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VOLUME XIX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1886.

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WON FOR A WAGER.

The general quitted the room, and Isabel advanced toward our hero. Fixing her beautiful eyes upon him, and placing her hands in his, she ex-

"Captain St. Albans, it is impossible to thank you adequately for the service you have rendered me! But believe me I feel it deeply, and shall never forget it as long as I live. I am very grateful, more grateful in fact than though you had saved my life. For if I had gone it would not have mattered, if poor dear papa-" Here she broke down, and with a stiffed sob burst into tears, and hastily left the apartment.

Meanwhile Austen had been speaking to Miss Meredith, and when the guards man was left alone, he exclaimed: "Come here, Harry, and allow me to introduce you to Miss Lucy Meredith. Miss

Meredith, this is Captain St. Albans, the hero of the evening, and-" "Horace," interrupted St. Albans, "I shall have to break your neck for you."

"Pray don't do that," answered Austen, "for if you do, there will be nobody left to talk to Miss Meredith." "For Miss Meredith's sake, then, I'll let you off this time," said the captain, "but

don't do it again." "Upon my word, Captain St. Albans, you seem determined to put us all under obligations," said Lucy Meredith, with a merry smile; "not attent with saving uncle's life, and overcoming Bella with gratitudes, you allow Mr. Austen to live for my sake, thus making me your debtor

"I would do far more than that to make you my debtor, Miss Meredith," replied St. Albans, bowing low; and in this strain the conversation was carried on for some minutes.

At the end of this time the general and Isabel re-entered the room together, shortly after which dinner was announced. "If you'll take Bella, St. Albans," said the general, "and you march with Lucy, Austen, I'll bring up the rear." "I am sorry I was the cause of discom-

posing you so," remarked the captain as they were going downstairs. "Don't mention it, Captain St. Albans," answered Isabel; "on the contrary, I ought to apologize to you for the unceremonious manner in which I left you. But my tears were tears of gladness, not of sorrow, and this I can assure you is . day I shall not forget for very

vears to come, if I ever do." They now entered the dining room, St Albans being seated on the general's right hand, and opposite to Isabel. As soon as the fish had been served, the general observed:

"Excuse me asking, St. Albans, but what regiment do you belong to?" "The tiuards, sir," replied our hero. "Humph! Then I suppose you have not yet seen any service!"

"Not yet, general," answered St. Albans, "That's right, my boy! That's right!" "I am getting very tired of this humdrum round of amusements, mingled with a little mounting guard and an occasional

field-day and sham-fight." "I should think you were," cried the general. "I cannot understand how fellows, who wish to be considered men, can put up with it year after year."

"Simply because they have nothing manly in their nature," replied Isabel, the color rising to her cheeks as she spoke. "I really think that the most detestable sight in the world is what we call a feather-bed soldier. All that is manly about him is his moustache, and all that is soldierly is his sword."

"Oh, come, my dear," cried her father, "I think you are a little too hard on the poor fellows. Remember that some of these same 'feather-bed soldiers', as you term them, have proved themselves men, and good men too, more than once." "Never mind, uncle," said Lucy Mere-

dith. "That is Isabel's sole point, you know. I do believe, if she had her way. she would make all the men go out and fight, as some of those horrid savage tribes do abroad."

"And what would you do, Lucy," inquired Isabel, "keep them all at home to assist in winding woolf" There was evidently a hidden allusion

in this, for Lucy colored up to the roots of her hair, and the subject of conversation was changed. The gentlemen did not sit long after the

ladies had left them. One bottle of particular wine that the general only permitted to be drank on high days and holidays, a Trichinopoly cheroot, and they adjourned to the draw-

"Now, girls, let us have some music," cried the old gentleman. "You don't ALTOONA, PA. know what an aviary of singing birds I Citizens of Cambria county and all others ishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c. at have," he continued, turning to St. Alwishing to purchase nonzers invited to give as a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Frices the very lowest.

