JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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

\$1.50 and postage per year, in advance

VOLUME XX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1886.



New Improved High Arm, Tee Methanical Principles nd Retary Movements, Autooffe Direct and Perfect Ac-Inder Shuttle, Self setng Readle, Positive Feed, No. nos. Few Parts, Minimum. No Friction, No Noise, Wear, No Fatigue, No mirana" Capacity Unlimed Ahoaya in Order, Richly mamanted, Nickelplated, and Gues Perfect Satisfaction Send for Circulars. -Address-

AVERY MACHINE CO. 812 Brondway, New York.



Our four Berger, White have devoted their Hear the study of developing the Reed Organ, the erharing manufactured Organs for 35 years.

POSITIVE SIMPLE URABLE and will not get out of Repair or Tune OVER 80 STYLES Spring and Let of the ANDRO marginal Detaction a great ARRAY OF STOPS and FEW REEDS but write to a

RELIABLE DEALER funds you at even less money a first-class Lar Stops cost but a few cents each to be our CATALOGUE and diagram continuation of the INTERIOR of SENT FREE TO ALL, and DISCOUNTS allowed where we

Vilcox & White Organ Co. MERIDEN, CONN.

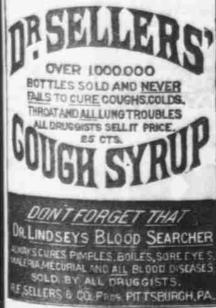
landard Wagon Co., MANUPACTURERS OF

SUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS, Two-wheeled Village Phaetons, AND TWO AND THREE SPRING PRAYTORS.



Mulhaliand Springs do away with 511 SIDE SURFACES BODY-LOUIS r description. Send for catalogue and

Standard Wagon Co., Cincinnati, O. OVER 1000,000



T. BARNUM'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE."
The Art of Money Getting with subset for Minney Making. Worth fees to be a subsequent of the control of EE & McMAKIN, CINC FAMILY SCALES

ARY OR COMMISSION ANTED immediately, a rew thood Men to cartwass for the sale previous experience not assential.—H. P.



PYÆMIA

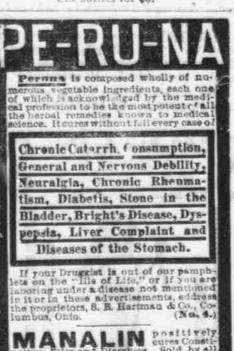
Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fistal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are Pimples, Sties, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions. When the taint of Scrofula gives

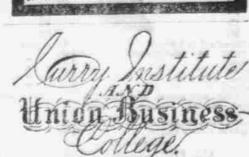
Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machiners of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This prepara-tion is also the only one that will cleaned the blood of M remind poison and the taint of Contagness Discuses. Impover-ished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

Loss of Nerva Force, and Mental Dejection. Its course, unchecked, leads Women inevitable to lustrally or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only mediriches it with new vitality, and invigorates

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Dr. J. C. Ager & Co., Lowell, Mass, Sold by all Dengister Price \$1;





HARMON D. WILLIAMS, JAS. CLARK WILLIAMS, Business Manager. Principal.

THE CREAT JUMBO ENGINE



Inwin Ave., Linguist Pa. May 22, 1885.-1yz

ended to for MODERATE FEES Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We ad-IS SECURED.

Supt, of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or County, write to

Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. 6 PISO'S CURE FOR

A MAID FORLORN.

dare say"—chuckling.
This is almost too muck. Cecil grows as red as a rose and bites her lip. Ron-nie turns as if benton annihilating their enemy then and there; but Mrs. Rivers checks her by saying blandly—
"You know all about him, of course,

ly, that Ronnie and Cecil both decide that the late Mr. Craven suffered him more than he regarded him. "Have any of you seen his place yet?" asks the Major, turning as if instinctively to Cecil. She colors hotly. "We have been hardly anywhere yet; the weather has been so terrible,

Splendid old place," says the Major -antique, picturesque-pure Gothic, you know, and all that sort of rubbish The drawing-room is a study in medi-evalism, and the old china is priceless." "Oh, yes, those beautiful old Queen Anne cups with the tiny gold tracing!" exclaims Cecil, leaning forward, and

thought you said you had not been there. Then how did you see the china, "I heard of it," replies Cecil, blushing

"Heard-eh? Very accurate description from mere hearsay."

