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GRACE LILBURNE'S SECRET

Sansadarrild

A STORY OF

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

" If 'my estates were not mor's a god for almost their value, or if you mad. fortune from your mother, as your si-ter had, we might afford to do as 'w please, but now it is impossible." Grace threw herself upon a couch and wept, and declared that he didn't love her, and she sobbed and cried, and altogether made herself exceedingly ridicalous; but Victor was not suff ciently infatuaged to be impondent, and as her father happened to come in just as this scene was at its height. Miss Grace was ordered off to her own room, and desired to remain there until she

ad regained her senses. Then Mr. Laborne talked quietly but kindly with the young man, and it was agreed between them that, if nothing foreseen occurred in the interval, the parriage should take place immediateter Christmas Day. hen Miss Lilbarne heard of the ar-

cment, and found that she could not have her own way, she resigned her-self to the tyranny of circumstances with the best grace she could assume. he rest of this terrible year must be ed out at Silverton Castle, for Mr. Iburne, with the morbid expectation of his eldest daughter's return, would not go to London or Scotland, or to any

of the places on the Continent that it was almost his yearly custom to visit, Here at the castle be remained, and here, sorely against her will, Grace was obliged to stay with him. As the days shortened, and the nights grew dark and chilly, and Christmas was again approaching, a horrible fasci-nation seemed to draw her to the room

inder which she had consigned her sister to so terrible a fate. At last she could resist the feeling no onger, yet when she at length yielded the desire, she dared not move the liding floor and look down upon the body of her victim She had no earthly doubt that Kate lay there as she had fallen, or, if not exactly in the same position, if she had not been actually killed by the fall, the guilty girl was equally sure that her

that horrible pit.

But though she would have given half of all she might ever possess to look upon the face of her victim, she dared not remove the floor that hid the murdered girl from view, because she feared that as surely as she did so, she should be irresistibly impelled to cast herself down beside her As Christmas came nearer, however, and the wedding was fixed for the suc-

day, Grace became rather wild Since they must spend Christmas Day at Silverton Castle, they would be mer-ry over it, she said, and as her marriage was to take place immediately after-wards, she invited a great number of guests to come to the castle for the

"We will forget last year if it is to be forgotten, she exclaimed to her lover almost hysterically; and whatever we to we must keep papa cheerful. I dread Christmas Day, oh, how I do dread it!"
She broke down, and began to sob
and fremble as she said this, and it was

Christanus festivities, and stay over the

But when Christmas Day really dawned, Grace was calm and cheerful, and only those who knew her well could detect the under-current of excitement which she suppressed with so supreme

"To-morrow is my wedding-day," she kept whispering to herself, "and then I shall be free—free from the nameless terpor that in this house always haunts To-morrow! But what will even to-

> CHAPTER IV. COMBADES IN CHIEF.

Brank Fairfield sat in an office that was situated in one of the large thorouzhfares within a couple of hundred yands of the Bank of England.

He was only a junior partner in the well-known firm of engineers to which he belonged, and he had obtained this position some two years before our story opens, partly by his own great talent and industry, but principally through Mr. Lilburne's generosity.
To all intents and purposes Frank
Fairfield was a working partner in the

rm; he had been to South America, to Rossia, and to findia, superintending he construction of railways and bridges, and though he had, now been in England some three or four months, he knew that he might be required to start again at any time without scant

engineer is only eight-and-he looks much older, for ick wavy hair ims become ed this morning, at a table with plans and drawings spread out be-He is trying hard to dx his mind

ort sequired is a great one, oks up with a feeling of relief erk opens the door and brings him a card Avre-2 he silently reads urprise, then he nods to the th to admit the visitor. Mr. Ayre came in, sad-looking it is uthful and handsome, and I with unfeigned astonishment saw Fairfield, for he had been understand that he was a man on I really came to see? he said, takon the seat offered him, you were—you
re acquainted with Mr. Lilburne, of

irfield's face slightly flushed as he Lilburne has helped me to the osition I now hold, do you come to me

"Yes, he told me where I should find you, and I should have sought you months ago, but I have been very ill in consequence of a shock I received on trary, he had cherished the hope that repeated Fairfield. Yes; you have heard of the strange appearance of Mr. Lilburne's eldest

nighter? And as he asked this question Roland ked keenly at the man who he had en assured was his rival. d me-direct communication liburnes for more than a ed Frirfield, meeting his fixed gaze without waverpanion's fixed gaze without waver-be good enough to tell me what talk

tentive listener now when the merry they walked towards the door it was making was flagging on Christmas copened by Mrs. Farmeld herself. d persuaded Kale to join in the game, comparatively young-looking still, and very like her son, though her dark-

the engineer looked at Reland

res, it was slie who mentioned your name," he replied with hesitation. "Ah, I thought so. She suggested that I had persuaded her sister to clope with me, I suppose?" Something of the kind."

