

isting, not by outrag ature. Do not take in Sir Jasper's room. nature. Do not take ent purgatives, your-ess or allow your chil-a to take them, always this elegant phar-eutical preparation, ch bas been for more "Is Sir Jasper worse?" asked Veronica in alarm. "The valet said he seemed very ill,

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HOME AND CITY MADE

June 21, 1887.-17.

liver V. R. Holmes, San Jose, Cal. writes ; "I

ASTHMA

AND

WANTED

miss," replied the girl; "but there was nothing said about his being worse." Without loss of time Veronica left her shall not be." room. She had not undressed. She SALESMEN still wore her evening dress of rich black ck. A11

lace with crimson flowers. She had taken the diamond stars from her hair

"I hope not," he said faintly. "It is cruel-Heaven knows I feel it to be so;

but it must be done." Lady Brandon had drawn her hand from his feeble clasp; her face flushed hotly; her eyes were full of angry fire. "My child shall not be robbed," sho cried. "I will appeal to all England. It

"All England could not prevent it, Marie," he said sadly. "My eldest daughter must be my heiress; after my death

darling. Would you give life, yet withwith dark circles around the eyes. She hold this?" had wept almost incessantly since her

"I am bewildered," replied Veronica." "I do not know how to answer you."

"Come with me," said Lady Brandon. "Step lightly, Veronica, my darling is asleep. Come with me."

And the two ladies passed out of Ver-"Veronica," she asked, "have you kept onica's preity room together. Lady Brandon led the way to Kather-The young girl raised her head proud-

she was securing Katherine's happiness ine's room ; she opened the door gently they entered together. Katheri had exhausted herself with weeping, Her father's death was the first trouble of her life, the first cloud that had ever darkened her sky, the first sorrow that had brought burning tears to her eyes. She had exhausted herself with weeping. and then she had thrown herself on tothe pretty white bed and was decoing the sleep of utter weariness. Her colden hair lay in picturesque disorder over the pillows, one white rounded arm was thorwn above her head-even in profound slumber her lips quivered and deep sobs came from them. She was too exhau-t-

her room like one moving in a trance. Not for long had she been heiress of it for the last time-to tell you that you Queen's Chace - not for long had she called herself Veronica Brandon, Sir-Jasper's daughter. All the nobler, higher, better part of her nature had been roused by Lady Brandon's passionate appeal. She forgot in her enthusiasm all that the sacrifice would cost her. She remembered only that

neck, telling her that she was blessed, thrice blessed, for that she had saved herself and her child from what was far worse than the bitterness even of death. "You may intrast your future to me, Veronica," said Lady Brandon. "I have two thousand a year of my own, and I tie the half of it on you. Fo the matter was never mentioned. again by Veronica or her father's widow. The next day they buried him, and his place knew him no more. All England mourned for the dead statesman, and never wearied of praising him, while the mantle of his greatness fell upon Lord Wynleigh. A year had passed since the death of Sir Jasper. Lady Brandon had spent it at Queen's Chace. Some had advised her to go away, to take her daughter abroad; but the Chace seemed to have an attraction for her. When the year that she had given to seclusion had passed, their first visitor was Lord Wyneigh. They were delighted to see him : it was such a bright, cheerful change. Lord Wynleigh was growing an xious now about the time of his probation. He made Veronica his confidante. "I know that I can trust you," he said, "because you love Kate so dearly. I have worked hard this last year and a half. I have made a position. I have laid the foundation of future fame and fortune. I grant that I have made no money ; but that does not matter-Kate and I understand each other so well, She knows that if she had not one shilling in the world I should love her just the same-more, if possible; but we should have to wait for years. As it la. I do not see why we should not be married at Christmas. Do vou, Veronica ?" To be Continued. 1------

lestroyed; and I have come to mention

Lady Brandon fell weeping on to her

may trust me as you would yourself."

