postage.

Will be event will the above terms be desert to the post of the state who don't consult their post of the state who don't consult their the paying it advance must not one to be clured on the same heating as those who to be clured on the same heating as those who

The Night-Wind.

Once when the night-wind clapped its wings

And shook the window-bars and roof,

Drive by in clashing proof!

Sometimes a runic strife it kept.

If winter nights, in selected trees;

Or underneath the caves it crept-

Or, now, wild huntsmen of the sir

In hollow chase their bugles blew,

Sametimes I heard of lovers flown,

Safe, under ward of storm and night,

To where, in sylvan logge, there shone

A taper kind and bright. ...

These things the night-wind used to tell,

To lend a dreamful ear.

WALTER'S WIFE.

Walter Williams was coing to be mar-

ried, and his parents were unwilling. In fact, his mother, who was energetic and

go-sheadative, declared, "if she was in

father's place," (meaning her lusband, "she would forbid the bands," Mrs. William's "father" was not a gifted man. Mrs. Williams had not married him for

his intellectual wealth, and he had some-

what misty views upon most subjects. And he evidently regarded these "bands"

that his wife spoke of, as two long lines

attached to the matrimonial hafter, in which Walter and his wife were to be driven in future in wedded harness.

And he replied, that "it wouldn't do no

good to meddle with the bands, for they

were determined to be joined together,

So the bans were not ferbidden, and

such love as ours is for all time."

member what the Fible says, a man

wife, to love and to protect forever more.

Williams was a very noble young man,

He did not choose to desert Hattie, and

reak her heart and his own, because his

parents objected to her poverty. No

other fault could be brought against her.

mother, whom Hattie had supported

with her needle, had died two months

before her marriage; died with a lock

of content upon her worn features as Watter took Hattie's hand in his, and

owed "to love and protect her always.

on, where Waiter had been to spend the

winter with an uncle. And when his parents, especially his mother, raised her

stormy appealion, Walter, as we see, was not inclined to break his yow to the

dead and the living, to appease his parents

At the stormy interview that occurred,

when Walter told his mother his firm

determination to marry llattic, his

mother told him "that not one cent of

heir property should be ever have; it

should all go to found a hospital, or

"Very well," said Walter, "I had rather

have Hattie than a hundred fortunes."
"Such a shame," said his mother.

"And then you might have had Jemima

"Cousin Jemima! That old cat," cried

"he is only one fourth cousin, and is

worth sixty thousand; and it ought to

"-he isn't a day over thirty-five, and

you can't have everthing in a wife."
"I have everything in Hattie; every-

hing that is sweet and loveable, bless

Which words, spoken so lover-like and

enthusiastically, so incensed the old lady that she left the room so rapidly that

very ribbon on her cap floated back-

ward like flags in a high gale. But the

old boy had a heart; such open-mouthed

impulsive people usually have. And when she saw Walter, her only child, and the idel of her beart, dressed in his lest, rady to go to his brilal, she retired into the choose room, the farthest

the house, and sat own upon the old

cheese-press, unused for years, and most need it with her tears, out of sight of all, as she thought. But Water had

heart, too, a very warm heart; one

one girl tride, and the faithful old

other. And he followed her for a last

kiss. He bent over her, and kissed the

aded check very tenderly; and then,

oticing her to es and softened mo d, he ensured to say, "Mother, if you would

only see Hattie, you would be sure to

al she shall never enter my house.

then she will come."

"Never, mother!" added Walter, ruly. "Never, till you feel differently

e; for Jemima stood ready to marry

out I know, and put her property with ours, and you would be the richest man

the country. I had set my heart on it.

oubt, has stepped between you and

resperity and happiness. I never will

ill her daughter, o. set my foot into her

"Very well, mother. But if you ever

change your mind; if you ever come to her, if you or father want a daughter's

"She shall never lift her finger for

ather or me never! We will lay out

n the read, both of us, before she shall,

And you will never see either of us in-

ways keeping her word. Fut blinded

by her disappointed ambition, and her

hot anger, she did not at this time recol-

lect the old salage, that "man proposes,

Fo Walter Williams and his young

bride set out on their married life over a

side of your house - never!"
Mrs. Williams prided herself upon al-

are and affection, she will be ready."

And now, this girl, a fortune-hunter, no

"he is fifty years old."

Walter, irreverently.

e kept in the family.

