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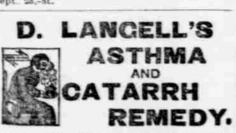
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# A GILDED SIN.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

"You dismayed?" she cried. "What has happened? Has Brookes voted

with the Opposition, or what?" "It is nothing of that kind," said the politician. "This is a domestic difficulty, about which I shall have to ask your help."

At the word "domestic" Lady Brandon opened her book again-matters of that description never interested her. "The fact is," continued Sir Jasper, "that a friend of mine has died lately in Italy, and has left me a ward." "A Ward!" cried Lady Brandon. "How intolerable! What a liberty to

"A ward!" cried Katherine. "How strange, papa!" Sir Jasper turned quickly to his wife. He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed him.

take !"

"Do not say 'intolerable,' Marie; we must make the best of it." "But who is it?" cried her ladyship. "Of course, if it be anyone of position, that would make a difference."

"The young lady-my ward, Veronica di Cyntha-is descended from one of the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have, a large fortune." "And is that too placed in your hands?" asked his wife.

"That also is in my hands," he replied, briefly.

"But, Jasper," cried her ladyship, "sarely you are going to tell us more? Who is, or rather who was, your friend? Tell me; I want to know the whole history." He walked to the end of the long

drawing-room and back before he replied; then he said, briefly: "I have nothing to tell. I met the Di Cynthas when I was abroad, and that accounts for the trust so far as I can account for it.

Lady Brandon had studied her husband long enough to know that when he spoke in the tone that he now did it was quite useless to persevere in making inquiries. "Some friends whom he met in Italy," she said to herself. "Most probably, as

he is so reticent, it was a political friend -indeed, now I come to think of it, that solves the mystery. There is a political secret hidden under the mys-Once feeling sure of that, Lady Brandon resigned herself to circumstances.

A political secret, she knew quite well, could never be forced from her husband's keeping. "But what will you do with a ward in

Italy, papa?" asked Katherine. Sir Jasper turned his care-worn face to her, and it cleared a little as he met

the gaze of the bright sweet eyes. "That is the difficulty, Katherine," he replied; "her property will be in England, and she must come to live with us. Again Lady Brandon looked up-

this time there was some little con-"That is impossible, Sir Jasper," she said: "I could not think of receiving a stranger into the very heart of my

home." He paused for a few minutes before answering her, and then he said, gently: "You have always been so kind to me, Marie, so attentive to my interests. that I am sure you will never refuse anything that will be of service to me."

"Would it be of service?" she asked, "Most assuredly it would," he replied. "You would help me out of a real dif-

ficulty. "Then," said Lady Brandon, "if it will serve your interests I will do it. I withdraw my opposition." Sir Jasper bent down and kissed the

white jewelled hands. "You have always studied my interests," he said, "and I am always grate-

"It will be just as though I had a sister," said Katherine-and the words struck Sir Jasper like a blow. "I wonder what she is like, papa? Dark, I suppose, as she is Italian? We shall contrast well. I need not be jealous if she is a brunette. I will be very kind to her. Is it her father or her mother who has just died, papa?"

Again he shuddered as the careless words fell on his ear. He made pretence of not having heard what she said; and Katherine, with her quick instinct, seeing that the question was not agreeable to him, did not press it. Both lad es settled the matter in their own minds and according to their lights. Lady Brandon concluded that that the dead friend had probably been one who shared her husband's political secrets, and Katherine thought to herself that it was probably someone whom her father had known in his youth. They were both content, and talked quite amiably accortit. Sir Jasper bore it as long as he could; then he quitted

the room and went to his study. "You see, Katherine," said Lady Brandon, "if the girl is really noble and wealthy, it will be an acquisition rather than otherwise."

cried the girl. "I have always felt the want of a sister; now I shall have one."

