

Unmuria Autreman.

to be seenful their ex-JAS, C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE LAVES BESIDE,"

\$1.50 and postage per year, in advance

VOLUME XX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1886.

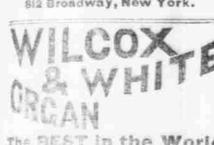
NUMBER 16.

## The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-naza Franka's commends it to the favorable Sch-sideration of advertisers, whose favors will be in-serted at the following low rates: Business items. Erst insertion loc. per line; each subsequent insertion &c. per line. Administrator's and Executor's Notices. 2.50 Auditor's Notices. 2.00 Stray and similar Notices. 1.50 Eff Accountions or proceeding of any corporations or society, and communications designed to call altestion to any matter of limited or indiandual interest must be pair you as advertisements. Jon Farswing of all kinds neatly and expeditionally executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

Advertising Rates.

Improved High Arm, Mechanical Principles All Movements, Autoprint and Perfect Acil Shuttle, Self-set Paritice Feed, No. Parte, Minimum Prieston, No Notes, pa in Order, Richly Makelplated, and Care Lartet Satisfaction Sei Circulars.

AVERY MACHINE CO. 812 Broadway, New York.



The BEST in the World 200 ORGAN 79 **在一个名称** 

a time develop their fives. WHALL C Prostror Turo

HIMLE DEALER I have no few money a first-class Tall a land to come but a few course each TATALOGUE and diagram.

Wilsox & White Organ Co. MERIDEN, CONN.

BUGGES, SPRING WAGONS,



WOLLOLLAND BUCKBOARD, No. 21.



State of Wason Co., Chein esti, O.

BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER

T. BARNUM'S NOW

All) a Youky ow MY LEFE."

Making Work for THE MAKIN, Cincinnath O FAMILY SCALES to de Ather Limited salescore

SALARY OR COMMISSION.



The powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More conomica than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be said in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold No Fatigue, No Wall St., New York: Paring Powders, Sold Wall St., New York:

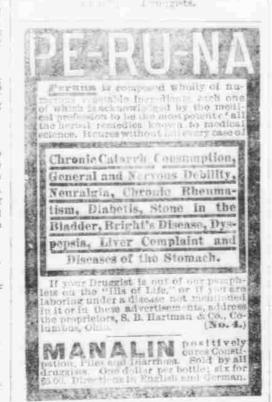
Absolutely Pure.

## An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmo-In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is Ayrn's Chengy
Pectons. As so bit is recognized and
prescribed by the neciseal profession, and
in many thousands of families, for the
past forty years, it has been regarded as an
invaluable household remedy. It is a
preparation that only requires to be taken
in very small quantities, and a few doses
of it administered in the early stages of a
cold or cough will effect a speedy cure. cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no coubt whatever that

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Larryngitis, Bronchitts, Pneumonia, and Polymonary Consemption, and by the curs of those donerous unladies. It id be kept ready for use in every is where there are children, as it is a medicine for experien to all others in the treatment of Crowp, the alleviation of Whospings sugh, and becare of Colds and Institute as althout peculiarly incl-dental to all hood and could. Bromptia transe with all alsonses of this wife of the utmost importance. The

Aver's Cherry Pectoral, 





S. W. Corner Penn Ave. and Sixth St. PITTSBURG, PA.

How. Ww. A. Hunnow. J. P. Annuews Pres. of Board of Trustees. Scoty of Board Pres. of Board of Practices. See Vol. Board.
The Largest, Most Thorongh, Practical and Successful Commercial Coldings & English Training
School in Pannsylvants. El Students hast year.
Elegant Buildings, Piratelias Equipments, 27
Instructors, 15 Large Halls and Licitation
Rooms, occupying an rest of over 18,000 Sq. Ft. Copies of the finest pleas or l'enmanaile in The State mallest free with Handbook of State mallest free with Handbook of State mallest free with Handbook of State mallest in the HARMON D. WILLIAMS, Jan. CLARE WILLIAMS, Business Monager. Petrolpal A. M.

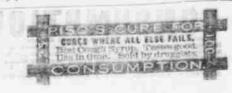
The CREAT JUMBO ENCINE



to from WASHINGTON.

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to retentable by free of charge; and we make NOCHARGE UNLESS PATENT the back, "on condition that you never address a syllable of love to me again." We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the pt, of Money Order Div., and in officials the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, adce, terms and references to school ellents

n your own State or County, write to C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.



