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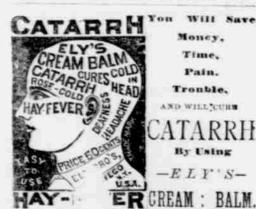
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rejoiced in the new and perfect happiness; she opened her whole heart to it. It was such chivalrous wooing, and he loved her so dearly. No one could ever

> have been so dearly loved before. She stood there thinking of it, with a smile of perfect content on her face, and as she did so Sir Marc came to her.

> > "I have been watching you, Veronica," he said, "until I have grown jealous of the sky and the foliage, and everything else that your beautiful eyes have rested on. What have you been thinking of ?"

"Of nothing in the wide world but you," she replied. "Of me, sweetheart!" he exclaimed

joytully; and then he told her what he had come to ask-when would she be his wife. "You are too kind ever to be cruel

darling," he said, looking at the beautiful CATARKH, warranied to releve the most stub-born ease of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, see that the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Flease read the following condens-ed extracts from unsolicited testimonials all of rethus led face. "I told you long ago how lonely my home is. I want 'the angel in the house'-I want you there. You Diver V. R. Holmes, San Jose, Cal., writes ; "1 cannot tell how dreary it all seems to ind the Remody all and even more than repre-ented. I receive instantaneous relief." E. M. Carson, A. M. Warren, Kan., writes; the. Veronica, when will you come to

me ?" Was treated by eminent physicians of this coun-y and Germany ; tried the climate of different ates-nothing afforded relief like your prepara-"Not yet," she replied shyly-"it cannot be vet."

B. Pheins, P. M. Griggs, Ohio, writes - "Saf "Why not?" he asked. d with Asthma 40 years. Your medicine in a nutes does more for me than the most eminent "You have only just found out that vsicians did for me in three years." H. C. Plimpton, Johot III., writes : "Send Ca-rh Remedy at once. Cannot get along without I find it the most valuable medicine I have you love me."

"Nay, Veronica," he said smiling, "I found that out long since. I was coming We have many other hearty testimopials of cure at July to tell you so, but poor Sir

relief, and in order that all sufferers from Asth-, Catarrh, Hay Yever, and Kindred diseases y have an opportunity of testing the value of Jasper had just died. She turned her face away lest he should will send to any address TRIAL see the quiver of pain on it.

"Sir Marc," she said gently, "you have never asked me any questions about my

ACKACE FREE OF CHARGE. If your dreg-st tails to keep it do not permit him to sell you me worthless imitation by his representing it to just as good, but send directly to us. Write our name and address plainly. Address, J. ZIMMERNAN & OO., Props., Wholesale Druggists, Wooster, Wayne Co., O., Full size Box by mail \$1.00. fortune.'

"Lady Brandon has explained," he replied. "Your father was a great friend of Sir Jasper's, she tells me."

Veronica made no reply. She could not tell him the truth, but she would speak no false word to him-never one. He continued:

"I care nothing about your fortune, veetheart. I am a rich man-so rich that I am troubled at times to know how to spend my money. I lay it all at your eet. You are mistress of everything that belongs to me. When will you come to me, my Veronica? You have nothing to wait for. Do not be unkind and send

me away !" She made no answer. In her heart she wished to be with him, but the very consciousness of it prevented her from speaking.

"This is July," he said ; "shall we say September, Veronica?" She agreed, and Sir Marc was so determined to keep her to her word that he went at once in search of Lady Brandon and told her. He brought her back with him to where Veronica still stood

ander the limes. "I leave my interests in your hands, Lady Brandon," he said. "I shall return, with your permission, to marry Veronica on the twentieth of September. You will promise that she shall be ready ?" Lady

Erandon promised. "I do not think that I can live away mm her altogether until then, Lady Brandon. Will you invite me to come down in August ?"

"Corr whenever you will, Sir Mare," 1.ady Brandon. He pressed the hand of his love.

to me. I am engaged to marry John Paulding, who once lived here as head groom. We have been engaged to be married for eight years, and fortune has never once smiled on us. He saved three hundred pounds and put it into a bank. The bank broke, and he was left penniless. I saved sixty pounds, and invested it in a truit ne society, which became bankrupt. Fortune has never once smiled on us until now. Now John Paulding has an otler from a farmer

in Acstra.:a. If he can go out there. and take five hundred pounds with him, we shall make our fortune." "I do not see what this has to do with

me," interposed Veronica, "I do, Miss di Cyntha. I hold a secret

of yours, and I want twe hundred pounds as the price of my s. ence." "You are talking nonsense. Morton I can only imagine that you have lost your senses."

