ng event will the above terms be de-

tur your paper before you stop it, if your must. None but scalewags do oth must be a scalawag - life is too short.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

see placed on the same for leg as those pet this fact be distinctly understood sime forward.

"THE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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VOLUME XIX.

### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1885.

fault.

## THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright the beautiful,

That stirred our hearts in youth

he impulse to a wordless prayer,

The dreams of love and truth

The longing after something lost,

he striving after better hopes -These things can never die.

'the timid hand stretched forth to aid

A brother in his need; The kindly word in grief's dark bour,

That proves a friend indeed -The plea for mercy, softly breathed,

When justice threatened high,

The sorrow of a contrite heart -

These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,

And all the trifles sweet and frail

If with a firm, unchanging faith,

These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word

The chilling wants of sympathy

We feel but bever tell— The bard repulse that chil's the heart

Whose hopes were bounding high,

Those hands have clasped and lips have met,

The pressure of a kiss,

That make up life's bliss;

And hory trust and high,

That wounded as it fell,

n an unfading record kept-

These things shall never die.

et nothing pass, for every hand

se not a chance to waken love-

-All the Year Round,

Must find some work to do;

Beam on thee from on high,

And angels' voices say to thee,

These things shall never die

Be firm and just and true.

The spirit's yearning cry,

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Infants and Children

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er permitted, little Alan, accompanied by stantaneous Pain- reliever.

its nurse, took his walk in the park, holding clasped in his obubby hand three pennies, which his kind mamma never failed to give him, and which be always spent in the same manner. One penny was for a cake, one for a glass of lemonade, sold by an old man just with so good. in the park gates, the other for a poor, lame

ALAN'S THREE PENNIES.

Regularly every morning, when the weath-

One morning, however, his mamma, not having any pence, gave him a shilling to change for her. 'Oh, mamma!' Alan cried, his little face

lighting up with joy, 'give me this shilling ; it will last four days. I will put it in my ittle red purse. Do please ?' 'Very well, dear, but don't lose it. Alan, thanking his mother, took his nurse's

hand and went out. Instead of playing as usual. Alanetly on a seat, holding tightly in his hand

the little purse. 'Now, Master Alan, it is time for you to buy your cake,' Louisa said at length.

you.' Alan answered. astonishment. 'Are you fil?' 'No, but I am not hungry.'

hovering near Alan, as he was one of his would rent it to him.' most regular customers.

Alan turned his head away, seemingly aborbed in watching an Italian boy, standing near with a board filled with plaster images. what you think it is worth to you."

want to drink,' decidedly. might be tempted to change his piece.

On quitting the park he passed the beggar ''He's dead, sir,' was the reply. by, unnoticed for the first time since be could remember. Arriving at his home, he hastened to the

about, being less fearfullof losing his money. Presently, tired out, he sat down on the his pocket a piece of bread he bad provided her since. himself with before starting.

'What !' Louise cried in astonishment .tired of them.'

'Nor lemonade?' No, I am not thirsty.'

'What a strange boy you are! Ab, I see what it is; you wish to economize. Is it to buy a castle?"

Alan colored, but did not answer. When they were leaving the park he mad thousand excuses to go out by another gate, so as not to pass the lame man.

Louise, nothing loth, compiled with his wish, but in doing so they passed by a fountain where several children were drinking. 'Louise, cannot I drink there? I am so hirsty,' Alan asked eagerly. The maid stared at him aghast. 'Whatever next! You will not buy lemon-

arrive home." These little stratagems to keep his shilling

whole, lasted four days, and on the fifth his mamma gave him his usual three pennies. 'Here, Alan,' she said smilingly, 'your shilling was only to last four days, so it is ime you had some more money." The child took the offered pence in silence;

he would not tell his mother the silver piece He went for his morning walk, and ate the dry bread he always brought in his pocket

now; but as they returned Louise dragged him reluctantly towards the gate where the old beggar stood. 'You never give anything to your poor

holds out his hand." 'I have only my shilling, which I do not wish to change.' But the money your mamma gave you

this morning?" 'I wish to keep it.' 'Oh, the naughty little miser! You don't know how ugly it is to be so avaricious!" 'But I am not a miser.'

beggar; you pass him by unnoticed. You sins of fathers. will become hardhearted, and when you die Of all passions jealousy is that which exdees.

