and those who don't consult their JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 18.

Silverton Castle.

his journey on foot.

and never heard of anything of the

she watched me and told tales about me again. I frightened my lady, I can tell you, and I remember the look of

"Miss Grace," repeated Mrs. Farr-field thoughtfully, "No; this isn't her work; but she may have told somebody

else how to open the place through which you say Kate fell. She or some-body else might have been showing the

But Frank shook his head as he said: "It could not have been an accident

or the place would not have been cover

ed in directly Kate fell. The false floor does not open nor shuteasily, the spring needs a good deal of pressure, and could

the mother's next question.
"That I don't know," he replied dejectedly. "It is not for myself that I hesitate," he added, seeing the look of

impatient anger gathering on his mother's face; "but the consideration that

kept me from raising an alarm when

Kate fell at my feet is equally strong now. To give Kate to her father is, perhaps, to give her back to the mercy

"Good Heavens! you don't suspect her father of having tried to nurder

her, do you?" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfield

"I suspect no single person," he re-plied evasively; "but that somebody

did try to destroy Kate's life, and that

doubt whatever. I expected that Kate would be able to tell us who took her to that little room, but the doctor has

roof in the middle of the night; but for

you to have done it was only to bring

suspicion upon you and disgrace upon

he replied bitterly; "but when life is at stake one forgets what malicious tongues

may say about one's actions

"Oh yes; I have thought of all that,"

Mrs. Fairfield rose to her feet, re-

'Very well," he returned resignedly

"do as you think best. I am willing to

suffer any penalty for what I have done

that the severest judge can inflict upon

me, only remember, mother, that Kate's

rary courage out of the nurse, and made

'What would you have me do?" she

"If you have the nerve to go to Sil-

verton Castle as though nothing had

sappened and ask to see Kate, and lis-en to all they can tell you, and then

hat is best for her," he replied, "then

I should say do it."
"No: if what you have told me is true
I should break 'down," was her shuddering reply: "and if it is not true—
"She paused, and he repeated her words

'If it is not true! Do you doubt me?'

She made no direct reply, but said

it is your duty, not mine, to do so."
"No." he answered; "I will wait and see if Kate gets better. When her rea-

for anxiety. No; I won't go, I will

His mother said no more, but left

him, for at heart she was as unable to

come to any decision as he was.

As day after day, and week after week went by, however, the dector's

fear became a sad reality.

Kate's body recovered from the shock it had received, and she grew strong,

about like a person in ordinary health

ter than an idiot; she had no memory

reasoning faculties were dead or dor-mant, and the doctor who attended her

shook his head when Fairfield suggest

[To be Continued.]

World's Women.

The late Mrs. George Bancroft, who

died at the age of eighty-two, was the

laugwer of John Davis, first Judge of

the United States Cour. for the District

of Massachusetts, appointed by President Washington. Her first husband

was Mr. Bliss, the law pariner of Daniel

Mrs. J. R. Shoffener, of Greensboro.

N. C., having recently given birth to twin boys, making eleven boys in all, in her

family, the North State has put her on

its free list, and offers the same premium

to every "daughter of Guilford County who presents her husband with male

It is said that Mrs. G. L. Lorillard in-

tends to follow the example of Duche s

of Montrose to England and keep a rac-

entered a convent at Turin.

ed an operation to remove the pressure

and no intellectual consequences

Mentally, however, sho was fittle bet

son returns there will be no more cause

You had better go to Mr. Lilburne;

act upon your own judgment

questioningly.

on the brain.

ident Washington.

Twins.

Stables.'

weak and vacillating as her son.

down which she fell, there can be

dashed that hope to the ground."

of the person who tried to destroy her

in horrified amazement.

What do you propose to do?" was

ace to Kate herself."

never have closed by accident.

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strength and cholesomeness. More economica than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight alone or phosphate powders. Sold wall St., New York: Baking Powder Co., 108

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taint of Contagles a Dissess. Impover-ished blood is presinction of ARATINA, A wreter to will be helled of the Pallid Skin, Phones, Waster, Smattered John Color ve Parce, and Mental De-

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GRACE LILBURNE'S SECRET.

A STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

They hurried so much that when they entered the drawing-room they found the room quite empty.

Other people soon trooped in, how-ever, and very soon the Coulbourne girls found themselves sufficiently well sought after, despite their plain The rivals of the evening, however,

were the bride-elect and her chief bridesmaid, Miriam Hindman, firace was dressed in pale blue, exquisitely trimmed with cream lace and blush-roses, while her golden hair, her gold ornaments, and her bright blue eyes made her look bewitching in the

when M riam appeared.

The brunette wore rose-colored satin, half-covered with costly black lace looped with lilies-of-the-valley, while pearls and diamonds were clasped round her threat, and 'dies and diamonds shone in her jet-black hair. Independent of ornament, Miriam

But her beauty was quite eclipsed

was wonderfully beautiful, but rich colors and spatkling gems added great-ly to her natural charms, and she used laughingly to say that she was thank-ful she had been born too late to be expected to wear white muslin gowns, short in the waist and tied round with a sash, until the time when she should 'It was almost enough to drive a girl

to marry the first man who asked her, if only to obtain the privilege of wearing silk and satin, she would say laughingly. "Happily in our days we can wear what we like, without caring for the opinion of the male sex or for that of Mrs. Grundy." She seemed to care for the good opin-

ion of one member of the male sex this evening, however, and he for hers, and though his marriage with his daughter was fixed for the following morning, Victor seemed to be unable to resist the attraction of Miriam's black eyes.

Grace watched the couple jealously whenever she thought of them; but something more important than the temporary defection of her lover filled her thoughts. She was planning how to get away from her guests unobserved and to stay long enough to be able to ascertain what lay at the bottom of the dark shaft into which she had thrust her sister:

"I shall have no opportunity after to-ight," she thought gloomily, "for tomorrow I shall have people about me the whole time until I go to church, and after that I shall go away with Victor. Yes, it must be to-night. When the conjurors engaged come into the half to play their tricks I will slip away. I shall be less missed then than at any

She smiled as she came to this conclusion, and turned to answer a ques-tion which a gentleman at her side had

CHAPTER VI. WHAT GRACE SAW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

The tables had been cleared away, the guests had returned to the grand old hall, and dancing had been going on for nearly a couple of hours, when the band ceased playing, and a company of conjurors and jugglers, specially engaged for the occasion, made their

All the lights were lowered, and the large party of guests seated thomselves n a half circle round the performers. The host this evening was more than restless, he was nervous and excited, and as the minutes and the hours went his eyes from the door.

Are you expecting anybody, papa?" Grace had asked him more than once she observed his singular manner, "Yes-I don't know, he had replied impatiently: "don't miled me, go and And he turned away as though an-

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Grace was too much troubled with her own perpecuties to pay much heed to her father, and when the jugglers commenced their tricks, and she believed all eyes were fixed upon them, she rose from her seat and quietly left the room. She had made all her preparations.

The previous year she had poiled her sheate dress, and she remembered how oland Ayre had looked at her as he Now she was more prodent.

She hastily buttoned on a dark ulster that completely covered her pale-blue gown, and otherwise protected herself against the cold, for she recollected even now, with a shudder, how the wind, rushing up from the dark aper-ture, had seemed to strike her with its cy breath and chill her to the very

There was no snow on the ground this year, it was a green Yule-tide, and old people talked of there being a full and less prone to take a gloomy view of matters, said there was frost in the air. and before New Year's Day there would be skating on the river and the lakes. With her nerves strong by a nameless fear to the horrible task before her, Grace Lilburne went swittly to the chamber which, a year ago this very

night, had been the scene of such a It was not until she had lighted the lantern and fastened the door behind her, and she felt herself quite alone, with the consciousness that her victim was lying only so many feet below the spot on which she stood, that her courage wavered, and for a few seconds she felt that she could not look upon the face of the dead.