"You will find, on the contrary, Miss di Cyntha, that I was never more sensible in my life. Let me tell you what I have to say."

Veronica looked at her. In the excitement of the interview she had risen and confronted her.

"Come to the point at once, please," said Veronica. "What have you to say ?" The gir! looked uneasily at her mistress; the co.or came and went in her face; her eyes drooped. Raising her

head, she said suddenly : "It is for John's sake-I would do anything for John."

Veronica gave a sigh of resignation. What this strange scene meant she could not tell, but it would end at some time no doubt. Morton heard the sigh.

"You are impatient, miss," said she. "I am coming to the matter. . I do not like to speak of it to you, you have been a kind mistress to me. But it

is for John's ease-I would do anything for him." "Will you be kind enough just to come to the point ?" said Veronica.

"I will," answered Clara Morton.

Yet Veronica saw that she had to summon all her courage, to make a most desperate effort. She looked up at her. "You remember Sir Jasper's death, Miss di Cyntha? You remember the day after it? Though it was a warm June day, you would have a fire in your room.

Veronica started ; her face grew white, a low cry came from her lips.

"Go on," she said to the girl, who had paused abruptly when she saw the change in her mistress's face.

"That very day, miss, I thought there was something wrong," she said. "Why should you want a fire when the June sun was shining so warmly? I said to myself that you had something to burn." Another low cry came from Veronica. Morton continued:

"I-von will be very angry with me. Miss di Cyntha-I wauted vou ; I knelt down and looked through the key-hole. The key was in the lock, so that I could not see much, but I saw distinctly a roll of parchment in your hands, and I saw you put it on the fire, I saw it begin to burn, and I was wild to know what it was. All at once I had an idea that you

who is the next most interested in the matter. There is one thing that you cannot deny, Miss di Cyntha-you burned the will." She paused with a sudden cry. .

> Unperceived by either, Sir Marc had entered through the open window, and stood with a horror-stricken face, listening to the last few terrible words.

With an air of terrible bewilderment he looked from one to the piner; Veronica was white as death, the servant-girl insolent in the full triam; h of her accusation, in the knowledge of her victory. Veronica looked round when she saw the sudden dawn of fear in the girl's eyes. She attered no cry when she saw her

over, but a cold terrible shudder sensed her. He came to her and took her hand. "What is the matter, Veronica ? What does this insolent woman say ? Why do you allow her to insult you ?"

"Truth is no insult, Sir Marc," put in Norton.

"Say the word, and I will send for a policeman, and will give her into custo-ly. I heard a little of what has passed, and I see she is trying to extort money from you-why not order her from the house ?"

"Ah, why not ?" cried Morton, insolently. "As you say, Sir Marc, why not ?"

"I take the duty upon myself," he said; "I order you not only to gat the room, but to quit the house. Lady Brandon will approve of what I have done when she hears of your conduct."

"I shall not leave the room, Sir Marc," she replied calet'y, "until I have Miss di Cyntha's answer. She knows what I want; let her say if she will give it to me.

"You know that I cannot." she answered.

Sir Marc looked at her in bewilderment.

"Surely you are not willing to compromise with this woman. Veronica? She must be punished-any attempt to extert money is a crime that the law punishes very severely. Do not speak to her-leave her to me."

Then he paused in bewildered wonder; there was something he did not understand-a shrinking fear in Veronica's face and an insolent tramph in the maid's. Where was the indignation, the just anger, that she should feel? What could it mean ? With a restless, uneasy gaze he locked from one to the other. The dark eyes of the woman he loved had never met his own.

"I heard what passed," he said. "I was br :: 2.22 you these Gloire de Dijou roses, Veron ca, and I heard this insolent woman say that you had burned a willthat you could not deny it. I know the meaning of that. She brings this false accusation against you, meaning to extort money from you, and you very properly refuse to give it to her. She ought to be sent to prison."

"Stop, Sir Mare," said the woman, angrily-"you speak too fast. Ask my mistress whether my charge against her is false or not."