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waskly. Liber Good salaries and expenses paid wsekly. Liber-al inducements to beginners. No previous ex-portence necessary. Outfit tree. Write for terms, giving age. CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester N.Y. Mention this and the black shining waves fell in rich profusion over her shoulders. On her neck gleamed a cross of rubies and diamonds. She walked through the long

corridors, where the moonlight lay in great silver floods, making everything else darker by contrast. Sir Jasper could not be worse, she thought; the servants were most of them in bed, and there was no confusion. She went to the door of his room-a room she had never entered. It was ajar, and Lady REMEDY Bran lon stood near it. She looked very pa.e and anzious. She had on a white dressing-gown, and was toying nervously Having struggied 50 years between life and eath with ASTHERA or PHTHISIC, treated by with the blue ribbons. minent physicians, and receiving no benefit. I was compelled during the last 5 years of my ill-ees to sit on my chair day and night gasping for

"I do not understand it, Veronica," ness to sit on my chair day and night gasping for breath. My sufferings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself compound-ing roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATAREH, warranted threbeve the most stub-born case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, so that the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Please read the following condens-to study. she whispered, "Sir Jasper has sent for you and for me-he wants us particulary. No one else is to come near. He looks so strange I am half frightened. Come in."

Veronica entered the statesman's chamber. It was a large and magnificently furnished apartment. She saw wonders of rosewood and buhl, Sevres china, statuettes, pictures, and books. On the bed with its silken hangings she saw Sir Jasper-Sir Jasper, with a grave look on his face and dark shadows round his eyes. She went up to him, and his eves, looking into hers, told her that some strange, unrevealed secret was between them.

"Close the door," he said-"fasten it securely; no one must interrupt me. Marie, my wife, come here. It is you who will have to forgive me. I have staned against you; but my sin always appeared to me in a better light than that in which I see it now. It is a gilded sin-a sin so shrouded with sentiment. reserve, poetry, sensitiveness, that I hardly know where the wrong begins or ends-a gilded sin, my poor Marie, and the punishment will fall on an innocent .ead. Veronica, come nearer to me. I nave sent for you-I have a story to tell. Kneel here where I may see your face. Keep those eyes-dead Giulia's eyesfixed on me to the last, that my strength and my courage may not fail me. Marie

whom I have wronged, give me your Laad-I have a story to tell you." The night-lamp was partly shaded; its feeble rays fell on the grave face, on the dark wistful eyes, on the thin white handz-fell on the two kneeling figures.

on Veronica's beautiful face and Lady Erandon's troubled features. The wind. when it stirred, sent a great spray of clematis beating against the glass; outside the beautiful, solemn summer night LEF Citizens of Cambria County and all lay brooding over the fair, sleeping TURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully earth.

Sin Jasper told his story, clearly, plainly, distinctly, describing his motives, blaming his own fastidious, sensitive reserve, blaming his own shrinking from pain, blaming his own weakness and folly, which had led him so far wrongled him into what he truly called "a gilded sin." I aly Marie listened with silent, bitter tears.

"So you were married before, Jasper, and never told me," she sobbed ; "and I always thought that I was the only one make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS you loved. How could you deceive

We refere, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to the offi-cers of the U.S. Patent Office. For circu-"I am sorry. Marie, for the past. I lars advice, terms and references to actual can hardly expect you to understand-1 can hardly understand myself; it is so difficult looking back. I loved her so

becomes Baroness Brandon. quite powerless in the matter." "It is wickedty unjust." she cried. "I wonder at you, Sir Jasper-you who all your life have passed for an honorable man. You must not, you shall not do my child this wrong." "Hush, Marie !" he said, sadly. "Do not reproach me, my dear ; I have suf-

fered epough. Listen, Veronica. This is my will; in it you will find repeated the story of my first marriage-in it you will find that I have made you what you are-my heiress. I have made handsome provision for Katherine-handson,e provision, Marie, for you,"

"You have robbed us !" cried Lady Brandon, "What am I to say to my friends, when they hear of this ? The baronet continued : "This second parcel, Veronlea, contains

all the papers you will need to prove your identity-the certificate of your mother's birth, marriage, and death. There is the certificate of your birth also and every other paper which your Aunt Assunta thought necessary to prove your claim. Take them, Veronica. Kiss me, my daughter; my strength fails me. Promise me one thing in your mother's name-will you promise, Veronica?" With her white lips on his, which were no less white, she whispered : "I promise."

"Be kind to my wife and Katherine." he said. "Promise me." "I will," she replied. Then she raised her head, for a long quivering sigh from him frightened her.

"Go and fetch Katherine," he said-"Kate-iny own Kate." "Are you worse, Jasper ?" cried Lady Brandon, forgetting her anger in her

fear. A smile that Veronica never forget came over his face as he turned to her. "No, not worse-better," he said. "I see it all now." And the next moment he was dead.