She was an orphan, entirely irlendless, save for Walter. For the invalid widowed

Walter's handsome face looked so

And she was not so much

some future time."

And still would tell, if I might hear;

But sarrow sleeps too sound and well

While swift o'er wood and hill-top bare

The shrill-voiced quarry flew.

A swarm of igurmuring bees.

I heard the soul of battle-kings

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NUMBER 7.

perpetuity; but the tide of fortune, as is

frequently the ease, ebbed suddenly and

ceaselessly. Political events darkened and convulsed the horizon of the "money market;" a rapid and ruinous fall in the

unds was the consequence, and the hap-

ess Moulton found himself not only beg-

gared but involved in liabilities to the

amount of thousands, which not the mortgage of every acre he possessed, not

even the sale of the family jewels and

plate, would avail to discharge. Mad-

dened, desperate, cowardly, he staggered beneath, the new and overwhelming

evils which met him on every side, and,

enstead of waiting for the helpful, healing

ut a pistol to his head, and became a

The brief limits of a tale forbid us to

follow step by step the declining fortunes of the devoted family of Moulton. The

widow and her daughter found-as, alas!

to the discredit of human nature, expe-

rience has ever proved-that the sum-

mer friends of prosperity fly with the first indication of penury's wintry chills.

They gathered together the small rem-

nant of property, which, after the pay-ment of all debts, yielded but a poor pit-

tance indeed; and leaving the scene of

their former splendor forever, proceeded to New York. They entered the great city, without aim, resources, or friends!

it was now, and ever since the shadows

of adversity had encompassed them. that all the beautiful points in Neva's

character more prominently developed

themselves. Though but a child still

such events seemed to have forced into

sudden maturity the wisdom and intelli-

gence of ripened years. She saw ther

mother, weak in nature, now absolutely

nelpless in grief and indigence, with

only tears and lamentations, to meet the

evils which surrounded them, without

faith for the future. To add to their al-

ready "huge calamities," an attack o

rheumatism laid Mrs. Moulton on a sick

bed, and deprived her temporarily of the

use of her limbs; they had established

chemselves in a small lodging, in an ob-

scure locality. Their money had been

consumed by the long illness of Mrs.

Moulton, and she was dependant on

Neva for support. Neva's tender age

presented an insuperable barrier. Who

The construction of fancy articles for

the bazars, was the only medium that suggested itself to provide a roof and maintenance for them. In the scorch-

ng heat, the wintry snow, was the once

pampered child of luxury and pomp compelled to traverse the streets, to find

purchasers for her work. She repined

not if success were the reward of her

abors, and they procured — the dearest boon!—the means to purchas some cov-eted dainty for her sick and querulous,

out fondly loved mother. For herself

she cared nothing; her fare was the

scant est, her dress sample toding from

early dawn to the midnight chime, never

fret ul, never murmering. She confided in Him who "cares for the fatheriess."

Day by day her step became feebler, still

she worked on. It was after a morning

more than usually harassing, when weary hours had been spent profitlessly

in endeavoring to dispose of her little

wares, that Neva, on her homeward path,

took her route through the Central Park, hoping that the fresh clear breezes

might, at least temporarily, brace her.

The bright sanshine, the glittering equip-

ages, the smiling faces, all, were in sad contrast with the pale-faced, sorrowful

girl, who was crawling, rather than walk-

ing along the broad thronged path. A

nursery maid with two children, one an

.niant in arms, the other a beautiful boy

three years of age, were amongst the pe-

destrians. The baby dropped the toy it

aeld in its tiny hand; the servant stooped

to recover it, and at the same instant, the

panied them, rushed into the midst of

he drive where the carriages were roll-

ng carelessly along; another minute

and the child would have been crushed

under the wheels of a carriage, when

Neva, who saw the boy's imminent dan-

ver, at the risk of her own life, dragged nun from the road. But in her efforts

to avert danger from the child she her-

self received a blow from the pole of the

carriage, and she had scarcely placed him

unharmed on the footpath ere she fell

bleeding and senseless on the ground.

