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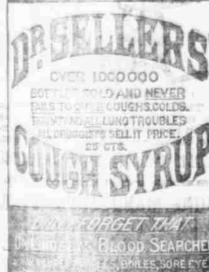
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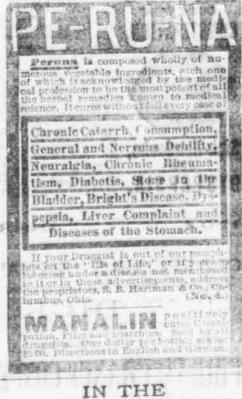
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LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER VII. A NABROW ESCAPE. Three weeks had elapsed since Philip Bathurst had joined the motley crowd at the diggings, and fortune had not been unkind to him.
All day he worked, and in the night for the future, wherein

lo played the principal part. But for Mark's death never would digger have When a man is in that humor he generally craves for a confidant, as far as he could Philip made the Jew one. Isaac Lewis had seemed to take a special liking to the young fellow, or rather to rely upon his youth, strength, and generous nature. Philip's was not the nature to refuse anyone help that he could give, so when the Jew, half apologetically, announced his desire to rear his little tent by the young fellow's. Philip lent him a hand.

He compassionated him also for his infirmity of deafness, which was so no one paid heed save Philip to "Deaf Old Clo," the nickname bestowed on him, as with stooped form he slunk about the diggings.

"You are unfortunate in your claims," remarked Philip Bathurst one day to the Jew; "and so you ever will be, Lewis, if you don't stick to one with more perseverance. No sooner do you get a foot below the surface than you give it up and go elsewhere." "Elsevere. Yes, yes—he—he," nod-ded the Jew. "You shall see, Mishter Eatherst. He—he—hel only vait and I ill be as rich as I vants. There ish ood stherling gold to be found, and I hall find it. He—he—he!" "Obstinate old chap," mottered Phil-

g as he marched away, his pick over

As he went the Jew coased warking. and looked after him, a strange expression in his bright eyes. Then shouldering his own pick he went off in anothother piece of land, and sending his pick into it with wonderful vigor. Year the spot were two diggers in their claim, drinking and talking ear-nestly. At the sound of the pick, 'It's only 'Old Clo,'" laughed the

other. If any chap was a disgrace to his tribe it's him. I thought Jew's noses could smell gold a mile off. "I reckon he's got a tile loose. He's always digging where there ain't a bit of chance, and where there is he leaves But hadn't we better move our 'Cause of him? Why, he'd hardly hear a gun let off close at his ear. You "Deaf old Clo, you won't git much out of that claim, it's been worked." The Jew pansed, tooked vaguely up, placed his band behind his ear, then proceeded with his pick.

"The per he county for nothing, so

And it etwo men resumed their con-Philips Enthurst had a glorious find that day, althost the biggest nugget the Descripes had produced. ers had witnessed his good back. and the intelligence ran through the

Flushed and delighted he gave over work at dusk, and returned to his tent. Time never hong heavily on his bands.
The breast-pocket of his particular were three letters from Flo, and no ocupation was so sweet and interesting

His candle lighted be employed some of his time in reckening up his gains. They almost exceeded his hopes.
"If matters good like this," he reflected, in less than another month I may get the colonel to purchase me a on, and and soon after that'with a thrill of delicious joy-'I may make Flo, my sweet darling Flo-my wife. It's very jolly working for her; but it will be far more so when I have her by my side, her dear head on my breat, and her eyes—Heaven bless them!+ shyly, yet fondly, meeting mine. Ah, to work—work, for every hour I bring that time nearer is an extra hour of puradise.

So in order to be up at dawn he put out the light and threw himself on his rough bed, and, healthfully tired, speed-ity sept. Silence had scarcely fallen over the camp when the opening of Isaac Lewis's tent was slightly raised, and the Jew crept forth. Keeping in the shadow, he crawled to the darkest side of Philip Bathurst's tent, drew out his knife, made a deep rent in the canvas, and pulled himself through.

