

The BEST in the World



GAN

FOR

1000

LIFETI

AM

of its tangle of golden hair. AN EMIA. "You hope for too much," replies the owner of the golden locks merril - Pallie prince was never yet born. I am con-Muscles, Shattered Skin, Flatted vinced, who would be worthy of such Nerve [hancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languer, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Depeerless charms as mine." "But really, mamma, when we are all Its, course, unchecked, lends ection. so tired of town life, why should we rvitably to invanity or death. Women equentic unfer from it. The only medi-ne that, while purifying the blood, ennot go into the country, and especially to this pretty place the Freres have th new vitality, and invigorates written to us about?" asks Ronnie. the whole system. Is "I am sure Uncle Gregory ought to Aver's Sarsaparilla, think better of us, for preferring the FREPARIO BY dullness of a country life to all the glit-Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. tering dissipations of the town," ob-Sold by all Druggists: Price \$1; serves Cecil langhing. Six bottles for \$5.

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-AND-

of Mercurial ration and the

of life. Nothing

much for their mother, who plainly did not go the right way to contro! them. He furthermore gave it as his opinion that they ought to be kept in subjec-

All these hints and innuendoes did not help to endear Sir Gregory to his grandnieces, though there was still another person, who, if possible, was more objectionable in their sight. This was an old friend of their uncle's-a swarthy Anglo-Indian, named Major Jervis, about sixty years of age. He had been a so-called friend indeed of the whole family for many years, and

hopes. She was tolerably good-look-

ing, and to marry her to rank and

wealth or even wealth without the rank.

Just at this time he had for her in

his mind a partie unexceptionable in

every respect, and only awaited the op-

portunity to throw her in his way.

Maria Louisa, who was well known to

was the dream of the Major's life.

Erebus.

beware, beware!"

sweeten his temper.

conciliatory tone.

up again with your old enemy."

She is plainly alluding to the gout,

which is a devoted adherent of Uncle

Gregory's. Indeed, he is a perfect

martyr to it, and it does not help to

smile.

then she says, meekly:

an early snowdrop-"don't have your "I dare say it is musical, dear, and that my want of taste is unpardonable, duke datigling after you for months, but whenever I hear that noise I feel I making you a laughing-stock for all want to die."

Ronnie sighs, and grows even a shade Cissy foregoes her melancholy amusepaler. Her mother, seeing this, turns ment, and mourns that even this poor consolation is denied her.

"I agree with you," she says, though "I really think it is charming," she the words almost choke her. "And to says presently, with some faint show of prevent any further nonsense of the animation. "It looks ever so much brighter, doesn't it, Ronnie? After all, it can't hurt much; so I shall put on my things, and get even one smal

within her is again almost dead.

So another quarter of a mile is conquered; and then, when she is least expecting succor, what is that she sees through the gathering gloom? A light -a lodge-a graveled avenue, and two big pillars on which rest dragon's heads that grin defiance on passers-by. Yet never did tender lambs seem sweeter in Miss Rivers's sight than these threat,

ening beasts. Not waiting to summon the lodgekeeper, with her own trembling fingers she undoes the fastening of the gate; and, forgetful of fatigue and fear, runs Menself mlone the sent. "I would no swiftly all down the curving avenue, advise you all to do the same," said he. with the greatest coolness. "If you keep seated your legs will be spinshed. Renever drawing breath until she reaches the hall-door, and knocks with eager

have lost my way. I am a stranger

The old man looks concerned; and,

"Pray, miss, come in! Dear me, dear

eyes bright with tears. "There is no

mistress of this house as yet," he goes

on gravely; "but, if you will follow me,

ma'am, Mrs. Richards, the housekeep

me, dear me, what a night?"

shelter here."

er, will do what she can for you. Dear

Cecil, hardly knowing whether she is

relieved or sorry at the news that she

of a housekeeper instead of a chate-

laine, follows him through two brill-

iantly lighted halls, down a corridor,

and into a warm, cozy room, where sits

her first friend, in a mysterious whis-

per; "but this young lady has lost her

way in the snow, and has come to ask

"Bless me!" exclaims Mrs. Richards,

laugh, beginning to think that, after all,

genuine adventures are not quite such

enthralling delights as she has hitherto

imagined. "But I don't know the neigh-

borhood. I left home intending to

reach the village; but I. lost my way;

Hor voice quivers perceptibly, and

two tears that will not be repressed

steal down her pale checks. Sinking into a chair, she looks piteously at Mrs.

