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for Infants and Children.

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A TRAGEDY;

Most visitors to Brighton prefer the one of the most enjoyable spots in igland, every luxury and comfort are ere, a good library, plenty of newspa-rs, elegant little shops, excellent reshment rooms, fine music; and then ses shining in the sunlight, the line ith a soft, lapping sound, beautiful to ar. You can stand there with only a er with its load of passengers, or look-ing over the wide, small waves, dream-ing—dreams born of the sea—out of the world; alone in the kingdom of fancy; there is always something weird in the

There is always plenty of life, gaiety, and fashion on the West Pier. It is a famous place, not for love-making but for flirtation; a famous place for studying human nature; a fainous place for often meet great celebrities on the West Pier; faces familiar at the House of Lords, familiar at Court, familiar at the opera are to be seen there during the season; beautiful faces that have grown pale and worn with the excitement of a London campaign, and here, as they are bent thoughtfully over the green waters, the bracing air brings sweet roses, the lines fade, the eyes brighten; there is no such beautifier as a sea breeze, no bloom so radiant and

rming as that brought by the wind On the West Pier you will find all the beauty, rank, and fashion of Brighton; you will see costumes a rarie, dresses that are artistic and elegant; you will see faces beautiful and well-known; you will hear a charming ripple of conversation; you will wilness many pleas-ant and piquant adventures; but if you want to dream; if you want to give up your whole heart and soul to the poetry of the sen; if you want to listen to f away from the world; if you want to it. the music of the winds, their whisper their Inhabies, their their whispers their inflables, their tand dashes, the frantic rages, you must go to the Ohr Jain Pier. As a rule you will find few. The but you may know they are a special few soon will see the grave, quiet face of the thinker, who has chosen that spot because he does not want to be disturbed by the from fron of ladies' dresses, or the music of Unit happy voices; he wants side and least over the railing as that the uppling sea. Do not believe them, for you will hear the murmur of two voices, and the theme is always "love." If you go near them they look

shyly at you, and in a few minutes move gently away. Ah, happy lovers, make any while the sun shines; it does not shine always, even over the Chain If you want to watch the waves, to bear their rolling music, if you want to see the scagalls whirl in the blue ether,

There is a jetty—an old-fashioned, weird place, where the green water rushes swiftly and washes round the green wood, where there is always a beautiful sound of the rising and falling of the sex: where you may sit on one of the old-fashioned seats, seeing nothing but water and sky around you, until you can fancy yourself out in the wide ocean; until you can wrap your thoughts and your senses in the very mists of romance. Time was when the Chain Pier at Brighton was one of the wonders of England, and even now, with its pic-ture-sque chains and arches, I like it better than any other.

write of it. I know that if the dead can rise from their graves I shall re-visit the Chain Pier at Brighton. I spent one hour there,—that was the hour of my life,—one madly happy, bewilder-ing hour! I remember the plank of wood on which my feet rested; I remember the railing, over which I heard the green, deep water, with the whitesailed boat in the distance-sails like the white wings of angels beckening me away; the blue sky with the few fleecy white clouds,—the wash of the waters into mine—all Heaven lay in it for me; the deep water, the blue sky, the handsome face, the measured rythms of the sea, the calm tones of the clear wavesare all mixed in one dream. I cry out in anguish at times that Heaven may send me such another, but it can never be! If the dead can return, I shall stand once more where I stood then. I will not tell my story now, but rather tell of the tragedy with which the Chain Pier at Brighton is associated for ever-

more in my mind.

I had gone down to Brighton for my health, and I was staying at that most comfortable and luxurious of hotels, "The Norfolk." It was the end of September, and the only peculiarity of the month that I remember was this: the nights grew dark very soon—they were ot cold; the darkness was rather that soft thick gloom that spread over und and sea. No one need ever feel ull in Brighton. If I could have liked billiards, or cared for the theatre, or enjoyed the brilliant shops on the crowded pier, with its fine music, I might have been happy enough; but I was miserable with this aching pain of re-Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and ble loss. I tried the Aquarium. If fishes make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT es would soothe the heart of man, solace bid fancy they looked at me with wide open eyes of wonder, they knew the secrets of the sea, the faint stir of life in the beautiful anemones had lost its interest. I could not smile at the King Crabs; the reading tables, and the music had no interest for me; outwardly I s walking through the magnificent alls of the Aquarium,-inwardly my cart was beating to the mournful ythms of the sea. The clock had not truck seven when I came out, and