THROUGH DANGER;

-0.0-

## LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER V. MARK'S SUSPICIONS INCREASE. In the joyous excitement of meeting Philip again Florence had almost forgotten flerbert Archer's proposal, and the alarm and indignation it had occa-sioned her. She had had neither time nor opportunity to acquaint either her aunt or uncle with what had occurred, and the blow on her temple which might, by being remarked, have led up to it, was concealed by her hair. When, therefore, in her own chamber

she recalled the events of the day, both her alarm and indignation were modi-fied. How could she feel alarm, with Philip, now her acknowledged be-trothed, near to protect her? And her own exceeding happiness made her ex-perience pity for the suffering of one whose fault was loving her too ardently Reflecting upon it, she deemed it the greatest kindness to her discarded lover merely to state be had proposed and been refused, without entering upon the manner of his proposal, which she not anger, would slut the doors of Shady Creek against him for ever. As

to Philip Bathurst, when he awoke the next morning, he found it at first rather difficult to believe that he was really under the same roof as Florence; and, what was more, her accepted lover with her uncle's consent. There was only one obstacle to be overcome before he made her his wife-the getting enough

to keep a wife upon. "But I don't despair of that," he exclaimed, as he sprang up. "What men have done surely can I, and I'll not let the grass grow beneath my feet either.
If once I can bag enough nuggets to
buy a station and stock it, I'll work like
the shepherd kings of old, and, with the
colonel's experience and advice, will
soon get a sufficiently extensive sheep run to make my sweet Flo mistress of. Charles Bathurst's anger against his nephew had been so extreme that his disinheritance had been pitless, and he had refused him the smallest assistance "Go and work if you will," he had exclaimed, "and if your white hands

prove unfit, starve-do you understand? starve. I will not belp you. "If will and energy be present," Phil-ip had rejoined quietly, "the hands, however while, that can pull an oar or hamille a tille, can use a spade or pick, and the fortune so gained will be sweet-er than the one obtained by dependence "I hope you will find it so," was the sneuting releat.

not mather to you," went on Pallip. "I may perish in the bush, or succumb to ever at the durings but be assured of die before I will ask you for one shilling to prevent either." So they lind parted. Philip had

packed his portunintenu, and that very night had slept in his foster-brother's cottage, and the next morning had commenced their new life with just a hundred and flity pounds between them.

The spirit of wisdom and economy at once had seized Philip, who had prepared the most serviceable of outlits, and as now he looked in the glass, after expending an extra quarter of an hour over his toilet, he laughed heartily in mparing his bronzed bearded self with the aristocratic young gentleman who had sauntered away life at Brigh-

"What do I care?" he thought; "this existence is far more manly; it seems to vager it makes no difference in my daramong her flowers like a butterfly. What a sluggard she will think me. And, with a last glance at himself in the glass, he ran downstairs. There is,

however, many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and on reaching the verandah Phil-ip found that Flo bad disappeared: but the colonel was there, on the point of paying a visit to the stock-yard, to which he persisted in carrying off his guest, who had to consent, th cast a wistful glance round for her be Only a few seconds before his appear-

ance Flo had passed from the garden into a miniature wilderness of bushes to gather some large bronze-hard leaves with which to surround her flowers, her dog trotting by her side. As she stooped to gather them, a low

growl, and then a bark of welcome, caused her to raise her bead, and she Herbert Archer within two paces of her. "Mr. Archer!" she ejaculated.
"My presence, I perceive, is as distasteful as unwelcome," he said sadly, almost humbly. "I knew it would be thus. Yet I could not help but come. Florence, I have been waiting this op-

portunity to speak to you, to crave

your pardon-for-for-my words of "Indeed, Mr. Archen, they hardly merit it. she responded coldly.
I know it. I know not what possessed me. I was mad-mad with lov he ejaculated. "No, no, do not fear: I no longer arge that; I am aware of my fate, and accept it. There is another nore fortunate than I-another to whom your smiles, your caresses, I you but know the wreteled night I

Florence, I am here to pray, to humbly entreat pardon. Do not refuse."
He had flung himself at her feet, and clasped her dress. Flo was startled, but more so at the change in him. He was wan and har-gard. She could well believe in that sleepless night, and she did feel pity. "Mr. Archer," she rejoiced, as stead-ily as shu could, "you had no right to address me as you did yesterday; that for a space you had lost all melf-control must be your excuse. Your

opentance wins my compassion, though felt I could never feel kindly towards you again." Oh. Florence!" and he bowed his head on her dress. if, indeed, you wish my pardon, I give it sincerely You forgive!" he cried. looking up.

