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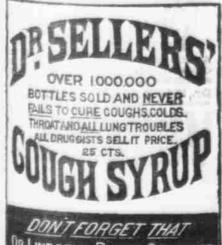
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## A PASSIVE CRIME.

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IX. ALL KNOWN. Next morning, sitting in her own room, discussing the post and her chocolate, Mrs. Neville grows suddenly serious over a letter just opened, and which not only disturbs, out very greatly perplexes her.

It is from Mr. Penruddock, demanding an interview, and begging her to name an hour in which he may speak to her upon a subject of much importance, both to him and her. of much importance, both to him and her.

There is no mention of Maud in the letter; yet it so unmistakably means business in every line, that Mimi feels uneasy, and, ringing the bell, summons Esther to her aid—the woman having proved herself of sound judgment upon several occasions when Mrs. Neville had found herself in want of good advice, and knew not where else to look for it. For two long hours she and Esther remain closeted together, at the end of which time Mrs. Neville, opening the door, comes out Mrs. Neville, opening the door, comes out into the corridor with an air of open triumph and gladness in her whole demeanor, that contrasts rather odlily with the pink lids and heavy eyes that betray the fact of her having been crying bitterly. In her hand she bears a letter, which is addressed to George Penraldrock.

Esther, going on to Mand's room, after some persuasion induces her to send a note to Dick, desiring him to come to South And-ley Street at a particular hour—that is to say,

The lamps are earefully lowered, the curtains drawn. There is sufficient light to dis-eern objects, but hardly enough to read the features of Mand Neville, who, reclining in a low chair at the upper end of the room, sits idly gazing into vacancy, whilst swinging slowly to and fro a huge black fan.

Upon a table underneath Mrs. Penruddock's picture two lamps are burning dinly.

Mrs. Neville is lounging in a soleann armchair, and is to all appearances criticizing life in its greatest intensity, which, to speak more plainty, means that she is slowly but screly falling into the arms of Morphens.

The sound of a bell rings through the If is at all times a for sidding commenance, no one has ever thought otherwise, though strangely landsome, but to-night it is very es to where Mrs. Neville (who the advances to where Mrs. Neville (who was suddenly reased from slamber to a full sense of the situation) is sitting but passes on his way, and shadders, perceptibly, as looking up by chance, he sees that he is before the pourrait or his dead seter-in-law.

Mrs. Penrumberk's large pathodic blue eyes are gazing down upon him, as so often they good in life, sweet and earnest, and just have been seen as the sees of the sees , as it seems to his distorted fancy, somein the last few moments, or do they wenr a reproachful look, that thrills his whole being? Recovering libraeft by a great effort, he ses up to Mrs. Neville, and says something armal to be about his gratitude for the in-

He is perhaps going on to explain why the meeting was solicited, when the abrupt entrance of his son checks him for the time be-A quick shade of anger crosses the young A quick state of anger crosses the powers man's brow as he sees his father.

Instinctively his glance turns to where Mand is sitting, so far apart from the rest; but she is so caveloped by the shadows falling from the lowered lamps, that he can not istinguish her features with any clearness. He would have gone over to her at once, at Mrs. Neville, by a sharp gesture of com-and, stays him, and brings him to her own

Stay, Dick," she says, quietly, "Your place is here—as yet?"
So he stays by her, as in duty bound, though sorely troubled at heart. though sorely troubled at heart.

"After all that I have urged, you have come," he says, coldly, tarning to his father.

"Yes; to say that which I hold you yester-day I intended to say!" retorts Penrasidock, stubbornly. Then, addressing Mrs. Neville, he adds, in a labored tone, "It would make matters much easier if I might speak to you alone, without the presence of—Miss Neville!"

There is a covert insolence in the hesita-on that he shows before pronouncing and's name that makes Mrs. Neville angry

and indignant.

"If what you have come here to say refers to Miss Neville, it is both her wish and mine that she should be a listener to it." she says, slowly, "Therefore, do not he sitate, but commence at once, and let us hear, if you please, that which you have come hither to That is as you desire, of course," Penruddock returns, calmly, "and, indeed, it is but little of your time I shall require. I would merely remark that I shall never, under any

eircumstances, give my consent to an alliance between my son and your adopted daugh-At this, Mand, who until now has sat silent and almost motionless, starts into life.
She rises to her feet, and, though still keeping well in the shadow, turns to confront Penrudock.

Penruddock.

"Reserve your disapprobation, sir," she says, in a voice low but distinct; "there is no occasion for it, still less for your consent to my marriage with your son. As he will hinself inform you, I have already told him, and very distinctly, that such a union is attack, improssible." Dick makes a movement as though he would go to her, but Penruddock detains him. "You hear what she says?" he exclaims

"You hear what she says" he exclaims, eacerly. "She has refused you. Let it rest there. It is all at an end. Surely you would not press the matter? Have you no self-esteem? Have you no pride?"

"In this case, none," says the young man, sadly, "It is my happiness, my life, for which I plead."

"But she tells me plainly that with her own lims she has rejected you." own lips she has rejected you."