ere lying before me was the Chain

But my lady moon was coquettish— every now and then she hid her face behind a drifting cloud, then the soft, thick gloom fell again, and the pier lay like a huge shadow—the very place, I thought, in which a tortured heart could grow calm; there was only the wind and the sea, nothing more. I would go to the spot where we two should stand together never more, fancied, as I paid for edmission at the gate, that the face of the person who received it expressed some surprise. It must have seemed a strange taste; but —ah me!—there had bloomed for me for one short hour the flowers of paradise.

The thick, soft gloom was deeper on the pier. I remember that, as I walked down, I heard from the church clocks the hour of eight. All along the coast there was a line of light; the town was brilliantly lighted, and when I looked across the waters, the west pier was in all its radiance; the sound of the music floated over the waves to me, the light of the colored lamps shone far and wide. I could see the moving mass of people; here I was almost alone. I saw a gentleman smoking his cigar, I saw the inevitable lovers, I saw an old man with a wan face, I saw two young men, almost boys—what had brought them there I could not think.

I reached the pier-head, where the huge lamp had been lighted, and shone like a great brilliant jewel. I sat down; there was no greater pleasure for me than an evening spent there. At first all was quite still; the gentleman smok-ing his cigar walked up and down; the two youths, who had evidently mistaken the nature of the pier, and considered themselves greatly injured by the absence of music and company, went away; the old man sat still for some time, then he left.

who frombled himself very little about me. The coquettish moon threw a wide, laughing gleam around, then van-ished. A whole pile of thick, dark clouds came up from the west and hid her fair face—by them the thick, soft ad spent there.

The wind began to freshen and blow kily where I sat. I had no motive in to the other side, where the white line of cliffs lay-away from the brilliant ats of the west pier, hidden behind wooden structure erected to shelter se on the pier. I gave myself up to nov dreams.

about piers came to my mind. For instance, now, how easy it would be for any man to steal up to me through the thick, soft, sludowy mist, and murder me before I had time to even ofter a cry. I might be thrown over into the Then I said to myself what a foolish

one was near. ly, distinctly. I noticed the grace of her movements, her grand carriage.

er, passionate solding.

The old story over again, I thought, sorrow and pain, longing and love! But for the sound of that sob as she passed me I should not have watched her, -I should not have known what after-

was struck by it. She could not see me, because I was in the deep shadow, but I could see every gesture of hers. I saw her raise her face to the darkening skies, and I felt that some despairing prayer was on her lips, and the reason why I could see her so plainly was this, that she stood just where the rays of the lamps fell brightly.

brightest, and she turned away. that part of the pier where I was sit-

ner she did not see me, she did not suspect that anyone was near. I saw her give a hasty look down the pier, but her glance never fell on the corner where I sat. She went to the railingsone or two of them were broken and had not been repaired; in a more frequented place it might, perhaps, have been dangerous. She did not seem to notice it. She stood for some minutes in silence, then I heard again bitter weeping, passionate sobs, long drawn sighs. I heard a smothered cry of "Oh. Heaven! oh, Heaven! have pity;" and then a sickly gleam of light came from the sky, and by its light I saw that she took the bundle from under her arm. I could not see what it was or what it held, but she bent her head over it. she kissed it,—ah; with what passion of tears, kissed it,—sobbed over it with passionate sobs, then raised it above the railings and let it fall slowly into the water. There was a slight splash, no other sound. As she raised the bundle I saw

I swear before Heaven that no thought of wrong came to my mind; I never dreamed of it. I had watched her first because the rare grace of her tall figure and of her walk came to me as a surprise, then because she was evidently in such bitter sorrow, then be-cause she seemed so desirous of being alone, but never did one thought cross my mind that there was a shadow of blame—or wrong; I should have been far more on the alert had I thought so. I was always of a dreamy, sentimental, half-awake kind of mind; I thought of nothing more than a woman, desperate, perhaps, with an unhappy love, throwng the love-letters and presents of a faithless lover into the sea-nothing more. I repeat this most emphatically as I should not like any suspicion of in-dolence or indifference to rest upon me. A slight splash,-not of anything heavy, no other sound; no cry. no

word-a moment's pause in the running of the waves, then they went on again, gaily as ever, washing the wooden pilhars, and wreathing them with fresh seaweed. The tall figure, with the head bent over the rail, might have been a statue for all the life or stir there was within her. within her.