Richards. That kind-hearted woman

and distress combined. The little break

in the voice does wonders-the tears

still more; but the pitcous, appealing

glance makes a conquest of her forever.

"My dear young lady, you are quite

worn out," she cries, coming quickly to

her side, and hastily removing the snow-

crowned hat and the damp jacket.

Peters, bring some brandy directly." "Oh, no!" says Cecil faintly, "But, indeed, my dear, I insist," re-

turns Mirs, R chards, putting up one

hand author, is tively as though to pre-vent futurer discussion; and Cissy, be-

vent futurer discussion; and Cissy, ing too weak to do battle, she has

own way, and soon has her yours charge ensconced in a large arm-chain before the fire. She has bathed her see

and her hands, and has even unearthed

from some old family chest upstairs a tiny pair of quaint black velvet suppers that suit Cissy wonderfully well. In-

deed, aftern little while Mass River

for her fatigue and anxiety.

decisives herself on he recovered both it

mind and body, and not a bit the worse

-Miss Rivers.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Richards," says

with everything and nothing, cajoling with her mother, inquisitive with the window, and severe with her doll. She was carrying on a thousand different conversations all at once, and with a noise that was almost deafening, when suddenly the gentleman in the other corner exclaimed Decidedly, we are going too fast. The train will surely run off the track?"

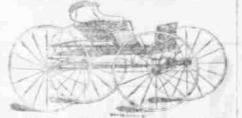
"Oh, don't be afraid," said the child, serionaly, "papa is driving." The officer was reading. He tooked out

of the window, and then resumed his reading without making any observation. The other gentlemen again began to talk. The officer closed his book and stretched

sort you speak of I think of Laking the children"-they are always children to her-"down into the quiet country, that



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"Your nucle likes nothing he doesn't suggest himself," says Mrs. Rivers. "Then make him suggest it. Let us

go to him in a body and tell him how we are enjoying ourselves here, and ten to one but he will order us into solitary confinement, without delay. He is such a perverse old dear."

"You sha'n't discourage me," says

Cissy, gayly, "Even down in the 'de-

serted village,' where you and mother

are bent on burying yourselves. I dare

"I hope he will be a prince worthy of

you!" says Mrs. Rivers, somewhat wist-

fully gazing at the lovely face smiling

up at her from the chimney-corner, out

say I shall meet my fairy prince."

"Cecil, you talk too much," murmurs her mother, mildly.

"I'm like the brook," says Cecil, unabashed; "I go on forever, After all, I am better than a stupid girl who can't talk at all. Ronnie, how silent you are! Don't you like this country scheme?"

"Yes," returns Ronnie, very deliberately. "It is my greatest desire to leave town forthwith."

As she says this, her mother raises her soft eyes and regards her curiously -nay, indeed, sadly. But Ronnie's face, whatever she herself may be thinking, is stanch to her, and betrays noth-

"Yes, yes-country air will be good for us all," says Mrs. Rivers, hastily. "It must be arranged. I wish the Major could be brought to speak to your uncle about H."

"If you mean that I am to conciliate, and play up to the Major, I simply sha'n't," answers Cecil, with a victous little nod. "I detest him. It is my belief he wants to marry that daughter of his-Maria, to Uncle Gregory!"

"Oh, no!" says Ronnie, quickly. "He Uning Business may live in the fond hope that Uncle Gregory, growing disgusted with us and our frivolities, will leave Maria the buik of his property; but I know he intends her to marry a much younger man. Lady Marsden told me all about it the other day. It did not interest me, so I S. W. Corner Penn Ave. and Sixth St., have forgotten the minor details, such as names and places. But I know this young man has been abroad for years; that he has a tremendous amount of The Lorgest, Most Therewill, Practical and Sile-cessiui Commercial College & English Trataine School in Pepersylvania. Bit Staidents last year. money; that he lives, somewhere in the country, in a house beautiful as a dream; and that the Major was a friend of his father's, and has been a sort of Booms, compying an area of over 10,000 Sq. Ft.

agent over his estate for years." Copies of the finest piscour Pressparity in the State matted free with Linutbook of School upon "You remember agreat deal considerthough some what appeased by her gen-HARMON D. WILLIAMS, JAS., CLARK WILLIAMS, ing your want of interest," observes tleness; "I only know you never did Cissy. "Well, if it comes off, I wish come. Well-ch! And what news,

this poor young man joy of Maria!" "This poor young man, as you call him, will probably not marry to order. But the Major has quite made up his BOILER COMBINED mind to it; and he is a man of many re-

sources." "How I should like to frustrate Evere,\$175&upmard Cheapest rig in the pointket for driv-Maria!" exclaims Cecil. "If ever I meet this misguided youth she intends claiming light machine ing as her own. I shall make violent love to him."