Louise mised her; she was crying most bitterly.

'Are you hurt, my child?' 'No, not much ; but my jug is broken, and my aunt will beat me, though it was not my

'How much does a jug cost?' Alan whispered. 'Sixpence, I think.'

not be so miserly after."

You will not be so at all, if you do that, was no more than this : my good little Alan, since the misfortunes of the poor touch you." 'Then let us buy another Jug and some

Louise kissed the boy, then hastened to explain to the weeping child that it burt ber young master to see her cry; above all, to think she would be beaten; so, to hinder it, he would buy her another jug, and some

and followed her kind friends to the dairy, where, fortunately, they found also jugs of every sort. They chose one as much as possible like

The little girl, consoled, dried her eyes,

the broken one, filled it with milk, and, after having thanked the generous strangers. Nancy went on her way rejoicing. Alan drew out his famous red purse from his pocket, and placed the shilling in the an awning was being put up over the balco- alls you all?"

morning.

all that had occurred. 'I am sorry to hear this,' she said gravely.

'I would never have given you that shilling | if I had foreseen the result. However, I ments and flowers; the cake, with its con- all now. been. Think how grieved that poor old

of the poor man, and it was in a very hum- when I caught the woman's eyes. She was ble voice he asked his mother's pardon, doing her work with a strange gravity, and ingly; he shook his head sadly and went on. They struck with a will; the hatchetedge which he received, as his last act had been her face was full of horror and pain. When I rushed into the street; a policeman was was pressed to the weakest part, and heavy The next day be started earlier; bought hand. beggar, who daily stood in the street asking his cake; drank a glass of lemonade; then,

as he returned home, he placed six pennies come." in the beggar's hand. 'I give you sixpence this morning, because

I had no change these last few days; but I 'You haven't seen them, ma'am, have great cabinet.' I gasped to the servants, 'It's all lined with iron, mum,' said Davis; shall always have some now." Alan is cured of his miserly habit; he has

and stifling all thoughts of humanity or all looks !" charitableness.

### THE RIGHT SORT OF A TENANT.

'Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants,' said running down her face. 'Not want your cake?' Louise echoed in chance to buy a piece of land over on the and see them if you won't speak out;' and I 'Her life,' said some strange voice close to ma'am. Ah, if I had a light new!' He was ears, and the lemonade man approached, man came to me and wanted to know if I sobbing aloud.

"What do you want it for ?" says I. "To live in," he replied.

'Master Alan,' Louise whispered, 'aren't 'The first month he brought me \$2, and rather valuable collection of antiquities out of his face, he rose with a discordant With a wrench the man on the ladder tore you thirsty? Don't you want your lemo the second month a little boy, who said he stood facing the door-a huge cabinet, with laugh and walked away. 'Bah!' he said; off the upper molding and half the roof of 'No, because I have not eaten, I do not that I saw the man once in awhile, but in work -- ciscle as only genuine brass work of against a key.' We did not even look fumbled with the lock, let it fall with a the course of time the boy paid the rent reg- old time can be; curiously inlaid wood- round to see where he went stumbling shriek. Barker caught it from her, put it in He breathed more freely when the man ularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3 .- work; marvelous locks, which no one but through the hall, where he fell in a fit upon and turned it. 'Open it,' she whispered to passed ou, afraid, in spite of himself, he One day I asked the boy what had become its owner understood, and no one else dared the floor. of his father.

"'Is that so?' said I. 'How long since?' ''More'n a year,' he answered.