The young man's breathing told where he laid, the Jew stole along to his side, then quickly placed one hand on his shoulder, and one on his mouth, while he whispered as, Philip sprang "Hush, not a word for your life! I'm Lewish." There'sh to be an attack on

your tent to-night." By whom? exclaimed Philip. "Is it my of the diggers, Isaac?" queried Philip, as he obeyed. "Tut! he cannot hear me, and I dare not raise my

voice. It's to steal my nugget."
A moment a suspicion of the Jew
himself dashed across his mind, but he banished it as he completed his dress-Are you ready?" whispered the Jew;

They vill shoon be here."
Wondering who "they" could be,
Philip approached the door, when Isaac Lewis drew him back.
"No, no. They vill shee you. This vay; there ish shadows. The vay I got And a remarkably cool way, too," effected the young fellow; nevertheless, ropping on hands and knees, and fol-

If ve are sthill, ve vill catch 'em," ispered Isaac. 'Ve vill unmask 'em; shall not escape. He, he, be, Even as he spoke, a blue thread of light, as that which betrays a powdertrain, darted from the direction of the Jew's tent to Philip's, entering it at the part where his bed was. There was a loud explosion, a glare ight, and the tent was buried into

Phillp and Lewis were flung to the round from the concussion, but swiftly hey sprang to their feet, and in the glare of the blazing tent came almost face to face with two rough diggers who were advancing rap (lly.

'em, they mushn't eschape." The villains had, however, already leaped back; as one did so, he aimed his revolver and fired. Philip Bathurst gave a leap in the air and fell with a groat to the ground. Isour Lewis, attering almost a newl of rage, sprang forward, discharging his pevolver parrels after the diggers, apparently without effect, for they never stapped in their flight, and speedily were lost in the darkness. The Jew did not pursue. Instead,

with every indication of sorrow, he flung himself down by Philip Bathurst. Eagerly by the light of the flames he examined his face, then felt his pulse. No, he was not dead. But he must have aid at once.

The bullet had struck him low down near the heart.

Help was readily given, for the explosion and pistol reports had speedily collected a crowd of diggers, who began extinguishing the flames.

To one cause alone could be attribto one cause alone could be attrib-uted the attack—robbery, and one of the laws among the respectable diggers is mutual protection. Thus a guard was instantly formed to protect Philip's property, while he still insensible, was

borne to a neighboring tent.

The wound proved of a far less dangerous character than the Jew had imagined. Indeed, it was not serious, though Philip Bathurst must give up gold-digging for some time. Isaac Lewis at once constituted himself his: nurse, taking his place by his bedside. It was near dawn when Philip, his senses clearer, said, regarding the Jew

Isaac, I owe my life to you. But for you I must have fallen a victim to those. scoundrels plans to blow me into frag-ments. Yet I am in a fog. Tell me "Nothing," interrupted the Jew, with

a quick glance round at the other occu-pants of the tent. "You must not talk, shleep. Vait, Mishter Bathurst; ven you are better you may spheak." The words were accompanied by a meaning glance.
Perforce Philip had to obey; but no sooner did those who had given him

shelter depart for their day's work, than Now, Isaac, may I speak?" I vill answer They talked for a long time, indeed, until they were interrupted.

"And you have no definite proof as to who these men are, though you sus-

peet?" asked Philip. "No," replied the Jew. "But-hush(" hastily interrupted himself. "Somedy ish coming.
It was the third day after the attack, and Philip was growing restless under continement, when Isaac brought him a letter that had been sent on by the colo-n ric instantly recognized the write of the Bathursta solicitor, with on he had kept up communication. Eagerly he tore it open, and read these brief sentences:

"My Dram Mr. Puttars:—Your uncle has had a lit. He is much entectaed. He has for the first time made inquiry respecting you. The dector says it is doubtful it he can live six months. Come back at once, you ought not to be so far away. From what I can judge, I am sure he is softening toward you. Come. In haste, mail just starting, yours faithfully, "Enware Laure." "Isaac," exclaimed Philip, rising up, "wound or no, I must get back to Shady Creek, and from thence to Eng-

England!"
Yes, my uncle is ill. The solicitor recalls me. I must lose no time. Pray rocure me a horse. My gold I will eave in your care.' "Your gold you vill take vith you," mswered the Jew. "If you are fit to travel you are not fit to do so alone. I

shall go ton." Philip grasped his hand. You are a friend indeed," he ejacu-Isaac Lewis made no rejoinder, but hastened from the tent. He had soon everything prepared, but secretly that none but two or three ew of the projected departures for the Jew said, as they had failed to se-cure the villains who had fired the tent, they might, for all they knew, be hover-ing somewhere in the ranges, and

might lie in ambush for the two. Thus, at about midnight, when all was still, and the moon only beginning throw silvery lines down the hillside hitip Bathurst quitted the camp, pro-belling to a clamp of trees by the river, here Isaac Lewis waited with the sailed horses.

