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VOLUME XIX.

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THE HALF-CASTE.

AN OLD GOVERNESS'S TALE ---FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS MULOCK.

I never take long in dressing, and oon went down, rather quietly perraps; for I was meditating with how much this passionate child might yet have to suffer in the world.

I believe I have rather a light step; at all events I was once told so. Certainly I did not intend to come into the parlor ulthily or pryingly; in fact, I never ought of its occupants at all. On ening, what was my amazement to see uding at the window-Lieutenant ngustus and-my Zillah! He was emeing-in plain English, kissing her. Now, I am no prude in such things; have oftentimes known a harmless ther-like or brother-like embrace beween two, who, quite certain of each other's feelings, gave and received the same in all frank affection and simplicty. But generally I am very particular; ore so than most women. I often used to think that, were I a man, I would wish, in the sweet day of my be-trothal, to know for certain that mine was the first lover's kiss ever pressed on the dear lips which I then sealed as lly my own! Hot in this case, at one glance, even

f I had not caught the silly phrase, My angel! —the same I heard in the wood (ah, that wood!)-I or any one would have detected the truth. It came apon me like a thunderbolt; but know-ing Zillah's disposition, I had just wit agh to glide back unseen, and re-en-, taiking loudly at the door. Upon which I found the lieutenant tapping his boots carelessly, and Zillah shrinkig into a corner like a frightened hare. He went off very soon—he said, to an nuagement at Helfast, and we started r our ramble. I noticed that Zillah valked along-side of Caroline, as if she uld not approach or look at me.

know not whether I was most shocked at my poor girl, or puzzled to think what possible attraction this young man could find in such a mere ild so plain and awkward-locoking That he could be "in love" with her, even in the lowest sense of that rase, seemed all but an impossibility, and if not in love, what possible purose could be have in wooing or wanting to marry her?—for I was simple enough to suppose that all woring must

fears and doubts as to what course I must pursue, did I walk on beside Mailda, who, having quarreled with her sister, kept close to me. She went chattering on about some misdoings of Caroline. At last my attention was caught by hearing Zillah's name. I won't bear it always," said the

Bear what?" Why, that Carry should always have That what has that to say to Zillah's

I hardly knew whether I was right or and ma kept it very secret; but Carry found it out, and told it to brother Au-

efore purchasing elsewhere.

##Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks
Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaran

I stood aghast. In a moment all came clear upon me; the secret of Mr. Sutherland's guardianship-of his letter to me intercepted-of the money lately ent-of Mr. Le Poer's anxiety concern ing his niece's life, and his desire to keep her hidden from the world, lest she might come to a knowledge of her position. The whole was a tissue of crimes. And, deepest crime of all! I now guessed why Lieutenant Augustus wished, unknown to his father, to enher, and secure all to himself.

I never knew much of the world and its wickedness; I believed all men were like my father or Mr. Satherland. This discovery for the time quite dizzied my faculties. I have not the slightest recollection of anything more that passed on that sea-side walk, except that, com-ing in at the door of the cottage, I heard Zillah say in anxious tones, What alls Miss Pryor, I wonder?" I had wisdom enough to answer, "Nothing, my dears!" and sent them all to

"Shall you be long after us?" asked Zillah, who, as I said, was my chamber-'An hour or two," I replied, turning

always so weak, and girlish love at fifteen such a fascinating dream. Whatever I thought of the lieutenant, he was very attractive to most people. He was, ever made acquaintance with, and the first human being except myself who had treated her with kindness. But wanderings, evening after evening, in grounds of the deserted estate. She have met him there. Poor girl! could well imagine what it must be to be woord under the glamour of summer twilight and beautiful solitude. No onder Zillah's heart was stolen away! "Thinking of this now, I feel I am wrong in saying "heart" of what at best could have been mere "fancy." Women's natures are different; but some women have been gravely, mournfully, fatally in earnest, even at sixteen. We refer, here, to the Postaraster, the opt, of Money Order Div., and to officials However, in earnest or not, she must risks. There could be no doubt of that, But to whom should I apply for aid? Not to Mr. Le Poer certainly. The poor orphan seemed trembling between

