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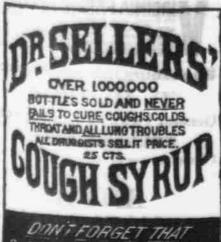
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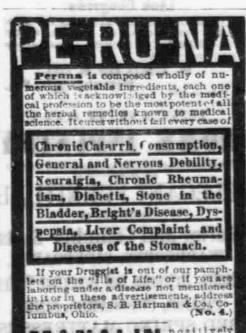
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A PASSIVE CRIME.

BY THE DUCHESS. CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ROW. All yesterday the rain fell heavily. Not in quiet showers, but with a steady downpour that drenched the world rendering the Park a lonely wilderness, and the Ride deserted. To-day the sun, as though weary of

yesterday's inaction, is out again, going its busy round, and casting his warm beams on rich and poor, simple and The Row is crowded-filled to overflowing with the gayly-dressed throng that has come out to bask in the glad warmth of the sunshine, and revel in the sense of well-being engendered by the softness and sweetness of the rush-

ing breeze. The heaven shows lively art and hue, Of sundry shapes and colors new, And laughs upon the earth!" A faint languor, born of the increas-

ing heat, pervades the air.
But for the gentle wind that dances gayly hither and thither, wooing with its tender touch each thing it passes, the heat would be almost insupportable. The occupants of the chairs seem drowsily inclined, and answer in soft monosyllables those with energy sufficient left to question them. One old lady, unmindful of the earriages that pass and repass incessantly, has fallen into a sound and refreshing

slumber, made musical by snores low but deep. The very loungers on the railings have grown silent, as though speech is irksome, and conversation not to be borne, and content themselves with gazing upon the beauty that is carried by them as the tide of fashion ebbs and

A dark green Victoria, exquisitely appointed, and drawn by two bright bay ponies, claims, and not at all unjustly, the very largest share of attention.

Not so much the Victoria perhaps, as Mrs. Neville, to whom it belongs, and who is now seated in it, with her adopt-

ed daughter beside her. Miss Neville, as usual, is faultlessly attired in some pale fabric, untouched by color of any sort, and is looking more than ordinarily lovely. Her large dark eyes, blue as the deep czar violet, and tinged with melancholy are in perfet harmony with the creamcolored hat she wears.

A little suspicion of crimson adorus each cheek. Her lips are parted. She seems indeed a very phantom of delight "A lovely apparition sent-"

not so much to be a moment's ornament as a lasting joy.
"There is Dick Penruddock," Mrs. Neville, suddenly. "I want to speak to him. Leaning forward, she says something

to her coachman, and presently the carriage is drawn up beside the railings, and, with a smile and a nod, Mrs. Nebeckons the young man to her It is quite a month since that night at the opera, where Penruddock first saw Mand Neville a month full of

growing hopes and disheartening fears. At first, Mrs. Neville had been averse to the acquaintance altogether, bearing strange grudge to the very name of , as she held it responsible for all the ills that had befallen her be-

She had scolded Wilding in her harmless fashion as severely as she could scold any one for having brought one of "those people," as she termed them, within her doors, more especially the boy who had succeeded to the property that should by right have belonged to the little Hilda, her dead sister's only

time and Dick Penruddock's charm of manner had conquered pre-judice and vague suspicion; and Mrs. Neville, after many days, acknowledged even to herself that she liked the young man-nay, almost loved him, in spite of

his name and parentage. Just now he comes gladly up to the side of the Victoria and takes her hand, and beams upon her, and then glances past her to accept with gratitude the slow bow and very faint smile of recognition that Miss Neville is so conde scending as to bestow upon him.

"Such a chance to see you in this confusion." says Mrs. Neville, kindly.
"And can you come and dine to-night?
It is short notice, of course, for such a fashionable boy as you are; but I really want you, and you must come. "If you really want me, I shall of course come-your wishes are com-mands not to be disputed," says Penruddock, after a second's hesitation. wherein he has decided on telling a

great fib to the other people with whom he is in duty bound to pass his evening. "But your dance—" "Is later on-yes. But I have two or three old friends coming to dine, and they are very charming, of course, and love them, you will understand: but old friends, as a rule, are just the least little bit tedious sometimes, don't

And I want you to help me on think? with them. I may depend upon you?"
"You may, indeed." "You may, indeed."
"Ah, so Maud said," said Mrs. Neville,

with a faint sigh of relief. To know that this pleasant boy will be on the spot to make conversation and carry it on when her own powers fail is an inexpressible comfort "Did Miss Neville say that? I did not dare to believe that she had so good an opinion of me. To be considered worthy of trust is a very great compliindeed," says Dick, glancing past Mrs. Neville again, to gaze somewhat wistfully at the owner of the cream-