"If," says Dick, nature-tly, going up to Mand, and taking both her hunds in his—"if she will also tall you, not only with her lips, but honestly and from her heart, that she does not love me. I shall then resign all hope. does not love me. I shall then resign all hope of ever gaining her. I shall cease to weary her with my presence and my sincere protestations of affection, and leave her free to wed a happier man; but never until she has told me that. You may there are spare yourselt all further trouble on my account."

He pauses, as if overvome by anothon, and then goes on again, in a voice that trembles slightly, "I await my sentence. Mand, speak!"

But she does not speak. Twice her lips But she though she would unwillingly have fiven touce to some thought, but no articuate sound excapes her.

Presently she lifts her sad eyes to his as if a mute reproach, and then two tears, gather within them slowly, and as slowly fall one

by one down her pale cheeks.
"Dick, come here," says Mrs. Neville, nervbusly, her voice frembling.

He obeys her.
Pressing Manei's cold hands, he whispers hurriently, "I shall wait forever."
Ami then goes back to Mimi's side.
"If you mean to defy me in this matter,"
says Penraidock, who has overheard him, eyou can take the consequences on your own head, and you know very well what those consequences will be. Henceforth you and I shall be strangers, and I will do my best to forget that I ever had a son. But I wirn

you that such mad marriages bring only grief and disgrace in their train."
"There shall be neither grief nor disgrace through me," says Mand, faintly.

She is still standing, and has ber hand on the back of her chair as though to support herself.
It is the first time," goes on Pennaddock,

remorselessiy, not heresting the heart-broken interruption, "that a biot or stain has fallen on our house or name!"
"Silence, sir," cries Dick, furiously turning upon him; but no more can be said on either side, for at that instant the attention of all is turned upon the door, just inside which, upon the threshold, Esther stands, which upon the threshold, Esther stands, with one sum extended, as it she would demand silence.

There is something in her whole attitude and demeanor that is remarkably striking, and which engenders fear and expectation revery breast.

The looks of all are fixed on her as she tomes slowly up the room, the tall, majestle gure clothed in black, and drawn up to its full beight. Her manner is expressive of mystery and long-suppressed excitement. Of all present in the room, Mrs. Neville alone possesses a

Silently and slowly she advances until she

mas reached Penruddock.

Here she comes to a standstill, and con fronts him with gleaming eyes and parted fronts him with gleaming eyes and parted lips.

"No blot, no stain upon your house or name? You dare say that! Have you lost all memory of the past? Does your conscience never speak? she repeats, mockingly. "Is murder no crime? Have a care, Penruddock! And answer me, if you dage, this question—Where is the child Hildar? Penruddock starts back, his face growing livid. Yet only for an instant does he lose his self-control; rallying by a mighty effort, he says, glaring savagely at Esther, "This woman, this fanatic, lives but to torment me! Lexye the room, I command you! Your idle Leave the room, I command you! Your idle ravings have nothing whatever to do with the subject we are now discussing. Begone the subject we are now discussing. Begone at once, or I will force you hence!"

Esther pays not the slightest heed to that, but pointing toward the picture, and gazing sternly on Penruddock, says, "See where her mother looks down upon you! Do not her eyes haunt you? Where is the little one, the little heiress of Penruddock, who stood so tatally in your way to her house and acres? Answer!—where is she?"

"She is down!downed, as all the world."

Answer!—where is she?"

"She is dead—drowned, as all the world knows!" says Penruddock, gloomily, answering her against his will, as if in somewise compelled to it.

"It is tatse!" cries Esther, triumphantly. "She is not dead! She lives! She is here to claim her own! Behold her, villain, trem-At this moment Mrs. Neville turns up to their fullest height the two lamps that stand beneath Mrs. Penruddock's picture; and Esther, holding out her hand to Mand, says, in a loud tone, "Hildin Penruddock, come for-ward?"

ward?"
Obeying the gesture, not the words, which as yet she falls to understand, Mand comes slowly forward intil she appears in the full glare of the lamps, and right beneath her other's portrait.

Standing thus, silent and half bewildered, e is so exactly like the beautiful painting

above her, as to call forth an exclamation rom Dick.
Mrs. Penruddock is dressed in cream-colored satin; the girl is attired in cashmere of the same shade, trimmed exquisitely with It gold and some costly lace. It would be a difficult, indeed, an impossie matter to decide which is the loveliest, ie dead mother or the fiving daughter. As the extraordinary likeness dawns upon produces, he is compactely overpowered, as aside his head, and grouns aloud. Above even the startling resemblance to

the mother, he sees in the grown girl the feat ures of the little child so cruelly, though pus-Again the whole terrible seeme in the cotage garden flashes before him, again be valches, with cold persistency, until the tiny beliess meets, as he supposes then, and has I now believed, with her death. He throws up his hands, as though to fling from him the hateful vision, and turns herce by upon Esther.
"It is all a lie!" he exclaims, loudly—"a eleverly concected scheme; but it shall not avail you much. It is an old story. Acci-dental likenesses have been truel before this.

imposture always comes to light."

mys! Yes, there you are right." reg to Mrs. Neville, who has her arm ground Dick, at a little distance, is listeningswith se excitement, to the strange revelations Who ever saw the child again?" says Penraddock. "She was washed out to sea. All inquiries were made. No stone was left in-turned to discover her; but it was too late.

here was no one, not a living being, in ght when it occurred; no one saw the fatal accident.
There you are mistaken. Two saw it,"
says Esther, soleundy. You and II"
'I was not present, saw nothing of it?"
says Penraddock, hoursely. The ground seems slapping from beneath its feet. His parched lips seem barely able to form his words, and he with difficulty sup-You were present," says the woman, relentlessly. You stood inside the library window, and I saw you there, crouched as I was in the bushes at the other side of the

In the busheses stammers Penruddock. Yes: I had come to get a glimpse of my darling at her play, and watched you as, with greedy eyes, you waited till the child crept neutre and hearer to her death.

