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J. LYNCH.

Asthma 40 years

mysterious undertone-"You are wanted, Miss di Cyntha." "Wanted?" she repeated. "Where? Who wants me ?"

"I cannot say, miss-some one who has a message for you; some one who is wait-Veronica had some poor pensioners to whom on this Christmas Day she had expression on her face. been most liberal; it was one of those "My dear Veronica." she was saying, come to thank her, no doubt. It was "where are you? Who is this with not a nice time to choose; and she YOU ?" wondered just a little why the servants

will never betray the secret of your birth

or the secret of the will. I do not deserve such pardon, but-" The answer was certainly not given in

words. There was silence in the room after that-silence full of happiness. How long had it lasted? Veronica. started in alarm. Lady Brandon was until it was time to change the subject. standing near her with a most alarmed

bathing suit," said a Niagara street young man to his cousin last evening, as they sat on the plaza and perspires

Then they looked at the nale moon

"What cluss a Canty Island bathing rult consist of George?" dominely asleed the mailen. "Oh," he replied, "a little cotton to put

and took from it the little parcel. The

charred tragments of the will, for if they fell-into other hands there would be danger; and one wild day in December, when the wind was wailing and roaring round the house, he went to the safe

support, some little comfort, in hearing that her great sacrifice had not been in vain-in knowing that Katherine would

gain from her-Veronica's-corrow.

"It seems so selfish for me to talk of happiness while you are so sad, Ver-

onica.



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perfence necessary. Outlit tree, Write fet terms, giving see, CulARLES H. CHASE, added: Nurseryman, Rochester N.Y. Mention thi

of excuses.

parchment that I took from the fire, on which you will plainly see these words. 'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon."" "What do you want for it ?" he asked

contemptuously. "It is not for myself, Sir Marc-it is not indeed. I want five hundred pennes."

"You are modest in your demands. certainly, and you have ruined - But Having struggled to years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by eminent physicians, and receiving no benefit. I was competied during the last 5 years of my ill-ness to sit on my chair day and night gasping for breath. My sufferings were beyond description. why should I waste words upon such as yon ? If I give you the sum you name. you must not only surrender what you are pleased to call your proofs, but you must take an oath to keep the secret and eave England. If you return-listen to my threat-if you dare to return and address by letter or by word of mouth that hapless lady, I will have you indicted for conspiracy, and your sentence will probably be hard labor for life. As to your conduct, it is so utterly, horribly base, I have no patience to speak of it." The woman murmured some words. He did not even listen to them.

"I have no wish to hear more," he said, "I will give you a check for five nandred pounds on condition that you give me your proofs and take the required oath. Tremble if you dare to break it-tremble if your false, wicked face is seen here again !"

He took out his check-book, and, going into one of the station offices, made out a check for the sum named. On returning he placed it quietly in her nands and she gave him the packet containing the charred fragments of the will, and took the oath upon which he had insisted. Silently he pointed to the great open gates, and she passed out of them. They never met again. As she passed out of the gates, so she passed out o! his life.

Whether the punishment of her wickedness ever came in this world he never

knew. Then Sir Marc went away to London. What to do with himself he could not ell. He felt that it was impossible for him to take up the broken thread of his life. In the first hot, angry nush of his disappointment he had not realized what fife without Veronica would be. Now that it stretched out before him in all its chill, terrible reality, he was at a loss how to endure it. There were times even when he almost wished that he had forgiven her. Then he recoiled from the thought. How could be love a woman to whom the word "honor" was an empty sound ?

Sir Mare was most unhappy. He read with a stony face all the paragraphs which said that there was no toundation for the rumor of the approaching marringe of Sir Mare Caryll-that he was going abroad. He made no complaint, no moan; but he owned to himself that

his life was ended. He would close Wervehurst Manor, and spend the remainder of his days where nothing could remind him of the love he had lost-There was to be no angel in the house for him. He knew that he must love Veronica until he died-that no one else

could ever take her place-that no one e.se could ever be to han what she had been. Had she died, it secured to him

She told him the story, and then snow was beating furiously against the window, great masses of cloud darkened "My proofs are charred remains of the the heavy skies ; then came a lull in the

> storm. Never until the day he dies will Sir Marc forget the hour and the scene. With some cariosity he went to the window to examine the charred fragments; vuite distinctly he saw the words-"The inst will and testament of Sir Jasper

> > Brandon." "Poor child !" he murmured to himself. "What could have prompted her to do this most evil deed?"

