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VOLUME XIX.

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## NUMBER 41.

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# A TRAGEDY;

THE STORY OF THE CHAIN PIER.

CHAPTER XL. "You must listen to me," I said; "I want you to see how truly this is the work of Providence, and not of mere

I told her how I had been attracted to the pier; I told her all that was said by the crowd around; of the man who carried the little dead child to the workhouse; of the tiny little body that lay in its white dress in the bare, large, desolate room, and of the flowers that the kindly matron had covered it with. I told her how I had taken compason on the forlorn, little creature, had purchased its grave, and of the white

stone with "Marah" upon it.
"Marah, found drowned." And then, or soul-poor hapless soul, she clung my hands and covered them with ses and tears. "Did you-did you do that?" she

moaned. "How good you are, but you will not tell him. I was mad when did that, mad as women often are with sorrow, shame, and despair. I will suffer anything if you will only promise ot to tell Lance. 'Do you think it is fair." I asked.

"that he should be so cruelly deceived?

-that he should lavish the whole love
of his heart on a murderess?" I shall never forget her. She sprang from the ground where she had been kneeling, and stood erect before me.
"No. thank Heaven! I am not that," she said; "I am everything else that is hase and vile, but not that. You were that, indeed." I replied.

The child you flung into the sea was living, not dead."
"It was not living," she cried—"it was dead an hour before I reached The doctors said-for there was an inquest on the tiny body—they said the child had been drugged before it was drowned, but that it had died from

drowning. "Oh, no, a thousand times!" she cried. Oh, believe me I did not wilfully mur-ler my own child—I did not indeed! Let me tell you. You are a just and merciful man. John Ford; let me tell you—you shall hear my story, you shall give me my sentence—I will leave it in our hands. I will tell you all."
"You had better tell Lance, not me,"

I cried. "What can I do?" "No; you listen, you judge. It may be that when you have heard all, you Send by V. S. Barker & Bro., Eben-burg, Fa. will take pity on me; you may spare me —you may say to yourself that I have been more sinned against than sinning —you may think that I have suffered RIVINIUS' BLOCK, enough, and that I may live out the rest of my life with Lance. Let me tell you, and you shall judge me. She fell over on her knees again, rock-

ing backwards and forwards.
"Ah, why," she cried—"why is the world so unfair?—why, when there is sin and sorrow, why does the punishment fall all on the woman, and the man go free? I am here in disgrace and humiliation, in shame and sorrow-in fear of losing my home, my husband, it may be even my life-while he, who was a thousand times more guilty than I was, is welcomed, flattered, courted! It is cruel and unjust.

"I have told you." she said, "how hard my childhood was, how lonely and desolate and miserable I was with my

girl's heart full of love, and no one to When I was eighteen I went to live with a very wealthy family in London, the name—I will not hide one detail from you—the name was Cleveland; hey had one little girl, and I was her

governess. I went with them to their

place in the country, and there a visitor came to them, a handsome young no-bleman, Lord Davius by name. "It was a beautiful sunlit county. I had little to do, plenty of leisure, and he could do as he would with his time. We had met and had fallen in love with each other. I did not love him, I idolized him; remember in your judgment that no one had ever loved me. No one had ever kissed my face and said kind words to me; and I, oh! wretched, miserable me, I was in heaven. To be loved for the first time, and by one so handsome, so charming, so fascinating A few weeks passed like a dream. met him in the early morning. I met him in the glosming. He swore a hun-dred times a day that he would marry me when he came of age. We must wait until then. I never dreamed of harm or wrong, I believed in him implicitly as I loved him. I believed every word that came from his lips. May Heaven spare me! I need tell you no more. A girl of eighteen madly, passionately in love; a girl as ignorant as any girl could be, and a handsome, experienced man of the world.