Fourful is now the expression on the countenance of the wretched man. "Without one word of warning, without one after 2 to save the language life left to your charge by a dying brother, you looked, with a cruel longing, to see her perish?"

"Tis false!" Penruddock, with very great difficulty, contrives to say, "Though you never touched her, though the crime was a passive one, there was murder in your heart that day, as surely as you are shivering here before us all?
"It is all a fabrication!" says Penruddock, feebly, whying his forehead.
Then he glances, in a stealthy fashion, at his son—the boy for whom this horrible thing

has been committed—to see if there be conremnation in his looks.

"Dick, do not believe it." he says, in a tone ill of keenest arony. He looks so old, so broken, that Dick is touched, and going up to him, places his arm around his neck.
"I believe nothing against you father," he says, tenderly; "be sure of that. But pray-control yourself, and let Esther tell her "When the deed was done and the fatal plunge taken, you rushed to the water's edge, "goes on Esther, who declines to ad-dress any one but Pennuddock, gloating over

the fact that he plainly covers beneath her glance. "But even then, at the last moment, a strong desire to save did not possess you. Had you pursued your search to the bend in the river, indden by the drooping alders, you would have seen the little white figure flegting orward whilst battling feebly with the stream. You would have seen me running along the bank in wild parsuit; and you would have seen, too, the prorehild drawn rom the water by Gilbert Sammerez, "Gilbert Sammerez! He," exclaims Diek,

"Yes: he was a guest at the vicarage at that time, as you. Penrushock, may remoun-ber. But he shall himself tell his own story," She beckens with her hand, and Saumarez, "Captain Saumarez, tell us all you can of this strange tale," entreats Mrs. Neville, with I have very little to tell; but it's all quite

true," says Saumarez, after a swift glance at Mand's pale face, "I was ashing lower down upon the river on that day, the 14th of July, when, looking up. I sandlenty saw a little child struggling in the water, and a woman —that woman there," pointing to Esther— "running along the bank. I jumped in, puli-ied the child out of the river, itsel saw that it was Hilda Penrabiock, whom I knew well. was think Pentrantock, whom I knew well, Only that very morning I had been phoring with her up at the cottage. I restored her to this woman, who represented betsek to me as the child's nurse, and thought no more about it. I should of course have notioned it in conversation at the vicarage if I had had time; but, unfortunately, I had made up my mind to leave that day, and finding on looking at my watch that I should barely catch the up-train, I rushed home, seized my things, bade my friends furewell, and within an hour was steaming up to town. Four days afterward I started for Inom, where, as you all know very well, I remained for years.

"But you knew Mand-you recognized her in town?" asks Mrs, Noville, in great agita-A suspicion of shame crosses Saumarez's A suspection of same crosses samulates face, darkening it for a moment.

"Yes, last year," he says, unwillingly. "I called here one day, and Esther passed through the hall us I entered. I knew her at once, and asked for the child. She was, I think, about to deny all knowledge of her when Miss-Miss Penruddock, with whom was not acquainted at that time, came out of some room, and, looking me full in the face for an instant, passed on. Her wonderful likeness to her mother, who was well known to me, struck me at once. I had beard of the Mrs. Neville of some strangely profty child, and, as if by inspiration, the trule occurred to me. I necessal E-ther of it, and she at once, taken off her guard, confess-

Then why did you not immediately speak?" demands Dick coully.
"It was no business of mase," responds the other, shrugging his shoulder-"But surely, you might have spoken," says Dick; "and it seems remarkable that you did

No doubt I should, some time or other, have mentioned the circumstance, only that the woman had implored me to keep silence; saying that she had waited for years to have revenge on some one; and I really thought it a pity to spell the planning and plotting that had lasted for so long." Yet you made love to my niece, knowing

all that you did," says Mrs. Neville, gravely,
"In that matter, madam, I acknowledge I
erred," says Saumarez, lightly, though he
bites his tip. "But all is fair in love and
war. I wooed her as a girl over whom a bites his ifp. "But all is fair in love and war. I wooed her as a girl over whom a cloud rested, knowing her in my heart to be an helress, and of irreproachable birth. Nay, hear the exact truth," he says, with a somewhat reckiess laugh. "I am not so rich as the world deems me; and thought if I could win Miss Neville. I might afterward prove her to be Miss Penruddock, and so secure her fortune. But I falled. At first I thought only of the money to which she was entitled; but now, and always, I shall think that, were she penniless and unknown, the man who gains her love will be richer than any soul on earth. You believe me, I am sure?" he adds, turning abruptly, and most unexpecteilly, to Hilda.

eilly, to Hilda.