But she, beyond the first slight recognition and somewhat haughty tion of her small head, has taken not the slightest notice of him. She has even turned her head away, and is apparently lost in contemplation

of the brilliant and constantly increasing crowd around her. Have you seen the princess, Miss Neville?" asks Penruddock at length, in despair, filled with a sudden deter mination to make her speak, and to compel her large, thoughtful eyes to meet his own, if only for a single in-"Rather nice, her ponies, don't

you think?" "Not so highly bred as Mrs. Cabbe's nor so perfect in any way," returns Miss Neville, unsympathetically, letting her eyes rest on him for a very brief ment, and making him a present of a grave, pleasant, but cold little smile, After which she turns her head away again, as though desirous of dropping

out of the conversation. Penruddock is piqued, almost angry Already he has learned the value of position, money, the world's adulation; yet this girl alone treats him with open coldness and something that borders on positive avoidance, though she herself is utterly without position, and only indebted to the popularity Mrs. Neville enjoys with both sexes for her admit-

tance into society. Two or three men coming up to the Victoria at this moment stay to speak to its occupants, and to all Miss Ne-ville gives the same cold greeting, the same frigid, but undeniably entrancing,

Perhaps her somewhat insolent indifference is her chief charm; or it may be that it ites in the half-mournful dignity expressive of an everlasting if silent regret that marks her every glance

A tall, dark man, pushing his way through the others, makes his bow to Mrs. Neville, and then raises his hat deferentially to the beauty of the hour. Maud acknowledges his presence with a salutation that is certainly somewhat colder than those accorded to the oth-

"How full the Row is this afternoon!" says Mrs. Neville, genially, who has made the same remark to all the others straight through.

"Is it?" says Captain Saumarez, the new-comer. "Really, I dare say; but once I had caught sight of your unapproachable ponies I could see nothing else. It seems too much luck to meet you this afternoon with the certainty of meeting you again this evening. Thanks so much for the card! May I yenture to hope for one dance to-night, Miss Neville?—or do I, as usual, ask too late?" Quite too late. Every dance is prom-

She barely looks at him as she speaks.
"What all, all! I am indeed unfortunate—there is no denying that! Is there nobody you could throw over to give me even one poor dance?" "I never throw over my partners," says Miss Neville, distinctly; "my conscience is opposed to that, and will not allow me to break my word-once

Yet I think-short as is our acquaintance-I remember one partner ignominiously consigned to the background for no particular reason," replies he,

meaningly.
"Do you?" innocently. "My memory is not my strong point, so I shall not discuss the subject. But"—with a flash from the violet eyes—"I think I may take upon myself to say that you are wrong when you say there was no 'par-ticular reason' for my so acting." "Unless caprice be a reason," retorts he, aying it in quite a low tone. "I do not understand you," says Miss Neville, with some haughtiness of look and manner; "nor do I desire to do so." ""Tis folly to remember," quotes

he from a song she herself is in the habit of singing, and with a short, un-mirthful laugh. "You are right. To encourage forgetfulness should be one of our greatest aims. But to return to our first discussion. I am indeed the unhappiest of men. Is there no hope that you will change your mind, and let me live in the expectation of being favored with one waltz?" "I can offer you no such hope," turns she, with so much pointed de-

cision in her voice and expression that Saumarez, turning sharply on his heel, takes off his bat with a frowning bow and a somewhat vindictive glance, and next the minute has disappeared among the crowd.

There is a slight but perceptible pause after he has gone. The other men have melted away before this, and only Pen-

"I hardly think I shall stay on for your dance," he says, presently, with some hesitation, looking disappointed, and speaking in a very dejected tone. That little bit of information just given by Miss Neville to the effect that all her dances were disposed of has checked his arder for the Audley Street 'small and early," and has, in fact, reduced him to a state that borders on de-

About a week ago, Miss Neville had almost promised him a waltz as to this particular dance, but doubtless she has by this time forgotten all about such a promise, and has given the waltz estion to some more favored individ-

"My dear child, why not?" asks Mrs. Neville, kindly, struck by the sudden melancholy of his appearance. "I do hope, my dear Dick, you are not given to moping. So many young men mope nowadays. I believe they call it by a finer name, but it really comes to the same thing. Now, why won't you stay on for my dance to-night?"
"It sounds rude, and it is rude," con-

fesses Mr. Penruddock, with some contrition; "but the fact is, I know I shouldn't enjoy it—I—couldn't stand it," says Dick, with a reproachful glance at Beauty, who sits apparently careless and unmoved, looking before her. But at this moment Miss Neville sees

fit to join in the conversation. She turns her head slowly, and letting her handsome eyes meet Penruddock's chains him to the spot by the very power of her beauty.