swered, "only do not banish me. We were triends—I hoped to be more; do not punish my presumption by malting me less. Forget the words I spoke yes-

"Most willingly," she responded, with a sense of relief. "Now, rise, Mr. Archer: this is no position for you."
"One instant," he pleaded. "Tell me this. Have I to entreat the pardon of others?-vour uncle's your aunt s?-How have they regarded me?"
"At present I have failed to find an

what occurred," she reprise. They know nothing?" he repeated,

Nothing as yet." "Florence-I should say Miss Grainger, dare I ask for more than pardensilence? You cannot appreciate the humiliation a man experiences who loves, and is pointed at as-rejected. You have pltied me—I have read that in your eyes, too pure for concealment; you have promised to forget; in mercy to me, and the suffering it would give me, will you keep the utterance of my love a secret between us two?"

"Again I answer, most willingly," replied Flo, a greater gentleness in her manner, for she was touched by the garnestness of his manner, and the evident pain he was undergoing. "Mr. Archer, if the secret be between us two, the more easy will it be to forget. Let us say no more about it; but, if you will, let us continue friends

With that impulse felt by all generous natures, Flo extended her hand. He took it, and held it with almost a nervous reverence. "You are too good for me, far too good; but you are an angel, I—a man," he said. "As a sign that the past is

dead, that henceforth we are friendsonly friends—may I kiss your hand?"

Before she could reply, he had pressed
his lips on the slender fingers; then he released them. You have made me a comparatively happy man. Miss Grainger, he remarked, "I will no longer detain you."
"Will you not come and see uncle?"

she inquired, at a loss what to say. "Not now, please, not now," he rejeined, with a waving motion of the hand, "Good-day." Glad to be free, Flo made a similar response, and passed him where he yet

knelt. Before quitting the trees she looked back. Herbert Archer was prone on the grass, his hands clutching it spasmodically, and his frame quivering with emotion. Poor, poor fellow!" thought the girl

as she hurried on, tears of pity in her She would have recalled her sympathy had she seen Herbert Archer as he rose up a few moments later. Wan and haggard yet, for he was in the field of the fierce war of jealousy, but his features were a smile of triumph and satisfaction.

"When matters go so easily, it would be ungrateful to dream of failure, he reflected, as he quitted the spot. "I have compared her fears I have won her compassion; and, equally good, her silence. I can now visit Standy Creek as usual, and when Lam not on watch, he intends to do-before I can form my plans, which I feel airendy success will

back and his ten a chemomed anguly as he beheld standing in the verandah, side by side. Philip Hathurst, his rival, and the woman he loved.
"How secure no doubt, he thinks himselt," he mattered. "But, nover studing his eleuched immel .-'Little does either guess what the fu-

It was true. Even he did not divine There are people who do not believe in presentiments, Mark Hilton was not one of them. He had a presentiment that danger was threatening his foster-prother, and he could not shake it off. Neither was be ignorant of the quarter from whence it would come. The expression of Herbert Archer's counte-nance when he first saw Philip haunted him, and his belief was strengthened when he learned his love for Florence

Whatever Mr. Phil may say," he ondered, "things may be done out here hat never would be attempted in Eng-and, and that man is capable of doing I wish Mr. Phil would get off to the

But Philip Bathurst, despite his assurance that he would not let the grass grow beneath his feet, appeared in no haste to leave Shady Creek, where matters apparently were proceeding so evenly that Mark's suspicious might have died out, but for one circumstance. On the second night of his being there, some sharp words had arisen be-tween him and Mat Greeve, which but for the stockman's interference would have ended in blows. Keep a civil tongue in your head,

fellow," had remarked the stockman, angrily. "Remember Jeck here is an old and valued servant, while you are here only on trial. Well, can't the black nigger," growled Mat. "fight his own battles without yonder new importation doing it for For Mark had taken the part of the aborigine whom the other had been gooding by his ridicule. "If he wants a fight on his own account I'm ready for him;" and he began rolling. up the sleeve from his brawny arm, at

he same time casting an evil glance at "We'll have no fighting here," put in the stockman, "and if you are of so quarrelsome a disposition, Mr. Mat, you won't do for us, so you may just tramp back to Mr. Archer and tell him

With another scowl and mutter, the man retreated to another part of the

"What a hang-dog ruffian he looks," remarked Mark to the stockman.