Quite a quarter of an bour passed, and she did not stir. I began to wonder if she were dead; her head was bent the whole time, watching the waves as they ran hurrying past. Then the lady moon relented, and showed her fair face again; a flood of silver light fell over the sea —each wave seemed to

over the sea, each wave seemed to catch some of it, and break with a thousand ripples of light,—the white cliffs caught it.—it fell on the old pier, and the tall black figure stood out in bold relief against the moonlit sky. I was aimost startled when she turned round, and I saw her face quite

plainly. The same light that revealed her pretty little face and figure, threw a deeper shade over me. She looked anxiously up and down, yet by a singular fatality never looked at the corner of the wooden building where I sat. I have often wondered since that I did not cry out when I saw that face, so wonderfully heautiful, but so marble white, so sad, so intent, so earnest, the beautiful eyes wild with pain, the beau-tiful mouth quivering. I can see it now, and I shall see it until I die. There was a low, broad brow, and

golden brown hair clustered upon it .hair that was like a crown; the face was oval-sluped, exquisitely beautiful, with a short upper lip, a full lovely un-der one, and a perfectly modelled chin. But it was the face of a woman almost mad with despair.
"Oh, Heaven! if I dare-if I dare!" re cried. She flung up her hands with a gesture of one who has no hope; at I over at the sea, once more at

the pier, then slowly turned away, and again quite plainly I heard the words, "Oh, Heaven! if I dare—if I dare!" She then walked slowly away, and I lost sight of her under the silent arches; but I could not forget her. What a face!—what beauty, what passion, what pain, what love and despair, what goodness and power! What a face! When should I ever forget it?

Impelled by curiosity. I went to the railings, and I stood where she stood. I looked down. How deep and fathom-less it seemed, this running sea! What was it she had dropped there? In my mind's eye I saw a most pathetic little bundle made of love letters: I pictured them tied with a pretty faded ribbon: there would be dried flowers, each one a memento of some happy occasion. I could fancy the dried reass, the withered forget-me-nots, the violets, with some faint odor lingering still around them. Then there would be a valenperhaps two or three; a photograph, and probably an engagement ring. She had flung them away into the depths of the sea, and only Heaven knows what hopes and love she had dong with them! I could understand w what that cry meant-"If I dare-It meant that if she dare she would

fling herself into the sea after them! How many hopes had been flung, like hers, into those black depths!
Then I came to the conclusion that I was, to say the least of it, a simpleton to waste so much time and thought

about another person's affairs.

I remember that, as I walked slowly down the pier, I met several people, and that I felt a glow of pleasure at the thought that some people had the good sense to prefer the Chain Pier. And then I went home.

A game of billiards, a long chat in the smoking-room, ought to have dis-tracted my mind from the little incident I had witnessed, but it did not. My bed-room faced the sea, and I drew up the blind so that I might look at it once more. The beautiful sea has many weird aspects, none stranger than when it lies heaving sullenly under the light of the moon. Fascinated, charmed, stood and watched it. The moon had changed her mind, she meant to shine now; the clouds had all vanished; the sky was dark and blue; the stars were shining; but the wind had quickened, and the waves rolled in briskly with white silvery foam marking their pro-

The Chain Pier stood out quite clear and distinct in the moonlight, very fair and shapely it looked. Then I went to sleep and dreamt of the white, beautiful, desperate face—of the woman who had, I believed, thrown her love-letters into the sea. The wind grew rougher and the sea grew migry during the night, when at times I woke from my sleep I could hear them. Ah! long before this the leve-letters had been destroyed had been tern by the swift waves; the faded flowers and all the pretty love tokens were done to death in the brisk waters. I wondered if, in thought, that beautiful, desperate woman would go back to that spot on the

