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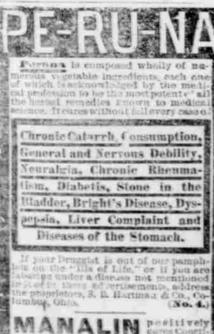
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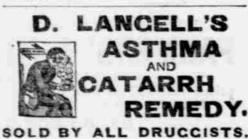
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The Two Lovers Two lovers by a moss-grown stream; They leaned soft cheeks together there, Mingled the dark and sunny hair. And heard the wooing thrushes sing. O building time!

Two wedded from the portal stept; The bells made happy carollings, "he air was soft as fanning wings, White petals on the pathway slept. O pure-eyed bride!

Two faces o'ce a cradle bent! · Two hands above the head were locked: These present each other while they rocked, Those watched a life that love had sent.

O hidden power! Two parents by the evening fire: The red light fell about their knees On heads that rose by slow degrees Like bads upon the lily spire. O patient life!

O tender strife! The two still sat together there. But all the heads by alow degrees Had gone and left that lonely pair. O voyage fast!

The red light shone upon the floor And made the space between them wide; They drew their chairs up side by side, Their pale checks joined, and said, "Once more! O memories!

## 'POTHECARY'S FOLLY.

The country town of Twentyford was arly in the century the scene of the spaspodic effort of local patriotism, which proinced the "Folly," a building which perhaps, only owes its survival to the need of

that a certain spring in the neighborhood contained all the principal ingredients of the pharmacopceia, built a bathhouse on a scale that should have proclaimed to far and near the natural attractions of Twentyford. Having done so he slept. with his fathers, and his heirs and assigns were left to discover that it takes other ingredients besides those of a chemical nature to assure the reputation of a spa. The apothecary had traveled, and in so oing had acquired a taste for Moorish architecture. The bathhouse profited by many a minaret. But he was also of a an unwonted indulgence of his favorite tastes in design, it became necessary to steer his course somewhat differently in be matter of the intended material, which he changed from stone to wood, minted a dull red for the sake of a ich and quiet effect." The result did not appeal as it might have done to the mindsof the inhabitants, who ungratefully

tyled it "Pothecary's Folly." pricked its ears, rubbed its eyes, and istening again discovered that a shabby and anobtrusive French woman had been murdered in one of the bathrooms of

the "Folly." She was a sort of amateur commercial small inn in the town. She had been

only Christain thing she had said." which had brought the springs into such discredit that every inhabitant who respected himself would have endured the making and twinging of every joint rather than have recourse to the baths, by like considerations,

nld one expect?" thing or somebody between them, and were told that we should receive a sub-

formation was full of terror. "My dear," she said, "I shall never forget how your poor uncle's nerves were upset by the unprincipled young counsel who examined him about that most disagreeable soap boiling business. He said -your poor uncle I mean-that we were nundated by 'bluebottles' from the horrid-smelling works, and they asked him if he was quite sure it was not black bottles r brandy bottles he meant, and, if so, wherein they differed from a bluebottle? Disgraceful treatment it was, and what we had suffered from those insects no one

into Slatter's for that pink ribbon I wanted; we may perhaps hear what really has happened." Mr. Slatter said "the prisoner was a young lady of 'prepossessing appearance;' it was thought, by one of his 'young ladies,' that perhaps the prisoner was a 'flower hartis,' too, and that perhaps professional jealousy afforded a motive for the crime," but the opinion did not find favor; the "young lady" ranked professional zeal at a romantically high figure. We gathered at last that the police had taken her up because there was no one

else they could take up-a very sufficient reason; that is to say, no one whom they had not "known from a baby," and were therefore able to wouch for anything they might do or say, in reason of course; "gettin' a bit lively Saturday nights, burning ricks, breaking into shops," &c., "but this 'ere ain't reasonable." The police were probably right; they

had not imagination enough for the kind of crime. The police had been summoned, ine "attendant." who, unaccustomed to

