

sonally watches over the faithful preparation of the stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and the conducting of the store. Nothing is allowed to pass his eye that is not straightforward and true to the interest of those who have patronized the house for 19 years and depend on its reliability.

From all appearances the year 1880 is to be the largest in sales ever known.

The READYMADE Department is Better Stocked! The BOYS' Department is Better Stocked !! The CUSTOM Department is Better Stocked!!! The SHIRT Department is Better Stocked !!!!

All this will be apparent on FIRST SIGHT!

For the eyes were full of sympathy, and I could read therein That their owner could enact the role of "Good | Samaritan. Producing four fine oranges, the young man crossed the aisle. And speaking to the woman, with a kind, assur-

And she seemed to say, as to her heart its form the mission of watching over the sick. I

Her child was far from beautiful, and poorly, spars-

"Poer, slighted child ! no kind caress but mine

My kiss alone falls on your cheek--my pratec is all

In watching this poor, lowly pair; the gaze was

ly drossed ; ?

you hear.

quite intent

kindly meant

she closely pressed :

brings solace here;

Charity took her seat at the foot of the bed. Mme. de San-Castelli asked to drink. highly exciting one, as we seemed to cleave Be my wife, and let me prove the staff that will not refuse your request, trusting that ing smile. He placed the trutt upon hor hap, and said, in ac-The Sister raised her head gently; then the the air, the train thundering along behind is in me." cents mild. sick woman, instead of drinking, fixed her us; and I could but look admiringly at the man who stood so unflinchingly at his post the blue eyes she now raised to mine were said : "Thank you, shr," and ran rapidly "Your child is very quiet-I so love a quiet child." large black eyes on the face of the Sister. and in whose hand lay in reality all our lives. swimming in tears. 'If you have seen the down the stairs. The General heard him Her face shone with pure gratitude ; her sud eyes "How old are you"" slie asked. He was a tail, handsome fellow, whose wrong, surely you will not return to it. pause a moment, and then return, bounding grew more bright: "Eighteen years, Madame." She felt so proud of what he said-and truly well The Countess murmured to herself: keen gray eyes never stirred from his post, For had not her babe received the praise of the "Eighteen years!" drank greedily, and resumed, as she let her head fall back on the often rang out on the clear morning air as a hero," noblest heart by inr-The truest, tend'rest, bravest heart that beat withpillow we chatted together. By noon we had become friends, at which words that hundled me in the weeks that in that car ? -Detroit Free Press. "Do you know that 1 am going to die ?" "They did not tell me so, Madatue ; per- hour we stopped at a small station, where followed, saving me from the ruln I would haps there is still a possibility of saving you?" there was a delay of twenty minutes, to take else have drifted nuto, but torturing me with and, you can't do that." THE SISTER OF MERCY. "Saving me !" cried the Countess, with on coal or water. As we slowed up, I noticed their hopelessness. What hope had I in my A PRETTY LITTLE STORY, NOT WHOLLY FICirony, "and why? Life means youth and standing on the platform a young woman, daily routine of duty of chauging Mary's TION, FROM THE FRENCH OF AUREholding a neatly covered basket, and clinging mind? Yet, spite of her words, something beauty. I am already dead, my child." LIEN SCHOLL. The Sister opened the book of her order to her skirts a little child, some three years in her eye had told me that she loved me, In the chamber on the first floor in the Av- which she had brought with her and began of age. "Papa ! papa !" the little one screamed in and te withstand the daily temptations of my enue Montaigne, a woman was dying. From to read. the apartment itself, which was almost emp. This young girl had the most charming delight; and, glancing at my companion's life. ty, it would have been difficult to discover to face that artist ever dreamed of. Hers was face, I needed not to question if he were the what class of seclety the dying woman be- an improbable beauty, shining forth with one thus called. Another moment, we had stopped, and train to C----. We were going along at the longed. The salon was empty. Not a sin- sweetness and holiness. The white band gle piece of furniture remained