There was no hope, no chance. I fell: yet almost without knowing how had fallen. You will spare me the rest I know. When, in my sore anguish and distress, I went to him. I thought he would marry me at once; I thought be would be longing only to make me hapby again; to comfort me; to solace me make amends for all I had suffered. I went to him in London with my heart full of longing and love. I had left my situation, and my stern, cruel grand-mother believed that I had found anther. If I lived to be a thousand years old I should never forget my horror and surprise. He had worshipped me; he

had sworn a thousand times over that he would marry me; he had loved me with the tenderest love. when after waiting some hours, I saw him at last, he frowned at me; there was no kiss, no caress, no

This is a nice piece of news,' he said. This comes from country visiting."
"But you love me?-you love me?" I cried.

"I did, my dear,' he said, 'but of course that died with Summer. One does not speak of what is dead.' 'Do you not mean to marry me?' "No, certainly not; and you know that I never did. It was a Summer's

And what is it to me?' I asked. Oh, you must make the best of it. Of course, I will not see you want, but you must not annoy me. And that old grandmother of yours, she must not be let loose upon me. You must do the hest you can. I will give you a hun-

dred pounds if you will promise not to come near me again. "I spoke no word to him; I did not reproach him; I did not atter his name; I did not say good-bye to him; I walked away. I leave his punishment to Heaven. Then I crushed the anguish within me and tried to look my life in the face. I would have killed myself rather than have gone home. My grandmother had forced me to be saving, and in the post-office bank I had nearly thirty pounds. I had a watch and chain worth ten. I sold them, and I sold with them a small diamond ring that had been my mother's, and some other jewelry; altogether I realized fifty pounds. I went to the outskirts of London and took two small rooms.

"I remember that I made no effort to hide my disgrace; I did not pretend to be married or to be a wickw, and the mistress of the house was not unkind to me. She liked me all the better for telling the truth. I say no word to you of my mental anguish—no words can describe it but I loved the little one. She was only three weeks old when a letter was forwarded to me at the ad-

dress I had given in London, saying that my grandmother was ill wished me to go home at once. What was I to do with the baby? I can remember how the great drops of anguish stood on my face, how my hands trembled, how my very heart went cold with "The newspapers which I took daily,

to read the advertisements for governesses, lay upon the table, and my eyes were caught by an advertisement from some woman living at Brighton, who undertook the bringing up of children. I resolved to go down that very day. I said nothing to my landlady of my intention. I merely told her that I was going to place the little one in very good hands, and that I would return for my luggage.

"I meant, so truly as Heaven hears me speak. I meant to do right by my little child. I meant to work hard to keep her in a nice home. Oh, I meant

"I was ashamed to go out in the streets with a little buby in my arms. "'What shall I do if it gries?' I asked the kind landlady. 'You can prevent it from crying, she said, give it some cordial.' What is cordial?' I asked, and she told me. 'Will it burt the litone?' I asked again, and she

"'No.' she replied, 'certainly not. Half the mothers in London give it to their children. It sends them into a sound sleep, and they wake up none the worse for it. If you give the baby just a little, it will sleep all the way to Brighton and you will have no trouble." must say this much for myself, that I knew nothing whatever of children, that is, of such little children. I had never been where there was a baby so little as my own. "I bought the cordial, and just before

I started gave the baby some. I thought that I was very careful; I meant to be so. I would not for the whole world have given my baby onehalf drop too much. It soon slept a calm, placid sleep,

and I noticed that the little face grew paler. Your baby is dying, said a woman, who was traveling in the third-class carriage with me. 'It is dying, I am sure.' I laughed and cried; it was so utterly impossible I thought; it was well and smiling only one hour ago. 1 never remembered the cordial. Afterwards, when I came to make inquiries. I found I had given her too much. I need not linger on details.
"You see that if my little one dled by

fault, it was most unconscious on my part: it was most innocently, most ignorantly done. I make no excuse. tell you the plain truth as it stands. can ed my baby's death, but it was most innocently done; I would have given my own life to have brought hers back. You, my judge, can you imag-ine any fate more terrible than standing quite alone on the Brighton platform with a dead child in my arms?

"I had very little money. I knew no soul in the place. I had no more idea what to do with a dead child than a baby would have had. 'I call it dead,' she continued, 'for I believe it to have been dead,' no matter what any doctor says. It was cold,—oh, my Heaven, how cold!—lifeless, no breath passed the little lips! the eyes were closed,— the pretty hands stiff. I believed it dead, wandered down to the beach, and sat down on the stones.

