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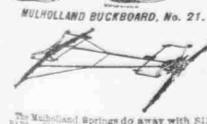
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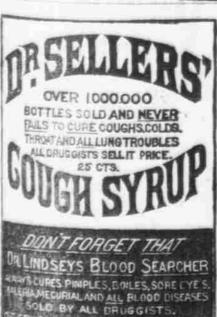
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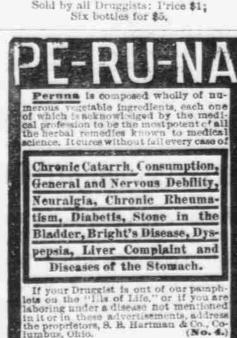
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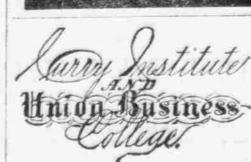
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A PASSIVE CRIME.

BY THE DUCHESS. CHAPTER VI

AN ENTREATY. It is an hour later; and in his library Gilbert Saumarez is sitting with folded arms, on which his face lies hidden. The table is strewn with papers.

A crumpled, faded flower and a little, six-buttoned black-kid glove are on the desk close beside him; how procured, he alone Certainly, they were never given to him by their rightful owner. The lamps are lowered, until a half-gloom, that is almost darkness, envelops the apart-Ghastly shadows creep here and there, un-checked, unnoticed by the man who sits so silently in the arm-chair beneath the center

He is lost in thought, in vain regrets, that belong to the present and the near past, but have no connection with the morrow, that may bring death in its train. No fear of being "done to death" in open fight, need harass him.

He is too expert a shot, has too often earn-He is too expert a shot, has too often earned his reputation as a skilled duelist, to feel nervous at the prospect of an encounter with an amateur—a raw schoolboy in the art of dueling, as he rightly terms Penruddock.

He has killed his man before this; and having made up his mind to shoot this present rival as he would a dog, has dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

ent rival as he would a dog, has dishissed the subject from his thoughts.

Other considerations crowd upon him—oth-er remembrances, sweet and bitter; and so absorbed is he in his inward musings, that he does not hear the door open, nor the sound of the light feet that advance across the floor, until the owner of them is almost at his side.

He raises his head then, and looking up, starts to his feet with an exclamation that is caused by a surprise which for the moment completely overpowers him.

It is Maud Neville who stands before him, pale as "the snowy illy pressed with heavy

Her eyes are large, half frightened, and full of grief. Beneath them dark circles show themselves. No faintest ting of color adorns her cheeks. Her hair, under her swans'-down hood, has loosened, and strays across her low, smooth forehead at its own She is pale, nervous, thoroughly unlinged, yet never perhaps has she looked so lovely. To Gilbert Saumarez, gazing at her, some old lines occur that seem to apply to her as to none other—

"To see her is to love her, And love but her forever, For nature made her what she is, And ne'er made sic another!" "You here, and alone!" he stammers, mov-"You here, and alone: he stammers, moving from her rather than toward her.

"Yes, here," returns she, in a low tone, trenulous with emotion. "Esther waits for me outside. I have so far forgotten my own dignity and self-respect as to come here to you at midnight, compelled by a sudden necessity. The more reason, sir," with an upward glance of mingled entreaty and pride, "that you should respect both." throws back her hood and cloak as though half stiffed, and stands before him in bravery of her satin ball-dress,

which pearls gleam with a soft, subdued "I have come to ask you to forego this duel -to give it up," she says, faintly, discouraged by this manner, yet not wholly dismayed. "I entreat you to hear me, to listen to what I have to say, not to turn a deaf ear to my prayer."
"Yet to my prayer not an hour since you were deat," retorts he, quietly.

ou would ask me to spare your loverthat boy, Penruddock," says he, with a mock-ing smile, "and so proclaim myself acoward, as he called me! Impossible! Why, he struck me across the face with his open hand He raises his hand to the cheek that still ears the mark of the blow, but was paled as te remembrance of the deadly insult returns His eyes blaze with wrath. Involuntarily he elinches his hand. To the girl watching him there seems indeed but small hope of She draws nearer, and by a sudden impulse lays her hand upon his,
"At least, do not kill him!" she says, despair in her tone, an awful look in her great gleaming eyes. Do not murder him! He is young, and youth is precious. You will have merey on him, will you not?"

Overcome by fear, and utterly unnerved, she sinks at his feet and gazes up at him, speechless, but still with imploring look and There is a childish grief and anxiety in her lovely face that touches the world-worn and almost utterly callous heart of the man be-

"How you must love him," he says, bitterly, almost scornfully, "to bring yourself to do what you have done to-night! That you—you proud child—should come here where no woman could be seen without injury to herself, convinces me of—But, no!" He interrupts himself, and his voice grows sud-denly tender. "I will take care that no evil shall be spoken of you; you need not be afraid of that?" He stoops and raises her gently from the "You will promise me," she entreats, in a whisper, "to spare him? I know how skill-ful you are—what an easy matter it would be to you to place a bullet in his heart. But you will spare him? And who can say but

s one deed of mercy may save your soul My soul!" says he, with a haunting laugh. "And supposing that at your earnest instiga-tion I do consent to spare your lover—what then, I pray? "I have no lover," says the girl, simply. "I never shall have one. You should know "I never shall have one; that—you, who told me in plain language not an hour since of my low birth and breeding." "Pardon me," says he, lowering his eyes, "Pardon me," says he, lowering his eyes, shame covering his brow with crimson. "If I could recall that last hour I would. I fled when I spoke of disgrace."
"You do not deceive me now—you tell me truth?" asks she, with agitation. "Yet you said that you knew of my birth—that I was "This is no time for such discussion," says he evasively; "but if ever you want a witness to prove your birth, send for me. And now, am I forgiven my offense?" "I have forgotten everything," says she, eagerly, "only this—that I want your promise. Swear to me Dick Penruddock's death will not lie at your door?" And if I give this promise—if I tell you I I fire over his head instead of straight the center of his heart, what shall be