Before dawn they were far on their way to Shady Creek. There are few medicines as efficacious

as good news.
Philip, in the thought of again seeing Flo, felt little of his would. Besides, how bright, possibly, now was his future. It must not be imagined at he, even remotely, rejoiced that s uncle's days were numbered. Heed, prayed that they were not; bu if he would only once more acknowledge him as his heir, then there would be no need to dig up a fortune before Colonel Grainger would consent to his

On the morning of their arrival at the station, Flo sat at work in the verandah with her aunt, while Herbert Archer stood near in conversation, flicking his boot with his riding-whip and his dark ever fixed on Flo. eyes fixed on Flo, watching the delicate curve of her throat, the rose flush on

her check.

After he had wen her pity, and his rival had departed, he had been a frequent guest at the station.

His manner, however, had been so respectful and unobtrusive, that any awkwardness Flo had felt soon wore off, and she experienced for him a greater regard than she had ever done Herbert Archer was not slow to per-

care to make her fearle's in his presence unther the belief that he had conquered that love which, in truth, was consuming him as a furnace the re-ceptagle in which it burns.

Even at the present moment wild mad thoughts passed through his brain of seizing her in his arms, carrying her to where his horse stood at the gate, and escaping into the bush.

Better wait for Mat," he said mentaly; "he'll do the work safest out there, if he hasn't done it already, and my cursed rival put in a claim, none y At that very moment, Mrs. Crane, throwing her head up, and holding her needle high to thread it, exclaimed: "Flo, see on the hill yonder; are not those visitors coming to the station?" 'They are two horsemen coming this way, auntie: but whether especially

visitors I cannot say."
"They are riding fast," put in Herbert Archer, as Flo, rising, stood by his With the interest of those who live in solitary bush stations, the three watched the two rapidly approaching. Suddenly, almost instantaneously, a hange came over the features of Flo. and flerbert Archer; both of surprise, but one of joy, the other of fury.— Eagerly the girl leaned forward, and then cried: "It is! it is! Oh, it is, auntie. See,

he is waving his hat. It is Philip, Let bird, she min from the vermidah to the gate. bert Aroher between his teeth; then with a bitter smile he midded, "I will say good-morning, Mrs. Crane: I feel | send the intelligence in this way?" I should be de trop at this happy meet-

and mounted his korse.

"Miss Grainger," he said, in a low tone, "you will pardon my going. I could not hear to see you meet."

She had no words to speak, but ex
She had no words to speak, but ex
She had no words to speak, but ex-

tended her hand with a glance of com-passionate kindness. He took it, and, bending, touched his lips to it. "I would give all I possess—nay, life itself," he exclaimed, fervently, "to be Philip Bathurst at this moment."

Then he rode quickly off down the road, a dark frown on his face as he muttered: What does Mat mean by having let this man return here alive? Confound him he shall answer to me for this,"

"Philip!"
"My darling!"
That was for a moment all they said, as he clasped her to his heart, Isaac Lewis having taken the horses round o the stable. Then consternation came into her eyes as she exclaimed:
"But, oh, my Philip, you are ill. Your face is pale and thin." "My darling," be laughed gaily, "no man can be ill who feels the happiest being in creation. Even were I dying,

I feel one glance of your sweet countenance would bring back life." "Ah, Philip, you cannot deceive me, ou are ill. If not, why have you re-You are ill. turned so unexpectedly?"
"Flo, dearest, I come because I have news great news. I have to start for

England! and the color yet further faded from her cheek.
"Yes, love. Don't look frightened, for the only obstacle to our union, Flo, I trust now will be speedily removed.

