JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

\$1.50 and postage per year, in advance

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

THE LOVE LETTINS' STORIES.

The old writing desk, with its odd brass

trimmings, its mahogany veneer, its

carved legs and heavy back, was covered with papers. It was the week after the funeral, and the executors of his estate

had spent several days ransacking his

study, arranging, preserving and destroy-

ing his papers preparatory to the arrival of his nephew and helr. It was not an easy

task straightening out these papers. He

had a foolish way of saving his letters.

There were not many of them, it is true

for he wrote very little during the latter

part of his life, but it was difficult for his

executors to decide what should be kept

and what burned. So it happened that when they found in a half hidden drawer

a package of three love letters tied to-

gether with a bit of ribbon yellow with age

and fragrant with the musty odor of time,

they spread them out on the desk and con-

cluded to leave them there till the new

master arrived, when he should decide

tinued all day, and the sun was making

giant trees upon the rose bushes which

grew beside the library window when the

executors left the room and looked the

door behind them. For a long time there

was silence unbroken save by the mur-

muring complaint of some hapless scrap-

of paper buried beneata a pile of letters

half smothered by the weight and the

rustling, which was only to be expected when so many sheets of paper, bent and

erumbled, creased and wrinkled by years

of confinement, suddenly found themselves

at liberty. At length one of the letters

in the package—a square old-fashioned

letter written on heavy blue paper-looked

around the library with an air of curiosity

and inquired in a rather shrill feminine

voice, what the cause of this unusual con-

quill pen, which was suspended in the rack

"Don't you kind gravely asked the

"No," replied the letter. "What is it?"

"Where have you been!" asked the

"Where do you suppose" answered the

so fresh it almost suffocates me.

thought he would live forever."

"You knew him, then?"

nder these circumstances " conti the pen, "I don't see as you are to blame,

well. I was written to him by a young

lady he met at the senside when he was

young and handsome. They had driven

together, walked and read together all the

summer long, and when she went away to

her home in the South and he came back

here, everybody thought they would be

married. So I have heard him say re-peatedly. He thought so too. I was the

first letter she wrote to him, and I den't

suppose there ever was anything he

The letter said this with such an air of

"He used to press me to his lips," con-

"I think," observed a letter half con-

cealed in a three-cornered pink envelope

which was resting uncomfortably on its

side by the inkstand, "that he used to care

a good deal for me, too."
"You!" retorted the blue letter scorn-

fully, for even a woman's lecter detests ri-

"I came from a woman, too," replied the

"Ah! indee. "the pink letter warmly,
"Yes," returned too. She was the
"and she was beaution. They met at

when he went back to college she wrote me.

"Well," observed the pen with judicial dignity, "I have noticed that a man usually

be does of the first. Men are forgetful

retorted the, pink letter. There are

others he thought more of than he did of

blue letter, "but you are none of those. I came after you did."

the former hotly. "He used to put me

the woman who wrote me badly enough.

but I have always thought she did. She

was an imperious woman and command-

which she generally did. They corre-

pended for a year or two until there was a

pile of letters just like me that would

rest, leaving me alone, and from what be

"What did be say?" Inquired the pen.

It was more in his tone than in the words

themselves. As he tore the letters be

sighed and tears stood in his eyes. 'Well,'

he said to himself sadly, I hope he will

make her happier than I could have

"Why didn't he tear you too!" asked

Pecause he thought too much of me."

"Well," remarked the pink letter, "the

girl who wrote me died or he would have

married her. If she had lived he would

never have fallen in love with your

pen sacrely, for it knew considerable of the

world for a pen. The first love is not always the lasting one. So I have no-

ception. He loved her so much. Why

you never saw such devotion. They were

so young, too. But they were as devoted as

smile and ruffled its plumage in good na-

care what you think about it. I know it

was unusual. So every one used to say, and I am sure if she had only lived they

would have been very happy. At any rate,

he has always treasured me more closely

than any other letter. I know that."
"You only think you know," retorted
the blue letter angrily.