"Then I suppose I am at liberty to give away that third waltz that I promised you at Lady Ryecroft's?" she asks, slowly, without removing her gaze.
"You remember it? I thought per haps you had forgotten," says Penrud-dock, eagerly. "No, do not give it away. Dear Mrs. Neville, do not think me un-stable, or fickle, or anything that way.

out the fact is, nothing on earth should keep me from your dance to-night." He flushes a dark red, laughs a little, raises his hat, and, as though unable longer to endure the rather mischievous smile in Miss Neville's blue eyes, beats a hasty retreat.

'He is a dear boy,-quite charming," says Mrs. Neville, who is feeling puzzled, "but certainly a little vague, very unlike his father, who was most unpleasantly matter-of-fact person I ever met. What were you saying to Captain Saumarez, Mandie? I saw that you were talking to him, but you

did not seem very genial, either of "He is very distasteful to me," says Maud, quickly, "I don't know what it is auntie, but I feel a horror-a hatred of that man. His manner toward me insolent to a degree. It is as though he would compel me, against my wil to be civil to him, and I never shall! concludes Miss Neville, between her

little white, even teeth. "I don't think I care much about him myself," says Mrs. Neville, "He alsays Mrs. Neville. ways seems to me to be something of an adventurer; and, besides, he is a friend of all the Penruddocks, and, except Dick, I never liked any of them. Not that he is much of a friend there either, as he never speaks of them, and even if drawn into conversation about Dick's father, as a rule says something disparaging. But he has money and is

received everywhere, and I really think, my dear child, he is very devoted to "Oh, do not, pray, try to make him even more detestable in my sight than he is already," says Maud, with a shiver hat may mean disgust.

Oh, no! Of course I meant nothing And he is the last man that I should care to see you married to. But some time you must make a selection-you can but know that-and I am always thinking for you, indeed I am. Dick Penruddock is very much in love with you, I really believe, though you always "I deny it because I think he is not

anlooked-for energy.
All the color has fled from her cheeks, and her hips tremble slightly. "Well, my dear, perhaps so. I own I am stupid," says Mrs. Neville, who, though the best and kindest of women, is certainly in no danger of setting the Thames on fire with her eleverness. Though I can't see why you should dislike the idea so much. He is quite charming in my opinion, and so handsome! Then there is Lord Stretton; you can't tell me that he does not adore the very ground you walk on!"

I hope with all my heart and soul that be is not," says Maud, with sudden and

"Oh, Stretton!" says Miss Neville, dis-"But, my dearest, you must marry some one" says her "auntie" in an ag-grieved tone. "Dick, as I say, is all

counts. As that dear man in 'Punch,' said some time ago, 'Beauty and good-ness may fade and pall, but a title insis.' There is certainly a very great deal of sense in that remark, and it is nice to have a duke for a brother-in-law."
"I don't think Wolfhampton would

be nice as a brother-in-law were he fifty times a duke," says Maud, with a curl of her short upper lip.

"He might be improved on, certainly;
I don't dispute that," Mrs. Neville admits, sadly. "His manners are positively distressing, so redolent of the stable and his nose is out of all proportion. "It is so like Lord Stretton's that no one could possibly know one from the other," says Maud, willfully. Mrs. Neville sighs. The case is be-yond argument. It is indeed only too true that Lord Stretton's proboscis

bears a painful resemblance to his "Dick Penruddock is, of course, in many ways far preferable," she says, presently, shifting ground, "He is quite as rich, and is younger, and has prettier manners. But, then, you say you ob-

ject to Dick also." No, I don't object to Mr. Penrud

"No, I don't object to Mr. Pentud-dock," says the girl, with a soft, slow blush; "that is not it. You mistake me, Mimi." (This is the pet name she gave to Mrs. Neville when a child.) "I only mean that I shall never marry."