"Really, Major," says Mrs. Rivers, half smiling, yet wholly angry, "Cecil will not be pleased with you if you doubt her word. Some day we are all going over to see those wonderful things. Mr. Craven has kindly expressed a wish that we should go and look at

"Not that I think it would be an advisable step on your part, my dear madam. If you will allow an old friend of the family to give his opinion on this subject, I should say young ladies are bet-ter out of bachelors' quarters! They are hardly suitable for young unmar-ried ladies, I should think. Better at home, eh? But, of course, my dear madain, you are the best judge of all that?

ers, a little haughtily; but this terrible old man is not to be rebuked. "No offense" he says. "A word in season, you know; and—er—my young friend Craven is rather a gay fellow nothing very much against him, you know, my dear madam, only young men will be young men to the end of the chapter! Ha—ha!" rds mean nothing, his manner a great deal. A yague shadow as of

of indifference and contempt. Mrs. house and some considerable property. Of his character or his usual habits

ing Major Jervis about Craven Court.
"Yes, it is a capital place," he says, out draughty-very, and haunted into the bargain "Haunted! How delicious!" Cissy

cries, clasping her hands. "Do tell us all about it, Major?"
Whereupon the Major, who dearly loves the sound of his own voice, gives them a most extraordinary account of has hardly finished his highly colored recital when, to the surprise of all,

"I really must beg your pardon," says the young man, blushing ingenuously. "But not until I had reached home, Mrs. Rivers, did I remember about that address for which you so wished. I have it with me now. As I was going to Carbery"—a village some three miles away—"I thought I might as well drop

Ronnie. else? Just now, too, he is making himself more than usually charming, because he is telling us ghost-stories. Think of that!"

"Just that little adventure of mine the other evening," says the Major, airily. "Nothing much, you know; but of course it is something to have been face to face with a real ghost."

death, Major?" "Not I, indeed! By Jove," he says, ooking fixedly at Cecil, "I have it! There was a certain familiarity about that ghost that puzzled me at the time; I thought it resembled somebody, but

ould not make out whom. Now I know. It was you."

Mrs. Rivers looks a little nervous.

instant," observes Ronnie. "I do hope, Ceell, that you will not imitate your ghostly fetch and dissolve away into a gentle dew." Don't you feel very uncomfortable.

Miss Rivers?" asks Craven, addressing "No-rather flattered than otherwise.

me, Craven?"
"I am going to Carbery," returns Craven, evasively. "So am I," says the Major, determinedly; and so, sorely again young man is compelled to rise from his comfortable lounge, and follow him. CHAPTER VI.

A month has flown swiftly by. Already the earth is whispering of spring. the trees are budding, the grass is throwing out fresh green shoots; and, indeed, all Nature is lifting up its head and rejoicing as "Spring come up this

To Cecil this past month has been one of intense happiness; to Ronnie one of unrest, though perhaps not altogeth-

ating in their constancy.

This doubt, too, has been connot talk on such a subject.

is apparent to all eyes—so apparent that Mrs. Rivers longs daily for the hour that will see him present himself as her open suitor. But that day has not yet come, and misgivings oppress her in spite of her determination to have patience and let things take their proper course.

By nature a nervous woman, she is now doubly so, on account of her de-pendence upon her uncle, Sir Gregory. She would gladly see her girls married comfortably and beyond the power of any whim of his to hurt them. She is anxious, too, about Cecil. The girl, she can see, has given her whole heart to this acquaintance of only six weeks. She is blindly, utterly happy when with him—which is dangerously often—and plainly trusts him entirely.

drawing-room, and both are standing in the big bay-window counting the pretty snowdrops that are coming up one by one. Duke is not talking. He is, indeed, almost deaf to what Cecil is saying, so rapt is he in contemplation of her own fair self.

"I confess my crime," he says, quick-

ly, his voice full of eager passion. "How could I think of anything but you when you are opposite to me? Your voice, indeed, is sweet; but you are even sweeter. No, I heard nothing. I could only see." "See what?" she asks, with an attempt

strangely unlike his usual calm self. 'You, my 'dainty-riel'-my darling!" he whispers quickly. The words come from him almost involuntarily; almost unconsciously too he takes her hand and holds it closely. Clssy colors faintly, and then grows even paler than she

You have no right to-no-He interrupts her by a gesture, and draws her even nearer to him. "Give me the right," he says eagerly. "You know-you must know by this -that there is nothing in the world I love so well as—"
"Major Jervis," announces a servant

the drawing-room door.

ing coat-tails.
"Hum! hah!" says the Major. He has hardly had time to return Cecil's somecold greeting when Mrs. Rivers and Ronnie enter the room. There are signs of very distinct uritation about the Major. He blows his nose somewhat effusively, and refuses to let his eyes meet those of any one else present.
"I think I saw Craven going out of that window just as I came in," he says, star-

ing at Cecil.
"Yes," she returns, slowly; her mind some Major.

"He didn't expect me down to-day," the Major goes on. "Thinks me safe at home at this moment, no doubt." ing her to answer. He is in truth curior heard him announced by the servant and, if so, whether he ran away to avoid the bore of having to speak to him

to town with me. I bring a letter from

his cousin, Lady Maud Esterdale, demanding his immediate attendance "Who is this Cousin Lady Maud?" asks Cecil, quickly.
"Oh, don't you know?" inquires the

Major. "It's not quite settled, I bedeathly pale.

in reality, but of intolerable length to some in the room. Then Cecil laughs -quite a natural little laugh, too; so natural, indeed, that both her mother and Ronnie turn involuntarily to look

"He is rather a scamp in some ways," continues the Major, in a genial way. "Now if you asked him about this marriage, it is as likely as not be would deny all knowledge of it, and declare he was never further from matrimony in But don't you be taken in way of flirtations; makes love all round, you know, to every woman he meets, and makes some of 'cm believe him, too. But he's not a bad young fellow at heart. No, no-far from that. But this marriage now will be a good thing for both of them; she with title, he with money." with money. "A charming arrangement indeed!"

says Cecil, without so much as a quiver of her evelids. Well, it is rather premature yet to speak about it," pursues the Major. "Craven mightn't like it, you know; so don't mention my name in the matter as having been the one to tell of it. on see, he is such a great friend here self the first to tell you of it."