"Yes; I believe you," she says, earnestly! and then—very sweetly, struck by the extreme melaneholy of his expression—she comes a few steps nearer to him, and holds out her hand. He takes it, presses his lips to it, hastily but fervently, and without another word quits the room.

"It is, I plainly see, an unnecessary question; but, for all that, I will ask if you have

quite made up your mind that this ridiculous story is true?" demands Penruddock, angrily, addressing his son, upon whose countenance no disbelief can be read.
"Quite!" says Dick, readily, who has for-gotten to think of anything beyond the fact that the stigma attached to Hilda's birth has

"Then you acknowledge her?"
"As my consin" Yes, certainly." "Then, as certainly, you are a beggar!" says Penroldock, with a barsh laugh.

The young man starts as if shot, and puts his hand to his forchead. For the first time he realizes what all this may mean to hom. By what right now shall be speak of love to the woman who is all in all to him, whose image occupies his heart? Their positions

are reversed; she is the presessor of land and fortime; he is now the lonely outrast.

He draws a deep breath, and then rouses himself. Going up to Mrs. Neville, he bids her good-night, in a low tone, that still does not faiter.

"All fills has been too much for you, and—my cousin," he says, gently, though without looking at Hilda. "To-morrow, everything can be discussed more thoroughly; but for

can be inseased in one increasing, but for benight enough has been said."

"We shall see you to morrow, I hope" says Mrs. Neville, anxiously.

"I think not. It will be better not," says Dick, with a faint some, "I shall have many things to see to, and my father will, of course, recover me." At this mention of his name, Penruddock torns his head, and all present notice how tersibly his face has changed within the last few minutes.

As if all hope has died within him, he looks crushed and broken, and very pitiable.

There is, too, within his eyes a somewhat the contrasts very power-

lly with his insolent demeanor of an hour Eh. Dick?-eh. fad?" he says, in a confused fushion, putting his hand to his head, and sighting deeply. What are you saying of me? I heard my name. Don't believe them, Dick! It is all false; every word?" Then, in a tone of easier, almost abject enfreaty, he askis, in a whisper, "Don't pour condemn me, Dick! You have not the right to do that. It was all for your sake, Dick-

vacant expression that contrasts very power-

"Come away. Come home with me, fath-r," says Dick, hurriedly and anxiously. A touch of deep pain, mingled with shame, may the beauty of his features as he listens to his father's words, which are a confession of his guilt, "Home! Where is that now?" asks Pen-"Home! Where is that noac?" asks Penrodock, vaguely, disregarding his son's effort to lead him from the room, "From the eastle to the cottage—that is a fall, indeed! And," sinking his voice, "I can't go to the cottage, Dick—the river is there!—always the river!" with a strong sludder, "And it never ceases—it flows on and forever! I can hear it always in my dreams at night!"

"Rouse yourself. You are dreaming now, I think," says Dick, who is as pale as death.

"No: not now," says the old man. He looks a very old man now indeed, so strangely aftered are his features and mien. "It is too late now for dreams. If what she says be true, all is over, all is at an end!"

"The end is not come yet," returns Dick,

"The end is not come yet," returns Diek, bravely, throwing up his head with a certain proud gesture that brings tears into the eyes of one who is watching him.

He closes one hand firmly, as though to defy misfortone, while into his face there come a nobllity, a sense of dignity, that perhaps ! neked before.
"You have still enough to satisfy every want," he says, addressing his father; "and as for me, the world is before me, and I shall conquer it in defiance of fate and evil fortune. All is for the best, and we should be thankful that the little one was saved. You are

thankful, father, are you noi? Say that you are thankful," he asks, with extreme earnestness.

It is as though he had completely and entirely dissociated the love of his manhood from the delightful little companion of his

ron the delightful little companion of his earlier days.

"Yes, yes—deeply thankful!" says Penruddock, in a strange tone, hardly recognizable, "A weight is littled from my heart—a had from my soul—that has him upon them for many a year! Now it is raised, my heart feels lighter. But," looking helplessly round, "my head is bearing the burder now. It feels like moiten lead. And there is a sound as of many voices—and—' A deep grown escaped him; he staggered, and, but that Dack bastily caucht him, in his crus, would have fallen heavily to the

CHAPTER X. PORCED TO BE HAPPY.

It is two months later, and already Pen-ruddock has lain for six weeks within his

For some days after that fearful selemeconsequent on the destruction of all those hopes he had purchased even at the price of crime—he had lingered in an unconscious erime—he had lingured in an unconscious state, knowing no one, hearing and seeing nothing, but sometimes maranuring, "The child! drowned—I might have saven her—but no—het her go—all for my boy—all for my son!"