"But why—why?" impatiently. "Can you ask me that?" returns she,

with a glance full of the liveliest re-"But the thing is not a secret-all the world knows how I adopted you, and that you are the daughter of some poor mechanic, dead before I ever saw you. But they know, too, that you are most beautiful and the most charming girl in the town! Yes, you are!" swer to a deprecating shake of Miss Neville's head; "and if these men love you, and choose to overlook such a lit-

tle fault, why, then, I can not see—"
"A little fault!" repeats she sadly.
Then, with a touch of pride, "Nay, it is no fault at all, but it is a great misfor tune; and though Stretton—or—or Mr.
Penruddock may, perhaps, foolishly
wish to marry me, do you honestly believe their families would receive me
with open arms? Do you think it at all likely that Dick's father would be glad to see him married to a girl with-out a name? It is impossible, Mimi!" "I know not what they might think or say, but I know that if he were my son I would gladly see him married to you," says Mimi, maintaining her cause

"That is because you love me, and because you are different from all the rest of the world," says the girl, gently, looking at her through a soft mist, that dims the beauty of her eyes, and is born affection.

derness, and gratitude, and deer At this moment the carriage draws they pass into the house. at their halldoor, and, alighting,

CHAPTER V. AFTER THE DANCE.

It is many hours later, and the dance is at its best and gavest. The sound of music and the delicate perfume of dyng flowers are in the air The rooms are filled with all that London can afford of its brightest, and

highest, and best, and pretty women in toilets almost as desirable as themselves are smiling and waving their fans, and doing all the damage that soft eyes and softer speech are supposed to do.

It is the third waltz, and the band is playing "Mon Reve." In Dick Penruddock's opinion it is the waltz of the evening, as his arm is round Maud Ne-

ville, and her perfect head is very near his own. He is as happy as a man can be who holds all he deems most precious for one moment to his heart, knowing that the next might separate them forever.

Presently they pause to rest, and find themselves near the door of a conserva-

Are you tired?" asks he, seeing she sighs, and raises one hand in a halfwearied fashion to smooth back some loose hairs that have wandered across her forehead. "Come in here, and sit down for a little while." He tightens his arm on the hand resting upon it, and moves toward the cool

retreat before them. "If you wish it," replies she, uncertainly, and with some slight hesitation in her manner. Yet she goes with him into the dimly lighted conservatory, where a little fountain is plashing, sending forth a cold, sweet music of its own, and where green leaves are glistening calmly be-neath the beams of the subdued lamps.

The time-the hour-the very drip, drip of the fountain-all bespeak lone! ness; and to feel one's self alone with a beloved object, as a rule, kills wis-Penruddock, who all day long has been enduring suspense, and an uncer-

tainty that borders on hope, suddenly loses his head. Laying his hand on Maud's, he bends down to her, and whispers something in a soft, impas-The girl appears neither startled nor surprised, and when she speaks, her

tone, though perhaps a shade slower than usual, is firmer than ever. Only she changes color, and grows pale until her very lips are bloodless. "You speak without thought or re-flection," she says, gently. "You have considered nothing. No, no: do not interrupt me! I am sorry this has occurbut there is no reason why we should not forget what you have just said, and be good friends as we were

"There is a reason, and a strong one." returns he, very quietly now; "and as to our being mere friends, that is quite out of the question. Do you imagine me an impulsive boy to say a thing one moment and regret it the next? I have dared to say to-night what I have wanted to say for many days. And I must have my answer now."

"And my birth-bave you forgotten that?" demanded she, looking at him "I have forgotten nothing. But to e it makes no difference. Princess or me it makes no difference. peasant, how can it matter? I love you. Darling, said the young man, very earnestly, taking both her hands. and holding them closely, you to believe in my love! Take time for reflection-consider well. I entreat you to give me no hurried answer." "I do not hurry," returns she, in a strange tone; "I will not even argue with you. Let us say no more it; and please let my hands go, Mr. Penruddock. I can not marry you-indeed,

I can not."
"But why?—at least, tell me that," denands he, desperately, refusing to release her hands, "Maud, answer me! Do you-is it true that you love another better, and that is why you can not

"No: that is untrue," replies she with quick pain in voice and eyes, "I love no one better than you; which means, of course-" hurriedly, and with a sad little quivering laugh-"that I love "o You will understand me?" "Only too well," returns he sadly. He lifts her hands, and kisses them separately, in a forlorn, lingering fash-ion. "And yet there is some talk of Stretton," he says, miserably, his face

haggard and unhappy.
"That report is false," she says, slow-Then, after a faint hesitation, she raises her head and regards him with earnest attention.

Her eyes are full of unshed tears, and her voice, soft and low, as it always is, trembles a little as she speaks.

"Believe nothing you hear," she says, impassively, "only this—that I shall never marry." Rising, and turning abruptly from him, she moves toward the ball-room, and, standing in the door-way, gazes, without seeing anything, at the swaying crowd before her.

