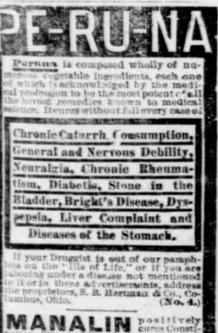
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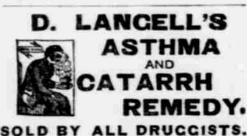
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No. 234 and 256 West Baltimore Street confilmore No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York. CURE FITS FATHER'S TEMPTATION. A Story in Two Parts.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT. Author of "An Ambitions Woman," "A Gentle-man of Leisure," "Tinkling Cymbals," "Adven-tures of a Widow," etc.

Any one who should drift down by chance to-day into that long, broad street which runs diagonally from the Bowery into Grand street, and which still bears the rather suggestive name of Henry street, would find little there to remind him that thirty years ago it was a domain beloved by many of our most prosperous and cultured citizens. True, the houses are mostly wide of front and possess stoops and doorways which retain a certain dignity and grace of outline. But shabbiness, neglect and occasionally something worthy of a harsher name prevail everywhere. Henry street is now but a lingy memento of what it originally was. Thousands who once dwelt there with case, thrift, and even elegance as well, have gone down into narrower and final nomes. Many whose early memories connect them with it are domiciled in smarter up-town localities. The stir and push of all great cities has pathetically told upon it, for nearly all great cities are remorseless with their souvenirs of place and habitation. A quarter that is classic from reminiscence to-day is to-morrow steeped in the dreary oblivion of decay and soil-

It is a little more than thirty years since a gentleman named Campbell Lawrence dwelt here in Henry street with his wife and one child, a boy. Campbell Lawrence had been what the worldly verdict would easily pronounce a fortunate man, He had left England, his native country, at the age of 23, with the aim of seeking a livelihood here. He had been graduated at Oxford, had strongly scholarly tastes, and had embarked for these shores with the idea of securing a position as teacher in some New York school. Not a lofty ambition truly, and yet Campbell Lawrence, believing that he could earn his bread in no other way than as an instructor of young people, let his hopes of the future aspire toward the ultimate proprietorship of a school modeled upon an ideal plan of his own.

These hopes were never fulfilled, but realizations of a much richer and handsomer sort came to him with succeeding years. A certain lawyer of considerable one of the large, quiet mansions which then lined Henry street on either side, had recently been stricken with a lingering paralysis. Lawrence had brought a letter to one of Morton's friends. The invalid gentleman was just then in need of a secretary. Lawrence's graceful and attractive presence, abetted by the prestige of his Oxford training, secured him this position a few weeks after his arrival. He equitted himself capably in his new ca. pacity; a friendship soon ripened between be employer and his assistant. Old Mr Morton's days were numbered, but his faculties were still clear and alert, and he had always prided himself upon a quiet, merring judgment of human character. Before a year had passed, his respect for Lawrence was no less thorough than the trust which he reposed in him. The old gentleman had a single child, Rosa, aged about 18, who had been motherless since she was a little girl. Rosa Morton was not a beauty in any florid or romantic sense, and yet she had a winsome, wominly, cultured personality that inspired ove in the young secretary's heart after a rather brief acquaintance. He began by secretly smiling at what he termed her "Americanisms" (and such national traits at that remoter day were keener than in these times of swift transatlantic goings and comings), but he soon ended in honestly loving them. Rosa was an heiress; she would have the Henry street house and a certain fortune of a hundred thousand dollars besides. This meant ample wealth for any New Yorker in the year 1855, and Rosa could easily have taken her choice among well-to-do admirers. But she preferred the penniless young man

sudden stroke which terminated Mr. Morton's life. Lawrence now awoke, as it were, to a recognition of the extraordinary kindness of destiny. He had married where his heart lay, and he had won a faithful, exreptional wife. But he also won while still in early manhood, position, affluence, the most enviable mental and physical comfort. No need, hereafter, to struggle and toil for mere daily sustenance. The old ambitions died within him a natural death, and new ones took their place. He had long ago despaired of ever securing that placid leisure which he believed inseparable from all worthy literary proluctiveness. But now the leisure once believed unattainable met him on every side with its soft and welcome contact. He could live his life just as he had once fondly dreamed of living it. And the wife whose desires and purposes were only too ready to blend their ardor with his own smiled the most loving indulgence

rom England, and soon found that her

preference was parentally sanctioned.

