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VOLUME XXII.

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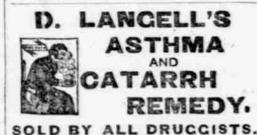
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LOVER AND HUSBAND.

cious seast.

from observation.

stood wint was expected of him.

A flight of stairs led from the ground

Vera's face was a study when she

floor to the more comfortable room above.

heard my step, and, looking up, saw me standing in the open door. The flush died suidenly out of her checks, the cager light from her eyes. She started

up from the rustic seat, pullid and trem-

"Why, Roger, what brings you here?"

"Yes, Vera," I answered, drawing her

down beside me upon the bench. "Come, be scated again. It will be so nice to

have a telesa-tele for once, away from our

I spoke calmly, but she must have seen something unusual in my face; or she

may have hoped to get me away before her lover appeared. All at once she be-

"Let me go, Roger, I cannot remain here. Our guests will wonder at our ab-

"Wait. Sing just one of the old songe

with which you used to enchant me.

She was struggling again. I held her

Suddenly a step sounded in the path

While we remained motionless, staring

into each other's eyes, a hoarse growl

came to our ear, succeeded immediately

by a wild, terrifield cry. Vera seemed

Tiger?" she panted rather than said.

Then she dropped on her knoes, and

"Roger, be merciful! Call off the brute.

Murder will be done. Go, for Heaven's

I listened with scaling lips.

A smarling sound came from below,

Vera made a desperate effort, broke

ningled with moans of pain. Even these

from my hold, and rushed screaming

A horrible sight met my gaza when I

reached the lawn. Royal Rayne lay

eross the path, bruised and bleeding

is white face and staging eyes upturned

the pitiless sky. Tiger still crouched

Vera tottered forward, and flung her-

Her wild grief maddened mo. I seized

ots of pretty pink ribbon, was spotted

A sort of frenzy seemed to take posses-

sion of me, "Yes!" I hissed, "Tiger has done his

work well. I knew the faithful brute

sould be trusted to guard my honor. You

would rather join your paramour, no

"Yes," she barely whispered. "You know all, and I will not disguise the truth. I loved him."

Then she lifted her face, all her voice

"Life is valueless to me now. Kill me,

too, and so complete the work of venge-

And drawing a knife, I plunged it into

She expired with scarce a sigh. A

smile of heavenly sweetness seemed to hover about her lips as she fell back upon the grass, her life-blood mingling

Heaven! how begutiful she was-love

her than ever in the key emerate of

leath! The fatal beauty that had been

I was strunged for a while, but finally

my senses returned. Something must be

one to conceal the crime I had com-

Baising Vera's lifeless body in my arms,

I bore it to the rear of the summer-house

there some stones forming the form la

tion wall were loos, and thrusting it

through the sperture, replaced every-thing precisely as I had found it. After-ward I returned to the house, usingling

freely with the guests. No one seems

to notice anything unusual in my appear-

and significant glances were exchanged. The continued absence of Vera an

Royal Rayne was being commented on,

and one of the elder ladies said, in an

"Of course, they have fied. It is strange

how Mr. Delmar can remain ignorant of

discovered near the summer house, where

Everybody was startled, and there was

Then the natural query arose: What

not long in stepping to the front with a

I had left it; but there could be no un

what is so patent to everybody else."

visible in his purple throat.

a great commotion.

As the evening wore on, sly whisp is

ts stream with Royal Rayne's.

of those two the bane.

"I will," was my answer.

her roughly by the arm and lifted her up. The white cross she wore, with its gay

beside his victim, his jaws dripping with

self across the dead body of her lover.

"Oh, Heaven! he is dead!"

all day better with blood,

doubt, than live with me?

soming back.

her bosom.

cehend the truth i

You have let him loose!

ifted her cl sped hands.

died away at last.

lown the stairs.

1 followed:

sake! or it will be too late."

below. Vera grew still as death all at

once, a look of awful terror creeping over

"Another time, Roger. Really-

sence, and take offense. Let us return to

gan to struggle in my arms.

her livid face.

she stammered. "Did you come to seek

"It is an East Indian drug, and was given to me by a Brahmin of high caste," Royal Rayne said, holding in his extended hand a small vial containing an amber-colored liquid. "The natives claim or it some very peculiar properties, but I have never felt any disposition to test it for myself."