Name it," says she, thoughtlessly.
"It is a simple request. I ask but one kiss,
and my oath shall be given." She starts, and shrinks from him percepti-You are no man to ask me that!" she says, white to the lips again, and with her small hands tightly elinched. small hands tightly clinched.
"Yet that is my bargain—the only one I
"I'make!" returns he, doggedly.
Within her breast fierce battle reigns.
All a woman's modesty fights with love's The struggle is severe, but lasts not very ng. Love conquers.
"For his sake?" she marmars, brokenly. And then she goes up to Saumarez, and stands before him, her face like marble. "You shall have your reward!" she says,

faintly. He lays both his hands upon her shoulders, and regards her carnestly.

Then he pushes her somewhat roughly from him, and laughs aloud—a very unpleasant laugh, and laughs aloud—a very unpleasant laugh, and laugh aloud—a very unpleasant laugh, and laugh aloud—a very unpleasant laugh, and laugh alough alough and laugh alough a hear.

"Look here," he says; "I can be generous, too! Keep your kisses!—keep" (bitterly) "your lips unsulited for him! And keep my promise, too; I give it freely, without reward, just for love of you! Perhaps in the future you will confess that I loved you at least as well as he does, or any man could. Do! not prove it? For your sake—to please you—I spare the life of the only man whom I envy, and when I could shoot him as easily as I could a dog!"

"You are generous, indeed!" she says, be-

as I could a dog!"

"You are generous, indeed!" she says, below her breath. "I can not thank you as."

"I want no thanks!" he says, shortly.

"This is our last meeting—unless," with meaning in his tone, "you wornt me, you shall never be cursed by the sight of me again. This country has grown hateful to me. And your fair face has been my ruin—not that that counts nowadays; a hie more or less is of little moment. Xay," with an effort, "I do not biame you. It was not your effort, "I do not blame you. It was not your fault. And now good-bye, You must not stay longer. At least, before parting, you stay longer. At least, before parting, you will give me your hand in token of good-fel-

"Good-bye," she says.
"Nay, it is not only that; it is an eternal corrects be. She gives him her hand, and, taking it, he holds it closely for a moment only, letting it Then, drawing her hood once more over her hend, she moves to the door. But at that instant, even as her hand is on

the lock, he follows her, and, falling at her feet, catches and presses a fold of her dress passionately to his lips. It is all over then; and, rising, he turns uside and covers his face with his hands. A moment later, he finds himself alone. CHAPTER VII. FATRER AND SON. Not even Mrs. Neville does Maud tell of

the terrible anxiety that weighs down her spirits, and reduces her to a state that borfers on distraction. She makes no mention of the quarrel that occurred between Dick and Captain marez, or of her midnight visit to the nouse of the latter. But she is restless and miserable, and Mrs. Neville, watching her, knows that something

As all next day goes by, and Wednesday dawns, and still no tidings reach her of Dick's welfare, the suspense and terror she is enduring prove almost more than she can That she loves Penruddock she no longer seeks to deny even to herself, though in her firm determination never to marry him she is ether unchanged, has not wavered in

It would undoubtedly have been a comfort to her during all these hours of uncertainty to have had some one near her with whom she could discuss her trouble, and to whom she could breathe out all her fears and longshe could breathe out all her fears and longings, but that solace is denied to her.

Mrs. Neville, as she knew, entertained a
sincere affection for Penruddock, and to apprise her of his danger would be to raise feelings of grief and direst apprehensions of evil
in her kindly heart, and she would herself
need comfort, rather than be able to afford it.
So, by a supreme effort, Maud conquered
all selfsh desires for sympathy and waited all seinsh desires for sympathy, and waited alone for tidings that might bring her joy or

'Has Saumarez really and truly kept the promise so strangely given?"

This is the thought that torments her, sleeping and waking, causing her to grow pale, and place her hand upon her heart, if the door should chance to open suddenly, or any servant make a hurried entrance.

May be not bring with him a telegram or message that shall reduce to an unhappy cer-tainty all the vague fears that now distress She is leaning back in a low chair, in the

smaller morning-room, making a poor pre-tense at reading, whitst Mimi sits writing let-ters at a davenport near, humming gayly, as her pen runs lightly over the paper, a little, soft melody, heard last night at the Opera The door opens slowly, and a tall woman, dark and careworn, but with all the remain of great and striking beauty, comes quietly into the room.