"As you say, he is a great friend of ours, and he knows we will be glad to hear of g likely to add to his happiness. makes this set little speech, and she as closely returns his fixed gaze. Then, with a somewhat troubled and baffled expression on his face, he rises and bids them "good-bye" for the present. When the door has shut behind him, Ronnie turns vehemently to Cecil.
"I don't believe one word of it," she says hastily—"not one! He looks as if he were telling a falsehood." "I saw no trace of fulsehood either in his look or tone," answers Cecik in a strang tone, "and as for the rest, I be-

She moves toward the door; her mother, with tears in her eyes, rises as if to follow her, but with a gentle gesture the girl prevents her.

"I want to be alone, mamma," she
says entreatingly, "just for a little while;
I shall be all right then. But there is
one thing you can do for me," she cries,
breaking suddenly out of her terrible
quiet. "Never—never—mention his name to me again!" Poor Mrs. Rivers is thoroughly cast down, and Ronnie scarcely less so "How shall we receive him if he calls

to-morrow?" asks her mother, when poor Cecil has crept away from them up to her own room to cry her heart Must as if nothing had happened Cecil, of course, will not appear. I will make her go for a walk at that hour, so

hat we can truly say she is not in. damma, if only for Cecil's sake, do not let him see we care about this thing." So the next day, when Craven calls at his usual hour, Mrs. Rivers is as nearly as possible the same to him that she has been during the past month. Per-haps some subtle change in her manner might be noticed by a very acute observer, some vague irrepressible shrinking from all more open cordiality; but good this her demeanor is perfect. As for Ronnie, she is a degree more sad than angry. She maintains an al-

most utter silence; but every now and then Craven, glancing at her, wonders vaguely why her eyes are so large and mournful, her whole manner so full of an uncertain depression. His wonder on this point, however, is indeed vague, as his whole mind is filled with a longing to see a particular ounging-chair near the fire occupied by a little lissome figure whose smile is wont to beam at him, half reguishly half with a tenderness not to be de-scribed. Where is she now—his little

sweetheart? "Where is Miss Cecil?" he asks at last, unable to restrain his impatience any "She has gone for a walk, I think," replies Mrs. Rivers, stooping to poke

"Let me do that for you," says Craven, taking the poker from her. "She has gone to the garden, perhaps." He is kneeling on the hearth-rug, and is looking very earnestly up into Mrs. Rivers's face, with his pleasant honest "I think not-certainly not-she did

not say exactly where she was going," returns Mrs. Rivers, evasively. Ronnie at this sighs audibly, and Craven, turning, looks at her sharply. Something in her expression evidently strikes him as being peculiar, but he says nothing, and presently turns the conversation into another channel. "I have a friend coming to stay with me next week," he says—"a friend of yours, too, I think. I met him in London, and he almost asked me to invite

him down. He said he knew you all very well."
"I dare say. We lived some years in town," responds Mrs. Rivers, indiffer-ently. "One gets to know so many people there." Ronnie evinces no curiosity either

about the new arrival at the Court; so Mr. Craven goes on-"I'm rather sorry he is coming just w, as I am bound to be in town in the morning, and sha'n't be able to be back for a fortnight. I am afraid therefore he will have only a slow time of

He rises to go; as he does so, Ronnie rises too, and follows him into the hall.
"I think," she says, in a tone that falters slightly—"I think C. ssy went in the direction of the beech-wood. Before he has time to thank her for this hint or wonder at the strangeness of her manner, she has disappeared and, somewhat puzzled, Craven makes his way toward the wood she has men-

Just as he enters it, he encounters Cecil coming toward him, her head slightly bent, her face rather paler than "How d'ye do?" she says, quite calm-, but without an accompanying smile. he lets her hand lie in his unsympathetically, and then draws it away almost before he has time to know it was

"I was unfortunate to-day. I thought should have found you within"-with an attempt at cordiality, though some inward misgivings have cast a shadow "For the future, I think you must not expect always to find me in," she replies, with a faint smile.

Why?" he asks, astonished at her whole treatment of him. Because winter is at an end, and the fine weather tempts one to go out," she says, coldly. For that reason one loves the fine

weather," he returns, striving against his growing anxiety. "May I not sometimes accompany you in your rambles?" "No. I think not. When I go for a walk in these quiet woods. I prefer my own company to any one's. A strange fancy, and rather egotistical, is it not?" "It is very unlike you"—gravely; then, unable to control his uneasiness any longer, he says, anxiously, "What has appened that you treat me like this? What have I done to you?