Alteena, April 16, 1880,-tf. bans. "I call Isabel my canary, and Lucy my linnet, and when their voices are combined in a duct, I would not give a snap of the fingers to hear any prima THE CREAT JUMBO ENGINE

donna in the world." Lucy commenced with a sweet pathetic ballad, well suited to her soft voice, and St. Albans took the opportunity of seating

himself beside Isabel. "I hope, Miss Carlton," he observed in a low voice, "that the remarks you made at the dinner-table respecting military men serving at home were not aimed par-

ticularly at me?" "At you, Captain St. Albans!" cried Isabel with a pained look. "Far from it, and I hope you have not thought so for an

instant." "I am very glad to hear that," snswered the captain, "because I aspire to a somewhat higher position in your estimation than that of a feather bed soldier." "Dear Captain St. Albaus," cried Isabel earnestly, "pray do not mention that again. You were far from my thoughts, I can assure you, when I made that remark. Besides, have you not shown us

to day what your are made of?" "Pray do not allude to that," said Captain St. Albans, half petulantly. "I must say," went on Isabel, not noticing the interruption, "that for your own sake I wish you had a better opporwhat you really are. tanity of showing

than you are ever likely to have in your present regiment." "I cannot say how grateful I am, Miss Carlton," replied St. Albans, "for the interest you exhibit, and perhaps the day

may come, and before long, when it will Isabel was now requested by her father

to sing a favorite song of his, and then the consins sang a duet. The gentlemen now rose to take their

"Remember this, my boy," said the

general as he shook St. Albans by the hand, "you will be welcome here at any time. But wait a minute, that is a general invitation, which they say is none at all. Now I always insist upon one quiet night a week, and the girls have chosen Thursday, and if you like to come again, you will always find your napkin laid for

you and a hearty welcome Dehind it." "Good-night, Miss Carlton." "Good-night, Captain St. Althane, and if it is necessary, allow me to second papa's invitation. We shall always be glad to see the one who saved his life." CHAPTER III.

AN ENMEY-A NOVEL PROPOSAL. For some weeks St. Albans met Isabel Carlton at different balls, parties, and dinners nearly every night, and seldom or ever missed one of what the general termed his "quiet evenings." It was getting toward the end of the

season, and people were beginning to look forward to recruiting exhausted energies with the aid of sea-breezes or sweet country air. It was the evening of Lady Doubleton's

final reception, and everybody, who was anybody, was present. The Carltons were there, and Isabel greeted St., Albans with the sweet smile

shee always seemed to wear for him. "We leave town this day week," said Isabel. "I am so glad." "May I ask where you are going!" enquired St. Albans with more interest than

he usually exhibited. "We are going home," answered Isabel. "To Mulberry Hall, near Witherton." "What's that about Witherton!" exclaimed the general, who was standing

"I was telling Captain St. Albans that we were going there next week, papa," replied Miss Carlton. "Ah, and you must come down and spend a month with us, my boy," said the old gentleman.

"I shall be delighted, I'm sure," answered the guardsman with genuine fervor. "That's right! When can you come down? When can you get leave?"

"I shall have a chance in about a fortnight," responded St. Albans. "Then we shall expect you," remarked Carlton. "Drop us a line to say what train you're coming by, and the carriage shall meet you at the station. And now, my dear," he continued, turning to his daughter, "let us get out of this. I've had three heavy people on my gouty toe already, to say nothing of being squeezed nearly to death."

St. Albans saw them off, and after assisting Isabel into their carriage was returning upstairs once more. He had reached the first landing, when he perceived somebody standing in front

He was deeply immersed in thought and was about to pass by without looking up, but a well-known voice caused him to

it was he, "how are you this evening!" "I am well, thank you," replied our here coldly, and was about to move on. "Wait a minute," cried Barbsly, placing his hand on St. Albans' arm. "I haven't seen you for a long time. May I inquire

"Ah, my friend," exclaimed Barbsly, for

how you are succeeding?" There was a cynical grin upon the fellow's face that irritated St. Albans to such an extent that he could scarcely refrain from knocking him down. Mastering his emotions, however, with

an extreme effort, he answered: "Will you be kind enough to remove your hand from my arm, Mr. Barbsly!" Barbsly looked at him for a moment in silence; his lip curled with a hitter sneer, and he moved his hand, folding his arms scross his chest

"With regard to what you mentioned," continued St. Albans, "I wish you to consider that I have lost the wager, and I will forward you a check for the amount to-morrow morning."