During the next year she and Lawrence

were married, a little while before the last

upon the fresh future which had opened A boy was born to them in the second year of their marriage. They named him Gerald, after Lawrence's dead father in England, who had been a rector in a small ountry town, and a man whose fine intellect and spotless character his Americanized son was never tired of recalling with filial praise. Gerald was the only child given them and they both lavished upon aim untold love and tenderness.

Among all honors which a man of letters can ever be permitted to reap, that of enrollment with the poets of his time was to Campbell Lawrence most satisfactory and enticing. He had till now looked with a sort of dubious reverence upon all personal attempt to achieve poetic fame. The fervor, the aspiration, perhaps even the genuine ability, he argued, were all within him; but would there not be the audacity of desecration itself in mingling those high and fine moods of the muse with the jar and worry of practical selfsupport? It did not occur to Lawrence that if he had possessed the true voice of the poet his songs would have rung out high and dulcet above all workaday disords. However, his environment, as he told himself, had now become forcibly stimulating. He fitted up a room in the house as his study, filled it with books, and made it one of those attractive retreats in which luxury is tempered by the nicest refinements of taste. Here he would spend hours, writing his verses. Often his wife would enter the apartment, his sole admitted and undisturbing visitor during the period of his labor. He would sometimes continue writing when she appeared, and if she chose to seat herself near him, he would stretch out his hand and sitently press her own. Or now and then he would read her passages from his work. She would always praise it, for it always seemed to her strikingly worthy of praise. She was far from being ignorant or unlettered, but if her fund of critical acumen had been much larger than it was she would no doubt have praised precisely the same. Love blinds us to many misdeeds besides those embodied in the stanzas of our wives, husbands or sweethearts. Mrs.

Lawrence thought sincerely enough that

her husband's coming volume of poems would be a series of masterpieces, and she already saw him wreathed with the laurels which his generation must gladly be-

"My collection is now nearly complete," he said to her one day, about three years after their marriage. "I have only to write the dedication to you and then all will be ready for a publisher."

She smiled and looked affectionately into his face with her brown dove-like eyes. "That will be no labor for you, I am sure, Campbell," she said, "or at best only one of love," "True," he answered. And then as if

shaping in words what had long lain in his thought, he slowly added: "But Rosa, I want an opinion on the work before it goes to press. You understand, my dear?" "An opinion?" she questioned surpris-

"Yes. I want some man of proved genins as a poet to read my lines and tell me frankly what he thinks of them. And who is there here in New York? It is, after all, only a big overgrown commercial village. Of course, it will intellectually change during the next twenty years or so, but at present I have scarcely an acquaintance here who would even sympathize with my poetic design apart from either understanding or appreciating it. Now in Boston it is different."

"Boston. Oh, yes," murmured his wife, showing that instant respect for what was then truly the "Athens of America," which so many cultivated minds in our larger city had securely acquired. "But whom do you know in Boston, dear Campbell, whom you could safely consult?"

"A pleasant correspondence, as you seem to forget, Rosa," was Lawrence's answer, "has of late sprung up between the Poet L- and myself. L- is still young in fame, but his accomplishments have not merely received the approval of all important critics; they are beginning to be recognized as a rare and national product, I think L- would receive me with courtesy if I went to him, and extend to me the candid valuation of which I stand in need. I have already more than half made up my mind to visit him during the next month."

Lawrence soon afterward decided pos-Itively to make this pilgrimage. He did so, and L- received him with all desired gentility. But when it came to a frank criticism upon the proffered verses, there this Boston poet's reception underwent a narked chill. He read all the poems at tentively, and then did what so few men under like circumstances will ever do: he told the plain truth. "What you have shown me, Mr. Law-

rence," he said, with the gentlest amiabillty of manner, "has an unerring correctness of metrical form. It is evidently the work of a scholar. But I regret to tell you that it is no more." 'You mean that it is not poetry?" ex-

claimed Lawrence, aghast.

Le-slowly nodded. "You have made it easier for me to give you my honest judgment," he answered, "by putting me that abrupt question. Yes, I do mean that It is not poetry."