Chain Pier. The morning following dawned bright and calm; there was a golden sunlight and a blue sea; why the color of the water should change so greatly, I could not think, but change it did. I have seen it clear as an emerald, and I have seen it as blue as the lakes and seas of Italy. This morning it wore a blue dress, and a thousand brilliants danced on its broad, sweet bosom. Already there were a number of people on the promenade; both piers looked beautiful, and were full of life and activity. It must have been some kind of holiday. I forget for what the flags were flying, and there was a holiday look about the town. I thought I would walk for ten minutes before my breakfast. I went towards the Chain Pier, drawn by the irresistible attraction of the face I had seen there last evening. It struck me that there was an unusu-

al number of people about the Chain Pier, quite a crowd had collected at the gate. People were talking to each other in an excited fashion. I saw one or two policemen, and I came to the conclusion that some accident or other had happened on the pier. I went up to the crowd-two or three boatmen stood leaning over the rail. What is the matter?" I asked

"Matter, sir," replied one; "there is matter enough. There must have been murder, or something very much like it, done on that pier last night." "Murder!" I cried, with a beating

heart, "do not use such a horrible "It is a horrible thing, sir, but it has been done," replied the beatman.

struck me with such horror. I stood looking at the old boatman like one struck with dismay. I was on the point of saying that it was quite impossible, for I had been on the Chain Pier last night, and had seen nothing of the kind. Some impulse restrained me. "I would not go so far as to say it was murder, interrupted a sturdy boatman.

'I have been about here a great many years, and I have seen some queer things. I should hardly call this mur-"It was a life taken away, whether you call it murder or not," said the old

May be-but I am not sure. I have seen many mad with misery, but murder is a rare thing.

"What is it?" I asked.
"A child, sir—only a little child,"
said the sturdy boatman. "The body of a little child found drowned off the pier here. Now, why should I start, and trem-ble, and grow sick at heart? What had it to do with me? I knew nothing of any murdered child, yet great drops

formed on my brow, and my very heart trembled "A little child found drowned," I repeated; "but how do you know it was murdered? It may have fallen into the

"It was not old enough for that, sir," said the elder boatman, "it is but a fair little mite—a baby girl; not more than three weeks old." why did the beautiful, desperate

water

face I had seen the night before flash before my eyes then? The boatman "It is plain to my eyes that it is a murder, although the child is but a tender babe; all the greater murder for

that, a bigger child might have helped itself, this one could not. Tell me about it?" I said. Ah! if my heart would but stop beating, or if the beautiful, desperate face would but fade from my memory.

"It was James Clayton who found it," continued the old man. "He was at work in the jetty this morning when he caught sight of something moving up and down with the waves; at first he thought it looked like an old rag, and he took no notice of it, then something cout it attracted his attention more and more. He went nearer and found that it was a grey and black shawl, that of caught on some large hooks which had been driven into the wooden pillars for some purpose or other-a woman's shawl, sure an could be; some lady, he thought, had dropped it over the pier and it had caught on these hooks below he water. Jim was pleased; he thought if worth anything, he might get a trifle of reward for it, if not, he might take it home to his old mother.

He took his bout to the spot, but, sir, to Jim's surprise, he found it was not only a shawl, but a bundle; he thought he had found a treasure, and astened to get it quickly off the hooks. t had been caught more tightly by acthere by human hands. It was tight on the hooks, and he had to tear the shawl to get it off. He lost no time opening t, and there was a little, fair child. It was not a pleasant sight, sir, on a

bright morning, when the sunshine was dancing over the waves. Jun said his heart turned quite fain; when he saw the little white body - such a fair little mite, sir it was enough to make the wery angels weep! Some woman, sir-Heaven forbid that it was the mother-same woman had dieseed it in pretty white clothes. It had a white gown, with lace, and a soft white woollen cap on the little golden head. A sorry sight, sir—a sorry sight! Jim said that, when he thought of that little tender body swinging to and fro with the waves all night, he could not keep the tears TOTH THE PARIS. It was meant to sink, you see, sir,"

continued the man, with rough energy "it was never meant to be caught. But the great God. He is above all, and Ie knows the little one was not to sink to the bottom like lead. It is true, sir, and murder will out."

"But is nothing known?" I asked .-"Surely such a thing could never be

done without someone seeing or knowing something about it."
"I am afraid, sir, no one knows but the one who did it. Some woman, sir, had dressed the little thing—a man would never have thought of the soft woollen cap. And I can tell you snother thing, sir—a man would never have killed a child like that; not that I am upholding merr—some of them are brutes enough—but I do not think any man would throw a little babe into the water. When a woman is bad, she is bad, and there is nothing vile enough

I thought of the beautiful and desperate face. Heaven grant that she might have nothing to do with this! And yet—the black and grey shawl? "Whereabouts was it?" I asked. He pointed with his hand to the very spot where she had stood.