"Supposing I don't choose to believe that you have lost the bet," remarked Barbely, showing his white teeth, "and from what I have witnessed to-night I certainly do not-what then !"

"You may please yourself about that," answered our hero haughtily. "But I warn you, Mr. Barbsly, not to interest yourself about me or interfere in any of

"Indeed," observed Barbsly, fixing his black eyes upon the guardsman. "And may I inquire what the pensity is, Captain St. Albans, if I disobey your somewhat autocratic commands?"

"The penalty," answered St. Albans, stretching himself to his full height, while his muscles twitched as though he were eager to seize the scoffer and make an example of him then and there -"the penalty will be a sound horsewhipping the first time we meet, wherever it may happen to be."

ed; his teeth were clenched, and he looked as though he were about to spring upon the guardsman.

For a moment Barbsly's eyes scintilat-

But he probably arrived at the conclusion that in this case "discretion was the better part of valor," and restrained himself accordingly. Moving on one side to allow the other

to pass, he hissed out between his teeth: "Very well, Henry St. Albans, you have made an enemy where you might have made a friend!"

"A friend-of you? Ha, ha, ha!" and St. Albans laughed mockingly as he walked slowly upstairs. "No, thank you, I have not come to that yet." "You shall regret this!" cried Barbsly,

livid with suppressed passion "Mark my words! you shall regret this with tears of blood!" "And mark my words!" exclaimed St. Albans, turning round; as you value the skin on your back, heware how you allow your tongue to wag about me, or anybody in whom I am interested! Do you under-

stand me!" "Bah! I care as little for your threats as I do for you," answered Barbsly, as he prepared to descend. "I never did like you, and now I hate you, as you shall discover to your cost."

The following day St. Albans forwarded Barbsly a check to his club for five hundred pounds, and then endeavored to dismiss the subject from his thoughts. We say endeavored, because every now and then the reflection would arise like

the ghost of a murdered enemy: "What would Isabel think if she knew I had made a wager upon her affections?" Fortunately, the week after the Carltons left town, our here was on duty, consequently he had not so much time or opportunity to miss them.

He obtained a month's leave of absence at the time he had anticipated, and it was with a very peculiar sensation under his 'der them, his strong arm was around her,

waistcoat that he jumped into a first-class smoking car at Paddington station, en route for Witherton.

The fact of the matter was that Harry St. Albans, the notorious lady-killer, was in love at last himself, and began to realize the fact. It was the first time he had ever suffered from the complaint, which is always the more serious according to the age of

shore, Isabel, in a low voice, replied: length. The dog-cart was waiting for "Yes, Harry, I will trust you in everyhim, and in half an hour he was safely thing, as I have trusted you this morndeposited at Mulberry Hall. The building was an old-fashioned red-

brick mansion, of the time of Elizabeth. There was not an inch of stucco about it, "Do you really mean it, Isabel?" he cried, trembling with excitement and and everything was as substantial as it looked. St. Albane just had time to dress for

dinner, and on descending to the drawingroom found the family assembled, together with several visitors. He was received with great cordiality. and after being introduced to those in the room whom he did not know, he had the

pleasure of conducting Isabel down to dinner. "By-the-bye," exclaimed Isabel, "papa has invited your friend Mr. Austen down. "I am glad of that," answered St. Albans, "for he has not been well lately, and the fresh air will no doubt renovate him.