"And may I ask, Mr. Ayre, why you come to me from Mr. Lilburne? Why tid he not come himself or send for me? hould have been only too ready to y his call."
He ridiculed the idea that you would

rm his daughter; he said you had ven him your word never to press your suit with her again, and that he had as much confidence in your word as he had in mine.

There was pain, satisfaction, and relief in the exclamation. A few seconds later he spoke again:
"You have not explained your interst in the matter, Mr. Ayre. I don't understand what Miss Lilburne was to

answer.

Fairfield shrank a little as though he had received a blow, and his pale face became still paler, but he quickly recovered minself, and be asked with a bitter smile on his face; "Do you seriously believe that Kate Lilburne," your promised wife, would

voluntarily leave her father's roof to run away with me?" 'Most certainly not," was the prompt You think I carried her away by

violence, then?" "Good Heavens, no! I should not be here talking calmly if I believed such a

"Then what made you come to me?" "I came, as drowning men clutch at straws, to ask if you can, or will, help me?" was the eager response. "No-body else can, I feel convinced. It is for Kate's sake, rather than my own, that Lask you. The mystery that sur-rounds her fate maddens and appals I love her so truly that if it would be for her happiness I would rather see her your wife, than have any doubt as

to her safety or welfare."
"My wife!" repeated Fairfield with mournful bitterness; "the woman is not born who will be my wife. But you ask for my help, and perhaps I will give it to you. I must think the matter over, however. Will you call on me three days hence, or, better still, give me an sister was lying dead at the bottom of address where I can write to you."

"And you will write to me?" asked Roland, as he gave him his address in

"Yes, I will write without fail." Then Roland reluctantly went away. He would have liked to ask several questions, but he felt that if he did so the engineer would think he doubted him, and he estimated the man's character with sufficient accuracy to feel he win his co-operation. But as Roland Avre walked away from Fairfield's office it was with the disagreeable conviction that the latter

had questioned and cross-questioned him, and learnt all that he had to tell and told him absolutely nothing in re-

he muttered, "and yet I like him; there is something firm, and strong, and massive in the man's character, while he gives one the idea of possessiling a certain amount of latent power which only exceptional circumstances will bring into action. And how he loves Kate! Surely together we ought to be able to find her alive or dead." It was with some impatience that he waited, day after day, for the promised

communication; but a whole week clapsed before a brief note came from Pairfield asking Roland tomeet him on the following day. The appointment was kept, and when the first brief salutation was over the

engineer said:
"If you are disengaged to-day I will take you to see my mother. You know she was Miss Lalburne's nurse?" Yes, I have heard she was her fos-

Fairfield inclined his head as he con-My mother was as much devoted to her as though Miss Kate had been her own child, and she is in great trouble about her now. I promised to take you to her. Perhaps you can help each

other "But how can I help her? Does she know where Kate is?" She will explain everything to you herself," was the evasive answer. "Do you feel disposed to go with me to my mother's house?"

"Certainly; my time is at your ser-ce. Where does your mother live?"
"About twenty miles this side of Silverton Castle," was the reply, "and fifty London; but we shall get down tere in a couple hours."
Then the two young men went off together, Pairfield leaving word at the

office that he should not return for the It was late in the afternoon when they reached Bercherott, and Fairfield remarked that they had still three miles to walk or ride.

"Let us ride," said Roland inpatiently. "I feel as though every moment we spend upon the road stands between me and my meeting with Kate." Fairfield looked at his companion in startled surprise, and he said with a Bluth

You are anticipating too much. You must prepare yourself for some-thing the reverse of happy. What made my hair turn white in a single week can bring you no comfort nor sat-"Was Kate the cause of your white hair?" asked Roland in unfeigned sur-

Yes; last Christmas Eve I was as from grey hairs as you are. Now "But how did it happen? Why are you so mysterious? Why don't you deal frankly with me?"

"My mother will tell you all that you need to know," was the answer, "I only warn you to anticipate evil rather Roland felt a chill come over him.