A wild storm was raging without, and twilight found us clustered about the fire that had been laid on the hearth of the

The dull, rainy day had depressed all our spirits, and it was to enliven us by a diversion of some sort that Royal Rayne, the life of every gathering honored by his presence, had plunged into a hoard of reasures, accumulated from the Amazon to the Ganges and "northest Ind," and brought forth the interesting drug. Royal Rayne! I seem to see him now

as I saw him that night, with the ruddy firelight flashing over his dark, splendid face and noble figure, as kindly in bearing as he was in name-a man all the women a lored and all the men envied. "Tell us something about it, Mr. Rayne," entreated Vera, my six month's bride, lifting her sweet face and involuntarily drawing nearer.

I had noticed before how this princely man, with his winning smile and wondrous vitality, seemed to attract weaker natures. Children always gathered about him, and once or twice, for our diversion, he had charmed the wild, beautiful song ters from their native shrines to perch upon his hand.

But it gave me a jealous pang that my innocent Vera should fall ever so slightly under his spell.

"I do not know from what it is preparcel, or the use the Brahmins make of it, Mrs. Delmar," he replied, in the soft, musical tones that constituted one of his greatest charms; "but it is said to affect the mind very strangely. While under its influence, the brain works with such ghtning-like rapidity that one may fancy nimself to pess through all the stirring events of a long life in a very few moments of time.

eyes lingered upon my wife's face irritated me, and I said, scoffingly:
"Nonsense! I am not so credulous as to believe it has any such power as you claim for it." "The drug is harmless. Perhaps you

The way in which his glowing dark

"Oh, Roger, don't?" eried Vera, in The only effect of her appeal was to confirm the resolve I had taken the instant Rayne addressed those words to nie, as it daring me to make the experi-"What is the dose?" I asked, taking the vial in my own hand,

"Two drops in half a glass of water," he "Here are four-adouble portion," and I deliberately measured them into a glass that stood on a table at my ellow. I shall soon know if there is any virtue n the draw. Swallowing the last drop of the prepa-

ration, I leaned back in my easy-chair,

gazing at Royal Rayne half-contemptu-He returned my look, and all at once it seemed as if something black fell before my eyes. It was gone in a moment, and then I perceived that Vera was also regarding me with a strange, speculating expression I had never seen upon her

"How do you feel, Rager?" she asked, in what was evidently intended for a solicitous tone. "Very much as usual. The drug is a

Eavne frowners. "You think so because you are of a temperament to throw off its influence. But it certainly would affect some persons precisely as I have described. My only answer was a contemptuous

Shortly afterward some one prosethere were half a dozen guests staying in the house and the ciscle was broken. But Eayne and my wife remained. When they fancied I had become interested in a book I had taken up. Vera itted to the niche beyonnd the glowing arth where Tayne was at that moment

standing, and said in a whisper: "Roger looks and nets strangely. What that yellow liquid should be a deadly "Would you care so very much?" he

answered back in a tone that chilled my I do not know what response she made. t was probably only a look. But both ghed softly, and after a moment Vera ded back and threw herself upon a low assoch at niv feet.

I could have struck her as she lifted er drapled, lovely face. It was the first me a doubt of her truth had ever crosses y mind. Only by a determined effort the will could I help betraying the on of my mind.

orror and distrust that had taken poeses-"Pear Roger, I am glad that horridlrng did not make you ill," she purred, but her eyes drooped, refusing to meet ny scarching gaze.

Later, when she had retired to her own room, and I was crouching upon the windswept veranda, heedless of the storm, for my own thoughts were in a greater turnoil than the elements, two of the guests came and stood at the window just

"Do you think Mr. Delmar knows?" were the words that came to my ears clear and distinct.
"Knows what? How shamelessly his wife is flirting with Royal Rayne?"