in it. Some that confined her pure ivory brow hid het wife and child were pressed to his breast, rate of thirty miles an hour, when suddenly, old blue velvet curtains were still hanging at hair, leaving visible only her eyebrows, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of the windows, doubtless because the brokers | which might have been traced with Indian | into his eyes. had disdained to take them. It was old vei. ink, so delicate and correct were their lines. vet, yellow at each crease, and eaten away The Courtesse de San-Castelli contempla- to me. "I have only one day a week off with What could it be ? Merciful heaven ! Anby dust. In what had been the dining-room ted her with admiration and envy. Sudden- them; but Mary always meets me here with other instant it was made clear to me. It there remained only a dilapidated cane-seat- | ly she exclaimed : ad chair and a little table of white wood, "Are your vows eternal ?" or two with her." covered with bottles of all kinds. On the "Yes, Madame." floor were two or three dirty towels, still What is your name ?" miss them sorely." wet, a sponge and a chipped salad bow!, that "Sister Rose de Lima." "But your family name?" served as a washing basin. The bed room was evidently the only room "It is forbidden us to reveal it, Madame. Why ?" that the bailiffs had spared. There, a "It is a rule of the order." threadbare carpet still covered the floor. At "Still, you may tell me if you have any the foot of the bed was a large arm-chair placed as if it were a sentry-box. The stuff parents." "None, Madame." curtains had been left, but a practiced eye piness, since it won me my wife." would have seen by the rents in the muslin "Your mother?" "I never knew her." curtains that a rapacious hand had torn away "Your father ?" the lace. Two billets of wood were smoking sadly in "He is dead." Wearied with so persistent an ivestigation chubby bands a golden gift from the strange have a chance of proving to Mary my manthe fireplace, having for sole companion a kettle, from which emerged two or three Sister Rose de Linn asked gently if the gentleman riding with papa, I asked my hood by some great deed in the future, or leaves covered with a white foam. The room Countess would have a little tisanc. companion what he meant. was lighted from a sanded courtyard in the "No, thank you," replied the Countess, "I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, my duty any the less clear. Bill, the firemidst of which a close-cropped grass plot and then suddenly she added, "you are more and there's not many as I'd care to tell man, was behind me. humiliated itself at the foot of an acacia .- dead than I am, young girl ! To-morrow, You read so many book stories of the people ""Take the engine !" I screamed to him. The leaves had fallen; the black, gnarled perhaps, a spadeful of earth will bury even who make up your world, that you have not 'Good-by, Mary,' I whispered low to myself. branches, twisted into knots, were waiting my memory, but I have had of life all that much time to look down to mine. There are "The next minute, hardly conscious of for the rays of spring in order to put on a life can give. You will only have known people who think such as we have no time to what I was doing. I was down upon the walls, bars and silence-dry bread, prayer love, but you have seen Mary and my boy, cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one little verdure. "Madeline," muttered the sick woman, "I and austerity. When I entered a salon I and-you'll tell me if I tiru you? used to raise a murmer of admiration as I "I was a careless fellow enough six years child, now paralyzed with terror. Then we wounded at Antictam, and thus laconically am thirsty." A woman of some fifty years, who was passed along. I have made queens and ago, not neglecting my work when at my were upon it. It was killed, crushed, manstanding near the window, came up to the princesses weep with rage. The horses post, but fond of a good time with my com- gled. No I I look down. It was safely held to some people who visited the hospital. bedside and poured a few drops of potion pranced at my door and adorers crowded my panions when off duty, always ready to ac- within one strong arm, its red dress flutterinto a glass. Then she raised the head of staircase. I have worn on my brow a dia- cept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my ing in the wind, its golden head close pressed her mistress, approached the glass to her mond that Semiramis would