What was I to do with this sweet, cold body? I cried until I was almost blind; in the whole wide world there was no one so utterly desolate and wretched. I cried aloud to Heaven to help me—where should I bury my little child? I cannot tell how the idea first occurred to me, the waves came in with a soft murmuring melody, a sweet sil-very hush, and I thought the deep, green sea would make a grave for my little one. It was mad and wicked I know now; I can see how horrible it was; it did not seem to be so then. only thought of the sea then as my best friend, the place where I was to hide the beloved little body, the clear, green grave where she was to sleep until the Judgment Day. I waited until—it is a horrible thing to tell you! but I fell asleep-fast asleep, and of all the hor-rors in my story, the worst part is that, sitting by the sea, fast asleep myself, with my little dead babe on my knee. "When I woke the tide was coming in full and soft, with swift-running waves, the sun had set, and a thick. soft gloom had fallen over everything. and then I knew the time had come for

what I wanted to do." CHAPTER XII. AND LAST. "I went on the Chain Pier. I had kissed the little face for the last time; I had wrapped the pretty white body in the black-and-grey shawl. I said all the prayers I could remember as I

walked along the pier; it was the most solemn of burial services to me, "I went to the side of the pier-I cannot understand how it was that I did not see you-I stood there some few minutes, and then I took the little bundle; I raised it gently, and let it fall into the sea. But my baby was deadswear to that. Oh, Heaven! if I dared —if I dared thing myself in the same green, bring waves!

"I was mad with anguish. I went

back to my lodging; the landlady asked me if I had left the baby in Brighton, and I answered 'Yes.' I do not know how the days went on-I could not tell you; I was never myself, nor do I renember much until some weeks afterwards, I went home to my grandmother, who died soon after I reached her. I need not tell you that afterwards I Lance, and learned to love him with all my heart.

"Do not tell him; promise me, I beseech you, for mercy's sake do not tell "What you have told me," I said,

"certainly gives a different aspect to the whole affair. I will make no promise-I will think it over. 1 must have time to decide what is best. "You will spare me," she went on.
"You see I do no one any harm, wrong, or injury. If I hurt another, then you might deprive me of my husband and my home; as it is, Lance loves me and I love him. You will not tell him?

"I will think about it," I replied.
"But I cannot live in such suspense,"
she cried. "If you will tell him, tell him this day, this hour." "He might forgive you," I said. "No, he would not be angry, he would not reproach me, but he would never

look upon my face again "Would it not be better for you to tell him yourself?" I suggested. "Oh, no," she cried with a shudder. shall never tell him. "I do not say that I shall," I said. "Give me a few days—only a few days and I will decide in my mind all

Then we saw Lance in the distance, "There is my husband," she said.
"Do I look very ill, Mr. Ford?"
"You do, indeed; you look ghastly,"

"I will go and meet him," she said.

The exercise and the fresh air brought some color to her face before they met. Still he cried out that I had not taken care of her; that she was

"That is it," she replied. "I have been over-tired all day; I think my head aches; I have had a strange sensation of dizziness in it. I am tired, -oh, Lance, I am so tired!

"I shall not leave you again," said Lance to her, and I fancied he was not quite pleased with me, and thought I had neglected her. We all three went home together. Mrs. Fleming did not say much, but she kept up better than thought she could have done. I heard her that same evening express a wish to be driven to Vale Royal on the day following; a young girl whom she had been instrumental in saving from ruin, had been taken suddenly ill and wanted

"My darling," Lauce said, "you do not seem to me strong enough. Let me persuade you to rest to-morrow. "I should like to see Rose Winter again before—before I—" then she stopped abruptly, and her face grew

her husband, with a smile.
"I mean," she said, "that I should like to see Rose before she grows I think you ought to rest, but you shall do as you like, Frances; you always do. I will drive you over