Looks what he is, I reckon. Some ticket-of-leave convict, I suspect, whose throat is itching for the halter it merits. Archer ought to have sent him Mark had become interested at that

name, and now asked, carelessly: "He sent him? One of the servants he didn't want?"
"No, the day before yesterday he appiled for work, and Mr. Archer, who hadn't any to give him, sends him on here, knowing master had some fresh

cattle, and a heart that never sends any Mark became silent. His presentiment made him ready to catch at anyid seem suspicious that Herbert Archer should have taken such interest in so villainous a fellow as Mat Greeve, and

o seek a place for him under the colo-'How Mr. Phil would laugh at me," he reflected. "But I can't help that; I'll tell him nothing about It, only I'll keep a watch on Muster Mat."

Indeed, the man had suddenly acentired a fascination for him, and fur-tively he kipt his eyes on him us he sat smoking and chatting with the laborers. Suddenly he saw him glaber swiftly up at the clock, then, after looking cautionsly around, as one desirous to escape observation, move near the door. Here he paysed glanced round again, and, finding his companion's attention occupied, quitted the room. Mark waited one moment, then, impelled by a nower he could not resist, followed. As he entered the passage, a cool air showed that an outer door had been opened. He knew which and strode to it. Pulling it slightly ajar, he beheld Mat Greeve rappilly, but with an appearance of skulk, making his way over

to the stock-yard, but keeping in the Mark paused no longer, not even to reason upon the wisdom or the folly of the proceeding, but closing the door, followed. Where could be be going at opportunity of acquainting them with | this time of night? And now it occur- | Mark Hilton's absence remarked. Then, |

red to him that at the self-same hour he had missed him from the room on

the previous evening.

"It's no concern of mine be might say; but I fancy it is. At least, though it end in a fight, I'll find out," thought Mark, as cautiously he tracked the gliding, skulking form of Mat Greeve into the bush.

CHAPTER VI. MAT GREEVE HITS HIS MAN. Mark Hilton, in the old country, had been a skilful deer-stalker, which served him somewhat in his present tracking of Mat Greeve. Using every available bush as a cover, he followed, keeping him in sight until they reached a part where the growth was thick; then, to his vexation, Mat vanished. Captionsly Mark tried to discover the

path he had taken, but in vain, and after a quarter of an hour he deemed it wisest to return to the station. Entering the general room, he had hardly been there twenty minutes when he perceived Mat slip in, and take his place in a distant corner. Then he could not have gone very far.

Mark resolved to keep a better watch the next evening. When it arrived, openly complaining of indisposition, he retired early to had an arrived and the last of the retired early to had an arrived declaration.

retired early to bed, or apparently did so, for directly he safely could be quitted the station and made for the clump of bushes, where he had been thrown off the scent before. Here he lay con-

cealed, waiting.

He had not to wait very long. Speedfly he heard some one approaching, and
in the dim light, for the moon was only just silvering the top of the ranges, perceived Mat Greeve.

He passed so near, Mark might have touched him with his hand. Keeping him in sight he followed. Again Mat disappeared, but this time Mark saw how. He had passed between two bushes where there seemed no path. After a pause, Mark, doing the same, found himself on a ledge some three feet broad, covered with short coarse grass. On one side was the dense bush on the other a steep ravine, at the foot of which flowed the river.

The shadows of the bushes fell across the path, offering security, and Mark hearing Mat Greeve's tread ahead, went The ledge rose by a gradual incline,

then sweeping round, made a rapid de-scent to a small opening, belted by trees and underwood. Into this be was just in time to see Mat Greeve spring. At the same time a man came quickly out of the sladows fowards ldm. Who was it? Mark strained his eyes to see. He felt certain it was Herbert Archer, but was not positive. Still be must be so before he left. How? The two men stood in the deep shad-

If he could but hear what they said his suspleious would be either confirmed From wherehe was he could see, but

not hear. Was there no way by which be could make a firstift. Cantionaly he looked round. Lefore him were the bushes, takind, the ravine, on the ledge of which he stood. What was he to do? Never he reselved, to return until he had discov-ered if Mat's companion was Herbert

In his auxiety for a moment he forgot caution. He rose up, and for a second his head appeared above the bushes. There was the sharp report of a rifle.— Mark felt a violent blow on his shoulder,

and know he was hit. He flung up his arms with a cry, recled back, lost his footing, and fell over the ravine, crashing through the

No sooner had he fallen than Mat and Herbert Archer clambered to the It's that confounded foster-brother of the row chap," exclaimed Mat Greeve, "I told you I thought he was watching me. Now he is done for." "Would that his master were with him?" ejaculated Archer through his closed to the "It would save us no end of trouble."

