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when she threw the little bundle in the water.

I remembered the fitful light, the wash of the waves around the pier, the beautiful, desperate face, and the voice that had wailed: "If I dare; oh, my God, if I dare!" I went to see the little grave. The thick green grass which covered it was studded with white daisies; the golden letters on the white cross seemed to

burn in the sunlight: "Marah, found drowned." I had been to the other end of the world, but no one had been to shed one tear over the little grave.

twice as far for one hour with you! ed to shade the whole place.

the original garden of paradise!" "Let us pray that no serpent may en-ter therein!" I said.

We shall have a glorious drive home. How do you like my carriage?" was the groom in his neat livery, so was the dog-cart waiting for the luggage, so was the magnificent retriever that ran English spring. The hedges were cov-ered with white and pink hawthorn; the apple trees were all in bloom; the air was redolent of mariets. The white

"It is like a new life, John," said the happy young fellow by my side; then, quite unable to keep his thoughts or his words long away from her, he contin-ued: "Frances will be so pleased to see von-we have talked of nothing else for

a week. I am afraid that she will be disappointed when she sees me, Lance."
"No, indeed," he replied, heartily. You look better than you did when you went to America, John-you look unger, less haggard, less worn. aps you have found some comfort? Not of the kind you mean, Lance.

I answered, "and I never shall, "Ah," he said, musingly, "what mischief one bad woman can make! And she was a bad woman, this false love of

We make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT yours, John "If she had been a good one, she rould have been true." I replied. "I think," said Lance, musingly "that in all this world there is nothing so horrible as a bad—a really bad or wicked woman! They seem to me much worse than men, just as a good woman s better than a man could ever be,-is

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rapt, earnest expression of her face, as A TRAGEDY; we sit side by side in church, I long to be like her. She is one of the gentlest and sweetest of human beings; there is

THE STORY OF THE CHAIN PIER.

No," I replied. "I made so great a mistake when I had to choose for myself that I shall never attempt it again. Circumstances happened that drew me over to America. I had a large interest in some land there, and not caring about the trouble of it, I went over to sell it. I succeeded in selling it to great profit, and as I liked America I remained there three years. I sailed for America in the month of October. two or three weeks after the incident of the Chain Pier, and I returned to England after an absence of three years and seven months. I found myself at iome again when the lovely month of May was at its fairest. During all that time only one incident of any note happened to me, or rather, happened that interested me. Lance Fleming was married.

He wrote whole volumes to me before his marriage, and he wrote volumes afterwards. Of course she was perfec-tion-nay, just a little beyond perfection, I think; she was beautiful, clever, accomplished, and such a darling, of course, I might be sure of that. One thing only was wanted to make him perfectly happy—it was that I should see his lady love. Her name was Fran-ces Wynn, and he assured me that it was the most poetical name in the world. Page after page of rhapsody did he write and I read until at last I believed him, that he had found the one perfect woman in the world.

Lance wrote oftener still when I told him that I was coming home. I must go at once to Dutton Manor. I find Dutton Manor an earthly Paradise he said, and he was doubly delighted that I should be there in May, for in May it wore its fairest aspect.
"A wife makes home Heaven, John,

he never tired of writing. "I wonder often why Heaven has blessed me so greatly. My wife is—well, I worship her—she is a fair, proud woman, calm, fair, and lovely as a saint. You will never know how much I love her until you have seen her. She fills the old nanor-house with sunshine and music. I love to hear the gentle sound of her voice, sweet and low as the sound of a lute—the frou-frou of her dress as she moves about. I am even more in love with her than when I married her, and I should not have thought that possi-Make baste home, John, my dear d friend; even my happy home is aplete without you. Come and share

He wrote innumerable directions for my journey. The nearest railway staon to Dutton Manor was at Vale Royal, a pretty little town about three miles from the house. If I would let om know by what train I should reach Vale Royal, he would be at the station to meet me, And he said, Heaven bless his dear, loving heart, that he was looking forward to it with untold

"When I think of seeing Frances and you together," he said, "I feel like a schoolboy out for a holiday. I have counted the hours, John, until you will