To summon the carriage of the grand-

mother of the boy, which was a little

way in advance, explain the nature of

the accident, life the lifeless Neva into the vehicle, and convey her to the near-

est surgeon's, were events that followed

in instant succession. The injuries she

had received were found to be on exam-

mation of a trifling nature. She was driven to her humble lodging, promising

to call on Mrs. Lee. the relative of the

child, as soon as she was sufficiently re-

covered, and receive again her grateful

But weeks passed ere Neva could do

this,—a long and severe illness followed he event narrated above. Not un-

cheered, not unsolaced, however, was

her sick bed; Mrs. Lee, ascertaining the

straiten d circumstance of the girl who and saved her idolized grandchild from

death, provided every appliance which

generosity and wealth could supply to

nitigate and relieve the sufferings of

Neva. Finding, on a near and constant

intercourse with her, the beautiful char-

acter exhibited, she offered, on her re-

covery, a permanent home to herself and

mother in her house. And when the

period of convalescence arrived the offer

was accepted, Neva becoming the in-structress of young Arthur. The mother

nad died in giving birth to an infant, now

only a few months old; the father was in

India, and the whole charge of the chil-

dren devolved on Mrs. Lee, whose love

and wealth made her qualified for the

task, but who labored under the affection

of total blindness. It was, therefore,

with joy she found one so competent, so

gentle, so accomplished, as Neva, to

associate with her in the care of the

children committed to her charge. In

another way also was Neva able to

minister to Mrs. Lee's gratification, Neva

had a voice of exquisite beauty. To

listen to the songs she had loved in early

youth, breathed by the sweet and bird-

ike voice of Neva, was a source of in

sense and unfailing delight to Mrs. Lee.

Perhaps in the great city, no house pos-

sessed a circle where the inmates were

ed under the roof of Mrs. Lee. The dis-

position of Neva, serene, hopeful, un-

shaken in adversity, resumed the buoy-

ancy which distinguished it in early

youth. Hers was a temperament which

not only is a boon to its possessor, but diffuses over a whole household its

beneficent and genial power. There

was soon another being on whose destiny

she should exert a mighty and abiding

.niluence. Mr. Stephens, the father of

the children, arrived from India. "Truth

is stranger than fiction." He that has

prove I and where is he who has not!-

that our common, every-day life is char-

acterized by passages of such romance that the novelist would scarcely dare in-

vent, will not marvel that in Mr. Stephens

ore tranquilly happy, than were gather

f the boy (Mrs. Lee's only daughter)

pov, in pursuit of a dog which accou

would take a child as an instructress?

aid of the "time, faith, energy," "the three friends God has given to the poor,"

suicide !

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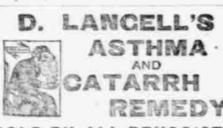


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ome what tempestuous sea. But, for all hat, they were very happy. Walter ob-ained employment in Clayton; he was flerk in a bank, with a good salary. And Pattie made their little cottage-home the very correst and brighest spot upon earth.
It was a sight to see her flitting round the supper-table like a household fairy, ntent upon seeing whether Mary, their one servant, had arranged everthing to suit Walter's rather fasticious taste. And then, when then delicately-tinted china, and dainty younds of her own cooking were arranged to suit her, to see her run ut to the front portico, and stand with her eyes shaded with her hand, to see if Walter was coming. And then, when the handsome, manly form appeared, stepping lightly, as who would not, to be welcomed to such a home,

And so two years rolled away, and then came an evening, it was a lovely June evening, and Walter, coming home at night-fall, I think, if possible, more lightly than ever. For, though Hattie did not run down to the gate to meet him, he saw her looking out of the window eagerly, and welcoming as ever; and held up in her arms, its golden head shining, was the sweetest of baby faces, a miniature Hattie in beauty. Its name was Susie; for tender hearted Hattie, who realized, by the mysterious knowledge of motherhood, more than ever what it would be to have such a son as Walter, and lose him from any cause, so,

as a sort of silent peace-offering for hav-ing stolen her boy, she would insist upon calling the baby for his mother. Blessed was this cottage above others after this little angel visitant came to tarry with them. But one shadow dimmed the blue sky of their content, and this was a constant sorrow to both Walter and Hattie, the alienation of his father and mother. Never had Hattie net either of them. Walter visited them occasionally. Hattie would make him 50. He, resenting their treatment of her, would not have gone nearly so often, had it not been for her persuasive eloquence. "They are old, Walter, and have no

"But they have no need to be so unjust to you, my pet." "If they are unjust, we must not be rruel; two wrongs never made a right pleaded tender hearted Hattie. And, after baby cause, the had another, a stronger argument, "What it our precious should grow up, and become estranged from us, Walter, you must go and see your father and mother to-

one but you.