Astonished at the silence which greeted the application of her ear to the keyhole, she opened the door, which was guiltless of lock or bolt, and found the unfortunate woman lying on the floor with her throat cut, and a "queer big kind of knife lying beside of her, and all her rattle traps and them hig red and yellow flowers out of her pack all strewn about; lor! bless ye, they lid flatter the nateral flowers, they were that beantiful; thinks I to myself she've killed herself sure, but the perlice ought to see to it, so I ollers and screams with all my might, and ye knows the rest,

1900

'Aunt," I said on my return from walking on the afternoon of that day, "how can we give witness against this unfortunate young creature? I would as soon suspect myself. I have seen her." "You, how?"

"Only a passing glimpse in a close fly; they were taking her to W- jail. But the face I saw was terribly sad, with a scared look in it, and no wonder, but no trace of violent passion or mean cruelty; it was a delicate, even beautiful young face, very pure in outline, and very

"She was apprehended a little way from the garden door of the bathhouse, you Say? "Yes, looking 'dazed like,' the policeman said," I replied, "I can understand

his using the expression now that I have Nothing further occurred for about a week, when we received a visit from a stranger. My aunt could hardly be persuaded to see him, so certain did she feel that his visit must be connected with this disagreeable affair. For my own part I was auxious to hear anything that would

throw light upon it. "If he is," I said, "he may perhaps see the uselessness of mixing us up in it. We had better see him."

We found a clergyman, Mr. Edward Holdfast, Chaplain of W.— Jail, a tall, thin man with a worn but kindly face. "You have come, I hope," said my aunt, "to see us free from the disagreeable and, I may say, absurd position in which we find ourselves. I will not answer for the consequence if I am taken to a stuffy court and made to say all sorts of things, when I know nothing. My

poor dear husband-' "Quite so, my dear madam," said Mr. Holdfast; "the evidence is most unsatisfactory, and I propose taking some steps which may save-nind, I only say may save, in the event of my experiment proving successful-all accessity for a public trial. Could you make up your minds to being present at a private examination of the witnesses and the prisoner, conducted on the scene of the-the-at the bath-

house?" Without waiting for he tremulous negative on my aunt's lips, he continued: "I can elicit nothing from the prisoner but she steadily repeats then questioned. 'I know nothing of a French woman and nothing of a murder, and once she said, 'Send for my father,' and then-correcting herself hastily-'Bu no-it would im to find me here!" So she refuses her address. We have advertised, of course, though she does not seem to see the necessity of accounting for her presence in this neighborhood."

"Then," interrupted my annt, "you think, as we do, that it is impossible this poor young lady can be really guilty." But the Rev. Edward Holdast had not been Chaplain of a jail without learning how to keep his own counsel. "It is not for me to pronoune any opin

ion, but," he continued, "I am sure neither you nor your niece will refuse what assistance you can rendetto a lady of delicate nurture like yourseles, who if innocent, should be spared the horrors of a public trial of this kind."

We secretly questioned the legality of Mr. Holdfast's inquiry, still more so its efficacy. But not daring to entantle herself in arguments of a legal nature, my aunt wisely acquiesced, and promsed to appear on the following day at thebathouse. This really was very brave & her, all things considered, but the appul to er humanity had conquered, I thought, I could form no satisfactory concluion as to Mr. Holdfast's intentions. The dea of a suicide had been flatly contradiced by medical evidence at the Coroner'sinquest; it had been clearly proved impa-

ible for such a gash to have been inflicted by the woman herself. Perhaps Mr. Holdfast doubted this, att wanted by examination of the place to prove the contrary; but this could cei tainly have been done without our as sistance. Did he wish to watch the effect of the terror of the place on some other person he suspected? There was something very unpleasant in the thought of assisting at such a scheme. Did he hope that the prisoner's unaccountable silence might be broken, and that, face to face with the scene, she would continue a denial that could not but carry conviction into the minds of those who would have to witness against her? But ne, it was dle to surmise; the determined restraint and silence, beyond just what he had chosen to communicate, formed a comelete barrier to his intentions.