"It is doubtful. The honeymoon is searcely over, and a man in love is proverbiatly blind. He no doubt thinks his vife a modern Lucretia." "What a shame that he should be so

eceived! Rayne was Mrs. Delmar's lover before he went abroad, I beneve?" "So the gossips say. Scandalous stories were told of them even then. But Rayne was not a marrying man, and gave his pretty sweetheart the go by. She married r. Delimir for his money. The speakers left the window. But I

the course of action I would pursue.

was wandering aimlessly about the To encourage this belief, I sent scouthad heard more than enough. Rayne an old lover of my wife's, and they had met as strangers! Had I been so deceived? ing parties in every direction; the whole neighborhood joined in the search. From all sides came expressions of Vere all Vera's kisses and tender words sy pathy and condolence. I was looked snares of a hypocrite? mon as a martyr. But oh! the long dreadful days and

I would watch—convince myself, and should this dreadful thing prove true, horr ble nights! Often did I wake a from exact a terrible penalty. troubled dreams, a cold sweat bedewing They were extremely careful in my my torcheal, to see Vera's dead face staring at me out of the darkness. presence, but the next day, as we were aving the breakinst-table, I saw Rayne An in-lefinable fascination draw me lip a note into Vera's hand. She stole daily to the spot where I had concealed away by herself to read it. Several hours later, when she was out

the body. I felt a morbid longing to b hold her again and mark the changes upon the lawn with our guests, the gavest death had wrought. them all, I sought her dressing-room. One morning, unable longer to resist the impulse, I stole secretly to the sum-A bit of crumpled paper lay on the carpet before the dressing-table. Smoothing it mer-house, and, removing the stones, on my knee I read these words: dragge I forth the boly of my victim. "Six o'clock. The old summer-house," I had scarcely done this when a strong An appointment? It had even come hand clutched my arm. An officer of the

While I stood there crumpling the note law was standing at my elbow. in my trembling hand, I decided upon "I suspected you from the first," he sail, with a leer. "Now there can be no doubt of your guilt. It becomes my duly Among my possessions was a larry Siberian bloothound I had purchased to place you under arrest for the murder of your wife, and normal. Though faithful and gentle to I started and rubbed my eyes. The me, he could be very ferocious, and was an object of terror to all our guests, man's face stemed to be transformed a I Kayne included. The spell of fascination he exerted over nearly every living at once. It was Itoyal Rayne who stood beside me, shaking me vigorously.

"Wake up, Delmar, and t-II us what you think now of the East Indian drug." creature was powerless with this saga-I flung him off with a shrick of hor-As the day were on, and the specified ror, and looked around in utter be wilder-

hour approached. Vera laughingly ex-cused, herself, and left her guests. After I was sitting before the fire in the roing up stairs, she stole forth at a side roomy hall, with the storm still howling oor, and walked swittly in the direction outside. I saw nov darling wif coming of the summer-house.

It was the signal for which I waited. toward me, an expression of deep concern upon her pretty face. The sound of her Proceeding to Tiger's kennel, and loosing voice aroused me as from a trance. "th, Roger," she cried, "how strangely you his chain, bade him follow me, The summer house was a quaint struct-ure of two stories, standing in a remote look! Never try such an experiment

part of the grounds. Dense shrubbery It was Vera herself, alive and well. Taking Tiger by the collar, I drew him crything that had seemed to succeed the falling of the shadow before my eyes under cover of some bushes near the was but a dream. door, where he was entirely concealed Regardless of the presence of others. I drew her into my arms, kissed her re-"Let no one pass, sir," I said in a fleree whisper, and the intelligent animal gave a low growl, as though he fully underpeatedly, and burst into tears of joy and

relief. Royal Rayne is now my best friend, and I have never had the least occasion to be jealous of him. At my urgent request, he threw away the vial containing the amber-colored liquid. -

LILLIAN'S LOVERS.

"Lillian! Dear little Lillian!" She lifted her head, and her shy browneyes met those of the speaker. gerously handsome man, Lloyd Middle-ton knew how to use his power, and the childish little creature whose soit eyes drooped before his gaze, was a woman

worth winning. For Lillian Raleigh was the only child of a very rich man, who fairly worshiped his motherless daughter; and Lillian had never known care, or a wish ungratefied. But her guardian angel must have trembled to see her so conpletely in the toils of the man at her

It was a pretty scene. A long stretch of sandy white beach; this dancing waves of a romantic Southern lake rolling in at their feet, as they sat beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak tree; while "the old, old story was told "You love me, Lillian ?"