"I reckon wo'd better make sure there's even an end of this one," remurked Mat. 'How? Can you descend this steep

side? Impossible! The other gave a short hugh.
"I reckon I did a worse when I cut
and run from the convict settlement,"
he rejoined. "A chap learns a lot, and
grows nimble when he's fighting for life and liberty. You wait here till I come back." And, seizing the tough stem of a bush, he swung biniself into the ra-vine, which he began swiftly to descend. Herbert Archer watched him anxiously, and when he had disappeared waited as anxiously for his return.

It was not long before he did so, and threw himself panting on the ledge. "It's all right. He's done for," replied Mat Greeve. You saw him?

"No; because the river's got him. He's tumbled flop in, and what my bul-let began the water's finished." "Are you sure?"
"Sure! Certain. Do you think a man could tumble down this here place with a bullet in him, and get up and quietly

walk away? Besides, there's proof. His hat was bobbing about the stones." His hat! Where is it?" "Where? In the water, a course.— You don't think I was such an idiot as to fish it out?" ejaculated Mat Greeve, contemptuously. "I ain't anxious for

the property of a man with a built in in him to be found in my persession." "True, I forgot. If it's found it will be thought the fellow tumbled in and was driversed? If they don't find the body, which might after their opinion," was the cool

In any case I don't see how we are to be suspected."
"Not you. I might; but I don't see how they could prove it. The bullet wouldn't fit my pen-shooter, and," as Herbert Archer started, then turned flereely, "it would never be suspected hat I dused comes. It's my advice now

this spot. But about Philip Barliurst? "Without this alters his plans he sets out for the bush in three days. It's my opinion that you'd liester attempt nothing until he's off. And if you attempt it on him, a man killed more or less out "I agree with you and will wait. We had better not leave here together. So

He moved some paces, then half turning, asked:
"By the way, if you are suspected for -this, what will you do?" "Take again to the bush," laughed Mat Greeve, coulty. Where, a course, you'll keep me until I can do it for my-self.

Don't fear. Be caulious, and PH not

good-night.

"I'd just like to see you do it," grin- thought Philip, adding with a sigh, ned Mat Greeve to himself, as he watch-ed the other hasten along the ledge. Five minutes after this Mat followed. returned to the station, and joined the Herbert Archer found it difficult to

deep that night, from the sound of the whiri and rumbling of waters, rushing ver a drowned man. Mat Greeve slept like a top. Not until the following marning was

not until the men's preakfast hour, his non-appearance at which, however, did not occasion much surprise. He had gone early to bed, and probably had risen early and strolled out.

But when hour after hour went by, and no Mark, the intelligence of his disappearance was communicated to the colonel, and finally to Philip Bathnist, whose anxiety was instantly aroused. Had he strolled into the bush

Had he fallen into the clutches of hush-rangers, or some evil-disposed ab-

Mark had already become a favorite, and search parties were eagerly formed. All through the day the bush rang with the peculiar Australian cry, "co-hee," but no answer came. Night fell, and the parties returned dispirited, unsuc-cessful, and Philip was in despair, for the strongest affection had subsisted between him and his foster-brother. Even Flo's sympathy failed to console him, and but for the colonel's reason-ing he would not have let even darkness interrupt the search.

At early dawn, after a sleepless night, it was resumed, and before noon a clue was discovered. The missing man's hat was found in the river, and on one of the boulders in its bed drops of blood. On further search it was ascertained that a portion of the overhanging ledge had given way, and that some heavy body had fallen through the bushes lining the side of the ravine.

Even to Philip Bathurst Mark's fate seemed now plain. He had evidently been strolling near, had come too close to the edge, had fallen, and been killed by the fall, the river washing away, save those few spots, the traces, while it had carried the unhappy man's body with it, hiding it perhaps in some deep water-hole.

When the dry season came the skeleton might be found, but until then it's recovery was hopeless.
"Ah, Flo, darling," exclaimed Philip when she sought to comfort him, "you cannot imagine how poor Mark loved me. He would have given his life any day in my service.