Then the fertile, scheming brain had come to a standstill; the heart, that in all its many years had known but one pure affection, had ceased to heat, and Peurundock was no more, Mrs. Neville had cancel at Dick's rooms, where the dying man lay, every day during his illness, and had seen Dick and conversed.

his illness, and had seen Dick and conversed with him many times, of his father's state with him many times, of his father's state alone—no other topic had been touched upon. On two occasions Hilda had accompanied her, but on those days the young man had been either accidentally or willfully absent. Not once during all these long weeks had the cousins met. They had never, induced seen each other since that has momentons evening in South Audley Street, when Esther's disclosure had made them change sides, and had changed the fortunes of both; so hamply for the one, so disastronsly for so happily for the one, so disc-fronsly for the other,

Yet, about that time there was a policeman in that quarter who for many mehts had kept a shorp watch upon a young man, well dressed, but with his rollar turned up to his ears—booking upon him as a possible burglar, for he would stand for an hour with out flinching opposite a certain house, gaz-ing upon nothing—so far as X 91 could see except a faint streak of light that came from an upper window.

Finally, X 91 grew tired or ashamed of his suspicions, and, comforting himself with the thought that this excentric young man was

either a harmless limatic or an estimirer of upper housemand, let him gaze in peace, To-day is too levely for description. "The sun has drunk the dew that lay upon the morning grass." the very birds are silent from excess of languor, the flowers droop and grow pensive beneath the heat, and all ature seems at rest.

"The wind had no more strength than this, That leisurely it blew, To make one leaf the next to kiss. That closely by it grew.

In the castle, on this golden September down to her birthplace; but the girl has re-fused to find comfort or pleasure in the grand old eastle. Wealth has come to her, and, for he time nº least, happiness has departed. There is a pallor in her checks, a fountain of hushed lears in her expressive eyes, that goes to Minn's heart; but having extracted a promise from Dick that he will not leave England without binding them farewell, she can only wait patiently, if unhappily, for

what is yet to come.

It is coming very quickly that for which she waits—the solution of all her doubts. Even as she and Hilda are sitting together in one of the morning-rooms, silent, but full of thought, a footstep samuls in the hall without the door is opened, and Dick Pen-

ruddock stands before them, pale and nag-gard, but always the same Dick in one pair of eyes at least.

"I am very fortunate in having found you at home," says Dick, in his most formal manner. "I have come down here because I promised, and because I could not leave England without bidding you good-bye."

He takes Mrs. Neville's hand, and presses it warmly, with a faint, a very faint, smile. "Geod-bye?" echoes she, in dismay, as though the fear of this hour has not been

tormenting her for days.
"Yes; I am about to leave the country, never more to return to it." He has not dared to glance at Hilda after the first involuntary look on greeting her.
"But this is all so sudden, so dreadful?"
says Mrs. Neville, who is at her wits' end.
"What is your purpose in leaving? Where

are you going?"
"To New Zealand—anywhere. I hardly know whither; and, indeed, it matters very little, so long as I get well away from the old world and all its associations." "How you must hate the old world!" says a soft voice close to him, that has a suspicious tremble in it. "Do you mean to carry nothing from it but regrets."

Nothing!"-shortly "Is everything forgotten?" asks the soft voice again, even more tremulously this time, "Can you remember no happy hoars?"
"My deepest regret," says the young man, with infinite sadness, "lies in the fact that I shall never be able to forget those happy

Mrs. Neville, kind and considerate soul that she is, has stepped into the conservatory for the time being, therefore they are virtually alone!
"Dick!" says Hilda, looking and speaking very tenderly and very repronchility.

"Don't" says Penruddock, hastily. "De anything but speak to me in that tone. It is more than I can bear, For wesks I have been training myself to meet you with proper

coldness, and now, by one kind word, with one gentle look, you would seek to undo ail And why, if I may ask, should you want to meet me with colliness?"

She is very close to him by this time, and has laid her hand upon his arm.
There is no reason why I should tell you,

because you know,"
"I know!-what is that I know?" "I know!—what is that I know?"
"Do not torture me."
"I have no desire to do that. But you have not yet said what it is that you know,"
"On, crue!!" he exclaimed. "You know that you are rich now, whilst I have nothing, or next to it. I—in fact," says Dick, mournfully, "I am no match for you now, whatever I might have been before."
"But you are the same Dick as you were then," argues she, "except hat you are a little more—I mean, a great deal more untle more-I mean, a great deal more un-"Am 17" says he. "It is very likely. Mis-

Won't you look at me, Dick?" "There is no need to look at you. Your mage is engraven on my heart. I can see you at every moment, and shall see you, go where I may."

Nevertheless, look at me, it may soften you a little. Oh, Dick, I don't want this octions money; but I do want you. Now I

Do not let us talk about it." Then you refuse me "Then you refuse me?"
"Yes; because it is for your own good."
"No; because I happen to have more money
than you possess. Let us have fire truth, at
all events. Say that that is really what you mean."
"Well, then, yes, since you make me say
it. I could not be indebted to my wife for—

for everything,"
"No doubt you are right," says Miss Penruddock. "Pride before all things, no matter how many hearts may be broken by it."
She means to be sarcastic, but only succeeds being wretched. "Mine is a just and proper pride," he says.
"Oh, very well! Then it is not worth
while, I suppose, to say anything more about

"No, indeed," he sighs.
"And you are quite determined to leave
England forever, and to go to New Zealand." 'Then," cries she, "since you insist upon it, I shall give this hateful money to a lunatic asylum, and, whether you like it or not, I shall go to New Zealand, too.
"Mund" says Dick, in his overpowering agilation forgetting her real name.
"Yes: I shall. Nothing shall prevent me,"

and here, we very much regret to say, she so far forgets herself as to place her arm around his neck, and to furst into tears upunddock's trip to the other side of the world He drops his hat, and encircling her fondly with his arms, for a full minute is quite ridic-

ulously happy.