Done to me?"-haughtily. "Noth-EI am going to town this evening, Cecil, I shall not be back until—" 'I must ask you not to call me " says the girl, quietly, and with a certain amount of dignity. "I must always be 'Miss Rivers' to gentlemen-"Am I only that? Only an acquaint-

There is a world of reproach in his "Yes only that"-remorselessly. And yet yesterday-" "Do not speak of yesterday!" she exlaims, putting up her hand impulsive-, as though to ward off something nat is hurting her.

'As you will, of course," he returns in a tone nearly as cold as her own. "I have no claim, of course, to be considered even a friend. May I say good-bye to you, and let you finish your walk peace? I am going away this even-

"Where are you going?" To my aunt-Lady Eton." "Ah. to your cousin, Ludy Maud!"
"Yes, if you like. Who was telling you of it? The Major?"
"Yes, the Major. He told me every-

'I don't know when I shall be back. Soon enough, no doubt. What are ou going for—the wedding?"
"Yes, for the wedding." He speaks in a very low, depressed tone, because of her cruel coldness. To her his depression means only shame at the disovery she has made. "When is it to be?" she asks, slowly. "Next week." "So soon? It is sudden, is it not?"

"Not very; I have known of it for

You knew of it before we came "Oh, yes; long before that! I wish you knew Maud—she is a very nice girl, and I am sure she would be a great friend of yours." "I am equally sure she would not. I hate nice girls!" says Cecil, with sudden and most unlooked-for vehemence. "Surely they are better than nasty ones, at all events!" he returns, somewhat aggrieved.

more about either you or Lady Maud. Silence follows this outburst—a si-lence that lasts until they reach the small path that leads to the avenue. "I think you are hardly kind to me."

"I shall not see you again for some time," Craven goes on, wistfully,
"Don't let that trouble you," she re-turns, with a little heartless laugh that

face darkening.
"It means whatever you like," she answers, icily, though at this moment she would have given half her life to be able to fling herself into his arms and cry her heart out upon his breast. "No; you shall tell me what you really mean now—at once!" he declares, sternly, compelling her to face him. "Is it that you honestly hope never to see me again?"

"Yes, that is my honest hope," she returns, calmly, her face deathly pale.
"Ah!" He draws his breath quickly, and for a moment his own face rivals hers in pallor. "You shall not be bored by me in the future," he says, slowly. "I shall not trouble this part of the world much again as long as it shall please you to remain in it." So saying, he turns from her, and, with bitter anger in his heart, strides rapidly through the woodland and is soon lost to sight amidst the shadows

A miserable week, fraught with bitter grief for Cecil and even bitterer dis-appointment, goes slowly by. No one has said a word to her about her faithless lover, no one has even ventured to mention his name in her presence; but just now, when she and Ronnie are standing alone in the pretty morningroom. Ronnie goes up to her and places her arm around her neck. The girl is impelled to do this because of the for-lorn expression upon Cecil's face, and her disconsolate attitude. She is leaning against the shutter of the window, and great tears are shining in her mournful eves.

As Cecil does not repulse her, Ronnie is emboldened so far as to lay her soft cheek against her sister's; and, being still further encouraged, as no rebuff has followed on this overture, she whispers, tenderly-"Do not be so sad, darling. It will be

a little eatch in her breath.

have ceased to long and hope and pray, for Sydney's return?" "I think so-I hope so," answers Ron-But as she says this there are tears n her voice and eves. "It is not true," says Cecil, regarding her fixedly. "You love him still in spite

Ronnie, with much agitation. "Why should I let one thought of him find harbor in my breast? He has forgotten me—has rubbed me out of his life without even a passing pang. I hope," she cries earnestly, "I shall never see Sydney Walcott again. "Sir Sydney Walcett," announces a

servant, almost as she ceases speaking, passionate little speech. comes toward him now, and gives him her hand in silence; then, summoning all the courage she possesses to her aid tells him in a conventional tone that it

is really quite a pleasure to see him This remark is so palpably insincere that the young man she addresses for-gets to make any immediate reply, and

only stares at her in a reproachful fash-He is of middle height, with a quiet, kindly expression, and a manner pleas-ant, if a little languid. When they have all seated themselves, he makes no attempt at promoting conversation, and that he is in the very lowest of low

Presently she rises, with the expressed intention of seeking her mother in spite of a beseeching glance from Ronnie, deliberately quits the room. Almost as the door closes behind her, Sir Sydney, rising from his seat, goes over to the hearth-rug, and standing opposite to Ronnie, leans his arm upon the mantel-piece and gazes down upon

I hope Cecil will not return for some time," he says, slowly, "because I have a great deal to tell you. What was it you were saying just as I came in? That I had forgotten you—rubbed you out of my life ch?"