It was not the keen air of early spring that made him shiver, but the cold feel-ing of dread and anxiety that Fairfield's words caused him. when he reached Mrs. Fairfield's cot-

tage he would clasp Kate Lilburne to his heart. When he glanced at the white hair of his companion, however, and heard what was the cause assigned for it, he felt only too well convinced that some dark tragedy had linked itself with the

fate of his beloved.

For the rest of the journey the two men were silent, one was too sad, and the other was too nervously anxious to It was a large handsome cottage at

the latter having been lost from that brown hair as yet showed no sign of "Ah! then it was Grace who hid with Kite," he remarked thoughtfully, "what did she say had become of her sister?"
"She didn't know."
"And did she make no suggestion?"
"In a suggestion of the s The young man eagerly glanced | lons means of getting in and out of the I round the apartment as though he hor- | castle," said Mirjam, shaking her pret-

appointed; there was not a single sign, of anybody having been in the room save the woman to whom it belonged. "I have told Mr. Ayre that you could probably help him in tracing Miss Kate," said Fairfield when they were all seated; "but perhaps it will be as well if he tells you first how Kate disappeared and what steps have been taken to find her; you will then be bet-

with the little you know." Roland almost Fumed with impatience, He did not want to go over the old ground again, he wanted to know without delay what they could tell him.
But Mrs. Fairfield, though very polite. was likewise very firm.

ter able to connect his part of the story

Moreover, she was suspicious, Yes, she was suspicious even of her own son, and as Roland, finding no escape, began to tell the story of that Christmas night over again, she more than once interrupted him with ques-She was my promised wife, 'was the "And when the search was being

made you heard nothing about any false loor in the west turret, did you?" asked Mrs. Fairfield with a searching glance. "Certainly not: is there such a thing?" he asked eagerly There was formerly-at least, so I hear from my son-though I never heard of it in all the years I lived at the

castle, and I don't think Mr. Lilburne himself knew of it; but Frank asserts that Miss Grace did." "Grace!" exclaimed his lordship in sudden dismay; "are you sure she knew

"I am quite sure," here interposed the young engineer, "for I once showed it to her, and threatened to throw her into the shaft, below. Of course I only meant to frighten her, but she was always getting me into scrapes with her deceitful tongue, and I thought I would put a stop to it."
Roland pressed his hands over his

He remembered now how Grace had induced her sister to hide, and how she had afterwards denied all knowledge of er whereabouts. Yes, it all came back to his memory now, even to the dust and dirt which he had noticed on her white satin dress,

At length he started to his feet, exclaiming; "Let us go to Silverton Castle at once; there is not a moment to be lost. That infamous girl may be starving her sister to death; quick-quick, or we may

and to which he had called her atten-

But Mrs. Fairfield said calmly as she also rose to her feet: "We will go in good time, Mr. Ayre, but if I belp you, you must help me, and I have a matter here that troubles me as much as Kate Lilburne's disapthis way, and tell me what it is best for me to do?"

And she was leading the way to a door that opened into another room when Roland exclaimed: "I will do anything you require when Kate is once found, but I must go to Silverton Castle without delay. And he was turning towards the op-posite door, the one by which he had

ntered, when he was arrested by Mrs. Fairfield's calm sad voice saying: "It is useless your going to Silverton Castle without me, and you must give me your advice at once. Come."

Then she led the way into the further room, and he, after a momentary hesition followed by: tion, followed her.

CHAPTER V.

Better be with the dead, Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to Than on the forture of the mind to lie In restless cestney. If lavish profusion, recklessness of

cost, and carefully planned amusements could make any social entertainment a great success, this second Christmas Day at Silverton Castle must certainly have put all other events of the kind The servants and tenantry were not so well cared for as in the past, it is true, for Grace had given orders that

they should put off their merry-making till after she was married, when they could eat and drink, dance and sing, to their hearts' content. All the guest-chambers in the castle were full, and the eight bridesmaids who were to attend the bride on the coming day were here with their moth-

ers or sisters or chaperons, each one of the eight looking forward to the time when she herself should take the leadog part in a similar ceremony. Grace Lilburne had not been very judicious in the selection of her brides-

The pretty desire to triumph over her friends and to create envy and jealousy prompted her to invite Miriam Hind-man, a brilliant brunette, who remor whispered had won Victor Gayherd's heart, and he was only saved from marrying her by her father losing the greater part of his fortune.