I can believe it, Philip. The false grasses on some of the ledges of the mountain ranges are cruelly treacher-ous. But, Philip, there are others, dear, of whom you must think beside your Poor foster-brother.
"Of you, deares "Of you dearest, Ah, yes. Mark gone I should have had small heart for

the gold-fields had I not you for an in-centive," he unswered, fondly regard-ing her; "still his loss has been a crushing blow to me. He was so leal and true. If I thought there was any chance he had escaped—that he was not "I fear. Philip, there is no chance,"

no reason for my delaying my departare to-morrow, though I take with me My kind Philip," whispered the girl as she leaned her head on his breast.

Then she rose up quickly as the door It was the colonel, but he was not alone. With him came a portly-dressed man, with stooped shoulders, bright eyes shaggy brows, and a long, grizzled, not over-clean feard, that covered all

the lower part of his face.

"Philip," said the officer, "I bring you proof, I think, of your foster-This old Jew just now craved rest at the station, being on his way to the diggings. While he was receiving refreshment, Davis, the stockman, rec mized this stick he carries as Mark's. Is Philip stepped quickly forward, and

"His." he exclaimed. "Indeed it is. I remember his cutting it as we came through the bush. And see, here are his initials. Where did you get this?" he demanded of the Jew. "Eh? Vat do you say?" asked the latter, in a thin, husky voice, putting his hand to his ear.

the Jew placed it readily in his hand.

'The poor fellow is deaf," remarked Philip Bathurst repeated the ques-"In the river, young shentleman," replied the Jew. "Just ver it takes the bend at Schwollen Creek. The shape was shingular: that's vy I took the trouble. If you vant it, if it ish your

friend's, take it. "I will, and thank you. It is as you say, colonel. There can be no doubt now. Poor, poor Mark!" He turned away to hide his emotion.

and the colonel dismissed the Jew back to the kitchen. That is a strange, fearless, and persevering race." he remarked. That fellow has, he says, come all the way from Sydney, getting a lift where he

from Sydney, getting a lift where he was able, on his way to the diggings. As far as I can see, he has small capital and less luggage. Yet he speaks hopefully of his future."

"Which, being a Jew," said Philip, trying to smile, "will, according to the world's opinion, be golden. At least, we must confess that idleness is not their failing. They may wither, but they never rust. You say, colonel, that he is bound for the diggings. I owe him something for bringing me this memento of poor Mark. If he is not in a hurry, let him bear me company to morrow. He can ride my fester-brother's horse, for which I can get a better

price at the diggings than here "That's true, and if this Jew, Philip, be an honest Jew, be sure another of their failings is not ingratitude." The Jew, on henring the proposal, jumped at it with delight, and was by ro means loth to pass the evening by the comfortable fire over which he cowered. his deafness deharring him from Joining much in the conversation. But if his tengue was idle, his bright keen eyes

were not. From beneath their shager screen of brow they were ever restless The next morning, a few hours after dawn. Philip Bathurst's horse, with well-stored actible bugs, was led round. The colored considerately went to inpect them while the young people said farewell.
It was a long time taking place. The

officer and to sough one or twice to hasten it. Plundy, Philip pressed Floragain to his heart ere be tore himself Pray, for me, dearest," he said. "Is if like is I should forget, Philip? Heaven waters over you, dear, and ring you safely and specifity back One part of that prayer Heaven an-

Then came a long, fond look, a linger ing pressure of the burt, then Philip ran to the gate, lade the colonel fare-well, spring in his saddle, and with a last wave of his hat to Floquickly overtook the Jew, who had ridden on a littie, when both put their animals at a

[To be Continued]

"Ah, if only my poor Mark were with

Things one Would Rather Have Lett Unsaid Caller. "Only fancy, Mrs. Dowderly, I wasvery nearly calling on your neighbour, Mrs. Masham, whose day at Home it is too! when I suddenly remembered I wasn't dressed for paying calls!"

.

.

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do: They've forced the door of the broadest croed to let his Majesty through:

There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a flery dart from his bow, To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that pal-stes heart and brain, And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with

the flery breath of hell,

body rise and tell? Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the plts for his feet? Who sows the tares in the field of Time where

If the devil isn't and never was? Won't some-

ever God sows His wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true; But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound,

If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found? Won't somebody stop to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show. How the frauds and the crimes of the day spring up, for surely we want to know,

But simple people would like to know who carries his business on, A PARADISE FOR TRAMPS. A Little Pince in New York Where a

Square Ment Can Be Had for a

The devil was fairly voted out, and of course

the devil is gone;