'Before you-what, Frances?" asked

I saw them start on the following morning, and then I tried to think over n solitude what it would be best to do. Her story certainly altered facts very considerably. She was not a murder-ess, as I had believed her to be. If the

death of the little hapless child was at-tributable to an overdose of the cordial, he had certainly not given it purposely. Could I judge her?
Yet, an honest, loyal man like Lance
ought not to be so cruelly deceived. I felt sure myself that if she spoke to him-if she told him her story with the same pathos with which she had told it o me, he would forgive her-he must forgive her. I could not reconcile it with my conscience to keep silence, ]

could not, and I believed that the truth

might be told with safety. So, after

long thinking and deliberation, I came the conclusion that Lance must know, and that she must tell him her-It was in the middle of a bright sunafternoon when they returned. When Lance brought his wife into the drawing-room he seemed very anxious

"Frances does not seem well," he said to me. 'Ring the bell, John, and order some hot tea, she is as cold as Her eyes met mine, and in them I read the question—What are you going to do?" I was struck by her dreadful

"Is your head bad again to-day," I Yes, it aches very much," she re-The hot tea came, and it seemed to revive her; but after a few minutes the

dreadful shivering came over her again.

She stood up.
"Lance," she said, "I will go to my head room, and you must lead me, my head aches so that I am blind." She left her pretty drawing-room never to re-enter it. The next day at noon Lance came to me with a sad "John, my wife is very ill, and I have

just heard bad news." What is it, Lance?" I asked "Why, that the girl she went yester-day to see, Rose Winter, is ill with the most malignant type of small pox. I looked at him in horror.

"Do you think," I gasped, "that the that Mrs. Fleming has caught it?" "I am quite sure," he replied. have just sent for the doctor, and have telegraphed to the hospital for two nurses. And my old friend," he added, "I am afraid it is going to be a bad It was a bad case. I never left him

while the suspense lasted; but it was soon over. She suffered intensely, for the disease was of the most virulent type. It was soon over. Lance came to me one afternoon and I read the ver-"She will die," he said, hoarsely.
"They cannot save her." and the day

after that he came to me again with wistful eyes.
"John," he said, slowly, "my wife Frances is dying, and she wants to see Will you see her?" Most certainly," I replied.

She smiled when she saw me, and beckened me to her. Ah, poor soul! her judgment had indeed been taken from me. She whispered to me: Promise me that you will never tell him. I am dying! he need never know now. Will you promise me?' I promised, and she died! I have kept my word-Lance Fleming knows nothing of what I have told you. Only Heaven knows how far she sinned or was sinned against. I never see the sunset, or hear the waves come rolling in, without thinking of the trag-

### THE END. ----DISENCHANTED.

edy on the pier.

A charming domestic picture-the dining-room brilliantly lighted, and the silver and crystal, the gold-band china, and the snowy napkins, the white table-cloth and the dainty little feast spread thereon, the cheery fire in the grate, the crimson carpet, the flowing drapery, pictures and flowers. And pretty little Mrs. Norton sitting behind the urn, as fair and levely a two year matron as ever smiled over a table

at her lord and master. He was a time-looking fellow too, that husband of hers, and it was very evi-dent that there was no lack of warm affection between them, for all the subject of conversation was one of very decided opinion, at least upon Mrs. Norton's part.

Just now, she sugared and creamed Mr. Norton's second cup of coffee, and handed it toward him, with a little indignant remark. But it's too bad, Frank, and I be-

lieve you think so as much as I do."

And she looked suspiciously as if there were tears in her pretty eyes. "Indeed, I think it is just as bad as can be—bad enough for us, but a thousand times worse for uncle Tom."
It is ridiculous. The idea of him falling in love at this time of life; but more than ridiculous in falling in love with such a creature, as Aura Vanel Frank laughed at Lottie's emphatic

"We musn't forget that of course the old gentleman has a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own, dear. His being sixty years old does not proclude him from even marrying Miss Vane, if he chooses to. Lottie looked very earnest indeed, as

"I know all that; but why can't uncle Tom see her as she is, as everybody else sees her? She's forty, if she's a day. A very suitable age, you must admit, for him. Lottie.

Frank Norton! How can you, when you know just as well as I do that it is only uncle Tom's money she is after?