A vivid crimson flew into her fair cheeks. She turned her head away, but her small hand trembled. Lloyd Middleton raised it to his lips, as sho taltered "My darling!" he whispered, in bls eves a look of triumph.

There was no room for doubt. Every look and action betrayed Lilian Ital eigh's heart. She loved him with all the strength of a first love—wild, unrea-soning—and she would love him until death came, or that which is worse than death-disillusion He bent his head, and the bold eyes

gazed into her face. May I speak to your father, Lillian, and beg him to give me his treasure. the sort, seductive voice went on. A richer time of crimson overspread the girlish face, but there was consent in the soft brown eyes which met his for an

instant, then droope i again. He stoope I and kissed the sweet red lips. "Heaven bless you, my darling!" he And Lillian went straight to paradise, and remained there half an boar perhaps, which is more bliss than most mortals are permitted to experience.

The awakening came in the shape of a pretty boat, which bounded over the waves like a white-winged bird; it's sale occupant, a man of some five-and-twenty years, with a shoughtful face, and kindly gray eyes. Those eyes fell upon the pair beneath the oak tree, and he began at once 'tacking' for shore. Lloyd Middleton frowned darkly.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered behind his heavy black mustache. Turning to Lillian, he observed, with as much carelessness:

There's Tom Hunter coming to land! Lily, he does not like me-he never did! Don't let him become between us, my

One quick, impetuous glance from the big, brown eyes, and Lloyd Middleton was satisfied. She loved him, and she was as true as

The boat drew near, and Tom Hunter's clear voice called gayly:
"Come, Miss Lillian. I want to take you for a sail! You know you promised me the pleasure! Again that frown darkened Lloyd Mid-

dieton's handsome face. "Go, if you wish it, Liflinn," he said in a low tone. "I can trust you. For I know that he is toing to try and prein-

dice you against me. You will be true! His ey a dashed with a steely glitter. The boat's keel grated upon the sand; To a Hunter assisted Lillian in upon a

Lloyd Middleton touched his hat. "Will you come, Middleton ?" asked

"No. Thanks, very much. Good-bye, Lillian. Don't remain out too long." He turned away and sauntered down the beach, calmly oblivious of the glance of contempt from Tom Hunter's gray eyes, quite well satisfied that that gen leman would now understand that he had a right to control Miss !taleigh's actions. An angry flush shot athwart Tom's cheek for an instant as the little boat

shot away from shore. Tom's voice broke the silence. "What right has that fellow, Middleton. to dictate to you or attempt to control

your actions? Oh, Lily, Lily, you are so dear to me!" The next morning Rayne's body was "Hush!" She was trembling like a certainty as to how he had met his fate. frightened bird. "You must not-speak The impaint of Tiger's te-th was all too to me in that way-Tom-Mr. Hunter!" "Oh, Heaven! I am too late then? Lilly, for pity's sake, tell me it is not true! Lillian Raleigh, answer me; this is no time for idle words, or apologies for plain speaking. I have known you all your lite, and I must learn the truth, had become of Vera? The gossips were face the worst though it kill me. Tell theory. She had been crazed by the sight of her dead lover, they said, and me, are you engaged to Lloyd Middle-

> The shy brown eyes meet his with a She was brave in defense of her lover. "If papa consents," she returned slow-ly, "I shall marry Mr. Middleton." "Gol help you!" cried form Hunter, ervently. "No, no! don't be angry.

ton? Are you his promised wife?"

Miss Rafeigh—you must be Miss flaieigh to me now, I suppose—but oh! my little friend, how can I see you marry a man "Take me home, Mr. Hunter, if you She was pale with indignation, her

brown eyes tlashing fire. Tom sighed sadly; but he turned his boat homeward, and not another word was spoken until they reached the shore. Then he turned and faced her-pale and

"Lillian, listen to me just one moment!" he cried wildly. "I must speak, though you will kill me with your indignation, Lillian Raleigh, that man Middicton is a fortune-hunter. Let him once believe you poor, and my word for it, you would never see him again! Lily, I am telling you this for your own good -

"Good-evening, Mr. Hunter!" And Lillian trembling with enger, white as the dress she wore, hastened up the beach and back to the hotel.