Then he checks himself, and sighing deeply, says. "There must be an end of this. This will never do, you know," in a most "Never" says Hilda, who has quite recovered herself, and in whose blue eyes a malicious twinkle may now be seen. Does not victory already lie with her? No wonder, therefore, that she rejuices, "Come over to this sofa," she says; "and as we must, to please you, give away our detestable though rather comfortable income, tell me, which do you consider to be the most

deserving of all the asylums?"

At this point Mrs. Neville coming in, and seeing them sitting together on apparently amicable terms, goes up to Dick, and kissing him on either check, tells him, without a word of warning, that he is a "dear boy," and as worthy as any one can be of her "dearest girl," and that she is happier to-day than she has been for a very long time, and several other things that are equally pleasant to hear.

All which so overpowers Dick, that he has not sufficient courage to say anything that shall damp her satisfaction, and Hilda cursing the decirious and the decirious and the decirious that t

ries the day. They have been married now for four weeks, and are in Italy, or Egypt, or St. Petersburg, or somewhere—we really have, at the present moment, quite forgetten

At all events, we may safely say that, be they where they may, they are two among the very happiest mortals the world contains. THE END.

---A Rose by any Other Name. Mr. Jolineck had been engaged in a row with the elevator boy in the flat; where he resided, and had succeeded in making that

uvenile functionary exceedingly wroth. his rooms, a stranger came to the elevator.
"Boy." he inquired, "is there a gentleman a this that by the name of Jolineck." 'No, there ain't," replied the boy gruffly,
'Are you quite sure." "Are you quite sure."
"Of course, I am. I've been engineering this elevator ever since this flat was built, and I ought to know."

The stranger left, and shortly afterward came back, looking like a man who had

heard something.
"I say, my bay," he remarked pleasantly,
"is there an old bog rooting around in a pen
on the top floor of this sholding?"
"You let there is," responded the boy, with a fraternal smile of sympathy. "Climb in and I'll hast you up there in about two stakes of a sheep's fail. When you get up to the top you can track him down the half by the oristles on the floor,"—Merchard

A beekeeper laying been told that a lad, through being repeatedly stung by bees, had become impervious to any impleasant sensa-tion when adapted by them, resoured to experiment on his own person. He kept a record of the number of times he was stung, and when he begun to crase feeling the el-fects of the stings. The result was that all sense of feeling had gone when he had been stung thirty times within a few weeks.

A Conscientious Witness. Counsel (to witness).-The previous witness swore that when found he was breathing like a porpoise Witness-I danno 'bout dat, sah. Counsel-You were present? Witness-Yes, ah.

Counsel -Examined him carefully? Witness-Yes, sah. I zamined him keerfully. Counsel-Aud yet you will not swear that he was breathing like a porpoise? Witness-No. sah.

. .

breave, sah.

.

Counsel-You will state to the Court

MEMOIRS OF A CHILD. Thrilling Story of the Experiences of One Family During Rick-

mond's Fall.

BY MISS L. M'L. PLEASANTS. We were a strange household, yet a fair sample of those crowded into Richmond. The roomy old house that had not been ac-counted in happier days too large for my aunt's family was now stretched by poverty and old Virginia hospitality to accommodate my father's family and one other - the latter refugeeing, as we always said of those who fled from homes made unsafe by the occupation of the enemy's forces, from the far South. Besides these there was the "soldier's room," which every house, however crowded, gave to the cause and which was rarely empty. The four years of war seemed to me but a pleasant play time. The straits and inventions necessity compelled were greeted as new and enchanting games, and the tears we sometimes saw our elders shed were uncomprehended and speedily forgot. So now it seems to me the war, or at least all that it brought of terror and dismay, began the night before the end,

we found our nurseries as sning as usual The pretty breakfast room had long ago been converted into my mother's chamber, which L as the eidest, shared with her, and to this fact I am indebted for the strange, dream-like impressions that crowded that night. A FATEFUL NIGHT. I suppose it must have been about ten o'clock when the saddened, quiet voices of women and the deep, grave tones of anxious men in the adjoining room roused

None of us children dreamed of what

was impending. Supper was not dispensed with (as more than once it had been) and

me from my sleep. I crept sofily to the half-open door and saw, in what seemed to my sleepy eyes a brilliant light, the soldierly figures of my father and uncle, their swords and hats laid aside Supposing this to be a joyful occasion, an unexpected return, I sprang with a glad cry upon the startled group. With a hasty kiss my father put me from him. "Send the child to bed, Jeanie; there is much to be done." This was cruel. Things seemed all wrong to me. But the order was promptly obeyed and my mother led me off, a most unwilling and tearful victim. A little petting from her helped matters and reduced me to meekness and

bed, but sleep was impossible. With a

promise that she would leave the door

open it I'd be good she left me. The people in the adjoining room moved about. I heard the tearing of papers. Then they unlocked the cellarette and locked it again; then words of warning would come to me. What did fr mean! Why must they be "guarded with Tom"-good, kind Tom-and why was Mammy going away? And I wanddered off, sleeply thinking what would we do if Mammy didn't dress us in the morning. Would we stay in bed all day? I rather t ought that would be fun. There were nine of us-my little cousin and ourselves -and perhaps mother would let us play all together in the big nursery at the top of the house. Here my eyes closed and there was a blank.