"Just there," he said. "It was there the little bundle was thrown, and there, just below the line of the jetty. It was campist by the books. The identical spot where she had stool. Oh, bearings, despairing face, what was hidden under your mask of

"You should go on the pier, sir, and see for yourself," said the old man. "The superintendent of the police is there now; but they will never find out who did that! Women are deep when they are wicked, and the one who did this was wicked enough."
There was a slight suggestion on the

part of the little group as to the morning being a dry one. We parted on very satisfactory terms. I went on the pier, and under the

wooden shelter where I had sat last night, I saw a group—the superintend-ent of the police with one of the officers, the manager of the pier, the keepers of the different stalls, a few strangers, and Jim, the boatman, who had found the Jim, the boatman, who had found the little bundle dripping wet. Oh, Heaven! the pathos of it. On the wooden seat lay the little bundle, so white, so fair, like a small, pale rose-bud, and by it, in a wet heap, lay the black and grey shawl. I knew it in one moment; there was not another word to be said. that was the same shawl I had seen in the woman's hands when she dropped the little bundle into the sea—the self-same. I had seen it plainly by the bright, fitful gleam of the moon. The superintendent said something to me, and I went forward to look at the little child-so small, so fair, so ten . - how could any woman, with a woman's heart, drop that warm, soft little nursling, into the cold, deep sea. It was a woman who killed Joel—a woman who slew Holofernes—but the woman who drowned this little, tiny child, was more cruel by far than they. "What a sweet little face!" said the superintendent—"it looks just as if it

were made of wax. I bent forward. Ah! if I had doubted efore, I could doubt no longer. The little face, even in its waxen pallor, was like the beautiful one I had seen in its to have passed me with the quickness white despair last night. Just the same cluster of hair, the same beautiful month and moulded chin. Mother and child, I knew and felt sure. The little white garments were dripping, and some kind, motherly woman in the crowd came forward and dried the little

"Poor little thing!" she said, "how I should like to take those wet things off, and make it warm by a good fire.

world," said one of the boatmen.—
"There is but little chance when a child has lain all night in the sea. "All night in the seal" said the pitiful woman; "and my children lay so warm and comfortable in their soft little beds. All night in the sea! Poor little motherless thing!"

ed that the child must be motherless; in her loving, motherly heart she could not think of such a crime as a mother destroying her own child. I saw that all the men who stood round the body What will be done with it?" she

She seemed to take it quite for grant-

"It will go to the deadhouse at the workhouse," said the superintendent,

"and the parish will bury it."
Then I stood forward.
"No!" I cried, "if the authorities will permit, I will take upon myself the expense of burying that little child-it shall not have a pauper's funeral; it shall be buried in the beautiful green cemetery in the Lewes Road, and it shall have a white marble cross at the head of its grave. "You are very good, sir," said the su-perintendent, and the pitiful woman

cried out: "Heaven bless you, sir! I would do the same thing myself if I could afford

"There must be an inquest," said someone in the crowd; "we ought to know whether the child was dead be-fore it was thrown into the water." "I hope to Heaven it was!" cried the

And I said to myself that, if that were the case, it would not be murder —not murder, but some mad, miserable mother's way out of some dreadful dificulty. Surely, on the beautiful despairing

face I had not seen the hand of murder! If the little one had been dead, that would lessen the degree of wickedness so greatly.

The woman who had dried and kissed the tiny waxen face, bent over it now.

"I am sure," she said, "that child was alive when it touched the water."
"How do you know?" asked the superintendent, curiously. Look at the face, sir, and you will

"I see nothing," he replied. "I do," she said. "I see just what you would see on the face of a baby suddenly plunged into cold water. I see the signs of faint, baby surprise. Look at the baby's brows and the little hand spread wide open. It was living when it touched the water, I am sure of "A doctor will soon settle that ques-

tion, said the superintendent.