That very night, the engagement be-tween Miss Lillian Raleigh and Lloyd Middleton was sauctioned by her father who could not refuse his darling anything upon which she had set her heart, and it was forthwith publicly announced. One morning at breakfast, a few days later, a telegram was handed to Mr. Ral-

He glanced it over, and very pale, and trembling visibly, he arose from the table and sought his own apartment. Half an hour afterward a message to Lloyd Middleton requested him to call

at Mr. Raleigh's rooms.

He obeyed at once. Only to have that gentleman hand the telegram which he had received through the open door, and ersely bidding him read it, closed the or once more. The telegram was short and to the point:

"To Mr. John Raleigh: Chadwicke & Powell, cotton house, New Orleans, closed. Come at once. W. L. Brows, Attinya. Law."

Lloyd Middleton marched to his own room white as a ghost, with that slip of yellow paper crumpled tightly in his han I, in his eyes a bad look. For he knew that John Raleigh's fortune had been invested with the business, house of Chalwicke & Powell, and ruin or one meant ruin for all.

Two hours later Mr. Moy! Middleton erma down stairs. Mr. Raleigh had taken the first train to New Orleans, leaving Lillian in charge Lloyd Middleton found his fair betrothed alone upon the beach at their old trysting-tree.

She hastened to greet him, her sweet face flushed, a ten ler light in her brown eyes, both hands extensed in eager welco ne. "Oh, Lloyd! I was afraid that you were ill! What is the matter, dear?"
He had not touched her hand; he was

gazing into her white face with stern, roid eves. "Miss Italeigh," (how coll his voice was!) "I have just heard of your father's failure in business. I love you madly, but it would be folly-madness, for us to marry, both being poor. I regret it with

all my heart, but -I give you back your

Her beautiful face was set and stern, her dark eyes blazed.
"You are a coward," she panted, "and I am saved from a fearful fate! Goo!-And she le t him alone.

John Raleigh returned in a few days and took his daughter away. They went North for a pleasant trip. and up in the White Mountains they encountered Tom Hunter. Lillian was surprise I to find how welcome was the sight of his honest face.
"Where is Middleton?" asked Tom,

after a few pre iminaries. Lilliam's eyes flashed. "I do not know," she made answer. Tom, you were right about him, and I was an awful simpleton. It was my money that he wanted, and when he heard that it was gone he-"

She hesitated. "I understand," interposed Tom, "Oh, Lillian, if there were only a hope for me. I did not dare speak out before hen you were rich and I a poor nobody But, darling, I love you, and I am will ing to work hard for you if only -only She had her hand in his, Lillian Enleigh knew her own heart at last. When Mr. Raleigh heard the news,

he cave his hearty consent. "Oh, dear," he exclaimed merrily "won't Middleton be surprised and ch grined when he finds out the truth? fom, old fellow, I lost very little in the failure of Chadwicke & Powell. I hall withdrawn most of my interest from that firm some weeks before its failure. ly sole less was not two thousand, and illian here is beiress to half a million in her own right. I rather think Mid-dleton will be a little disappointed when bears the truth, resuppointed! I should think he was.

He went to Europe not long atter, and the next news that reached his friends was his marriage to the daughter of a Jew money lender, a woman fabulously rich and fabulously ugly. And he leads a felt, they say, Ah, well, it serves him right. And illian an Tom, happily married now,

"NOBODY ASKED ME"

careety give him a thought. He is not

worth i', 1.i.lian saya.

"I hate a coquette!" gaid Miss Dilly "So do l," said Alice Ames.

", shaw!" said Miss Hilly. "Dear me, Dilly, what can you possibly me m?" said the city visi or. She looked provokingly pretty as she ent on the door-tep, throwing bread-cramte to a flock of bright eyel young turkeys that were on their way to roost, Above, the drooping apple-boughs al-most touched her sun hat; below, the daisies glimmered in the graza like silver

The sun was just down; but there remained a yellow glow in the sky, and the birds chirped sleepily in the hedges, while a swallow or two yet circled round the caves of the barn.