have envied, head not quite steady when I mounted my against my shoulder. Hew was it done ? and I have melted more pearls than Cicopa- engine, though the air always set me right I cannot tell you; sir. God, they say, does lips, and said "Does Madaine la Comtesse suffer much?" tra. Noise, movement, luxury, flattery; all before we had gone far on our way. "Yes, there is fire there," replied the sick that I have exhausted, without departing "One evening, at a dance, I met Mary "Then the train checked its speed, stop" woman, placing an emacinted hand on her from an inflexible motto : 'Shine, seduce, Morton. She was the prettiest girl in the ped, the passengers came crowding about and love net.' Poor young girl, you might room, sir, and little bit of a coquet in those us, men grasped me by the hand, women breast The woman, who was dying thus in a de- have all that if you wished-" serted and desolate room, was no other than The Sister of Charity rose : "What are you saying, Madame ? Do you | turn her head. there was so much talk a few years ago. see what these vanities are ? You have had _ "I was not long behind the rest. I couldn't sir, they gave me this, ' throwing back his Now, of her past luxury, there remained all that, and I am happier than you are. If get her out of my thoughts, but it did not coat, and showing a gold medial. only an Indian shawl of a reddish brown, I had need of consolation, the history of take me a great while to find out the trath "I wear it in thanksgiving for the little embroidered with gold, in which she wrap- Mary, the sister of Martha, would suffice. of the matter. I had lost my heart. The life I saved. They raised for me a purse of For me a contemplative life has replaced an only question was, would she turn me adrift, gold to a large amount, but the gift which ped herself up for want of a bed-cover. STATEMENT OF THE RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE RECEIPTS WILKOW from 14th April, 1859: The success of the Countess in the world dist passes in view of the WILKOW from 14th April, 1859: The success of the Countess in the world dist passes in view of the or give me hers for that she had stolen? It was many a week before I got up courage inter for the year ending 12th of April, 1889: The success of the Countess in the world that passes in view of the or give me hers for that she had stolen? It was many a week before I got up courage inter for the year ending 12th of April, 1889: The papers rang, The success of the Countess in the world active life. In the depths of my solitude I or give me hers for that she had stolen? It seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor than one European prince still keeps a me- forget the world that passes in view of the enough to determine to ask her to be my "The papers rang, next day, with the wife. Every moment off duty I would spend story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them, dailion in which the features of the fallen | world which does not pass." ido! have remained young and smiling. To- The voice of the young nun had assumed a with her, until I grew to fancy she used to looking at it, than to me, who had no time day her black hair seems to fatigue her en- sonority full of enthusiasm. watch and wait for my coming. feebled head with its weight; life has al-ready retreated from her hollow checks and pale brow. A dry and jerky cough tears her ished souvenir like a precious plant, and I ished souvenir like a precious plant, and I 15.74-5445.11 bosom; at the age of thirty-five death has ished souvenir like a precious plant, and I "At last I heard of another dance, to be ed my name. In another moment, some one could not see Mary until then, but I felt sure come to me of her own sweet will-some one A sovereign, who had enriched her, had | outside of the retreat that I have chosen." she would know I would come for her, and who, from that moment, has been the sunsouls of those who have souls. The prince "Vanities, did you say? And what is life would go with no one else. shine of my home and heart. $\frac{1}{2108,78} = \frac{1}{108,78} = \frac{1}{108,78} = \frac{1}{108,78} = \frac{1}{108,507} =$ X., her third loved, has ruined himself and without its cortege of pleasures " In human "But when the evening arrived, I found "That is all, sir. It is a simple story. I .# et.or the Countess her hotel in the Avenue Jena, gigantic. To be beautiful, is to reign. A gone. Perhaps sir, in your rank of life, you But I, as I grasped the noble fellow shand a biessed thing