A little robin-redbreast fell with fluttering wings on the window-sill, beaten down by the snow and wind; it lay face. there fluttering, gasping, with its little life almost gone. He was tender of heart, this man so stern in morals : he could not endure the sight of the little bird's agony. He dropped the parchment and opened the window. He took the little, helpiess creature in, he warmed it and fed it, and then bethought himself of the will. He hastened to pick it up; it had opened as it fell, and as he raised it he saw words that he had not seen before. He took it to the window, and as he examined it his face grew white, great dark shadows came into his eves, and he cried :

"Great Heaven ! How is it that I have never even thought of this before ?" CHAPTER XI.

Great had been the consternation at

Queen's Chace when Lady Brandon, in few cut words, said that Miss di Cyntha's wedding was postponed indefinitely. The worst of it was there came no solution to the mystery-whether there had been a quarrel or not no one could say. All that was known was that Sir Mare had left quite suddenly one day, and that two or three days afterward those interested had been told to cease all preparations for the wedding.

No one was more astonished than Katherine when her mother told her the news; and at first she refused to believe

"There is some mistake, mamma," she cried; "I would more readily believe that Alton did not care for me." "Unfortunately there is no mistake, said Lady Erandon sadly.

"Whose fault is it "" inquired Katheriee. "Not Veronica's? I am quite sure that Veronica loved Sir Marc more nearly than I can tell. It always seemed to me that her love was her life. It cannot be Sir Marc's, for he loved the very ground she stood on. I cannot understand it, mamma. What does Veronica say ?"

"Nothing. She only looks unutterably sad and miserable, and begs of me not to talk about it."

"I will go to her myself," said Katherine impulsively. "It is useless, Katherine," returned

Lady Brandon. She will only be more miserable than ever."

But Katherine would not be controlled. She hastened up to Veronica's room and found her favorite standing by the window.

"My darling, you have been ill," she cried. "Mamma says that you fainted." Then she started, for Veronica had turned round to greet her, and the change that had come over her was so terrible that the young heiress was that his grief would have been easier to shocked. Veronica's face was pale and bear. Then he would have retained all worn, the dark eyes were tearless, but

ing for you in the library.

"It will comfort me," she pleaded-"you do not know why, but it will comfor me "Then," said the young heiress, "I

am happy, Veronica. My life is so bright, so beautiful, that I would not change it for any other life." She paused.

"Go on," requested Veronica. "I am rich," said the young girl, "and -I am like a child-I love my position. I love my grand, beautiful inheritance." Then Veronica raised her head, and a faint smile came over her white, troubled

she heard the bells of Hurstwood church. "You are sure of that," she questioned "Peace on earth," they were chiming-"good-will toward men." Then she reeagerly-"quite sure?" membered the poor pensioner waiting, "Yes, inteed I am," replied Katherine. "No one cor.d even guess how an I went on to the library.

dearly I love the Chace." "Now tell me about your love," said Veronica.

"What can I tell you, dear, save that my love and my life are onb-that I have no thought, or wish, or desire that does not begin and end in Alton? Now, has that comforted you ?"