Her courage soon returned and she knelt down on the floor and pressed the hidden spring with all her strength. Slowly the boards moved back, disclosing the large square aperture, from whence the wind came rushing up with a damp mouldy smell that made her

feel sick as it swept over her. She waited a few seconds, and then she took the lantern and carefully ex-amined the sides of the dark mysterious-looking well.

Her heart stood still as she discovered that not only were the sides of the shaft formed of solid masonry which had been scarcely affected by the hand of time, but that on one of the four perpendicu-lar walls iron clamps were fixed, forming a kind of ladder let into the stone, and clearly intended to be a means of ascending and descending the shaft. Taking the lantern in her hand she

ly lowered the light into the darkness

than those remote from WASHINGTON.
Send MODEL OR DRAWING We ad wise as to pate transfer from the rest and so intent was she on noticing this, that though the lantern had been swaywe make NOCHARTE UNLESS PATENT ed a good deal by the wind in its de-SECURED We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Scent, she was suddenly startled by We refer, here, in the Postmaster, the Sapt, of Money Order Day, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, adding that it was resting upon something and seemed to be able to go no further. And she saw that what she had believed to be a day that what she hottomless well, was not in reality more than some twenty or thirty feet below

Still it is deep enough for the fall to have stunned Kate if it did not instantly kill her; and now, with burning anxiety and breathless terror. Grace leans over to look, as she hopes, upon the

Can it be true? do her eyes deceive her? or is she the victim of some cunning delusion-some horrible night-

The crushed mass of satin and lace, pearls and flowers, that she had so often pictured to herself as lying here was not to be seen, and she might have believed that she had dreamed the events of the last Christmas Day but for two things which the light of the lantern on

being moved about revealed.

One was a pearl necklace, the other a lace handkerchief, both of which had belonged to her ill-fated sister. The effect of this discovery upon Grace Lil-burne was to paralyse her for the time. She could not act or think; she simply sat on the floor like a creature stunned and it was only the sound of voices in the corridor that ultimately roused her. Even now she could not move quickly, but she drew up the lantern slowly, pressed the spring that made the floor slide back into its place, then she deliberately divested herself of her ulster, extinguished the light, and walked out

She did not observe Miriam Hind-man and Victor Gayberd standing only a few paces from whence she emerged for she was like a woman walking in her sleep; and though stunned by the sudden discovery she had made, she had not as yet begun to realise what it meant for her.

There was a strange look in her eyes as she rejoined her father and their guests, and Amy Goulburne asked if she was ill, and somebody else suggested that she was about to faint. But she smiled absently and declared she was quite well, and she gave the signal that the dance was to recommence, though she herself declined to take part in it.

am a little tired and I will look on," she said to a gentleman who asked her to dance with him. She sat and watched them, absently and vacantly, and she saw the looks of

love that passed between them. Grace knew quite well that Victor would never have thought of marrying her if ne had not believed her to be her father's only surviving child and sole heiress, and now she wondered if Miriam had persuaded him that Kate was really alive, and if at the last hour he meant to desert her for his old love. She knew not what to do nor which way to turn. When her mind became

more accustomed to the situation she began to think that she was frightening herself unnecessarily, for now encombered that the buttom of the shaft into which Kate had fallen seem ed as though it were only a portion of a room or cellar which was probably as large as the chamber above.
If this were the case, the injured girl

dark corner, and there remained until death had mercifully ended her sufferwish I had possessed the courage and the presence of mind to descend by those iron steps and see for myself what

might have crawled away into some

is hidden below, and where the place really leads. "There may be many secret chambers beneath the old part of the castle, of which neither my father nor I ever heard. I must do it sooner or later; I shall never sleep in peace again until know that Kate is past troubling me.