 Orders unpaid issued since last set-tlement
 17.58-402.55

 Model of curves over liabilities
 17.58-402.55

 Excess of resources over liabilities
 \$ 6.20

 We do hereby certify that we have examined the scounts of the Borogh of Wilmore and find the scounts of the Borogh of Wilmore and find the

Bourse. It is only by a miracle that he has feet, he gave me there what he would have many a man destroys his future happiness the grand true heart within, could only ocho trotted off and was soon out of range. was not declared a bankrupt personally, but the company that he directed has gone to meet the swarms of companies that are no ble. Little as our life is, it is enlarged by away and her face grew white. Mme, de San-Castelli seemed to refiect. proachable. The Countess has sold her jewels, one by "Nevertheless, I have loved, I have loved in the matter." vatie one, and after her jewels her toilets, and af- once in my life. I was sixteen. What has ""'As you will, 'I said, turning on my heel, ter her toilets her furniture.

woman needs rest. There are Sisters of man."

Charity who have imposed upon themselves

At 6 o'clock a little sharp and rattling

will send you one to-night."

followed her.

"this one every ten minutes, that one every along the rails I had been commanded to little tremble crept into her tone-but I have hour. There is still a little wood in the cor- make Madeleine went to share the bed of a respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as and love cannot go hand-in-hand." chambermaid, a friend of hers, who lodged comfortable a seat for me as he could proin a neighboring hotel, and the Sister of vide for the long ride which lay before us.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

before I knew her-of what it should be if eral, I can't stand this." "What is the matshe would give me the assurance and promise ter, Sergeant "" asked the General. He reof her love. Then I paused. For a moment plied : "All night and all day I have heard silence fell between us ; then she spoke. A. bright flush was in her cheeks, her lips On a sunny October day, according to incan stand it no longer. I came to ask pernoise was heard, produced by a bell-cope structions I had received from the officers of trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her

pulling a broken spring. Madeleine went the railroad company, I handed the engineer lips failered not. Then, for the first time, I perceived two brown eyes and opened the door. The Sister of Charity of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, re-"'John,' she said, 'I am only a girl, it is questing that I accompany him upon the en- true, but the man I marry must be a man. "Here are the potions," said Madeleine : questing that I accompany min upon the en-gine, as a better post for the observations Perhaps I might have loved you'-here a said : "Kirkland, don't you know that you almost censed to respect you. Were you After reading it, he touched his hat, and my husband. I would fear for you, and fear

"Stop? I'said. "Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left allow you to run such a risk, but the senti-It was a novel experience for me, and a behind me? Oh, Mary, do not be so cruel. ment which actuates you is so noble that I

God may protect you. You may go." The ""No, John,' she answered, softly; but Sergeants eye lighted up with pleasure. He

NEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT. PAYABLE ON DEMAND. TREST 41.LOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS. COLLECTIONS MADE AT ALL ACCEPTION POINTS. MAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES Fought and Sold, and a EVERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. Accounts Solicited. A. W. BUCK, Cashier. OAK HALL. rrg, March 19, 1999-4f. SHADDAUGH & BRO., DEALERS IN-Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, LOTHING. NOTIONS, CARROLLTOWN, PA. GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE ERY LOWEST PRICES. W CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRO-ItE when Gonds are not destred. J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO. 11:10 m. March 19 1:30.-11 J. LYNCH, Banufacturer and Dealer In HOME AND CITY MADE PALLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, LOUNGES. BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c., 605 ELEVENTH AVENUE. Between 16th and 17th Sts., Altoona, Penn'a. eri want and please every tast ant B. J. LYNCH. 6.716. 3. April 16, 1880.-6f. INCORPOSATED IN 1857. Balance in hands of Treasurer ON MUTUAL PLAN. PROTECTION MUTUAL OF EBENSBURG, PA.

finium Notes now in force - \$123,000.

gool beyable at death or at expiration

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Agent for Candrin County, Elementary, Florenburg, Pa. 2 Stain, Secretary, Orconville, Ohio.

Iohnston, M. J. Buck,

JOHNSTON,

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Please call whenever you can and look through this BEEHIVE of a Building, so busy with its Hundreds of Workpeople and Customers. Do not forget that Clothing of the W. & B. make will stand better service than any other that can be got and that it does not cost any more (if as much) as other makes. WANAMAKER & BROWN. SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS, THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA. PHILADELPHIA. DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T BUY A STITCH OF WEARING APPAREL OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF GROCERIES, &c., CENT'S FURNISHING COODS! UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, Trunks, Valises, &c., &c. JUST RECEIVED AT THE Young America Clothing House, Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street, ALTOONA, PA., THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CON-STANT AIM TO KEEP A STOCKANDSELL AT PRICES WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL. Therefore we repeat it : Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLEDTHING, GENT'S FUR-NISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the Young America Clothing House, [5-21] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Alteona, Pa. [11-4]. JOSSPH MILLER, Treasuror, DR. SINCE U. ARAMS, Supervisor, DR. Consists county and all others
 JOERTH MILLER, Treasurer, 101.
 SINON C. ADAMS, Supervisor, Du.
 To balance in hands of the Treasurer, and the State of Road Duplicate
 To balance in hands of the Treasurer, set as a confident
 an't rec'd since last settlement.
 \$28.33
 Confer on County Treasurer, 107.12
 an't rec'd since last settlement.
 \$28.33
 Confer on County Treasurer, 107.12
 Confer on incom'g Supervisor, 10.51-\$445.11 6.741 By am't work done on roads ... 4350 21 services rendered. \$ 47.81 return taxes. exonerations. Resources of Wilmore Boro', April 16, 1880. Balance uncellected on Implicate for 1876. \$ 0.18 on Pupileate for 1879. \$1.68 Bal, judgments on Docket Jos, Miller, Esq. 25.11 Balance in hands of Treasurer. 47.81 ESOCII REES, Supervisor, DR. Cir. Liabilities of Wilmore Bor., sume date, Orders unpaid issued prior to instact. Amount of outstanding orders Orders unpaid issued since last setRather, if you indeed love me, proc

and that something gave me strength to live,

"So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express

red fluttered on the track. "My wife and child, sir," he said, turning "I strained my eye-1 blew my whistle, my dinner, and now and then I get an hour was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the large monster of death