'Mr. Penruddock is in the drawing-room," she says, in a trained voice, that expresses emotion of no kind, though, as the name

ses her lips, a faint quiver contracts her autiful features.
"Mr. Penraddock!" cries Mand, with a lit-"Art. Penrindock? Thes shand, with a fit-egasp, springing to her feet.
"Then why not show him in here, as ual?" asks Mimi, glancing round the pret-bondoir to see what can be wrong with it, or thoughts running on Dick.
"It isn't young Mr. Penrudock; it is his ther." says the woman, with sullen looks. father," says the woman, with sullen looks fixed upon the carpet. "He wishes to see To see me? Doar me, what can George

Penruddock have to say to me?" says Mrs. Neville, shringging her shoulders. "I would rather not see him alone. Indeed, I do not think that I could muster courage for that. Will you come to the drawing-room with me, dearest?" "Oh, no?" says Maud, turning an agitated countenance upon her friend. "Why should 1? He knows nothing of me—at least," with a sudden pang of doubt. "I hope not! If he should mention me, Mimi, say I have a head-It will be the truth; my brain seems on fire!"
"What an excitable child you are!" says
Mrs. Neville, soothingly. "There, ile down
on this couch, and keep yourself quiet, for I
promise that you shall not be disturbed.
Esther, throw one of those soft Eastern
shawls over Miss Neville, and fan her for a

little while,"

Esther arranges the shawl carefully as

Mrs. Neville leaves the room, and pouring
some ean de cologne upon a handkerchief,
applies it to her young mistress's temples. She is a swarthy woman, with a visage full of suppressed power, and with a suspicion of revengefulness in its cast; but her whole exression softens and grows unspeakably ten-ter as she bends above the girl and ministers

When, many years ago, she had brought the baby to Mrs. Neville's house, by her de-sire, she had so played her cards that she too had been taken in by the soft-hearted, romantic woman, and kept on as nurse to the destitute child, and had never since quitted "That undertaking, last night but one, was too much for you, says Esther, in a low

tone, "You have not been yourself since. I greatly blame myself, and am very sorry that I ever had hand, act, or part in it."
"Do not," says the girl, wearily; "though I fear that hazardous step has availed me nothing. I doubt if he has shown marcy to blick Parenulleck." Dick Penruddock," "Was it to crave mercy for him that you sought Saumarez's rooms that night?" asks the woman, quickly, a frown contracting her "Yes; I asked and obtained his promise that he would spare Dick. But this long st-ence terrifies me; what if he should break "Had I known that." says the woman, between her teeth, and said it in such a

strange tone that Maud glanced anxiously at "What do you mean, Esther? How strange-ly you speak!" she says, a little sternly. "Would you rather that Mr. Penruddock met his death? You are cruel, very wicked. his death? You are cruel, very wicked.
What harm has he done you?"
"I would spare none of the breed," says the woman, slowly, her looks fixed on va-You speak as though you knew them. Were you ever connected with them in any way?" asks Mand, curiously, sitting up and bending eagerly forward closely to watch the nurse's troubled countenance. "Connected-no," says Esther, in a tone of commercial of the comming the will come home safe, my dearie, for he is a brave young gentleman, and a handsome one; but not so handsome as my Lord Stret-

tan; no, nor in any way whatever so worthy When did Mr. Penruddock come, nurse,' asks Maud, after a pause.
"Almost as I came in. No doubt he is here to speak about his son." She chooses her words carefully, and marks well the effect produced by them.
"He has heard, it may be, of his constant visits here, and deems you unworthy of an alliance with his house. But he need not fear, need he? You have rejected Mr. Dick—you assured me of that the other night?"
"Yes, it is true. His fears are groundless. I do not desire to marry his son!" says Mand,

proudly.
"So best," says Esther. "His blood is bud; at least"—hastily—"so I have heard."
Mand is silent. After a little while she says, in a rather epressed voice and with averted loaks, What is he like, Esther?" "What is he like, Esther?"
"Who?—Fenruddock? Stern and forbidding, cold and haughty, as of old," returns the woman, absently—"not bowsed and broken with the weight of time and memory, as, if he had a conscience, he should be,"
"Why, how you say that?" says Maud, raising herself on her elbow. "For the secraising herself on her elbow. "For the sec of time you make me think you know him."
"Nay,child—how should I?" says the nurse, atiently, yet in a half-frightened manner. "It is from all I have heard I judge, and that was no good. The old, too, should not be high and mighty; they should remember the

grave, and how it yawus for them—they should repent them of the many sins that they, in the past, have committed." "How ghostly," says the girl, with a slight shiver. "Do not talk like that, it almost unthat Mr. Penruddock was nothing less than a marderer!"

The woman smiles disagreeably, and covers her face with her hand, perhaps to hide the change that passes over it. Then taking up the bottle of perfume again, she pours out some more, and applies it, but with a trembling hand, to Miss Neville's forehead. "Nurse," says Mand, presently, in a nervous tone, "I have been thinking of something, and I can not get it out of my thoughts a murderer!"

of this quarrel with Captain Saumarez, and he has come up to town about it, and has come here to accuse me to auntie as being the cause of it; and—" starting to her feet in her agitation—"if that be so, what shall I

"Tut, nonsense," says Esther, calmly—
"that can not be. Ill news "ly apace" indeed,
to carry itself down so far to the country in
such a hurry. And besides, who knew of it?
There, my dear child, try to sieep," she says,
softly; "and ring for me if you want me
again."
So saying, she goes to the door, opens it, So saying, she goes to the door, opens it,

and, crossing the passage outside, walks lightly down-stairs, and seats herself in a room off the hall, from which, with the door just a little way open, she can command a view of any one going to or coming from the Left to herself, Maud for some time lies

quietly upon the couch, thinking sadly of all that has happened during the last two days, and of all that yet may happen. The blinds are pulled down, and the dusk of evening has descended and is creeping everywhere, making odd shadows in far corners and rendering even pear objects in corners, and rendering even near objects inrain has fallen-now steadily, anon in fitful

The evening is as gloomy as the day, and at this moment the raindrops are pattering drearily against the window-panes with a sad, monotonous sound that chills the heart. The usually pleasant room looks dull and cheerless now in the uncertain light—dull as her thoughts, and cheerless as are her hopes! The moments fly; the ormolu clock upon the mantelpiece chimes the half-hour. And then there is a noise of footsteps out-side, a word or two quickly spoken, and the door is thrown open to admit Mrs. Neville

and a tall, gaunt man, who follows her close-ly and quickly into the room.

