

At this moment a merry laugh rings. out upon the air, and from the house, with fair hair flying, a lovely boy of taining no alcohol, it does not evap-orate quickly and dry up the natural off, seven runs eagerly and joyonsly, with leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do arms extended, to the man so deep in us thought.

Buckingham's Dye

attentive listener. "Perhaps I hurry you?" she says with husty an mariyal There will be our sleeping-room to range, and the preparations for it may\_"

doubt, in a very little time would cease o exist altogether. "Very well. Let her be sent this evening," says Penruddock, slowly, unwillingly, as it seems to the ear of his

memory, and the song is borne inwards, even to the cars of Penruddock, as he to the divine Adelina. sits behind the curtains, cold and mowho up to this have been engrossed with the new beauty, at this instant tionless, waiting for he hardly knows Whal.

turn to each other. "Who is she?" asks the youngest, Whatever fiendish thought has taken possession of him, he is, as yet, scarcecware of it, but tarries, with white aps and distended eyes, that follow eagerly and glaringly each footstep of

"Yes, indeed; you did not think such bliss could be on this miserable earth, and wainscoting of the parior are of vardid you? And sometimes, not often, take a nice boy, when I find one, and introduce him to Mrs. Neville." "Am J a nice buy?" asks Pennaldock. with a haugh, "Wilding, if you will in-

ception room. Here, of course, is found an incense turner and bronze smoking sets. But few ornaments are visible. On opening a cuploard, in one corner of

ious hard woods, the walls and floors

being covered similar to these of the re-

is supposed to kneel before it to serve them. The woodwork and interior finish

are very simple the doors and window.

ald incomer work tastonos, this many

pieces of it have been acturned from Paris.

Mring up koung Men.

and Mrs. Green to your party" ashed

What if they are? I am going to in-

"Well, can't you invite the Greous as

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with

your taste. Brown and Green in my par-

The Point of View.

own upon the men who are selling run

and molasses to day .- [Chicago Inter

Bidn't Know His Own Cheese.

went to Buffalo the other day and brought

home a fine imported Swiss cheese All

praised it but his wife, who, after the

praise had ceased, sold that she had found

her hushand's private mark on the charge.

He had paid thirty three cents a pound

for the very cheese that he had made and

A BROYNI MANE.

A Chaniangua county cheese maker

lors together ! Why next you'll be asking

vite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

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mony."

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he market for ry light machine-Thresh's Machines bo, Manufacturez at all kinds of Ma-1-1-1-5元十三 thinery & Jobbing. 制绘图指示法了 -m Fries List 2-----



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smites upon his ear. his whole expres-sion changes, and he lifts his head, and WHISKERS Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; gladly welcomes the child with word and gesture, as he flings himself, breathproduces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more con-venient of application than any other.

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i reinedies known to medi-

less, upon the man's breast. The boy clings to him, marmuring a joyful story of his escape from minse and tutor without fear of reproof, and with no dread of the dark features and gleaming eyes above him, that betray some sense of cruelty.

Perhaps his little son is the one thing in all the world text does not shrink from George Penruddock, and is, there-, doubly dear to him on that ne-

He holds him new closely clasped against his heart, as though the contact were sweet to him, and whispers in his ear words of fond endearment that are almost womanish in their tenderness. Yet even as he holds the youngster in his arms dark thoughts come again, and take fast hold of him.

But for the puny baby in the castle ove, all these lands around by be the boy's, and wealth and position be assured to him.

That thought it is which is now torturing, and which has long driven from his heart every feeling save only one that should inspire a human being.

He loves his little son; for him it is that this min is ambitious, and would enrich even by a crime. The daughter of Alice Penruddock

(once so vanily loved, now so long de-tested) will soon be in possession of all, whilst his little son, his pretty Dick. must forever remain portionless. It is this thought that constantly tortures. that poisons and lays waste his every

The boy has duried off again chasing from flower to flower a showy butter-fly; and once more Penraddock looks up sharply to where the crimson flag should be. But it is no longer there and almost it seems as though a faint cry comes to him upon the rising wind. He shivers, and then cries shame up-

on his superstitious fears, and tells himself it is but the shrick of the sea-gulls flying inwards from the storm.