This was said upon the evening of the day before New-Year's Eve. Walter and if they wasn't then, they would be at could not possibly have refused any request that Hattie could ask him; but to his regret he was obliged to tell her that Walter Williams and Hattie Parker were he was to be sent to C ----, on business united till death would part them. As for the bank; he must start in the morn-Walter whispered to Hattie, as they passed out of the church, "Till death, darring; my own, and forever after. ing, and should be gone two days. Hattie was too sensible a woman, to make any objections to her husband's leaving her on business, although it was the first time he had left her so long since their shall forsake father and mother for his wife; and that you are now my own Walter set out early the next morning.

And upon this very same clear, cold morning. New-Year's Eve, Walter's father and mother—and she had been noble and manly as he said this, that Hattie forgot the great sorrow of her life, in her perfect love and admiration of awake nearly all the previous night, counting the perils and anxieties of the centleman had an idea of getting a pension; he had been drafted in the ate war. He knew well what the peril of war was, for he had been in an eneacement; and he well remembered running every step of the way home from the battle-field, when the enemy appeared. He ran twenty-four miles, and reached home perfectly exhausted, and worn out with the intigues of war, for this very active service he was now thinking of getting a pension. He had been encouraged in the hope by a keeneved pension agent in Clayton, but be must appear before the justice personally. Of course, Mrs. Williams was not going to permit her husband to go alone on such a journey; danger loomed up before her auxious eyes. Jemima Price, her third cousin, who boarded with her now, having quarreled with all her first and second cousins, thought "There was no need of Susan's going. She was getting old, and there was no need of it." This only whetted the old lady's determination to go, "Old, indeed. Sao

> as some who was a little younger in "A little younger, indeed?" Jemima was tender upon the subject of age, and a long and warm discussion ensued. To tell the truth, ever since Jemima was domesticated with consin Susan, she had ooked upon her Walters rejusal to marry her with lenity at first, and of late with absolute joy and triumph, to think she was no more nearly related to her than third cousin. They both had the Price temper that flared up on small occasions an gusty anger. And if the daily battles they fought had been with other weapons than their tongues, this story would probably not be written, as one or more the actors would have been missing. It was a very warm altercation, Mrs.

guessed she wasn't so old now in actions,

Williams taking the ground.
"That it would be altogether best for some people to attend to their own business, and let the affairs of other people clone, for other people were abundantly able to conduct their own affairs." And Jemima, taking the immovable position, "that some folks needn't get nto such a passion because somebody was advising them for their good."
"For their good!" But it is needles to

recapitulate their wordy warfare. But when Mrs. Williams went out to the carriage, her head was well up in the air, and her bonnet strings floated out denntly on the keen morning air. While emima, as she made her morning toilet, tied up her back hair in so hard and vindictive a knot, that, to her after regret, she loosened several of her few locks of hair at the roots.

Old Mrs. Williams did not often leave home, and she wearied and harassed her ausband with fearful prophecies and anghter to you."
"Love her! Never!" And the old rebodings. Three times during the first few miles, did she make the old dy's indignant emotions dried her gentleman, who was very lame, dis-mount from the high sent, and examine the harness. Then she heard the linch-"I never will call her daughter, pin break, and the axie-tree crack; and then the springs broke down, one by one, ward her; till you look upon her as in her vivid imagination. And at last, ur daughter, welcome her as one; when midway a steep hill, the old hidy declared "the whole carriage-bottom was "she shall never come. She has stolen breaking down, and told him to get out quick and see." my buys heart, ruined his prospects in

The old man rose in his dignity, and declared, "That he wouldn't get out of that buggy again till they got to Clayton, Poor old man, how little did he know what fate had in store for him, although, perhaps, he was not so far wrong, he did

not get out "to suit anybody." The village of Clayton lies in a most sheltered little valley, with high hills standing like sentiness about it, and it was in descending one of these hills, about a quarter of a mile from this village, that Mrs. Williams exclaimed again, "Father, do be careful!" I declare if you hain't run over every stone between here and home, and gone down into every rut. Why can't you be careful? And I do believe one of the whiffle-

"No it hain't, said her husband, calm-"The whittletrees are all right; you tre always imagining things." "Wall, do jest git out, and look," said lds wife, lifting her black lace well, and peering down over the side of the carriage. "You know Jim never can bear anything near his heels. We shall be killed jest as sure as the world." "No, we shan t, mother; I never have killed you yet, and you have been ex-pectin of it for fitty years."