I had to go to London on business. and while there it was impossible to resist the temptation of running on to Brighton. I loved the place so well, and had not seen it for so long. I wanted to stand once more on the Chain Pier, and think of my lost Heaven. How vividly it all came back to me that terrible tragedy, although more than three years had passed since it happened There was the corner where I had sat in the thick, soft shadows; there was the railing against which she leaned

CHAPTER V. It is good to see the face of an old friend after a long absence. Tears filled my eyes when the sunny

looked into them, and the handsome face, quivering with emotion, smiled into mine. I was glad to feel once more the clasp of that honest hand.
"Ah, Lance," I cried, "I would travel I shall never forget that pretty sta-tion at Vale Royal. A beautiful brawling river ran close by, spanned by an old-fashioned rustic bridge; three huge chestnut trees, now in full flower, seem-"A pretty spot," said proud, happy Lance, "but wait until you see Dutton

tell Frances that I am quite sure it is "There is no fear, John," he replied— "my Frances would be an antidote against all the serpents in the world.

It was perfect, so were the horses, so with the carriage. What a drive it was! Of all seasons, in all climes, give me an lambs were in the meadows; the leaves were springing on the trees; the birds

little less than an angel.

"Do you know," he continued, his voice trembling with emotion, "I did not understand how good a woman could bel My wife, Frances, is quite an angel. When I see her in the morning, her fair face so fresh and pure, kneeling down to say her prayers. I feel ite unworthy of her, when I see the

"I am heartily glad that you are so happy, my dearest Lance," I said.

He continued. "I know that my talking does not bore you; you are too true a friend; it eases my heart, for it is always full of her. You do not know how good she is! Why, John, the soul of a good woman is clear and transparent, like a deep, clear lake; and in it one sees such beautiful things. When my Frances speaks to a little child there comes into her voice a beautiful tenderness-a ring of such clear sweet music, that I say to myself it is more like the voice of an angel than of a woman; it is just the same when she speaks to anyone in sorrow or sickness. The strange thing to me is this—that though she is so good herself, so pure and innocent, she has such profound compassion for the fallen and the miserable. At Vale Royal, only a few months ago, there was one of those unfortunate cases. A servant girl,—a very pretty and nice girl, too, she was,—was turned out of her mistress's house in the cold of a winter's night; her boxes and wages were put into the street, and she was told to go to the workhouse. almost went mad with shame and despair. Frances would go to the rescue. and I honestly believe that through my wife's charity and goodness that unhap py girl will be restored to her place in the world, or that at least she will not go, as she otherwise would have done, to the bad. I thought that a most beautiful trait in her character."

"So it was," I replied, liking my dear old friend all the better for his great love for his wife. 'She is always the same," he continued, "full of charily and tenderness for the poor. You could not think how much they love her. All round Vale Royal she is worshipped. I am a very fortunate man, John You are indeed," I replied.

He went on—
"I always had my ideal. I have known many. None ever reached my standard but Frances, and she is my ideal come to life-the reality found fair, sweet and true, a blonde, queenly woman. I should think that very few men meet and marry their ideal as I have met and married mine. Ah, there is the avenue that leads to the old manor-house. Who could have thought that I should ever be master of a manor-house, John? Neither that nor the handsome income belonging to it would be of any use without Frances. It is

Frances who makes the world to me. The avenue was a superb one. It consisted of tall chestnut trees standing four deep. I have seen nothing finer. Just now the flowers were all in bloom bees and butterflies had all been drawn there by their odor; the hirds were flitting in and out making grand discoveries in the great boughs; the ground was a carpet of flowers, white daisies and golden buttercups mixed with wild byacintles and generful bluebells. We drove for some few minutes over this carpet, and then the old grey manor-house stood before us, the prethist picture ever seen on a Summer's The whole front of the house was covered with flowers, and the ivy grew green and thick, it climbed to the very

op of the towers. Famous ivy, said Lance. "People come to Dutton to look at the ivy."
I do not wonder at it," I said. I was somewhat surprised at the style

of the house I had not expected anything so grand, so beautiful, We shall have time for a cigar and a stroll before dinner," said Lance, as he threw the reins to the groom; "but you must see Frances first, John-you must see her.