She must be bailed out," said my aunt, otherwise no one would allow her to appear, and who can have bailed her except the Chaplain himself?" I timidly suggested it was hardly a

bailing matter. "He seemed fearfully anxious for her escape; did you see how his face worked and twitched? He was nearly flying out at me when he thought I wouldn't come. I was too frightened to say no, that was the fact; not frightened, of course, but it is awkward to have gentlemen getting into rages in one's own drawing room,"

"Yes, aunt, the china!" "Don't talk nonsense, Ellice. It's my impression, though you pretend he wasn't excited, that if he can't hit on a plan of clearing that young woman he'll clope with her! He has a pretty woman in tragic circumstances on his hands, and he means to save her somehow; what better method-" "If he thinks her innocent," I replied,

rather staggered at my aunt's extraordinary idea. It was certainly true that he had ap-

peared terribly anxious, that he had suppressed his anxiety with conscious effort; he had the traces of sleepless nights and strong emotion on his face, but the fate of a human being was hanging in the balance, and natural humanity, quickened by the sacred nature of his office, were enough, I thought, to account for unusual "Don't tell me," continued my aunt-"that if she were not a pretty girl there

mind; it isn't his business to say who's guilty and who's not, and to my mind he is very little fit to do either." On the afternoon of the day appointed my aunt and I found ourselves at the "Folly." We crossed the large central room, originally designed for the pump room, now used as a young men's institute, and well supplied with illustrated

would be so much fuss in that man's

papers of extreme antiquity. It opened on an unroofed turf inclosure, intended as an exercising ground for patients occupied in assimilating the mineral waters, but it usually served as drying ground for the "attendants" linen. There was no linen there to-day, however. Instead were two benches accommodating the already assembled witnesses, and beyond was the fatal bathroom. I hardly dared look toward it, so near was still the horror of the place.

We took our seats among a mixed assembly of gaping farm laborers, one or two tradesmen, and ladies. There was a conspicuous absence of any of the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Did Mr. Holdfast fear that his proceedings might be called in question? Hardly

any one spoke beyond slight and almost

inaudible greetings to their friends. The

clergyman stood near the entrance to the

inclosure, leaning against the palisade; he

house. There was no conscious shame visible on her still face; no anxious gaze upon the faces of those who could, per-

"the accused." Without looking either to the right hand or to the left she sat down at the further end, near the bathhaps, save or slay her. With her hands tightly clasped together, and ner eyes fixed on the ground, she sat still as a statue. Mr. Holdfast left the door and carne toward us. I then remarked another pe-

culiarity of his. His eyes, which were very deep set, seemed to have the power of comprehending a whole scene and every individual in it at a glance. One felt certain that had he closed his eyes after an absolutely momentary survey he could have distinctly described every person in it, even down to their minutest article of clothing.

He repeated twice, only twice, in a low tone as he walked along the line, "When I go into the bathhouse have the kindness to follow me," yet every individual understood distinctly whether the words had or had not been addressed, without his even having apparently looked directly at any one. I noticed afterward those thus chosen were those on whose self-control he could probably place the most re-

He began an address to us by reminding us of the solemnity of the occasion and of the difficulty of the duty before us n rather set fashion, as if he felt some esitation over his unwented task and took refuge in mannerisms. This, however, was soon shaken off; his words flowed freely and his voice rang clear, yet still nothing to the point of the matter on hand, no information, in fact. I was sensible of a certain impatience. I had not come there to be harangued with plati-

"We might have known we should be let in for a sermon when we had a parson at the head of affairs," whispered a lively little lady at my elbow.

flashed out as he spoke of the dastardly might be left to mourn their loss.