"Wall there hain't no need of a man's bein' so careless." "I hain't careless; you are notional, mother; wimmen always be." "When we are both throwed out and killed, I guess you won't twit me of bein'

notional. "I guess not," says the old man, calmly. But patience hath its limits, and when the old lady rose again, and put 'sack her veil from her face, and peered down at the harness, the old gentleman, worn out by her complaints, and feeling that his dignity, as a driver, was being

impeached, said to her, in a reproachful tone: "If it hadn't been for you, mother, we should have a boy to be a driven' for us." Within the memory of the old man, never could such a speech have been made to his wife without drawing out as sharp as an answer. But now she said nothing. Memory was busy with the old ady; memories of the the time when she and her husband, would ride out with a bright little face between them; and small hands would proudly hold the end of the lines, thinking they were driv-Then afterward, when they were older, she and father, sitting on the back seat, while the handsome boy, whom they both worshiped, act before them, guiding the spirited horses to their great admiration. But Walter, their own boy, their idol, was s-parated from them now, and the old times could never come back ngain. Her boy, her Walter! Somehow of late the old lady's heart had sched for ser boy more than over. She nungered for the sight of his handsome, manly face; his loving voice, and ringing laugh And how bright and cheerful he had made the old homestead, which was dirmal enough now. And what a child he had been to them till this one fault—and was it a fault? Of late Mrs. Williams often found herself asking this often found herself asking this question to her own soul. Everywhere she heard only good of her son's wife; an aunt, one of the maiden angels who tread fearless by amidst the fire of domestic dissen-sion with no smell of fire on their garments, visited both sister Susan and nephew Walter; and the keenest crossquestioning of sister Susan could extract nothing but good accounts of Walters wife. Aunt Bay would descant upon the perfections of baby Sus n till its grandmother felt as if she must needs set out that very minute and take the baby, Walters baby, to her heart; it it were not for her pride. But her pride made a gulf between them that she could never cross; that was all that parted them. she had had relentings of heart before Cousin Jemima had come to make her home with them. But now she had been there six months, and every day she would say to herself, with groaning of spirit over her past blindness. "What if I had my way, and had made Walter marry her, what a life would be have had "She felt that no amount of wealth could compensate for the sharp thorns of her daily presence. Cous n Jamima was a very disagreeable person; and age which mellows noble natures, riso has power to sharpen vinegar. Cousin Jamima was not a pleasant presence in any man's or woman's home. And as the days rolled by, more and more did Mrs. Wiliams long for her boy, long to be reconciled with him. She felt that she could love his wife now for his sake, and for her own. But the old lady's pride stood in the way. How could she bend her pride sufficiently to own she had been in the wrong? And she had said that she would never call her son's wife her daughter. And Walter had said she should never come to them till she did. No, it must go on always as it was now : for wider than sea or lan i the old lady's pride separated them. And the old days could never come back sgain.

The old lady was so wrant in her musings, that she forgot, for a moment, the perils of the journey, the imperiled carringe and harness, and Jim's heels. But a tremendous bound of the buggy aroused her, and she exclaimed, somewhat sareastically, "There, you couldn't miss gettin' on top of that stun, could you?

I know I heard somethin' crack then. Father, do get out and see." "I won't get out." Mistaken old man, he did get out. The old lady was right this time. The whiffletrees did break, and Jim, incensed by having some strange object touch his heels, wheeled round, ran the buggy into a ditch, and the old lady on the roadside; but the old zentleman less fortunate, found himself on a stone-heap, with the carriage-wheel

partly across his arm.
It was near a pretty white cottage the accident occured, and a pretty lady, with a baby in her arms, was looking out of a window, and saw it all. She dispatched her servant quickly to the spot, and a man at work in a shed ran after her. The old gentleman was sensel as, and looked like a dead man; and he was

taken up and carried into the cottage, while the grief-stricken old lady following him, shedding silent tears through the lace veil. Hattie, tender hearted Hattie, did not, you may be sure, see a white-haired old gentl man brought into her house unconrions, an i a gray-headed old la ly folowing him, weeping, without tears in mother; she opened her best room for the unconcous old gentleman, and then, when the do for came, she stood by him, till he set the troken arm. The old gentleman soon recovered his senses. He was stunned by the fall, or, as he always fold it a terward, in relating the adventure to his friends, he would never fall to say, "I was stunted by the fall. all thought I was dead; but I was only Stuntani.