At this the pen spread its points in a

"Well," continued the letter, "I don't

two grown people. Isn't that unusual?"

"Den't be too sure of that," broke in the

Yes, but this would have been an ex-

"Not much. Only a very few words.

said I know that she had refused him."

hardest student in the class."

shanging the subject.

the pink letter

replied the other.

tured derision.

"You are not the last letter he has had."

"Yes," that may be so," replied the

"I don't believe there are," answered

gular letter nettled by the other's

valry. "Who are you, pray!"

sister of his college mate. 'L.

of any other letter."

creatures.

tinned the letter, proudly, and he slept

conviction that for a moment none of the

thought so much of as he did of me.

other letters ventured to contradict it.

with me under his pillow for a week."

fusion.

behind the ink-stand.

upon their fate. The search had

NUMBER 49

VOLUME XIX.

CASTORIA

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EBENSBURG, PA.

WON FOR A WAGER. the room.

general, opening the drawer of a table standing near, and pulling out a chequebook. "I've been young myself, and I know what it is to outrun the constable. How much do you want? Don't be afraid, speak out!" "My dear sir, you have mistaken my

meaning," answered Harry, deeply affected. "Thank Heaven! I am not in want of money."

"Why, sir, you were kind enough this morning to express a desire that you might have an opportunity of doing me a favor. You have now the opportunity; in fact, the happiness or misery of my fu-

I can understand you." "To speak plainly, sir, I love your daughter, and she returns my affection.

For half a minute the old gentleman sat silent and motionless. Then, speaking slowly, he replied: "That was the very last thing in my thoughts, and the shock upset for a moment. She is the only thing left now that I have to live for; but of course it must come sooner or later." The old general, deeply agitated, bent his head down for a moment, then, as if recovering himself, he said huskily:

"Take her, my boy. I am sorry, more than sorry, to part with her; but I would sooner you had her than anybody else in the world." The tears stood in the old gentleman's

claimed: "General, I will never be the cause of separating you from your child."

The general shook his head doubtingly. "In my old home down in Warwickpleased than myself,"

A hearty shake of the hands was the only reply, and St. Albana quitted the Den so full of happiness that the house seemed too small and contracted, and he was obliged to go out into the park and walk off or Meanwhile, after lunch, Isabel had reurned to the morning-room.

She had not been seated very long when the door opened, and Horace Austen

trust you will pardon my intrusion." Isabel bowed assent. "Your butler told me you were here,

and alone, and as I particularly wished vantage of the circumstance."

young man, turning very pale. "The fact is, I have come down here on purpose to-to-to settle my future fate. Do von understand me?" Isabel immediately thought of her cousin Lucy, and replied encouragingly:

"I think I do, Mr. Austen, and I may say that I do not fancy you have any necessity to be so nervous over the matter." my affection, then:"

say as much," answered Isabel with a smile; "but I think I can assure you that she does."

me! Oh, my dearest, sweetest---" "What do you mean, Mr. Austen?" en-

mistaka," "Oh no, do not say that!" cried Austen.

"I have come down on purpose, Isabel, to lay my heart and hand at your feet, and

Isabel. LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, consent to become my wife ?" Mattresses, &c., that we should have bad this misunderyou have done me, I must decline it."

"Don't say that! for Heaven's rake, ALTOONA, PA. don't say that!" exclaimed Austen, his citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c. at conest prices are respectfully invited to give us a sli before buying elsewhere, as we are confident happiness!"

of me to tell you at once. I love another." Austen sank into a chair standing near him, and covered his face with his hands.