Lawrence returned to New York a sadder and wiser man. Whatever humiliating conviction of their truth the Bostonian's words may at first have engendered began rapidly to lessen and vanish after he had left L.-'s presence. His wife, too, almost angered by the unfavorable decision reported to her, and certainly stung into a loving sense of injury by its presumed unfairness, mingled her consolation with the sort of eulogy that he who heard it found preciously grateful.

"Every poet, my dear Campbell," she insisted, "has his own special ideal, his own peculiar cult. Will you be foolish enough to accept as infallible the disapproval of one fellow-writer, no matter how much you respect his abilities? Seek the more liberal acknowledgment of the world. You have influence enough to publish your book in England; there is that London publisher of whom you have often spoken as your father's old friend. Let the book appear on both sides of the ocean, and then watch its effect with that select few whose approbation or disfavor will alone have telling weight."

Lawrence took the easy counsel conveyed in these words. He published his poems both here and in England-and waited. The book failed to stir the least ripple of interest. It was not assailed nor ntemned; it was not commended nor lauded. It was dismissed with cold respect and nothing more. The influences of Scott, of Wordsworth, of Byron, of Keats, were in separate reviews touched upon, one after another. The flawless method of prosody was repeatedly noticed. But not a sneer of animadversion, as not a pulse of enthusiasm, gave distinctive spirit to the general reception of the volume. It fell flat upon the reading public, and was in most cases, very prob-

ably, forgotten as soon as read. Lawrence suffered keenly. The truth had dawned upon him at last, and it dealt him a crusking blow. What, after all, had this windfall of early prosperity meant to him but the realization that his aims far transcended his powers? If he had fought and striven for years against harsh odds of poverty, he would at least have kept the cheer within his soul of having been born for nobler ends. But now the veil of illusion was ruthlessly torn. He saw his own weakness and shortcoming. Opportunity had been given him, and he had failed to grasp it. He would always thus fail. The cruel truth was clear at last. He wept tears of blood; it was an actual anguish of poignant selfdiscovery. It was one of those noiseless and covert tragedies of the human soul,

bitter, perhaps, as any that we know. "I shall never write another line of poetry as long as I live!" he told his wife; and be kept his word. But he wrote, nevertheless. Like so many men who are fated to feel though

not to create in the largest imaginative way, he possessed the natural gift of a fluent and lucid prose style. A scholar of no mean acquirement, the idea came to him of writing a history which should combine rigid accuracy with picturesque and eloquent narration. He chose Byzantium, from the accession of its first emperor to the final overthrow of the Roman Empire, and he set to work upon his undertaking, after several months of despondency, with a vigor that put gleams of encouragement into his wife's tender eyes, and spoke well for his own inherent fortitude. If he could not win the golden prize he would try for the silver one. The crown of oak leaves would have its value, even if he missed that of hav

But his wound ached and bled, always, It never really healed. He strove to hide his chagrin, his disappointment, and did so to all except his wife. She alone knew and understood, and yet it was only at times that the sad truth plainly rose before her. She took keen interest in his new literary plan, and when it became necessary for him to delve among the resources of the famous foreign libraries, she readily sailed with her young son and himself for European shores.

They remained abroad several years, and Lawrence's great work (it had now become tacitly accepted as "a great work" by the two most concerned in it) was still far from completion. When Gerald was New York. Their son had meanwhile grown to be a most winning and lovable

boy. He had the brown eyes of his mother, and his hair was a rich chestnut, shot through with golden threads. His aptitude for all kinds of study was remarkable. There had been some talk of sending him to Columbia College, then a mere high school in King street, but as his intelligence gave wider proof of its capacity, Harvard College was deter-

Gerald studied under tutors for two years longer in New York, and then entered Harvard with flying colors. His vacations were always the bringing home of more than merely creditable reports. He had gained the highest rank in all departments of study. He was head of his class, as our American term has it, in everything. e Lawrence took the deepest pleasure in

his son's collegiate triumphs. As for Mrs. Lawrence, she was overjoyed past expression. Her boy's brilliant promise atoned for the disappointment wrought by her husband's thwarted aspiration. As a matter of course, Gerald became acquainted with his father's absorbing pursuit. He was naturally reticent, and those who were in his society often left it with the impression that he was not conversationally notable, while at the came time they some how admitted his excellent endowments.