Then the little one was carried by rough but not ungentle hands to the deadhouse on the hill. I went with it. master of the workhouse that I was a rich man-an invalid-and that I passed a great deal of my time at Brighton. In a lowered voice he added that I was very eccentric, and that, happening to be on the Chain Pier that morning. I had insisted upon paying the expenses of the little funeral.

'A kind, Christian gentleman," the master said. "I am glad to hear it."

I shall never forget the pitiful sight of that tiny white form laid on the table alone—quite alone—I could not for-get it. The matron had found a little white dress to wrap it in, and with kindly thought had laid some white chrysanthemums on the little, innocent broast. Whenever I see a chrysanthemum now it brings back the whole scene—the bare, white walls, the crean, wooden floor, the black trestles, and the table whereon the fair, tender little body lay-all alone.

CHAPTER IV. Our little life in this world seems of little count. Throw a stone into the sea—it makes a sidash that lasts for one second, then it is all over the waves roll on just as though it had not been

dropped.
The death of this one little child, whom no one knew, and for whom no one cared, was of less than no account; it made a small paragraph in the news-papers,—it had caused some little commotion on the pier. -just a little hurry at the workhouse, and then it was for-gotten. What was such a little waif nd stray-such a small, fair, tender little creature to the gay crowd?
"A child found drowned by the Chain

Pier." Kind-hearted, motherly women shrugged their shoulders with a sigh. The iniding or the death of such hapless little ones is, alas! not rare. I do not think, of the hundreds who carelessly heard the words that morning, there was one who stopped to think of the possible suffering of the child. It is a wide step from the warmth of a moth-er's arms to the chill of the deep sea water. The gay tide of fashion ebbed and flowed just the same: the band played on the Chain Pier the morning lowing; the sunbeams danced on the water, there was nothing to remind one of the little life so suddenly and terribly closed.

There was not much more to tell. There was an inquest, but it was not of much use. Everyone knew that the thought it was drugged before it was drowned; there was very little to be said aimst it. Jim, the boatman, proved the finding of it. The coroner said a few civil words when he beard that one of the visitors of the town, out of sheer pity, had offered to defray the expenses of the little funeral. The little unknown babe, who had

spent the night in the deep sea, was buried in the cometery on the Lewes Road. I bought a grave for her under the spreading boughs of a tree; she had a white pall and a quantity of white flowers. The matron from the workhouse went, and it was not at all like a pauper's funeral. The sun was shinmg, and the balmy air was filled with the song of birds; but then, the sun does shine, and the birds will sing, for I ordered a small white marble cross;

it stands under the trees at the head of the little green grave. When the head mason asked me what name was to be put upon it. I was puzzled. Only Heaven knew whether the helpless little child had a claim to any name, and, if so, what that name was. I bethought myself of one name, it meant bitter-ness, and the bitterness of deep waters. "I will call it 'Marah," I said, and the name stands there on the marble "Marah, aged three weeks, found

drowned in the sea, September, 18-. Only one small grave amongst many but a grave over which no mother has shed a tear. Then, after a few days more I forgot almost all about it; yet at that time I was so lonely, so utterly desolate, that I felt some kind of the bound me to the little grave, and made me love the spot. It was soon all for-gotten, but I never forgot the beauti-ful, despairing face I had seen on the of a swift wind, yet which was im-pressed on my brain for ever.

I have been writing to you, reader, behind a veil, let me draw it aside. My name is John Ford—by no means a ro-mantic name—but I come of a good family. I am one of the world's unfortunates. I had neither brother nor sister; my father and mother died while I was quite young; they left me a and make it warm by a good are." large fortune, but no relations—no one issue and an some 'Ti will never be warm again in this to love me. My guardian was a stern, women to Pora e.

grave, elderly man; my youth was loney, my manhood more lonely still. I proved false; she left me for one had more gold and a title to give her.—
When I lost her, all my happiness died; the only consolation I found was going about from place to place trying to do proved false; she left me for one whoabout from place to place trying to do good where I could. This little incident on the Chain Pier roused me more than anything had done for some time.

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1 ** 5 months.

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1 year 6 months.

I had one comfort in life-a friend whom I loved dearer than a brother, Lancelot Fleming; and lately he had come into possession of a very nice estate called Dutton Manor, a fine old mansion, standing in the midst of an extensive park, and with it an income of three thousand per annum. Lance Fleming had been brought up to the bar, but he never cared much for his profession, and was much pleased when he succeeded to his cousin's estate.