Isabel watched him in silence for a few nimites, and then approaching, placed ter hand upon his shoulder and observed : "Do not give way like that, Mr. Austen. of time you will no doubt find somebody

care for another woman." soothingly. "Compose yourself, and look at it from a sensible point of view; if you give way in this manner you will only make yourself the cynosure of all eyes,

who will make you happier than I could

ssibly have done."

ness, and show me that I can still reckon on Horace Austen as a friend,"

"You can, you can!" answered Horace, mastering his agitation. "If ever you want a friend, come to me. I will serve you to the death." "I was sure of it," observed Isabei;

every possible way.

after leabel had quitted the apartment, he sat with his head in his bands, as thoroughly wretched as he could possibly

make himself He was so occupied with his affliction voice exclaiming

vanced towards him. Horace did not reply; in fact, he could

"What is the matter? Do tell me," cried Lucy, sitting down by his side, and looking as miserable himself. "You are not ill, Horace, are you?" "I am not ill," answered Austen with a

"Then what is it? Do tell me. Confide in me. It will relieve you to speak about your grief, whatever it is." And Lucy took his hand with a true

his hand "I cannot speak of it," replied Horace,

Horace. "In fact, it couldn't be greater." ly: "Come now, tell me all about it." Horace had another look at her.

girl, and was evidently prepossessed in Besides Isabel had given him to understand as much.

ways had a certain regard for Lucy. good deal of blushing, and a few happy tears, to become Mrs. Hornce Austen.

DISHONORED - A WILL-MERITED CHASTISE-MENT.

by means of a good gallon.

hour, when a footman announced a visitor. "A gentleman wishes to see you, miss." "To see me, James i" "Yes, miss," replied the footman. "On

business, I think he said." Barbely stood before her.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Barbsly " exclaimed Isabel, drawing herself up as she prepared to leave the room. "The last time I saw you. I desired you never to force your way into his presence "I know you did," answered Barbsly.

"But what is the use of speaking like prove the sesame to your attention." "If you have anything to say about Captain St. Albans, be quick and say it,"

exclaimed Isabel, "for I have no time to Waste. "Before I commence," said Barbsly, "let

"How dare you speak thus?" said Isabel indignantly. "Can you not return me a little affection for the wealth of passionate love I feel

this morning is to show you a little memorandum signed a few months ago by Captain St. Albans; for, although you will not hearken to my love, I still love you, and would not have your happiness

were present you would not dare to make use of such language in connection with "Will you kindly read that?"

"It cannot be true! You have forged this for your own base purposes. I will not believe it, sir! It is simply impossible that Captain St. Albans could have

he would stoop to a falsehood."

you have been vilifying him, beware, sir, for his just indignation will be terrible." "I can stand all that," replied Barbsly with a sucer "By-the-bye, you had better keep the page the wager is written

And tearing it out he handed it over to "You might have spared yourself all my love when-"

love by using it in connection with your vile passion," interrupted Isabel; "and now you have accomplished your object, perhaps you will go; there is the door ! only half satisfied with his morning's seelings, Bartaly was shown out. Lunch was over when St. Albana returned from his ride, and he was leaving his room after changing his things when a servant met bim ami said: "Miss Carlton would like to see you in

the morning room, sir, when you are disengaged." Wondering what Isabel wanted, Harry hastened downstairs." "My darling- " he commenced as he entered the room, but he caught sight of

her pale cheeks and wild staring eyes, and full of unknown fear, he approached

her in silence. "Harry, Marcus Barbsly has been here this morning," she exclaimed, but in such a hard unnatural voice that it sounded scarcely human. "He gave me this nemorandum, and told me that you made

"My dearest Isabei," replied St. Albans, "allow me to explain-

"Do let me relate--" "Is it true! Yes or no!" "Let me tell you how-"

s it true?" "It is true, but-"Gracious God! And I have been won for a wager! My affections have been

"It is not so, Isabel, I swear," cried ish enough to make this bet, but it was

"And what is the amount of the wager -five hundred pounds! Do not forget that, Captain St. Albans," interrupted Isabel, "to say nothing of being able to boast at your club of another conquest. Oh, Heaven! that I can know how I have been treated and yet live! I wish I were dead or mad, I care not which, so that I should not know the shame and disgrace that I am suffering."