Ah, here comes the colonel. Let us join him, then I will tell you all."

The "all" was speedily told, and listened to by the hearers with different feeling. Flo forgot everything but the attack and the dauger Philip had run. She nestled closer to his side, as if, while there, no farther harm could while there, no further harm could

reach him. The colonel, a soldier who had himself been more than once wounded, thought only of the chance of Philip's being reinstated in his uncle's favor.

"Quite right, my boy," he exclaimed.

"You must not delay. You must go at once, Where's the last paper from Sydney. Here it is. The Clan Buchan-an starts for England on the twenfieth. If you go by that, which you ought to, you should have here to-morrow. Are you strong enough? Oh, no," murmured Fla

"Yes, colonel," replied Philip, smiling. "A day and night's rest will set me up again. "That's right, and the rest you shall have. Kate and I will see to your preparations so don't you warry.

With a consideration that showed he had not forgotten his own young days, the golonel took once that Plo and Philshould have much of the time to hemselves, while it was very blissful to Philip to be waited on by so sweet a nurse; for Fio persisted in his taking the rest which he really much needed on the sofa, while she altended to him,

hand, eves fixed on eyes, often lips pressed to lips.
"Philip," said Flo, "I tremble at your going, and yet I know you must."
"Indeed I must. But how short, love will be our parting in comparison to our first!"
"Yes; but what may not happen in a

short time? Even at the gold-fields you would have been killed but for that good Lewis." "Truly yes; but, love, the kind for-time which brought us together, preserved me them. Let us trust it will continue to proserve both of us, for do not you imaging I feel anxiety for dangers you may run here, as you for me in my voyage?"

"I run dangers" she smiled; "that is not likely. But the sea..."
"The sea," he brughed; "think of the thousands of ships upon it, and the few that humm comes to. But, at any rate, do not let us waste these happy moments by gloomy forebodings "That's my idea," remarked the colo-nel, stepping into the darkening room; "so let us have lights and a merry even-

Before the lights were brought, Philip drew his betrothed to his heart, and as he kissed her white forehead, whis-

barling, you will not be low-spirited, for my sake,"
For yourse I promise, Philip, and I ask the same from you."

My wife," he whispered, and never had they felt how deep and unswerving was their affection as at that moment.

The next morning Philip started, the colonel bearing him company part of

Isanc Lewis was among those who saw him off. Fie had taken a particular liking to him for the service he had rendered Philip, and the Jew had promised to remain awhile at the station beore returning to the diggings.
"As Philip Buthurst shook his hand in parting, bending, he whispered, hur-I go without fear, for I trust in you."

"You may," nodded the Jew; then with a respectful salutation, stepped quickly back

CHAPTER VIII. A MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN. "Goodness gracious me, what is that?" ejaculated Mrs. Crane, straighting her form, which had been bent over a llower-bed.

A piercing scream, brief, but full of suffering, bad rung shruptly through the station; then all was silent. "Gracional its most be Fig. Wints ever is the matter?"

Quickly she bastened to the room where she had left her nince. Entering, found Colomel Grainger kneeling on the floor, the young girl resting in his arms, pale, motivuless, as though dead. "Nate," he exclaimed in consternation as his sister appeared, what is the meaning of this? What is it? "I don't know, brother. I left the peor child quite well. Dear, dear!" "Did you hear her cry?" "I mid, and came at once. Oh; Fle, Flo, speak, dear, cried the old lady, "Tell as what it is, nov darling. How like death she looks. Lift her on the

Sofa brother.

As the colonel prepared to do so, he perceived a newspaper half halden behand the young airl's dress.

"Tun can't have been the cause," he exclaimed, sciring it. "It came to me this morning, sent by whom I can't tell. for I hadn't time to look. I was so busy, I asked Flo to scon it through, to see if there was anything, and let me know at dinner. No, it couldn't have been

With a nervous draid that it was this, while speaking, the colonel had been hurrielly running his eyes over the colones of the local paper.