And all this time the fun never flag-The band played, and the guests danced and flirted and talked about the morrow, and whispered among them-selves of the great good luck of Victor

Gayherd at having won so rich an heir-But Mr. Lilburne was not good com-His lost daughter was constantly in

his mind, and every now and again lie felt as though if he looked round he Miriam was quick to observe his manner, and to divine the cause, and she at

"It was about this bour last year, was it not, that Kate was lost?"
"Very nearly," he replied, his eyes

wandering to a clock. Then he and the girl both sat silentwaiting for they knew not what; but with their eyes fixed upon the clock as lough they had been watching the old year out, and were anxious to welcome in the new.

Grace and Victor had been dancing. but the band had stopped suddenly, and they had paused very close to where Liiburne and Miriam were seated. What do they mean by breaking off like this?" asked Grace in a tone of an-

ovance. flor question was never answered. At that moment, the house-steward, who rarely showed bimself except to announce distinguished guests, now

'Mr. and Mrs. Robard Ayrel" Mr. Lilburne sprang to his feet and started forward with a cry of welcome and Grace likewise took a step towards the new comers.

But no sound escaped her lips. For a moment she swayed like a sapling shaken by a tempest, then she fell for-ward on her face, and when they picked her up they thought that she was

CHAPTER VII.

THROUGH THE SNOW. We must go back to the night when Kate Lilburne so mysteriously disappeared. It will be remembered that the snow began to fall only a very short time before she was persuaded to go ith her sister and hide

The snow might be a very seasonable visitor on Christmas night, but the servants at Silverton Castle took very good care to close every door carefully against it, and there was consequently no dan-ger of any solitary watcher outside the ansion being observed.

Indeed, with so much free-handed hospitality inside the mansion, and such a warm welcome extended alike to rich and poor, it would naturally be supposed that no man in his senses would have wandered like an unquiet spirit round the building when he could take shelter from the cold white flakes of snow, and from the biting blast by the side of a glowing fire, and solace his inner man with an abundance of

Christmas cheer. Despite the folly of such a proceed ing, however, a man, wearing a thick ulster, and judging from his appearance well-to-do in the world, certainly was loitering outside the castle on this eventful night.

If you could have looked well at his face, you would have seen that he was young and handsome, and you would probably also have observed that he was nervous and ill at ease, as though be knew he was doing something of which he was more than half ashamed. He seems doubtful now as to whether carry out the purpose that brought him here, or go away without accomplishing it.

And yet his object in coming is not to wrong anyone, even though it may increase his own pain by feeding the flame of a perfectly hopeless love. Yes, it was love that had brought Frank Fairfield to this cheerless spot. He felt all the keen sorrow of hopeless love as he wandered outside the that held the jewel he adored, yet dared not seek to win.

An through this day the demon of unrest has been upon him, and at length, unable to control his actions, he had left his mother's house, and harnessing the cob to a phaeton, which he had borrowed for a week from a neighbor, he drove the old vehicle in the direction of open air, and to the boat.

Arrived at the outskirts of the village, he left the horse and carriage in a shed, and set off to perform the rest of his journey on foot.

He soon got tired of walking, however, and as he came near the deep narrow river, he bethought himself that he could approach the eastle in a boat with very much less chance of be-

this bitter night.

ing recognised. So, in spite of the cold, he took a dingy, and then, though the darkness of night was setting in, he began to row towards the castle, for he knew every winding of the stream that flowed beneath its walls. It was quite dark when he moored

his boat under the Castle walls, and went cautiously round the mansion, to inspect it, and to try to catch one glimpse of Kate.

The dogs did not bark at his approach,

for they knew him, and be had some difficulty in quietly getting away from their too demonstrative affection. But the object of his fatiguing jour-ney was not attained. He could not get into any position where he could see Kate without being observed and

He did not wish to speak to her. He only wanted to look upon her face, and to know that she was happy. The hours went by, and he was becoming sick and numbed, and his heart was heavy, for the sounds of mirth and joy, of music and laughter, were in

painfully strange contrast to his own desolate condition. The falling snow warned him that he must soon retrace his steps and make for his mother's cottage, for his practised eye told him that the snow-storm would be both a long and a heavy one.
"I will see her, come what may," he muttered with sudden resolution, when

midnight was approaching, and the sound of music from the hall had He approached the disused tower, very close to which his boat was moored, and pulling aside some low bushes, he felt about in the darkness for some time with his hands.