"Well, was it not true?" asks Ronnie nervously, twining her fingers idly to-There could hardly be anything less true; but let that pass. You said also if I remember rightly—that you hoped have see me again. Was you would never see me again,

"If you won't believe me in one instance, I suppose you won't in anothsays Ronnie, evasively. "And yet I think-it ought to be true," "Well, it isn't," returns Sir Sydney.
"I don't believe a word of it. I won't,
so you need not say it again." Then,
suddenly—"I've been abroad, you know.
My uncle is dead."

"I am very sorry," begins Ronnie.
"Don't be. I'm not," answers Walcott, calmly. "He was as disagreeable an old beggar as any one could possibly meet. However, I forgive him. He died—and left me all his money." "I congratulate you," says Rennie,

"It is a case for congratulation, tainly," he replies, coolly. "And yet something is lacking to me that damps all my prosperity. That time last all my prosperity. That time last spring, when we were in town together, I was miserably poor. Nabody knew it, I think—at least, I hope I didn't look poor. But there were any amount of debts that should have been paid off, incurred by my-Well, never mind that; I paid them—they were debts of honor: but the paying crippled me so much that I was afraid to ask you to marry me in those days. Now I am not. I have got the title, you see, and the estates, and—and that."
"The title!" repeats Ronnie, in a low-

"Yes. My uncle was Earl of Erring-That was my luck, you know."

When Mrs. Rivers and Cissy came into the room, a few minutes later, they find Ronnie standing on the hearth-rug with Lord Errington's arm round her, and a smile upon her mobile lips that has been absent from them for many a day. A few words explain everything, and then the future Countess is caress-ed and made much of by her mother and sister for a little while.

Court," says Mrs. Rivers, presently, smiling at Errington.

"No? Didn't Craven tell you? I chose a rather peculiar time for my visit," he adds, with a little laugh—"just

when Craven was about this wedding."
"Yes, yes," says Ronnie, in an agony. In vain she tries to think of something to say that will turn the conversation into another channel. "Very pretty girl, Lady Maud," he

lessly. Cecil, who has placed one hand upon the back of a chair to support her-self, is looking at Sydney with all her soul in her eyes.

But she likes him, and has married him -the wedding took place on Thursday in spite of every one."
"This is dreadful!" says Ronnie, in a

frightened tone. She would perhaps have said a great deal more; but Errington with a smothered exclamation, goes quickly forward, and catches Cecil n his arms. She has not quite fainted, but for a minute or two is compelled to lie passive in his arms, her breath coming and going in little fitful gasps. After awhile she opens her eyes, and tries to smile, and murmurs feebly that it is only the heat—nothing more; that she is very foolish, and so on.

"You are not foolish, and it is not the heat!" cries Ronnie, with tearful indig-nation. "It is only that hateful Major!" After this, everything is explained to Errington, who looks as concerned and is really as distressed as any one could possibly desire. "Do not let us talk any more about it,

and I will not have Sydney worried about my grievances. I shall go for a walk in the beech-wood and try to leave my troubles there behind me. She smiles a little wintery smile as she

leaving the lovers alone. Down the bare leaf-strewn path goes Cecil, her mind full of litter thoughts. Entering the wood, she strays deep into it, thinking always of that last day when she was there with him, and when she had so willfully put from her the te chance of looppiness she most de-

where last she saw Craven. Up to this she had been walking with bent head; around her. As her glance slowly trayels from tree to tree, her sadness in-creases. Now she is looking wistfully at the little babbling brook in the distauce, and now at the mossy hillock be-

Who is that coming toward her? Her heart stops beating for a moment, and then throbs frantically. It is Craven, looking sad and careworn and full of imself for an instant, and then comes esolutely onward. Flinging away the efore Cecil. He does not offer to shake

I don't know; I wanted to come here -I-" She feels a little choking sensa-tion in her throat, and stops, unable to I didn't mean to come back again so soon," says Craven, who has never once removed his eyes from her face, while she, on the contrary, has not had the

ond of that, ought you not?"
"Oh, do not speak to me in that tone!" she entreats, at last letting ber eyes meet his, and he can see the heavy tears lurking in their soft depths. "How would you have me speak to n?" he asks, reproachfully, but not so coldly as a moment since.

she murmurs desperately. "Understand what?"-eagerly. "Cecil speak to me, tell me what you mean. "Major Jervis said you were going to be married to your cousin, Lady Maud,' says Cecil, in a stifled tone. The old scoundrel," be mutters. "Was that why you behaved so cruelly to me on that wretched afternoon?" he

asks presently, when his wrath has somewhat subsided. truth-do you love me, Cecil?" I do"-still more shyly.

his arms with her head against his nd entirely happy.
"What misery I have endured since we parted!" says Craven, after a little "It is quite a year ago now; 'A year' A week," she corrects, lift-

ing her brows.
"Oh, nonsense! It might be a century at least," he says. "Well, you shall never know what unhappi again, if I can help it," he adds, tender-

have hardly explained matters sat factorily to her when Roomie and Er-rington join them, when it has all to be said over again on both sides. Whilst they are in the very midst of their double congratulations, one of the servants, coming into the little morning-room where they have seated themselves, tells them that Major Jervis is in the drawing-room.
"I'll go to bim," says Ronnie, rising; "you are too nervous to-day. mamma, and Cecil's eyes are pink-she has evi-

dently been enjoying herself excessive-With this, and a little laugh, she eld man, but I had forgotten all about it. rustles out of the room and into the next by a folding door, which divides the two rooms from each other. There she thads the Major.