"Cettl!" says Mrs. Rivers again. Manufacture "Well, then, I shall let him make vio-

lent love to me. Is that better?" ery de dobting "It is not aminble either way. I am sure, darling, you would not like to in-

terfere with any other girl's lover." "Well, fortunately, I can't," says Miss

Cecil, in a tone of resignation, "as I May 22, 1885,-137 have made up my mind to marry aduke. Therefore this excellent young squire

will be beneath my notice." "I think we had better go and speak Obtained and an PATENT BUSINESS at to your Uncle Gregory about this move" remarks Mrs. Rivers present ES. move." remarks Mrs. Rivers, presently, s. Index tuffer "You will both come with me, girls?"

is, if you approve of the move. under that name had managed to make "To the country" repeats Uncle himself particulariy obnoxous both to

hastily to Sir Gregory.

your friends."

Gregory, taken aback. Then he tells Ronnie and Cecil Rivers, who had taken himself she has taken to heart his adlittle pains to discuise their dislike, vice about avoiding the sullying influand, by chilling replies and remarks, ence of town-life, and he is flattered. which sometimes hordered upon im-"Well, I'm sure I'm glad you have at pertinence, had let him know what they thought of him. These signs and tok-

last determined to act on my suggesens of ill-will had of course been notion," he says, in a gratified tone. "Come ticed by the Major, and treasured up in to me again to-morrow, and we shall his memory, to be repaid fourfold see what can be done about your reshould occasion offer. He had one moval into the country. You are a ing fondly, even regretfully, at her fradaughter, a certain Maria Louisa, on very sensible woman, Elinor-very senwhom he had centered all his ambitious sible indeed."

By which they know he will put no obstacle in the way of their going to the new abode on which they have so set their hearts.

That night as Ronnie and Cecil are brushing their hair, preparatory to going to bed, Cecil, turning suddenly to her elder sister, hvs down her brush, the Rivers girls, was very distasteful to and places her arm around her. "Dearest," she says tenderly, "how is

them, principally perhaps because they attributed to her father the meanness it you want to leave town now, just of retailing to their Uncle Gregory all when he has returned home again?" the stories he heard of them-simple "You mean Sir Sydney Walcott, I stories enough in themselves, but, when suppose?" answers Ronnie, in tremb-

distorted and exaggerated, black as ling accents. "I leave town, because -because I want to test him. It is all To-day, as Mrs. Rivers and her daughquite true what they say. He has been ters enter the library in the handsome coming here for months and months, as you know, and yet he has not spoken house in Cromwell Road that calls Gregory Growle master, they find their to me about-He has not"-with a viouncle stretched upon a sofa, with one lent effort-"asked me to marry him!" leg well bandaged and a rather sour ex-"And what of that?" says Cecil, valpression upon his cadaverous counteiantly, patting her shoulder, with a reassuring touch. "He will ask you some "Glad you felt it your duty to come day, I know very well."

to see me, even at the eleventh hour," "And, in the meantime. I am to be a he says, unpleasantly. "One might be laughing-stock to my friends," returns dead and buried for all one's relations Ronnie, bitteriv.

would care! Perhaps, indeed, you "Don't mind that cross old man, darwould prefer seeing me buried. But ling; such a speech as that only meant an additional twinge of gout,"

"'Trust her not, she is fooling thee,"" "Nevertheless, I shall be glad to leave quotes Miss Cecil, in a low tone, to town; I can not bear it longer," says Ronnie, earnestly, "If he honestly Ronnie, who can hardly suppress a loves me, he will follow me to Branks-"Dear uncle." says Mrs. Rivers, who mere; if not-well, then, if not"-with is really distressed, not having heard of a little heart-broken sob, "I shall know his illness, "I had no idea you were laid he never loved me at all."

"You will never know that," is the consoling answer-"never. He will follow you. He adores you. I feel it-I know it."

At this Ronnie, turning suddenly to her sister, kisses her warmly.