Presently she becomes conscious that two dark eyes are fixed upon her; she turns restlessly, and Captain Saumarez stands at her side. "Not dancing, Miss Neville?" begins he, lightly. "And all alone, too!" Then, with a change of manner, and throw ing some concern into his tone he says quietly, "You look overtired. May I take you out of this to one of the small-

to the conservatory she had just quit-"Oh, no; not in there!" exclaims she, with some distress. "But I shall be glad to get away for a little while." Taking his arm, she makes her way slowly through the dancers and the lingerers at the door-way, and presently sinks, with a sigh of relief, into a low chair, in a small room that opens off an

er rooms beyond, or in here?" pointing

The music seems so very far away that the noise and confusion could almost be forgotten. Oh, that she could now get rid of her companion, and find herself, if only for one short half hour,

"Something has annoyed you. Can I help you in any way." says Saumarez, in his gentlest manner. "You are very good. No; it is nothing. I am only slightly fatigued," returns she, listlessly.

some iced water?" "Thank you-nothing." Her evident determination not to be friendly, her extreme coldness of voice and gesture, pique him beyond endur-ance. What has he done to her that this proud girl should treat him with such open disdain? "I saw you go into that conservatory about ten minutes ago," he says, after a slight pause, some reckless desire to rouse her from her apathy, and bring anger, if he can not summon love, into those beautiful eyes below him, incit-ing him to this speech. "You seemed

greatly disturbed when you came out

again. Was that boy rude to you?"

He has certainly gained his point. Miss Neville's blue eyes literally flash with anger. "That boy?" repeats she, in an impassible tone. "I am speaking of Penruddock,"

turns he, with cool persistence. "I hardly know how to answer such a question," says Miss Neville, frigidly. "I never knew until now-to-nightthat any man could be rude to me. 'Ah! then I am to understand he did offend?" says Saumarez, insolently, his

evil genius at his elbow. "I was not alluding to Mr. Penrud-dock—he is incapable of any act of illbreeding: I was alluding to you!" says Maud, in a clear tone, rising as she delivers this retort. She would have swept by him and left the room, but with a sudden ex-clamation he seizes her hand, and detains her against her will.

Stop!" cries he, with some passion "I have something to say to you, that I have too long withheld, and that you shall hear now or never." Then it shall be never!" says the girl, quickly. "I decline to listen to thing you may have to say. Release me, sir; your very touch is hateful to

"Ay, since Penruddock came upon the field. Do you think I am so blind that I can not see how he has gained favor where all others have been treated with studied coldness? Do you think I have not noticed how he "I decline to discuss Mr. Penruddock with you," says Maud, throwing up her head with a gesture full of graceful dignity that might have adorned a queen "Is he so precious in your sight?" says Saumarez, with a sneer. "And is

this new lover prepared to overlook the fact of your humble birth?" "Take care, sir; do not go too far!" says Mand, her voice vibrating with in-"I don't care how far I go now," de-clares he, all the evil blood in his heart surging upward to the surface. you, too! Yes, you shall listen to me, though it be for the last time!" tighten-ing his fingers on her wrist. "I love

you, as that boy can never love with all the strength of a man's deepest 'Hush! your mention of love is but an insult!" says she, in a withering tone. "My voice is not so silken as his, no doubt," replies he, driven to madness by her loathing. "Nor do soft words trip so readily from my tongue. But will his love stand the test of time? Will he never regret that he has mar-

ried one who is-"Lowly born." She supplies the words; speaking them bravely, and not flinching from

Ay, and basely." says he, between his It is a lie, and he knows it. But at this moment he would have uttered any false thing to lower the pride of the woman whom-strange paradox-he loves, yet hates! A terrible change passes over Miss Neville's countenance as the words

the stroke

cross his lips. "No, no; it is not true!" she cries, all her courage forsaking her. "I will not believe it! What can you know more than all the others? Ah! is it for this reason I have dreaded you? Have pity, and unsay your words!" "I do not speak without authority," replies he, quickly, stung again by admission that she dreads him. "I know all about your birth,"—there is an air of undoubted truth about these words that strikes cold to her heart— "and I tell you again, that you are not only humbly but basely born!"

She shudders violently.

A low cry escapes her, and with the hand that still remains tree she covers her face.

At this instant Penruddeck, followed by Mr. Wilding (with whom he is earnestly conversing), enters the room. He is unfortunately in time to hear Miss Neville's agonized cry, and to hear Saumarez's last words.