But one of the servants told us that Mrs. Fleming was in the drawing-room, engaged with Lady Ledbitter. Lance's You do not seem to care for Lady

Ledbitter," I said to him.
"In truth I do not; she is a county magnate, and a local horror I call her. She leads all the ladies of the county; they are frightened to death at her; they frown when she frowns, smile a she smiles. I begged of Frances not to fall under her sway, but I have begged in vain, no doubt. If she has en there for half an hour Frances will have given in.'

He turned on me suddenly, so suddenly, indeed, that he almost startled

'Do you know," he said, "those kind women, fair and calm, whose thoughts seem to be always turned in-wards? My wife is one of those; when one talks to her she listens with her eyes down, and seems as though she had left another world of thought just for your sake. Her manner always piques one to go on talking for the sake of making her smile. I can just imag ine how she looks now, while Lady Led-bitter talks to her. Well, come to your own room, John, and we will stroll

round the grounds till her ladyship has retreated. What a beautiful old house it was, one could tell so easily that a lady of taste and refinement presided over it. The fine old oak was not covered, but contrasting with it were thick crimson rugs, hangings of crimson velvet, and it was relieved by any amount of flowers; beautiful pictures were hung with exquisite taste, white statues stood out in grand relief against the dark walls. Your wife is a woman of taste, that

is quite evident, Lance," I said. My own room,—a spacious chamber called the Blue Chamber,—a large, oldfashioned room with three windows, each window seat as large as a small room; the hangings were of blue and white; there were a few jardiniers with costly, odorous flowers; easy chairs, a comfortable couch. Little stands had been placed with easy chairs in the window seats; the room looked as though bluebells had been strewn with a liberal hand on white ground.

'How beautiful!" I cried; "I shall never want to leave this room again, "I wish you would stay here and never leave us; I am happy enough in having Frances, if I had you as well, my happiness would be complete. You have all you want, John; I will send

ur portmanteau. When Lance had gone I looked round my room and fell in love with it. It had the charm of old fashion, of gance, of space, of height, and from the windows there was a magnificent view of the park and the gardens. Lance must indeed be a happy man,

I thought to myself.

He came to me when I was dressed and we went out for a stroll through the gardens. 'We shall hear the dinner bell," said Lance. "We will not go too far. We saw the stately equipage of Lady Ledbitter driven down the avenue. "Thank Heaven!" said Lance. "Now

Frances is free. She will have gone to her room. That good Lady Ledbitter has robbed us of a pleasant hour. I was surprised and delighted at the magnificence of the ground. I had never dreamed that Dutton manorhouse was so extensive or so beautiful "The great artist, Lilias, is coming here next week," said Lance. "I want him to paint my wife's portrait. She will make a superb picture, and when completed that picture shall have the place of honor here in the drawingroom. You will enjoy meeting him; he

is a most intelligent, amiable man."

That good Lance; it seemed to me

quite impossible that he could speak even these words without bringing in Frances; but how bright and happy he looked; I envied him.
"Do as I have done. John," he said. "Marry. Believe me, no man knows what happiness means until he does

marry You must find me a wife just like your own," I said, and the words came back to me afterwards with a fervent prayer of "Heaven forbid!-may Heav-

"I shall never marry now, Lance." I said. "The only woman I could ever love is dead to me."

He looked at me very earnestly

I wish you would forget all about r. John. She was not worthy of you." "Perhaps not," I replied, "but that does not interfere with the love."
"Why should you give all that loving heart of yours to one woman. John?"
he said. "If one fails, try another."
"If your Frances died, should you love another woman?" I asked.

"That is quite another thing," said, and I saw that in his heart he resented the fact that I should place the woman who had been faithless to me on an equality with his wife. Poor Lance!