Mand, springing to her feet, gazes breathlessly at George Penruddock, though she can barely judge of his appearance in the grow-Ing twilight.
She herself, standing back in the extreme shadow, is in such a position that he can scarcely, perhaps not at all, discern her feat-

"What have I heard, Maud?" says Mrs.
Neville, in great distress. "Is it true that
Dick has been led into a quarrel—has, in
fact, risked his life in a duel for your sake?
Tell Mr. Penruddock yourself that this story is a vile fabrication-a shameless, wicked "I can not!" begins Mand, huskily.
"You hear her!" says the tall, gaunt old man, in accents that vibrate with anger.

"She acknowledges everything. She alone is to blame! This adventuress, this young viper, madam, whom you have taken to your bosom, has willfully led my unhappy son into a quarrel that has in all probability brought him to the grave!"
"Silence, Mr. Penruddock!" says Mrs. Neville, with an air of offended dignity foreign "This girl that you so ignoran

cuse is in reality as good and true a child as ever breathed, and I shall listen to nothing against her. She herself shall tell us all the truth; but I forbid you to annoy or frighten her with your coarse speeches."

"Yes; let her speak quickly—let me hear." In a broken undertone, Mand tells them of all that took place between Dick and Captain Saumarez the night of Mrs. Neville's dance, suppressing only her visit to the latter's house and the promise there extracted. When she has finished her regital, she When she has finished her rectail, she bursts into tears, and sobs distressingly. Mrs. Neville, going up to her, takes her in her arms, and presses her head down upon her kindly bosom.

For a few minutes no sound can be heard i the room save the girl's bitter weeping, as be foully and gratefully clings to her faith-Ay, weep!" says Penruddock, cruelly. "Ay, weep!" says Penruddock, cruelly.
"You may well waste an idle tear upon the
man you have killed—upon the hearth you
have left desolate! It was a cursed hour
when first he met you! I have heard of you
and have been told of your studied coquetries, though I have never seen you, nor do I
desire to look upon your fatal face! I thank
the friendly darkness now that prevents my
seeing one who has blighted my remaining
years. I know all. I have heard of the unyears. I know all. I have heard of the un-fortunate infatuation entertained for you by

my unhappy son, and I now live to see its sad results. Rest satisfied. Your vanity must surely be satisfied when you know that must surely be satisfied when you know that he died for your sake."

"Oh, Mimi, do not let him say that! He is not dead! He will come back!" says Mand, in an agony of grief and despair, appealing in a heart-broken manner to her friend and nother. "And it was not all my fault. And and I will not believe that he is dead! It would be too crue! ! "What a gloomy room, and what a gloomy pic! Who is talking of death?" asks a gay,

gind young voice from the door-way, that thrills the listeners to their hearts' core, It is a voice that makes the old man start and tremble violently, and hold out his arms in expectation, with a suppressed but thank-Yet for the first time his loving greeting is everlooked, is cast aside.

A slight figure, half hidden by the dusk, but discernible to the eves of a lover, has

chained the new-comer's attention, and, ob-fivious of his father and of all things. Dick Penruddeck goes eagert, up to it. At the sound of his voice, Maud has raised herself, and, breaking now from Mrs. Ne-ville, goes quickly to him, and, with an imsulsive gesture, lays her hands upon his It is indeed you! You have really come back to me!" she gasps, in a little, tremulous whisper, that plainly tells her love and gratitude, attude.

"Yes; to you!" responds he, gladly. "But ere was no danger—none. He fired right was to had and refused to fire again. No

there was no danger—none. He fired over my head, and refused to fire again. ne knows why, I really think he must ave had a sneaking kindness for me all arough, or else he has thred of killing. So on see I was bound to come back, like that revitable bad coin, you know. Why, what this? Are those tears, my love-and are they shed for mer.

She is looking up at him with eyes full of tears, and pink lids, and pallid cheeks; yet never has she appeared to him so beautiful as now, when decked with these signs of woe

as now, when decked with these signs of wee that are worn for love of him.

"My dear Dick, what a tright you have given us!" says Mrs. Neville, with a deep sigh, half of relief, half of annoyance. "Why, we have been mourning you as past all help in this world, during the last hour; and now here you are, safe and sound! I really think you outly to be subjusted of yourself and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you ought to be ashaned of yourself, and ought, also, to offer us a profuse apology."
"For being alive?" smiled Dick,
"Yes—no, I mean—no—Dear me, I hardly know what I am saying; but you really ought to feel serry for all the trouble that you have caused."
"Have you anything to say to your father?" says My Decomptoned at the your father?"

er?" says Mr. Peuruddock, at the far end of the room. "That young lady"—pointing to Maud-"if all I hear be true, you saw only two nights ago; me you have not seen for two months. Yet it seems that you have nothing to say to me, though much to her. Has"-and this was spoken very bitterly-"has an acquaintanceship of weeks obliter-ated the affection of years"
"My dear father!" says Dick, deprecating-

Then he kisses Miss Neville's hand, and leaving her, goes up to where his father is Mand, glad of the chance, slips from the room at this moment, and escapes to her own "Why, father, what lucky chance has drivyou up to fown?" says Dick, affectionate, and placing his band on Penruddock's "No lucky chance, but the news of this

duel that you have been fighting," says his father gloomily. "Into what dangers have you been enticed?" "Why, how came you to hear of it in your quiet country home." says Dick, with some "It matters little. I did hear, that is plain, and came up by the last train."
"Must have been that theorigible Wilding," matters Dick, below his breath,
"My time in this great city must be short," says Penruddock, not beering him, "and I would speak with you seriously before leaving. When can I find myself alone with

ing. When can I find myself alone with you? There is much that I have to tell."