"If we had known of it, the girls and "At all events, this visit to the country will decide all things," she says. I would have been here long ago to inquire after you," she continues, in a with some renewed hope in her voice. "I trust Uncle Gregory will not putany "That may or may not be," returns obstacles in the way of our going, at Uncle Gregory, uncompromisingly, the last moment."

"He won't-Major Jervis is out of town." says Cecil, significantly.

Time proves her words true. Before another week has flown they lind themselves established in a pretty, old-fashfound house, in the quiet country.

CHAFTER IL.

The snow is falling fast at Branksmore. All the air is full of it. The wintery wind, coming with a rush round the angles of the house, catches it and floats it toward the windows. where it clings to still and pane. The laurels at the end of the lawn, and all the everyreens in the shrubberies, have lost their individuality, and have changed from green to dazzling white. Far below, in the bay, the sullen ocean rushes inland with a roar, and dashes against the giant rocks, which take no heed of its passion. Above is a sky all duil and leaden-hued, below a world monetonously white-a world in which the trees, bereft as they are of leaves, and gaunt and bare as skeletons, show black against its chilly purity.

Cecil, standing at the window, contemplates this dreary picture with a

before it grows dark."

"My dear child, do not dream of such a thing!" exclaims Mrs. Rivers, sitting quite upright this time, and looking dismayed. "It is a terrible day, you will catch your death of cold!"

"I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing skin, but a benign expression. for worlds," returns Cissy, gayly, "and besides, I shouldn't dream of interferbegins Cecil, anxiously, almost timidly. ing with Ronnie's special role. She catches cold for all the family"-glanchere; and-I don't know my way home." gile sister, who looks younger than herstepping back, entreats her respectfully self, but ii in reality two years har to enter. senior. "The village is only a mile away; I shall walk there, and see what me, what a night to be abroad?"-reis to be seen, and if I am snowed up begarding with deep compassion the little youd hope of return. I dare say that fat woe-begone figure before him, with her little woman at the inn will give me furs all covered with snow and her blue

shelter."

"You mean the woman who was so kind to us, when one of our horses came to grief the day of our arrival, the day before vesterday?" asks Ronnie. "Mrs. Stilton, they call her. 1 never forgot it; she did look so like a cheese."

"Yes. Don't look as if this was to be must trust herself to the tender mercles our final farewell, mammal" cries Cissy, with an irrepressible laugh. "You haven't a chance of getting rid of me so easily. 'I will return: you know me But in case I shouldn't"-she has her hand by this time on the handle an elderly woman, knitting by a fire. of the door, and is looking back mischievously at her mother-"if it be my lot to be discovered stiff and stark and frozen in some picturesque hollow, remember, I leave my debts to Ronnie and my kittens to you. Don't let them

looking over her spectacles. She rises, starve." advances a little, and, having satisfied "I wish you would not jest on such horrid subjects," says Mrs. Rivers, in a herself about Cecil's appearance, drops

nervous tone that fills Miss Cissy with a slight courtesy. "I'm so sorry to trouble you," says delight. "And I wish too-" Cissy, quickly, with a rather nervous

But the door is shut before she can disclose her second wish, and Cissy is beyond reach of eyes and ears. Of course she carries the day, and presently comes downstairs, and starts for her walk half-smothered in furs, and with the daintiest of little otter-skin caps upon her head. The whole costume suits and don't know what would have beher to perfection, and, with a light come of me, but that fortunately I heart and a quick step, she runs up the found this place. The snow was so avenue through the feathery snow-flakes. blinding, and the wind so strong, andthat fall all around her, and passes the I am so tired."

entrance gate.

Oh, the joy of being in the open air again-however cold-after two days' continement to the house! And the rapture of having "iresh woods and pastures new" before her! All is still un- is not proof against so much beauty known. Such a short time has elapsed since Mrs. Rivers and her daughters took possession of this their new house, and as yet their present world is an unexplored territory, full, it may be, of Then and there she falls in love with delightful possibilities and golden treas-DITE.