Mr. Lalburne had objected to Miriam being invited, and had suggested a cousin of his own in her stead; but Grace was obstinate, she had made up her mind to invite Miriam, and Vic-tor could only hope that the invitation would not be accepted. But here again he was disappointed,

and Muriam came, looking Seductive and brilliant as a humming-bird, gorgeous with jewels and costly dresses, and giving confirmation to the report that her father had retrived his fortune, and was now a richer man than ever. I am afraid that Grace regretted her

obstinacy when she saw how fascina-tingly beautiful Miriam was, and certainly she was genuinely jealous when she observed how Victor's eyes followed the girl who had still the power to make him forget everybody else when she was present.

Miriam knew that Grace had not invited her out of affection, and that she had no nobler aim than a desire to mortify and humiliate her, and she de termined that the pain should not be all On her arrival at the castle, Miriam

rsistently attached herself to Mr. 1.1 rne. She gave him her sympathy th such witching tenderness, she confoled with him at being about to lose his second daughter, and then she ber most intimate friend. I am quite sure that Kate is alive," and, suddenly raising her voice so at all the others in the small tea-room

could bear her. Grace frowned. But Miriam paid no heed to the frown as she continued: "Yes, I am quite sure she is alive. I dreamed of her last night, and my dreams always come true. We shall see her soon, I have no doubt of it." "If you have nothing more substan-

tial than a dream to found your assermake it. said Grace with cold severity. by the way, isn't there some mysterious are that is highly probable. What have please oblige by an immediate answer is passage or chamber in the old part of you to say in the cold part of your to say in the your to passage of chamber in the old part of the castle, or was, it destroyed when most of the place was rebuilt?

She looked at Grace as see spoke, but it was Mr. Luburne who replied:

'I never heart of arctifing of the kind. Silverial is smeatherly free from ronunce. We have not even the distinction of possessing a family ghost.

"There is, or there was, some myster-

.

.

head like a wise bird laying down e law to its feathered friends. found out something about it from an old manuscript that papa has in his library. I wish I had brought it with me, but I'll send for it. Did you never hear of the secret. Grace?"
"No," was the curt reply.
But Grace Lilburne's face became

deadly white, her head swam, and it was only by the most supreme effort that she could keep herself from faint-As soon as she could do so without

being observed, the guilty woman es-caped to her own room. Here she threw off all restraint, and gave way to the terrible agony of fear and remorse that consumed her. The secret of the turret floor is known," she muttered despairingly, and that creature will discover where

it is. I saw the threat in her eyes when she looked at me.
"I will open the floor to,night," and
her eyes looked cold and cruel as the
words hissed between her teeth. "I will lower a lump into the shaft and see what lies there. I have been afraid hitherto, but I would rather meet Kate's sightless eyes and look upon her dead

invite here."

Having made this resolution, she managed before nightfall to procure a covered lantern and a long cord, and to hide them in the room the floor of which d such a ghastly secret.

ing witch whom I was mad enough to

This had been easy enough, because the great hall was in the same part of be building, and several times during the day she had considered it necessary to go and personally inspect and super-intend the decorations of bolly, mistle-

toe, and hot-house flowers.

She made a pretence of criticising the arrangement of the tables, and the or which the guests were to be ced, and she stood over the servants while everything was altered and rearranged according to her orders. "Do you expect many guests to-night

besides those staying in the house?" Miriam asked Mr. Liiburne as the com-pany was about to disperse and dress "Yes, a great number," was the reply.
"By the way, Grace," he added, turning to his daughter, "did I tell you that Roland Ayre wrote to me to say he was

coming to-night?" Roland!" repeated Grace in dismay. 'Yes. I wrote to invite him to dinner; he says he cannot come till later in the evening, but he will come."
"Did he say nothing else?" asked the

"Yes; he did say something else, but it's of no consequence—at least, no consequence to you," and Mr. Lilburne turned away. Grace asked no more; she was begin-

hing to feel like a creature at bay, hunted on every side with no avenue of Why did her father invite Roland Ayre, and why, above all things, had the invitation been accepted?