"I will not insult Miss di Cyntha by any such question." he replied.

"Then you are unjust," she said. "You accuse me of bringing a false charge ; ask Miss di Cyntha whether that charge is

the white cold face, which looked as in chains of iron-I cannot. I tell you though noither warmth nor color could this one bare fact - I burned the will. ever brighten it again ; his heart was full You must trust me all in all-or not at of keen, into eratic pain. "There is all. some mystery, Veronica," he went on ; "Trust you ? Great Heaven, trust a

woman who could burn the will of a

dead man ! Stay-tell me one thing.

Did he wish you to destroy it ? Did he

"Then do not ask me to trust you,

Veronica. No man's honor would be

safe in such hands. If there is a mys-

She held out her arms to him with a

"Part?" she repeated - "part - you

"Yes," he answered, coldly, "if it broke

do not suppose that I, a man of honor,

could marry a woman who had deliber-

ately destroyed the will of a dead man?

I would not marry such a one even if

"I never thought of that," she said

Mare, "I could never look at you with-

out remembering what you had done,

I should be wretched, miserable. We

Marc, I thought you loved me so !"

"Part !" she repeated faintly. "Oh,

"Loved you! I love you even now

despite what you have done; but marry

you I cannot, Veronica. Your own con-

"You must not leave me, Mare," she

said, holding out her arms to him. "You

are more than my life; you must not

"I could never trust you," he said

holding back her arms lest they should

clasp his neck unawares. "There is no

help for it, Veronica. Unless you can

explain away this mystery, we must

Think it over, and give me the answer

She stood quite silent before him, her

white face drooting from the start se.

her han is clasped in mortal pain. Was

there any chance, any loop-hole of es-

cape? Could anything absolve her from

her some n vow? No, there could be no

release. It was for Katherine's sake, for

her father's memory-the same argent

reasons that had influenced her before

existed now. Were she to be induced

to break her vow, Kather ne would suf-

"Must we part, Veronica ?" he said-

"we, who have loved each other with so

"I cannot trust you; I can only say

cood-by, Good-by, Veronica. You have

proken the heart of the man who has

loved you'as few ever loved. Farewell?"

face, or stop to atter one more word.

Perimps if he had done so his strength

would have failed him. He left her

standing there in the sunshine, with the

He went at once in search of Lasty

Brandon. He found her in the pretty

bitterness of death hanging over her.

He did not touch her hand, or kiss her

"Unless you can trust me, and let

fer tentoid. She would keep it.

great a love, must we part ?"

keep stlence," she replied,

the loss of her killed me."

clasping her hands.

duct has parted us."

must part."

part.

voutself."

tery, and you will explain it to me, good

-that will do, if not, we must part."

"No," she reolied, "he did not,"

ask you to do so ?"

low erv.

and IT

"I can see that. Tell me what it is." "I cannot," she said.

And the two simple words were more terriple to him than any others. "At least, my durling," he pleaded, tell me that it is not true. I cannot endure that you should remain silent under such a charge; it is unwomanly almost-deny it. I ask no exclatation of the mystery ; my sweethcart shall be as free and unfottered as the wind that blows. But I do ask this-deny those horrible words," Then she looked at him with the

pallor of death on her face. She tried to speak lightly, but her lips trembled. She tried to smile, but the smile diel away.

> "What if I could not deny it, Mare?" His face flamed hotly.

"Great Heaven, Veronica," he cried, 'do not jest over such a subject as thisdo not jest about a crime ! I could not have thought you capable of such light words."

"I am not jesting," she answered, faintly ; "I never thought of do ne so." She saw his face grow stern and his eves take a cold, hard expression.

"Veronica," he said, "answer me one onestion-it is your own fault that I have to ask it-is the woman's charge true? She says that she holds proofs-is it true ? Ted me-did \$53 burn a will or did you not? Answer me."

She knew that it would be useless to resist her fate even if she could lie-Morton would produce the charred fragments as evidence. She - Veronica would not attempt to screen herself. He must think what he would.

"Did you destroy a will, Veronica?" he repeated. "Answer me-I shall go mad with suspense."

She raised her white face to his, and spoke slowly:

"It is quite true," she said : "I did burn Sir Jasper Brandon's last will and testament ; yet, listen-I would deny it if I dared, but if that woman holds those fatal procis it is useless."

