of simple tenderness, seemed to look down upon her, and a struggling gleam of semiconsciousness shook her for a few minutes with a sense of agony, as she pictured him all alone in the world, without any one to love, without any one to strengthen or care for him, and with only the memory of a fitfully sunny past behind him. Surely this was the agony and sting of death.

Death! She must nurse herself. It was a sinful thing to let death steal upon her with its subtle visions and lethargy! She would break the spell; if she died it would be upon her feet. But, horror! The muscles of her body refused to obey the commands of her brain. She could not move.

But just before the mist lifted before the rays of that wintry sun she seemed to hear, as if in the air, but wonderfully clearly and distinctly, that majestic and triumphant song of adoration, the "Halleluiahs." She had heard it in the convent; it had haunted her since, and now it came as if to lighten her end. She heard myriads of voices—beautiful voices; the silvery voices of children, the voices of boys and the resonant and mature voices of manhood, blend together with the pealing notes of the organ of instruments, until they spoke as one in harmonious concord, with a sweetness that ravished her senses and permeated her whole being.

"Halleluiahs! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" they all cried together, with one mighty and resonant volume of sound, with one joyous burst of triumph and of gladness. And the basses heralding the clarionlike voices of the soprano sang. And he shall reign for ever and ever.



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