He had invited me several times to visit Dutton Manor, but something or other had always intervened to prevent it. Lance came to see me, we traveled together, we were the very opposite of each other. He was trank, gay, cheerful, always laughing, always with some grand jest on the tapis—a laughing, sunny, blue-eyed fellow, who was like a sunbeam in every house he a sunbeam in every house he entered; he was always either whistling or sing-ing, and his bright, cheery voice trolled out such snatches of sweet song, that

it was a pleasure to hear him.

I am naturally melancholy, and have a tendency always to look on the dark side of things. You can imagine how I loved Lance Fleming; the love that other men give to wives, children, parents and relatives, I lavished on him. I loved his fair, handsome face, his langling blue eves his sure. langhing blue eyes, his sunny smile, his cheery voice; I loved his warm-hearted, enial manner. In fact, I loved the whole man, just as he was, with a love passing that of women-loved him as I sall love no other.

Naturally enough, Lance was a great favorite with the ladies; every woman who saw him loved him more or less. He was quite irresistible when, in addition to his handsome face and sweet temper, came the charm of being master of a grand old manor-house, with three thousand per annum. No wonder that he was popular. The only thing which troubled me about Lance was his marriage; I always feared it. With his gay, passionate temperament, his universal admiration and chivalrous manner of treating the fairer sex, it was certain that he would, sooner or later, fall in love and marry. From what I knew of him, from the innate conviction of my own love, I felt sure that his marriage would be the binge on which his whole life would turn. was very anxious about it, and talked to him a great deal about it when we were together.

"If you marry the right wor Lance," I said to him, "you will be one of the happiest and most successful men in the world, but if you should make a mistake you will be one of the most miserable. He always looked at me with laughing

I shall make no mistake, John. I know that somewhere or other the most adorable woman in the world is waiting for me. I shall be sure to find ber, and fall in love with her, marry her, and live happy for ever afterwards." But you will be careful, Lance," I

This careful as a pan can be; but, dan, as you are so auxious, you had

[To be Continued.] ----

BEER IN A MINCE PIE. A Tri. 's Jones Played on His Wife Acts Like a Boomerang.

One looked as sour as a lemon factory and the other looked extremely folly as they met on the street yesterday. "You look as va ant as a hatful of bungholes, Jones," said the sweet man to the sour man. "What's the matter with

See Tort Williams

"I'm sick all over." "What ails you !"

something queer.

"I don't know whether I've played a trick upon myself or my wife played one on me, but I'm sick all the same, and I've just communed with the lamp-post up street until I'm as hollow as a watermain. "Tell me all about it." "Well, you see, my wife's a strict temperance woman, and I'm found of a little

beer occasiountly. The other night I took home a dozen bottles of beer, lubelled them 'cider' and put them into the refrigerator. Thus I could have a bottle of cider (7) with my dinner every day and my wife didn't drop. "I'm also very fond of mince-ple and the other day I asked my wife to make me just a lone one, as she don't eat them. he made me one all for myself. I'd only

"What makes the pie taste so queer !" Insked. "I can't imagine. Does it ? she ssked. "What did you put in it?" asked L. "The usual concomitants, and as Labhor brandy I put some of that eider into it, says she.

arrived at the first station when I struck

"Although I felt my boots working up to my collar-button, I didn't date say anything and I was compelled to gooble down every morsel of that ple. I've bribed Tommy to investigate, for I think my mother-in-law put the job up. If she did there's going to be a picule the next time she drinks a cup of tea."

Where She Found the Needle.

"Some twenty years ago," said the mildfaced stranger, "my wife, while sewing, suddenly missed her needle. She saw nothing more of it, and soon forgot all about her loss until last week, when---When she suddenly felt a pricking sensation in her right foot," suggested Boodle. "When the point of the needle showed. itself between her shoulder blades," guessed Coodle. "When the needle was seen producing from her youngest daughter's left forefinger," Intimated Doodle. 'No," said the mild-faced stranger, "you are all wrong. She found it in a crack in the floor. It had been there all those years. Singular, wasn't it " There was a common desire to welter in the blood of the mild-faced stranger; but with difficulty Boodle, Coodle, and Doodle restrained themselves .- | Boston Transcript.