The two horrified spectators stood looking at each other, unable to move. Lady Brandon cried out: "He is dead-he is dead ; Veronica !"

Then, going up to the bewildered girl she seized both her hands. "Veronica." she cried, "hide these papers. Promise me, swear to me, that you will not mention one word of all this until I have spoken to you again. Swear it." "I promise," said Veronica. And then Lady Brandon seized the bell-rope and rang a hasty peal. CHAPTER VII.

By the noon of the following day peace and quietness reigned in the house of death ; the passionate weeping and wailing, the first wild outbreak of sorrow, were over. The doctors who had been summoned in such hot baste had given their decision-Sir Jasper had died of disease of the heart. There was no need whatever for the formality of an inquiry -no need for examination.

They had laid the illustrious statesman -the man whose heart had been faithful to one passionate love-in state in his own chamber, with hangings of black velvet and wax tapers and the fairest June flowers about him whose hands should never more gather leaf or biossom; and then with lingering looks at the marble face, so grand in its sculptured

"Did you think that I should betray it 217 she asked. "I am not a traitor, Lady Brandon."

husband's death, but now she seemed

calm with the calmness of despair. >he

closed the door, and, coming up to Vero-

nica, took the girl's cold hands in her

own and looked earnestly in her face.

the secret ?"

ly.

"I know, I know, forgive me for speaking hastily. Veronica, I am almost mad. You cannot realize what I have to suffer -you cannot understand my position. I would rather-these are not wild words, but true ones-I would rather kill mysell than that the world should know how cruelly I have been deceived - that I had but the ashes of my husband's love, that he never cared for me, that his heart had been given to another before me. I could not bear it - I could not survive ed for any sound to reach her now. Lady such a downfail to my pride, my affection, my standing and position in the world-1 should not survive it."

"I am very sorry," said Veronica; "I cannot help it, Lady Brandon; it is not my fault, you know."

"Think, too, of Katherine, my beautiful child, brought up as her father's heiress. All her life she has deemed herself heiress of Queen's Chace - her future secure. Oh, Veronica, think what a blow it will prove for her! It will kill her !" And the poor lady's lips quivered again. "Then," she continued, "you do not know my people, the Valdoraines. They are the prondest people in England ; they would-I dare not think what they will say or do when they hear that my child is disinherited. I shall never look them in the face again. I wish that I had died before this day

came." "I am very much grieved," said Veronica ; "but I cannot help it."

"Poor Katherine-so happy in her future! They called her heiress of Queen's Casce when she lay in her cradle. My pretty child, it is not right, it is not just. I have done nothing to deserve it. All my life I was good and faithful to my husband. He has left me a legacy of sorrow and shame. Poor Katherine, how is she to bear it, Veronica? Will it make her hate him and dislike his memory ?"

"No. she is too noble for that," said Veronica. "Have you forgotten what he said to her on the evening before his death ?"

"No. Oh, Veronica, my dear, I cannot tell her, I cannot, indeed! She has been so light-hearted, so happy all her life. Until now she has never had any sorrow, any care. How can I, her own mother, go to her and tell her that she and I are to be driven out, away from that which we have always held to be her own? How can I go to her and say to her that she must lay down every hope, every brightness of her life, and

suffer Heaven knows what ?" "You forget that she has loved Lord

"I do not. I foresce fresh trouble there. He loves her, I know, but his friends are proud; they would oppose his marriage to a disinherited girl. She would in all probability lose her love with her fortune. Oh, Veronica, I cannot bear it !" She drew nearer to her. "You love her, Veronica. I know you co. You have said so a hundred times. You said-see, I remember the wordsyou would give your life for her if she needed it, because she was the first to ove you. You said that you would stand between her and every sorrow, that an arrow meant for her heart should first of all pierce yours. You said that,