At first I almost forgot what I had to write about. While musing, I was startled by a noise like the opening of a window. Now, as I explained, our house was all one that, and we could easily step from any window to the beach. In considerable alarm I burried into Zillah's room. There, by the dim night-light, I saw her bed was empty. She had apparently dressed herself-for I saw none of her clothes—and crept out at the window. Terrified inexpressibly, I was about to follow her, when I saw e flutter of a shawl outside, and heard er voice speaking. No, cousin-no, dear cousin! Don't

we were obliged to run awaynediately I saw that, with a girl of Zilah's fierce obstinacy, discovery would he most dangerous. I put out the light and kept quite still). 'I can't, indeed I can't," pursued Zilab's voice, in answer to some urging which was inaudible; adding, with a hildish laugh, "You know, Cousin Auand be married in a cotton dressinggown; and Miss Pryor keeps all my best clothes. Dear Miss Pryor! I would much rather have told her, only you say she would be so much the more sur-prised and pleased when I came back

Her words, so childish, so unconscious of the wrong she was doing, perfectly startled me. All-my romantic notions of girlish passion following its own wild will were put to flight. Here was a mere child led away by the dazzle of a new toy to the brink of a precipice, she evidently knew no more of love and marriage than a baby!

For a little time longer, the wicked-

not go with you, only you say that when I am married I shall have nothing to

never to kiss anybody unless we love them very maci "And don't you love me, my adorable "I-I'm not quite sure; sometimes I

a yawn. 'Let us settle it at once, my dear, for it grows late. If you will not come to-night, let me have the happi-

I'll have my best frock on, and we can be married in time to meet them all be-fore the boat sails the next day."

was about to ruin her peace forever. A little he tried to reverse her plan and make the marriage earlier, but Zillah was too steady. In the obstinacy of her character—in the little influence which, lover as he was, he seemed to have over her—I found her safeguard, past and present. It would just allow me to save her in the only way she could be saved.

ment, wrote my letter to Mr. Suther-

time for the arrival of an answer, or-himself. I left everything to him, trap her still childish affections, marry | merely stating the facts, knowing he would do right. At midnight I went to bed. Zillah was fast asleep. As I lay awake, hour after hear, I thanked Heaven that the poor child, deluded as spared that sorrow. During all the week I contrived to

keep Zillah as near me as was possible, latter fact. Certainly they were a

was still fixed for the elopement—I began to feel a good deal alarmed. Of Mr. Sutherland there was notidings. At mind, my influence over Zillah, and my appeal to her sense of honor and affecsaving I had letters to write, and prepared myself for whatever was to hap-

and at times I thought myself so like-wise, for not going to Zillah and telling her all I had discovered; but I knew her character better than that. The idea of being betrayed, waylaid, controlled, would drive her flerce Eastern nature into the very commission of the madness she contemplated. In every thing I must trust to the immulse of the moment and to the result of her suddenly discovering her own position and the villainous planslaid against her. more anxious hour than that I spent

lah Le Poer—her father's legitimate daughter and heiress. All I had been led to believe was a cruel and wicked for it was a lovely night, the moon high up over the Lough, and making visible the Antrim hills. I think in all he made me sole guardian in his stead over Zillah Le Poer, assigning for her a moments of great peril one grows quiet:

He said be hoped we should all live happily togeth er—she, my mother and I—intil he came back. He spent a short time with He spent a short time with us all at his country seat—a time which, looking back upon, seems in its

her gradually and gently the whole truth, and explained from how much she had been saved. She seemed grateful and penitent; it was clear that her heart had never been touched by love; she was yet a mere child. The only evidence of womanly shame she gave was in keeping entirely out of her guardian's way; nor did he take much notice of her except in reproaching himself to me with being neglectful of his charge; but he had so thoroughly trusted in the girl's uncle as being her best

protector The only remark he ever made on Zillah's personal self was that she had beautiful eyes, adding, with a half sigh, "that he liked dark Oriental eyes." One day his mother told me something which explained this. She said he had been engaged to a young lady in India. died. He had never cared much for woman's society since, and his mother thought would probably never marry. After his departure I learned the whole story. My heart bled over every pang he had suffered; he was so good and his indifference to all women, I feit the more grateful for the trust he showed in me, by making me Zillah's guardian in his absence, and wishing me to write to him regularly of her welfare. The last words he said were asking me to go and see his mother often; and then he bade God bless me, and called me "his dear friend." He was very

was not good—I being often delicate in winter time. My mother and Zillah took care of me, and I was very gratethe springtime advanced, and went on