The click of a latch makes him turn his head. The garden-gate is thrown wide, and a tail woman, of servant's rank, but linely formed," and of the gypsy type, comes hurriedly up to him. eyes are peculiarly large and and there is a determination, a stolidity about her lower jaw somewhat remark-able. Perhaps the touch of Romany blood is rather more discernible in car-riage and complexion than in eyes and hair, though both are dark as midnight.

Penruddock grows a little pale as she approaches, and acknowledges her presence, not with speech, but by a slight gesture of the hand.

The woman takes no notice of his greeting, but, drawing herself up to her height, for several moments gazes

"Well?" he asks, at length, as though unable longer to endure her scrutiny. "My lady is dead!" says the woman. BO EAGINE --ANI-EOILER COMBINED Frice, \$1755 agreent

Chespest rig in Of it must occasion a shock, "Ay," says the woman, quietly. "Dead!" says Penruddock, in a low

tone. "So soon—so very suddenly!" roturns she moodily gazing at the sward: the young and the gay go soonest. She is clay now, though a week ago she could chat-ter with the best: nay, so hately as an hour ago she called me by my name, and held my hand-so. I can feel the pressure still. But it is all over; she is still and cold now, poor soul! And it may be happles for her heart was

How dreadful it all is-how depressg! I feel it as though-"

"No more, Penruddock," says the woman, suddenly, raising her head, and flinging up her hand with an uncon-trollable and almost baughty gesture. a standing, she is quite beautiful; and though wearing the garb loses, all the aspect of the mental. "Hypocrisy is a vie sin; and why try to deceive me? There was no love lost between you. was nearly over, she-

"There need be no trouble," says Penruddock slowly. "There is nothing to atrange. My niece can sleep in the nursery with Wilkins." "Miss Penruddock always sleeps with

me in my room," says the woman, growing terror in her eyes, "Wilkins nothing to her; I am all the world to "For the future many things will be

changed," says Penruddock, speaking ddly and with singular precision. "It better you should understand at once that your services in this family will no longer be required. My son's nurse will be sufficient for both children." The woman's face alters as he speaks

until it is almost unrecognizable. A gray, leaden pallor discolors her lips; her eyes grow strangely dark. By a supreme effort, she so far controls herself as to speak with some appearance of calmness,

"You would separate me from the child?" she says, in a low, anguished

Her hands are clasped behind her back, well out of sight, lest he shall see how the fingers, closing on each other, leave white marks upon the knuckles, "Yes; it will be better so. I shall keep no one near my niece who may prejudice her against her uncle," replies he, with a slight sneer; "her guardian too, according to her father's wish." She makes a quick gesture, as though she would dispute the insinuation; but he prevents her.

"It is useless arguing," he says, "Your namer betrays you. It is distrustful, and touches on insolence. From your mistress you have, I know but too well, imbibed a hatred of me strong as it is The woman, pale now as death, makes

a step forward. "I was her nurse," she says desperate-. "She is like my own-nay, more to e than the one I lost. All through her young life I have borne with her cared for her, loved her. She is part of myself. At this bosom," crossing her ands passionately upon her breast-"she was fed. She is all on earth I care for—my lost tie. And will you now compolime to part with her? Penruddock, have nity

"I have spoken;" returnshe unmoved; and tragic scenes have no charm for me. I shall give you a character, and any wages that are due you can have whenever it may suit you to come for them."

"Then it is all over," murmurs she, faintly, pressing her hand to her heart and turning away.

But when she has gone a yard or two, she comes back again, and confronts him with a look upon her handsome face ill to meet. he is very white, and her large,

earthly eyes burn with a revengeful fire. I had forgotten," she says, slowly, "My lady sent you one more mess 'Tell him,' she said, 'that surely he shall be dealt with as he deals with minel So saying, she moves away into the leary recesses of the wood, and is pres-ently lost to sight.

CHAPTER IL.

THE GUARDIAN.