"I would not say anything about that, my dear, until you have seen what she is like," said prudent Lady Brandon: it is always better not to commit one's self in any way."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings; t'ere was complete confidence between this mother and child. Katherine laughed at her mother's very candid worldlines ; she teased her about her worship of Mammon. But she was very fond of her; while Lady Brandon worshipped her beautiful child-she thought there was no one like her in the wide word-all the love of which

she was capable, the love of heart and soul, was centred on and in her dar-

Meanwhile, Sir Jasper was in a fever of dismay. What should he do? It was as though the dead ghost of his youth had suddenly risen up before him; he was utterly unnerved. Then it became clear to him that he must send someone to fetch her. Whom could be send? He could not go himself-he was not strong enough to travel; nor did he care to see again the place where he had suffered so much. He decided that the best person to send

He wrote at once to summon Mr. grave; and, when he had reached Queen's Chace, he told him exactly the same story that he had told his wife. "I want you to go to Italy," he said, "to bring back with you a young lady,

my ward, who is for the future to make

would be his agent, John Segrave, a

sens!ble, experienced man of the world.

her home with Lady Brandon." The agent set out, amply provided with funds; and then Sir Jasper spent day and night in a state of terrible suspense. What would she be like, this daughter of his lost Giulia? Would she torture him with her mother's facewith her mother's eyes? If so, he could not bear it-he should go mad. By night and by day he asked himself that question-what would she be like?

December came with its frost and cold, its biting wind and snow-bound earth, before that question was answered. It was on the second of December that he received a letter from Mr. Segrave, saving that he hoped to reach the Chace with his charge on the following day. Sir Jasper was greatly agitated, although he best down his emotion with an iron hand.

She was coming-Giulia's little child, who had nestled for one brief moment in her mother's dying arms-Giulia's little daughter-the babe from whom he had turned with something like bitter hate in his heart. What would she e like? He asked about her rooms, and Katherine took him to see them -a pretty suite of rooms in the western wing; they looked very bright in the winter sunlight, with their cheerful fires and choice flowers.

"She will like these rooms, papa," said Katherine. "See what I have put here-all the Italian views and photographs that I can find. See-here is the Arno, here is the Riolto in Venice." She stopped suddenly. Why did he pause and turn from her with a sharp, sudden cry? There was the very spot on which he had stood when Giulia's

fair face first shone down upon him! "It is nothing, child," he said, in answer to her anxious inquiries-"less than nothing-a sharp sudden pain that hurts but will never kill me."

"How do you know that it will never kill you, papa?" she asked. "Because, my darling, if it could have shortened my life, it would have done so long ago," he replied. "Now show me all the arrangements you have made for my ward."

"Papa," cried generous, beautiful Katherine, "she will be very dull, she will be very lonely. Do you suppose that she is alone in the world-that she has no other friends but us? If she had but one, it would be something."

"I cannot tell you, Katherine," he replied. "You must ask her when she

He was pleased to see the arrangements his wife and daughter had made for her, yet, as the time for her arrival drew near, he trembled and shuddered like one seized with a sudden cold. He had to meet the child he had literally given away-Giulia's daughter.

CHAPTER III.

Veronica stood before her father-a tall, beautiful woman, with a noble Venetian face. She was quite unlike anything he had pictured. He had fancied a girl with Giulia's sweet face, with her golden hair and sensitive lips. The girl beforehim looked like a Roman Empress butthat she had Giulia's eyes-her dark, tender, passionate eyes the eyes that had made for him the only light that he had ever known-with hair as black as night, and worn after the old Grecian fashion. She was more beautiful than her young mother had ever been, but it was a different type of loveliness.

As he gazed upon her, Sir Jasper Brandon owned to himself that it was the most beautiful and the saddest face that he had ever seen. The dark eyes had a story in their depths, the proud lips trembled even as she smiled.

"Where have I seen a face something like it?" he asked himself. Then he remembered that it was in one of his tavorite pictures hanging in the Louvre. He had gone himself to the station to meet her. Lady Brandon was very shrewd, and Katherine was shrewder still. He felt that he might betray himself. So he had decided on meeting Veronica, that the first shock might pass unperceived. And a shock it was when she looked up at him with Giulia's eyes. He stood still for a few moments, beating back the anguish that almost mastered him; then he

held out his hands in greeting to her. "Veronica," he said, gently, "welcome to England!" He did not kiss the beautiful face-he dared not trust himself. "Welcome!" he repeated, adding: "Do you speak English ?"

To his surprise she answered him in Engash; she spoke the language exceedingly well, but with a slight foreign accent that was very musical and charming.

"Yes, I speak English; it was my own wish. I learned by my own desire; my aunt was very unwilling." "Why did you wish to learn?" he said. "It is harsh after your beautiful

liquid Italian." "I cannot tell; but something seemed always to stir in my heart at the very mention of England. I hardly knew whether it was pain or pleasure, for it was unlike either. Now I know what it was."