When the o'd lady, relieved of her firsh terrible dread, began to look about her, admiring the bright, cozy home, and the sweet little mistress, she caught sight of photograph langing upon the wall, and she exclaimed, with eyes full of won-

"How came my son Walters picture "Your son!" then it was that Hattie, worn out with her unusual toil, and tho sudden shock, fell down in a faint, at the feet of her astonished mother-in-law. When she recovered, she found her head on the old lady's bosom, and Walter's mother best down and kissed her, and said, "My daughter!" -And so the long silence, and the long

estrangement was bridged over, and made as if it had never been, by that motherly kiss; and Hattie's warm arms about her now fond mother's neck. . Hattie was sick all that night. The

said she was only weak; she should be petter in the morning. And so she was, out not able to rise from the sofa much; so learful that Walter's mother would tire out. But the old lady scorned the idea of weariness, and refused all rest. She stood over Hattie all night, and tended her with gentle care. And baby Susie, in all her short petted life, surely sho had never known such watchful attention as she received during that night. And the next day after the accident, about night-fall as grandpa lay comfortably in his bedroom, and Hattie lay on the sofa, smiling in her content at the picture before her, of grandma holding baby Susie in her arms, when the door | young man before alluded to,) who, on opened and Walter, coming in quickly to surprise Hattie, saw a picture that almost turned his brown locks hoary "Mother! You here?" gray. "Yes," said the old lady, as calm as if

it were an every-day occurence. "Your father broke the whiffletrees, and almost broke his neck, and your wife here has almost killed herself taking care of him." Walter, happy Walter, what a happy New Year's night was that for him. And from that New Year's Day the old laly never once referred to the estrangement. But, as she was energetic in her dislikes, 30 she was in her friendships. Her daughter-in law, and especially the wonderiul baby. Jemima left soon after to see if there was any warmth in a fourth cousin's heart, or if it wore, indeed, a frozen fountain of ice, as was her third ousin Susan's, of course her criticisms

did not long annoy the old lady. And caby Susie pulled off her grandma's spectacles, made delightful havoc with her knitting-work; and every act was good in the eyes of the the doting grandmother. So Hattie's sweet presence and "haby-fingers' waxen touches" renew the youth of the couple, at the old aomestead, where Walter played in in-

Truly, we know not always whether what we most wish for may be for our best good. For Mrs. Williams enjoying the prosperity and happiness of Walter and his gentle wife, returns thanks every day that she did not have the power to one time, "forbid the bands," And never will she forget the bright Rew Year's Day when she found "Wal-

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

It was towards the close of the month of May. The weather was bright and their clear delicious freshness, give addod buoyancy to the step, strength and clasticity to the spirit-when the boon of mere existence is felt as a joy and a blessing, and the heart, forgetting the thadows which past grief or impending calamity fling over it, breathes unmixed aspirations of praise and thanksgiving to the Author of all good! How appropriate, then, was a day like this for the long projected fee at Moulton Grange! What was it commemorative of? It was to mark the recovery from long and dangerous illness of Neva, the only child of the proud and pompous owner of Moulton Grange-n young still feeble, ailing girl of fitteen. The successive deaths of five other children, the long period which intervened between the denise of the last of these and birth of little Neva, had made her to love her parents an object, it might be said, almost of idolatry. Such ailluence of love was attered over her path, so forced in was she by the eager, watchill care of parental affection from the common casualties of peril and danger, that when, espite vigilance exercised, disease struck her down, and the glad laugh was exchanged for the low wail of auguish the bright glance dimmed by the films of sickness, the appalled parents started as from a dream. What, then, was she, berished and caressed, hurrying, like their other little ones, to the dreary grave? There was agony almost to mad-ness in the thought. All that medical skill could effect was rendered, all that ceaseless unremitting attention accomplish, offered, Heaven was besought with earnest supplicating importunity, to spare their treasure; and Heaven listen-