Few Cents. After a very pleasant lunch in Park Row, Detective Gilbert Carr said to a reporter, " We know how all decent people live; suppose we see how the beggars and tramps cat their food. Let us go to Trumps Hall." Tramps Hall is a small restaurant, if it can be so styled, in Pearl street near Chatham. The eign over the door bears the inscription, "Small Del-monico." There are a half-dozen tables and twenty four stools in the place. The tables are made of rade material and are covered with white officioth. There are a few cheap pictures and theatrical show tills here up on the wells. The kitchen is in the rear and communicates with the eating place by means of a door in which an aperture has been cut. Through this door the dishes ordered by customers are hunded out. The cook and the kitchen rejoined Fig. sadly, "the men have searched every inch of the surrounding is allowed to outer the mysterious laborthem to die he would have been found." ruses of New York are prepared. There You are right, love. Then there is a new no walters, for the preprietor, Mr. R.

Mr. Wantle's fat boy and Uriah Heep-He fairly bubbles over with good nature and impresses a casual visitor with the to throw his arms around the stranger's neek and kiss him on both cheeks, after the traditional and repugnant Italian of Mr. Barcallo's cheer. There were two mendicants and two blear-eyed wemen who share, their spoils, a crippic who an organ-grinder who had acposited his instrument under the table where he sat, and a vagalound dressed in soldier's uniform, who is doubliers familiar to the general public as a broken-down veteran who lost his term at Fredericksburg. The plates were of the coursest crockery, the knives and forks of the commonest kind and the spoons of pewter. . It does not pay to have expensive articles here," said De tective Carr, with an explanatory smile: the customers might be recepted to leave the house and take them with them."

On leaving Tramps' Hall Detective Carr said to the reporter: "There is no mystery about the matter. In the Louels the un-used food left on their plates by greests at meal-time is sorted out when brought back to the kitchen. Every evening Mr. Barnalso sails with his wassen, secures it and recompenses the cook with whom he is doing business. That is the cook's perquisite, so it is that the precise article h s stomach yesterday is consumed complacently fe-day by "One-eyel Jiminy" or

"Slobbery Mike" in "Tramps' Hall." Daly and His Circles.

Augustin Duly is one of the few managers who use real clocks when it is necessary to have a timepiece on the stage. He has thus accumulated about a dozen, and keeps them going in his workshop over his stage, when they are not wanted, instead of sending them to the property room. Some are valuable mantel-clocks, and others are like those our grandfathers used. He always keeps them going. I had occasion to go into his workshop to see him the other evening. It was just two minutes to 9 as I entered, according to the hands of the eleven clocks I counted in the room. I had just begun my conversation, when the tall entry clock began Its buzz and clauging striking of the hour; then the others followed untill all the tones of a full set of bells were chiming. They gave ninety-nine strokes in all before they got through. "Yes, I like to have them in here," said Mr. Daly. "Their ticking takes the place of company, and doesn't disturb me in my work. I thus leave the pleasure of both at the same time - New York Cor.

Prof. Albert S. Bolles, of the University of Pennyslemnia, said recently: Nothing is easier newsdays than to make a noted man. The newspapers can easily mannfacture one in a night. Mr. Vauderblit with perhaps, as noted as Prince Bis-marck or Mr. Gladstone, yet he ought not to be classed among the great men of the world. A sumerous class of men become

Noted Menend Great Men.

noted through newspaper advertising, and another class by joining the Pull and Tickie Society. We have heard much about the money inflationists, but the members of the Puff and Tickle Society have practiced the arts of inflation with far greater skill and effect. If they do not wear thicker clothes than other people to protect them from the weather, they certainly do wear thicker cuticles to protect them from some of the usually enpleasant excitants of the outer world. We need not mourn, therefore, if the noted men are less namerous than in other

Feminine Malice.

The angriest girl in New York is pro-bably the one whom the Philadelphia

Press thus immortalized the other day:

"Miss...... of New York, left for home yesterday. She has been staying with Mrs...... Chestnut street, and has been treated with much attention during her visit. She is so charming and pretty that she has frequently been mistaken for a

ever devised it. He has left a void that can not be mily filled," as the bank director touchi way remarked of the absconding cashler.