Going up to the latter, he pushes him backward, releasing Mand from his grasp. "Who has dired to apply such words as basely born to Miss Neville?" he asks, in

"I have said so, and say it again!" says Saumarez, with his usual evil sneet.
"You are a coward!" says Penruddock, losing all command of his temper; and, raising his gloved hand, he strikes him across There is a second's awful silence; then aumarez—who has instinctively raised his and to his cheek, on which a pink line may

hand to his cheek, or which a pais the may be tracest—says, quietly, turning to Penrud-dock, "When and where?" "The sooner the better," says Dick, still white and wild with fury. Mand, who had shrunk aside, and who is Maud, who had shrunk assile, and who is now standing close to Mr. Wildling, says to him, in a nervous whisper, so low as to be almost unintelligible, "What does it all 'Fighting, I think," says Mr. Wilding,

"Fighting, I think," says Mr. Wilding, who is a plain-spoken man at times, and given to electrify the judges in court on certain occasions. "They are arranging a duel, unless I am greatly mistaken."

"But it must be prevented!" says Maud, wildly. "Something must be done!"

Going up to Penruddock, she lays her hand upon his arm. "Let me speak, Dick!" she says, in trembling accents.

The word—his Christian name—has unconsciously escaped her; but he has heard it, and oroudly, gladly, takes the little hand up-

on his arm between both his own, as though this unexpected mention of his name had made her his had been an informal confes-

There is no need that you should quarrnere is no need that you should quar-rel," she goes on, with lowered eyes and pal-lid lips. "He is right; he has but spoken the truth. I am lowly born, as all the world knows; though, sir," confronting Saumarez, and gazing full at him with terrible grief and reproach in her glance, "it has yet to be proved how you came to use that word lines. proved how you came to use that word base-

'My conduct to you has been unpardon-"My conduct to you has been unparaonable, madam," says Saumarez, bowing and drawing back, with set lips and a stern expression. "I sak your forgiveness, To your friend, Mr. Penruddock, I shall give every strongest satisfaction necessary—the very strongest satisfaction!" concludes he, with a grim smile; after which he bows again, and withdraws.

Miss Neville bursts into tears, and sohe hit. his arm round her, supports her head against his breast for some time unrebuked. Presently, however, she checks her emotion, and drawing away from him wipes the tears from her eyes, sighing heavily.

"You have out your work out out, for you.

You have got your work cut out for you, a know," suggests Mr. Wilding, in a low to Dick, who had forgotten everything but Mand's grief.
"I am quite aware of that," mutters Dick,
"If you are going to cross to the other side,
you will have but very little time to arrange
matters before starting."

"There is little to arrange," says Penrud-dock, absently. "My Consin George falls in for everything if I come to grief in the encounter."
Then he goes up to Maud, who is still silently crying, and takes her hand again.
"Tell me the truth now," he says, "At this last moment if would be a solace, a comfort to me. That time—a few minutes since, when you called me 'Dick'—your tone, your whole manner thrilled me; it almost caused we to believe that I was not only in the life year. me to believe that I was not quite indifferent o you. Was that presumption, madness, on ny part? Speak, darling? He bends his head, and she whispers some-hing in a voice half broken. It must have been some word of encourage-'May I get you something? A glass

ent, as Penrusidock's visage brightens, and s whole manner changes. "And if I return?" he begins eagerly. But she interrupts him.
"Oh, you must—you will return?" she says,

painfully, "If I do, you will marry me?" She shakes her head. She shakes her head.

Even at this solemn moment her great resolve is not to be broken.

"My dear Penruddock, this is out of all bearing," says Mr. Wilding, who has been engaged in an engrossing examination of a bit of old Chelsea, but now feels it his duty to come to the rescue and deliver Miss Neville from her embarrassment, "Let us discuss what you have got to do." cuss what you have got to do."

"That is simple," says Penruddock, with a frown. "If luck stands to me, I shall shoot him through the heart." "No. no." says Mand faintly, patting up her hand in quick protest. To kill him, that would be murder! Do not have his death upon your conscience."

"It would be so terrible," she falters,
"Yet, remember, it would be in your should feel it all the more. And later on, when you had grown cool, it would be to yourself an everlasting regret, and I should be the author of it. On, let him live."
"Well, I dare say I shall," says Penruddock in a curious tone; "for this reason-that "He splits hairs and sixpenny-bits, and all sorts of thin things, at any number of paces that you like to name," said Mr. Wilding,