"It is a hard life," I said. "You must my hand was guided to its destruction. "I whistled 'down brakes,' but, as I did "No matter where I am, sir," he replied, so, knew that it was of no avail. Before the "they are with me. I hear the little one's order could be obeyed, it would be rendered voice above the loudest wind, and I see my useless. Then something within me said : Mary's smile in the darkest night, although "Your life is worthicss. Give it for that I stand alone on my engine, with my life in innovent life if it must be, but mave it at the my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but I peril of your own. Had you been a better ought not to complain. It gave me my hap- man, you might have had a little child like that and praying for you at home." When we were on our way again, and I "It takes a long time, sir, to tell jall this, had seen the tears fill the wife's bright blue but in reality not one second had passed eyes as she foully kissed her husband good. At such times men think quickly. One bifby, while I had slipped into the little one's, ter sigh rose in my breast. I would never

hand, the other outstretched to grasy the not let the sparrow fall.

days, though no more than was natural, with cried over me, and I stood dated and benilder all the young fellows trying their best to ed in their midst, the child tight-hold within under fire. I could stand the pain, but could

to stop and think : but something more was

those poor people crying for water, and 1

The General regarded him for a minute

with feeling of profound admiration, and

would get a bullet through your head the

moment you stepped over the wall?" "Yes,

sir," he said, "I know that : but if you will

let me, I will try it." After a pause, the

General said : "Kirkland, I ought not to

mission to go and give them water."

" Prove yourself a man." These were the and said: "General, can 1 show a white hamIkerendef ?" The general slowly shook his head, saying emphatically : "No, Kirk-"All right, sir," he said, "I'll take the chances," and rau down with a bright stulle on his handsome countenance. With protonod anxiety be was watched us he stepped over the wall on his erraud of mercy-Christlike mercy.-Unharmed he reached the first sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooning head, rested it on his own noble breast, and poured the life-giving fluid down the

fever scorened throat. This done, he laid him tenderly down, placed his kuapsuch under his head, straightened out his broken limb, spread his overcont over him, then turned to another sufferer. By this time his

purpose was well known on both sides, and all danger was over. From all parts of the field arose the ories of "Water, water; for God's sake, water !" More pitcous still the mute appeal of some who could only feebly lift a hand to say, here too is a life and suffering. For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his labor of mercy, por cease to go and return until he relieved all the wounded in that part of the field. Hereturned to his post wholly unhart. Who shall say how switch his rest that winter's might beneath the cold statut Little remains to be told. Scargent Kirkland dis-

tinguished himself in battle at Gettysburg, and was promoted Lioutemant. At Chickamaugh he fell on the field of battle, in the hour of victory. He was but a youth when called away, and had never formed those lies which might have resulted in posterity to enjoy his fame and bless his country ; but he long years of penance. But it did not make has bequeathed to the American youth-yea, the world-an example which dignines our common humanity. - Charletton News.

> -----AN INCIDENT OF THE RESELLION.

doe Parsons was a Baltimore boy and a little rough, but withal a good-hearted feilow and a brave soldier. He got badly described the occurrence and what followed

"What is your name ?" "Joe Phreons."

"What is the matter ?" "Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out." "At what bottle ?"

CAntielant.

"How did it happen ?" "I was hit and knocked down, and had to lic all night on the buttlefield. The fight was my arms. It was such a simple thing; yel, not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire, I walted and listened, and presently

heard a man groan near me." "Hellow !" says L "ilellow yourself," says he "Who be you ?" says 1. "Who he you?" says he. "A Vankee," says it. "A Vankee," says L "Well, I'm a Reb," says he, "What's the matter"" says L "My legs's smashed," says he, "Can you walk?" says L "Xo," says lit. "Yoo," says lit. "Can you see ?" says L "Yes," says he. "Well," says L, "your a rebel, but I'll do

'All right," says los.

"Crawl over here," says I : and he fid. "Now, old Butterout," says I, "get on my back ; and he did. "Go ahead," says he

"Point the way," says I, "for I can't see

"Stratgat abcad," says be, "The balls were a flyin" all round, and I

"Bully for you," says he, "but you've