Philadelphia girl at the numerous tea and

theatre parties at which she has been the

special guest." There is feminine malice

under that pretended sweetness. No man

BY EXIMA ENGABLISH. "Oh, World-God, give me wealth!" the Rgyptian cried. His prayer was granted. High as heaven, be-

Palace and pyramid: the brimming title Of lavish Nilo washed all his land with gold, Armies of slaves toil: 1 ant-wise at his [cst. World-circling traffic roared through mare and street. His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings

biold

Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels

Seek Pharach's race to-day and ye shall find Rust and the moth, silent and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me beauty!" oried the

His prayer was granted. All the earth became Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,

Each grove, each stream, quick with Promsthoan flame. Peopled the world with image! grace and light. The lyre was his, and his the breathing might

Of the immertal marble, his the play Of diamend-pointed throught and golden Go seek the sunshine-race, ye find to-day

A broken column and a lute unstrung. "Oh, World-God, give me power!" the Roman His prayer was granted. The vast world was

chained A captive to the charlot of his pride. The blood of myriad provinces was drained To feed that florce, insatiable red heart. vulnerably bulwarked every part With serviced legions and with elese-meshed

A roofless ruin stands where once abode The Imperial race everiesting Rome. "Oh, Godhead, give me truth?" the Hebrew His prayer was granted; he became a slave

Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its

Ot the ides a pligrim far and wide, Cureed, hated, spurned, and scottreed with The Pharnols knew him, and when Greens His wisdom wors the heary grown of Ell. Beauty he hath fersworn, and wealth and

power. Seek him to-day, and find in every land.

No fire consumes him, neither floods devour Immortal through the ismp within his hand, -|The Centers HOW IT PEELS TO BE HANGED.

" us Hemorable Experience of a New

Mextee Blun. Theodore Baker, a New Mexico man who was recently hanged by a meh, but was rescued and out down before life was extinct gives this account of his experi-

and I was brised out my feet. My senses bit me a mornest, and then I waked up in what seemed to be another world. As I recallect now, the sensation was that I recalled now the sensation was that everything about me had manufaled a great many those it we need that my five everything as had green in another until there were therebeards of them. I saw what senmed to be a mutilitate of and make a did though a fall though and the five me received that I was knowing by the note, and that I was knowing by the note, and that the knot of the rape had pain up unit down and neroes my back. Then there was a block, and I knew nothing no re until 11 o'clock next that.

"My first recollection was being in the court room and suches: Who cut me down? There was a terrible chaging in my care, like the beating of goings. I recognized no one. The pain in my back regitimed. Moments of unconsciousness followed during several days, and I have followed throng several days, and I have very little resulted on of the sources here. Even other I had been located up in this prison for safe keeping, for a long time I saw double. Dr. Symborton, the prison physician, looked like two persons. I was all troubled with spells of total forgetfultress. Setartimes it seemed I didn't know who I was "

Sensior Sherman's Correspondence. Senator Sherman has been, during his life, a great letter writer. He has had a very large correspondence, and has care-fully kept all of the important letters which he has received during his long pub-He career of now nearly a generation, These letters are carefully filed away and fully indexed. There are, perhaps, forty thousand of them, and they contain confidential letters from nearly avery states. man of note in this country during the last three decides. John Sherman has been noted for wowing how to keep his mouth shut, and these letters have been written freely and without restraint. They are full of unwritten history and constitute, per-haps, the most valuable collection of papers gathered together since the days of John Quincy Adams. Among them are three large volumes, containing the letters of General Sherman to the senator. These began at the time General Shorman en-tered West Point and continue until today. They number thousands, and are written as to one who thought his correspondent to be the built of his soul. Many of them are written in camp sometimes before a lattle and sometimes after one, and all of them blaze with the feelings of the time as embodied in General Sherman's heart. The closest of brotherly relations exist between the senator and the general, and I doubt not his betters to the latter were just as open, free and full as those of the general to lam. I wedge and that General Sherman has also the senator's tetters. If the two sets could be published together, what an entertaining book it would make I I speke to Secretar Sherman. once about these letters, and asked him why he did not puthish them. He replied that he had not time; besides, he thought it would be more becoming for some one also to give thou to the public than for him. They may be juridished some time; but hardly while the armour lives. ["Carp," in the Independent.

Nothing recalls to the mind of the married man the love of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been ext-

When a man dies and leaves a nice young widow with plenty of money, and you see her walking out with the executor on Sunday afternoon, a change is im-"It is easy enough," said a witty Irish

Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Just transpose two letters, and they become untied kingdoms at once. Palse Pretense.

orator, 'to repeal the union of the United

Jones: Well, old man, I see you are going to lay a new road around your Brown: Yes. I thought a crushed

stone road would make my grounds look as if most of my visitors came in carriages.

ANTED Immediately, a tow Good of the Man to canvans for the sale of Print Trees, Grape Vines, Roses, &c.—Free of the experience and exception. H. P. Print Co. A. C. Evighton, N. Y.