He had not to look for. There was the truth-the terrible truth-in the kargesh blacked type: "Franklering at the Australian ship. The coxswam alone saved. "Great Heavens," cried the colonel. tribut she should have some tribust! The blow may kill her. Who-who could have been the confounded friend to "What intelligence, brother? Oh, do

"Poor young man," reflected Aunt
Crane. "Adv be'd have been the man
for my money, So noble, and has taken
his disappointment to well,"

Harbert Archer strode to the gate

"That the Clan Bucuman has and
ered in the South Atlantic, and and
Philip Bathurst, poor half the colonei's yoice frembled—"is drowned with
the rest. My darling, pray Heaven to

.

They were the two questions speedily sked by all at Shady Creek, where poor Phillip to return, at others to save her from the fearful waves she imagined were rushing forward to overwhelm

But finally youth triumphed, and after a week's prostration Flo came slowy back to consciousness, and, as it A week further, thin, pale, spiritless, e crawled down, with her uncle's help, to the sitting-room. "Uncle," she said, in a low tone, re-

taining his hand as he was gently arranging her pillows, "tell me, is there any hope that Philip might—" She could not speak the word. The officer would have gladly given hope, but as he looked into her large, wistful eyes he saw it would be a cruel kindness

No. Flo dear," he rejoined sadly. Bear it, my darling, like the brave Boar It, By annual State of the Member how many mourn with you."
"Still, I remember," falteringly, "there was one saved, uncle.

"The coxswain, a young, strong athlete, and a vigorous swimmer. ship foundered, and all perished save Floturned away her face awhile, then, vithout looking round, said, in a low

"Uncle, tell me all about it; thenthen I hope no one will mention it again, for-for I cannot bear it. But I must know how it happened. The colonel made his story as brief as

he was able to.
The Clan Buchanan had had a fair voyage until nearing the equator, when t was struck by a tempest of a cyclone description. For a time the ship was description. For a time the saip was despaired of, but finally the hurricane had shated, and the crew and passengers were rejoicing with light and grateful hearts over their escape from death when the heavy roll of the vessel informed the practised scames that a new danger threatened. A leak had been spring and the hold was rapidly filling. Men were ordered to the pumps, but it was futile.

Aiready the ship was water-logged. Worse still, the storm had damaged all the boats. The carpenter had been summoned to make the least injured serviceable when, with a sudden, un-expected roll, the Char Buchanan had pitched forward, and as the moon broke it clear and calm over the yet ruffled waters, foundered with all hands.

Of the latter, the coxswain, a young giant in build and muscle, fought his way to the surface, and, after keeping affeat for nearly an hour, was picked up

a ship that had only come a little better out or the tempest than the Clan That was the mory brought by an their death closes the scene no furthbulletins are necessary; there is no ope for those who drown in mid-At-To know it and the resignation that

is the result of other hopelessness fell upon her. She had no iears -her grief was too deep; but she resumed her usual occupations, moving about the staon, calm, but the shadow of her form-

It will be her death-blow," remarked "Without she is roused," replied his sister. "If only abother affection could take the place of this --"Another affection" cried the colo-nel, indignantly, "N hat do you take her for? I'd hold that girl worthless, ate, who, on the deals of one lover,

"There is one who would adore her," remarked his sister, needing her head. And the colonel consessed that so it seemed, for once more Herbert Archer became a constant guest at Shady Greek, never, however, intruding upon Flo, but regulating his behavior with deep and compassionate a sympathy, nat it won both her gratitude and es-

'It is the thin edge of the wedge," he muttered one day on taking his leave. "I'll give her two or three months to overcome her grief for that fellow before I again try her. If she still refuse me, then— What the deace are you sneaking about me for?" he de-manded angrily aloud, as Isaac Lewis's oped figure emerged from some bushclose by. Eh? Yes; fine day; very fine, Misth-

er Archer," replied the Jew, his hand to his ear as he moved past. Ismac Lewis had been absent from the station when the news arrived of the foundering of the Clan Buchanan. How he had received the intelligence none knew, but on his return he had apparently devoted himself to Flo, who, owing to his having saved Philip's life, had taken a great liking to him.

What the Jew did no one inquired; he was sometimes whole days absent; but he was ever welcomed back. It was be-Heved that he was not quite right in the Shortly after this, Herbert Archer, who had been to Sydney, rode rapidly up to Shady Creek, and filinging his refis over the gate-post, came in haste towards the room where the family

"Unelel" exclaimed Flo, rising, her pale check flushing, her manner ex-cited; "Mr. Archer brings some news, I am sure of it. See, he has a paper in his hand, and -and I feel he would not

be the bearer of bad."