July is come. The hot sun is pouring down its searching rays on tree and drooping flower, on waving meadow. and the cool and smiling river, with its "water, clear as herv! or crystal," that, flowing through the cottage garden. rushes onward to the illimitable ocean. Among the great roses, heavy with scent and bloom, the children are play-ing merrily, chasing each other in and out, and hither and thither, through countless rows of gaudy-colored beds. Hilda Penruddock, the little heiress, with her yellow locks and pleasing countenance, fair as an angel's, and eyes, "colored with the heavens" own blue," is racing multy over walks and closely-shaven grass, looking like some

nilk-white blos out of the spring." Her cousin, tall and slender for his age, and handsome as an Indian cherub in spite of his golden-brown hair, is swiftly pursuing her, whilst merry laughter from both their lips ascends

Hilda, with all the youthful longing for forbidden fruit, gazes eagerly down upon the water-lifles that are rocking to and fro on the disturbed breast of the agitated river.

Stooping over she examines them minutely, longingly, her eyes intense, a faint smile of pleasure on her lips. Presently; kneeling down, she sus-ends half her small body over the slop-

g bank, as though to gain a nearer nowledge of the covered flowers. Penruddock, shrinking back, with e hand grasps the curtains, and trembles violently, whilst great drops of dew lie thick upon his forchead, that already in anticipation seems red with

the cursed brand of Cain. Eagerly he gazes on the little one. She is barely balanced; the slightest touch, the faintest motion, may send her over into the river.

Prompted, it may be, by his good angel, he makes a step forward, as though to stay the catastrophe so imminent. Then he suddenly stops.

A wretched memory that but belongs KHL." to his vile desire comes to him, and crushes all good within him. Has he not somewhere heard that to speak, or call, or cry aloud to a child when in a dangerous position is but a swift and sure means to cause its sud-den destruction? Therefore will he not speak

speak. And, as though virtuous feeling alone prompts him, he holds his peace, and tries to believe that his non-interfer-ence may yet save the child. Yet, in reality, and he knows it well, he does not so believe. No, he can not

so deceive himself.

so deceive himself. The little heiress creeps still nearer to the brink, always with her soft and tender song upon her lips. She sways suddenly, seeks to recover herself, and then the poor baby—filled with her childish longing for the unat-tainable, and with all her little soul rapt in admiration of the first biller in the in admiration of the fatal lilies-falls forward.

For a moment she clings convulsively to the slippery bank, then, with a sharp and bitter scream, roils downward, and is instantly snatched to the bosom of the greedy river as it rushes nward to the sea

The whole awful tragedy has occupied scarcely more than one short minute. Penruddock, rousing himself when it is too late, springs through the window, with my aunt's death. I don't recollect anything about it myself, but I believe out into the garden, past the roses-that still smile and tremble coquettishly be neath the touch of the fickle breeze, as though no horrible thing had just been done-and gains the fatal spot.

Gazing with wild and too late remorse into the river, he fails to see signs of white frock, or whiter limbs, or small face, pale with terror.

The river has caught the little body. and hurried it along, past the enrve of the rock, through the meadow, perhaps already so deadly swift it is out into the open sea. No tiny, struggling mass, still instinct with life, can be seenothing but the turbid waters.

Penruddock, with a groan, sinks up-on his knees, and, failing each second lower, soon lies prone, an inert and un-

lower, soon hes prone, an mert and un-conscions heap, upon the grass. How long he remains there, pros-trate, and mercifully lost to time, he never knows, but a voice, sweet and loving, rouses him to life again. "What is it, pape?" says Dack, bend-ing over him. "Are you ill? You will catch cold, so get up. Nurse is always saying that Hibla and I are sure to catch sore throats if we lie on the grass," As the little one's name passes the boy's lips, l'enruddock starts and shivers, and after a few seconds, by a supreme effort, raises himself to his

Never shall the boy know how evil has been this deed he has committed. He moves very feebly indeed toward the house; but Dick foilows him.