But how are we going to amuse him?" Amuse him" repeated Isabel; "what do you mean?" "Why, Horace is such a thorough Londoner that I am afraid he will be quite lost in a country house," replied our hero; "I know he never goes near his own-in

fact, he always boasts that he does not even know it by sight." "But he rides, does he not?" "I don't think he has ever done more than an amble in the Row."

"Of course he shoots, then?" "The walking would be too much for him. Fancy Horace trudging over the furrows in patent leather boots!" "We have the river close by. It runs through the park. Surely he is fond of

fishing or boating?" "His opinion of fishing is synonymous with that of Dr. Johnson-'a fool at one end and a worm at the other,' and his knowledge of boating is confined to the steamer that takes him across the channel on his annual expedition to the continent."

trust to Lucy's powers of amusement in order to entertain Mr. Austen." It so happened that Lucy Meredith caught the last sentence during a pause in the conversation, and as Isabel looked

"Then I am afraid we shall have to

across, her cousin's face was "flushed as red as a rose." The next moment it was as deadly white: With the usual tact of a woman, Isabel drew her own deducements, and immedi-

ately changed the conversation. After dinner St. Albans challenged the general to a game at billiards, and our hero did not see much more of the ladies that evening. It was about an hour after daybreak

the following morning when St. Albans awoke. The sun was shining brightly into his chamber, and the birds had commenced their matutinal concert. The captain was not an early riservery far from it; in fact, when in town he

considered noon a very decent hour for breakfast. But on this occasion, although he turned over and over, he could not manage to get to sleep again. So, making the most of a bad bargain,

he sprang out of bed and dressed himself. determining to have a look round the estate before breakfast. He soon found himself in the park, and directed his footsteps toward a silver

stream he could see in the distance, which he presumed to be the river Miss Carlton had mentioned the previous even-When he drew nearer, he perceived a small boathouse standing upon the bank. It was built after the style of a Swiss

chalet, the lower portion being large enough to contain a couple of boats, and the upper story apparently fitted up as a As he approached, he discovered the door to be open, and was about to enter

when Isabel Carlton came out. "Good-morning, Captain St. Albans," she exclaimed. "I was not aware that you were an early riser."

"I am not one habitually, Miss Carlton," he replied; "but really, after this experience, I think I shall make a rule of taking a walk before breakfast." "It is the most enjoyable time of the day at this season of the year," observed

Isabel, "and I invariably take advantage "It would be a nice morning for a row. would it not!" remarked St. Albans. "That is just what I was coing to speak about," exclaimed Isabel. "I want to call

on an old woman-my old nurse-who lives in a cottage the other side the river, just beyond that point. Would you mind rowing me over! It will save me such a long walk," "Would I mind?" cried the captain.

"There are not many things I would mind doing for you, Miss Carlton." In a couple of minutes the sculls were obtained, the skiff unfastened, and they started on their little voyage.

"I was just thinking about rowing myself over," observed Isabel, "when I heard your footsteps." "I am glad I arrived at such an opportune moment," replied St. Albans. "I am sure- But look! what is that boy

Isabel turned her head and observed & cow-boy on the river bank. He was in a terrible state of excitement, and was pointing just ahead of them, as he screamed out something, almost inarticulately: "Luk oot! Luk oot for tree! Luk oot!

pointing at I"

Thee'll be on't-oh!" As he uttered the last ejaculation, a slight crashing sound was heard. The boat received a shock, and for a moment was motionless.

St. Albans turned round, and immediately perceived what had happened. The boat had gone over the branches of a submerged tree, one of which had forced its way through the bottom. The skiff was then filling with water,

and evidently would not float another half-"Don't be afraid, Miss Carlton," he cried, as he pulled off his shoes. "Trust yourself to me, and all will be well." "I am not afraid," replied Isabel softly, "and I will trust myself implicitly to

The next moment, as the boat sank un-

and he struck out for the shore. Her beauteous head was pressed close to his breast, while her eyes were fixed

up on his. "Isabel!" he suddenly exclaimed, as they approached the bank. "Isabel, you said just now you would trust implicitly to me. Would you trust to me for ever? Would you trust yourself to me! Would you trust your future happiness to me?" A moment-an anxious moment-passed and then as St. Albans' feet struck the The train arrived at Witherton at

