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Agod

网络高加加 CARL RIVINIUS.

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler H AS always on hand a large, varied and ele gant assortment of WATCRES, CLOCKS EWELRY, "PECTACLES, EVE OLASSES ich he offers for sale at lower prices than -slor in the county. Persons nee e will do well to give him a call sing elsewhere. We Primpt allenting hald to repairing Clocks Catches, feedry, 20, and satisfaction guaran

EBENSBURG PA

thy chumber, and was still.

Cassin, I want to speak to you par-

ticularly," said Mr. Sutherland to me

one morning, as after breakfast he was

about to go into his study. Zillah

onsidering their brief acquaintance of

aree weeks. In that time she had

ated him as I in my whole life-time

d never ventured to do-willfully,

the H. They were very social am

rrs, for his disposition had apparent

move cheerful as he allotteed

life: Their Pencion Was scarced

te go edian and ward, but that of pe-

et ? ality-pleasant and confidentia

of intercourse, and what strong triend-

hips are sometimes formed even in a

single week or tortnight when people

reshut up together in a rather lonely

try-house. This was the state of

Zillah wanted to go likewise.

ngs among us all on the morning

en Mr. Sutherland called me to his

"Not to-day," he answered her, very

gently and smilingly. "Thave business to talk over with Miss Pryor." [I knew

he said "Miss Pryor" out of respect.

yet it hurt me—I had been "Cassia"

with him so many years. Perhaps he

thought I was outgrowing my baby

was about Zillah's coming of age next week, and what was to be done on the

occasion. "Should he, ought he, to give

a ball, a dinner, anything of that sort? Would Zillah Eke it?"

This was a great concession, for in old times he always distiked society. I

answered that I did not think such dis

play necessary, but I would try to find

I did so. It was an innocent, girlish

mind, keenly alive to pleasure, and new

ian's peculiarities, and then she offered

cheerfully to renounce her delight. But

he, his eyes beaming with a deeper de-

light still, would not consent. So the

It was a very brilliant affair, for Mr.

emed to show a restless eagerness in

providing for his young favorite every-

hing she could desire. Nay, in answer

to her wayward entreaties, he even con-

sented to open the ball with her, though

saving " he was sure he should make

together, and heard may people say with a smile what a handsome pair

they were, notwithstanding the consid-

erable difference of age. It was a very quiet evening to me.

Being strange to almost everyone there, I sat near old Mrs. Sutherland in a cor-

ner. Mr. Sutherland asked me to dance

once, but I did not feel strong, and in-

be beginning life just when I ended

The ball produced results not unlike-

, when one considered that it was eant for the introduction into society

of a young woman, handsome, attract-

ive, and an helress. A week or two af-

called me once more into his study.

ter Zillah's birthday Mr. Sutherland

I noticed he looked rather paler and less composed than usual. He forgot

A true word spoken in a jest!

an old simpleton of himself." That was

I watched them walk down the room

therland spared no expense.

name now.)

out Zillah's mind.

ing was settled.

But I only smiled.

chip, somewhat surprised me, unit

ingly, even crossiy, yet he spen

placed herself in the doorway", ith the

etty obstinacy, half wome ish, half

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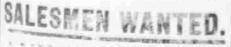
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We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the even to ask me to sit down, and we

1 Sector

too strong. When he came back, we were both ready to talk ugain. I hewith the excitement, pleasurable or lieve I spoke first—to save blui the pain of doing so.

otherwise, which as a matter of course it brought to us all-when we had see "I have no idea," said 4, and 4 said erally bidden each other good-night and Mr. Sotherland had said safilingly truly, "what answer Zillich will give to this letter. Hitherto I have known all that he was glad it was only good-night her feelings, and am considerit that not good-bye-when the whole house while she stayed with me her heart was was quist and asleep-to use the psalmsoleum words, "At night on my

Here I waited for him to speak, but hed I communed with my own heart in he did not. I went on:

"Mr. French is very agreeable, and she seenas to like him; but a giri's heart, if of any value at all, is rarely won in three meetings. I think, how-ever, that Zillah ought to be made acquainted with this letter. Will you tell her or shall 12"

'Go you and do it-a woman can best rlish, that she sometimes used with deal with a woman in these cases. And," he added, rising slowly and lookher guardian—much to , y surprise. Zillah was on excellent terms with him, ing down upon me with that grave and self-possessed smile which was likewise as sweet as any woman's, "tell Zillah from me, that though I wish her to marry in her own rank and with near equality of fortune, to save her from all those dangers of mercenary offers to which an heirass is so cruelly exposed, still, both now and at all times, I leave her to the dictates of her own affections and her happiness will ever be my chief consideration in hit diected what opportunities they had