Brandon took Veronica's hand and led her to the bedside. "Look," said she-"Veronica see how young and how fair see is : see how innocent and he'pless. Think how she has been loved and cherished. Do not throw her on the mercies of a cold world. Think of her love; do not take it from her. Veronica, if above this tender white breast you saw a sword hanging, you would not let it fall. If you saw a hand clutching a dagger and pointing it at that tender heart, you should thrust it aside. Look at her, Veronica, so unconscious of this tragedy. Will you wake her to tell her that you are going to take her inheritance, her fortune, her happiness-

ah, even her lover from her ?" Veronica turned away with a shudder. "Come with me again," said Lady Brandon-and this time she led the way to the room where the dead statesman lay. She closed the door, and, holding Veronica's hand tightly clasped in her own, she led her to his side. "I have brought you into the solemn presence of the dead. He who lies there called this sin of his gilded sin. Veronica, he did not foresee, he could not know, the suffering and the sorrow that would fall upon us. Oh, Veronica, is it just ? Is it fair? Is it right? Why should this disgrace fall now upon me? Have I deserved it ? Is it honorable that we should so suddenly be deprived of our own-our position, our inheritance, all that life holds most dear? Did you love him, Veronica, this dear dead tather ?"

"Yes," she replied. It seemed to Veronica that all power of speech had left her-that she could not utter the words that rose to her lips

"You did love him; then spare him. You could do nothing so hurtful to his memory as to let this secret be known. All England reveres him now, all England does homage to him. He is numbered among the great ones of the nation. Oh, Veronica, how they would denounce him, those who have loved him best, if they knew that in very truth he had left his wife and child to bear the brunt and the burden of his concealment! They would blame where they have praised. You will take a hero from his pedestal. You will shadow a grand memory, detract from a fair fame, if you tell his secret. And you will gain-what? A fortune that you will never enjoy, an inheritan e that will prove more of a curse than a blessing, an inheritance that will be almost a fraud. Veronica, burn that cruel will." "But others must know of it," she said

"No," asserted Lady Brandon; "the lawyer who drew up that will is dead-I tell you. I remember that Sir Jasper

and saving her father's fair name. She sat quite still and silent, while the birds sung outside her window, and the sunlight brightened the whole glad world-how many hours she never knew. She reflected that her golden dream was over, that she would be Veronica di Cyntha now until she died. Then she roused herself. The will must be burned balore she saw Lady Brandon again. She would not read it. That

would simply renew her pain, and could not benefit her. She must destroy it at once. She went to the boy in which she had put it away, and took it out. She read, "The last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon, Baron of Hurstwood, etc." She kissed the name, and her tears fell on it. How could she destroy it?' Curiously, instead of being written on paper, it was written on thick parchment that she could neither tear nor cut. On this June day there was no fire anywhere. She could not go down to the servants' offices to burn it there, for she would be noticed, and harm might come of it. The only way was to have a fire made in her sitting-room, and burn it there. The bell was answered by Clara Morton, a pretty girl whom Sir Jasper had advised her to take as her maid She carefully placed the will out of sight, and then, when the maid entered, she asked her to light a fire in her room.

"A fire," repeated Clara Morton-"a fire here, miss ?" 5 "Yes," said Veronica,

"But," objected the girl, "it is so warm -it is quite a hot day, miss. I am airaid the heat will be too much for you." "There is no warmth here," said Vero-

nica. And the maid secing the shudder that made her young mistress's graceful figure tremble, thought perhaps she was really cold. Still it was a strange thing to ask for on a June day ; and more than once, as Clara Morton lighted the tire. she said to herself that it was unnatural. and that there must be some reason for it. Still she obeyed. But the fire would not light. Three or four times it went out, and each time Veronica had to ring again

"How bent she is on it !" said the girl to herself. "What can she want a fire for? There is something mysterious about it." At last the fire burned brightly ; and

then Veronica fastened the door and took out the will again. She held it in her hands, looking first at the parchment roll and then at i.e flames. It seemed to her as though she held something living. Wealth, honor, fortune, position, the honor of a noble name-these would al. perish with the document when she laid it on the flames. Should she destroy it ? Was it not like taking the life of some living thing?

"I will do it," she said, "not by halves. but generously. I make this sacrifice, and Heaven sees me. I make it to se cure my sister's happiness and to save my father's memory. I make it with all my heart in return for their love for me, and I shall never regret it."

Then she parted the coals and placed the parchment between them. In a few moments there was a thick smoke, and seeing no more of the parchment, she thought it was destroyed. She watched

the thick smoke as it rose; what did it . bear with it of hers? There was some one at the door-who | tween the acts. I can always get off could it be? She cried out "Who is it ?"

Reserved Forces.