My love, what news could be bring?"

"I do not know; but wait."

And expectant, Flo dropped back into her seat. "Well, Archer," remarked the colomeeting him, "we thought you were in Sydney, " "I have just returned from there, colonel, a day earlier than I intended, for I bring, pechaps, something that may please Miss Grainger." on elling," cormured the colonel, a Plo again half rose. Yes; a message from the Queen; a word of sympathy from her shapesty to the relatives and friends of those who

were in the Clan Ettebanan-

The colonel's countenance fell.

"It's very kind of the Queen," he

said, as he took the paper in a disap-Fio had souk back, her lips trem-It was foolish of me to hope. Uncle rield, she thought. "What hope WINDLESS THE PERSON "My disting I said the colonel, adconcine an paper in lity hand, "the preen his seas busis ---Yes, was uncled interrupted his ere ratement, hidden her face in her tall of a land of the land to the land of the of their bare in our entends caused bourthe may you under "I will come a many, my love, Will you not hear he "Supervy toy dear, yet; will read her graylons Melesty's nationer? exalising After Property Land Individue new property ing the paper nimest reservably

"I cannot," and she waved it away.
"Really very ungraleful, "ejaculated
Mrs. Crimet "you should look at it, Whild mean in commitment to Mr. Archer, who his taken the treable to bring "L thank him very much," replied

. .

.

self on a couch, she found relief in silent tears.
"Very ungrateful!" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, huffed, "I hope all do not re-ceive her gracious Majesty's message so ungraciously. Brother, give me the paper that I may peruse it. Very, very kind of the Queen, indeed."

A faint smile twitched the colonel's features as he stepped out into the verandah with Herbert Archer. The lat-ter, however, soon found an opportunity to leave him, and return to the apariment. Perceiving, as he had sus-pected, that Mrs. Crane had gone to inform the whole station of the Queen's condescension, he passed into the inner

At the sound of his entrance Flo looked up surprised. "Pardon this intrusion, Miss Grain-r," he said quickly, deferentially; but I could not leave without asking "Pardon! Mr. Archer. Nay, I should rather seek yours. I owe you many

thanks," she answered softly. "No. You were quite right. I ought not to have brought the paper. I wish I had perished in the bush rather," he persisted. "I, who would save you from all suffering, seem doomed to cause you the most."
"No, no, indeed," she broke in, touched by the pain he betrayed. "Yes, the only consolation I have is the knowledge that you are aware how

mintentionally I occasion you to suf-"I know that, I am sure of that," she answered impressively, as she extended her hand. "I much appreciate your For a space he retained her hand .-He was silent, then he spoke rapidly,

"MissGrainger-Florence-there was a subject upon which I gave my word never again to address you. She made a quick movement as if to interrupt him, but checked berself.

I indisig encouragement in the last ac-lion, he propeeded fervently: "That was when one lived who had a prier, a better chilm than mine, for he had your love. But now a cruel fate has placked him from you, when yet you are young, when you have so many cars-years that ought to be full of origitness and happiness—before you. Oh, Florence, may I not hope? Nay, to not answer directly: think. I entreat I do not ask for your reply whether I may indeed be something to you for months—nay, years, if you will; only do not say that when time less assuaged your grief, my love will still be hope-

He had dropped on his knee, and would have retained her hand, but she had drawn it away. Making an effort to maintain her calumess, Flo, after a pause, answered

"I feaced, Mr. Archet, though gener ously you have pained me by no word or look, that after what has occurred you might harbor such thoughts -Hence, I am glad you have spoken, so "Oh, Florence, be merciful."

"It is in mercy I speak, Mr. Archer," she answered cently, "for it would be cruel to kave you undeceived. Though lime may assist me in hiding my ow, it can never assume it as I was to Philip when I believed only chance had parted us, shall I be to him now death less done so. No. do not inerrupt, I have declared that Philip not being my husband, I die unweided. I intended you to know this, as my uncle purposed to let you know of our projected visit to England. It is my aire, my penyer, and he has granted it. We start in a month."
"England. You start in a month!"

eried flerbert Archer, springing up.