Would you shrink from me because of

Miss Neville shudders, and turns a shade paier even than she has been through all.
"After all, there is not so much in life to one should regret it to any intense degree." says Dick, who takes it rather badly that she "My dear boy, there you etr." says Wilding, briskly. There is a great deal in life,
if you go the proper way to find it, and if
you don't expect becomen; that is the great
searct. Life is a first-class thing in my opinton-nothing like it. I never, you know,
fight duels myself-nothing would induce
me; but if you must, my dear Penruddock,
aim low, and cover him well with your eye.
I'll see you through it, and stick to you, my
dear boy, whatever happens." dear boy, whatever happens."
"Thanks, old man; I knew quite well that

ou would not desert me," says Dick grate Can nothing be done?" says Mand, class-cher hands. "Oh, Mr. Wilding, do try; rely something may be effected if you will only try!
"Of course I shall try," says Wilding promptly. "I'll stand to him all through—I have promised that. By Jove! I wouldn't advise that fellow to do anything unfair when I am on the field! And if"—impress-

vely-"anything unfortunate should occur, "Oh, Mr. Wilding, how I hate you?" inter rapts Miss Neville, with a sudden burst of wrathful tears. "If no one else will help me," cries she going harriedly toward the loor, "I shall try, at least, what a week wo-

She opens the door, closes it behind her firmly, and runs upstairs to her own apart-

[To be Continued.] Postal Savings Banas.

The plan of the Postoffice savings banks of Great Britain was first suggested in 1860 by Mr. Sykes, Member of Parliament for Huddersfield, England. The suggestion was cordially adopted by Gladstone then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who brought the matter in the form of a bill before Parliament and warmly advocated its passage. It was passed early in the following year and received the royal assent May 17, 1861, and came into prac tical operation in the following Septem ber. In 1861 the plan became operative in Scotland and Ireland also. The plan has been a success from the beginning, over 367,000 deposit accounts being open ed during the first two years, representing an aggregate of £4,702,000, or about \$23,510,000. According to the postoffic reports of 1883 there were in the United Kingdom 7,369 postoffice savings banks, with 3,105,642 accounts open at the end of the year, the deposits during the year amounting to £13,575,167, or about \$67, 875,835, and the amount standing to credit of all open accounts at the end of the year, £41,768,808 or about \$208,940,040, separate account is kept with every positor, and the receipts of every deposit a acknowledged. The rate of interest paid to depositors is 2:1-2 per cent. annually or one halfpenny per pound a month. Every depositor receives a savingsbank book, which he sends yearly for examination to the head office, and the interest on his deposit is there calculated and allowed in his book. Any part or all of a deposit will be paid at any time by any of the officers on receipt of a certified order from the central office. The management of these banks has always been thoroughly efficient, and there is no doubt that they have been of great advantage to the poor people of Great

Burbank and Mark Twain. Burbank, the lecturer, would go on the stage if he could get a play to suit him. Hearing that Mark Twain had written a new play he wrote to him about it. the money-seeking author-publisher has not had a very pleasant experience as a dramatist, though Raymond paid him in royalties on "Colonel Sellers" four times more than he realized from the copyright -and is not inclined to waste any time over speculative dramatic ventures. He wrote Burbank: "'Tain't worth your while to foin the procession of them that thought they wanted it, but concluded they didn't; still, if you want to waste your time, go ahead; but I'm darned if I'm going to let you waste mine, old friend! Repair unto my agent, and if he has got a copy of the play, business can be talked; but if he hasn't, he is not to apply to me for it, for I won't take the trouble to hunt. I have said I would cleave the skull and play with the bowels of the next man who ventured to mention that play to me; but you are a friend, and I spare you, just this once "

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GAT LOLA MONTES.

The Career of a Beaugiful, Brillian but Wayward Weman. The grave of the ill-fated Charlot Temple, in Trinity Churchyard, Nethousands of enrious sightseers. Greenwood Cometery, Breaklyn, is the grave of another famous woman, at one time said to be the most beautiful in the warld; but it is comparatively neglected.
Indeed, for people knowed its existence,
and there are many who deem Lola Mon-ten to have been an altogether mythica-personage. She was an Irishwoman, The beautiful city of Limerick was her birth. place. Her mother was a Creole of panish blood, and her father was an Irish army officer. The two were married when she was only 15 and he 20 years old, and Lola was born about two years later, their only child. She was christened Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert, and Lola was merely a diminutive of Dolorea. Her parents removed to England and her there until she was about 6 years old, when they separated. Lola's mother married a Captain Craig, and went to India, leaving the child with the father of Craig, at Montross, Scotland. After. ward Lola was sent to London and lived for some years in the family of Sir Jasper

gal army. She was sent to Paris and to Bath to be educated with Sir Jasper's daughters, and grew to be a girl of singular beauty and rare accomplishments. Up to the age of 14 years, all was thus plain sailing. But new Lobs's mother came back from India, and the remance began. The mother told Lois that she was going to take her to India to live. Accordingly preparation for travel were made. Dresses were purchased and trunks were packed. One day hele noticed that a portion of the outfit lunked very much like a bride's tronsseau. She saked her mother what it meant, but reestved an equivocal reply. Then she went to a Captain James, with whom her mother had travelled home from India, and asked him. He told her the truth. Her mother had bargained for a large such of money te make her the wife of Sir Abraham Lumly, a Judge of the Supreme Court in India. He was 60 years old, and having exhausted the pleasures of the