THE BATTLES OVER "Never mind the others, Jeante, if only Sadie keeps up. They are all so little," he sighed. I woke with a start. This was a very strange night. I must be in a fairy story, for there, bending over me, were those two, so wrapped in each other that they scarcely seemed to see my eyes were open as they spoke of me.

"Remember, dear," he went on, "you always have your diamonds and the silver that is left, but that must only go for bread. I may be sooner back than I think, and help will come from the other side as soon as the line can be crossed." "But if you do not come, what does it matter," and she hung tearlessly, des-pairingly upon him. "Why, Jeanle, this

m't a battle; they are over," he added, bitterly. "I rely on Joe," he went on, hurriedly. "He is faithful, and if the other negroes go he will look to you, Now let me kiss the child. Why, she's awake! Kiss father, Sadle; take care of mother and the others;" and, with a most satisfactory hug he drew my mother away. Some hurried movements, the clinking of swords quickly buckled on, some sobs from aunt, and the door closed on them. They came back presently, those two care-worn sisters, letting each other see

the misery and terror that must be conquered by the daylight. They put whisky and tobacco on the mantel, carefully rolled up some lace, remnants of former grandeur, sewing it carefully in their cloth-ing. I saw my mother take two rare pieces of silver, older than our country, and wrapping them tenderly in rags put them up the fireless chimney. I watched it all in dumb amazement, my senses taking in and half appreciating what would have been Hebrew to me the

MANNY'S PHILOSOPHY! The next morning the first thought that came to me was of relief that Mammy was there, and as I sat up and rubbed my eyes I said : "Mammy, I thought you'd gone; papa said so."

"He min't never said no such foolish ness," she flatly contradicted, "How de name er God Miss Annie gwine to do "dout me, let alone you contrary chilliun"-"You git out's dis' bed and put dem stockings on. I suppose," the wily old dame

went on, seeing some pouting imminent,

"you don' want to see no fire. All de odders bin lookin' at it dis long time." But I did not spring cheerfully up to the distasteful scrubbling and hair curling with which Mammy regularly afflicted us. She handed me a second poer of stockings as I accomplished the last garter. What for, Mammy ?" I asked. "Tain't no use your askin' questions, chile," she replied. "I reckon I knows Miss Jinnie's orders; you sin't obleeged

to know ebcryting," she added, " Yer all

gettin so smart you 'bleeged to be so

knowing you better comb your own

hyar." But she helped me kindly enough.

Nobody minded Mammy's talk and on this occasion I found two of a kind very interesting. When the last curl was accurately adjusted she led me to the window with a serticles. I must seld, however, that this "dyar now?" How beautiful it seemed to me. The familiar flour-mills that used to loom up black and ugly in the distance how in bright flames, with every window

a jewel. LATE, NOT BARLY. How red the sky was! And yet it struck me there was no sun. "Is it very early ?" I asked. "An your mar done let you sleep all dis time | An' all de chillun done dressed and gone. No, chile, 'tis late, an' et you don' hurry d'aint no brekfus for you dis mornin'." But there was, as usual, my own special meal waiting for me, graced with the solitary piece of butter which had been saved for the dellcate one, so ungrudgingly given that it never occurred to the other children that their poor sorghum was plain fare

When I saw the sad faces of my mother and aunt, each pressing upon the other the scanty meal both so sorely needed, the events of the night came back to me and I was somewhat surprised. Childlike, however, I was eager to escape the disagreeable and hastened to join the usual morning crowd of children on our

"Isn't it funny," I began, importantly, "we've got on two everythings, but Witness-Cos I nebber heard a po'poise | dresses!" We've got on two dresses too" cried weets her husband with reals to ins'

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FF Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation resolutions of communications designed to call after tion is any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid you as advertisements.

Jon Printing of all kinds neatly and expeditously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget a chorus of opposite neighbors (our play mates), and so they had. Whereupon my vanity was quelled momentarily in a deep dejection at my mother's lack of original ity. "But you haven't seen the fire," .

said, in a faint hope of getting abead. "Your windows are not the same way."

Little I dreamed that there would be few

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windows in that doomed city which would not on that dreadful day look out upon the fire-flend. And so we children went to our morn ing's play. Soon the bursting of the bombs came to drown our childish cries.