> At first St. Albans could scarcely realize it. It seemed too much.

nervousness, strong man though he was. "Oh, am I dreaming? Will you really be my own dear wife?" "I will," softly answered the young girl. In a transport of happiness he seized her in his arms, and raising her from the

ground, pressed kiss after kiss upon her soft red lips. "For shame, Harry," exclaimed Isabel, nearly smothered, as soon as she could speak. "Think of that boy looking on .-Besides, I am wet through." "Pardon me, darling," cried Harry pen-

itently; "I was so happy, I forgot all about the ducking we have had. Shall I carry you home?" "No, indeed sir," replied Isabel with a saucy look from her big black eyes; "I have had enough of that for the present

-besides, the exercise will prevent my catching cold." They immediately started off at a sharp walk towards the Hall, though Isabel found her wet things terribly in the way. They had scarcely reached the lawn in front of the house, when they perceived the front door open, and the general rush frantically out, bareheaded, followed by

visitors and servants. The cowboy had not waited to see the denouement, but had dashed away up to the Hall with the news that Miss Carlton and a gentleman had been upset in the middle of the river and drowned.

gentleman ran across the lawn to the river, expecting every moment to see his daughter's dead body being carried towards him. But he had not proceeded many yards when she was in his arms alive and well.

Nearly maddened with grief, the old

"Oh, my darling child!" he exclaimed; "I feared I had lost you; how were you "Ask Captain St. Albans, papa," answered Isabel just a trifle shyly. "What, another obligation, St. Albans!" cried the general, seizing the captain's

satisfied with saving the father's life, but you must save the daughter's also." The captain smiled. "What can I say! I cannot speak Words will not express my feelings. You have done me the greatest service one

hand as his daughter made her escape

and ran off to change her things; "not

man can do another, and I will never for-"Pray do not mention it," said St. Al-"I only hope to heaven I shall be able

some day to serve you in some way, and show what my gratitude really is." And as he turned round to re-enter the house the old man dashed the tears away from his eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE-MAKING .- CROSS-PURPOSES. It had been arranged that the party should ride to Ravenshill that morning, a distance of about ten miles, and view the old ruined monastry and wander about the grounds. They started away about eleven, leav-

ing Isabel, who required rest after her excitement, and St. Albans, who was far too happy and exalted to be fit society for anybody but himself, behind to recruit their strength after the morning's performance. St. Albans wandered simlessly about

for a short time, lighted three eigars one after the other, and allowed them to go out again, tried to amuse himself by knocking the balls about on the billiardtable, and at last threw down his cue,

muttering half aloud: "I wonder if I shall find her in the morning-room." He speedily found his way thither and

knocked at the door. It is wonderful how timid love makes some men! Fellows with as much assurance as a London street-boy no sooner become victims to the tender passion than they grow as bashful as a schoolgirl.

"Come m." He entered the room, and, as he had expected, discovered Isabel reclining upon a couch. A book was in her hand, but as she was

holding it upside down, we may take it inted that she had not resofted much by its contents. "I thought I should find you here," observed St. Albans as he seated himself by her side. "I have something to say to

"I thought I had better lie down for a little while," answered Isabel. "How was it that you did not go with the others to Ravenshill !"

"To tell you the truth, Isabel," replied St. Albans, "I thought that if I remained at home I might enjoy a few moments of your society, and I could not resist the temptation."

You foolish fellow," said Isabel, playfully tapping his cheek, "and what was it you wanted to see me about?" "To see you about," repeated St. Albans. "I forget. Oh, yes, I remember-to tell you how much I loved you, my darling."