"What?" he asked, wondering if any idea of the truth had occured to her. "It was a foreboding," she replied; "it was because I had to come to England." Then she glanced at him again. "Are you my guardian?" she asked, timidly. "Yes," he replied. I came to meet

you; I thought you would feel dull at first in a strange country." "I have been dull all my life," she said, with a smile—the saddest smile he

had ever seen. "We must try to make you happier," he said. "Why are you my guardian?" she asked. "I cannot understand it. My

aunt never spoke to me of you until she was dying, and then she told me that far away in England there lived a rich gentleman who would be my guardian when she was dead that I was to live with him in England and be docile to him. It will not be difficult to be very docile to you." "Why?" he asked.

"Because I like you," she answered, simply. "I can always tell at first sight whether I shall like anyone or not, and I do like you." He helped her into the carriage and

sat down by her side; the servants were busy with her luggage. Mr. Segravo drove home with Sir Jasper and his ward, and all the way the baronet was saying to himself: "This is Giulia's daughter; that beau-

tiful head lay on Giulia's breast-that is Giulia's child!" He longed to clasp her in his arms, to say: "You have your mother's eyes, child; you have the same sweet voice and the same loving

All his fancied dislike melted as he gazed on her. He wondered how he could have hated her, how he could have forgotten her. He repreached himself for it with bitter reproaches. How could be have been unkind to Giulia's child? "I have been dull all my life," she had said, and the words smote him with pain. He longed to say to her, "I am your father, Veronica, but my love for your mother is shut ap in my heart. It is my most cherished secret; it is so sacred to me that I cannot talk of it; I cannot tell others of it it is the very core of my heart." He was sorely tempted, but "Not yet," he said to himself-"not yet." He turned

to her suddenly. "Tell me about your life, Veroniea." he said. "What made it so dull? How

have you spent it?" "I have lived always with my Aunt Assunta," she replied, "and my aunt was a woman whose heart must have been broken when she was very young, I think. She never laughed, she never even smiled, but she hated the English. "They are as perfictious," she said, "as Judas. The sun never shines on England; it is always dark with Heaven's frown." She would not let me have any friends. We used to sit for days and months and years in that dark old palace, watching the water, watching the sky, seldom speaking a word. She gave me histories to read, and after many prayers she allowed me to have masters for painting-nothing else; and for many years I have passed my life in reading dull histories and in

painting."

"Poor child," he said; "it was not a very bright life, was it?" "No. I have often asked her to tell me where my mother and father lie buried; but my aunt would never inform me. I have never seen my moth-

er's grave." Sir Jasper's face grew white with emo ion. He said to himself, "It is Giulia's child who has led this sad lif. - who has never known one bright hour." He dared not look at her lest she should wonder at the pain on his

face. "How old are you, Veronica?" he

asked. "I am twe ty, as men count years," she said. "It seems to me that I have lived a century in the dark old palace. It was full of spirits who wailed all night through the long, dark passages. When my aunt was angry with me, she said always that I was a child, an ignorant child. I think rayself I am very old, more like a woman whose years are run than a child."

"You will not feel so when you have lived a little longer," he said, gently. "Veronica, look round you. This is an English winter. Do you see how white the ground is - how great icicles hang like huge diamonds from the trees and hedges? When the sun shines on the snow and sparkles on the ice, I do not think there is a grander sight in the world."

"I wonder," said Veronica, musingly, "why my aunt disliked England so much-do you know?"

He tried to answer her indifferently. "It would require a very learned philosopher to understand all a lady's likes and dislikes," he said. "Veronica, you say that you have had a very sad me; let me advise you to try to forget itforget the gloomy aunt who seems to have been so mistaken. Just as a flower opens its heart to the sun, open yours to the sunshine of happiness. Will you

"I will try," she answered. "I will do anything you tell me." Then he pointed out to her the beauties of the park through which they were driving, and then, in the distance, the towers of Queen's Chace. "Hew beautiful!" she cried. "And

see-the sun on it; it looks as though Heaven were blessing it." He wondered what she would say if she knew that this superb house ought one day by right to be hers. "Tell me," she cried-"what do you call this beautiful place? Teach me to

say it; teach me to say your name.