And to think he promised to leave it all to baby if we'd name him after him, and I wanted the darling called Roland so badly, instead of Tommy! Oh, Frank you never will know what a sacrifice I made! And I'd change baby's name—yes, I will—for . . . Tom marries that horrid old . . . who never

life! How ever she contrived to entrap him, I'd like to know. Two bright little red spots were flaming in her cheeks, and despite the passionate bitterness of her protest, Mr. Norton realized there was a great deal of righteous truth in it, and he was looking grave and thoughtful, just as the front door was opened, and in a minute or two uncle Tom himself

"I am sorry to have been so late for dinner, my dear," he said, briskly, with a smile toward Lottie: "but I have been driving in the park with Miss Vane, and really it was dusk before I knew it.

Somehow Mrs. Norton glanced at her husband as she turned the urn, just in time to catch the quick glance of cau-tionary warning he sent her. "Are you personally acquainted with Miss Vane, my dear?" he said, present-ly, after dilating upon the beauty of the park in its late autumn dress.

"Not at all intimately, uncle Tom. When I was a little girl she was a grown-up woman, and of course I never had occasion to associate with her. As a child, I never funcied her, how-

He laid his knife down in the act of slicing off a delicious piece of brown

You mean to insinuate that Aura is as old as-all that?" Then Frank took up the cudgels in his quiet, udimpassioned way.
"I don't think my wife would insinuate anything, uncle Tom. She simply knows it to be a fact, as I do, and anyone else who cares to think at all their one else who cares to think at all about it, that Miss Vane is past forty years

old. But, then, of course, no one ever troubles one's self about it." "Past forty! Frank, I always thought you had uncommon good sense, and judgment, and perception, but past forty! But perhaps you don't happen to know how delicate and lovely her complexion is-how soft and luxuriant her hair is how girlish and charming, yet dignified, is her manner!"

He spoke as if in great triumpl That goes for nothing, uncle Lottie said, more mildly than Frank had expect of her. "Complexion and hair can both be bought nowadays. "I am perfectly aware of that fact, my dear, although I must admit 3 and not thought you capable of spet—such
—Well, the less said the better, perhaps. But I assure you I have satisfied
myself that Ansa's one of those rarelypreserved stomen who at thirty—for I
have it from her own lips that her last orthday was her thirtieth-are more charming and mature, and every way suitable to a discerning man's taste, than when young and girlish. And he looked straightly, defiantly in

Lottle's eyes.
"Oh, well," she retorted, stubbornly, "you'll find out some day! Yes," he answered, "I expect to find out that the weman who will honor me by being my wife is just what I have said she is in all respects. Frank, don't you want tickets for the operato-night? I've a couple to spare, if you want to take Lottie to hear Patti. Miss Vane and I are going .

Of course. Frank accepted the tickets; and after dinner, when Lottie went up to the nursery with him for their usual half-hour of baby-worship, she declared she would never call him by his odious name again.
"He shall be mamma's darling Roland now," she said, holding him in her

arms, and showering kisses on his sweet, laughing face, and bonny dark You'd better wait a little longer.

Lottie. Thirty thousand pounds is worth being called a worse name than Tom. Perhaps the old man's disen-chantment will come even yet." "It's disgusting," she said. And then she said good night to her year-old boy, with dozens of kisses and hugs, and gave him back to his nurse.

"I want you to go on an errand, please, Frank," she said, suddenly, as they went into their own room, "up to Blandford's, for an invisible net and hairpins. Will you, Frank?" "An invisible net! What on earth is that? Can't you see it? How shall know when I've got it? I'll inquire.

She gave him a little push towards the door. "Never mind, Mr. Impudence. You simply ask for what I tell you, pay what they charge, and bring it home to So goodnatured Frank put on his hat and started off to Blandford's, the fa-

mous hairdresser's, where he was to buy the "invisible" net, to meet uncle Tom on the doorstep, impatiently waiting for the carriage that was to take him to his beloved. There's plenty of time," Frank said, as he stopped a minute. "Get your cane, uncle Tom, and walk up to

Blandford's with me. Uncle Tom looked at his watch.
"Well, I will. I shouldn't like to keep Aura waiting, though."
"There's no need to," Frank answered.