somewhat jerkily—
"Seen our friend Craven lately?"
"Yes, to-day. But he is not so interesting. I think, as he used to be." "Ha! How is that?" asks the Major, in a delighted tone. "Well, be is engaged, you see," an-

Resolutions or proceeding of any conference or society, and communications designed to call after fion is any matter of limited or individual interestment beautiful or as advertisements.

Joh Paintina of all kinds neatly and expeditional expeditional expeditional expeditions of the contract of the con goes. You know you gave us a hint about his being bent on getting married

Business items, first insertion for, per line; each: subsequent insertion fc. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices.... 2.80

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Gamman Famman commends it to the facorable consideration of advertisers. Spore haves will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 2 months
1 5 months
1 1 year
2 6 months
2 1 year
3 6 shouths
3 1 year

tray and similar Notices....

1 meh, 8 times ...

May I ask whom Rumor has given him

"Well, to Cecil, I believe!" returns Ronnie, with provoking unconcern. This is a death-blow. The Major turns pale, and blows his nose violently "Ah. Rumor is a worthless jade!" he says, with a miserable attempt at dis-

Ronnie, by telling more truth than lies. My sister and Mr. Craven have quite made up their minds and are engaged to each other."
"I don't believe it!" cries the Major, rising to his feet. At this instant the folding doors are dung open, and Craven, appearing on

the scene most unexpectedly, enters, leading Cecil by the hand. He draws her gently forward, until they both stand before the discomfited Major. "Major Jervis won't believe you are going to be married," says Ronnie, with a little laugh. "Oit, yes, I am! Am I not, Cecil?"

and blushes deeply. "You will come to their wedding, won't you, Major?" asks Ronnie, mis-The Major, though overpowered by numbers, still lets his evil humor have

Major," says Lord Errington, pleasantly, he has come up to them unnoticed by Jervis. "Ronnie and I will be only too glad if you will promise to dance at our wedding also. It will be quite simple, you know, as we all intend to be married on the same day from the same house." 'Very charming arrangement, I'm

sure!" returns the defeated Major. "It would be quite superfluous to offer my congratulations. You all know exactly ow I feel toward you." He smiles grimly as he says this. "Yes, we all know that," rejoins Er-

shall miss the up-train if I don't make haste. Good-bye, good-bye!"
"Stay and sleep at the Court to-night," says Craven, hospitably, if a trifle cold-Why, where are you going in such hot haste?" asks Craven, curiously,

shuffles out of the room, and is lost to Sight for many a day.
"Poor Major!" says Cecil, "How dis-concerted he looked! I know he de-

thing?" she asks, with an upward glance, and a very pardonable touch of Cecil, what a question!" he returns, repreachfully.
"I think you put it wrongly," says
Cissy, softly, "I think he meant to take you from me.

thing?" he asks, in his turn, with a lit-"My love-my life-it would have been death," says Craven, with passionate earnestness. Turning to her, he takes her into his arms and holds her

close clasped against his heart, where indeed her proper home most surely is.

[To be Continued.] President Ellot's Patient. As President Eliot sat in his sanctum in University Hall busily at work, his secrewas a man outside who was anxious to see the president of Harvard University on some urgent business. Other matters were put aside and the stranger was shown in He proved to be a man of middle age, was from the West apparently, and had a way

of going right to the point. He began by looking the president over and "sizing him 'Are you Dr. Eliot, the president o' Harvard College!"

"President o' the medical school?" urres " "That's it, then," said the visitor, "an" I've come to the right place, and you're the man I want to see. I'm from the West, an' I've come more'n 1,000 miles. Money ain't no object to me." He rose with great enthusiasm and

stripped off his coat and walstcoat.

The president had some difficulty in ex-

tion that Harvard has received for some

an impression at the college that this inci-

A Forgotten Transaction, Brown-I believe I owe you a dollar, Smith, and there's the money. Smith (taking the money)-Are you sure Brown, don't remember anything about it.

Smith (hastily)-Oh, yes, come to think about it, you did borrow a dellar of me. It was a week ago last Tuesday evening, at eight minutes of seven. Yen said you wanted it for a special purpose, and I gave it to you is silver a half, a quarter, two tens, and a five Oh, yea much chilged,

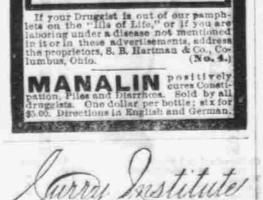
at Subjects; the Pharos at Alexandria; the Hauring Gardens at Bubylon; and the Olympian Dens, a starute by Phillips. A Kentucky man died suddenly last week while taking a bath. It is no use

PRINT- Showing . Through

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economica than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BARING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New YORK

warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the **SCROFULA**

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Placeid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languer,



S. W. Corner Penn Ave. and Sixth St., PITTSBURG, PA ON. WM. A. HERHON.

Pres. of Board of Trustees.