Poer and I. One morning I found with a curious surprise, but without

was thirty years old! eyes told me, a very striking woman too. I was little of a judge in beauty myself; still I knew well that everybody we met thought her handsome. Likewise, she had grown up beautiful in mind as well as in body. I was very

India multer passoner sent us each a magnificent smeet far too magnificent it was for a little body like me, but it became Zillah splendid-She tucked me under her arm as if I had been a little girl, and walked me up and down the room; for she was of a cheerful, gay temper now-just the one to make an old heart young again, to flash upon a worn spirit with the brightness of its own long-past morn-

I wish I had thought so oftener! But it matters little, I only chronicle this day, as being the first when Zillah unconsciously put herself on a level with me, becoming thenceforward a woman and my equal—no longer a mere pet and a child. About this time-I may as well just

state the fact to comfort other maidens of thirty years' standing—I received an offer of marriage, the first I had ever had. He who asked me was a gentleman of my own age, an old acquaintance, though never a very intimate friend. I examined myself well, with great humility and regret, for he was an excellent man; but I found I could not marry him. It was very strange mother, proud and pleased—first, be-cause I had the honor of a proposal; secondly, that it was refused, and she kept her child still-would have it that the circumstance was not strange at all. She said many women were handsomer and more attractive at thirty than they had ever been in their lives. My poor, fond, deluded and deluding mother, in se sight even I was fair! That night I was foolish enough to look long into the glass, at my quiet little face, and my pale, gray-blue eyes—not dark like Zillah's—foolish enough to count narrowly the white threads that were coming one by one into my hair. This trouble-I mean the offer of marriage -I did not quite get over for many

weeks, even months. The following year of my life there befell me a great pang. Of this, a grief never to be forgotten, a loss never to be restored-I cannot even now say more than is implied in three words— my mother died! After that Zillah and lived together alone for twelve months or more.

There are some scenes in our lifelandscape scenes I mean-that we remember very clearly; one strikes me now. A quiet, soft May day; the hedg-es just in their first green, the horse-chestnuts white with flowers; the long, silent country lanes swept through by a traveling carriage, in which two wom-en, equally silent, sat—Zillah Le Poer

It was the month before her coming of age, and she was going to meet her guardian, who had just returned from

that humiliating circumstance which first brought her acquainted with her gua dian. But despite this ill-omened beginning, her youth had blossomed into great perfection. As she sat there before me, fair in person, well cultured in mind, and pure and virgin in heart for I had so kept her out of harm's way that, though nearly twenty-one, I knew she had never bean "in keve" with any man-as she sat thus, I felt proud and

Charge he gave.

We drove to the lodge gates. An English country-house always fair to see; this was very beau the remembered it seven years ago only that it was autumn, and now maring. Zillah remembered it likewise; she drew back, and I heard her whisper uneasily: "Now we shall soon see Mr. Suther-land."

SONG OF THE CHILDREN. Merry Elfins Stop the Throng with Their Music-A Touch of Nature in the Madding Crowd.

A few steps from the corner of Broadway in Ann street there frequently arises above the rumble of wheels and the tramp of feet the song of children : King William was King James' son.

New York Heralt.

And upon a royal race he run : Upon his breast he wore a star, Which was called the life of war, Go choose your east, go choose your west, Go choose the one that you love best, And if she's not there go take her part, And choose the next one to your heart; Then embrace your bride and kiss her sweet-Rise and stand upon your feet. King William was, etc., etc.

When people hear it they instinctively stop and listen. He they ever so busy, they can spare a few seconds to hear these words, which recall to them, even in that dingy, bustling highway, juvenile days when their own hands clasped sweetheart's palms, and their own young feet kept time to the same jingling rhyme, and-sweetest of all-when their own childish lips touched those of the dearest girl on the block. The singers on Ann street are not of the same class as were those playmates they remember, but the song is the same, and it's the song that awakens the memory. These singers are ragged, and, it must be confessed, mudbespattered news girls. There are no boys in the ring-they would scorn such pas-Blithely ran the song, "King William was King James" son," the other day.