"I do not wish to hear another word from your lips, Captain St. Albans," answered Isabel; "you have done me the greatest wrong it was in your power to do, and I never wish to see you again. Oh, great Heaven, why did you not let me drown? Better be dead a thousand times than live to endure such shame as

"But, Isabel, I beseach you to listen to me for one brief minute, while I --- " "I shall do nothing of the kind. For once and for ever understand that it is all over between us. You are my father's guest, consequently I cannot order you out of the house, but if you have the smallest remnant of gentlemanly teeling left, you will remove your obnoxious

presence as quickly as you can." "Is it possible, Isabel," exclaimed St. Albans, "that your affection for me has vanished so quickly? You never could have locad me at all" "I did love you. St. Albans, and truly,

ture, and now I hate you. Go! Get out of my sight! Every time I look upon you I think of my dishonored name, and if you remain here much longer, I believe I shall lose my senses."

"you are driving from you a man who loves you truly and devotedly. I have been foolish, I acknowledge, but not criminal. Some day you may see your error and he sorry. When you do, I only hope you will not feel half the agony and anwish that I am suffering now. Good-

He started away from the Hall at a wild gallop, but as he neared the town his pace gradually decreased. It happened to be market day and the

High street was crowded with farmers and their wives. A crowd of about a dozen gentlemen had collected about "The Swan," the ho-

up, he caught the sound of a sneering For a moment all the blood in his body seemed to rush to his head.

With an immense exertion of self-control he calmed himself and looked quietly round. As he had expected, the centre of the group was Marcus Barbely. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, and a malignant cynical smile

upon his evil face. him, and dismounted.

and seemed for a moment to cower, but before he could move, St. Albans seized him by the collar of his coat.

"Cowardly, treacherous scoundrel!" he treat you. You have had your innings, now I shall have mine." Then turning him round as though he

His horsewhip was a stout one, made of hide, and the arm that wielded it knew

how to use it toadvantage. Barbely's coat was soon cut to ribbons, and the lashes commenced t mark his for mercy, but St. Albans was adamant.

striped with long red cuts, and his own arm began to ache, he desisted.

"Now, if you have the spirit of a man in you, and require satisfaction," he exclaimed, "you will find me at my club, and I shall not refuse you. In the meantime, go and rest in your proper sphere-

And lifting him up with one hand, he flung him heavily into the filth and debria that had accumulated by the side of the pathway. CHAPTER VI.

BETRIBUTION.

And in death they were not divided, About a couple of months after the vents related in the last chapter, a num-

out to the Cape." "By Jove! that's queer taste." "They say that he's tired of his life," remarked another; "and, by Jingo, it looks like it! I never saw a man ride 'cross country as he does, in my life. I believe if there was a house in the way he would go for it."

the door now rose and left the room. Making his way down to the stables, he carriage, and two sets of h-harness just as

"I want a hunter for to-morrow; can you let me have one?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "We have

two or three clever fencers. What kind of hoss do you want?" "I want weight," answered Barbsly, for it was he. "I don't care about his points so long as he is a heavy horse." The ostler stared, but led the way into the stable, and exhibited an animal that

looked like a heavy dragoon's charger. "There's the animal you want, sir." "He'll do," said Barlely, and handing the man half-a-crown to refresh his memory he retired.

The following morning was anything but an inviting one, misty, damp and drizzling. There was a fair meet, however, and a fox was soon found. St. Albans' horse was just getting into his stride when he perceived a rider com-

ing across the field towards him. A second look, and he recognized Barbsly. "What on earth does he want with me!" thought St. Albans. "Perhaps he is going to try the horsewhip on me. It will be worse for him if he does. Anyhow I

shan't get out of his way." In fact, it would have been rather difficult to have done so. The major was riding close to an immense bullfinch, and unless he had pulled in it would have been impossible to have

avoided him. Nearer and nearer approached the two horses, and St. Albans called out: "Where are you riding? Look where You are coming!"