What must I call you?"

And he taught Giulia's child to call him Sir Jasper, while longing with all his heart to hear the word "father" from

ACCEMAN,

her lips. "Some day," he said to himself, "I will tell her all about it, and she will know. Then I will ask her to call me "father"-and I shall hear all earth's music in the world."

Sir Jasper said one thing to Veronica on entering the house. He turned to her with an expression of pain on his

face. "Veronica," he said, "I want to ask you one favor-that is, I wish to give you one piece of advice, afterward you will know the reason why. I advise you to say nothing whatever of the home you have left. People are sure to ask you questions. Do not answer them; evade them."

Veronica, looking up at him with the simple faith of a child, replied: "I wili-I will do whatever you tell

And he knew from that moment that any secret, anything which touched his interests, was as safe in her hands as in his own. He never forgot the expression of utter astonishment on Lady Brandon's face as the young girl came forward, with her graceful, self-posessed

manner, to speak to her. "I really thought," she said afterward to her husband, "that an old Venetian figure had descended from its frame. What a face she has, Jasper! It's essentially Venetian, not Florentine - I know the Florentine type so well-nor Roman, but purely Venetian. Her mother must have been a beautiful WOIDER."

He winced at the words, but made no Lady Brandon smiled as she con-

tinued: "She is a great contrast to Katherine. I am not sure that it is wise to bring a rival beauty into the house."

Jasper looked up impatiently; this woman's tattle annoyed him. She will never harm Katherine," he said, somewhat sternly. "Do not put ideas of that kind into Kate's head. I want her to like the young stranger. See-that is a pretty picture."

Husband and wife were standing by the fire-place in the Yellow Drawingroom, as one of the prettiest apartments at Queen's Chace was called. The two girls were at the other end-Katherine seated on a low chair, her golden head thrown back, and Veronica kneeling on the floor by her side. The two faces were each levely, yet differed entirely. Veronica was gazing at the English girl with something like rapture in her face. Katherine was a new revelation of

beauty to her. "Tell me something about your home," said Katherine, "The one dream of my life is to go to Italy; but

papa will never hear of it." Veronica gave one hasty glance across the room to the dark, handsome face of the man who had so great an influence over her. Remembering her promise, she answered: "Ask me about anything you will,"

cannot speak of it." Katherine looked at the flushed face, an I, thinking that the subject was one too sad for her, she stooped down and kissed her. "I will not ask you about home or

she replied, "except about home. I

anything else that grieves you, Veronica," she said. "It must be very sad; you have lost everything - everyone. But you will be happy with us after a time. You shall be my sister-I have always longed for one; and you, will love papa-everyone loves him when they know him." It was strange but typical that she did not speak of Lady Brandon. She said nothing about loving her. "Kiss me, Veronica," she said -"not coldly, but as if you were really my own sister. I shall love you as

though you were."

The dark eyes filled slowly with "You will love me?" she said. "It seems impossible; it is too gool - it cannot be true. You will really love

Why should I not? asked Katherine, wondering at the girl's emotion. "Why should you, rather " she replied. "You are so different from me. You seem to me like a fairy princess. You live in the midst of beauty and magnificence; everyone loves you; even the servants who wait upon you seem almost to worship you. You have the sunshine ever on your head. Look at these bright threads of gold !

You seem to me more lovely than a poet's dream." Katherine laughed; flattery was always pleasant to her. She experienced a girt's natural delight in being called lovely. Then she passed her white fin-

gers over the bowed head. "Has no one ever told you that you were beautiful?" "No; I have never heard anyone

speak of me in that way," replied Ver-"Then let me tell you now," said Katherine. "You are a thousand times more beautiful than I am. But I am not jealous of you-I love you. Mine is a pretty pink-and-white, healthy, happy kind of beauty; yours is a grand, half-sad, wholly imperial loveliness. I am like a rosebud, you are like a mystical passion-flower. There are hundreds of girls like me-there can be

"Is it really true?" asked Veronica. "Am I really beautiful? Tell me, Caterina wia-do you think that anyone who saw me for the first time would like me?" "I am sure that everyone would ad-

few others like you."

knew would love you." "It seems so strange," said Veronicaand Katherine saw a light come over her face-"so strange. I have never thought of myself in that way at all. I

mire you very much, and those who

have often wondered if ever anyone would love me."