Social New York life in those days had not the modish flutter and ostentation of to-day. When Gerald returned home from Harvard he was not lured into the fashionable foilies of the assemblies, the Patriarchs, or the F. C. D. C. Dancing Class. All these blooms of civilization were yet in the bud. He went to certain decorous and simple entertainments and enjoyed them. But he showed no taste for festive pleasures. Always he seemed like one who feels the visitant presence of some continual brooding preoccupation. Both his parents noticed this, and in the last year of his sojourn at college both communicated their solicitude one to another. Was Gerald ill? Had some sentiment selzed him with its delicate. amorous grasp off there in Cambridge? What was really the matter? Was anything really the matter, or was their parental love merely at fault?

They soon learned that something seriously was the matter, though the anxiety which they suffered may have sprung from a different origin. One day, scarcely a week after Gerald had returned from Boston with credentials that certified he had been graduated from Harvard at the head of his class, he fell back upon a sofa in the drawing room of his parents' Henry street house, while several guests were assembled for the purpose of giving him their congratulations, utterly uncon-

Before a doctor had been summoned he had rallied and recovered. He laughed lightly at the attack, and declared i simply a result of overwork during the last examination at Harvard, and nothing more. He quieted the fears of both his parents by soon afterward appearing in his usual health and spirits. But the physician who had attended him shortly after his swoon had spoken candidly at his own solicitation. Gerald, brave and full of self-command, had insisted that the physician should reveal nothing of the real truth to his father or mother.

"They both love me dearly, Dr. Southton," he said, "and if they knew I had a mortal malady of the heart they would be in a perpetual state of worriment. You will promise me, therefore, that you will tell them nothing?" "I promise," Dr. Southton had an-

swered. It is possible that Gerald's deportment toward his father changed from that time thenceforward. They had always been on the most intimate terms together. During Gerald's early schooling in Geneva many had been the loving voyages paid to him from Paris by his father, absorbed in studies at the Bibliotheque Nationale, Gerald knew of the Byzantine history as he knew of his boyish hoops and kite. He came, one morning, into his father's library, and after watching the usual work

at the long-meditated manuscript, he "Father, you have never known a certain fact about this boy of yours, carefully as you have watched and guarded

"You have a secret from me, my son?" Lawrence asked surprisedly. "Yes, father, a secret. I have tried my hand at verse."
"At verse!" The words of Lawrence

rang with a certain scoffing bitterness. 'Yes, father, at verse." "Let me see what you have done," said Lawrence, and as he spoke the words a

cogent memory of his own defeat and surrender swept through his soul. Gerald sank into a chair near his side. He drew forth a manuscript and quietly began to read it. He had read for per haps five minutes when his father suddenly and harshly interrupted him. "Gerald, is this yours?"

"Yes, father," Gerald answered. "Do you like it?" "Like it?" murmured Lawrence, "why, my dear boy, it is wonderfully fine!" And it truly was. Youth spoke in the verses, but genius spoke too. The imagery, the feeling, the selection of epithet was more than merely remarkable; each told of a nature endowed with capacity to express in the sure, sweet phrase of art, sensibility, passion and careful reflection. Lawrence had felt, as he read, the sense of a new personality in literature. It had rushed warmly, blandly upon him like

the breeze of a summer dawn. His son was a true poet! He had never been one; he had only had the longing, the scholarly equipment, the eager and fervid intention. But Gerald, after no apparent struggle, after what seemed to be solely the most natural and easy impulse, had attained something unique and brilliant in poetic composition.

Lawrence put away his son's manuscript, telling Gerald that he would retain it for further consideration. The subject of the poem was Cortes, the Mexican conqueror. Its material was evidently taken from Prescott's immortal history. But Gerald had woven about the whole tale of that memorable conquest a glamour, an enchantment, which the real poet can alone evoke. An agony of jealousy now assailed Ger-

ald's father. He had always loved his son, till now, in the most disinterested and devoted way. But now he was wildly, almost fiercely, jealous of him. He strove to conquer the new sensation, but in vain. He locked himself within his library to hours and remained there, doggedly pacing the floor, with bent head and compressed lips. His wife wondered at his altered moods, but he told her nothing. He would rather have died than reveal the truth to her, or to any one on earth. He almost loathed himself for feeling as he did. He hated to have Gerald approach him, though he still loved the boy as fondly as ever. And yet Gerald's very existence now seemed a mockery, a sarcasm upon his own!