"Any time; I am quite at your disposal. In an hour—half an hour," says Dick, readily. "First, I must see Wilding, to explain otters: I had promised to dine with him tonight, but sind, of course, resign everything to devote myself to you. Where shall I meet you in half an hour? Where are you putting up—at the Langham, or Claridge's? "Claridge's. I shall expect you at the time you say. Do not disappoint me."
"You have my word, says Dick. "Well, I shall be off now. Good-bye, Mrs. Nevifle. You must not scold me any more, you know; I'm not proof against your displeasure, that is a positive fact. I shall drop in to-morrow, if I may, to tell you all about my adventure."

"Yes, do come, if only to see how thor-oughly I can forgive," says Mrs. Neville, smiling; her heart incapable of harboring anger.

And the young man, smiling in turn, presses her hand, takes up his hat, and quits he room. Penruddock, having made his adieus in

more elaborate form, goes slowly down the stairs, and into the hall. As he passes a room, the door of which is As he passes a room, the door of which is now open, a woman, tail and dark-drowed, comes quickly forward, as though summoned by his footstep, and confronts him.

As his eyes light upon her, a ghastly change comes over him. He is white as a sheet, seems to shrink and grow smaller, and draws his breath heavily.

"Well, Penruddock," she says, in accents

slow and distinct, appearing to enjoy his dis-comfiture; "and so we meet again. How pleased you look!"

"What has brought you here?" demands he, hoarsely, looking nervously around.
"Fate!" replies she coldly.
"But here—what has brought you here?"

asks he, as though unable to refrain from idle questioning.

The woman, bending toward him, lays her The woman, bending toward him, lays her bony hand upon his wrist.

"To help you to remember," whispers she, in a tone that makes him shudder, so much compressed hatred lies within it. "Have you forgotten? Fifteen years ago this month, Penruddock! Fifteen years ago it. So saying, she turns abruptly and enters the room arein. the room again. Penruddock follows her.

"Stay, woman!" he exclaims not so eager," replies Esther; "we shall meet again. By this time she has reached a door oppo-site to that by which she had entered that room, opens and darts through it, closing it quickly behind her. Penruddock would still follow her, but reaching the door through which the woman has gone, he finds it locked against him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRUE LOYER. After a momentary sensation of faintness, that follows close on Esther's disappearance, Penruddock rallies, and tells himself that her presence in this particular house is but one of the coincidences that will occasionally occur in all our lives, and that her wild al-Insion to objectionable dates has only arisen from the morbid qualities that go so far to make up her character.

By the time his son has arrived, and is

ashered into his private sitting-room, he is himself again, composed, calm, and cold, and freer from foolish sentiment than he was an hour ago, reaction having set in.

He opens his subject, which has to do entirely with Dick's misplaced affection for Miss Neville, "so called," without any appearance of excitement or undue warmth, increly expressing in every possible way his disapprobation of the young lady to whom his son is so devoted.

When he has insighed Thick for several mo-

When he has finished, Dick for several mowhen reflected by Maud on the night of the dance, he had given way to despair, but so many little things have occurred since then to encourage new hopes, that he has, on reflection, declined to be altogether dis-basetment

therefore she may be his some time in the happy undefined future. I regret that I must go against you in this atter," he says at length, quietly but de-He is standing on the hearth-rug, his arms folded, and looking frowningly upon the car-

His father, standing opposite to him, with onded brow, is regarding him anxiously. "You speak like a child who is asked to retou speak like a "dangerous toy," he wish a favored and dangerous toy," he contemptuously. "You, with your forsays, contemptuously. "You, with your for-tune and position, to marry a girl penniless, nameless—nay, if report speaks correctly, even worse than—" "That will do," says the young man, with a sudden gesture suggestive of passion. "Say nothing more, if you pieuse. It is of no cousequence whatever to me that she is poor and nameless, as were she possessed of all the wealth in Christendom, and owner of the highest title in the land, I could not possibly love her more than I do now."

love her more than I do now.' "Sentiment in the young is admirable," says Penruddock, in a sneering tone. "It betrays amiability and good feeling. But even virtues may be carried to excess. Do youpardon me-but do you mean to marry this It would be difficult to say why, but who ever knew a man that wasn't annoyed when any one called the girl he loved a "young "What else should I mean," he asks, with wretchedly-concealed ire, "if she will have

"Oh! you need not entertain any anxiety that point. They always have one, Penruddock, contemptususly. "It is generally a complete take in from start to finish."
Then, changing his sone from one of unpleasant banter to that of authority, "Now look here," he says, "let us have no more of this. You can't marry her."

Perhaps as he speaks he forgets how the son inherits his own blood and temper to

some degree.

"I shall be quite charmed if nothing more is said about it," said Dick, brushing carelessity some spots of dust from his cost; "but I shall certainly marry Miss Neville if I can induce her to accept me."