"Yes, more than anything you could have said. You could have thought of nothing that would comfort me one-half so much. You will leave me now, Kate-I am the better for your coming. dear-and when we meet again all will be forgotten, except that we love each

other." It had not been all in vain then; the sun of her life had set in darkness and gloom, but she had made one at least happy. So the past was mentioned no more. She tried to bear her life. She never complained. She was like a devoted daughter to Lady Brandon. She was the most loving of sisters to the young heiress. But day by day she grew more and sad; she grew pale and

thin; she began to hope that Heaven would take nity on her and let her dis soon. So the winter months came round, and at Christmas preparations were begun for the marriage of the young heir-

ess. Lady Brandon had invited a large circle of guests, and one of them, not knowing of the recent control conps, having just returned from Spain, spoke of Sir Marc Caryll, and said that he was going

to take up his residence abroad. Veronica overheard it. She did not speak ; the lovely face grew paler, and a m.st of unshed tears dimmed the beautiful eyes; but soon afterward she went to Lady Brandon's room, her marvellous self-control gone at last. She stood before her with a look that Lady Brandon

never forgot. "You must let me go away," she said ; "I cannot remain here. I cannot bear it. You must let me go home to Venico to die."

Then she wept as she had never wept in her life before, as one who had no hope-wept until Lady Brandon was

alarmed, and she herself was exhausted. Then Lady Brandon said to her : "You shall go; I will take you. You shall go to Venice, or where you will ; only wait-wait, for my sake, until the

wedding is over." So for the sake of the woman who had influenced her so strongly she waited, but it seemed to her and to every one else that those days brought her nearer death.

She looked still more alarmed when should show such a one into the library. Veronica raised her happy tear-stained She rose and quitted the room; as she passed through the broad corrilor she face, saying: "Lady Brandou, this is Sir Mare. He stopped for a moment and looked through

has come back, and we are friends the windows at the lovely Christmas again." night-at the moon shining on the white "We are more than friends, Lady snow, and the shadows of the great

swaying boughs. In the faint far distance Brandon," broke in Sir Mare; "we are lovers-and I hope we shall soon be husband and wife." Then Lady Brandon went to seek for

Katherine; and while sho was gone Veronica turned to her lover, saying;

"It is the oldest and sweetest music

THE END.

The One He Forgat.

"No, my dear; I must attend a meet-

"I have the Ancient Order of United

"What about Wednesday evening ""

night; and on Thursday I have a meet-

ing of the Chosen Friends to attend:

on Friday, the Royal Templars; on

Saturday there's a special meeting of the

Masonie Lolge, and I couldn't miss

"The Grand and Ancient Order of

"But you have forgotten another so-

ciety, John, of which you were once a

A Dakota Man's Scheme

"That brindle dog of yours has killed

three more of my chickens this mora-ing," said the wife of a Dakota settler to

her husband, "and if you don't sho a

that; and then Sunday-let me see-

what is there on Sunday night, my

ing of the Knights of Honor to-night."

"Well, to morrow evening?"

Worknien, and you know-

you be able to be in ?"

Christian Fellowship,"

"What's that?"

"Your wile's!"

member of that-let me see -

dear

member."

"Mane, swear to me that you will never She was surprised to find the room utter a single word to Lady Brandon hadly lighted. There was a ruddy g ow about the will-that you will never beof frelight, and one lamp was burning tray to her your knowledge of my birth." dimly ; but it was a large, long room, and the other half of it was full of soft, dark He promised, and that was the only secret Veronica kept from him. He did shadows. She entered and stood for some minutes in si.ent expectation; not know that Lady Brandon ever heard

there was no sound, no movement, and either of the marriage or of the will. she never glanced to where the soft dark "I knew it must be so," said the young shadows lay. The red firelight fell full heiress, as she stood holding a hand of upon her fragile beauty, on the slender in a lovers' quarrel that has nearly killed figure and the wt te, wasted arms; on the beautiful, passionate, restless face, Veronica, and now you have made it up

and the rubies that gleamed on her again. Mamma, their wedding must be white throat. Presently from where the on the same day as ours, and we will dark, soit shadows lay came a sigh. She take Veronica to France until she grows ouite strong again."