Several brokers who can count their mil-Hons crossed from the Astor House on their way lunching, and, stopping, smiled, as they wouldn't have missed that sight and that song for a thousand big cold dollars. John T. Raymond, the comedian, who was passing, stopped, and, leaning against the telegraph pole, watched the little ring with a pleased but dreamy look that might have come away back from the pavements of Buffalo forty odd years ago. His hand went to his trousers pocket and seemed about to come out with a handful of something, but he didn't interrupt the song. A heavy wagon turned the corner, and, forging past two others, ran close to the sidewalk. There was a shrick of pain, then others of horror. Men crowded around the spot, and a gentleman in a Prince Albert coat

tore off his kid gloves and lifted a little sufferer from the gutter. Black mud and dirty water ruined the \$50 diagonal coat, but he held the little head close to him for all that. Then a policemen came; then there came the rolling sound of a press on the opposite side of the street, pressman's counter; then an ambulance, into which the slender little form was lifted, one arm hanging limp and useless, with the stain of blood upon the dress sleeve, and then the crowd rushed away. the wagons rattled, and the little singers darted everywhere with the evening papers.

WANTED TO REST IN PEACE. How Mr. Johnson Bid What He Could to Make His Grave Scoure.

Charles Johnson, aged eighty, an eccentric bachelor, died at Morristown, Ga., and his remains lie in the Morristown C --- Ha lead always a great horror of grave robbers. An include rested on a stone foundation. An iron cover was laid on the lid and firmly riveted to an iron frame-work that was securely fastened into the stone work below. A stone vault surrounded the coffin, and the vault was closed by a flagstone, which was securely comented down.

Thirty years suo Mr. Johnson placed \$500 in his vest pocket, saying to his bachelor brother: "Tke, when I die use this money to bury me in such a way that grave-robbers can't get at me." Ike replied: "All right, Charley, PII

bear it in mind," For thirty years Charles carried that roll of money constantly about him, and , when he died the bills, done up in an oil skin, were taken from his old vest. Isanc, true to his promise, "buried his brother right." He ordered a resewood casket and personally superintended the arrangements. They had kept hotel together, and then went into the lime-burning business, They accumulated nearly \$200,000. They never married, but kept house by themselves, and their dwelling was as neat and clean as a pin. Charles suffered from a stroke of paralysis in 1889. Both brothers had a horror of burglars. Charles made two wills, but he had a superstition that If he signed either of them he would surely die. He postponed signing until it was too late, and be died, therefore, without a will. His fortune was divided between his brother and distant relatives.

What Sporting Men Bely On. When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for

eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he ex-" Never, to men who fire nt my back !"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate he get well in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse." By the way, if Garfield had been in the

hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper Before Detective Curtin of Bucklo, caught Tom Ballard he "covered him and quite as certain.

with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled ! Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan

Mace. Death "fetched em" with that Mace. Death "fetched em" with that dreadful wengen—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—Sportman's News. A Cure For the Blues,

Eva Best, of Dayton, O., writes to The

Household: A selfish person always nakes me think of a house without windows-the sunshine of loving kindness cannot enter in, and the self-sufficient atmosphere of egotism cannot get out! Throw aside the shutters, oh, ye selfish, and let the light of good-will shine out from your soul's tenement upon the weary wayfarer! Open the sash and let in the music of song-birds, the sweet air of heaven, and the golden rays of gladness forever outpouring from the sun of

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TOM BALLARD WOLVES.

The Hybrid Offspring of Sixty Years Ago Still Found in Penusylvanla Woods.

A Mimin (Pa.) County correspondent of the Chicago Herald writes: Now and then hunters in the woods of this and adjoining counties of Pennsylvania come across wild, wolfish-looking dogs in isolated mountain regions, but the brutes have always managed to disappear so quickly among the rocks, on being discovered. that none have ever been killed. They are supposed, with good reason, to be descendants of a welf and a mongrel dog. which were bred together in 1823. Wolves were becoming scarce in the region sixty years ago, but a few lingered in the woods, and were a great unisance to the farmers, making frequent raids on their sheep pastures. In 1822 one wolf in particular made great inroads on the farmers' sheep, and defled all efforts to capture it. There was a superstition among the pioneers of the region that there were such things as "were-wolves," wolves that bore charmed Hyes, and possessed the nower of reasons about without leaving any trail by which