Education in Austria.

The system carried out in Vienna for educating girls is certainly worthy of notice. They are kept at their studies until they are lifteen years of age. They then go through a course of teaching in the pantry and the kitchen under some member of the family, or sometimes untrained cooks, for a year or two. Thus they learn to do everything themselves and to know the value of things long before they commence house keeping on their own account, and though they may never be required to cook a draner. they become independent of cooks and servants. The Austrian women are most affection to wares and made rs. They are as accomplished and learned as an fine lish government, are no with the so bill man Par-issin, and no some of the coast beautiful.

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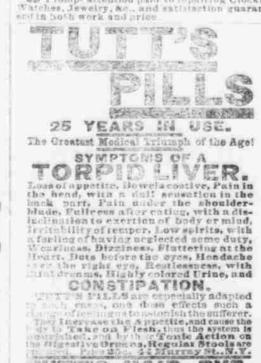
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CHAPTER T. new pier; it is altogether a more magnificent affair. It is in the fashionable town, for fashion will go westward, it is larger, more commodious, more fre-quented. Go to the West Pier when you will, there is always something to see; beautiful women, pretty girls, fashionable belles promenade incessantly.— There are times when it is crowded, and there is even a difficulty in making room for all who come. No wonder the the lovely blue, dimpling sea, the little boats with their white sails, like white-winged birds on the water, the grand stretch of the waves, the blue sky over-head, and the town, with its fine, tall of white cliff, and the beach where the children are at play. You go down to the wonderful jetty, which, to me, was one of the most mysterious and romanic of places, there the water is of the deepest, choicest emerald green, and it washes the wonderful net-work of poles rail between you and the deep, green water, watching the fisher-boats out on the deep; watching, perhaps, the steam-

issing a pleasant hour. You may

if you want to think, to read, to be alone, to fill your mind with beautiful

oughts, go to the Chain Pier at Brigh-

I may as well tell the truth while I against the woodwork of the pier, and remember the face that looked down

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1885. I went there as naturally as the needle goes to the magnet. The moon shone with a fitful light,—at times it was bright as day.—flooded the sea with silver, and showed the chain and the arches of the pier as plainly as the sun could have done—showed the running of the waves,—they were busy that evening, and came in fast,—spreading out in great sheets of white foam, and when the moonlight did touch the foam, it

I was alone then with the smoker,

gloom had deepened into darkness. I was far from expecting anything traglonely. As it was, the Chein Pier was more like home to me than any other spot on earth, because of the one hour

I cannot tell how it was, but to-night many ghostly stories that I had read

thought. I was close to many people, such a murder impossible. Yet I was foolish enough to turn my head and try to peer through the darkness if any-The tall, slender figure of a woman dressed in a dark cloak was slowly walk-ing up the middle of the pier. She could not see me, but I saw her-plain-

not see her face. But, unless I was much mistaken, she carried a bundle of something held tightly under her

She was closely veiled, so that I could

CHAPTER II. If this had been an ordinary woman I should not have noticed her, beyond the issing regard of the moment; it was the grace of her walk that attracted my attention, and I felt sure that as she passed me by I heard the sound of bit-

wards I would have given my life not to She walked right on to the very head of the pier, and stood there for a few missites. I knew, by instinct, that she was crying bitterly; then I was struck round; it was evident to me that she wished to be quite alons. At times the waves playing round the wooden pillars made some unusual sound; she furned quickly, as though she suspected some one was near her. Once a gentleman stolled leisurely down the pier, stood for a few minutes watching the sea in silence, then went away; while he was there she stood still and motionless as a statue; then she looked round with a stealthy gaze—a gaze so unlike the free, grand grace of her movements, that I

It was a dramatic scene, the dark, heaving sea, with the littul gleam of the moonlight; the silent pier, with the one huge light; the tall, dark figure stand-ing there so motionless. Why did she look round with that hurried, stealthy glance as though so desirous of being alone? Presently she seemed to realize that she stood where the light fell walked to the side of the pier farthest from me, where she stood opposite to the bright lights of the western pier. She did not remain there long, but crossed again, and this time she chose

Far back in the deep shade in the cor-

distinctly that it was something wrap-

ped in a grey and black shawl.

CHAPTER III. I cannot tell why the word "naurder"