He drew back from her as though she had stabbed him. "You do not mean it, I am sure," he

said-"you cannot mean it-it would be too horribie. You are saving it to try my love-only for that-to try my faith, my darling; you could not have done it.

"Was it so great a crime ?" she asked simp.y.

"A crime?" he repeated. "The person who could even ask such a question must be dead to all sense of monor and shame. A crime? I should place it next to murder."

"I did not know it," she said softly "I never thought of that." He looked at her in horror.

"Then you did it-you really and truly did it, Veronica?" he said. "Yes, I did it, Marc," she replied

sadly. "What was the reason ? Why did you

do it ? What was your motive ? Tell me that I may understand."

and went cassionate tears.

"You will break Veronica's heart," she cried-"vou should not leave her." "Heaven bless you for a kind-hearted generous woman !" he said, bending down to kiss her hand. "I wish all women were like you. I shall go at once. You will see that all belonging to me is sont after me, Ludy Brandon ?"

But the only sobbed that he should not leave Veronica.

"Go to her," he said; "and, Lady Brandon, will'e vou comfort her, do not speak to her of me." The next moment he was zone.

the was almost bewildered to know how to net.

"I would give much to know what the quarrel has been about," she said to hersed ; "but I suppose I shall never learn," my heart a hundred times over. You And then she went to Veronica's room. The unhappy girl had fallen where her lover had left her, and lay like one dead on the floor. Lady Brandon raised her; she tried to bring back consciousness to her; and then she thought to nerse.t. "If she really loves him so well, and they have parted forever, it would "I should imagine not," replied Sir | be more merciful to let her die."

To be Continued.

Greeley's Human,

Mr. Greeley's humor was of a peculiar sort, but it was allied to gonins. toany anec lotes have lesen told of himin idustration of this that one can hardly expect to produce any now that some one has not repeated. Those who tried to joke with him to his disadvantage were generally worsted, whether they did it orally or through the press. One evening an associate editor of the Teiloune accessed him as he came to his desk

with some such question as this: *Dida't yet know, Mr. Greesley, that you mod. a datablal blan for in one of yous statistical effective and this morning?** "Not how was it?" said Mr. Greekey, Why, you said something about · Champagne, Don't you know Her champ weth-"Well," still Mr. Granky quietly, "T am the only editor of this paper that could make that mistake."

On another occasion a person who

wished to have a little fun at the expense

of his consistency, said in a group where

"Mr. Graeley and I, gentlemon, are

dd friends. We have drank a great

"Yes," said Mr. Greeley, "that is true

Toline to was his special dislike ; and a

enough. For draik the brandy, and I

friend of mine, knowing this wall, while

muching around a box of cigars to a lew

special pains to hand him the box with

No." soil Mr. Greeley, "I thank you.

1 must say, however, in contradiction

of a charge that must have been much

exaggerated and purposely distorted for

t was a favorite importation against him

with many) that I at least, never heard

nun use expletives that could not be re-

peated in a refined circle. He had as

ustituble occasions, though, for objurga-

tory epithets as any one I ever knew;

and, if he had not sometimes spoken

hemently he would have been realy

at was said of it, was not the worst in

ingelic. His hundwriting, in spite of all

he world; but it was very nearly the

nomeliest. It was fairly appalling to

look at. But it did have a somewhat

uniform alphabet. Almost all the words,

like a certain one in Raius Chosie's pou-

haven't got so low down as that yet. I

who were present with Mr. Greeley, re-

leal of brandy and water together.

fr. Greeley was standing;

muk the water.

great origination.

anly drink and swear."