"Campbell," his wife said to him one day, "you are ill. You must see a doctor. Do not attempt to deceive me. You remain closeted for hours, but it is not your history which absorbs you. I suspect you in his thirteenth year they returned to | have scarcely touched it for weeks. And "Well?" be questioned. "What of

Gerald!"

"You never notice the boy. When he speaks to you it is seldom that you ever give him an answer. It is just as if you had taken some strange dislike to him. And you have grown haggard, thin-you are no longer your dear self. Oh, Campbell, what is your trouble?"

"Nothing," was the answer. "You say this to me-your wife?" "Yes," Lawrence replied with a flerce accent. "Nothing is the matter. Pray, Rosa, leave me alone." And he passed

again into his library. But Gerald approached his father some lays later, and gently insisted on his kindly heed. "You are in some wretched sort of trouble," he said, "and you must not continue morbid and uncommunicative like this. You must reveal your trouble. What can it be? Mamma and I will share with you. We are both full of sympathy for you. Matters cannot go on as they are doing. Father, tell me the

"I have nothing to tell you, Gerald," Lawrence answered. And then, suddenly, he gave an alarmed cry; for Gerald's face had taken an ashen pallor, and the youth sank backward upon the lounge near which he had been standing. It was an attack of his heart disease, and an attack from which he never revived. When his father reached his side he was gasping and half unconscious. He lingered for two hours in a state of coma, and then quietly died.

₱ _ II. ..

Gerald's death was the most dreadful of blows to both his parents. Mrs. Lawrence was unable to attend the funeral, so thoroughly had grief prestrated her. Lawrence suffered torture for days, and finally showed himself among his acquaintances with hair and beard perfectly white. But sorrow had not entirely wrought this change. He had loved Gerald, and he had keenly suffered on losing him. Yet the passionate temptation to put his name to the poem Gerald had left was now strong in his heart. Who could ever know the actual fact, if he did so? The world would surely admit him to be a poet if he should print "Cortes" as his own work. He had read it over again and again, since his son's death, and each new reading convinced him the more clearly of its beauty and power. Of course the suppression of its true authorship would be horrible. He recoiled before the crime even while he felt the deadly stress of its

He had never voluntarily committed a sinful act before. He had never till now known the real meaning of temptation. Honor and rectitude had been with him has natural as the process of drawing his breath. The only great emotion of his life, for years and years, had been ambition to shine as a poet and the sharp dis appointment of conceding to himself that this was an unattainable dream. A little while ago, if he had heard that any such baleful desire as the present one could have lured him, he would have scoffed at the prophecy as something which dealt in the wildest improbability. As it was, the guilty longing had sprung upon him with un insidious, tiger-like suddenness. He struggled against it with secret energy, and silently cursed himself for having it. All the morality of his past life was arraved against it. There were moments when he assured himself that he had laid it uside forever, and that it would hereafter revisit him only as the gloomy memory of some hateful nightmare. But then, after a few hours, the demon awoke with added malevolence. He began to recognize that his power of resistance was weaker than the force of his subtle foe.

"It conquers me," he at last told him self. "I yield to it. In my own conscience I shall forever be a villain, a traitor. But before my fellow-men I shall at least go to my grave with unblemished repute." His Byzantine history needed but a few more chapters to effect its completion, but he could not touch it. He doubted if he could ever add to it another capable line. His mind was in acute and incessant tor-

ment notwithstanding the strange lurid kind of pleasure which his final decision had wrought in him. The extreme change in his manner, his fits of moody silence, his groping and insecure walk, his abstracted and tremulous language, were all assigned by his wife to but a single cause. She herself was heart-broken at the loss of her son, and she never dreamed that the severe

alteration in her husband was occasioned by another reason than that of poor Gerald's death. "I must be frank with you," she said to him one day. "You seem to be on the verge of an illness. We had best go abroad again, and as soon as possible."

"Go abroad," he repeated; "no, no. I have work here." "Ah, you mean the history," Mrs. Lawrence said. "I am glad, Campbell, that

you have had the heart to finish it-to concern yourself with it." Certain words rose to his lips, but an intelerable sense of shame kept him from uttering them. He knew that his wife was wholly ignorant of the existence of "Cortes." Gerald, in his absolute modesty had told no one of the work. And yet Lawrence felt what his wife's horror would be if she learned the act which he now really meditated.