"Did they not love you at home?" asked Katherine, surprised. "We will not talk of home," was the reply, uttered sadly. "No; you are the first person in all the world who ever said to me 'I love you!'"

"I am glad, yet sorry," said the English girl, slowly. A strange light came over Veronica's face; her eyes darkened, a quiver

passed over her lins. "Yes, you are the first," she said: "and because in all my life you have been the first to say to me, 'I love you,' I swear fealty to you-I will be true to you until death-I will be a friend more than in name. If the time should ever come when I can take a trouble from you, or by suffering myself save you from suffering, I will do it or under-

Katherine was touched by the earnest, passionate words. "How much you think of kind

words, Veronica!" she said, quietly. "Ah, you do not know! I have been all my long solitary life without them. For years I heard but one voice, and it never addressed me kindly. No one in all this world has been so utterly alone."

"It is all ended now, said Katherine: "you have us to love you."

"Yes, it is ended," returned Veronica. "Do you know, Katherina, that I could not believe the world was fair or bright? It seemed to me impossible. I knew that the skies were blue, and that the light of the sun was all golden, but I did not understand the glory and the loveliness that seem common to you. Once, long ago, I found an old book of poems, and I read them. They were all about the beauty and passion and tenderness of life. I thought the man who wrote. them-Alneri-was mad; now I think there was some method in his madness. Do you know, Caterina - I like to give you the sweet soft Italian name - that for long years I have had but one thought, and that that was how soon

Heaven would let me die?" Katherine caressed the dark shining waves of hair.

"such thoughts as those have brought all those mystical shadows into your eyes, Veronica; we must have no more of them," she said. "Even my name," remarked the girl, has a sad kind of music in it. And so you love me, Katherine? Tell me what

to do for you, how to thank you, how to

serve you. I will see with your eyes,

I will hear with your ears. I shall go

to sleep happy, I shall wake up happy, thinking to myself that someone deems me beautiful, and that someone loves me. You have brightened all my life for me by your goodness." "I do not think it is goodness," said

Katherine; "with me it is simply that

I cannot help it." "It might have been different," rejoined Veronica. "You might have been angry and vexed that a stranger should come into your home-the very heart of your home, as it were-you might have received me coolly, treated me unkindly, laughed at me, even because of my strange dress and strange manners-but you have been an angel of goodness to me. For that," she continued, with the sudden passion that made her so beautiful, "I will give you my life should you need it, my service

always, my love if you will take it, my heart always." They formed certainly one of the prettiest of pictures-the English girl, with her bright, fair beauty, her golden hair, her dress of white silk, her shining jewels, her happy, loving, bright manner, and the dark-eyed Venetian, with her pale, passionate, matchless loveliness, her black robes so quaint and picturesque, Then, as they talked onger, gradually they changed attitudes; it was Veronica who became the protector, and Katherine the younger sister. Their lives had been so different, yet they were children of one father. Veronica's one wonder was the long shining go. hair. She never tired of caressing it, of twining it

round her fingers, of praising it. "Do you know," she said to Katherine, "that once-oh, long ago!-I was arranging an old wardrobe for my aunt, and I saw a little parcel of white paper? opened it, and ruside it my a ong tress of shining golden hair so much like this. I was almost frightened at it, for it seemed to twine round my fingers as though it were living. I took it to my annt and showed it to her. She grew so angry. 'Whenever you see hair like that,' she said, 'always pray that England may be ruined by its own gold, by the greed of its sons and the folly of its daughters.' Her words come back to my mind now as I hold this golden hair in my hands.

"They were very horrible words, and your aunt must have been wicked to utter them. What harm had the

English done her?" "I cannot tell, but she hated them. She was angry that I wished to learn English; but I would. It was strange that when she hated it I should love it. I think England beautiful. Our Venice is perhaps one of the fairest spots on earth, but everything seems brighter and happier here.

"Papa," said Katherine, that same evening. "I fancy your ward Veronica has been very unhappy all her life." "I hope not," he returned, quietly.

"I feel sure of it. I have been contrasting her lot with mine. How strange it is, papa, that in this world things are so unequal! Some have so much, others so little. Veronica seems to me to have had nothing."