Fo-day the spirit of adventure is rife

within Cecil's breast. She moves briskly, with a buoyant air, up the road; past the wall that bounds her own place, past a gate that leads no doubt to some near neighbor's dwelling, and straight on until she comes to the open highway beyond. Here she comes to a standtill, and penders a while. A bread road stretches to her right a large com-mon to the left; yet she has been totd that both will bring her to the village, and that the common is the shortest route by a full mile! Which shall sue take? After a short but severe struggle with prodeuce she pushes it into the background, and decides on speed and the common. It looks vast-nav. even vague, but, taking the little wellbeaten path that lies through it, sie waiks on bravely, with her head held high, and a delicious sense of freedom.

said there was no mistriss of the house. Is there no one here but you?" light, air, youth, pervading her whole "Thore's flat unisted," replies Mrs. being. As she goes, and as the road slightly discontented expression on her grows dim behind her, sim even breaks

member the Versailles accident." This is certainly madness," he con-It is opened by an old man in irre--Yes, madame, he said, addresspineed. proachable livery, with a pock-marked ing the lady, " your husband is either firms or erray." "Can I-see the-lady of the house?"

"Oh, sir," said the lady, "my husband never gets drank. You say him a fittle while ago. Certainly the imin is going at a farlous rate. I don't understand it." Indeed the troin was running at a terfifying rate. What in the world could the engineet mean by such driving?"

"] am alfaja!" said the citizen, white with terror.

Then the officer took me aside. Here is my name and address," said he. "If 1 am killed or mortally wounded in the accident to which we are running and you cacape, promise me now that you will carry these dispatches without a moment's delay to the general whose name you will find by opening this envelope."

I promised. The woman took the child in her arms and covered her little face with tears and kissas. She seemed to wish to make a rampart of herself to protect the little one against the frightful smish-up that was mentarily expected.

"I am not afraid," said the child, suilingly : "papa is driving." And she alone the passengers of the car, and found no fig ground anoin add sealthug De train, had faith and confidence. We could hear in the other cars cries of terror and wailings of despair, and, in spite of the mother, the child leaved out of the window in the back door and should out with all the foret of her little image: "Don't be afraid; papa is driving!" Ahi that sweet little girl, in the general terror, was a tower of strength, with that sacred love of a child for a father an affection that nothing can break down.

Gradually the into dowed and name to a standard We were at a station The engineer came to the door. "We have been going very fast," said he, "but at all beyond, we must get to Reims be-fore the Proseinns. That we must do at the risk of being blown up or smeahed to pieces on the way. I'm told that we are parrying important dispatches," and he coked at his little girl with tears in his 87'68.

"Give me your hand," said the officer. "You are a brave fellow. It is I who have the despatches" ""Eu conten" then said the man, and he gave a parting glance at the fairy form of his child, as if to bid her farewell. But Jeanne was not afraid; and, moreover, mobody in our compartment was atraid any longer. We knew that we were risking our lives for our country, and that satisfied us. As for the train, it recommenced its furious race. This was in the month of September, 1870, on the Eastern line.

The Watch Was Londed.

Herr Hager, the weaking banker, is a punctual man in the world, and always osiries a couple of chronometers about with him. Thanks to this hubit he is a frequent victim of pickperkets, as not a week passes without his losing one of his watches; At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains, then one fine morning he took no presention whatever and guietly allowed himself to be robbed. At night, on returning from Business, be took up the evening paper, when he uttered an exclamation of delight, and at once started off to the police station. This is what he read :- To-day, about two P. M., a violent explosion took place in a house in B---- street, occuried by Mr. S. a wealthy townsman. The hands of the victim are shattered and his left eye gone." The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded during the operation of winding. Since that time no more watches have then stolen from the person of Herr Hager ---- Courrier de l' Europe

Plot for Another Farce by Howells. "I fell so strange," she says, present-ly, with a languid smile, "o ben Peters

It is told of a well-known elderly gentleman of Hoston, who is devidedly deaf, that one evening recently, so he was passing along the darker portion of Charles street, he was confronted by two

disseminated daily. "Very little news anywhere just at present," answers Mrs. Rivers, absently. She is anxiously wondering how she shall bring in the subject of the country scheme. "Thope you have not been letting those girls out again without vonrself."

says Uncle Gregory, iraseibly. "I heard about that Kensington trip from Major Jervis, who saw them there. Wrong, very wrong, my dear Ellinor; young women should never be allowed to go anywhere without their mother or guardian."

ly, "that I thought they might safely go with him."

"Old! Pooh! Seven-and-twenty, I

notorious old news-monger in town. and is just now atterly disheartened because he can not attend his club, where the choicest morecear of scandal are

He is, as every one knows, the most

"Sir Sydney Walcott is such an old

friend," responds Mrs. Rivers, nervous-