And they started off, every bit of Frank's determination and tact kept continuously on the alert to prevent the old gentleman from discussing Miss

However, by violent effort, he succeeded, by talking about the Premier's illness and the Irish Bill, till they reached Blandford's, where an obliging shopman gave them seats, and begged them to wait only one moment, as they were so busy just then, And Frank and uncle Tom sat down and waited, close by them being a tall Venetian screen, which neither partic-

ularly noticed, until, in a low, yet clearly distinct voice, they heard a sentence or so that startled them. 'How will that do, Miss Vane? have applied nearly an entire bottle of the enamel; but-pardon me—the hol-lows and wrinkles are so deep that it is

almost impossible to obliterate them."
"It will have to do, I suppose. Fortunately all my new costumes have longer sleeves than the old ones. Now if you will make haste with my hair. shall wear the 'Perfection' to-night. think; and, oh, please remember the touch of pencil on my eyebrows. They are getting so horribly thin and pale Beyond doubt of mortal comprehension it was Aura Vane's voice, and Frank actually pitied the look that was

on the old gentleman's face. And then-no one in all the world ever knew how such an unheard-of, awkward catastrophe happened, except uncle Tom, whose foot reached out and touched the door-the door in the screen flew open, and revealed to both gentlemen the startling sight of a woman with a head almost as bare of hair as a pumpkin-only the merest wisp of gray hair, twirled in a little pig-tail on the crown-and on the ressing-table beside her a head of soft, rippling tresses, and a bottle of belladonna, and a pot of enamel, and various sponges and brushes, and other

There was a shriek of horror from the bald-foreheaded lady, a series of "Oh-oo-o-h's!" and then-it all seemed in less than a minute—the attendant threw a shawl over Miss Vane's pate. Uncle Tom gave a grean of utter horror as he got up and took Frank's arm. I am going home," he said tersely. "I don't want any opera to-night. I've seen enough. Great heavens, what an escape! For all these mercies I am more than thankful. To think—to think I was so near marrying—that

I think the story is told. Miss Aura Vane did not secure her rich husband. There are lots of fellows, old and young, who are daily being deceived by even worse made-up women than shenly, sometimes, away down under all the vain little artificialities, there is often a true, loving heart. But even worse than this is the fate of a woman who finds that her ideal

man is only a bundle of tailor's clothes and dentist's skill, and wig-maker's art. Don't you believe it? Or that there are men who put their bair in papers. and wear gloves at night, and then call themselves "lords of creation!" Well, the baby's name was not exact-

ly changed, but Lottle inserted ' Roland for his middle name, and as once in a while they call him, in jest, of course, "T. Roland," I shouldn't wonder if, after all, the little fellow has his pretty name and the fortune, too.

ALL HASH TO HIM.

The Western Man Scorns the Delights of a Boston Banquet.

The daughter of a Boston merchant of great wealth, wide mercantile connections id boundless hospitality, was married. The Western agent of the merchant happened to be in town, and, as the roud father was inviting about everybody to his daughter's wedding, he in-

vited the Westerner too. The Westerner came. He was uneasy and shifted about from place to place in the house as if he were hunting for spots that fitted him better than these he had been in. He put his bands nonchalantly on things and took them off again sudderdy, as if he found them bot, and grinned familiarly at people he had never seen before, and then suddenly drew his features back with a ghastly solemnity. It seemed to be an occasion of great and overwheiming novelty to him.

When the refreshments came around he was inclined to fight one of pretty nearly everything. It was as if he pro-posed to take see a little Boston formality, now that we was in Boston, and require an setroduction to every dish. His host saw that he wasn't eating much and came around to see about it. "Why, you aren't enting anything, Mr. Wes., said be. "Can't I help you to

something?" "No, I thank you," said the Westerner, "I nin't very hungry to night. I recken I've ent enough. Just then a waiter came along with

"Mr. West, take one of these croquettes; I think you'll like them, take one, The Westerner took o.e. He punched amined it critically. Then he tasted it and exclaimed:

"Cresh! Hash!"