CHAPTER VI. As we drew near the house on our return, the first dinner-bell was ringing. "We have twenty minutes yet," said Lance; "you will just have time to say a few words to Frances; she is sure to be in the drawing-room." We went there. When the door was

opened I saw a magnificent room, -long, lofty and bright, so cheerful and light, with such beautiful pictures and flowers, such beautiful furniture, and such superb hangings of white and gold. I was struck as I had never been before by any room. The long French windows, opening like glass doors, look-ed over a superb flower garden, where flowers of every hue were now in blos-

The room was full of sunlight; it faced the west, and the sun was setting. For a few moments my eyes were daz-zled; then, as the golden haze cleared, I saw a tall figure at the other end of the room, a beautiful figure, dressed in a long robe of blue, with a crown of golden brown hair; when she turned suddenly to us, I saw that she carried some sprays of white hawthorn in her At first my attention was concentrated on the golden hair, the blue dress, the white flowers; then slowly, as though following some irresistible magnetic attraction, my eyes were raised to her face, and remained fixed there. I have wondered a thousand times since how it was that no cry escaped my lips,-how it was that none of the cold, sick horror that filled my whole heart and soul did not find vent in words. How was it? To this moment I cannot tell. Great Heaven! what did I see? In this beloved and worshipped wife, - in this fair and queenly woman,-in this tender and charitable lady, who was so good to the fallen and the miserable, -in this woman, idolized by the man I loved best on earth, I saw the murderess-the woman who had dropped the little bundle over

the railing into the sea. It was she as surely as Heaven shone above us. I recognized the beautiful face, the light golden hair, the tall, graceful figure. The face was not white, set, and desperate now, but bright, with a soft, sweet radiance I have seen on the face of no other woman living. For an instant my whole heart was paralyzed with horror. I felt my blood grow cold and gather round my heart, leaving my face white and my hands cold. She came forward o meet me with the same graceful, undulating grace which had struck me before. For a moment I was back on the Chain Pier, with the wild waste of waters around me, and the rapid rush of the waves in my ear. Then a beautiful face was smiling into mine-a white hand, on which rich jewels shone, was held out to me, a voice sweeter than any music I had ever heard, said: You are welcome to Dutton, Mr.

Ford. My husband will be completely happy now." Great Heaven! how could this woman be a murderess-the beautiful face, the clear, limpid eyes-how could it be? No sweeter mouth ever smiled, and the light that lay on her face was the light of Heaven itself. How could it be?

She seemed to wonder a little at my coldness, for she added,— "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you, and Lance has thought of nothing else during the last week."
I wonder that I didn't cry out,-"You are the woman who drowned the little child off the Chain Pier." It was only the sight of Lance's face that deterred me. I had some vague, indistinct notion of what those words would be to

What is the matter, John?" asked Lance, impatiently. "The sight of my wife's face seems to have struck you

'It must be with admiration then," I said, making a desperate effort to recover myseif. "I could almost think I had seen Mrs. Fleming's face before." She looked at me frankly, and she laughed frankly.

"I have a good memory for faces," she said; "and I do not remember to have seen yours. There was no shadow of fear or of any effort at concealment, she did not change color or shrink from me.

Lance laughed aloud. "I wonder no longer at your being a bachelor," he said, "if the sight of a beautiful face produces such a strange effect on you. You must deal gently with him, Frances," he said to his wife: "his nerves are weak-he cannot bear much at a time.

"I promise to be very gentle," she said; and the music of that low, caressing voice thrilled my very heart. "I think," she continued, "that Mr. Ford looks very tired. Lance, pale and worn. We must take great care of him." "That we will," was the hearty reply.

Great Heaven! was it a murderess standing there, with that sweet look of compassion on her face? Could this woman, who looked pitifully on me, a grown man, drown a little child in the deep sea? Were those lips, uttering kindly words of welcome, the same that had cried in mad despair, "Oh, Heaven if I dare—if I dare." I could have killed myself for the base suspicion. Yet it was most surely she! I stooped to pick up the white haw-

thorn that she had dropped. She took it from me with the sweetest smile, and Lance stood by, looking on with an air of proud proprietorship that would have been amusing if it had not been so unutterably pitiful. While my brain and mind were still chaos-a whirl of thought and emotion -the dinner-bell rang. I offered her my arm, but I could not refrain from a shudder as her white hand touched it.

When I saw that hand last it was most assuredly dropping the little burden into the sea. Lance looked at us most ruefully, so that she laughed and said: Come with us, Lance. She laid her other hand on his arm, and we all three walked into the diningroom together.