they could be followed. Tom Ballard was a famous hunter of that day. He was entreated by the farmers who had been losers by the raids of the mysterious wolf, to bent it down if the thing were possible, although many believed it was a were wolf. Ballard started out in the spring of 1822 with his dogs and gun for the purpose of killing the wolf. He reamed the wildest parts of the woods for several days, but could find no trace of the animal. At the end of the nith day he came to a crevice in the rocks on the southern edge of a hill, known as Mount Plagah. There was no outward evidence that it was a wolf's den, but he resolved to enter the cave and find out. He crawled in on his hands and knees and found two wolf whelps a week or two old. He wrapped them up in his blanket and quickly withdrew from the cave. He did not meet the old wolf, and started for home with the two young ones. He placed them in his wood house. Three nights later he heard a great noise in the yard. Looking out he saw as old wolf trying to get into the wood house. It was the mother of the whelps. Ballard shot her. She was an unusually large one, and as no more raids were made on the sheep pastures of the region it was believed that she was the one that had given them so much trouble.

The wholps grew up in captivity. They were both females. In 1824 Bullard solf. one of them. The next year the other one was bred to a mongrel dog. She gave birth to a litter of whelps resambling their mother. After becoming a mother the walf which had never love t to a most ferecious animal and no one dared to go near her. Her offsprings early developed wild and victous characteristics, and it was thought best to kill the whole family. One night before the decision was carried into effect the wolf and her half-grown hybrid whelps took to the woods. They were followed, and the mother and one or two of the young ones were killed. The others escaped and have bred among the rocks ever since.

FROM A FOREIGN SHORE,

Buenos Ayros has thirty-nine newspa-pers and more promised. Twenty-one are Argentine/six Italian, three French, four English, two German and three Spanish.

the following inscription: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also

To see her husband for half an hour on he day set apart for her semi-annual falt, the wife of a convict at Portsmouth,

The export of slaves from the Moranbique const from 1807 to 1867 amounted to 5,000,000 sonis. In the palmy days of the foreign slave trade the Bishop of the discense, seated on a marble throne, haptized and blessed the gang of slaves as they passed, shackled, to the shore for embarkation

The telephone has been introduced into almost every town of consequence in England and Scotland. There are 12,000 telephone exchanges in England and over 41,000,000 messages were should through them last year. The royalty paid by the telephone companies to the Postoffies Department in the same time was £30,000.

fits in the last four years from 3.46 to 4.96

A discussion is going on in Europe con-cerning the distance at which large ob-jects on the earth's surface may be visijects on the earth's surface may be visible. Emil Metzger mentions that he once saw, with some difficulty. Keizerspickt in Sumatra, when distant 110 English miles; and he also made out Gug Merapi, in Java, when 180 miles away. From the Piz Muraun, near Dissentis, E. Hill has seen Mont Blane, the intervening space measuring about 110 miles. J. Starkie Gardner states that Mont Blane is visible from the Piz Langard, though distant about three degrees. In Greenland Mr. Waymper beheld a mountain from which he was separated by 150 miles, and from Marseilles Zuch saw Mount Canigon at a distance of 158 miles. The whole range of Marsellies Zuch saw Alband distance of 158 miles. The whole range of the Swiss Alps have been looked up in by the Swiss Alps have been looked up in by J. Hippisley while 200 miles away, while Sir W. Jones has affirmed that the Himalayas have appeared to view from the great distance of 234 miles.

town, N. J., organized a surprise party, and, accompanied by their girls visited

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angry child; "I'll only bear it till Zillah | creature?

two new frocks to my one. It's a Don't you know, Miss Pryor?—oh, of course you don't, for Carry wouldn't let me tell you; but I will!" she added

wrong in not stopping the girl's tongue, but I could not do it. "Do you know," she added in a sly whisper, "Carry says we shall all be very rich when Zillah comes of age. Pa

gustus and to me." "Told what?" said I, forgetful that I was prying into a family secret, and stung into curiosity by the mention of

"That Zillah will then be very rich, as her father left her all he had; and uncle Henry was a great nabob, because he married an Indian princess and got all her money. Now, you see," she continued with a cunning smile, shocking on that young face, "we must be very civil to Zillah, and of course she will give us all her money. Eh, you under-

away.