Giving a Housewife Points. A careful homsewife up a entering her kitchen said to the colored cook: "Great geodiness, Jame, you must be more careful. You are not clean enough

in your cooking. "Lady," replied the cook, as she took up a piece of beef that had fallen on the floor, "I sees dat yer's gwine ter nek foolish wid me. Ain't yer got nothin' terdo cept terfool roun' out heal?" "It's my business to come out here oc-

"All right, don, hab it yer own way, but I wanter say one thing: Ef yer wants to joy yesse't at de table an eat wid or comin apertite yer'd better stay outen dis kitchen. Yas," she nddod, as she wiped a dish with a dirty rag, "yer'd better not nose roun' heah, fur cookin' is er bus'ness wid me, an' when er pusson is gaged in business, foolishness is awful troublesome - Arkansaw Traveller.

We were running through South Carolina when a great big giant of a fellow with a terrible eye and a voice like a fog horn boarded the train at a small station. I think most of the passengers sized him up as a chap whom it would be dangerous to argue with, but the giant wasn't satisfied with that. He blustered at the conductor, growled at the brakeman and looked around as if seeking some one to pick a fuss with. Everybody answered him civilly, and he had two or three seats to himself, but the man who wants a row can generally find some pretext. About the center of the car a pale-looking chap about 25 years old occupied a sent and was reading a newspaper. After a time the giant rubbed along to where the young man

sat and growled out: Stranger, what may be the first cost of such a hat as yours?" The young man looked up with a flush in his big blue eyes, and then turned to

his paper without replying. "Hey! Did you hear me?" roared the other as he leaned over the seat and lifted the bat off the young man's head Quicker than one could count six a shining revolver came from you couldn't tell where, lifted itself on a level with the big man's eye, and the white fingers clutching the butt never trembled a hair's breadth as a quiet voice uttered the

'I rop that hat?" The but fell from the giant's grasp,

and the quiet voice continue "Now you sit down or I'll kill you!" The muzzle of the weapon was not six nches from the man's eye, and I saw him turn from red to white in ten seconds. He backed away at the command, sat down in a seat opposite, and never stood up or spoke another word during his ride of twenty miles. He had a "navy" under his coat, but something in that quiet voice and blue eye warned him that the move of a finger on his part would crash a bullet into his head.

As He Remembered It.

Sam Ward was once seated opposite a well-known Senator at a dinner at Washington. This Senator was very baid, and the light shining on the breadth of scalp attracted Ward's atten-"Can you tell me," he asked his neighbor, "why the Senator's head is like

Aluska. "I'm sure I don't know." "Because it's a great white bear The neighbor was immediately tickled,

table: "Say, Senator, Ward's just got off a very smart thing about you."
"What is it?" Do you know why your head is like Alaska?

and he hailed the Senator across the

"Because it's a great place for white bears.

How He Settled It.

'Colonel, have you settled that affair with the major yet?" "Yes, I have," said the colonel. "How?" "Why, last week he kicked me off his stoop, and since that he's let me alone -lucky for him, too.

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EATING IN WASHINGTON. Lunch Time in the Government. Departments How the

ployes are Served. Every day about noon, writes a correspondent from Washington, a little red wagon with a dairy sign on its sides, draws up at the Treasury, and by the time it has been there a minume or two you see it surrounded by a lot of bareheaded men and women. Some of these carry tin cups and other have their hands full of pumpkin pies, ginger bread and other delicacies of this nature. It is the property of a thrifty dairyman of the city who cultivates the department trade. He hustles around to the various departments about the hunch hour furnishing milk and pies and this sort of thing to the hungry and thirsty clerks, many of whom eagerly seize this oppor-tunity for a frugal and healthful mid-day

almost unknown in Washington. The popular dinner hour with the masses is 5 o'clock, or thereabouts, and from that on until 7 or 8 in the evening. The result is that "lunch" is an important feature of the half hour given at noon in the departments. A good many of the clerks carry with them from their homes a little box or basket with their lunch. In nearly all the department there are arrangements for serving lunch for those desiring it. In the basement of the Treasury, Post Office, Interior and State Departments there are regular funch rooms, with tables, bills of fare, etc. In the War Department there are a sumber of hunch stands scattered through the basement, at which those who do not carry their lusch with them regale