After a time, consternation gave place to mirth, and she laughed bitterly as she remarked to Victor: "Your cousin gives a striking proof masculine constancy. Last year when he went away he said he would never enter Silverton Castle again unless be brought Kate with him, or came

"And how do you know that he won't bring Kate with him?" asked Miriam Hindman boldly.
Grace looked at her for one moment with a scornful scowl then turned away without deigning to utter one word of

She noticed, however, that her father was eager and nervous, and pleasurably excited, and that he looked younger and stronger than he had done for some months past. "Surely papa does not think of mar-

rying that horrid girl," Grace exclaimed as she watched her father and Miri-am talking together in a confidential am taking together in a considential and affectionate minner.

"I shouldn't think he'd have the chance," returned Victor; "she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"Oh yes, I know you think there is nobody like her," sheered Grace.

"At any rate, I didn't invite her

here," retorted the young man anguily. Well, no, you couldn't very well, as

it is my father's house," she replied; "but I wonder since you admire her so much you don't marry her,"
"I am like your father in that respect: I haven't the chance," he said coldly.

Then he crossed the room and joined then he crossed the room and joined to be a likely to be a likely

the couple of whom they had been talk-Grace was very angry, but she did not follow him, and soon after this the first gong sounded—a hint that it was

time to dress for dinner. Miriam Hindman, instead of going upstairs like the other girls, sauntered into a little study she knew of, where a bright fire burned in the polished grate, and the lamp was turned low.

Despite her assumption of cheerfulness and high spirits, her heart was

sad and beavy. Victor Gayherd had been the one love of her life, and though they had parted in pique and anger more than a year ago, and just before her father had lost the greater part of his fortune, she had always expected her truant lover to return to her.

But this hope had died out now, for he was pledged to become the busband of another before twenty-four hours She had seated herself on a hassock before the fire, her hands clasping her head, and her elbows resting on her knees, and she was thinking sorrowfully of the man she still loved so well. 'He will have a very miserable life,"

she mused, "particularly so if Grace does not get the large fortune she an-ticipates; and he will, no doubt, often wish be had not taken me at my word when I told him to go and find a richer wife. Ah me! people think me bright and witty, the men admire me, and the girls envy me, and yet I am the most miserable woman in this house to-night!—yes, quite the most miserable." Her meditations were here interrupted by an arm being clasped round her waist, and by some member of the op-

posite sex very energetically kissing She looked up, struggled to her feet, and recognizing her companion, she exclaimed passionately: Victor, how dare you insult me like

"I only kissed you under the mistle-be," he pleaded with mock, humility holding up a spray of the white-berried Under the mistletoe!" she exclaimed with increasing anger. "I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the

face. I wonder you dare to come into all on t see why; my dreams have a angle faculty for being fullilled. But, the way, isn't there some my faculty.

"I want to know why you came here?" "I came because I was invited," was the haughty reply. "You had some other reason," he "I had two or three other reasons."

she replied with a short lauch. "One of them was to make me feel what a fool I'd been to think of marrying that waxen-faced doll while you are

.

'Oh dear no, I am not so vain; nesides, you don't know that I am free. But since you are so curious I don't mind telling you that I came here with the hope of nieeting Kate Lilburne tonight.

'Kate Lilburne!" he repeated incredulously. "Are you out of your mind? There is no such person living as Kate Lilburne.' "Well, perhaps she is married and has changed her name, still she won't have lost her identity."

"And you really came here boxing to meet Kate and not me?" he asked earnestly, as he stepped close to her "Why should I want to see you?" she asked defiantly. "You are nothing to

And yet you are all the world to me,

Mirian-my love, my life. Only say the word and we will fly together, and will break the hateful bonds that bind me to tirace, whom I have never loved." He caught her in his arms, and strained her to his heart; but she gently

though firmly released herself from his embrace as she said: "It is too late, Victor; too late, I face than endure the grin of that mock- have no pity for Grace, but I cannot bring such pain and humiliation upon her father. No; you must keep your word and marry her; but I am sorry for you and—and—so sorry for my-self."

She slipped away from him as she said this, and ran upstairs, but on her way to her own room to dress, she thought, as a species of self-mortification, she would go into Grace's room with the other girls and try to be civil to her young hostess.