in it or in these addentisements, address in it or in these addentisements, address the perprieture, S. R. Hartman & Co., Co- lumbus, Ohio, (No. 4.) MANALIN positively patient, Files and Diarrhow, Soid by all	ists advice, terms and references to actual agents in your own State write to C. A. SNOW & P.O. Opp. Patent office Washington, D. C.	"I have bound you, sweetheart," he sald-"you can never free yourself aga.n."	burn, and I was wild to know what it was. All at once I had an idea that you were destroying something that telonged to Sir Jasper, and was determined to know."	Miss di Cyntha whether that charge ; ask Miss di Cyntha whether that charge is true or false—she will not deny it if you ask her."	me that I may understand." "I cannot do that," she replied sadly. "I can tell you no more than this, that I of my own accord burned that will." "Great Heaven," he cried, "it is in-	morning-room, alone. She cried out when she saw his pale, set face, "What is the matter, Sir Marc? What is wrong?" "I want to speak to you, Lady Bran-	manship, looked like "gridinons struck by lightning," But when you one, dis- covered the key to this chirography, it was not so very hard to read. This stories about it, though, are more numer- ous than the lables of .Esop. Just Rea-
STAR SHAVING PARLOR!	KNABE	And, looking at his handsome face, his eyes lit with love, she said to her- self that separation from him would be death.	She paused, while the beautiful face gazing into hers are deadly white. "I prented at excuse to get you from the room, Miss di Cyntha," she con- tinued. "I told you that Lady Brandon	white lips that were closed so strangely. "I refuse to do any such thing," he re-	credible! Did any one else know?" "I cannot tell you," she replied. "Was any one else present?" "No," she answered. "Was the will you destroyed one	don," he said. "Veronica and 1 have had some unpleasant words. We have had a quarrel that can never be heated and we have parted forever." Lady Brandon held up her hands in	A Channed Sor the Vata.
Opposite Mountain Bouse, in Lloyd's Building, HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA. J. H. GANT, Proprietor.	PIANO-FORTES. UNEQUALLED IN TORE, TORCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURAbility. WILLIAM KNABE & C' Nos. 254 and 266 West Baltimore Streetstimore Nos. 112 Path Avenue, New York.	CHAPTER IX. August had come with its ripe, rich beauty, the fruit hung in the orchards, is gardens were a blaze of color, the barley and the corn were ready for the	had not answered a knock at her door- it was simply an excuse to get you from the room. Then I took from the fire the charred remains of the parchment. I saw quite distinctly the words 'Last will	unjust. I accuse Miss di Cyntha of hav- ing in her own room, unknown to every-	against your own interests? Did it take money from you, or what ?" She raised her dark eyes in solemn wonder at the question. "You must think what you will of my	dismay. "Can it be possible. Sir Marc, that you have parted with Veronica? Why, it will break her heart! It must not be, Let me go to her-let me talk to her. It	steele leave, and of certain degree and line- ity bonds to provide builds to repair the damage dono by the Yellow Eliver disacter. Petty distinctions, such as feathers, are to 24 sold; but the principal revenue is x- perted from the sale of a new rank specially devised for the failenes.
THEFURLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept eat and corr. CLEAN TOWERS A SPECIALTY. HEAPEST and BEST. Prices Recurs a	I CURE FITS! When I ary ours 1 do not mean morely to stop them for a times and then have them return scale. I mean a relief them for a them and then have the first structure of stallardy	.s: ers. Sir Marc had come down ags.n .s the Chace. Those who had seen Veronica when she first reached England would hardly	and testament of Sir Jasper Branden,' Miss di Cyntha. It was but a charred fragment-I took it away with me; and now, Miss di Cyntha I accuse you of	than that, I can prove that she did so. . Sir Mare, look trom her to me- which of us looks guilty?' He looked at Veronica as though half	motives," she replied—"I cannot explain them to you." "It is incredible !" he cried. "I could believe you and myself both mad before	she has offended you, she will, 1 am sure. be very sorry; let me go to her. 1 know how she loves you, my poor Ver- onica. ¹²	Of four of the causiry escalain flat the seed such out by the Government me worthless, and call a covern The
HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES !	SIGNA ENS a blackness trady. I warrant my remaining to care the warrant ensers. Because actions have failed in more manue. Bet not now remaining a care, Neud at once for a treatment of the first field of my including events of . Give Express and Per- tern Radius of my including areas tread, and Twill care yes. A second performance of the tread of the second of the second of the difference in the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of the second of	 so completely; the pale particulate love- 	having burned Sir Jasper's will. You cannot deny it—I have the proofs." Veronica stood like one turned to stone.	expecting an indignant denial! None came. "Miss di Cyntha," she continued, "tell	I could believe this. It is some foul trick, some borrible farce ?" "No," she realied, "it is the simple	"It is quite impossible," he said, hur- riedly. "This quarrel can never b- healed; even if Veronica wished it, I	for threa simply had to not of and the stars. The need which falls to produce a call 20 may yet strengthen a political histories and serve als the serve.