J. P. Andrawa.

Sect'y of Board. The Largest, Most Thorough, Practical and Successful Commercial College & English Training School in Pennsylvania. 813 Students last year. Elegant Buildings, First-class Equipments. 2. Instructors. 15 Large Halls and Recitation Rooms, occupying an area of over 10,000 Sq. Ft. Copies of the finest piece or Penmanship in the State malled free with Handbook of School upon

> **AND-BOILER COMBINED Frice. \$1754 upward Cheapest rig in the market for driving light machine-ry. Just the thing for Farmers' use. ce Cream Bealers Printing Presses, Thresh's Machines &c. Manufacturer of all kinds of Machinery & Jobbing. Send for Catalogue and Price List. H.P. RANKIN, 84, 86 & 88

fice, and we can obtain Patents in less time

we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT fer here to the Postmaster, the C. A. SNOW & CO.,

BY THE DUCHESS.

"Heard it before you came down, I

Major Jervis. His father was a great friend of yours, I believe." Ye-es," says the Major, so doubtful-

plies her mother, coming quickly to the

forgetting in her eagerness all her words may convey to the Major.

"Eh? What!"—suspiciously. "I

"Ah, yes, no doubt!" growls the Major.

"Yes, I think so," returns Mrs. Riv-

coming grief falls upon the heart of Mrs. Rivers as she turns almost instinc-Her pretty Cecil is looking utterly inconcerned, and is simply regarding Major Jervis with a glance suggestive Rivers sighs, and wonders inwardly whether she is doing a wise thing in allowing this acquaintance with Duke 'raven to ripen into a friendship-nay, into something that may prove even warmer than friendship, and more capable of bearing fruit either of joy or sorrow-what if it should be sorrow? After all, what do they know about this young man Craven? He has fallen into their lives by the merest chance, and is literally unknown to them beyond the fact that he is of good family and has a

they have learned absolutely nothing. And even now is not the Major throw ing out hints of a most unpleasant nature about him? Meanwhile Ronnie is cross-question

his pursuit of Cecil on that memorable evening now more than a week ago. He raven again enters the room,

in again and leave it with you."
"Much better," answers Ronnie, gra-"Ah, Major; knew I should find you you are making yourself agreeable." "What an absurd question!" cries onnie. "When is the Major anything

"Something! Everything!" exclaims "Weren't you frightened to

and Cecil and Craven break into merry laughter, instantaneous and irrepressays C.ssy, presently, with a little laugh, "to compare me to a horrid ghost!" "I think it is very unkind of ye "But the figure was marvelously like yours," persists the Major, in a puzzled tone, "and the side-face too." "The story grows more thrilling every

very little more thought on the subject would make me imagine I was actual heroine of the story the Major has so kindly told us."

"Well, I must be going," says the Major rising. "You will come with

er painful. Sir Sydney Walcott has | lieve every word he said." abroad, summoned there to attend the death-bed of a rich relative, but his letters have not ceased, and, though calm as the first she received from him at Branksmere, have been at least undevi-

Mrs. Rivers, however, has been seri-ously uneasy. The hint dropped by the Major about Duke Crayen's not being all one could desire in the way of steadiness has lingered in her mind ever since, and tormented her by day and by fined perforce to her own breast, as the Major returned to town the day after he had sown the seeds of distrust in her breast, and to Cecil or Ronnie she would

Craven's evident admiration for Cecil

Just now Craven is with her in the

She is dressed in a gown of dark-brown velvet, trimmed with coffee-colored lace at the throat and wrists, and looking more than usually lovely Presently she becomes aware that he is not listening to her, and turning to him, tells him so, with a pretty show of petu-

at gayety, though she has grown a little pale because of his manner, which is

at this supreme moment, throwing wide With a smothered exclamation, Craven lets Cecil's hand drop, and, turning aside, steps through the open window on to the small veranda outside, which by stone steps leads to the ground. Decending these, he goes quickly out of sight, but not before the Major has had time to catch a glimpse of his depart-

is still full of Duke, and she is wondering what it was exactly that he was going to say when interrupted by this Again he looks at Cissy, as if expectous to know if Duke saw him coming

'He will be all the more delighted to see you at the Court, of course." says Ronnie, ironically. "Surprises of that sort are so pleasant!" Quite so," and the Major directs a withering glance at her. "Fact is, I hardly knew I was coming down myself until this morning. But business must be attended to, you know. Business for the fair sex especially-ha, hal I've come indeed to carry Craven back

"What is not quite settled?" demands cell again. She is quite calm but "His marriage," says the Major, quietly. It is true that he shifts a little uneasily in his seat as he says this, and refuses to lift his eyes from the carpet; but nevertheless he says it. A dead silence ensues-a silence short

He is a disgraceful fellow in the

that I dare say he will wish to be him-Of course he would like to tell us himself," returns Cecil, smiling calmly, The Major watches her closely as she

he says then, gently. "And I don't un-derstand you at all."