"But you told me that this morning, Harry," responded the young lady. "I cannot tell it you too often," exclaimed Harry, placing his arm around her waist as he spoke, "for every moment I feel my love growing stronger and stronger! Oh, Isabel, if you were ever to change and tell me you no longer loved

me, I think I should go mad!" "Hush, Harry," replied Isabel softly; "do not speak like that. You need never fear my affection changing; the foundstion is too deeply laid in my heart." "Tell me that again, my sweet one!" cried St. Albans rapturously. "You can-

not imagine the delight it gives me to hear you say that you love me." "I do love you, Harry," exclaimed Isabel, a delicate pink color flushing her cheeks as she met his impassioned glance; and I always shall. There is only one thing that would alter my affection for you, and that I am persuaded is an impossibility."

"What is that, darling?" inquired St. Albans a little anxiously. "Your ever being guilty of what is it

NUMBER 48. you military men term it?-oh, yes, I remember now," and she smiled as she con-

and a gentleman."" St. Albans raised his head proudly as he answered:

tinued-'conduct unbecoming an officer

"If that is the only rock I have to look out for, my sweet one, I fear nothing!" "I am well assured of it; replied Isabel, "or I should not have mentioned it. But I think I could forgive anything else in the man I loved but that. If once he caused me to feel ashamed of him, my love would vanish like snow in July." "When did you first begin to care for

me, dearest?" enquired Harry tenderly, and drawing her beautifully-moulded form nearer to him as he spoke. "I hardly know," answered Isabel, "but I think I began to notice how different you were to other men the day that you

saved papa's life, and--" But she was unable to continue, for our hero, raising her head a little, pressed his lips to hers, and indulged in a long and loving kiss.

"Oh, Harry!" cried Isabel reproachfully as soon as she was able to speak. "I cannot help it, darling," answered Harry. "Remember this is the first time I have ever really loved, and I feel al-

most beside myself with joy and happi-"Am I really your first love?" enquired Isabel, with her large eyes melting with passion looking upward into his own.

"I swear you are," replied Harry; "I have never loved a woman before, and I shall never love another." For a few moments they gazed at one another in silence, and then once more St. Albans caught the lovely girl up in his

arms, and sipped the nectar from her rich,

Harry had not been sitting by her side as he imagined more than a quarter of an hour, when Isabel chanced to catch sight of the ormolu clock on the mantle-piece. "Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed, "it is lunch-time! They had been conversing for two

"Oh, I knew there was something I wanted to ask you, dearest," observed St. Albans as Isabel rose. "May I speak to the general ?" "Certainly," answered the young lady without the slightest hesitation. "I am

not ashamed of my choice, and I am certain papa will be proud of his intended She paused for a moment before open-Her eyes were filled with love, happi-

She placed her hands upon his shoulders, and stretching up touched him lightly with her line, saying: which bless you, my own dear love!" The next moment, before St. Albans had recovered from his emotion, she had vanished. After lunch, St. Allans sought an

interview with the general.

ness and elation.

The old gentleman was in an apartment dedicated entirely to his own use, and termed "The Den." Female servants were never allowed to enter it, and any attempt at "tidying," "cleaning up," or "putting things to rights a bit," always resulted in such domestic hurricanes, that he was now al-

> [To be Continued.] ---TEMPTATION.

lowed to enjoy his seclusion undisturbed.

A Detroit Merchant's Method of Test-Ing the Honesty of His Customers. That's the tenth one this forenoon," paid a Woodward avenue floor-walker the other day as a woman hurriedly passed "What-tenth woman?"

"No; tenth portemonnale."

"What do you mean?"

tway. A few days ago I took it into my nead to see how many of our custome were honest, and I stuffed a portemonnale with paper and left it on the silk counter. It was slyly pocketed by the very first lady who discovered it, and she is the wife of a man worth \$50,000." "And the next" "Well we lose an average of twenty