Alice was very pretty a fair haired, bright-complexioned girl, with large, brown eyes, and lips redder and riper than any strawberry. And perhaps that was the reason that she produced such an i pression in the village of Milton. which, to speak the truth, was not a beauty-producing neighborhood. The girls of Milton were lank and tall. with no particular figures, freckled compiexions, and heavy featuris. They were, however, as Robert Rockingham observed, "regular spiders to work," and turned out first-class butter-makers. factory hands, and poultry breelers; but as for the poetic side of life, they knew nothing of it, and cared less. They raised vegetables of all sorts in their gardens; but roses an I pinks they ignored as simply a waste of time. They read the weekly paper and the Bible, and occasionally consulted their almanacs; but they never had heard of She," and did not know Thackeray

Dickens. Work was their idol -a schooltreat their ideal of gay dissipation. Into this atmosphere of thrift Alice Ames had come, as a golden pheasant might have made its way into a barnyar i full of respectable hens and geese. She was a distant cousin of the Rockinghams, whose mother was dead, and

whose father had gone on a business He had not known quite what to do with Alice during his absence, until he had suddenly remembered his cousins at

"That will be a nice place for the child," he thought. "It will be a stupid ratuge, but it will be a safe one. They'll like Alice-every one likes Alice!" It was true. The pretty, dewy-eyed girl brought her own welcome with her wherever she went. The Rockinghams were despairing when they heard that she was coming-they were delighted when she had come.

Pob, the claest son, lost his heart to her at on e. It was a clear case of love at first sight.

"But she is so lovely, mother," said honest Hob. "I don't think she has any idea of being a farmer's wife." by chance is as good as any one else's," plended poor Hob. ____ And his mother wisely said no more upon the subject.

"she is not suited to a place like this."

Alice went strawberrying with Bob; she learned to ride horseback on old Dobbin, after the day's work was over, with Bob for a teacher. She gathered ferms in the woods, and sketched Granton Mountain from different points of view, with Bob to carry her color-boxes and set up her umbrella. In fact, she seemed delighte-with her country and ling-place, and Bo

was in the seventh between of happiness,

when, like a thun imbolt out of a clear

sky, Mr. Manfred Harper made his appearance on the serve "Did you know he was coming?" sharply questioned Rhedilla, commonly known as "Dilly," the grim, edaughter of the Lockinghams.
"No," Alice carelessly answered. the grim, eldest

She was necusto ned to the homage of her admirers, and it did not at all prise her that Mr. Harper should have ollowed her from the city. And it was her innocent en oy sent of Mr. Harper's society that drew from Dilly the sharp comment of "I hate a coquette!" There was no hotel at Milton, so Mr. Harper had to stay at a farmhouse where they occasionally let rooms in the shoot-

Alice went riding with him, took him to all the delicious leafy glens which Robert Rock nghan had shown her, in troduced him to the best pools of the trout stream, and, an Dilly declared, "dirted" openly with him. "I don't know what you mean," said Alice, with provoking equanimity. "To

treat a gentleman civilly-is that what you call flirting, billy?" "Anybody would think there was no-body in the world but him, when you are talking with him under the peartrees," said Dilly.

"One must be polite," observed Alice, capturing one of the speckled turkey pullets and holling its downy little body against her peach-soft face.
"I don't care for him," said Dilly fairly driven to bay, "nor for myself, All I say is, that you've no business to break Bob's heart

"But," cried Afice, with limpid, hazel Miss Dilly flounced away to bring in kitchen towels, which were bleaching on the grass down by the brook. "I've no patience with the girl!" said

Bob, however, took things more "Let her alone," said he; "we have no right to dictate to her." But Dilly knew him too well to be deceived. She knew that the envenomed arrow was renkling in his heart. On that Thursday evening, however, when Manfred Harper had come home from fern-hunting with Alice and had stayed to tea and spent the evening, it came on to rain, with a roll of thunder and on asional flashes of lightning. Robert went out into the kitchen,

where Dilly was busy at work. I suppose we might ask him to stay all night?" said he. "Humph" said Dilly, "And where would be sleen ! "He could have my room; I could lie blanket and a pillow," said Robert. "Indeed you'll do no such thing!" declared the elder sister, with a sort of

loving despotism. "All to oblige this city ion, who loses no opportunity of sneering at us country folks. "But it's three miles to the Wild Fermhouse—and just listen how the rain patters on the roof." "A little wetting will do him good!" said the iron-hearted Rhodilla.