Many of the bridesmaids had cluster-ed round the expectant bride, and took a great interest in the dress she was going to wear on this, the last evening when she would sit at the head of her father's table as the mistress of his onsehold, and they admired over again the very handsome trousseau with which she was provided. You don't seem to have much jew-

remarked Miriam Hindman. wish I had known it before, for I would have given you a bracelet as a wedding present instead of the silver-dishes I ought with me. "But I suppose your father will give

you Kate's lewels; she had a splendid collection, I know." "Kate's jewels will go with her money to ber mother's family, when there did this afternoon it is not likely at anything reasonable will convince

aim," replied Grace severely, I don't know why you should call it stuff, returned Miriam quietly: "people don't disappear as your sister did unless they go away to return at some ime or other, or unless they are murshe is dead we may reasonably hope Grace shrugged her shoulders. She

would not discuss the matter, but intimated that it was time they should bewent off to their own rooms. [The be Continued]

KOWE STRANGE HANDS.

There is a Great Deal of Character in Them. if We Only Know it. Hands reveal habits, cocupations, trades, says a writer in Cassell's Family Magazine. A crop of them rises at the thought, like the show thrust up from a crowd of honor of a candidate after an election speech. There is the carpenter's, with the thumb, and those of the fraternity of flour, ingrained, mealy, and white; the musiolans, with the powerful wrist and the tingers delicate, sensitive, and agile to the last degree; the hand of the semptress, with an honorable little bit of nutmeg grater on the foreinger that works so hard; of the scientific man, who lectures

stretch of his fingers corresponds with his The sleight-of-hand professor is a man of long lingers. A conjurer with a slow and chubby hand would betray the awful secrets the plum-pudding that is taken from the depths of your best hat.

to explain my steries to lower mortals, and

whose exactitude of touch is the image of

his mental precision, while the nervous

But besides couracter and trade, the hands tell the age. Soft and round, the haby's pair of buff balls, with their fat wrists deeply ringed, appear as if they never can do anything in this world. Yet the girls hand will become a treasure, and the boy's hand will battle with life and with his fellow men for the mustery. It is appalling to think of what those belp less little puff-balls have before them.

After the first dimples, they become the inky hands of school; then the awkward bonds, that don't know what to do with themselves. Years pass, the boy's hand flow to extravagant fresidess. In commit ison as his collars grow upward, and his shoes tighten within an inch of his life The result of these phenomena is, that a ring begins to shine with charming strangeness on another hand, that seemed a child's but yesterday. The young wife tells by her hands that it is not long since the weading, because the cannot let that new ring alone, but twists it around for the novelty, and admires it, with an uncon-sclous knack of caressing it in fale moments. Her dimples disappear, as the children gather to make a home circle; it is the hand of the woman now, with its very framework traceable three stages of life's progress. With the

Dimples, bones, and wrinkles mark the wrinkled stage the steadiness of youth often remains in resolute characters. When the Duke of Wellington was a very old man, he could still fill a glass of water to the last possible drop, and hold it up steadily, brimful. The helpful hands keep their youthful activity, too, far into the withering age. And in nobly-leving natures there is a sort of immortality youth: the warmth of affection has given more than a royal prerogative; the hand is beautiful always to the eyes that know it familiarly. The latter years only stamp it with the impress of a longer past of tenderness, faithfulness, and boundy. It is not the "old" hand, but the "dear" hand, and it never grows older, but only more dear. He who doubts the truth of this last mystery, has not yet found out that hands, as well as bearts, have a peculiar place in our knowledge and love of one

The Question Answered. Jamison was in a quantiary. He wanted to do it just right, and yet he didn't know exactly the way. After puzzling his brain for some days, he finally submitted the question to an authority in etimette.

DEALESTA: It has been a great question with me, whether in the coming marriage of my daughter, she should be handed away by my wife or my-self. Will you

The answer he received was written in a commercial hand, and bad altogether a very commercial aspect. It was brief, and as follows:

MR. JACOB JAMISON, DEAR SIR: Yours to hand. Very truly, ALGERSON SUDKING -Tid-Bits

FASCINATING STEEPLE CLIMBING.

How One May Get Acceptomed to the Danger-Views of a Workman. With bated breath and upturned faces, a large crowd stood the other day

watching a man who was slowly ascend-ing the steeple of an uptown church. He seemed to go over the delicate scaffolding like a small. The crowd below expected every moment to see him When he reached the end of the scaf-

folding and stood upon a piece of framework that looked in the distance as if it was about a foot square, he leaned far over and shouted something to another workman about half-way down. The spectators shuddered but could not take their eyes from the little climber who had left the scaffolding and was still going up the steeple. When he reached the top he remained

for a few minutes, examined the steeple on every side, and then retraced his steps. When he got safely back to the scaffold he waved his hand to the people and smiled. He went to the top of the steeple several times in the course of an hour, and every time a crowd guthered.