He made no reply, but he thought to himself that it was hard, seeing that they were children of one father. Later on he drew Katherine's golden head down and kissed her face.

"You will be kind to Veronica, my

dear," he said. "A joyless life is hard

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And Katherine obeyed him, because it was impossible to know Veronica and not to love her.

to bear."

CHAPTER IV. Before two weeks had passed Veronica was quite at home at Queen's Chace. Lady Brandon, who had at first been inclined to look upon the whole matter as a misfortune, now began to think otherwise. She thought to herself that the next season she would be more popular than ever. She would be mother of one of the fairest blondes and chaperon of one of the most beautiful brunettes. She saw that the two girls would never be rivals, their style differed so greatly, and she began to take great interest in Veronica. She went to her husband and told him that

ica's wardrobe. "It is all very well," said her ladyship, "to look like a picture; but dressing like one is quite a different matter. Your ward must dress like other people, Sir Jasper. I suppose she can have what money she likes?"

she must have carte blanche for Veron-

"Certainly," replied Sir Jasper; "She is an heiress, I have told you. She must be treated as one;" and soon afterward he placed in her hands a check for three hundred pounds. We can arrange later on," he added, "about her yearly allowance-at present, purchase for her everything that she requires." "Her wants are legion," said Lady

except a few picturesque old dresses that would look very nice in an old curiosity shop." Lady Brandon set to work at once. She knew too well the effect of dress to offer to transform Veronica into a fashionable English lady. Everything she purchased was made after some picturesque Venetian fashion, and Sir Jasper

Brandon; "she has literally nothing,

"You have preserved the unities," he said to his wife with one of those rare smiles that so altered the expression of As for Veronica herself, she could

was pleased when he saw it.

not understand such attention. "All this for me!" she cried, when she saw the lace, the silks, the velvets, the thousand little elegancies that make up a lady's tollet-fans and slippers, gloves and sunshades.

Then Sir Jasper brought her some

superb jewels-a set of rubies that suit-

ed her dark loveliness, a set of corals and a suite of diamonds. The girl raised her wondering face to his when he showed them to her. "Why do you do all this for me?"

He looked down at her. She was looking at him with dead Giulia's love-"Why? he repeated. "Because I am your guardian. You will know

more some day."

She took his hand and kissed it in her strange, impulsive fashion. "You are very good to me, and I am very grateful," she said. But it seemed to him that Giulia's

lips had touched him. He shrunk back, pale and trembling. To be Continued.

A CHAMPION LIE.

A Wild Story Whited from the Shores of Cathey. We have observed several wonderful stories of late respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner who far surpassed the Chinese in professional deuterity. Upon an occasion it happened that a criminal who was condemned to death had a singular itching to play at nine-pins, and he implored permission to play once more at his favorate game before he his fate without a marmar. The judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer, and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the game, the pins being set up and the favorite sport with enthusiasm. After awhile the sheriff, observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing on his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had presped, and seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell and the head was heard to exclaim, as it rebounded from the further wall: "Hurrah! I've won the the game."

Libels Upon the Animal Kingdom. A work upon natural history, published

on 1920, ascrales the following thanacter to enterpollars: "There is not any one sort of aterpolius but they are maligue, nought and ventagous. All enterpolers have a burning qualitie, and such as well readily raise blaters.' In another place we read: "The layrie catterpillars are most mischevens and dangerous amongst them all, and these are cyther thicke or thinne bayred, and the most venomous is that which is called Pityo ampe, whose bything is poyson." Concerning the inoffensive worm we have this: "Wormes are found to be very vencinous in the kingdom of Mogor, and the inumbitants there due stand in so and staine by them when they travell journey." This work abounds in such examples of the ignorant prejudice which existed, even among the most learned, with regard to the lower orders of animal creation, three hundred years ago, and we find remnants of this feeling still extant,

His Stomach was Peculiar.

A. (to his friend)-"Who is that pretty gul over there walking with that short, fat B .- "That's old Malt, the brewer, and the lady is his daughter. He is rich and she is the only daughter. Now that's the sort of a gul you want to marry. Let me introduce

No, I thank you. Drinking one sort of beer all the time makes me bilious, and that's what I'd have to do if I married her. I'm sorry for the poor creature, but I can't be p it. It is not my fault that my stomach is pectime."

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