I took his money, but made up my mind kitchen, and asked for some bread, which he that I would go over and investigate, and ate with great appetite, feeling very hungry. the next day I drove over there. The old The next day his shilling still rested whole shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the In his little red purse; he went as usual door and a little girl let me in. I asked for four feet wide and certainly six inches thick, and fast, within a few inches of our light. Mrs. Lester was on her knees by her huswith Louise to the park and played joyfully ber mother. She said she didn't have any. shut in another, which again inclosed, with and air and living life, done to death by a band. Oget brandy. Get him to speak. "Where is she?" said I.

old came in, and I learned that these three ling we we were shut in, whether we could how it had all happened-how her father, sound came. The men worked wildly now. You have brought bread from the house?' children had been keeping house together breathe long in that narrow inclosure, or be only an hour or so earlier, exhibiting his All thought of sparing the beautiful front 'Yes; I do not like cakes now. I am for a year and a haif, the boy supporting his heard by any one without, supposing and brass-work was forgotten. They tore two little sisters by blacking boots and sell- ful thought-we were forgotten, or the outer matters, had gone up stairs with his friend and hammered at the inner door, whose ing newspapers and the elder girl managing door was shut. I remember thinking of it to show the key he prized so much, leaving smooth, polished surface presented no crevthe house and taking care of the baby. - in bed at night, as nervous children will the cabinet door open, intending to return - lee or joint where to strike first-where to Well, I just had my daughter call on them, think of such things, till I was cold with how Mary and the children, a younger insert a chisel or direct a blow. As they and we keep an eye on them now. I thought horror. Both these two doors shut with a brother and sister, had come in-and how worked, consciousness returned to Mr. Les-

> 'My boy, you're a brick. You keep right to open them, for no one ever tried. The laughing, tried to stand in the old place. 'I precious armoire. He lifted his hands and on as you have begun and you will never be two side doors opened with curious keys, am not too big even now, am I?' she said, looked mutely at his wife. She put ker sorry. Keep your little sisters together and | which stood in the locks, chained to the arnever leave them. Now look at this."

tered up all the money that he had paid me | hundred pounds or more, was considered for rent and I told him that it was all his too sacred for common eyes, and lay in a with interest. 'You keep right on, says I,' velvet-lined case, in Mr. Lester's own keepade, and you would drink at a fountain? I and I'll be your banker and when this ing-brought out only occasionally to show will not allow it; you will await until you amounts to a little more I'll see that you get to those who could readily appreciate such a house somewhere of your own.' That's things. the kind of a te nant to have."

> Words of Wisdom .-- He that waits hope is the poorest man alive. He that's down, down with him, cries the

world. He who knows nothing is confident in everything. Promises hold men faster than benefits;

hope is a cable and gratitude a thread. One may live as a conquerer, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die like a man. You cannot jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side.

first thing to remember is, how much has been escaped. I know of but two beautiful things-the the starry beavens above my head, and the sense of duty within my beart.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, goes by law and not by 'luck,' and that what he sows he reaps.

I think that it must somewhere be written 'Yes, you are. Since you have had that that the virtue of mothers shall occasionally shilling you have given nothing to the lame be visited on their children, as well as the

### THE OLD CABINET.

THRILLING STORY OF A TERRIBLE SITUA-

TION-THE DENOUEMENT.

'A note for you, ma'am. No answer.' I was resting in my own room, after rid. spairing wail. ing-it was six o'clock, too earry to dress for dinner, too late to dress twice after taking crying out my name. off my habit-sleeping over a book, and 'Then I will buy one. Perhaps I shall comfortable in my white dressing gown. 1 woman's cold hands, come and sit down, He pointed with a shaking hand to the heawas bored by the interruption. The note and tell me what has happened -Kate!' I vy door. 'And -I haven't the -key!'