"Nonsensel" said her brother-"we are not barbarians. I'll tell him he'd He went back to the parlor; but there. was no one there except Alice, who was and ling the can lle and yawing.

'Where is ha?" said flobert. "l'o you mean Mr. Harper?" "He has gone."

'In all this min ?" "Why, certainly!" said indifferent "He's neither sugar nor salt. Why shouldn't be? "Alice, have you no pity for the man?"

"Oh plenty of it! But of course he couldn't stay all night. And it's past ten -with another yawn as she glanced up at the clock, all embowers I in a mist of redberried asparagus-"and he told me he knew of a short cut scross the fields-that gloomy road, you know, un ler the elms." "He's not going home that way, "Of course he is!" she replied. "It will shorten the walk half a mile at least,

"ion that road is not used now." 'He is going to use it, at all events, to-Bon caught up his hat.

· How long has he been gone?" he asked breathlessly. "About fifteen minutes," said Alice. "Why I

Bob paus d to make no answer, but rushed out of the door, neglecting, in his haste, to close it behind him, so that a gust of rain and wind blew in, fluttering Dilly's newly laundried curtains and touching Alice's forehead like a chill hand. She ran out into the kitchen.

"Dilly," she cried, "has all the world gone crazy? Why did Hob run out into the rain without ever stopping to answer my questions? Dilly dropped her half-finished work. with a vague idea that some remark of

Alice's had driven her brother to the last extremity of desperation. "Alice !" cried she, "what did you say to him "Nothing. I just told him that Mr. Harper was going to take the short cut home across the fields."

"There is no short cut," declared "Yes, there is that dark road under the elms, you know, just beyond the old dead tree, where the lightning struck last autumn." "He has gone that way?" cried Dilly,

turning deadly pale. "Didn't you tell him?" Don't he know?" Alice's levely, liquid eyes opened to their full extent. "I always thought that place looked as if it were haunted," said she. "But-

"Haunted? Nonsense!" sharply interrupted Dilly, "But it's a shaking bog —a regular morass. No one passes over it now, no one has used it since the night, five years ago, when a wagon and two the lather. "Why, I heard ma say the horses were ingulfed in it. Don't you understand? It's a sort of a quicksand -the swamp-and Bob-dear, generous Bob!-has gone to try and save that man's life if he can. Gracious me! What's the matter with the girl? I do believe she has fainted! Well, if she thinks as much of that city fellow as

And poor Dilly's heart turned to lead It was midnight when Robert Rockin her cosom. . ngham came back with Mr. Manired end. "My son," said the rugged old mother, linguant came bath of them very pale and mud stained.

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"It was a narrow squeeze for it, the city young man, who had a startled, panic-stricken look in his eyes. "I was inking in that treacherous hole, with the lightning Unizing in my eyes, and an

wishricking like a doomed spirit over-

head. It seemed exactly as if there were real hands pulling me down into the moraes. I can't tell what a blessed

sensation it was when I heard Rockingham here hallooing to me. How he pulled me out I don't know. I think he must have the courage of a Samson and the strength of a Hercules." Just then the parlor door opened. Alice peeped out, with bright hair hang-

ing over her eyes.
"Pob!" she said shyly, Robert pushed Harper forward. "Here he is," said he. I've saved his life for you, Alic "I am very glad, I'm sure," said Alice, hurriesily. "Lut-Bob!"
"Yes, I'm going up stairs at once, to

get dry things for him," said Booking-"Oh, yes, I know! but-but can't you speak to me one moment, Bob?" plead-

ed the soft voice. Mr. Harper and the inflexible Dilly were left stan ling rather awk wardly outside, while Robert obeyed Alice's summons. She shut the door, and then threw herself sobbing on his breast. "Oh, Bob! oh, Bob! I am so thankful!" she sobbed. "I don't know what

to say, but "Take care," he said gently. "You'll get your pink frock all muddy. "I don't care for frocks. Oh, Bob--" "I understand it all, Alice. You love him: and you are grateful to me becaus have been lucky enough to save his