He spoke with formal screnity until the latter words, when his voice faitered a little. Then he led me to the door and I went out,

Zillah lay on a sofa reading a lovestory. Her crisp black hair was tossed about the crimson cushions, and her whole figure was that of rich Eastern luxuriance. She had always rather a fantastic way of dress, and now she looked almost like a princess out of the Arabian Nights. Even though her skin was that of half-caste, and her little hands were not white but brown, there was no denying that she was a very beautiful woman. I felt it-saw itknow it! The business he wished to speak of

After a minute's pause I went to her side; she jumped up and kissed me, as she was rather fond of doing. I half shrank back-her kisses were very painful to me just then. I came as quickly as possible to my errand, and gave her the letter to read.

As she glunced through it her checks flushed and her lips began to curl. She threw the letter on my lap, and said ab-ruptly, "Well, and what of that?"

began a few necessary explanations. Zillah stopped meto everything. The consequences were natural—the ball must be. A little she hesitated when I hinted at her guard-"Oh, I heard something of the sort

from Mr. French last night. I did not believe him, nor do I now. He is only making a jest of me. I answered that this was impossible, 1 my own mind I was surprised at Zillah's baying known the matter before, and having kept it so quietly. Mr. French's statement about his honerable reticence toward the lady of his devotions must have been untrue. Still this was not so remarkable as Zillah's own secrecy about her having a lover.

"Why did you not tell me, my dear?" said I; "you know your happiness is of the first importance to me as well as to your guardian." And, rather hesitatng, I repeated, word by word, as near as I could, Mr. Sutherland's message. While I spoke Zillah hid her face among the cushions, and then drew it out burning red.

He thinks I am going to accept the creature then? He would have me marry a concelled, chattering, meanlooking, Ioolish boy! Now Mr. French was certainly twenty-five.) "One, too, that only wants me for my fortune and nothing else. It is very wrong, cruel, and heartless of him, and you may go and tell him so." "Tell who?" said I, bewildered by this

deed for the last few years I had almost given up dancing. He laughed, and said merrily: "It was not fair for him outburst of indignation, and great confusion of personal pronouns.

"Mr. Sutherland, of course! Who else would I tell? Whose opinion else do I care for? Go and say to him-No," she added, abruptly; "no, you needn't trouble him with anything about me. Just say I shall not marry Mr. French, and he will be so kind as to give him his answer and bid him let me

Here, quite exhausted with her wrath. ah sank back, and took

near me, and Mr. Sutherland at the foot of the table. He looked anxious and did not talk much, though 1 remember he rose up once to throw a handful o crumbs to a half-tame thrush that had built in a laurel-bush on the lawn-he was always so kind to every living

There, my fine bird, take some food home to your wife and weans" said he, pleasantly; but at the words, became ave, even sad, once more. He had is letters beside him, and opened them successively until he came t -a momentous one, I knew, for though he never moved, but read quietly on, every ray of color faded out of his face. He dropped his head upon his hand, and sat so long in that attitude that we were both frightened.

'Is anything the matter?" I said. gently, for Zillah was dumb.

"Did you speak?" he answered, with a bewildering stare. "Forgive me; I— I have had had news"—and he tried to resume the duties of the meal; but it was impossible; he was evidently crushed, as even the strongest and bravest men will be for the moment under some great and unexpected shock. We said to him -I repeat we, because though Zillah spoke not, her look was enough, had he seen it-we said to him ose few soothing things that women can, and ought to say in such a time.

'Aye," he answered, quite unmanned -"aye, you are very kind. I think it would do me good if I could speak to some one—Cassia, will you come?" He rose slowly, and held out his hand

to me. To me! That proof of his confidence, his tenderness, his friendship I have ever after remembered, and thought, with thankful heart, that, ugh not made to give him happiness I have sometimes done him a little good when he was in trouble.

We walked together from the room. I heard a low so? behind us, but had no ower to stay; besides a momentary ng mattered little to the ciu d-lies would be hushed ere long.

Standing behind the chair where he sat. I heard the story of Mr. Sutherland's misfortunes-misfortunes neith-er strange nor rare in the mercantile In one brief word, he was world. ruined; that is, so far as a man is ru-ined who has enough left to pay all his creditors, and start in the world afresh as a penniless honest man. He told me this—an every-day story; nay, it had been my own father's—told it me with reat composure, and I listened with the same. I was acquainted with all these kind of business matters of old. It was very strange, but I felt no grief, no pity for his losses. I only felt, on my own account, a burning, avaricious thirst for gold; a, frantic envy-a mad longing to have for a single day, a single hour, wealth in millions.