> 'DEAR SALEEN: I must stay whore I are ; and you must go by yourself to the Lesters cally, and helped her mother so the arm- left, as he tore pust them, down Orchard -you won't mind. I saw Jack and he said chair. 'Now tell me if you can't hat Mrs. there was no party, as it would be trouble some with the wedding to-morrow, and the dining room is given up to the breakfast. I've sent bace the brougham. ·Thine,

> Fred is my brother, and was invited, like nothing all day; and then all this. It's too March, who lay on the dining-room sofa myself, to dine quietly with these Lesters, awint, Sale to 1 shall go mad if I think; with closed eyes, happily unconscious. The whose pretty daughter was to be married and papa has never come back!' next day to a friend of ours-specially Fred's and mine-John March, commonly called | 'I don't know. We sent down to the club | pearance changed and aged in the last bour. 'Juck."

and drove to Portman Square. As I turned | and we daren't break it open.' shop-keeper's hard. She handed him four- my and hall door, men in white aprons came | Saleen, it's Mary. Mary is in there, and Do you hear me ?" Tears started to Alan's eyes at the thought feast. 'Well, Barker,' I was beginning, try to save her?'

> 'Or course I've come,' I answered. 'What erything. Run! And you get a hatchet; 'Cut through the panel,' suggested Kate. is the matter?"

you?"

poor is a virtue, the excessive economy of there anything wrong? I suppose we're to obeyed me, dispersing bither and thither .-- dow, and the door swung to with a bang .the rich becomes a vice, bardening the heart dine in the library for to day. How nice it It seemed hours before the men came back Every one looked round. A growl of dis-

a kind faced, old gentleman; 'but the one I was thoroughly alarmed now. 'Barker, last; 'break it with the batchet. What was nearly dark. One of the men spoke.' But I don't want one this morning, thank that I like the best is a child not more than is there anything wrong? Is anyone ill or does anything matter, but her life-her 'is there a step ladder in the house?' It was 16 years of age. A few years ago I got a dead? Don't frighten me like this. I'll go life!"

West Side, and I did so. I noticed that went to the door. I just saw that Barker me, and there stood Jack March swaying given a taper from the library table. Bill

a space of about eight inches of waste room, bit of clever machinery, the work of a dead He could tell us how.' They did what they "We don't know, sir. She went away a set of six drawers, of different sizes, and a band. I would not think of beautiful Mary could. William! O, speak to me. How seat beside his nurse, and calmiy drew from after my father died and we've never seen sort of cupboard between them. We used Lester as she might be, must be, if another can I open it, the spring—the inner door?" to stand as little children between the draw- hour went by. All this time no questions The white lips moved, and the head with 'Just then a little girl about three years ers and the inner door, and wonder, suppose were asked. I never knew until afterward its dripping hair rolled to one side, but no wouldn't disturb them while they are get- catch which was not a lock; but we chil- the unusual sight of the open door had at- ter, he half sat up, supporting himself ng along. The next time the boy came dren were forbidden ever to open or shut tracted them-bow she looked in and told against the door, but no words came, though with the rent I talked with him a little and them except when Mr. Lester was present. the little ones she had not stood inside 'so' his lips moved and his eyes looked with in-It was doubtful if any one else knew how since she was as little as they were; and tense eagerness at the destruction of the moire. They were valuables in themselves. the doors against her the spring caught, and shall I tell them to do?" He beat his hand 'I showed him a ledger in which I had en- The great key of the center door, worth a

It stood there in the summer twilight, looming darkly in the quiet room, darker than the rest of the house, as back rooms in London often are. Chilly, it seemed to me, in my thin white dress, coming from the hall full of sunset light Turning to leave the room I saw a man lying prone on his face upon the sofa; so still and so straight, and so strange to his attitude, that I could only stare for a minute, and wonder whether he was asleep or dead. His hands were over his ears, grasping his hair, as in pain; and 1 noticed the soles of his boots turned quite up, as one notices trifles in the midst of alarm or bewilderment. The nails in his boots showed he was not dressed for dinner. His hat was lying on the floor on its side .-His face I could not see; but I knew it was Jack March, and I touched his arm in won-'Jack, are you awake? Are you asleep !