I could not eat any dinner-I could only sit and watch the beautiful face. It was the face of a good woman—there was nothing cruel, nothing subtle in it. I must be mistaken. I felt as though I should go mad. She was a perfect hostess-most attentive-most graceful. I shall never forget her kindness to me any more than I shall forget the comeliness of her face or the gleam of her

golden hair. She thought I was not well. She did not know that it was fear which had blanched my face and made me trem-ble: she could not tell that it was horror which curdled my blood. Without any fuss-she was so anxiously considerate for me-without seeming to make any ceremony, she was so gracefully kind; she would not let me sit in the draughts; with her own hands she selected some purple grapes for me. This could never be the woman who had drowned a little child.

When dinner was over and we were in the drawing-room again, she drew a chair near the fire for me.
"You will laugh at the notion of a

fire in May," she said; "but I find the early Summer evenings chilly, and I cannot bear the cold." I wondered if she thought of the chill of the water in which she had plunged the little child. I looked at her, there was not even a fleeting shadow on her Then she lingered for half a min-

ute by my side. As she drew near to me I felt again that it was utterly impossible that my suspicions could be correct, and that I must be mistaken.

"I hope," she said, "you will not think what I am going to say strange. I know that it is the custom for some wives to be jealous of their husband's friends-some might be jealous of you. I want to tell you that I am not one of that kind. I love my husband so utterly, so entirely, that all whom he loves are dear to me. You are brother, friend, everything to him-will you be the same to me?"

A beautiful woman asking, with those sweet, sensitive lips, for my friendship, looking at me with those calm, tender eyes, asking me to like her for her husband's sake - the sweetest, the most gracious, the most graceful picture I had ever seen. Yet, oh Heaven! a murderess if ever there was one. She wondered why I did not respond to her advances. I read the wonder in her face. "You do not care for hasty friends,' e said. "Well, Lance and I are one

she said.

if you like him you must like me, and time will show. 'You are more than good to me, stammered, thinking in my heart if she had been but half as good to the little

helpless child she had flung into the I have never seen a woman more charming, of more exquisite grace, of more perfect accomplishment, greater fascination of manner. She sang to us, and her voice was full of such sweet pathos it almost brought the tears in my eyes. I could not reconcile what I saw now with what I had seen on the Chain Pier, though outwardly the same woman I had seen on the Chain Pier and this graceful gracious lady could not possibly be one. As the evening passed on, and I saw her bright, cheerful ways, her devotion to her husband her candid, frank, open manner I came to the conclusion that I must be the victim either of a mania or of some ter-rible mistake. Was it possible, though, that I could have been? Had I not had for the past three years?

the face clearly, distinctly, before me One thing struck me during the evening. Watching her most narrowly, I could not see in her any under-current of feeling; she seemed to think what she said, and to say just what she thought: there were no musings, no reveries, no fits of abstraction, such as one would think would go always with sin or crime. Her attention was given always to what was passing; she was not in the least like a person with anything weighing on her mind. We were talking, Lance and I, of an old friend of ours, who had gone to Nice, and that led to a digression on the different watering places of England. Lance mentioned several, the climate of which he declared was unsurpassed, those mysterious places of which one reads in the papers, where violets grow in December, and the sun shines all the year round. I cannot remember who first named Brighton, but I do remember that she neither changed color nor

shrank. 'Now for a test." I said to myself. I looked at her quite straight in the face. so that no expression of hers could escape me-no shadow pass over her eyes unknown to me.

"Do you know Brighton at all?" I asked her. I could see to the very depths of the limpid eyes. No shadow came; the beautiful, attentive face did not change in the least. She smiled as she replied "I do not. I know Bournemouth and Eastbourne very well; I like Bourne-

We had hardly touched upon the subect, and she had glided from it, yet with such seeming unconsciousness. laughed, yet I felt that my lips were stiff and the sound of my laugh strange. 'Everyone knows Brighton,' It is not often one meets an English lady who does not know it. She looked at me with the most charming and frank directness

'I spent a few hours there once," she From the little I saw of it I took it for a city of palaces. She rose with languid grace, and went to the table. "I think I will ring for some tea," she

said. "I am chilly and cold in spite of the fire. Mr. Ford, will you join me?"