"I must lie to her," he thought afterward, while seated in the seclusion of his library. "I must tell her that I have composed this poem in secret, and that I have at last determined to give it to the world. But how to begin? Ah, how ghastly will such hypocrisy seem when employed toward her!" He at length resolved that he would

place "Cortes" in the hands of a publisher, and not refer to it in the hearing of his wife until the poem was printed, bound and ready for the public. In this way he could rid himself of the torture entailed by preliminary falsehood. She would read his name on the title page when the book appeared, and it would then, perhaps, be easier for him to deceive her concerning its origin. Meanwhile his health grew feeble, he lost appetite, and slept either in the most wretchedly fiiful way, or else dreamed for what seemed hours at a time the most agonizing dreams. One night be awoke with a terrible start, and found that he was standing in his night dress beside the halffaded fire of his library. He had risen in a state of somnambulism and traveled several chambers to the desk in which Gerald's poem had been placed.

All through the following day this cirpertunes corned him the keep anxiety. He could ill remember the dream from which he had awakened on finding himself a sleep walker, but he had a vague recollection that it somehow concerned an injury which was being done to his dead boy, and which he had been swayed by the motive of averting. The dream haunted him, and on the

evening of the next day, while he sat within the library, an idea, abruptly born of it, seized upon his tormented mind. Why should be not in a certain manner cleanse his conscience of the darker criminal stain which must follow this deed of false appropriation? His Byzantine history-the labor of years-lay in the same desk with his son's extraordinary poem. What if he deliberately destroyed the history, making it thus a kind of votive, propitiatory offering to the dead? His own

work should thus go down into oblivion, as it were, with Gerald himself. This would be a sacrifice that might appeare the sting of remorse hereafter and perhaps add to the zest of his triumph as the ac-

credited author of "Cortes." He brooded several days upon this idea, and one night he determined to carry it out. The weather was chilly, and a glowing coal fire burned in the grate of his library. His wife had retired to rest an hour ago; it was now past 11 o'clock. He went to the desk and took forth the manuscript of his history. It made a solid bulk of sheets. The tears filled his eyes as he gazed down at the closely written pages. representing so many hours of careful toil. But what were they all in their claborated rhetorial finish compared with the sweet, pontaneous brilliancy of "Cortes"? Hunfreds of men could have written this elegant, easy prose. But the verses of "Cortes" had in them the divine, unteachable spirit. They were that rarest of rare things, masterly and exquisite poetry. The history of Byzantium might mean reputation, but "Cortes" might mean an almost everlasting fame.

Lawrence, with faltering steps, drew near the fire. Its greedy heat devoured the leaves as he dropped them upon the scarlet coals. The work of destruction was soon ended. It is always so much easier to destroy than to create! What years of patient work had accomplished a few brief minutes annihilated.

He sank down on his knees when the last page was consumed. He was terribly ngitated, and the mental turmoil of late weeks made him seem like the phantom of his past self. He moved his lips as if in prayer. He was, in reality, praying for pardon to his dead son. The words were inaudible, yet his clasped, uplifted hands betrayed their character and import. But presently he rose from his knees with a palpable shudder as if one of fear. On the threshold of a fearful crime, what right had he to deal in prayer? The sacrifice of his history could, after all, avail nothing. His wrong to the dead would not be one shade less dark on this account! He thought something of retlring, espe-

cially as it was then a little after midnight. But now that he had taken the first positive step in evil, he felt a dread est his wife might be roused from sleep by his entering their chamber, and should address to him some question which he would be forced to answer. "And how could I speak to her this night," he without betravin - my secret? I fear it would crus't its way through my ips no matter how close I locked them ! He sank upon a lounge, covering his face with both hands and letting his head fall backward into one of the soft cushions. He had no idea of dropping asleep, and yet it is probable that the slumber which shortly fell upon him was one in

enough to overcome excitement of the His sleep must have lasted several hours, for the wintry dawn was gleaming spectrally in the chamber, and making the still lighted gas flare thin and sickly when he unclosed his eyes. And as he did so it seemed to him that he saw the form of his son standing beside a heap of ashes on the hearth place. It was a new heap of ashes, not the one his burnt history had made. So real and living was the form to Lawrence's sight that he uttered Gerald's name with a horrified cry, as he rose insecurely to his feet,