"I am riding at you, Henry St. Albans,"

replied Barbely; "and now I am going to have my revenge, curse you!" Now St. Albans saw his danger. He was mounted on a delicate, highlybred animal, in comparison to which the

other was a dray-horse. If they met he was bound to be overthrown, and at the pace they were going the consequences would most likely be fatal. The major did not fear death-on the

contrary, he had courted it several times in the last few months; but he did not want Marcus Barbsly to have the satisfaction of being the cause of it. The only chance he had now was to get ahead by means of increased speed, and he encouraged his horse by whip and

spur. But Barbely had well calculated his angle, and in another half minute the Suddenly Barbsby's animal caught his foot in a rabbit burrow, stumbled, and fell heavily, throwing his rider over his

head against the trunk of a tree close to the hedge. St. Albans immediately pulled up, and one or two others role over and dismounted. They raised him and felt his pulse, but his heart had ceased to beat.

His neck was broken. Our concluding scene is in the Transvasl. For hours our gallant men had been fighting against a better-armed and more numerous body of the enemy. Their ammunition was expended, but

The casualties during the engagement were enormous, and the Boers, with their usual good feeling, not satisfied with the execution they had committed, were amusing themselves by firing at the hospital tent in spite of the red cross banner that waved above it. The surgeons were almost worn out,

still they were not conquered.

and had it notes for the assistance of some noble-minded we're, who, following Miss Nightingale's glorious example, had left country and comfort to attend, the poor wounded soldiers, heaven only knows what they would have done.

"Sister Hyncinth," exclaimed one of the medical men, "assist me for a moment here; see if you can get a little brandy down his throat." Sister Hyacinth approached, and, rais-

ing the pallid face, upon which the dew of death had already commenced to gather, placed the canteen to his lips. As her gaze fell upon the well-remembered features, a spasmodic cry burst "Harry!"

The sound of that sweet and well-loved voice recalled the fleeting spirit, and St. Albans opened his eyes. "Isabel," he murmured, "is it really you? Now I can die happy," "Do not talk of dying, my darring," cried Isabel. "Live for my love! I was

wrong, Harry, to send you away; I know all now, but it was my wicked pride. Will you forgive me, Harry?" "Yes; a thousand fimes yes," replied Harry. "This is happiness-to know that you still love me. Now I shall go hence content."

"No, no, Harry," wailed Isabel; "you must live for me. You must not-shall not die!" "One kiss, darling!" murmured the dy-

ing man, opening his arms. She threw herself upon his breast with bitter sobs, and their lips were pressed Suddenly a well-known whistling sound

was andible, and a rifle-bullet, fired from the hill above, entered the tent. It struck Isabel behind the shoulder, and penetrated transversely through her lover's left breast.

They were killed by the same ball, locked in each other's arms, and they lie in the same grave, in a far-off land. Mrs. Austen's eldest daughter is christened Isabel, and when Lucy and Horace are engaged in the delightful occupation of "baby worship," they frequently speak of her unfortunate namesake, and how

THE BYD. ---The Live Beyond the Grave,

she was "Won for a wager."

Imagination is all that is left to us, and any man may create his own ideal heaven; may be his own artist, and with his own palette and brush paint his own heaven in as glowing colors as his fancy can depict, always with the limitation of the spiritual knowledge that we have, that love is eternal, and that what is pure t and loftiest, the noblest aspirations, the highest aims that man can conceive of. must enter into its composition. The grand panorama laid before us in the Revelations symbolize, the war waged with sin and the perfectness of the life hereafter. Our power of perception is simply impressed. Nothing definite is given us.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

Practical Sympathy. Sympathizing Friend (to Smith, whose wife has just eloped with a coachman -I feel for you, old fellow, deeply. It is difficult for me to find words with which to express my sympathy for you, in this your hour of sore affliction, but if there is anything I can do-

make me an o-offer for the h-horses,

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"Phillis did, replied the letter, sweetly." Letters, by the way, have voices the same as the women who write them, and if you don't believe it just take the letter your Phillis writes, place it next to your heart and listen to its sweet-toned voice. "Did he love her too?" asked the blue

upward under the shadow of the pen

"Who wrote you," again inquired the

The letter made no reply.

she loved him, too." "Where did you come in, before or after me!" asked the blue letter. "I really don't know. I didn't know

Phillis. He was the best man at her wedding. He was Jack's best friend. Jack. was Phillis's husband. When Jack died the funeral, years and years ago,

"Well," replied the blue letter, why didn't she?"