CHAPTER VIL

My feelings when I reached my room that night were not to be envied. was as firmly convinced of the identity of the woman as I was of the shining of the sun. There could not be any mis-take; I had seen her face quite plainly in the moonlight, and it had been foo deeply impressed on my mind for me to forget it, or to mistake it for another. Indeed, the horror of the discovery was still upon me, my nerves were trembling, my blood was cold. How could

had drowned it, I could not, dare not think. I could not sleep or rest; my mind and brain were at variance with them-selves. Frances Fleming seemed to me a fair, kind-hearted, loving woman, graceful as fair; the woman I had seen on the Chain Pier was a wild, desperate ereature, capable of anything. I could not rest; the soft bed of ender down, the pure linen perfumed with lavender, the pillows, soft as though filled with down from the wings of a bird, could bring no

it be that my old friend Lance had

worshipped was a murderess? What

else she had been I did not care even to

think; whose child it was, or why she

I bear to know that the wife whom

nade so terrible a mistake? How could

rest to me.

If this woman were anything but what she seemed to be, if she were indeed a murderess, how dare she deceive Lance Fleming? Was it right, just, or fair that he should give the love of his honest heart, the devotion of his rush and fall of the waves must be like ife to a woman who ought to have been branded? I wished a thousand times over that I had never seen the Chain Pier, or that I had never come to Dutton Manor House; yet it might be that I was the humble instrument intended by Providence to bring to light a great crime. It seemed strange that of all nights in the year I should have chosen that one: it seemed strange that after keeping the woman's face living in my memory for so long I should so suddenly meet it in life. There was something more than mere coincidence in this: yet it seemed a horrible thing to do, to come under the roof of my dear-

est friend, and ruin his happiness for

ever.
Then the question came -was it not better for him to know the truth than to live in a fool's paradise-to take to his heart a murderess-to live befooled and to die deceived? My heart rose in bot indignation against the woman who had blighted his life, who would bring home to him such shame and anguish as must tear his heart and drive him

I could not suppose, for one momen that I was the only one in the world who knew her secret—there must be others, and meeting her suddenly, one of these might betray her secret, might do her greater harm and more mischlef than I could do. After hours of weary thought, I came to this conclusion, that I must find out first of all whether my suspicious were correct or not. That was evidently my first duty. I must know whether there was any truth in my suspicious or not. I hated myself for the took that the truth in the for the task that lay before me, to

watch a woman, to seek to entrap her, to play the detective, to seek to dis-cover the secret of one who had so cordially and frankly offered me her friend-Yet it was equally hateful to know that a bad and wicked woman, branded with sin, stained with murder, had deceived an honest, loyal man like Lance Fleming. Look which way I would, it

was a most cruel dilemma-pity, indignation, wonder, fear, reluctance, all tore at my heart. Was Frances Fleming the good, pure, tender-hearted wom-an she seemed to be, or was was she the woman branded with a secret brand? I must find out for Lance's herself. sake. There were times when intense pity softened my heart, almost moved me to tears; then the recollection of the tiny white baby lying all night in the sea, swaying to and fro with the waves, steeled me. I could see again the pure ittle waxen face, as the kindly woman kissed it on the pier. I could see the little green grave, with the white, shin-ing cross—"Marah, found drowned," and here beside me, talking to me, tending me with gentle solicitude, was the very woman, I feared, who had drowned the child. There were times—I remember one particularly - when she [To be Continued.]

held out a bunch of fine hot-house grapes to me, that I could have cried out—"It is the hand of a murderess, take it away," but I restrained myself.
I declare that, during a whole fort-night, I watched her incessantly; I scrutinized every look every gesture, I criticized every word, and in neither one nor the other did I find a shadow of blame. She seemed to me pure in heart, thought, and word. At times, when she read or sang to us, there was a light such as one fancies the angels wear. Then I found also what Lance said of her charity to the poor was perfectly true-they worshipped her. saint was a greater saint to them than the woman whom I believed I had seen

drown a little child It seemed as though she could hardly do enough for them; the minute she heard that anyone was sick or in want she went to their aid. I have known this beautiful woman, whose husband adored her, give up a party or ball to sit up with some poor woman whose child was ill, or was ill herself. And I must speak, too, of her devotion-to see th earnest, tender piety on that beautiful face was marvellous.