"Yes, it must be so," said he, when, after talking to me a little more. I saw the hard muscles of his face relax, and he grew patient, ready to bear his troubles like a man-like Andrew Sutherland, "Yes, I must give up this house and all my pleasant life here; but I can do it since I shall be alone And then he added in a low tone; am glad, Cassia, very glad of two things: my mother's safe settlement. and the winding-up last month of all my affairs with-Miss Le Poer."

When," said L after a pause-"when do you intend to tell Zillah what has happened?" I felt feverishly auxious that she should know all, and that I should learn how she would act.

"Tell Zillah? Aye," he repeated, "Tell her at once-tell her at once." And then he sunk back into his chair. muttering something about "its signifying little now

I left him, and with my heart nerved, as it were, to anything, went back to the room where Zillah was. Her eves met me with a bitter, fierce, jealous look-jealous of me, the fooiish child! --until I told her what had happened to our friend. Then she wept, but only for a moment, until a light broke upon

What does it signify?" cried she, echoing, curiously enough, his own words. "I am of age-I can do just what I like: I will give my guardian all

ation abroad. Mr. Sutherland was very angry when he knew; but I told him I longed for the soft Italian air, and could not live an idle life on any account. So they let me go, knowing, as he smilingly said, "That Cassin could be obstinate when she chose—that her will, like her

art, was as firm as a rock." Ab me When I came back, it was to a calm, contented and cheerful middle age; to the home of a dear brother and sister; to the love of a new generation; to a life filled with peace of heart and

thankfulness toward God: to-Hey-day! writing is this moment become quite impossible; for there peeps in a face at my bedroom door, and, while I live, not for worlds shall my young folks know that Aunt Cassia is a authoress. Therefore good-bye, pen And now come in, my namesake darling, my fair-haired Cassia, with her mother's smile and her father's even and brow-I may kiss both now. God in heaven bless thee, my dear, dear child!

A Suspended Sword.

One of the Aldermen who was going down on a Michigan avenue car yesterday looked so pale and worried that a friend felt compelled to ask if he was ill. ' No, not exactly ill," was the reply,

"Perhaps you are in trouble ?" "It all comes from a dream I had last night. I dreamed that I was sitting alone in my office, when a little, sharp-faced

man dressed in black walked in, sat down int the desk, and as he helped bimself to pen and foolscap he ouietly said : ""We'd better begin at the beginning.

"" Beginning of what ?' says I. "Of your official corruption,' he says, looking as cold and cruel as an iceberg. "I wanted to rise up and put him out

but I had no strength to do it, and he writes away for a minute and then asks : "" How much have you made out of the pavement ring ?' " Three hundred dollars,' I replies, fool

that I was. ""And from the sewer ring?

". About four hundred."

- "" And the electric light ring ?"
- "+Five hundred.'

"And the street railway ring? he goes on, his eye looking right through me

" Well, \$150 in cash." "" Very well. You will now sign this confession,' he says as he gave me the

Dett. "But you didn't do it "" exclaimed the

friend. "But I did ! I was just fool enough to write my name there."

"Well, it was only a dream, and of course there is nothing in it. I shouldn't feel had. Well, Idunno, You see, I also dreamed

that after I signed the confession a reporter grabbed on to it and ran away, and I'm looking for the whole thing to come ont in cold print any morning "-Detroit Free Press.

Why They Were Called Baptists.

The following libel upon an excellent denomination is so good that even the sternest elder will have to join the laugh: A Baptist minister fishing near Cape Cod catches a strange fish, and asks of the skipper, "What manner of fish is this, my good man? It has a curious appearance. "Yreat thaty been round here this year." "Wo hat do you call it?"

"We call 'em Baptists." N L3 863

") use they sole so quick after they COLD HILL OF THE WALLED.

to the Poultry Vard

T. E. Cer. in the Na binal Stockman Feminis for his dealers to be sure and have crushed bone or oyster shell within reach of fowls, both old and young. The former need it to keep up the supply of animal vigor caused by the extry work of egg production, and the latter need it to supply strength and vigor to the growing frame. The production of feathers on

supernatural visitant.

It was a pale gray, mottled spook, about sixteen hunds high. I wash' afraid of it. Isald

"Itello t who are you "" "I'm a spoole," it replied.

"All right," I suld, "spook when you're spoken too: good night." And then I

turned over. "Where are you going " inquired the

spool. "Going to sleep," I told him.

"Not now, you're not," said the spook.

"What's to hinder meal I queried, in a scientific spirit.