What is it?' I asked, with growing alarm. Was I to find something strange in every room I entered in this house? 'Jack,' I said again. He turned, and I saw his wild, haggard face, that looked at me with vague

with arms outstretched upon a sofa; moth- their terrified, miserable faces. He took in er man lying half across an ottoman-the the rest of us with a glance. bride's mother and sister. As I came in

called to the girl on the floor, come and . He made one rush to the street; the sergive me that cushion.' She came mechani- vants standing about were swept right and cushion, and she had fainted. The girl the distance,

aroused herself. 'Where is your father?'

and to the house; they can't find him. And 'What keeps Fred?' was my passing we've searched his room, and it's not there. back, she said, speaking like a woman in a thought; then I read a little longer, dressed It's nowhere. And Jack is nearly wild; dream, 'not for half an hour.' She looked

the corner I saw visible preparations and | 'It! What, child? Can't you say what | you know; but the cabinet shall be broken signs of the morrow's wedding at Lesters' you are talking about? I shall go mad open-broken to pieces. Never mind. door. A cart with flowers was unloading ; next. What can't you find? And what Fancy waiting for the key! She laughed -

pence in exchange, which be put with the and went. As the brougham drew up I the key is gone, and papa is away, and three pennies his mother had given him that could see through the open floor the bustle she's dying there—suffocating : and the girl where a fresh and useless attempt had been and stir within. At home in the house, I flung berself on the floor with wild sobs and made to remove the pane without injury to When he arrived home, he told his mother opened the dining room door, to see what tears. Mrs. Lester may forgotten in her the front or to the imprisoned girl. progress was being made with the tables .- swoon; Kate rolled in unavailing misery We might loosen the wood-work and Several maid servants and some of the con- on the carpet. I fled down stairs. The strike it out, mum; and go on taking out fectioner's men were arranging the orna- servants were as busy as ever. I knew it screws same time-

friends' maid was putting moss into the carrying a tray of glass, 'are you going on al screws removed from lock and hinges. beggar must have been to see you pass each flower baskets and decorating the high dish- with all this useless folly, and that girl dy- 'Strike at the hinges with the batchet,' day, and wait in vain for your usual pency.' es containing the more durable part of the log in the next room? Is no one going to came Mrs. Lester's altered voice, bard and Davis stood still and looked at me pity- them through; it can be done-it shall."

> to oring tools to open locks and unscrew ev- more. get anything; come and break open the 'Surely wood can be broken.' who came out to see what it all meant; 'it is as good as a safe. But we might try." 'Seen who ?-the ladies ? No; I came 'Don't lose a moment. Great heavens ! the wful! To see it all, and to go on as if-as they worked at them, removing several and a long ominous roll, and

and the children ran to see, and pushing head down to his lips. 'What is it? What shut her in with death and suffocation; upon the floor. while they went shouting to the others that Kate sprang forward. 'I know! I know! sister Mary was 'in there shut up,' and 'they Strike on the floor, at the foot of the inner couldn't let her out."

on the stairs as they went out.

'I heard him. I know he said Jarvis.' 'That will be Colonel Jarvis in Charles street, ma'am,' said Davis. 'Maybe if we There were voices outside, and Barker looked in with a white face of horror.

'It's master coming,' she said, in a sort of We all stood back. Who was to tell him? Who was to say your girl is behind that im-

movable door? But the boy, frightened enough at his fa- For ten awful seconds there was silence in ther at other times, went up to him, trying the dim room, then a cry, and a heavy fail. to speak quietly: 'The key, sir. Quick, for 'Saleen,' said a voice close to me, 'do you

seizing a servant by the collar and flinging even dressed. Here's your book fallen him to one side like a cat-'do you know down.' what you're doing meddling with that cabi- I had been asleep over an honr. net? Why, it's worth thousands! God bless If I felt like a conspirator at the Lesters' me, what does all this mean? He was pur- pleasant dinner it is not surprising but I did.