It is often the case that success in life pends upon what may be easied reore certain physical, moral or intellectal forces, which he brings into action. whenever they are needed.

The late Explamin Disraeli, on mak-ing his model speech in the House of commons, was met with abouts of deusive haughter. In closing, he said :

"I have begun many things, and have often succeeded at hist, I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.

The time came when the House of Commons not only heard him, but acknowledged him as its leader and as the

Daaiel Webster possessed great reserve power. His mind was not only well fitted to consider any question in law or states manship which might be submitted, but it was well stored with knowl

His famous speech against Hayne is a ne example of the vastness of the intellectual forces he had in reserve. The speech (the first of the two) was delivered after very brief preparation ; but, in the wealth of knowledge it displayed, in the closeness of its logic, in its beauty if style and eloquence, it has seldom, even if ever, been equaled in American Gratery

This reserve power of Disraell and of Webster contributed to the success of their work.

The means of attaining this power is hielly to read much and thore nd, what is more essential, to think constantly and carefully.

Train the mind well, store it with learning, and one is prepared with a stock of intellectual forces which he can bring into play whenever the demand is made.

Those Spicy Breezes.

At the theatre. Mr. Younghusband (after the third pilgrimage)-"I always feel so much better aiter going out to get the air be-

Wynleigh," said Veronica, gently.

R SHAVING PARLOR!	opp. Patent office Washington, D. C. KNOABE PIANO-FORTES. UNEQUALLED IN TODE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURAbility. WILLIAM HNABE & C. Nos. 204 and 204 West Baltimore Strees suffmore No. 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. I CURE FITS!	well, and I lost her so soon. I could never speak of her, my dear dead Giulia. I could not utter her name-it tore my heart. I could not look men and women in the face while I taiked of her, my dead love." "Then," said Lady Brandon, "yon have always loved her best, Jasper, iving or dead-always the best." "You have been a good, true, tender, tathtul wife to me, Marie," he returned "but site was my first love." Verontra had listened like one in a dream. This was her history then; and the go den taked sister whom Assanta	now, with the blinds drawn and the flowers all dead. Veronica sat there silent, dazed, bewildered. She still wore her evening dress of black lace—she had never changed it; her dark hair hung	"Yes, and I meant it," she acknowl- edged. Lady Brandon drew still nearer to her. It seemed to Veronica that the breadth came in hot gasps from her lips. "she does not want your life, Veroni- ea; to give it would not serve her. Will you serve her as you said you would? Will you let the arrow meant for her heart wound yours?" "Yes," said Veronica; "you know I will." "Will you save her youth, her love, her hours". Will you have her Wid heidt	attend to some 1 ttle business for him, and a few days afterward he had died suddeniy. I remember it so well. One never misses much what one has never had, Veronica. You have never been considered or treated as the heiress of Queen's Chace. You would not miss the distinction. But Katherine has. Katherine has grown up with the thought; it has formed part of her life. My dear, I plead to you, I pray to you—	something." "Her quick eyes noted the heavy smoke in the fireplace; she with- drew without a word. In a few moments she was back again. "Miss di Cyntha, she cried, "I wish you would come to my lady's room; I have knocked at the door several times and each at a set of the second	B 'I have no idea.' "Well, it dates back to the days of Abraham. You know it was at a well that Rebecca found her husband." Over who claims to have tried it says that rubber may be found it says	
AN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES ! Chron 2000, Salty Ellastrated, An'ts Wanted Circulary J. Holman & Co., Phila	time and then have liken return again. I mean a radiest curse i have made the disease of FTES, EFILEPST or Falling FCCEN First a lite-immediate of the same failed in no reason for the worst down. Bornaus others have failed in no reason for mol now theorem a trans at a same for a treatile and t Free Bortle of any indiffusive remacky. Give Express and Port Office. It corrections of the indicate for a treat a same for mathematic transformed to the a treat, and i will correct the office. It corrections of the indicate for a treat is and i will be address? "A good in pread why, New York, and address?" "A good in pread why, New York,	nad never ceased to mourn was her own mother! She was the daughter of the famous statesman Sir Jasper Brandon.	with its passionate sorrow, its untold	and unclouded ? Will you keep her happy, as she has been ? Will you	by your love for her, by your promise to	am afraid there is something wrong." And Veronica hastened away, not noticing that she had loft the girl in the	shellar stant composed of powdered	