"Who is that " she demanded. "Is And it was all carried out as she proanyous here-anyone who wants to see poseil. "What are those bells chiming, Veran-

Then she stopped abruptly and stood ica?" asked her lover as they walked rooted to the ground, a low cry on her down the broad corridor together. lips and a pain as bitter as death in her "What is it? The music seems quite heart-surely a figure she knew was familiar to me." coming to her from out of the soit, dark They stood for a few moments watchshadows! She held up her hands as ing the moon shining on the snow, and though to ward off an evil presence, and listening to the grand hosannas of the then they fell by her side as she uttered winter wind as it swept over the woods.

a low, possionate cry. Then she turned to him and answered ; It was he-she had made no mistake -it was Mare Caryll, the man she loved that the carth knows-'On earth peace, better than her life, the man whose stern decision was killing her. They stood in good-will toward men."" the red glow of the firelight looking at each other, but she saw there was no sternness in his face now-nothing but passionate love, pass.onate pity, and

blinding tears. AND "My darling, my beautiful sweetheart,

looked up.

have I been the cause of this ??" he said touching the wasted arms, "Have I been the cause of this, Veronica ?"

"I thought I was never to see you again," she sail faintly. "Are you sorry that you were quite so hard? Have you come to tell me so ?"

Her words seemed to recall him to himself.

"I have to tell you that I was a madman-a blind madman !" he cried, "I hate mysel so utterly for my folly, Veronica. My darling, my noble, gencrous darling, I know why you burned the will."

She clasped her hands with a murmured word he did not hear.

"I know why it was, and I blame myself for my great folly," he continued, "I ought to have understood-I ought to have known that you were incapable of nything wicked. I deserve to lose you for not having understood you better." She raised her face to his.

-- Hadalo Catter -Mrs. Shoily-"What has become of your tean, Belli 2" MissiS, "The has gone to the beach for

his breakth." Mrs. 8.-"He's rich and I can't see by you shilly shally with him so long.

Why shout you univery him?" Miss S. I do not cure to marry him.

He is a valetu ünarian. Mrs. S.- "What's that got to do with 1.7 We're no stickler's about religion. If and like as if either of you were Cath. olics and neglect a dispensation. You ought to be glacked the change. If I was n your place I'd marry him, if he was a Vegetarian." - Reston Convier.

A DOY'S LOGIC.

1000

-----

One day the teacher told her scholars it was among to clay Johnson," when a small boy with quite an important air rentie-faithst he had seen a tenlow enew he no his tooth a heal, and stoutly averred that it was not wrong for any out to from to more it is starth priced

This second to please the school very min h, and the teacher was at this purcle i to know how to answer which a stun-WHEN PERMIT

At last s re said to the boid boy, "Hor-nee, if a girl should have the tooflowby, and want to chew tobacco, what should

Horace soundched his board; and then all residently, "She ought to have the oth pull d." The use of tobucce in any can is just at foolish and wicked for hove as for gives

-24 A TERRITRIE SCALE.

First Ontaina Man (for athleady) - "My poor friend, the stag party which you in-tended to have at your residence to night to succedness and

Solond Omaha Man-"Great Casar ! The dining roun is chuck full of jugs and otries and glasses. Why, it isn't twentream houses are my wife wrote me she solda't be back from Minnetonka for a

Your wife? I said nothing about contwife. I just came from your part f the town and saw your Louse barn down? "O! Is that all? I was afraid usy wife

had got home." CARL TRETZEL'S UTILOSOPHY. NF

It vas a circular singuinelitance dot a feller's nose vas a besser friend as his tongue. Dot nose he vill bleed und dya

## for him, vhen der ockasion demands it. Early holy was got a temp r of hist own, but der feller dot can put a mort-gaget en it, so as to keep dot all by him-"John, I would like to invite my friend, Mrs. Smalley, this evening; will self, was combidied to have a good abbetite

on his tomb-shone. Please luke your outsides in, when a fool said securings, unit talk mit a tief his honesty about, and you got em boto on your bosom breast.

Der nunle horse vos der twin, cousin of olt Fadder Time. Dat's besser you don't ".h.' the Odd Fellows most that got on der behind of dheir backsides.

A LOVE MATCH.