At length he seemed to find what he wanted, for his hand came in contact with a small grating, and half lifting this he was able to take hold of a handle which, on being turned, enabled him to push inward a portion of the masonry at the foot of the tower as though it were a door.

This indeed it was, an iron door, with stone so carefully and cunningly fitted upon it that only a person who knew the secret could ever detect the spot, or suspect the existence of any means of

Frank passed through this door, but he did not close it, for he had no fear of anyone disturbing him, and he meant to enter the castle without observation and hide himself in some dark corner, so that he might have one view of the gay scene in the ball-room, where the lady he loved was sure to be the belle, and then he intended to return to the grounds as he came, leaving no trace of

his stolen visit behind him. He had not been in this place for many years and he advanced carefully and cautiously, more than once tempted to strike a light, yet fearful of betrayng himself by doing so.

This fear was increased by two or three strange circumstances. In the first place the wind seemed to rush through the vaulted passage in a perfect blast, and he fancied—though of course he could not be sure, as there was no light to guide him-that the false floor of the chamber above must be out of its place.

Fear of detection, and of coming suddealy upon somebody he knew, made him stand and eagerly listen for every

He had just come to the conclusion that whatever might be the condition of the floor above, the coast for himself was clear, and he was about to take a few steps forward and mount the iron ladder which he had often used before, when the rush of wind increased and the sound of voices overhead became

There seemed to be words of expostulation and of encouragement, then there was a despairing gasp of terror as something appeared to fall.

Whatever it was its descent was ar-rested for a moment, but only for a mo-ment, then with a heavy thud the something fell close to his very feet. He looked up, but there was no light.

Whatever it might be that was lying so close to him it uttered no sound, and he was standing bewildered, not know-ing what to do, hesitating whether to ascertain what had happened, when, as he was hesitating and donoting, he heard indistinctly a voice overhead, and then, more plainly, the grating sound or the floor above being forced back in-

to its proper place. It was only at this moment that the conviction dawned upon his mind that some fearful crime had been committed of which he had been the unintentional and unorspected witness. A low groun close beside him roused

him to immediate action, and he took a box of wax-matches from his pocket and struck a light. The desire that had brought him here

this night above all nights was gratified; his eyes rested once more upon the face of Kate Lilburne. If ever a prayer was granted, and came to the suppliant as a curse, surely it was so now with Frank Fairfield.

He looked upon Kate as she lay senseless at his feet; blood was flowing from a wound on her forehead, and from a second wound on the side of her head. And yet her fall had been slightly broken by her gown having been caught by some projection from the wall. The wounds on her head were serious.

however, and Frank tried to staunch the blood with a couple of large handkerchiefs he had in his pocket. This was no easy matter, as he had to do it in the dark, his wax-matches being of no use except for a second or

Kate remained senseless, and the young man tried to revive her by forcng some brandy which he had in his flask down her throat.

But his efforts were in vain, and the dank vault in which they both were chilled the blood in his veins, while the girl who was laying on the floor was almost as cold as though she were dead. His first thought was for Kate, and he took off his thick warmulster, wrapped her in it as well as he could, then, furned to leave her so that he might rouse the inmates of the castle, and He had only taken a few steps, how-

difficulties and dangers of the situation, not onlyto himself, but to Kate, until she should be sufficiently recovered to explain what had happened. What business had be in the castle? would naturally be the first enquiry, and he was compelled to admit that he had none—that he was a midnight tres-

ever, for this purpose before he paused.

suddenly rendered powerless by the

passer and might be taken into custody as a suspected person. Then again, it was evident that a deliberate crime had been committed of which Kate was the victim; but who had planned or executed it, he had not

the faintest idea. "No one can nurse her like my mother, who has been the only mother she has ever known," he murmured as he lifted the fair girl tenderly in his arms, and carried her out of the vault into the

How he accomplished that journey through the snow-storm he never rightly knew, but when he was obliged to ave the boat as the river would have taken him out of his way beyond a cer-tain point, he bribed a homeless tramp whom he found taking shelter in the deserted boat-house to help him carry "his brother, who," he said, "had met with an accident," to the shed where he had left his cob and phaeton.