"Where is Huda?" he asks, standing on tiptoe, to bring his face nearer to his father's. "I can't find her anywhere, and I left her just here. She is a little imp, and is always hiding from me; but she will come back when I want her Hilda," raising his voice to a shout. "I shall pick the eyes out of Miss Marel'

eagerly. "I have been time-quite three weeks-but anything like that has not-

infusing search into limp linen! I real

Two young men in the stalls beneath,

"Dear child, don't-don't say it!" interropts his companion, sadly, "It isn't like yon. Not to know her, argues yourself unknown! I thought better of you! She is our beauty pur exchance, our modern Venus, and licks every one else into fits! She is the very cream of the cream where beauty is concerned, though somewhat shady. I am reluc-tantly compelied to admit, in the mat-

"Birth!" repeats the young man, with a start. "But look at her look at her hands, her profile! Who can dispute the question of birth?" "No one! It is indisputable! That charming girl up there, with the most irreproachable nose and the haughtlest mouth in Christendom, was picked off the street by her chaperone. Mrs. Neville, when a baby, and is probably -at least, so I hear-the daughter of a woman, poor, but strictly honest-they are abring strictly honest-they are abring strictly honest-who lived by

[To be Continued.]

ly don't like to say coarsely that she was a washerwoman, it sounds so vulthe Acquaintance of his Wife.

"It sounds as horrible as it is impossible," says the younger man, still gazing dreamily at the box that holds his har-mony in black and gold. "Most impossible things are horrible," says his companion, lightly, "They grate; they are out of the common. Perhaps that is their charm. Miss Neville charms. Yes, that is her name; her adopted mother wishes her to be so called. Don't look so excessively shocked, my dear Penruddock; it is rather a romance, if it is anything at all, and should create in your mind inan, and should create in your mind in-terest rather than disgnst." "It is not disgust I feel, it is merely a difficulty of belief," says Penruddock, vaguely. "Is that her adopted mother?" shifting his glasses just for a moment from the calm and beautiful blue eyes that have so bewitched him, to the finded content of the finder. faded pretty woman who sits near them. "Yes. She is all right, you know.--quite correct. She is George Neville's widow, son to Lord Dulmore, you may

remember, who broke his neck, or his head, or something-I don't exactly know what-when out hunting." "Yes, I remember. He was a friend of my father's. By the bye, that Mrs. Neville must be a sort of connection of ours-at least her sister married my uncle. But all friendship there ceased

a coldness arose after my poor little cousin's unhappy accident. You heard all about that, of course?" "A very fortunate accident for you, all things considered. Other fellows' cousins don't drop off like that." says

Mr. Wilding, in an aggrieved tone. "My father was awfully cut up about " says Penruddock; "he has never been the same man since. Moody, you know, and that, and goes about for days together without speaking a word. It preyed upon him. And the Wynters -my aunt's people-said ugly things about it; that sufficient care hadn't been taken of the poor little thing, and all

the rest of it. But of course it was nobody's fault." "Of course not! Some people-es-

pecially law relations are never happy except when making themselves dis-agreeable. That's their special forte. The fact that your father minds them betrays in him a charming amount of freshness."

"And so she adopted that lovely girll" said Penraddock, presently, returning to his contemplation of Beauty's box, and refering to Mrs. Neville.

"She might have done worse, might she not? I shouldn't mind adopting her myself," says Mr. Wilding genially. "And nobody seems to mind about the litten; she is received everywhere, and has refused several very good men."

"Tell me all about it; do, now, that's a good fellow," says Penruddock, leaning back in his sent, and beginning to

look profoundly interested. "There isn't much of it. It is a rorelation of editor-in-chief, and a sub-editor, mantic story, certainly, and a very Quixotic one, but it can be told in a word or two. Brevity is the soul of who is a man of all work, edite copy, looks after the news, reads proof, and stays around the place to see that the printers wit. To begin with you must try to

or me to Mrs. Net forgot it to you as long as I live? And a great deal of good that will curies are found. This is the prevailing do me," says Wilding, mildly, "How-ever, I consent, and on Toesday you shall make your bow to Mrs. Neville, custom in Japan, and the mistress of this house changes the ornaments from time to time, putting those not in use in the cup and worship at Beauty's shrine." bound. On state occasions, however, she "Oh, thank you, my dear fellow, that you!" displays her entire collection. About the

once are scattered a number of small "But one word of warning-don't go wimiows with a panel of fret work, with and fall in love with her, you know; it bambos sindba. There are not may wouldn't do at all. I am responsible for you to your father, and it would be chairs in the bouse, their place being supplied by cushions. In one part of the partor there is a raised platform which is the worst possible taste on your part to ring down his condemnation on my kept for distinguished guests and the host