Julia-"I hear that you are engaged to be married. Maria -"Yes, it's a fact, and my future

usband is the handsomest and best of "Then it's purely a love match, I sup-

"O entirely so, entirely." "Why, I have forgotten; am I a

"Hus he got money? "What an absurd question. Of course

Gent-"No."

pair of paus;

ing for you."

"Or a cost ""

he has got money-lots of it." MERBLY A SOUVENEL

Tranp-"Please give me a few cents ?"

"Well, can't you let me have an old

"No, I tell you. Clear out; T've noth-

STAR SHAVING PARLOR! Opposite Mountain Bouse, in Lloyd's Building, HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.	Nos. 2M and 206 West Baltimore Strees Lutimore	that his grief would have been easier to bear. Then he would have retained all his love; now his love must go, while he was stranded. Life had lost all its at- traction for him. He had freed Veronica from her bond, age—of that he was pleased to think. No one could frighten her now. She was quite safe, and the terrible secret was dead and buried. He locked away the charred fragments; he did not de- stroy them—he could never tell why.	worn, the dark eyes were tearless, but there was in them a look of fathomless woe. "Veronica," cried the girl, "it is true then! I can see from your face that it is true; there is no need to ask a ques- tion. You and Sir Marc have parted!" "Yes," she said drearily, "we have parted, Katharine—not for an hour, a day, or a year but forever."	strength in my limbs and joy in my heart. Now my strength has left me; people look grave when their eyes rest on me; bile is a heavy hurden that I wor'd fain	She raised her face to his. "You cannot know why I destroyed it," she said. "Even the wicked woman who saw me burn it did not know the reason." "She did not, but I do. Are you sur- prised? Veronica, see what this has told me." He came near her, and, taking a paper from his pocket, unfolded it; and then she saw the charred fragments of the	<ul> <li>her inisional, and if you don't shout him I or going to give him a dose of stry-hime."</li> <li>"Hold on now, Sary, hold on, I've got a plan."</li> <li>"Oh, bother yer plan-you can't never break him of the trick, and the best thing you can do is to kill him."</li> <li>"No 'taint, Sary, nowhere near the best we can do. Just wait till you hear my plan."</li> <li>"Well, what is yer remark'ble plan?"</li> <li>"Why, I'll the bim up now and sell him fer a bird deg to the first Chicago bunter that comes along. I'll get \$50</li> </ul>	Now to abstain from deadly pond The urchin's ma doth urge him, And in the guise of Adam he Doth in the same submerge him, And when with tillies in his hair The seeks the cottage boxer, The little behomst asserts 'T was but a passing shower.	
J. H. GANT, Proprietor. THEPUBLIC will always find us at our place next and cosy. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY. CHEAPENT and BEST. Prices Recuted HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES ! pages. Orac 2000, Fally III-strated. Art's wanted tree. A. Circulars J. Holman & Co. Philip	When I are used to be the set of the start of the set o	and that one simple proceeding a terred the whole destiny of his life. Had there theen a fire in his room when he reached home, he would have tossed the little packet into the flames; as it was, the door of his iron safe was open, and he fung the packet into it. Then he set about making arrange-	"I cannot tell you," replied Veronica, with a long, low sigh.	who took my heart from me has left me, and-I may hide it as I may-I am pin- ing for one look at his face before I die. Oh, Marc, my sweetheart, could you not have trusted me even ever so little? I shall send for him when I am dying, and ask him to hold me in his strong arms. Oh, Marc, you might have trust-	will, "Look on this side first," he said, "Here are the words—'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon.' The woman read those." She looked at them with some curi- osity, the words that had cost her so dear. Then Sir Marc opened the parch-	Little girl (looking at a one-legged mani-"Oh, mamma! Where was he made?" Mother-"Made in Heaven, my dear." Little girl-"Why dea't he so back and	"I was somewhat intravicated, I couless," staid the prisoner to the Arrzona Justice of the Penes, "when the officers found ne in the succe of the prosecuting writers at ani- night, but the only whisky I had drank was some I got at your Honor's saloon, and $I \rightarrow$ "Your Honor," hastidy and the Procent- ing Attorney, (business particular of the Procent-	