There is something in the quiet determination of his tone that impresses George Penruddock. Going over to his son, he lays his hand upon his shoulder, and says more gently—nay, even with encreaty—Think well of what you are going to do. This marriage will

mean to you ruin, misery, unavailing regret, "It means my one chance of happiness," says Dick, with a deep sigh, throwing up his says Dick, with a deep sigh, throwing up his head, and looking eagerly forward, as though in the distance he could see some sight that to him was full of sweetness and light.

"Can nothing move you?" asks Ponruddock, unsteadily. "Not all the years gone by, in which I have lived, and thought, and speculated for you alone? Is this, after all that I have done, to be my sole return?"

"Dear father," says Dick, turning to him with quick and eager affection, "why try to make me miserable? I remember all—every kind word and kinder action; and I would make me miserable? I remember all every kine word and kinder action; and I would implore you in this, the most important set of my life, to give me your sympathy. When you know Maud you will better understand me, because you, too, will love her. To-mor row I shall ask her again to be my wife, and doubt, you will gain a daughter as loving as

"Nay," says Penruddock, angrily, turning aside; "I want no daughter picked from the mire. Go, sir!" pointing to the door. "I shall not again sue to you for either your love or obedience. Yet stay, and hear my hat words, as you intend to go to-morrow to ask that girl again to marry you. I we you I shall be there too, to explain to her terrible injustice she will do you should she

cor.sent to your proposal."
"And I warn you," says Dick, calmly, but in a very curious tone, "that it will be extremely unwise of you or any one, to say anything likely to wound or offend Miss Neville, even in the very slightest degree."

As the door closes upon his son, George Penruddock sinks heavily into the nearest chair, covers his fice with his hands, and is overcome with emotion. 'And for this I have suffered, and endured, and sinned?" he says, with a convulsive shudder. "Oh, that it were possible to undo my wretched past! But that can never be, niss!--that can never be."

When Dick leaves his father's presence, it Is but to histen to his rooms, and send a hasty but tenuer note to Miss Neville, telling her of his intermon to call next day, and again entreat her to look favorably upon his Then be puts in a few lines about his father, very deheately written, saying that he also intends putting in an appearance at South Andley Street on the norrow; and

while assuring her of his own lasting affection for her, implores her—as she feels even a poor sentiment of friendship for film—to pay no heed to any disparaging remarks that orance of her sweet excellence may in-After this follow a few more little senmoes, put in rather incoherently, but, in all robability, the dearer because of their want

precision to the reader of them, and then

he is hers "most faithfully, and with the en-tire love of his hear., Dick Penraldock." It is a thorough love-letter; one that might have been written a century ago, when love was a thing more sacred and more full of courtesy than it is to-day.

Mand, sitting in her own room, weeps bitter tears over it, and kisses it foolishly but very fondly, and tells herself again and again that fate has dealt unjustly with her in that it compels her to resign the writer of this gentle billet donz, and, putting him entirely out of her life, leave him free to be gained and leved by some more fortunate woman.

and loved by some more fortunate woman.

And that she must so leave him is, perhaps, he deepest sting of all.

Esther, the nurse, coming in, finds her prone upon a sofa, crying quietly yet very bitterly, and, full of sympathy, and a little frightened, comes over to her, and smooths ack tenderly the soft hair from her fore-

To this fond and faithful woman, the girl To this fond and faithful woman, the girl will always be her child, her nursling.

"What is it, my lamb?" she says, bending down to her with deep concern. "What distresses you?" All day long you have been fretting, and now, even as evening falls upon us, I find you weeping again! Why is this, my precious? What has happened?"

"It is nothing," says Mand, evasively, "A foolish fancy; and, besides, my head aches."

"Or your heart, perchance. Yet why? He has come back to you, that young Penruddock, safe and sound. Your conscience, therefore, must be tree of offerese. Saumarer has been true to his word, and has spared has been true to his word, and has spared him; yet, in spite of all this, you are openly unhappy. The boy is alive. It is I should unhappy. The boy is alive. It is I should weep for that, not you?"
"Esther," says the girl, suddenly, sitting up, and confronting her with flushed checks

and angry eyes, "you must not speak thus-you shall not; and if you persist in hating him, I shall learn to hate you!" "Ay, that will be my reward, no doubt!" nutters Esther, bitterly. Her tone smites her listener to the heart. "I was wrong," she says, with cont "How could I speak to you like that."

slips a warm, soft arm round the woman's neck as she speaks, and Esther, turning, kisses her little hand with passionate love. "How could I hate one who has taken care of me all my life, and even saved me from death once, as you have told me? But of what kind you have not said. Death from starvation, was it?" No; from sudden death."

Why have you never told me about that?" "You know what I meau—that rescue?"

I shall wait till they are more sensible." "I do not understand you."
"I mean till you have learned to forget Penruddock, and to love another."
"Then I think I shall never hear that story," says the girl, very simply.
"Tut! Does love, think you, last forever?
Time will teach you more than that." "It would take a very long time indeed to teach me to forget Dick." "So you think now; but when a year has

"So you think now; but when a year has gone by, and he has forgotten you, and found a fresh idol, then you will believe in my words, and then you shall hear the story of your deliverance from death."

"I don't want to hear it." says Mand, willfully, drawing back from Esther.

She was silent for a few moments, and then asked, in an anxious tone, "Are men really so fickle as you say, nurse."

"Fickle and worse. Cold and cruel."