"Lam," the spook said ; "that's what I'm here for. I'm the recording spook. I'm sent here to wait on you every night, when you go to bed, and to repeat to you before you go to sleep every foolish, conventional, or unnecessary thing that you have said during the day."

I mildly intimated that he had a contract on hand.

"Thave," said he, rubbing his hands; "and The the boy that can fill it too. Come now, young man, roll over so that I can see you, take your hands out of your eyes, and listen. The entertainment is going to begin right now, and the curtain's un."

I groaned. I might as well have whisthed

"Let's see," said the spook, grinning hideously and rubbing his hands ; "let's see. You met Jones at the club this morning. You hadn't seen Jones in two days, and what did you say to Jones ? Why, you said: 'Quite a stranger, sin't you !' Now, that was brilliant, wasn't it ! The edge hadn't been rabbed off that observation in 1,500 third-class boardinghouses, had it ? Why, that was the regulation joke in the ark when Nosh happened to miss a breakfast through sitting up too late the night before inspeciing his private stock." "Go away," said I: "I want to go to

sleep !" But he didn't go away. He went-he

went on. "Then you went to the Turkish bath, didn't you) And you went into the hot. room-temperature 200. And you saw Robinson there, ch ? And what did you

say to Robinson ?"

I said that I didn't remember. "You do remember said the spook ; "you said : ' Is It hot enough for you ?' that's what you said. You didn't happen to think of any other way of making an idiot of yourself just at the moment, so you said that. Well, it filled the bill." That is the way he began, that spook, and he kept it up until daylight. He didn't seem to get tired, either. He just kept it up, talking away in that easy, pleasant, conversional manner, telling me all the idiotic things I said that day.

I rolled about and tried to bury my ears in the pillows. Then I tried to bury the pillows in my ears. It was of no use. The experience-meeting came to a close *about 6:30. The spook vanished, after making an appointment for the next evening He was on time. He was on time right

straight along every night after that. I never went to sleep until I knew just how much of a conversational ass I had made of myself during the preceding twentyfour hours.

of my bed, what I can only describe as a last, with one wild howl of helpless imbeclity, he vanished utterly away.

That, I should explain, was the evening that I asked the young lady to be my wife. And it was also the evening when the young lady said : "Why-yes." And what I said after that wantoo much for the spook .- [H. C. Bunner.

A Long Look Ahend.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, says the moon is the most interesting of all the heavenly bodies. It has been particularly serviceable in the proof it affords of the law of gravitation. It proves, too, what the world has been in remote ages of the past and what it will be in remote ages to come. Its most significant service to man has been as a measurement of time. The only perceptible effect which the carth has upon the moon's course is that of attraction, by which its route in space is slightly deviat. ed. From the moon's present condition we may inform ourselves of the course of all planetary life. There is every reason to suppose that our present condition was at one time hers; that she possessed an atmosphere, water, animal, and vegetable life. That has now passed away. Her surface is a sterile, rocky mass. The atmosphere has gone, or nearly so, and the seas are dried up. The same process is going on with our earth, and a similar result will eventually ensue, but by reason of the greater bulk of our planet effects produced in ten millions of years in the

moon will require sixty millions with us.

I took one of these baboons-it was a female-along to my home in Germany, because she had always proved to be of extraordinary sagarity. Apes in general like other creatures, providing they submit to their careasing and fondling. My baboon first concentrated her tenderness upon the children of the "lings, but, te

her great "orrow, found no reciprocity, Then shi turned to cats and dogs, and teased and tormented them in every way. A bright pussy, which the most of the time she carried in her arms, was tired one day of her company and attempted to escape. The ape strongly objected, and the kitten in its struggles scratched her in the shoulder. Gravely the baboon seized one of the paws of her pet, examined them carefully, and finding, probably, the sharp clows a dangerous superfluity in so small a being, bit them off, one by one .- [Popular Science Monthly,

The Baboon and the Kitten.

Kind Words and Hard Words,

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly. smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angelic nature in us. Hard words on that other hand, are like hallstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

Charcosl and its Products

The extent to which some of the loss aspicuous industries are carried on in certain sections of the country is not generally understood-notably that of chircoal and its peculiar products. Thus, there are charcoal works at Grand Rapids, Mich., which consume 40,000 cords of wood yearly, and at which even the smoke is utilized and manufactured into chamicals. by being blown by immense fans into a. purifier, from which it eventually comes in the form of acid that is clear as another From the acid are produced acetate of lime, alcohol, thr and gas. Each cord of wood contains some 28,000 cubic feet of amoke, and 2,800,000 feet of smoke havelled every twenty-four hours produce 12,009 pounds of accetate of lime 200 gallons of