"I was mislaid some way and never reached him until a few years ago." "That was very romantic," interrupted the pink letter; "but what I want to know is whether you think he cared more for you than he did for either of us" "I really don't know," returned the letter, modestly. "I never thought of that. I always felt so sorry for him when I saw

the pain I gave him that it drove everything else out of my head." "Pain? What pain, pray?" asked the "You told him she would marry him, didn't you!" "I suppose he changed his mind and

soncladed not to marry her," observed the blue letter, suggestively "No," returned the other sadly. "Whenhe got me Phillis was dead." BENJAMIN NORTHBOR

GIRLS' CONVERSATION.

Boarding School. To converse well gives such happy grace to a woman that it remains to be told why conversation is as a study almost entirely eglected in the education of our girls. Why should girls be brought up to suppose that talking is conversing? Why rannot it be a matter of necessity that they should learn in their youth the rudimentary rules of convensation? Among tuitively to speak on subjects of general interest. Lady Corisende and her young friends live in an elevated intellectual world, where graces of thought are cherished and expression is studied. If she booses to narrow her conversation to horsey subjects, or spend her time in flirtation, indulging in slang, she doss so in spite of her natural surroundings, she

falls a little in the estimation of her comther police executionally and indulging in

undgest and sham. Against a land to the unit of the regulation language.
One ennouthelp acking if the very best way of bringing out the latent qualities of he girls was being employed. These being the list, would it not have been for the general gain if the conversation of their lever teacher had been in a language which they could have understood and with the fear of grammatical blumlers. It s a great advantage to talk French fluentbut were the girls learning even French y this method, and would not the stroken and pothooks of conversation have been a

a more useful lesson?-[London Queen,

Grotesque Similes. A grotesque simile is sometimes very exressive. Romarkably so were those of Daniel Websier, who likened the word "would" in Rufus Cheate's handwriting to a small gridlion struck by lightning; of a raffer, who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; of a Western reporter, who in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays, in the effort to thaw the ice, were as futile as the dull reflex of a painted yellow dog; of a conductor, who in a heated discussion as to speed, said the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse

Similes of a like character are often heard among the common people, and are supposed to be the peculiar property of Western orators. Instances: As sharp as the little end of nothing; big as all outdoors; slick as grease, or greased lightning; melancholy as a Quaker meeting by moonlight; flat as a flounder; quick as a wink; not enough to make grael for a sick grasshopper; not clothes enough to wad a gun; as limp and limber as an India mibber stove pipe; nnessy as a cat in a strange garret; not strong enough to hand a codfish off a gridiron; after you like a ratterrier after a chipmunk squirrel; nseless as whistling psalms to a dead horse; nomore than a grasshopper wants an apron-don't make the difference of the shake of a frog's tail; like a crasy porpoise in a. pond of red bot grease; enthusiasm boiled over, like a bottle of ginger pop; as impossible to penetrate his head as to burn through Mont Blanc with a boiled carros, as impossible as to ladle the ocean dry with a class-shell, or to suck the Gulf of Mexice through a goose-quill, or to stuff patter lute a wild cat will a hot awl, or for a shad to climb up a fing-pole with a fresh mackerel under each fin, or for a cat to run up the stove-pipe with a tenzle tied to his tail, or for a man to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his boots.