"But not Dick, I am very sure," says Mand, with tears in her eyes and voice.

"He is his father's son, and will no doubt follow in his father's footsteps, notwithstand-

follow in his father's footsteps, notwithstanding that his mother was, really and truly, a must be like his mother. After which she falls to weeping again hit-terly, with the little crumpled note, so pre-clous to her, hidden in her small, feverish not outs approve of the city sapark." It

Her tears seen to drop like molten lead upon the woman's heart.

She gets up impatiently, and paces the room in a restless fashion, stopping at last close to the chair where her darling sits la-'Do not cry," she says, tapping the back of the chair with nervous lingers. "Why will you spoil your eyes and wear away your heart-strings" What is it that alls you now?

Tell your old Esther."
"It is a hopeless wish," says the girl, mournfully; "But I want to be as other girls are—I want to have a father and a mothe whom I need not be ashamed. I want to born in the same society as—as Dick's, and to be his equal. I don't want money; I only want to be raised above the finger of scorn. Oh, Esther, come near to me! I must tell it all to you. I never knew until to-lay, when he seemed given back to me from the grave, how fondly, how truly I love him?" 'Alas alas! that things should have gone far!" mutters Esther, regretfully.

When I saw him again, and felt his hands in mine, a great well of joy spring up with-in my heart. It was as though he belonged to me, was mine forever—as if nothing could ever part us again; yet it is all in vain."

All is vanity, "repeats the woman, dreami-te. ly. Her thoughts seem far away, lost in dreams that belong to a curious past.

To-morrow," goes on Mand, sadiy, smoothing out the crushed note with pender fingers, he is coming to ask me to be his wife, and for the last time I shall say no. After that we shall be strangers forever, and ow shall I bear it? Oh, how bear it and

"Then marry hlm, if your heart is so set

"Then marry blin, if your heart is so set upon it." says Esther sullenly.
"Do you think I would do blin such injustice." And, besides, I would not marry him against his father's will. I have still scornfully "some pride left."
"How can you possibly know that Penruddock would scriously object?"
"By this letter, though the thought is well discussed and by mary other though." disguised, and by many other things."
"So, still proud!" says the woman, scornfully. "Yet the day is fast approaching when he will be compelled to lower his "What do you say, Esther?" hastliy cried Mand, wondering at those words. "Nothing. Never mind me. Yet it kills me to see you unhappy, when I could help

"Help me! Oh, nurse, if you only could!"
says the zirl, in deep agitation, kneeling
down before Esther, and leaning her arms
on her knees while zaring with intense earnestness into the dark visage above her.
"Sometimes your manner is so strange it
makes me believe you are suppressing something. Dear norse—dearest Esther, help me
in this matter if you can! Mr. Penruddock
is coming here to-morrow with Dick. Help
me to meet them. Oh, do may do! You me to meet them. Oh, do, pray do! sould not endure to see me mise help me, then, dear Esther, if only for the sake of your own peace, help me!"

There is a whole world of entreaty in the large blue eyes, that saze upward through a of lears.

Esther after a moment's hestration and fearful struggle with herself, makes a gost ure as though resigning something that for years had been sweet to hor, and, stooping presses her lips fondly to Maud's white brow. Is she not her own child dearer to her than anything the world can offer? Shall she not. for her darling, relinquish her pet scheme:
"Perhaps the time is come," she says, slowly. "Tell me, child, is Gilbert Sammarez in

"I don't know; but you could find out. Why do you want that dreadful man, nurse?" with a blush and a shudder, as she remean-ers that last meeting with him, in which Esther had borne a part. "Now lie down again, and try to sleep, or m will be in a high state of fever to-morrow, and until to encounter any one," says E-ther, with authority, not answering her question. "And"-meaningly—"there is much before you-more than you form any

[To be Continued.]

Would Make a Good Broker.

groun a week ago, Mr. O. W. Raymond of New Milford, Conn., now seventy-nine years of age, fell and broke the tendons of his right leg, thus adding one more to the numerous accidents which have marked his checkered career. The remarkable list of mishaps, not including the last one, is as follows: Thigh broken twice, collar bone broken once, ribs broken twice, right hand broken once, ankle broken once, hip put out of joint, both shoulders put out.

High License.

They have high license with a vengeance in Decatur, Ill Liquor sellers The boy can't have it. Tell him to go up must pay \$500 a year, and there is a heavy penalty if cards, dice, or dominoes are played in the drinking places. screens are allowed in maloons and barrooms, and there can be no paint, lettering, or curtains to obstruct the windows.

A Detroit man wants the President to stand as sponsor for his twelfth son. If Mr Cleveland dozen do so he will be an ungrateful fellow.

to a more. The men takes to drink.

Stop It.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-nua Famusas commends it to the favorable con-sideration of advertuers, whose favors will be in-serted at the following low rates: 1 inch, 3 times. S months...
S months...
S months...
S months...
S months...
S months...

Advertising Hates.

1 year....
2 col'n 6 months...
3 months...
3 months... Business items, first insertion life, per line; each absequent insertion Sc. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices..... 2.50

must be pass you as advertisements Jon Paragrap of all kinds peatly and expedit

ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget

A MAN'S THREE MEALS.

Some Common-sense Suggestions About Food in Its Relation to Benith.