"Well, this house bought a job lot of

portemonnales last spring, and we got 'em

o cheap that we could almost give them

portemonnaies a day. That means we have twenty belies come in here who are thieves, for it is theft to gobble up lost or mislaid property without saying anything about it? "It must be interesting to watch 'em?" oIt is. Now and then a woman will observe the article and hand it over to the clerk, but that is an exception. I have seen a woman work for half an hour to get the portemonnale into her pocket or

shopping-bag. But that isn't where the fun comes in "Where is it?" "Why, on a slip of paper stuffed into the little wallet I write: Stolen from the counter of — & Co.' At least one half the wallets are returned. There comes a

She was a well-dressed and respectable looking lady. She had a por emonnaie as she came near she sweetly said : "Beg pardon, but in trading here this morning I accidently picked up this purse in some way. I presume it contains money. I have not even opened it. Please

tell the loser that it was all a mistake, and I am sorry if I have put her to trouble." "Very well, ma'am. "That was well done," said the re-

Yes, fairly well, but its the story they all tell. She opened the portemonnale, saw the put-up job, and tries to play off innocence in returning it. We are all honest, you know, but nevertheless a lost wallet will tempt human nature sooner than any other bait I know of." -[Free Evading the Law. In Italy, where the clergy rule supreme,

the law is that no dance shall be commenced after the great bell of the cathe dral has struck the hour of midnight They are not required, however, to stop in the middle of one already commenced, but are permitted to dance it out. Taking ad vantage of this law, just before midnight they divide the orchestra, and form a new dance. Some of the orchestra rest until the others become fatigued, when they re-lieve them. There are always enough dancers to keep the set going, and yet the half of the company be resting. In this way the dance is not finished till two o'clock. By this simple process they cheat

A Clever Trick. A young man standing among a knot of others in the public room of a hotel said, "Did you see that pretty girl that arrived

the Church out of two good hours.

this morning? I was watching her all dinner time. I bet you five to one I will get acquainted with her and marry her before the week is out." The bet was taken, and in a few days a clergyman was found, and the young pair were actually married. It was afterwards discovered, however, that they had been married a year or two before, and that the gentleman earned a livelicood by making and taking this same bet in different hotels.

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QUININE AND OPIUM TRADE. Beersase in the Price of Quining- Une

ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget

of the Indian Bark-The Importation of Oplum. Though it is said, and not without some reason, that the Englishman holds his grip on India by taking his daily dose of quinine rather than by drawing his sword, it is nevertheless true that the consumption of this febrifuge in the United States is exceedingly large and always increasing. The exceedingly magnanimous action of our legislators, which placed quining on the free list, has caused, in the course of trade,

the price of the alkaloid to be closely watched. For fiscal year ending June, 30, 1884, the total import of duttable drugs and chemicals were worth \$18,260,700, against \$19,-976,975 in 1883, while she import of free drugs and chemicals was \$68,808,-210, a gain of \$1,696, 745 over the values of the year before. This increase is without a doubt due to the enlargement of the free list, and tends to show that the drug business, in its relation to the whole business of the country, has suffered less than other trades.

The most important article in the whole

list is quinine, and there was an increase in the importation of quinine salts, with a decrease of cinchona bark for manufacturing purposes. In 1884, 1,263,782 ounces of quintne salts were imported, against 1. 055,764 ounces in 1883, and 794,495 ounces in 1882. The decrease in importation of bark has been quite marked. In 1884, 2.588.30% pounds of cinchons bark were imported. in 1883 3,639,315 pounds, and in 1882 5,-010,547 pounds. From the pounds of bark alone, however, no very exact statisties can be obtained of the yield of quinine, because of the varying quality of the natural alkaloid. Of late years the bulk of cultivated bark, though smaller, might present an amount of quintine salts quite as great as when larger importations of the crude material were made in former years. To London, the great mart of the bark, East India sent more bales in 1884 than in prior years, while from Cupres, Columbia and New Grenada shipments have diminished. This arises from the fact that the cultivated bark grown in India, containing a larger proportion of the natural alkaloid, is easier and more profitable to work than the South American. While South American bark deteriorates, Indian barks are improving. Some attention has been paid of late to growing bark in Bolivia with the same are to the culture of the tree as in the East, but it is doubtful whether the South American product can be produced cheap enough to compute with the Indian on account of the dear and uncertain labor in Bolivia and the heavy cost of freight.