"Where's Mary?" he cried suddenly. No and stoke, now fairly bewildered and one spoke. 'Why the deuce don't you anfrightened, Mrs. Lester rose up with a de- swer me? 'Who is shut is there". How could any one be there? Trash!' But his face was "Salcen, Salcen!" She stood shaking and growing asky gray, and his lips whitered as he spoke. 'Ah, my God! I never shut the 'Dear Mrs. Lester,' I said, taking the poor | door ! It is not Mary, not my girl that's' --

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chair. 'Now, tell me, if you can'-but Mrs. street into Oxford street. They could see Lesier's head had fallen back upon the the hatless, fleeing figure disappearing in

Mis. Lester came into the half. The doc-'No wonder,' she said; 'she had caten tor and others were busy about poor Jack timid mistress of the house stood by the staircase, her face, her voice, her whole ap-

'He has gone for the key; he can't be round stupidly and smiled. 'He will kill me Break it down, I tell you. I give the order.

'Do it.'

wiry, usually so low and hesitating. 'Cut

she saw me she let fall the flowers in her standing near the carts. 'Come here,' I blows from a mailet upon that. The hatchsaid. 'You'-to another man-'go and get a et edge was turned, and a dint made; some 'O, ma'am! O, Miss Sarah! you have blacksmith. Run for your life! Tell them of the work injured and broken-but no

the house in my own childhood, I know it, door and proceeded to break into the mid- spring was only known to the master, lying

door ! O. I remember, it was there !"

No, they could not let her out. Mr. Les- Davis felt with his hand all along the polter and his friend had gone off with the key | ished surface of the lowest shelf. 'Here, to show it to some one who had doubted its press here; give me a hammer.' He felt a date-so it appeared from one of the boys slight rise, and struck gradually all about who now came in; he heard them talking the spot Kate showed him. A deafening clap of thunder, and a flash, blinding us for 'He said : 'Jarvis knows nothing about it; | the moment, and we all crowded close, and he has never seen it, said the boy, sobbing. then came a creak, drowned in the awful thunder.

'It's open,' said one of the men. Kate slid to the door, twisting my dress about her head. Davis turned from the door. 'I daren't

look,' he said, 'Do you,' to the carpenter's man. 'Open it gently.' Barker stretched forward, turned round,

'I can't see,' said the man, with a strange, thick voice. 'Bring the light, some one.'-

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these adversarian & Co., Co. to. (No. 4.

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my illness to sit on my char day illness to sit on my char day illness to septing for breath; my suf-rings were beyond description. In spair I experimented on mysaid by roots and herbs and inhaling the DERFUL CURE for ASTHMA and STHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, so can lie down so rest and sleep cars.

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tes so as to remove all morbid irrita-

tions and inflamation from the lungs

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(To be continued.) COLCATARRH-REMEDY and long-star ce Sinbo

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When any calamity has been suffered, the lame beggar now. See how pititally he

there was an old coop of a house on it, but had descended to the floor, and that her like a drunken man, with scared eyes and -to his companion-look tere; hold the Presently a small tinkling bell fell on his I paid no attention to it. After awhile a head was on the chair, which she clutched, wild hair. Was his reason gone or going? light and keep a hand on the side.' He lift-. 'Don't!' he shouted to a workman who ed the hatchet and gave a swinging blow-I met the butler and another man crossing was lifting the hatchet to break in the door. another an awful clap of thunder and the the hall, both with scared, solemn faces, 'Not up there. Her head.' And then he next flash showed every white face to the and went on to the morning room on the stooped his ear to the keyhole, listened in- other. Quick steps in the hall, and the door "Well, I said, 'you can have it. Pay me same floor. There all looked much as usual. tently a minute, raised his hand as if to de- flung wide; a wild, wet figure threw the key The pride of the house and of my friends' mand silence, and, the intelligence fading among us, and fell in a heap upon the floor. was this man's son, came with \$3. After massive clamped doors and richly cut brass "ber life against Lester's cabinet-ber life the armoire. Mrs. Lester took up the key,