He placed Kate in the carriage, and thus the tramp only saw an inanimate figure wrapped in a brown ulster. And the man, when the task was completed, went on his way, glad of the handful of silver given him for his pains, and, as day after day took him farther away from this part of the country, he never heard of the strange disappearance of Kate Lilburne, and

Frank roused his mother to attend the unconscious girl. Mrs. Fairfield's face was white and stern as she angrily asked: "What have you done to her? Is she

even had he done so, he would probably have failed to connect it with the piece

of good fortune that had befallen him

"God only knows," he replied de-jectedly; "but I have done her no harm. I have saved her from certain death if she is not already dead."

"Go for the doctor and don't come back without him. Her words were brief; her son might tell her what story he liked, she had already formed her own conclusion, and she mentally resolved that if Kate Lilburne died she would not in any way shield her son from the consequences of this night's work.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOUBTS AND FEARS. Mrs. Fairfield stood calmly by the side of the girl whom she loved as if she had been her own child, and seem-ed to show so little emotion, and to be so passionless and so stern, her mind was in truth racked by a thousand nameless fears.

"Whatever harm he has done to you; my darling, he shall pay for and pay for dearly, and until I give you back to your father I will guard you as the apple of my eye. Though Frank is my own son. I will not spare him." A low moan from the sufferer recall-

ed the woman to the necessity of putting Kate to bed, and she went about her difficult task gently and tenderly, as though the tall graceful girl now to have brought Kate from her lather's hovering between life and death still the pretty baby whom she had fed from her own breast and dandled upon her knee in the years gone by.

Mrs. Fairfield had often reproached herself with loving her foster-child Kate Lilburne better even than she loved her own son; but that she really did so there could be no doubt, for Kate had tilled the place in her heart which had been made void by the death of her youngest child, a baby-girl, who died when she was but a few weeks old, and the little heiress had been given to her to love and cherish, and had clung to her as her own infant might have done. But the high-born little maiden, with her beauty and grace and her gentle ways, was like a princess to the woman whose previous experience of children

had been among the rough ruddy boys and girls of her own class, and Nurse Fairfield almost worshipped the child committed to her care. Frank was a boy for any mother to be proud of, Mrs. Fairfield was told on every side, and Mr. Lilburne himself had been heard more than once to express the wish that Frank was his own

All this was gratifying, no doubt, but thewoman's heart clung most to ber nursling, and when, as the years went by and Frank's mad infatuation for Kate made Mr. Lilburne decide to purchase a partnership for him and pension off his mother, the latter resented the well-meant kindness, and blamed her own offspring for the wrong which she con-

sidered he had done her. She was a little angry with Kate also for parting with her so readily after so many years of faithful service and loving devotion, and she had in consequence declined more than one invitaion to the castle since she came to live in this out-of-the-way cottage.

But all her resentment vanished at

the sight of the fairgirl who looked like a broken lily, and on whose face were stains of blood which had trickled down from the wound on her head. The situation, was agonising, and but

for the anxiety she felt at Kate's still unconscious condition, and the dread she had of making had matters worse, she would at once have started for Silverton Castle, and would have entreat-ed its owner to come without a moment's delay to his suffering child It seemed a long time before Frank returned with the surgeon, who found the still unconscious girl undressed and

in bed, and giving no sign of life be-yond an occasional low faint moan. Her white satin dress and everything she had worn that evening had carefully put out of sight, and there was nothing about her to indicate she was not Mrs. Fairfield's daughter. The doctor examined her, believing the story told him that she had been thrown from a gig.
"There are no bones broken," he said

at length; but I am atraid that her head has been seriously injured. A part the skull is pressing upon the and though she may regain her bodily health, I very much fear her reason was be permanently affected. But I will come again in the morning."
Frank clasped his hands in despair when Mr. Kemble repeated this opinion

Judging by his own feelings he felt that death would be ten thousand times preferable to madness.