We were hurried into our homes, and to scene after scene of such terror as even THE DURNING CITY.

new comes vividly before me. One by one the houses in our neighborhood took fire from the sparks which flew thick and fast before a strong wind. Ours alone was saved, and that by the bravery and resolution of my aunt, who spread with her own lovely hands blankets all over the flat roof and then saturated them with water, which was supplied to her by my mother and such of the elder children. as could be trusted to do such work. A little below us the house of a dear old friend was seen blazing and we went flows to help remove such valuables as could be carried away. We children were allowed to go, too, as the other alternative of leaving us was even more dangerous, and great fun we thought it to trot back and

his head. Our little Kitty fainted at the sight and we were all hurried home by our halfdistracted mother, and it was many days before we were allowed to leave the house. We boasted an underground kitchen to our house which, at such a time, was thought specially safe, and here we finally collected, being reinforced by terrified neighbors who were without any such stronghold, until we numbered forty.

forth with our small burdens, until we

saw a man killed by a brick which fell on

The terror-stricken servants went from room to room, seeking courage from the two brave mistresses. My aunt, until quite late in the day, kept her place on the roof. My mother in twenty places at ones. ordering, rebuilting, comforting and new and then finding time to come to us in a crowded kitchen with words of cheer or a smile of sympathy. The hours crept by, the minutes kept by the booming shell-the dense gray smoke, as of a log, over all, but no enemy was seen; hardly a creature upon the street. There was nothing in the house in the

way of food, save a quart or two of meal. With so many to feed it was a very serious question, that of dinner, and auntle sent for Joe, our trusted major dome, for a consultation. Judge of my dismay when she learned that he had gone for hours, along with the faithless Tom, whom my father had distrosted. This was a blow Auntie and mother looked at each other with a despair too deep for words. "Jeante," auntie said, after a pause,

"there is nothing for it but for you to go.

You see I could never leave the house.

Mammy says they are giving things away at the commissariat. I am afraid to trust the servants alone. Take Jane and Cora and—God keep you?"

And God did keep her. Through those deserted streets, where the shells were bursting every minute and where death seemed inevitable, my mother went and came back laden with molasses and meal. But no ment. Nothing was to be scorned however, and these provisions were greeted

with rapturous delight by our nexious and hungry household. It was by this time three o'clock. We were all dazed by the long suspense, the frightful bursting of shells at the armory, not five blocks away, followed by the death like silence. Every window in the house was broken. My mother's eyesight was permanently injured by the effects of the concussion. Suddenly the long-expected cry of "The Yankees!" was brought to us by a terror-stricken negro. No one quite knew what was to be feared, but the

terror was none the less roal beause so. VOLUME. THE VANICIES WELL COMING. Surely enough they were coming-a gallant and may company of cavalry, can-tering up the street. Our house was large and conspicuous and by the three the cavalcade reached it my aunt was at the door. There she stood, calm and stately, her grand figure and dignified gentleness a fit protection for the fright-ened children biding behind her skirts and the bewildered negro face. In the back-ground. What a pleture of quiet lonvery she made! Child as I was, I looked up at her with a wondering awe and thought she must be like the great Joan of Arc. the heroine of my small stock of learning. She stood on the portico, between two fall

signed to the leader of the band to come He was a handsome, well-bred young fellow il remember my astonishment that this should be the case) and came promptly and courteously.

pillars at the top of the high steps, and

ning grace and dignity I have no words to describe -- I see that you are a gentleman. We are a household of helpless women and children, and I desire from you some goard or protection from such as may prove less courteous than yourself." COMPARISONS ARE OFTEN OPTOES. "Madam," he answered, standing bareheaded before her, "I will gladly leave you one of my men until I can see the commandment and provide you with a

"Sir," my aunt said-with what win-

say, madau, that if the women of Louisi-ana had shown your courtesy and con-sideration for our feelings there would have been fewer outrages." She thanked him graciously, and, her hespitality getting the better of her fours, invited him in to have a glass of whiskey and water, saying as she handed it to him, "I am sorry we have nothing better to offer, but everything else has been taken

permanent guard. And permit me to

from us " He left an orderly, who proved useful in helping us to patch windows and more useful still in allaying our fears. He cheerfully slept in the cold front hall, there being no vacant room, and bore with admirable patience the airs and graces of nine impulsive, one-sided children. Hactually made friends with the boys sufficiently to induce them to accept a knife spiece-rare and highly valued conduct to hen part of the boys met with such hearty disapproval from the rest of as as to send them to Coventry.

So the day, which had threatened all the horrors of war, ended in peace. The peace of defeat, not of victory, it is true, out at least with the assurance that there was an end to "battle and murder," if

not to sudden death. And for this I think even the brave spirit of my nunt was thankful, remembering the two dear ones away-God alone knew where-and the terrible day that has brought many a silver streak to her locks. A few days the first train came my grandmether, from the nother side," and the the mother-love that forgets sides and fuctions, took us back to the old reaf-tree, where, if my father and mother in their maturity felt the bitterness of defeat, we little ones grew up and came to see and know but one side-she Union .- | Phila.

A Premium for Twins, Mrs. J. R. Shoffner of Greensborough N. C., having given birth to twin boys, making eleven boys in all in her family, the North State has put her on his free list and offers the same premium to every edaughter of Guilford county who pre-

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