"Look, John!" Lance would whisper to me; "my wife looks like an angel." I was obliged to own that she did. But what was the soul like that animat-

ed the beautiful body? When we were talking-and we spent many hours together in the gardenwas struck with the beauty and nobility of her ideas. She took the right side in everything; her wisdom was full of tenderness; she never once gave utterance to a thought or a sentence but that was both pleased and struck with it But for this haunting suspicion I should have pronounced her a perfect woman for I could see no fault in her. I had been a fortnight at Dutton Manor, and but for this it would have been a happy fortnight. Lance and I had fall en into the old loving terms of intimacy, and Frances made a most lovable and harmonious third. A whole fortnight I had studied her, criticised her, and was more bewildered than evermore sure of two things: the first was, that it was next to impossible that she had ever been anything different to what she was now; the second, that she must be the woman I had seen on the

pier. What, under those circumstanes, was any man to do? No single incident had happened to interrupt the tranquil course of life, but from day to day I grew more wretched with the weight of my miser-

able secret. One afternoon, I remember that the lilaes were all in bloom, and Lance sat with his beautiful wife where a great group of the trees stood. When I reached them they were speaking of the "I always long for the sea in Summe

time, said Lance, when the sun is hot and the air full of dust, and no trees give shade, and the grass seems burned, long for the sea. Love of water seems almost a mania with me, from the deep blue ocean, with its foaming billows, to the smallest pool hidden in a wood. It is strange, Frances, with your beauty-loving soul, that you dislike the sea. She had gathered a spray of the beau-

tiful lilac, and held it to her lips. it the shade of the flower, or did the color leave her face? If so, it was the first time I had seen it change. "Do you really dislike the sea, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked.
"Yes," she replied, laconically. "Why?" I asked again.

"I cannot tell," she answered. "It must be on the old principle,-"I do not like thee, Doctor Pell The reason why -1 cannot tell! but only this I know full well.
I do not like thee, Dector Fell?" "Those lines hardly apply to the sea," I said. "I thought love of the sea was

nborn with every man and woman in "It is not with me," she said. She spoke quite gently. There was not the least harry or confusion, but I was quite sure the color had faded from her face. Was it possible that I had found a hole in the strong armor at

Lance turned a laughing face to me My wife is as strong in her, dislikes as in her likes," he said, "She never will go to the sea. Last year I spent a whole month in trying to persuade her; this year I have began in good time, and I intend to give it three months good trial, but I am afraid it will be quite in vain. "Why do you dislike the sea?" I re-peated. "You must have a reason."

"I think." she replied, "it makes me melancholy and low-spirited."
"Well it might." I thought, for the a vast requiem to her.
"That is not the effect the ses has upon most people," I said.

"No. I suppose not; it has upon me," she said. Then smiling at me she went on: "You seem to think it is my fault, Mr. Ford, that I do not love the sea. 'It is your misfortune," I said, and I meant nothing by the words, but a

shifting, curious look came into her face, and for the first time since I had been there her eyes fell before mine "I suppose it is," she said, quietly; but from that moment we were never quite the same again. She watched me The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-naca Faraman commends it to the favorable con-sideration of adjustingers, whose in vors will be in-serted at the following low rates: 5 months... 1 year... 6 months... 1 year... 6 months...

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curiously, and I knew it. "Like or dislike, Frances, give was this time," said Lance, "and John will

"Do you really wish it," she asked.
"I should like it, I think it would do
us all good. And, after all, yours is but a fancy, Frances. "If we go at all," she said, "let us go to the great Northern sea, not to the South, where it is smiling and treacher-

go with us."

"Those southern seas hide much," I said; and again she looked at me with a curious, intent gaze—a far-off gaze, as though she were trying to make something out. "What do they hide, John?" asked

"Sharp rocks and shifting sands," I answered answered.

"So do the northern seas," he replied.
A soft, sweet voice said: "Everyone has their own taste. I love the country; you love the sea. I find more beauty in this bunch of lilac than I should in all the seaweed that was ever thrown on the beach; to me there is more poetry and more loveliness in the ripple of the leaves, the changeful hues of the trees and flowers, the corn in the fields,

the fruit in the orchards, than in the perpetual monotony of the sea." 'That is not fair, Frances," cried Lance. "Say what you will, but never call the sea monotonous-it is never that; it always gives one the impression of power and majesty."