He showed the doctor out of the house, repressing his emotion as far as possible, but when the front door was closed he did not dare to go near the

chamber in which were his mother and When his mother at length appeared, she found him so nearly unconscious that she thought for a time that she was going to have two invalids upon her hands instead of one.

Judging that he was suffering from exhaustion as much as anything, she made him swallow an egg beaten up in brandy and milk, and when he had slightly recovered she said sternly:
"You must make an effort to rouse yourself to meet the trouble you have brought upon us. Tell me, in as few words as possible, what has happened. for I mean to send for Mr. Lilburne at

Her cold hard words seemed to give him a fictitious strength, and he told her the story of his adventure and of his night's work, being careful alike to avoid excuse and exaggeration. "And what business had you outside Silverton Castle at such a time?" she demanded sharply.

"I only went to catch one glimpse of Kate," he replied humbly.
"Catch a glimpse of Kate!" she repeated with disdain. "Who do you think will ever believe that you spent whole hours in the cold and the dark. with no other motive than that?" she demanded.

"Evidently you do not." he retorted,

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stung by her tone and manner.
"No, I don't," was the emphatic re-PROTECTING MILLIONAIRES. How Our Richest Men are Defended. Then it is useless my trying to convince you," he returned. "Quite useless; and as for any secret passage or staircase that leads into the castle, it's very strange that I should have lived at Silverton all those years

kind. I should mighty like to see if it "You can easily do that," he replied calmly. "I found the place out many years ago, and have gone in and out that way at night hundreds of times."
"And yet no living soul besides your-"ives are exclusively employed for the

self knew of it?" she asked with inpurpose.
There are four Astor residences and creased suspicion.
"Yes, Miss Grace knew of it. I showed her the hole in the floor once, and threatened to throw her down if each per day, and the beats are so arranged that the nine bonses cannot be mingled horror and wonder in her eyes when I pressed the spring and made the floor slide back into its place."

approached unseen by one or more of guard-men-William H. Vanderbilt was the originstor of this system, and be was inclined to it by the large number of enaky letters which he received. He processed to have no fear of rational evil doers, but was apprehensive that mannes might attack him or some member of his family.

demands and threats directed to his Jay Gould's self-protection is more secret and characteristic. He does not entrust it to a detective agency, but hires his own body-guard. For years he has been always accompanied by a stalwart young follow. But that is a safeguard against Wall street-enemies. Cranks who might cut up capers in or around his home are under the view

by a separate set of men. These employees of the millionaire families, whose names are pour people's

the same man or woman believes her to be lying at the bottom of the shaft any exploits. Ducing the Western strikes Jay Gould made the trips between his home and office in a cab, instead of Elevated car, as formerly, and it was observed that a ring at his bell brought "There is another view of the matter which you don't seem to have thought about," his mother said severely. "It a sauntering watchman to the foot of the steps about as quickly as it did

One of the defenses in Gordd's case is against those who would write antagonistic sentiments with chalk on his sidewalk and steps. Men and boys are frequently caught at it and compelled to desist. A specimen of that class of revolutionists seems to be a poet, and a wild one, judging by the description of him.