I went and sat alone in the little par-lor, trying to collect my thoughts. To any governess the discovery of a clan-destine and unworthy love-affair among per pupils would be most painful, but my discoveries were all horror together.
The more I thought it over the more
my agonized pity for Zillah overcame
my grief for her deceitfulness. Love is besides, the first young man Zillah had what opportunities could they have had to become lovers? I recollected Zillah's

the grasp of either villain, father and Whatever must be done for her I must do myself of my own indement, and on my own responsibility It was a very hard strait for me. In my processity I instinctively turned to

my best friend in the world, and-as I

suddenly remembered-Zillah's too, I

determined to write and explain all to | so did I. Mr. Sutherland, How well I remember that hour! The little parlor quite still and quiet, except for the faint sound of the waves rolling in; for it was rather a wild night, and our small one-storied cottage stood by tself in a solitary part of the beach. How well I remember myself! sitting with the pen in my band, uncertain how to begin; for I felt awkward, nev

er having written to him since I was a

ask me. I can't go away with you to-night. It would be very wrong when fiss Pryor knows nothing about it. If he had found us out or threatened, and

married. And you are quite sure that she shall always live with us, and never return to Yorkshire again?"

lover I cannot call him-suitor, urged his suit, playing with her simplicity in a manner that he must inwardly have laughed at all the time. He lured her to matrimony by puerile pet names, such as "My angel" - by idle rhapsodies and promises of fine houses and "I don't mind these things at all," said poor Zillah, innocently, "I would

ever acold mo and I ill have Miss Pryor always near me. Here was a pause, until the child's simple voice was heard again: "I don't like that, cousin. I won't kiss you again. Miss Pryor once said we ought

love you and sometimes not; but I suppose I shall always when we are mar-That blissful day must be very soon," said the lieutenant; and I thought I heard him trying to suppress

ness, the entire felicity, of fetching you o-morrow."
"No, no," Zillah answered; "Miss ryor will want me to help her to pack. We leave this day week: let me stay till he night before, then come for me, and

In other circumstances I should have smiled at this child's idea of marriage; but now the crisis was far too real and awful; and the more her ignorance lightened her own error, the more it increased the crime of that bad man who

I listened till I heard her say goodbye to her cousin, creep back into the dark room through the open window, and fasten it securely as before. Then I stole away to the parlor, and supported by the strong excitement of the mo-

There would be in the six days just she has been, knew nothing of what love was in its reality. She was at least

consistent with the necessity of not awaking her suspicions. This was the more practicable, as she seemed to cling to me with an unwonted and even inful tenderness. The other girls umbled sadly at our departure; but ckily all had been definitely arranged by their father, who had even, range to say, given me money for the journey. He had likewise gracefully apologized for being of fixed to let us women-kind travel alone, as he had himself some business engagen, ats, while his son had lately rejoined no regiment. I really think the deceiving and deceived father fully credited the

worthy pair!

I made all my plans secure, and screwed up my courage as well as I could; but I own on the evening previous to our journey-the evening which, from several attesting proofs, I knew twilight I saw plainly that the sole hope must lie in my own presence of I sent the children early to bed. Now many may think me foolish,

Never in my life do I remember a sitting in the dark by the parlor window; whence, myself unseen, I could see all that passed without the house;

At eleven there was a sound of wheels on the beach, and the shadow of a manpassed the window. I looked out. It was the most unromantic and common place elopement with an heiress; he was merely going to take her away on an outside car. There was no one with him but the carman, who was left whistling contentedly on the shore. The moment had come; with the en-

ergy of desperation, I put off the shawl in which I had wrapped myself in case I had to follow the child, for follow her I had determined to do, were it necessary. Quietly, and with as ordinary a manner as 1 could assume, I walked into Zillah's room. She was just stepping from the window on to the beach. She had on her best frock and shawl, poor innocent! with her favorite white bonnet, that I

had lately trimmed for her, carefully tied up in a kerchief. I touched her shoulder, "Zillah, where are you going?" She started and screamed. Tell me: I must know!" I repeated. holding her fast by the arm, while Au-

gustus rather roughly pulled her by the "Cousin, you burt me!" she cried, and instinctively drew back. Then for the first time the lieutenant saw me. I have often noticed that cunning and deceitful people—small villains, not great ones—are always cowards. Mr. Augustus drew back as if he had been shot. I took no notice of him, but still appealed to Zillah. Tell me, my child, the plain truth,

as you always do-where were you going?" She stammered out: "I was going to-to Belfast-to be married." "Married to your cousin?" She bung her head and murmured:

At this frank confession the bridegroom interposed. He perhaps was all the braver for reflecting that he had only women to deal with. He leaped in at the chamber-window, and angrily asked me by what right I interfered.
"I will tell you," said I, "if you have enough gentlemanly feeling to leave my apartment, and will speak with me in the open air. He retreated, I bolted the window,

and still keeping a firm hold on the trembling girl, met him outside the front door. It certainly was the oddest place for such a scene; but I did not wish to admit him inside the house. "Now, Miss Pryor," said he impera-tively, but still politely—a LePoer could not be otherwise—"will you be so kind as to relinquish that young lady, who has confided herself to my care, and intends honoring me with her hand?"

"Is that true, Ziliah? Do you love

this man, and voluntarily intend to marry him?" "Yes, if you will let me, Miss Pryor. He promises always to be kind to me, nd never let me work. Please don't angry with me, dear Miss Pryor! Oh, do let me marry my cousin!"
"Listen to me a few minutes, Zillah," said I, "and you shall choose." An then I told her in as few words as could, what her position was—how that it had been concealed from her that she was an heiress, and how by mar

her, her cousin Augustus w. 3 8 master over all her wealth. Worldly was she, that I think the rself hardly understood me; but the utenant was furious. "It is all a lie—an infamous cheat!" he cried. "Don't believe it, Zillah! Don't be frightened, little fool! I promised to marry you, and, by Heav-

! marry you I will!"
"Lieutenant Le Poer," said I very quietly, "that may not be quite so easy as you think. However, I do not pre-vent you, as indeed I have no right; I only ask my dear child Zillah here to grant me one favor, as for the sake of my love to her"—(here Zillah sobbed)—
"I doubt not she will; namely, that she uld do as every other young woman of common sense and delicacy would do, and wait until to-morrow, to ask the consent of one who will then probably be here, if he is not already arrived-her guardian, Mr. Andrew Sutherland.

an oath, probably very mild in the mess-room, but very shocking here to two women's ears. Zillah crept farther from him and nearer to me. "I'll not be cheated so!" stormed he. "Come, child, you'll trust your cousin?
You'll come away to-night?"—and he
tried to lift her on the car, which had
approached—the Irish driver evidently much enjoying the scene.
"No, cousin; not to-night," said the

girl, resisting, "I'd rather wait and

Lieutenant Augustus burst out with

have Miss Pryor with me, and proper bridemaids, and a wedding-dress, and all that-that is, if I marry you at all, which I wont unless Miss Pryor thinks on will be kind to me. So good-bye ill to-morrow, cousin."
He was so enraged by this time that he tried forcibly to drag her on the car. But I wound my arms round my dear child's waist and shricked for help. "Faith, sir," said the sturdy Irish-

man, interfering, half in amusement, half in indignation, "ye'd betther lave the women alone. I'd rather not meddle with an abduction. So Zillah was set free from the lieutenant's grasp, for, as I said before, a scoundrel is often a great coward. I drew the trembling and terrified girl into the house—he following with a storm of eaths and threatenings. At last I forcibly shut the door upon him, and bolted him out. Whether this in-dignity was too much for the valorous soldier, or whether he felt sure that all chance was over, I know not; but when I looked out ten minutes after the coast was clear. I took my erring, wronged, yet still more wronged than erring child into my bosom, and thanked