This this is your final determina-tion. Must bringer. I may harbor not the minrest hope? "I should but eruelly deceive you did Then I will pain you no more with my presence: nevertheless, one day, Florence, you may learn how desperate-ly I love you." Inclining his head be passed hastfly from the room. The next was still empty the coronel had quitted the ve-rantials, so unchecked Herbert Archer

reached his horse and rode swiftly from A line set resolve was on his dark feetures, and he muttered as he went:
" " well I know the truth. I must
delay no binger, but see Mat at once, for mine you shall be Florence Grainger and -with a laugh-by your own

consent. Linkshopped bill the forth [To be Continued] DIGESTION.

Doctors Disagree in Regard To What Many Be Instrusted To It. Most authorities are of opinion that cheese is Indigestible, yet even on this point doctors cannot agree. A distin-guished French chemist has suggested that, to render cheese directible, a quarter of an ounce of potash should be added to every pound of cheese; while a German chemist has experimented upon several kinds—such as choose meat, milk and eggs-and he holdly declares that cheere is no more indiscatible than meat and many other articles of diet. Suppers are also usually condemned.

Some doctors assert that suppers are not only nunecessary, but positively harmfull that sound sleep cannot be obtained after them; and that three meals a day are sufficient. On the other hand, others are of opinion that a light supper is necessary to procure sound sleep. After a ment, they say, blood is drawn toward the stomach to supply the futces needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the powers became dormant. Sleep, therefore, ensues. A doctor says that receptly he was called at two A. M. to a but, that assured him that she was dying. The body was warm, he says, the beart define tioned work. To her indignistion, he ordered buttered bread to be eaten at ones. Obeying, the "dying" woman was soon surprised by a return of life and a dissist to stemp. Milk is generally considered a pocultarly

natritive fluid—Indeed, a perfect food—and therefore sultable for persons of all ages, when it agrees with their stomachs; get no less an authority than Sir Henry Thompson states that "for us who have long ago achieved our full growth, and can thrive on solid food, it is altogether superfluous, and mostly intschlerous as a drink." He also says that the primary object of drinking is to satisfy thirst, and that water is more powerful to this end when employed free from admixture with any solid material. Chocolate, thick cocoa, or even milk, are therefore not so efficacions in allaying thirst as water. . So plentiful is futriment." he adds, "that the very last place where we should seek that quality is the drink, which accom-pants the ordinary meal." In this re-spect, of any rate, Sir Heary Thompson s at one with the vegetarians .- [All the Year Round

A RESIDE STORES. Pellow-Townsman (to manufacturer.) Hello Jackserew) Your works closed? How's that' I understood you were golden calf," said one.

join the procession of the unemployed?"

BREVITIES.

Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where,

If you your ears

Would save from feers.
These things keep meekly hid"Myssif" and "i,
And "nihe" and "my,"
And how "i" do or did. Young ladies and young men too had

better be fast asleep than fast awake. A woman's glory is in her hair, but it is

a good plan to tie it up when cooking. It is better to be alone in the world than to bring a boy up to play on the accordeon.

A disgusted Milwankee fisherman offers a chromo to every fish which will take the built.

Texas editors do not believe in materialized spirits. They say that good whiskey won't freeze. A Wisconsin minister was dismissed from an orthodox pulpit because he built

a fire under a balky borse. Now we are told that the national Hawaiisn hymn is none other than the lovely air of the Mulligan Guards.

LIMERILN PHILOSOPHY.