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"I have come to ask you a favor, general," observed St. Albans as he entered

"Certainly, my dear boy," answered the

"What can I do for you, then?"

ture life lies in your hands!" "What is it, my boy? I'll be hanged if

Have I your permission to make her my wife?

eyes as Harry seized his hand and ex-

thire there is room for half-a-dozen families, and if you will consent to take up your alsode with us, nobody will be more

"Mr. Austen!" cried Isabel in surprise. "Yes, Miss Carlton," answered Austen, who looked pale and worried, "and I

to see you, I thought I would take ad-"What can I do for you, Mr. Austen?" "Everything, Miss Carlton, replied the

"Indeed! Is that really so?" cried the poor fellow, seizing her hand as he spoke. "Perhaps it is not quite right of me to

"Oh. Isabel!" exclaimed Austen, covering her hand with kisses. "The devotion of a lifetime cannot repay you for the happiness, the ecstasy you have caused

quired Isabel, pulling her hand away, and drawing herself up somewhat haughtily. "I think we have been making a

"I thought you were speaking of my cousin, Miss Meredith," interrupted "Not for a moment!" replied Austen. "It is you that I love, Isabel; will you "I am really very sorry, Mr. Austen standing," answered Isabel, "for although I am deeply grateful to you for the honor

eyes growing dim. "Be my wife, Isabel, and I will devote my life to ensure your "It cannot be, Mr. Austen," replied Isabel. "I regret having to cause you pain; but it is no use my allowing you to in dulge in false hopes, so it will be kinder

There is always something painful in witnessing a man's grief, and especially so for a woman when she knows she is Bear up against your grief like a man. I will promise to forget what has passed during the last half bour, so that nobody shall be any the wiser, and in the course

"Never, never!" murmured Austen: my future life is a blank. I shall never "Don't say that," exclaimed Isabel and possibly the laughing stock of your friends. Be a man, conquer the weak-

rand now I will leave you to recover And she quietly left the room, Some people, when they have a grief, et it and courish it, and seem to take a delight in enlarging and increasing it in Horace Austen was one of these, and

that he did not hear the door open behind him, and his first knowledge of anyone having entered the room was a low sweet

"Oh, Mr. Austen, what is the matter?" And Lucy Meredith, looking charming in her riding-habit, but evidently much discomposed at the sight before her, ad-

woman's sympathy. Unhappy as Horace was, he could not help noticing, in a little sidelong glance that he indulged in, how wonderfully pretty Lucy looked, with her soft eyes tull of compassion, as she timidly caressed

"It must descend with me to my grave." "Oh, do not say so!" exclaimed Lucy. "Trust in me. Your trouble may not be so great as you think it." "Oh, yes, it is-far greater," answered

"But surely something can be done," said Lucy. Then she continued coaxing-She was certainly a charming little

It was very pleasant to be sympathised with by a pretty girl, and Horace had al-When the first bell rang before dinner, Lucy Meredith had promised, with a

den over to Witherton, ostensibly to look after a favorite horse that he expected down, but in reality to cool his excitement Harry had not quitted the Hall half an

"Oh, about some charity, I suppose. Five minutes later, and Mr. Marcus

that to a man who loves you as I do! You might as well order a starying wretch not to eat food if it was placed before him. Stay a minute. Do not leave me yet. I have something to tell you "Does the object of my adoration return that will interest you, something about St. Albans. Ab, I thought that would

> me ask you once more, is there no chance for me?"

for you ?" said Barbsly, unheeding her remark. "I will be satisfied with very little, "If you have only called this morning to insult me, Mr. Barbsly," cried Isabel, "I will wish you good day." "Stay a moment," said Barbsby. "By Heaven, if I can't win you, I swear St. Albans shan't. What I have come about

wrecked by a gambling rone." "What do you mean, sir!" enquired Isabel indignantly. "If Captain St. Albana

And he handed her his little betting-Isabel glanced at the page, caught St. Albans' signature, and read the cruel wager that he had made with Barbsly the previous June. "Oh, it is impossible!" she cried wildly,

behaved in such a manner." "If you do not believe me and the evidence of your own eyes, ask Captain St. Albans," answered Barbsly coolly. "Hardhearted proffigate as he is, I don't think "I will ask him," said Isabel, "and if

this pain and misery, you know," he remarked, "if you would but have accepted "Stience! Do not profane the name of She rang the bell as she spoke, and,

the bet, and signed it. Is it true?" "I do not want any explanation," interrupted Isabel. "Is it true!"