"I don't love him!" cried Alice. "His life, indeed! What is his life to me? But if anything had happened to you, Lob -A sulden light broke in on Robert Rockingham's troubled heart. "Alice!" he cried. "Alice, for Heaven's sake, don't raise my hopes only to wreck them again. Is it possible that you care for me ?" She raised the marvelous eyes again,

"Is it possible," she prettily mimicked him, "that you have not discovered before this that I love you? Where have your eyes been, you blind Bob?" Mr. Harper returned to the city next day with a very strong impression of the snares and pitfalls of country life.

fringed with silk-soft lashes to his face.

Alice Ames remained, the affilianced bride of Robert Rockingham. "But why didn't you tell him before that you loved him?" said plain-spoken "How could I," said Alice," when nobody aske I me?"

. PEBBLES.

-History of the Middle Ages-the biography of old maids. -Why is an unsteady man like an unsteady light? Because he is apt to go

-Some things a woman doesn't know, of course; but one of them isn't what the thinks of some other woman. —Judge: "The prisoner is discharged." Prisoner: "Well, begorra, 1 didn t

out nights.

know I was loaded!"

-An expert clergyman, at marrying, could make about four knots an hour with favorable wind. -He: "Dear Alice, give me a kissjust one." She: "I dare not; I have

never kissed a man." He: "Neither

have I. I swear it." * -Polite burglar: "Madam, you are too young to wear such unfashionable jewelry. You must really permit me to recommend a new set." -When Artemus Ward was exibiting

his show in Salt Lake City, his compli-mentary tickets to the city officials read: "Admit bearer and one wife." -"Young man," said the temperance reformer, "do you drink?" "Yes," replied the youth: "but you'll have to excuse me. I've just had two treats."

-Dawdie: "Aw-bawkeeper, give me -aw-a new dwink; something I've nevaw had befaw." Barkeeper: "Yes, sir." Passes out a glass of ice-water. -She: "Are you going to the picnic on Tuesday, (reorge " He: "Oh, yes!" She, with indifference: "Alone, George?" He: "No; I shall take an umbrella. -Ada: "Why, one of your cheeks is

ghost " Ella: "Yes. Harry was on one side, and I was afraid mamma would see us on the other." -"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me.' "Well, Thomas, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection, I

red as tire, and the other pale as a

will believe that you love me." -At a concert a vocalist began to sing. Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot ? when the house was set in a roar by somebody who squeaked out, in a piping

voice: "Not if they've got money!

-"You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said. "I do, darling," he said tenderly. "What's the matter with myself?" she whispered. There will be a wedding shortly. -"I suppose you must be tired of my

talking," said his girl, after she had been talking about fifteen minutes without his being able to get in a word. "Oh, no," he replied; "I get shaved at a barber's." -Wife (reading paper): "Here is an account of a man who sold his wife for

twenty-five dollars. Isn't it dreadful?" Hies and thoughtfully: "Well, I dunno. twenty-five dollars is a good deal of money. -A fimid young man has married a

lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds. "My dear," he says to her, "shall I help you over the "No," says she to him; "help the fence."

He. She and It.

gone and left it in the parlor car!

She (parrot in one hand, dog in the other - Yes, Edward, we've got everything, I believe-but, where's the baby?" He-"Why, I gave it to you. She-"I know; and I gave it back to He-"Well, by thunder! if I haven't

A little boy asked his father what fool lived in the house next to theirs. "No fool lives there that I know of; what makes you ask such a question?" said other day that you was next-door to a fool, was the reply. The sire looked contemplative.

Next Door to a Fool.

A Mistake.

Prof. Snore, of the University of Texas, is very absentminded. Holding up a garment he said to his colored servant: "cam, these drawers are too small at the lower, and too wide at the upper "Bress de Lord, Professor, dem ain't no drawers; dem's yer undershirt."

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