"And of mystery," I interrupted.
"Of mystery," she repeated, and the
words seemed forced from her in spite

"Yes, of mystery!" I said. "Think what is buried in the sea! Think of the vessels that have sunk laden with human beings! No one will know onethird of the mysteries of the sea until the day when she gives up her dead."

The spray of lilac fell to the ground. She rose quickly and made no attempt

"It is growing chilly," she said; "I will go into the house." "A strange thing that my wife does not like the sea," said Lance. But it was not strange to my mind, not strange at all.

"Didn't Want to Ketch it."

A gentleman who spent several years teaching gives the following account of a teacher's interview with a boy of about 14 in a rural district. Other teachers have probably had similar experiences:

"What is your name." "What is the rest of It?"

"What is your surmame?"

"Middle name's Hozayer." Jackson, then, is the name of your pa-"No mam, it ain't. One of 'em is named Willyam and tother one Mary

'How old are you :" What? A boy as large as you doesn't know his age:

"A boy of your size ought to know the exact year of his hirth." "I do know the year." What year was it?"

"Same year as my sister Harriet." "Indeen " Yessum; we're twins." "I want you to ask your mother how old you are, and tell me to morrow." "She dunno; she dunno nothin."
"That is not a very nice way to talk

'She don't keer." "Why doesn't she?"
"She's dead." "Where do you live ?" "Where is cour home " "Over you." This with

"Over you." This with a ferk of bis bend over his left shoulder. "No, mon: I don't need none." Why not?" "I'm only in my a hab's."
"Then you have never had any educa-

Boy scratches his head and says:
"No, mon; not that I knows of. But I've had airy siple. If what yo said is worse nor that I don't want ter ketch

A SCHOOLMA'AM'S GRIP. The Skill of a Bold and Brave Western Equestrienne. A writer on the Portland (Ore.) Ob server says that he recently approached a mansion structed on Poverty Plat, and observed the daughter of the house in the front yard placing a man's saddle on ion Oregon horse that objected to this proceeding. She was about the ag- when "standing with reluctant feet womanhood and childhool meet." I offered my assistance as she was hopping around on her right foot, her left foot in the stirrup, while she firmly grasped the bridle bit in

was making mad bounds, bellowing as only an Oregon herse can b-flow, and standing first on his bind feet, then on his "No, thanks; I can manage him," she

her left hand. The cayuse, meanwhile,

said and vaulted into the anddle, not sidewise but otherwise, The instant the girl gained the enddle, and the horse felt that she was there. down went his head, an arch spring in his back and away he went, imming, stiff legged, over sage brush six feet high, until horse and rider disappeared in the distance. After awhile she came back at a thundering gallop and refued up at the

door, a triffe excited, but smiling. Of course no corn-fed girl in the State could hope to do so well as this production of the bunch-grass hills. But character goes far more than trivial incident, and of the gentler sex it must be said that here, as elsewhere, they teach in the Sunday school, and are the shining lights that point out the way onward and upward to the weary and fainting feet of the sons of men.

Advice to Boys. Dr. Lyman Abbott: "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might." E. P. Roe: "Do one thing honorably and theroughy and set about it at once." Ex-President Hayes: "Commit to nemory and recite Brown's letter to a young friend,"

General Lyon: "No one will ever become a great scholar without constant study, close application, and without thoroughly understanding that which he may attempt before passing it by to take up something else."

General Winfield S. Hancock, among other things: "Be truthful, never try to appear what you are not, honor your father and your mother." Rev. E. E. Hale: "Tell the truth. Keep the Commandments. Do not drink. If you have anything to say, say it. but if

not, certainly not." General D. S. Stanley: "That next to exact regularity in their bonrs for prayer and plous reading, they allow nothing to interfere with their hours of study."-Academy News.

Short-Haired and Toothless, Burdette says: When they brought Oscar Wild's baby to him the beautiful

man tossed back his mane and gazed upon the babe. It had short hair and no teeth. Oscar wept, and lifting his hands toward heaven called upon all the gods to witness that it we are think of his

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