which exhaustion of the body proved deep

But an instant later the form had melted to nothingness. The shape Lawrence saw had doubtless been no ghost whatever, but merely the remnant of a dream which had not yet quite floated away with the departing mists of sleep. Lawrence went to the hearth where that new heap of ashes lay. It had somehow attracted his gaze from the moment that Gerald's form had vanished-perhaps because the supposed apparition had

faded into air so very near that especial Patches of white gleamed here and there amid the crisp, black debris. Evidently, as in the case of the history,

sheets of paper had been burned. A sudden thought flashed through Lawrence's mind. He stooped down and ex amined one of the scorched fragments. It contained writing-and in his son's wellknown hand. But what was the writing? As he asked himself this question the sweat broke in cold bends from his brow. He pecred closer over the fragment which he held. Five or six words were plainly legible there. A quivering mean broke from his lips. He turned and swept his eyes toward the open desk in which "Cortes" had lain. The manuscript of the poems was no longer there! He reeled to a seat. He had understood now, or, rather, in the whirl and turmell of his frenzied mind he believed that he

understood. "It-it is the vengeance of the dead!" he gasped. "My boy has risen from his

grave to deal me punishment!" And then there rushed through his mind the awful realization that both "Cortes" and his own history were irre vocably destroyed. Honor had been saved. but that only. It seemed to him as if the ground were rocking beneath his feet He comprehended, as he had never done before, the magnitude of his own ambition-the greatness of the one hope which he had relinquished to secure the still larger promise of another. And now both were forever lost. An old age awaited him of gooding despair, of immeasurable self-reproach.

Three or four hours later he was found seated in the arm chair which he often or upled, with head drooped sideways, quite lifeless. He must have died from cere bral paralysis, it was stated, a consider able time before this discovery.

If he had been in any sort of mental mood to reflect quietly upon the question of Gerald's poem having met destruction. he might have guessed at the real truthhis own recent proven habit of somnam bulism. That would have told him everything-would have accounted for everything. He had repeated in sleep the momentous act just performed while awake: and he had repeated it this second time, with the manuscript of his son's treasured poem instead of his own

And yet, explain the occurrence rationally as we may, does not the vengeance of the wronged dead seem to have spoken, on that fatal midnight, in the library of Campbell Lawrence?

Imagination may easily clothe with supernatural dress the severe outlines of fact. But even after science has fully satisfied us with her colder methods of survey, does there not sometimes remain. as in the present tragic instance, a sense of subtler and more mysterious law working steadily to its retributive end, though wrapped in deepest shadow?

Paragraphs New and Old,

A multitude of sparks do not illuminate. - H. F. Amic Woman is a mirror of divine contradictions .- Michelet. Call me not olin till you see me gath-

ered.—Spanish Protects.
In wishing to extend her empire woman destroys it. - Cabanic. If woman lost us Eden, she alone can restore it .- Whittier. Women detest a serpent through a professional jealousy. - 1 who Hugo.

Advertising Hates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cankia Fankman commends it to the favorable sideration of advertisers, whose favors will be

serted at the following low rates: 1 inch, 3 fimes..... 1 year col'n 6 months... 6 months...

Auditor's Notices.....

Resolutions or proceeding of any corpora or society, and communications designed to cast a tion to any matter of limited or individual inte-must be pain jon as advertisements. JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and exp ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you !

THE TOWN-LOT RUSTLER.

Life-Like Description of a Unique Wester Character.

The Western town-lot rustler is a well nown character. A correspondent of the New York Tones, writing from Gyp. sum City, kas., has seen him on his native heath and describes him thus: "heal estate rustlers are, in my opin-

ion, one of the natural products of the West. They resemble wheat-plants in their imperious demand for virgin soil. No rustler can rustle effectively when emmed in by costly buildings. They thrive in small towns which stand on the banks of insignificant streams, or on sandy deserts, or on sage-brush plain-They rustle most effectively in town which contain from three hundred to six thousand inhabitants. The more dreary and quinviting the town the more ener getically they rustle. I am deeply interested in these mysterious men. I have studied their habits for many nonths and in many towns, but I have seen unable to solve the knotly problem the origin of these strange beings. The famous problem of the lights or of he binominal theorem are merely inllectual toys with which to amuse dren in comparison with this twister. here is something uncanny about the prompt appearance of a rustler in a new