that in the East Indies plantations of cinchona were very profitable but it may be found from the report that the outturns have disappointed the growers. Whether bark is in excess of demand no opportunity of judging is afforded. It is believed that Java will furnish in the future a much larger proportion of bark than in the past. It is unfortunate that up to this time larger direct shipments have not been made of Eastern cinchons bark to this country. The present condition of the business is that our manufacturers of quinine must purchase the bark in London, and expenses are in-

Looking at the manufactured article quinine, in 1884 the price opened at \$1.78 per ounce, this price being due to a com-bination of manufacturers. In September it was \$1, and in December 95 cents. The imports of 1684 were 1,268,782 onnes, the decrease being 200,000 ounces more than in 1888, and almost 1,000,000 more than in 1879. Reasons for the lowering of price of quinine seem to have been, in part, competition of foreign manufacturers, but the more important factor, it is sup-possible, is the large increase of good bark. From an average of \$266 gold for an ounce of quinine in 1880, the price in 1884

was \$1.27. To-day quining is quoted at from 88 to 95 cents per onnce, according to whether sold in bulk or put up. Of opium as a source of morphinethe importation of the crude drug, used for medicinal purposes—the quantity va-ries year by year but little. Last year 264,746 pounds were imported; in 1888 \$29,012. To prevent the use of opin m for smoking the custom rate was increased from \$6 to \$10 per pound. The advance of \$4, which took place in July, 1883. seems to have checked that terrible vice of oprum smoking, though it is too early as yet to assume any gains in morals as the result of recent legislation. The value of opinin imported as a medicine in 1884 was \$661,014, and for smoking purposes \$10,124. In 1883, the value of optum for smoking was \$2,684,589, this large quantity having been hurried in in the early months of the year so as not to subject it to the increased duty of \$4. The everage value of opinm used in the United States by the Chinese or others, in their death-dealing pipes, seems to be at first cost \$800,000 a year. When used to cater to human vice, \$2,500,000 would be a figure within the limit.

Moriarty Threw High. Here is a funny story about the pro-prietress of a Tar Flat hotel. It seems that about Christmas time she got up a raffle at a half a crown a ticket to dispose of her dilapidated piano. Of course all her lodgers took chances-anything for a raffle-and on Christmes Eve the affair the men had taken their throw at the dice -and for the benefit of the innocent and ignorant, we will explain that the highest throw of the dice in such an instance would be fifty-four; at least, such was the case with the landlady's dice. "Have yez all had a throw?" demanded

"Well, now, b'ys, there's a young leedy out in the anty-room who don't leike to show herself among so many men. Are yez willin' the crayture should throw her dice inside in the anty-room? "Certainly," was the gallant answer from the crowd. The old lady toddled into the ante-room

"We have," was the reply.

with the dice-box, and presently returned "Well, b'ys, have yez all thrown?" "We have." "Well, what's yer highest" "Forty-foor, fur Moriarty."

"Well, b'vs, forty-foor's high, but sixty-

six is higher, an' the piano remains in the Paddy's Philosophy.

Patrick has great power of enjoyment, after all, and always laughs at the right time. One day he saw a bull attack a man, and he had to hold on to his sides with both hands, the scene was so funny. After a little, the animal turned his attention in another direction, and poor Patrick after exploring the heights, come down with a thump on the other side of the railings. He rubbed his wounds, and, as he trudged along the worse for wear, he said to himself, "Faith, and I'm glad I bad the laugh when I did, or I wouldn't

Young America's Idea.

"ave had it at all."

A little boy when he heard of Jumbo's death, was so distressed, that he told his mother, who had been reading about the Grant monument, that Jumbo ought to have one also. "Why not," he asked, "make a big

dephant of stone with teen. Grant sitting

EGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, Two-wheeled Village Phostons. MULHOLLAND BUCKBOARD, No. 21.

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