hinch. Dinner at 12 o'clock is a thing

At the new Pension Office a caterer goes through the rooms at the lunch bour dealing out coffee, milk and eatables of all sorts to those desiring them. As a rule it is only the more anstocratic of the cierks who go out to lunch. The heads of the bureaus and officials with salaries above \$2,000 feel that it is beneath their dignity to carry a lunch with them or to eat at the lunch rooms propared in the department. So you may see them scattered about at the restaurants and cafes in the vicinity of the departments at the lunch hour. One of the most interesting and curious of these lunch establishments is just op-posite the Treasury. It dispenses milk

with coffee and sandwiches and ple. It has a long counter running across the end like a bar, and a row of chairs along such side of the room. The customers walk up to this bar, select their sandwich or pie, as the case may be, call it with his fork, hid it open a bit, and ex- | for their mug of milk or coffee, or "half and half," which means half cream and half milk, and, having been served, fall back to the chairs along the wall and discuss their lunch and the gossip of the day with their neighbors. Go in there any day between 12 and 1 o'clock and you may see Treasury dignitories of all sorts and sizes, below the Secretary himself, ranged in rows along the walls, bolding a mug of milk in one hand and n "hunk" of pie in the other, and discussing meanwhile the latest phase of politics or the result of the last game of base-ball. The Cabinet officers are generally a little more dignified about their enting. Most of them go home to their lunches, having their carriage call for them at the lunch hour. If they are too much hurried, however, they have a hinch sent to them from some neighboring restaurant and bolt it in the privacy of their offices. The President usually hinches about 2 o'clock or as soon as the Cabinet meeting ends. He often takes Col. Lamont with him, and sometimes some member of the Cabinet or a friend. from New York.

### A BUSINESS OF SNARES. Perils of Stock Speculators the Gaming Table a More Certain Quantity.

The New York Sun says: If there beany need of an additional reason for the outsider to stay away from Wall street it could easily be found by the facts disclosed by the failure of Willam Heath If old Wall street "coons" like Gould, Cammack, Morosini, or Low, can be caught for the large amount of money that they were caught for, what posedble show could an outsider have coming with his savings and trying to get a rerurn for them. Here you have a firm which was always rated "A 1," which was supposed to be worth several millions of dollars, and which goes to pot without showing any assets. That Mr. Gould or Mr. Cammack might have been caught in this storm is intelligible enough, for they are great stock manipulators, and for all we know might have loaned the money to the firm in the hope of bridg-

ing over its difficulties. Many a case could easily be imagined in which it might have been cheaper for them to lose two or three hundred thousand dollars than to see a great firm fail. But what business had men like Morosini or Low to intrust nearly half a million apiece to a firm which they must have known (for everybody in Wall street knew it) to be heavily short of the market and as heavily dependent upon the solvency of one speculator? Is it possible that the tempation of receiving per cent for deposits can be so great as to bind such men to the risks which they

run of losing the principal. In any case and what may be the issue of these two failures, it becomes more evident than ever that the best thing for an outsider is never to come near Wall street. But if his natural disposition compel him to do so there are but two ways for him to deal. One is to buy his stock, pay for it and take it. away; and the other is to play the market on the same basis as the professional. gamblers do their play in a gambling house. They don't ask margins of each other; they play on word of month until the game is through and they see who is the winner or loser. If they have no confidence in each other they won't play at all, but the moment they sit slown they consider that they are equally square and responsible. True, that the stranger coming into a gambling bosses has to pay cash for his chips, lett be has the moral certainty that he can always cash them when he leaves, in Wall streets however, it is not so.

Modern Spiritualism. A well-known illuminated materializing

medium, who had gulled thousands of persons by her tricks, was fully exposed in an Eastern City. She was cought during her dark sennce and compelled to make affidavit to a statement. She said the robes were soaked in a solution of phiss phorus and spattered with bright paint which produced a luminous effect in the dark. These were concealed under her dress when she entered the cabinet, Tall figures were made by raising the arms above the head and small figures kneeling down. She had rare vocal powers which were used to good effect. The woman affected that all "mediane" are frauds.

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