"If a pilgrim is in doubt about the vocation of a gentleman whom he has met in a frontier town, and would apply a test sure to detect the most artful and leceptive rustler, he must atter the word syndicate while talking to him. And hen listen to him lie. His eyes brighten at the word. He conjures up immense sacks of stacked gold. His voice quivers with excitement; he will talk till midnight of symlicates. Beal estate is never ought by parties or associations of persons. The Coston syndicate bought lots 3 to 9, inclusive, in block 2, Ball's addiion on which to build an opera-house. The English syndicate, or the Wall-street syndicate, or the French syndicate bought so few or so many lots on which to build a St,000,000 hotel, with an elevator and ectric lights.' One young man, whose hair was red and appearance foxy, told me that 'a Philadelphia syndicate bought that corner, pointing a dirty index finger at a rocky, sidehill lot in Wardner, Idaho, 'to build a dance-house on.' And he wondered why I laughed as I conjured oa group of obese Philadelphia U ilding and running a dance-hall in a

In inquiring for goods at a shop or store do not say, "I want" so and so, but say to the shop man, "Hease show me" such or such an article, or some other polite form of adress. is an insult, which should be re-

sented by instant departure, for the clerk or proprietor to offensively suggest that n can do better else where. You must never take hold of a piece goods another person is examining. Wait until it is replaced upon the counter, when you are at liberty to take it

Stage asides or whispering in a store

It is rude to interrupt friends you may meet in the store, to ask their attention to your purchases, before they have finshed making their own. It is rude to offer your opinion, unasked, upon their judgement or taste in selection of goods Avoid "jewing down" the prices conticles in any way. If the price does not suit, the most you can do is say so quietly and depart. It is genally best to say nothing about it, ho

Ladies are to frequently thoughtless in salesmen in small talk, while other call lers on business are wasting valuable hours waiting for them to have done. It is rude to sneer at and depreciat goods. You owe courtesy to salesm as well as to any other class. Use decert, but be as honest with them in you wish them to be with you. Loud and showy behavior in stores i

exceedingly vulgar. Why Women Envy Men.

There are just three things for which a woman envies a man. The first is a seret not to be told, the second is the delity and nower to go out whenever feels like it at night, and the third is being able to get along without an sorked petth oats slapping at his beni A man's less always look so comfortage in wet weather. He puts on her shoes, thick socks, turns up his trouand strikes out. A woman on her a erable clothed supporters, has thin stor ings, tight boots, and good for not if sandals. Many female goese even cla to white skirts, which are just so me paper in the rain. Then out she go in hall a block the backs of her legs in neels to knees are saturated. Her ski are muchly and draggled, and her toper is ruited and cut biss. If hance to step, as often she does, into puddle, her thoughts, if not her language row smoky. 11 we could ur wear the literal as well as the liguration trousers, especially on rainy days, w night keep as sweet-tempered as the o posite sex are flatteringly supposed to.

Large and Small Mistakes. As a Scottish minister and an English lawyer were riding together, said the minister to his friend, "sir, do you eve-make mistakes in your pleading?"

"I do," said the lawyer. "An' what do ye do wi' mistakes?" was the question Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them f small ones, I let them go. And, prasir, do you ever make mistakes in prenci

Ay, sir, I have dune sae." "And what do you do with your m "Oh, I dispense with them in the same

manner as ye do yoursel'. I rectifee the large, an' let go the sma' nnes. No lan since, as I was preachin' I meant to a serve that the devil was the father of a liars, but made a mistake, an' said be was the lather o' a' lawyers. But mistale was so sma' that I let it go.

----Calling Day. Creditor-When shall I call for the amount

Contac - Oh, at any time. What day will Thorselays than any other day of the week Debtor-Very well. Then you may call

Take Care of the Dog. 3

Mamma (to norse;- "What is all that roll on the nucsecy, Marie? Nurse-"Ze leetle dog, Madame, has tallelees Plassie's candy. Mamma-"Well, take it from him at one Marie, and give it back to Miss Pfe to Poor little Fide, he mustn't cat so much caudy; it might make him sick."

Who Laughs Last.

Perkins. -And so you're going to the fancy dress ball ? What costume are you reing to wear? Smart Alec -1 think I'll borrow your summer suit and go as a tramp. Will an you come to wear? Persons.-1 guess I'll put on your disconal Prince Aibert and go at a look

glass.