> inside and outside, by heart. A mystery die compariment from the wings. The senseless on the floor. and a wonder thea-an interest later-al grand old workmanship resisted; there 'Take off more here,' one of the men ways a thing to admire and wonder at even seemed no weak point, no crevice, no possi- shouted; it will give air till the door's get bility of breaking into the huge thing with- open." It had three doors. The center one, about out fear of harm to that which it held locked Good thought. They worked savagely.

> > sent there-

God's sake !" eyes that seemed not to see; and then he ple with anger. 'Don't stand staring-Sara not mention my dream. put his head down with a moan and covered | Heriot, he thundered, you are not a fool; his ears once more, as if to shut out sight be good enough to explain this - this you will not go to heaven-no miser ever acts the hardest service and pays the bitter. and sound. The room felt darker and chil- I went up to him, sick with horror. 'The acts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the suclier for this silent figure, and the gaunt old
est wages. Its service is to watch the suclier for this silent figure, and more oppressive.

I went up to him, sick with norror. The
and, while we may correctly see parts of
their character, other parts are velled from Alan bung his head in shame.

As they passed through a narrow street a little girl, poorly dressed, came out of a dailor of the girl, poorly dressed, came out of a dailor of the grown door stood open.

It wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages to be sure of it. To know the pains of power we must go those who have it; to know its pleasures we little girl, poorly dressed, came out of a dailor of the glow of the sunset was over the room.

Alan bung his head in shame.

To know the pains of power we must go those who have it; to know its pleasures we little girl, poorly dressed, came out of a dailor of the sunset was over the room.

The glow of the sunset was over the room.

The glow of the sunset was over the room. y, carrying a small jug of milk.

Whether from glddiness or accident, the pains of power are real, its pleasures imag.

The glow of the sunset was over the room, der till I winced with pain.

Whether from glddiness or accident, the pains of power are real, its pleasures imag.

The glow of the sunset was over the room, der till I winced with pain.

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The glow of the sunset was over the room, der till I winced with pain.

The glow of the sunset was over the room, der till I winced with pain. open windows showed the balconies, lined thing else, sir. Only open it quick, and lose er dream. with red cloth, and ready for the guests no more time.'

NUMBER 5.

Two workmen came from a side door,

hope now you see how wrong you have ventional erection, stood conspicuous. My 'Good God!' I said to the butler, who was Sharp blows upon chisels now, and sever-

Three telling blows. The moon suddenly learned that, though the economy of the straight in here to look at the tables. Is time that has been lost already! They darker, a chill blast of wind from the winwith tools. 'Try the hinges first, Are tant thunder, and a faint flash of lightning 'Nice! O, ma'am, it's a mockery, it's there screws?" There was that chance, and accounted for it next moment. More blows if-O, Lord!' and the woman sat down and heavy curious nails and screws, but seeming playing across the great armoire; then an rocked herself to and fro, with the tears no nearer the object; the door was fast and avalanche of rain and hall-all strange and firm. 'O, break it down!' I screamed at incongruous on this fine evening. The room brought. 'I'll try the top, with your leave, one of the men ; 'I can't.' She turned away meddle with. It was a very old friend, the Fearing to injure that imprisoned figure - sick with dread. It was opened, showing great armoire; playing with the children of living or dead, who could tell-we left the nothing but the terrible inner door, whose

tried to say something, and burst out crying. know it's a quarter past seven, and you are 'Key! What-what's all this? God! sir' due at the Lesters' at haif past; and not