ed to their prayers. Neva was pronounced out of danger; convaiescence rapidly followed: when entire recovery was established every friend on their visiting list was bid to share in the exuberant joy which alled the whole household of Moulton Grange, from its imperious master to its humblest retainer. And was Neva worthy of this love? In truth she was. In her sweet face, in every modulation of the low, sweet voice; every movement of the small rosy mouth told of the mind that dwelt within, of the warmth and sensibility of the heart beating in her young bosom. If ever there was a nature from which every taint of selfishturss-that prisoner and corrupter of human motives and actions-was banished, if ever one utterly exempt from that cold, exculating worldly wisdom which, fettering the nobler and more cenerous impulses, shapes each deed in accordance only with I hard systematic policy, it was that of Neva Moulton; sensitive, truthful, with the ready tear for any suffering, the open hand for every distress, the radiant smile for others' joy the keen sympathy for humanity in all its varied aspects, from her par-nis, to her the first objects in creation, down to the bird, dog and smallest insect which crawled in her path, the oveliness of her nature was developed and exhibited. The fite at Moulton Grange was in no

especis dissimilar to the thousands that have gone before it. The appointments where the outlay of money is the last point considered, and over which exquisite taste presides to direct and design, could scarcely fail to be good. Under the superintendence of Mrs. Moulton they were perfect. On this occasion, when her heart was filled with rapture ner own eyes. She comforted her, and petted her as if she had been her own pleasure in tasking ingenuity to its expleasure in tasking ingenuty to its ex-tremest limit in manifesting, by every outward symbol of splendor and gaiety, the feelings which possessed her. result was quite satisfactory, even to her fastidious eyes, and those of the five hundred guests, partakers of the festivity. but time still leaps onwards to eternity. Whether the hours be chronicled by the dial of joy or despair, unnoticed, or bitterly, wearily counted, pass they must. The fets ended amidst bonfires blazing. music, and treworks. The guests retired to their respective homes; some with heartaches, which the next morning's sun should chase away; others, it may be, with impressions of a deeper, perhaps indelible, character. As if to mock at the instability of all human pleasure, and show to the proud and exilting how slender is the barrier which divides happiness from misery, and that "in the midst of life we are in death," when the next sun shone upon Moulton Grange it dawned upon a heap of smoking ruins! Whether the fire which, in n few short hours, laid the stately home in dust and ashes, was the result of carelessness or the work of an incendiary, was never clearly demonstrated. De-struction, total and complete, was the consequence. Whilst every inmate was buried in slumber, overcome by the fatigues of the preceeding night, they were roused to consciousness by the fearful announcement that & portion of the house was in flames. F A young man, on a visit to the rector

of the village, who had risen early in order to reach the early train, was tho first person who gave to the horrified inhabitants announcement of the perilsurrounding them. The wind, which howled in terrific gusts, assisted the work of devastation, and they had barely time to escape with their lives, ere tho noble mansion was blazing in every part. And Neva, where was she? The beloved, might in a few moments have been a blackened corpse, but for the heroic exertions of Henry Vale (the hearing that she was yet in the house, only waited to ascertain he situation of her chamber, and regardless of the flames, rushed to where the child lay lifeless, snatched her in his arms, and succeeded, despite the imminent peril which threatened both, in placing her, unharmed, unscathed in her mother's arms.

Time would not permit the intrepid Henry Vale to wait to receive the fervent blessings poured on his head; he had only a moment to spare, and, ere Neva had unclosed her eyes to consciousness he was again on his route.

Moulton Grange, then, existed no longer, and it was the commencement of a train of successive casualties and evils, which ultimately plunged the family in sorrow, poverty, and ruin. A few days | who bore her in his arms from Moulton only subsequent to the conflagration of | Grange on the night of the conflagration. Advertising Hates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cax sata Frankan commends it to the favorable or a sideration of advertisers, whose favors will being serted at the following low rates:

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nis house, Mr. Moulton was called on to | For the life then saved she had almost bear a yet more heavy calamity. En-gaged to an enormous extent in specu-to his account. His first-born, had lation in the funds, he accepted the suc-cess which had hitherto attended his escaped an abrupt and painful death through her intrepidity. And so it is: s hemes as an augury and earnest of its | etribution and reward, even in this

> the deeds we have wrought far more evenly than many a lmit, Mr. Stephens, on the death of a bachelor-nucle in India, had succeeded to his appiness, unless shared with the gentle Neva. Fortunately she reciprocated his eelings, and the bright and blissful

> world, are dealt out to us according to

courtship of a few months was ratified at he altar. Neva Stephens, while basking in the ight of undimmed prosperity, never for-rot the deep and solemn lesson she had equired while treading the thorny path of poverty and sorrow,—that "her feet and well-nigh stumbled," that she would have been overborne by despair, had she not remembered and confided in the

promise, that "time, faith, and energy, are the three friends God has given to the poor."