"No"-in a very low tone-"I don't wonder at that. There are times"wonder at that. There are times—bitterly—"when I can not understand myself. Well, shall I say then that I wish your Lady Mand joy?"

"Thank you. I shall give my cousin that message," he answers, gravely; then, holding out his hand, "Good-bye." "Good-bye"-stonily.

certainly has no mirth in it.
"Does that mean that you do not care
ever to see me again?" he demands, his

of the coming night.

CHAPTER VIL.

better by and bye. Time cures all 'Has it cured you?" asks Cecil, with "Nearly, I think," replies Ronnie, with a heavy sigh that belies her words, "Do you mean to tell me"-glaucing reproachfully at Rounie-"that you

of everything."
"Why should I love him?" demands
"Why should I love him?" demands

and then both girls become aware that the door is open, and that the young man upon the threshold has in all probability heard every word of Ronnie's Cecil, advancing to cover her sister's confusion, greets him kindly. Ronnie, who has turned first pale and then red, and finally pale again to the very lips,

and even while answering the questions ut to him appears very far away from them all in spirit. It is quite evident to Cecil that his thoughts are elsewhere,

ton, and there wasn't any son to inherit. "I suppose I ought to tell you again how glad I am of your-" "Say nothing of the kind; say only you are glad to see me. Ronnie"—with an utter change of tone-"my dearest "I don't know. At all events"-defilove, tell me you will marry me as soon antly-"I don't care to hear anything as you can."

"I had no idea that you were the friend who was coming to stay at the

goes on, unsuspecting, "and enormous fortune. I think myself she is rather throwing herself away upon McGregor!" "Upon whom?" asks Rounie, breath-"McGregor," he repeats carelessly.
"He's a sort of distant cousin of hers,
and really nothing much in any way.

Ronnie," says poor Cecil, at last. "I is all over, and it was all my own fault says this, and, softly beckoning to her mother, they both go out of the room,

sired. Two tears spring into her violet eyes and linger there. They do not but shine like twin stars in the last beams of the sinking sun. She has now reached the very spot but now, lifting her eyes, she looks

dejection. As he sees her, he checks hands with her, but stands regarding her fixedly.
"You!" he says at length. "What has brought you here?

courage to lift hers to his. "I thought you meant never to come back," she answers in a low, husky "So I did-but"-bitterly-"you see I could not belp myself; you ought to be

we met you scorned my advances, and told me that you hoped never to see me again; and that, too, at a time when I was consumed with a desire to tell you how I loved you-how that every thought of my heart was yours. "Ah, if you could only understand,"

"And-and now you know the whole "My dearest heart!" murmurs Craven; and then somehow she finds herself in breast, and knows that she is utterly

dent is the most genuine tribute of admira-Then they wend their way slowly homewards. In the hall they meet Mrs. Rivers, who regards them, natural-

When he has gone through the ordi-nary questions about her own and her mother's and sister's health, he says,

sweren hern e, as if reluctantly, "and young mended are young men

without delay when last you were down. We have discovered that your surmise

was correct."

"Eh—ch?" he says, fidgeting anxiously in his chair. "But I was wrong then. I alluded to his cousin, Lady Mand; but

belief in her news. "As a rule, she tells more lies than truth." "This time she has varied it," returns

asks Duke, glancing down lovingly at his betrothed, who laughs a little too

full sway.
"With pleasure," he replies, with an ill grace. And then, maliciously, "Only sorry I can't come to yours too, Miss." 'Don't be sorry another instant,

ringion, with emphasis.

"Dear me!" says the Major, pulling out his watch. "It grows very late. I No, thank you-no. I am bound to

"I'm-I'm going abroad!" declares the Major, desperately; after which he

served anything bad, but I couldn't dp feeling sorry for him."
"He is unworthy of your pity," answers Craven, drawing her away from the others into the deep embrasure of the wimiow. "Did he not very nearly take you from me?" Would that have been such a terrible

Would that have been such a terrible "I don't know. Would it?" she ques-

tary came in and announced that there

"I am, sir." "The head o' the hull thing!" "President o' the scientific school?" ul am " "President o' the law school?" "Yes, sir."

"Iv'e got something the matter with me, doctor," he went on. "It's been a troublin of me for years, an' I'm bound to find out what it is Money ain't no object, as I said. I want you to examine my chest, an' I don't care what it costs. Here we go." plaining the situation, but finally succeeded in turning his patient over to a professor of the Medical School. There is

Brown-Well-er-possibly I'm mis-taken. I was under the impression that

The Seven Wonders, The seven womlers of the world are or were the Colossus of Rhodes, now da. strayed; the Mansoleum eracted by Artencisia in memory of ber husband, of which the rules remain; the Pyramid of Cheers of Chieses the Tennie of Blance

for a Kentuckian to fool with water; he

EVELS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.