"You think it bazardous?" said the steeple-climber to a reporter when he came down to the ground. Though he looked so small when in the air, he was considerably over the average height, slim and wiry, all bone and muscle, with a clear, steady eye and hand, and perfect confidence in himself. His eyes sparkled as if he was in love

with the work, as he continued "People who are not used to being at great heights, and who feel dizzy when a few feet from the ground, naturally look with wonder upon a man working high up in the air and think that he must feel as they would I probably go upon more steeples and other elevated places to adjust croamental designs than any other man in the business, and I feel just as much at home standing on a narrow board 200 feet from the ground as I would on a rock. I feel a perfect sense of safety and never think of falling.

"But I was not always without fear. When I first began the business always started up the scaffolding with trembling logs and a quaking heart, and many times I have not gone to the top but returned with some excuse for not going up just then. 'An old man who had been a climber in his day saw me on one of these oc-casions when my heart was weak, and

gave me a bit of advice that cured my

faintheartedness in time. He said, when

starting up always to fix your mind do, and keep every thought of fear, or that something is going to happen, out of your mind. This was just the thing, and I found from experience that it is think-ing about fear that makes a man afraid, and overcaution has given many a poor fellow a tumble, where boldness and

seeming recklessness would have carried him through all right. "There are only a few expert climbers. Hundreds quit the business in a short time because they cannot overcome their nervous dread. I have seen stout-hearted fellows who would musch up to a cannon's mouth without a quiver, when they get to the place where the scalldding ends and from which point they would have to shin to the top, try to step up, but a ton of lead had been hooked to their foot

and it would not go up an inch. "I have known men who, when they got into a ticklish spot would have black specks come before their eyes which would move up and down and in a circle, and they would full down and hug a plank like a long-lost brother. Their heads would seem to be in a whirl. This is where a man gets rattled' and it requires the greatest exercise of the will to overcome this

I have felt this way many times, and even now I semetimes have a sudden desire when on the pinnacle of a steeple to jump off, but I always laugh at the idea and it goes away as quickly "A man who drinks stmmlants is out of place on a steeple, where a false step

or more below. So also is a fat man, for a climber must be light, agile and muscular. Dark-haired men with swarthy faces usually make the best climbers." "Does it prevent dizziness when going to a great height to keep the eyes

will send him headlong a bundred feet

turned upward?" "This is a popular notion, but there is nothing in it except that the attention is turned from the idea of falling, and this will keep a man from turabling. But the place for the eyes is upon the rend to be travelled to see that every-thing is in position. A high wind some-times readers scaffolding unsafe and if a man has his eye on the sky he would nover see it? "Did you over fall ?"

OI've had many merow escapes but only one good fall. This was about seventy feet. I had a sick child at home and was thinking about her and was absent-minded. "I started off sideways between the scaffold and steeple and in two or three seconds I was at the bettern. I thought

I would be killed, and in a second my

whole life flashed through my mind

and also the future of my family and how they would all look after the chil-dren were all full-grown. "I know that I was bumping against the timbers of the scaffold, but there was no pain and I was overcome apparently by a soothing influence and never had a more pleasant journey in my life. "It seemed as if I was falling for hours. I knew when I struck the bot-

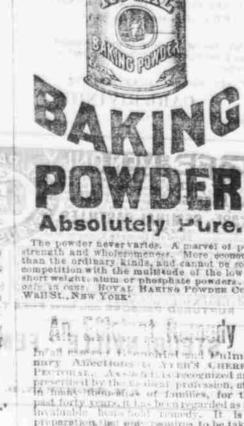
tom and felt a shock at the sudden stop, but it was not disagreeable. I had enough pain afterward, though, and it took about six months to patch up my body. Both arms and one leg were " I made up my mind to give up the

business when I got well, but in a little while the old fascination came back and I went to climbing again." Colored Women in dournalism. The only newspaper in the United

States conducted by a colored woman is the Virginia Lancet, published in Petersburg, of which MI= Carrie Bragg is the editor.

A corre position of Principles social paper declare in in making a call he make a mere what to do with his hands and lost, and have advise on the Subject.
The streamly judating editor thereupon

suggests that he hake his but with the former and hardquarers with the latter. If all will re on all port o we say, practical at the one, the word not be the mode of the matches are now .-



THE SPRING WAGONS, wanterled Village Photons,



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