* Home Improvement.

The following hints are certainly from a person of good judgment : Never hang a picture so that it will be necessary to mount a step-ladder to view it. Hang it so that the center will be about five feet and a half from the floor, a little below the line of vision of a person of average height.

Never select furniture whose "means support" do not appear adequate. hairs with spinille legs inclined too far nward or outward have an apparent endency toward disruption, and are constant terrors to callers. Straight, substantial legs suggest strength and inspire contidence.

Never treat a hallway as though, it were a dooryard and no part of the house proper. A hall should be inviting and hold out to the visitor a promise of the beauty of the inner rooms.

Never put a piece of furniture in a room merely because it is pretty and will all up. Every article should have its real or apparent use; as a general thing the necessary piece will occupy all the space that should be allotted to furniture.

Never permit a white mantel to disfigure an othe wise tasteful room. Co t with a draped mantel board. White marble has suggestion of cemeteries about it : it always looks crude in a drawng room, even in the form of the finest

Never forget that an open fire and judiclously selected pictures will make any room cheerful. Never put paper on the walls of a

nursery, it is better either to paint or calcimine. There is always danger of poisoning in the coloring of the paper or of the paste becoming sour. Never have a drawing room so filled with frail and delicate bric-a-brac that the least movement is fraught with danger of costly and wholesale breakage.

This does not conduce ease.

Never have dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration. We would add that dark staining or paint is not healthful to mind or body; and it is better for the comfort of the nousekeeper, and for the pocket in the iong run, to have stained or hardwood

He was Generous.

The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday-school, and made a little speech. "I know that you are enterprising," he said, "because I see so many new books. I know that you are happy, because I see so many smiling faces. And I know that you are generous, because that little boy over there offered me a peanut as I came in."

The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrollably to him-

"Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut, are you?" are you? "Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy, still snickering violently.

"Why, yes; wasn't it?" "No-o-o-o! 'twas only a shell!"

He Understood Latin.

Years ago one of the masters in the High School of Edinburgh had the reputation of punishing unmercifully boys whose parents were comparatively poor, and being at the same time very ienient toward the sons of the richer classes. One day, after severely thrashing one of the unfortunates, he wound up with the exclamation: "Now, sir, you're a stupid fellow. I

"Well, what is it?" "Nisi dominus frustra. (Unless the Lord be with you all your toil is vain.) "Now give the English of that."

motto of this school."

don't suppose you even know the Latin

"Unless you are a laird's son you needna come here."

He Wanted Trust.

Uncle Rastus—"Has yo' enny 'jections, Mistah Lightweight, ter trustin' me fer a half poun' smokin' terbacco till day crter ter-morrow at quatah pas' foah?'' Grocer — "I couldn't do it, Uncle Rastus. You owe me money now. When you want to get trusted you come to me, and when you've got cash you go somewhere else. Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah. I b'lieves in dividin' up my trade. I gives some ob it ter one gemmen an' some ob it ter

A Brief Letter.

nudder. I don' wan' ter show no p'shallity, sah."

A young boy who recently left his St. Paul home to attend a preparatory school is not much taken with the change, He is suffering his first case of home-sickness, and naturally desires toreturn to his home. In making known his desires to his father in a recent letter he said : "Dear father: Life is very short: let

us spend it together. Your affectionate

A Considerate Misg.

A cute little girl of three is the delight of a Washington boulevard family for her prettiness as well as for the bright and odd things she says. The other day a company of militia passed down the street in front of her home and her minute black-and-tan barked turiously through the window-pane at them. The little girl arose in alarm and said, "Shut the door, mamma! Fido will bite the army."

Too Much Arder.

Mrs. DeGarmo-'I understand your son is quite sick at college, Mrs. Smythe? Mrs. Smythe-"Yes. Poor John! The president writes me that he entered into

his work with too much ardor, and he has broken down." "What seems to be the nature of his trouble?"

Neva identified the heroic Henry Vale "He was hit on the head by a foul ball, I believe they call it,"