Yes, breakfast ought to be a hearty one,

eaten early in the morning, and eaten slowly, so as to preclude the possibility of eating too heavily, which would materially interfere with the business of the day. man or woman who is no breakfast eater must either be a heavy-over-heavy-eapper eater, or be in a bad state of health. A person who requires the stimulus of a cup of tea, or any other stimulus or stimulant whatever, before partaking of solid food is not in the heyday of health I like to see a man have his breakfast first, and then feel round for his cap of coffee, tea or chocolste. I have known the strongest and healthlest of mes posttively forget all about the liquid part of their breakfast and leave the table with out it. I have known men who scarely ever touched a drop of liquid of any kind from one week's end to the another, and who nevertheless were in ruddy and robust health. What a person eats for breakfast often gives me a clue to the state of his health. One example: Ifwhile sojourning at a hotel, I see a man come down to breakfast between 10 and 11 o'clock, and sit down to deviled kidneye with plenty of sauce (piquant), and perhaps one poor puny egg to follow, I would be willing to aver that he carries a white tongue and that his liver sadly needs seeing to. Ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, or a beefsteak or underdone chop, with boiled eggs to follow, and then a cup of nice tea, is a sensible breakfast for a man who is going away out into the fresh air to walk, or ride, or work till moon, but not for a person who has to sit all day in the same position at manual labor. emphasize the word manual because intellectual or mental work conduces to appe-tite. An author hard at his desk, if his ideas be flowing freely, if he be happy at his work, and time flying swiftly with him, soon gets hungry, which only proves that we must suppost the body well when there is a strain upon the mind, so that no extra expenditure of tissue may lead to debility. Cheerful conversation insures the easy digestion of a good breakfast. It is a pity that in this country the custom of inviting friends to a matutical meal is not more prevalent It may seem a strange thing to say, but I would ten times scoper go out to brankfast than to dimer One is, or ought to be, freehest in the morning; be then needs no artificial stime ulus to make him feel bright, witty, happy, as he too often does after the

duties of the day are over. The mid-day meal, or luncheon to those who dine in the evening and who have not quite approve of the city puts one past, it sustains nature, it leaves the mind free to think, and to do its duty, and, above all, it enables the stomach to have a rest before the principal meal of the day Now, about this meal I have to say that, if partaken of alone by one's self It ought to be an abstemious one. Even In company it reed not be a heavy one. No matter how many courses there are, there is not the slightest necessity of making too free with them. But it is a fact, which every one must have feit, that even a moderately heavy meal is quickly and easily digested if accompanied with and followed by witty or intellectual and suggestive conversation.

"I'm a dyspeptic; I must not dine out." I have heard a gentleman more than once Well, my impression is that it does dys-

peptics a deal of good to dine out, if they can est in moderation and judiciously, never being tempted to call in the aid of artificial stimulus to enable them to do as men of more robust physique are doing around them, - Cassell's Magnoine.

You ask us, dear Harold McCormick, "Which is most desirable, money or fame?" This is the sort of question we used to answer with one hand tied behind us. The answer, dear Harold, is money. We live in a sordid age, when money, good hard, every day coin of the realm, talks in a loud argumentative tone of voice which the trump of fame, even at concert pltch, has never been able to drown. So long as society continues in its present condition fame will never buy a pair of unbleached cotton tocks, a shees sandwich oragim cost. Fame is well amongh in its way, but there use't a street car bue in town that would honor a draft on it for a bundle of exchange tickets. Mon have been known to starve on it, but is never enabled anybody to compute at an exhibition of fat men or send a shiplored of bacon and tracts to the benighted heathers of foreign lands. Therefore, it you haven't, made up your mind let us advise you gently, but firmly, to acquire money rather than fame. Fame is easter to ab sorb than wealth, and it may be amassed by such precile means as jumping off the bridge, beating the record at ruller skating or esting thirty quall in thirty consecutive days, but it is money that whispers per-aussion into the ears of the greedy world, and it is time you were finding out. Acquire wealth, and then honestly endeavok to become famous as the stingrest man in the world. Men have tried it and won.... (Philadelphia Press.

Stugular Deception by Butt-rfiles. It is well known that birds do not especially care for helry butterflies. So in Central Africa Belt found a curious beetle, that was a tidbit for birds, clothed in a cost of long brown hairs, closely re-sembling the thick, heiry caterpillars. In the same localities spiders have been found that looked exactly like auta, and were thus enabled to ereep upon their prey, the real auts. Wallace observed a busterfly that, though an acceptable morsel to the birds, deceived them by mimicking the flight of a polsonous butterfly. If a bird chased it, it at once assumed the curious and laborious flight of its poisonous model, and the bird, noticing its evident mistake, would always give up the pursuit. An Incredulous Professor.

Tom Anjery, a student at the University of Texas applied to Professor Snors. for permission to be obsent. "I would like to be excused from my

fography lesson this afternoon as I want to take my sister out riding." said Tom. The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his apeotacles and said, slowly : aWant to take your sister out riding in a buggy, sh ? Is she related to pou ?"-(Siftings.

A Chenper Way. Wife-Well, Ned, what do you thiple Charlie wants now! He asked me today MI wouldn't help him tease you be buy a bicycle." Indulgent Father (who once had ambitions himself)- Bloycle ?

stairs. It will be just about the same

in the attic and fall down two flights

thing, and will save me \$100."

In some parts of Europe men drink cologne instead of hquor. When a man comes home very late in those countries his wife is puzzled to decide whether he has been in a saloon or a barber-shop.

It is said that in no part of the world is drinking carried on to such an extent It is always the man's fault when he as in Wall street, and the only consolabecomes a drunkard. Drink never takes | tion is that everything in Wall street is tremenduously watered.