"Do not make yourself unhappy about that," says Penruddock, queelly. "It may be my fate to be miserable about Miss Neville-1 feel inclined to believe frames are without monicings and there are no uncitel carvings. Repeated dust-ings with rabbings have given to the natural wood a pollshod corrises and a that-but I am not sufficiently vain to latter myself that she will ever take the trouble to make herself miserable mellow that. The behalful tacquar work about me." forments so extensively manufactured by this skilled people, and which could be procured at so arifling a cost, is now be could grare, in fact, so valuable has this

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A TELEGRAPHER'S ROMANCE.

The Stronge Way in Which He Made

to heavily "I will tell you an incident connected with telegraphing by sound," said the telegraph operator. "After I came to New York I lived in a quictatroet, which New York I lived in a quicturou, which is now a noisy thoroughfare. I spent most of my time when away from the office in my room. One eventual while sitting at my window, I happened to look we advised our manufacturers to select one of name loys from good and tried families - Loya that hid well to become stand, energetie, business mon. Send them to some multipute where they had get across to the opposite hotned, where I saw a protty girl at one of the winddwn. She the training you desire to fit them for your work. Open an account with them; when you woul them away, charge the was leading against the casement tapping on the glass with a pencil. After this I saw her at the same place many times expense to them as you pay finat; and when they graduate, and you put them We had got as far as a nodding acquaints We had got as far as a modding acquaints ance, buil I had no opportunity of speaking to her. One afternoon, having could home somewhat early, I was neated at my window tainking of my pressy friend opposite. I almost unconsciously tapped a saints to her on the window pane with my penell, using the telegraphic signs. I was very such surprised with a reply came from her in the same way. She understood the signs and could use them. After that we had long tafks across the in the mill give them to understand that if they prove themselves worthy of trust, you will make then sharers of the profils. You will got a blank once in while, but as a rule you will get young then who will help to carry your burden, while you do the thinking. And your bushness pourets will be kept. Besides, to have half a dozen young man coming ap in this way will elevate the tone of your works. Instead of one owner going through the After that we had long talks across the mill once of twice a day, there will be an street, and, as our interest in each other deepened into a warmer fealing, many a tender message was sent by the air line.

owner in sight somewhere all the time. You can then use your skill and experience where it will produce the must You may not believe A, but we ware enmoney .- | Wade's Fibre and Fabria gaged to be matried before we had ever Shooking Bad Taste. "My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr.

> Mr. Biller. "Certainly not." "Why not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

Plenty of Netwapapers.

Montevideo, the capital of Uraguay, with a population of 123,000, has twentythree daily newspapers, more than any other city in the world-three times as many as London, and nearly twice as many as New York. Buenes Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic, across me to wear bine and yeliow. I declare the Rio de la Plata, has twenty-one daily papers for a population of 400,000. Other obtion in South America are equally you men have no idea whatever of harblessed, except those of Ecuador, Bollvia,

and Paraguay, in which no daily news-papers are published. The South Ameri-can papers are not issued so much for the A Boston man, visiting in Chicago, is both surprised and disgusted with the discovery that the Chicago man has no anemination of news as the propagation cestors, no family portraits except such as of ideas. They give about six columns of have been brought into the family by pureditorial to one of intelligence, publish all chase at an auction store, and no pedigree. sorts of communications on political sub-On the other hand, the Chicago man, jects, furnish a story in each issue, and often run history and biography as serials. when he goes to Boston, stands speechless One frequently takes up a daily paper, and finds in it everything but never, so with awe at the lofty scorn with which the man whose grandfathers founded the family and the family fortune by seiling that last week's issue is furt as good readrum and molasses a hundred years ago look

ing as yesterday's. The principal reason and necessity for having so many newspapers is that every

public man requires an organ, in order to get his views before the people, and the editors are entinerily politicians or public-ists who devote their entire time to the discussion of political questions, and expost the party or faction to which they belong to furnish them the means of living while they are so employed. Each of the papers has a director, who holds the