" The rich may shirk,

A HISTORIC OLD HOUSE. Built n Century Before the Revolution. At the foot of Webster avenue, Rayenswood, Long Island City, statuls an

Lord Rawdon, afterwards the Marquia

of Hastings. In the yard are the remains of an old block-house, built for protection from the Indians, and antedsting the old

In this house Washington Irving wrote his Knickerbocker's History of New York. Later Fenimore Cooper visited the place, and while there wrote The Water Witch. The scens of the celebrated chase of the Water Witch by the British gunboat was Isid in the East

and many of the oak beams begin to show signs of decay. On the heavy fron front door is the crow's foot cut by the British on all

property confiscated from the robels. This door is as old as the house itself, and so is the great benty iron knocker, under the hand of Peter Stayvesant, Sir Henry Clinton, Irving, Congar and a host of others long ago in their The door is the property of the Long

Island flisterical Society, which also owns the fireplace, a verifable currosity. The immense chimney leading therefrom is almost large enough for a person to drive a team of hones through. Across the fireplace is still stretched a long iron pole, suspended from which are iron rings, used for holding pots and kettles, and reasting meat.

ing stable. She has permitted the Bianca Donatio, who a short time ago enchanted the Berlin public with her beautitul voice and fine floraturus, after me ting her last engagement at Florence has

"Does she ?"

In 1950, it is asserted by court prophets, the entire House of Lords will be bossed by American beiresses, provided it lives as A paper has been started in Henderson, North Carolina, with a woman at its head,

Mrs. Jennie Lind Goldschmidt confesses that she has kept her vocal organs in tune for twenty-five years by yelling at her children.

Miss Edith Ingells, a niece of the elo-

and to which the contributors are Southern

quent Kansas Senator, is a teacher in the public schools of Louisville. Jennie June says that slow necks are as full dress for ladies as swallow-tails are for

Three weekly newspapers in Georgia are

edited by women. teen thousand temale students.

The private service for the protection of the Vanderbilts, Astors, and Gould was organized three years age, and is ostensibly separate for each family, though the men who defend the Vanderbilts and Astors are provided by the same establishment, and practically

five belonging to the Vanderbilts, all in or close to Fifth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Fifty-second streets. The spies are on watch eight hours

Since his death the mails have been laden with all sorts of appeals,

of spice, whose quarters are in a room of the Window Hetel across the way. That is additional to patrol duty done

synonyms for wealth, are kept informed as to every new demonstration by a crank, and they are alect to deserr and drive off the monomaniacs who attempt

His chalk was bright red, and he rapfelly wrote:

marking emphatically;
"Well, if you won't go to Mr. Lil-burne and tell him what has happened, The poor must work "before he was collared; and then, as though determined that at least the terminal rhymes of his verse should be emblazoned, he added as what would have been the end of the third line, " lebor," and right underneath The two words took all the tempo-

" neighbor." The rest remains unknown.

ancient Dutch maner house, the property of Dr. Woodhull, of Brooklyn. The house was built in 1609, five years after the retirement of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of the Province of New York. During the Revolutionary war this house was one of the outposts of the British army of occupancy under Sir Henry Clinton. and was occupied as headquarters by

The old house is characteristically Dutch, with low coilings, and nothing of the imposing aspect which is notice able among mansions that were built in the Colonial period. Comfort, not style, appears to have been the object of the builder. The st nes of the well have darkened with age, and the brick work

The original proprietor was John Manuing, a friend of Gov. Stuyye-ant. trainer to make engagements for her horses under the name of "The Locusta" of Blackwell's Island, came into possess sion of the property through intermatriage or descent. One Col. Blackwell served in the American army during the Bevolution. From him the property was taken by the Crown. Col. Gibbs obtained the property from the Blackwells, and Gov. Handwells. wells, and Gen. Hughes was the next owner, and the Woodbulls succeeded. Until within five years, the house has always remained a private residence. It

is now rented and kept as a public In the Club Window.

"Pretty girl that. or Varys. "She looked at you as if she knew

"Well, the fact is, me boy, she's my sistaw. But she mayied a fellow that wuns a staw, aw something of that sawt, and they live in a bawding house, so I cawnt affawd to wecognize how in public. But I always send her my cawd at New Yeah's. Paw girl ! She The colleges of the country contain eigh- has been foolish wathaw than cwiminal, don't chew knew."

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