Heaven she was saved. The next morning Mr. Sutherland ar-'fter this night's events I have little to say, or rather I prefer to say but lit-tle, of what passed during the remaintle, of what passed during the remain-der of the summer. We all traveled to England ther, going round by Yorkshire in one to leave Mr. Le-Poer's daughters of their own home. This was Mr. Suther, ad's kind plan, that the two girls might be bent in ignorance of the whole affair, a. 1 espec ially of their father's ill-deeds, . What they suspected I know not; they were merely told that it was the desire of Zillah's guardian to take her and her

governess home with him So we parted at Halifax and I never saw any of the family again. I had no scruples about thus quitting them, as I found out from Mr. Satherland test I had been engaged solely as governess to his ward, and that he had himself paid my salary in advance; the whole of which, in some way or other had been intercepted by Mr. Le Poer. money of course was gone; but he had written to me with each remittance, and thus I had lost his letters. That was hard! I also found out, with great joy and

lie. The whole history of her father and mother was one of these family tragedies, only too frequent, which, the actors in them being dead, are best forgotten. I shall not revive the tale. In late autumn Mr. Sutherland sailed for India. Before he quitted England

comfort, that my Zillah was truly Zil-

eight days like eight zeparate years.

I ought to speak of Zillah, the unmoved center of so many convolving fates. She remained still and silent as ever—dull, grieved, humiliated. I told

who on the eve of their marriage had noble a man. And when I knew about

kind always! We had a quiet winter, for my health ul for their love. I got well at last as

in my old ways. There are sometimes long pauses in one's life—deep rests or sleeps of years in which month after month and season after season, float on each the same; during which the soul lies either quiet or torpid, as may be. Thus, without any trouble, joy or change, we lived for several years—my mother, Zillah Le-

any of the horror which most women are supposed to feel at that fact, that I We discovered by the same reckening that Zillah was just nineteen. I remember she put her laughing face beside mine in the glass. There was a great difference truly. I do not mean never compared that, but in her former self. She had grown up into a woman, and, as that glass told me, and my own

in mind as well as in tool, in mind as well as in tool, proud of my dear child.

member this day, when she thirty. I rememind friend in this, and

recollect thinking thus at the time

that he should ask me, I thought.

Mrs. Sutherland had received a letter from Southampton, and immediately sent for us into the country to meet her son, her "beloved Andrew." I merely repeat the words as I remember Zillah's doing, while she laughed at the ugly name. I never thought it ugly.

When we had really started, however,
Zillah ceased laughing, and became grave, probably at the recollection of

glad in her, feeling sure that Mr. Suthnd would say I had well fulfilled the

I did not answer her a grd. TO BE CONTINUED.

In a consetery in France one reads:
"Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife.
She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone is

England, trudged all the way from Birm ingham, wheeling their crippled child, eleven years old, in a perambulator. The journey occupied twenty one days.

parkation. The telephone has been introduced into

The German railroads have steadily de-The German faironds have steadily de-creased their profits since 1878. The Austrian roads, on the contrary, have slowly increased their net earnings from 100 per cent in 1876 to 4.76 in 1881. The Dutch railroads, which are well managed financially, have also increased their pro-

In Munich and Stuttgart, Germany, masons work 2 hours a day and receive about \$7,30 a week; apprentices only \$4,50. Carpenters work 10 hours a day and receive from \$4 to \$6 a week; locksmiths work 10 hours and receive \$4,50; tailors work 10 to 12 hours for \$2 to \$1 a week; sinemakers, 12 hours for \$2.30 to \$1 a week; weavers, 11 hours a day for \$2 to \$4 a week; weavers, 11 hours a day for \$2 to \$4 a week; beef costs 30 cents a pound, pork, 15 cents; brown bread \$1-2 cents a pound. A bedroom may be rented for \$1 to \$2.50 a month; with fire, \$2 to \$6. Goal costs about 40 cents a hundred pounds. about 40 cents a hundred pounds.

A Surprised Party, A number of young men of Shultz-

a farmer's daughter, ten miles in the country. They drove out in a large wagon drawn by four horses. As they were about starting for home, after midnight, their conveyance broke down. The old farmer was also a cattle dealer, and he had a wagon "what would hold 'em all," and they might return home in that, They accepted his offer. It was daylight when they reached town. All were in a merry mood-langhing, flirting, slaging, and so forth, as if they had taken out a license for such doings. Persons in the street, whose attention was attracted by the bilarious party, also broke out in a fit of laughter. The merriment in the wagon crased as if by magic when on- of its perminute discovered, on each solv of the vehicle, a painted sign reading : "A fine by of calves for sale ?"

for Infants and Children.