Brother Gardner Discusses a Few Questions of the Hour. "What seems to be the need of de hour fist now," said the president as the meeb

ing opened, "am mo' boss sense an' fewer demagogues—mo' of de speerit of concession and less of de speeret of destruck-shun—mo' of de speeret of mutual interest an' less of de principle of rule or ruin. "If I put money into a factory an' make a success of it, I am entitled to a fa'r interest on my money invested an' a fa'r profit on market values. Beyand dat de income belongs to do workmen who help ed me to make it. It am a plain prices ple of justice in which no one need be mistaken' an' it has only to be followed to keep employer and employe on the best of

"Every man am legally an' morally entilled to all de money he can accumit-late widout chicanery or oppression. Dat we am not all warf a million dollars apleon am our misfortune, an' blowin' Jay Gould up wid dynamite won't belp our cases a

"Dar should be no reduckshun of pay to faithful workmen except to prevent loss of capital invested. Dar' should be no strikes until compromise has blu offered and rejected.

wages may become stesperate, it should be remembered dat ebery idle facktory in de kentry am another burden added to taxashun. A ship had up at de whart not only carries no cargo, but she am go-"De workman who am not willin' to

employer who looks upon his workman as a beast of burden am a tryant. "De hull queshun of Capital versus Labor kin be adminered down to thus — Reasonable hours fa'r pay, friendly arbi-trashun, on all points of dispute. Dar um eberything fur boaf sided to guin by frank an' mutual understanding

render a fa'r day's work is a cheat. He

(Detroit Free Press.

The Crater, The hour of 3:30 of the morning of the 30th arrived, and the explosion was looked for with breathless interest and anxiety by all the troops on that portion of our line, but there was a profound silence and the opposite fort still remained in its place. The fuse had been lighted at the appointed time but had apparently gone out somewhere in the main guillery Two brave men volunteered to go in and investigate. They found the fuse, religious it, and burried out, and a few moments afreeward, at 4:45, there was a slight tremor of the earth, followed by a rocking as of an earthquake, and then, with a tremendous explosion and a bunt of fiame, the fort, with its garrison, was hurled 200 feet into the air, and, hanging possed there for a moment, hurtled down egnin with a great, rouring sound, a confused and smoking mass of earth, broken Umbers, cannon, and human Un The garrison of 25d officers and men had been annibiliated, and the place where the fort stood was marked by a crater 150 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 25 feet deep.—[Bath (N. Y.) Courier.

At a theatrical entertainment a few weeks ago a young lady with in three-story but sat promediately in front of a prospaper man. Noticing that her exaggerated head-gear obstructed the journalist's view of the stage, where it temperature lecture, or a scriptural pancrama, or something was taking place, the young lady with a sweet smile, removed her hat and placed it in her lap. The newspaper man was profuse in his expressions of thanks. The next dey he caught a severe cold, contracted the pneumonia, and died a week inter. When his will was read it was discovered that he had added a codicil, giving the young lady who sat in front of him in the theatre two million forty-seven thousand, four hundred and sixtyeight dollars. There is a moral in this P. S .- There is also a lie in it. But such a liberal bequest might occur if young ladies were to offer sufficient provocation

Seen From a Triercle. Seeing "Italy from a Tricycle" is a new experience told in the Contury. Just beyond Montelupo, when a tertens

-[Norristown Herald,

upgrade and brought us to a broad pinbean, a cars suddenly came out a little way in front of us from a sole read. A man was driving, and on the seat behind, and facing us, were two arms who were wide flats which dapped slowly up and down with the motion of the warren. when they saw us the younger of the two covered ber face with her hands as if she thought nea device of the devil. But the other, who booked the Lady Abbess, met the danger bravely and sterrly examined us. This close corotley re-

When we drew nearer the wished to buon sers, and then her companion sumed and looked. We told them we were pilgrims bound for Home. At this the ok courage, and the spokeswomen beged for the bambini they cared for in Florence.

We gave her a few sons. She counted them quite greedly, and then but not till then benevelently blessed us. They were going at jog-troi pace, that we soon left them behind. Burn viaugio, the Abbers cried, and the shear sister smiled, showing all her pretty white teeth, for we now represented a tempt -

Stock Rem. In white circle of acqualutances was a

tion overcomes

very rich old benker, to whom the a -assignous attentions were shown on . "See how there fellows worship the

er. He is the tonglest looking old best Jackserew (brass founder). 'So we are: crittor I've seen in many a day: ' rep. in but our hands took 'enseives off to day, to a stock man who was present. The Siftings.





and Price List. H.P. RANKIN, 84,865.38 Tuwin Ave. May 22, 1895, 194 and MODEL OR DHAWING. We ad-MARGE UNLESS PATENT

SALARY OR COMMISSION.

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