Nichols, commander-in-chief of the Ben

world, hoped to renew his youth by marrings with the young and beautiful girl.
That night Lola made a rope of bed. clothes and escaped by way of the win dow. She fied to Captain James and told him he might have her if he would save her from her mother and old Lumly. Captain James did not hesitate to take her at her word. He gave her shelter for the night and next day fled with her to Ireland, where his family lived, and there, after a good deal of trouble and annoy-

ame, they were finally married. to the East Indies, where he had the had tasto to desert her and clope with a Mrs. Lomer. Lola did not grieve, but engaged passage home on the next vessel, and en the voyage made a complete conquest of a young man named Lennox, a member of the illustrious Scotch family.

Reaching London she began a pretty gay life. Her favorite lover at first was Lord Malmesbury, British minister for foreign affairs; but noblemea by the source. and not a few royal princes paid court to her and lavished their wealth upon her. She made her home mostly in Lunden, out frequently made romantic excursions with her lovem to Spain and other easth-nental countries, everywhere exciting admiration, as well for her remarkable in-

sellectual powers as for her Beauty. Louis Philippe was now king of France. Lola visited his court, but was unable to make a conquest of his affections. Then she went on the stage as a dancer at the l'orte St. Martin Theatre. Here she lad the writers for the press captive in her train. Upon two of them, Beauvallon and Dugarrier, she bestowed her favors pretty freely, with the result of arousing jeniousy between them. A duel was fought to Lola's presence, and Dugarrier was killed. Lola was a witness at Heanvallon's trial, where she dressed in deep mourning and looked so interesting that she made a complete conquest of the judge on the beach. Such notoriety did this tragedy give her that theatrical managers offered her fabulous sums to appear on the stage ngalu. But she refused and when Bean vallen was sent to prison for ten years she

Louis I was then king of Bavara. He fell in love with her at ones, and she became the real sovereign of Bavaria. Abel, the devout Roman Catholic statesman. was then prime minister of Bay aria, and he bitterly opposed Lola and her influence over the king; but in vain. She had him removed from office, and for a time she made and unmade cabinets at will. Munich, and, indeed, all Havaris, became divided into two factions termed Lolasta civil war at one time seemed imminent For a time Lola held her ground. had herself created Countess of Lansfeld, and then retired to a villa on Lake Con-

stance, Switzerland. Lola next returned to England, more famous and more admired than ever. After a brilliant rocal career she was married to a Mr. Heald, a rich young gentleman of good family. But soon the first husband, the runaway Captain James. put in an appearance and began to annoy her systematically. To escape him she and Heald went to France and thence to Spain, her favorite home. James diod soon after, in 1850, and a little later Heald also died. Then, in 1852, Lola came to America.

Naturally, she took to lecturing. She narrated, with great power of express the most dramatic incidents of her own career, and had crowded houses wherever she went. She also appeared on the stage as an actress, and traveled as far as California. Her business manager was a married man with two children. When they got out to the Pacific coast Lola noticed that he seemed unhappy, and, questioning him, found that he was longing to be with his family again, but had not the money to bring them on with. At once she gave him the sum required to bring his wife and children on. A few months inter he died. Lela then acttled a fine pension on the widow for life, and sent the children to be educated at a seminary at Troy. N Y. They were two girls Some years later one of them fell in love with a United States pavy officer. Lola, acting as the girl's guardian, approved his suit and they were married. They went to England, and Lola did not see them again for some years. Of their final meeting,

In California Lola married a Mr. Hull, from whom she was afterward divorced Then she went to Australia and lectured giving all her receipts to the sufferers in the English army in the Crimean war. Subsequently she made two tours of this country, and in 1850 settled down to live in this city. Here she wrote and publargely to works of charity. She professed repentance for the errors of ber life and was received into the commit Frotestant Episcopal Church.

Settled Long Ago. Young Englishmen-Your country is so young y know, Miss Engle. You have no pride of succestry as yet. You American Girl-tin the contrary, Mr. Lion, America is and has every reason to

be proud of its succestry. Much more to.
in fact, than England.
Young Englishman—Indeed: American Girl Ob, my, yes! The superson of our ancestors was settled over a bundle of

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