"Is it true? That is all I want to know.

trifled with, and my loving heart gained simply to be played with and then thrown away! Harry. "I acknowledge that I was fool-

before I knew you. Directly I became acquainted with you, I learned to love you for yourself-"

"Dearest Isabel, pray be reasonable, and hear my explanation," said St. Albans,

but you have completely altered my na-"Good-bye, Isabel," cried St. Albans,

bye, and may God bless you."

In half an hour St. Albans was once more riding towards Witherton.

tel par excellence, and as St. Albans pulled

Very calmly St. Albans threw his bridle to the ostler, who had come out to assist Without the slightest change of countenance the guardsman walked straight up to the man who had wrecked his earthly happiness. Barbsly turned very pale,

exclaimed. "I warned you how I should had been a child, he commenced to flog

back. He howled, shricked and prayed "You shall receive the mercy you have shown me," he answered between his At length, when the wretch's back was

ber of gentlemen were seated in the smoking-room of the principal hotel in a small garrison town. "By-the-live, Jones," exclaimed one, "who is your new major?" "A fellow named St. Albans," was the reply. "He was in the Guards, but he exchanged into ours, because we are ordered

"That reminds there's a most to-morrow, isn't there!" "Yes, at the Red Gata" A stranger who had been seated near accosted the ostler.

Smith (with suppressed emotion) M-

"What have you to my?" interposed the pen with rare tact, addressing the remaining letter-a little unfashionable letter which was lving spread open and face.

letter, with a trace of malice in its "Yes," answered the letter, "he did, and anything about you. He always knew

he buried him. I was written a year after "What did you have to say" "I told him that Phillis would marry him, that she loved him and always had

Effect of Education in an English

breathe at all. Would be ou mind sprink ling a little dust in my face? This air is The pen regretted that it was unable to do so, but informed the letter that when the housemaid cleaned up the room in the morning it would doubtless be accommo-So I will tell you. He died last week, What is that you tell me?" interrupted the letter. "Has he died! Well, I "I did," answered the letter, "very

> But the girl of the great middle class is not so happily placed. Perhaps her "transmitted education" has been of the very slightest. Her parents have had a hard struggle in the beginning, though they are wealthy now and send their daughters to a first rate school. Do we not all know the style of conversation at a girls' school. The whispering of secrets, which generally savor of incipient fifrtations; the comparison of length of hair and size of glaves; the question as to whether Mary laces, and, from one especially valgar minded, purse proud, descriptions of size of her father's house near Manchester. The general rule at a girl's school in England is that French is spoken during school hours and at meals. The remembrance of a week spent by the writer at a prosperous school still remains. Each of the girls was paid for at the rate of two or three hundred a year, and the table was enrofully and well served in every respect. The eighteen girls were all well dressed, and physically good looking, the pale, in tellectual faces of the governesses contrasting with the pink and white skins of the pile. But how about the conversation? The girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years, sat dumb, while the principal, a handsome clever woman, talked ever their heads to fluent, graceful French, which was only partially understood by be more advanced pupils, the others eating

her home where he spent his fire and tion. They fell in love at once, and I came before you did and I know he thought more of me than he possibly could "Humph! That is what you know about it. I'll leave it to our friend, the thinks more of the last letter he gets than

between the leaves of his Latin books, and the professors thought he was the "He didn't marry either of your authors, did he?" observed the pen, gracefully "No," replied the blue letter, "but it wasn't his fault. He wanted to marry don't know that she exactly jilted him, ing, and determined to have her own way, the telegraph poles on the side looked like cover this desk. One day he tore up all the

> There is another class of similes senresly as pertinent, as for instance: It will talk to him like a Dutch uncle; smiling as a basket of chips; old as Dick's hatband; happy as a clam at high water; quicker than you can say Jack Robinson; like all possessed; like fury; like all natur; like all sixty; as quick as anything; mad as hops; mad as Hallfax; siceps like a top; run like thunder; deader than a door uall; getting along like two-forty on a