Sudde: ly he stopped, and the abruptness made me look up; his eyes were fixed on he prisoner's-then he said, hurriedly: We are ignorant of much that surrounds the history of this awful crime; all that we have to connect us with the victim lie

onging to the murdered woman, and the mual talked-of Paris flowers, acattered about just as they had been left. Mr. Holdfast stocped and picked up a arge pink flower. The fixed eyes of the

prisoner followed his, then she rose and went slowly toward him-we followed according to his direction. Was she-were we going to examine minutely the dreary horrors of the places-enhanced by the mockery of those tawdry flowers. The door had been closed upon us, and the room was almost dark; what light there was straggled in through the rough Venetian shutters. We stood, huddled

woman standing alone in the middle of the room. A heam of light struck something glittering on the floor. I could hardly repress my inclination to call for the shutters to be opened-the

sign in choosing it to be so. ose and fell like an Indian chant, while he whirled the long knife slowly round

ad round her head. I'wo or three of those nearest her rushed tube door; the sudden light revealed Mr. Slater, the draper, whose curiosity was ascreat as his cowardice, suspended, like Mhammed's coffin, between earth and heren, his body and legs safe ontside,

and his head still stuck in round the I buld not have moved if I had wished it; but whirling blade fascinated me, yet he sight of Mr. Slatter made me

But the voice was rising louder now. I coul hear, or thought I heard, these

was opened from the outside and an old

man wit streaming gray hair rushed in. Mr. Holeast went to meet him, and laid his hand n his arm. The old man shook him off. "My dughter! where is she? Who dares accee her of hideous crime?" "Herself' answered the clergyman,

came forwar to us with a gesture full of "My friens-this gentleman, to save proved her ad. The frenzy could only circumstance of the last, the fatal one. I thank him fe theattennt. I thank you for your prence here. Had there not suspicions at est it might have failed. Yet think of he awful fate reserved for one who during long intervals is as couscious of her tion as yourselv

to Mr. Holdfo "You meant for the best the best no doubt, but was at any death better than-"Nature is kiner than we, in our igno-rance, can be," replied; "she has fin-ished the work he began-your daughsuch a fate?" ter's death." .

We learned aftward that the poor girl had gone mad fro the shock of hearing of the death of thman to whom she was shortly to have ben married. He had been murdered by scoits in Burmah, and his last letter toper, which she never could be induced to part with for a moment, had been uch occupied in describing the luxurist growth of trotical flowers which surfunded their future home out there, Abr the terrible news

any one, scarcely tasting food; then they

missed her. Some strange connection must have haunted her at the sight of the gaudy flowers of the poor pack woman, whom it was afterward remembered she had been seen to have followed all the previous

.ir. Holdfast's interest had first been aroused by the lady's likeness to a relation of his own who had died insane. The idea occurred to him as a possible solution of a strange case, and he tried the experiment at the express wish of the prison authorities.

My aunt says: "It really is a comfort to know there were two policemen and a doctor in that hateful dark bathroom. I'm sure I wonder you didn't all die of fright." And she draws a little red worsted shawl round her and shivers in a way that reminds me strangely of a little

### THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

If all the visitors who were present on the opening night of the great art exhibition had been as constant in their afterattendance as was Mr. Horaca Temple, the managers would have made money

out of it. The fact was Mr. Temple had strolled in rather listlessly that first night, but before he had traversed many yards in his tour of inspection his attention had been caught by a picture which had so fascinated him that he found it almost impossible to get his own consent to move on and make way for others, and in a short time he was back again, gazing with

rapt absorption. The ricture represented an Italian garden, where, beneath a dense shade of palms and ilexes, a hammock wasswing, n which a lovely young girl, in a limp, white gown, was lying at ease, her right hand dawdling with a great fan, and her left hand torown up behind her head, revealing a beautiful arm. One foot was hid in the meshes of the hammock, and the other, from which the tiny slipper had slipped off at the heel, hung over the side in a posture of absolute case and inertia. The white robe, made in classic design and decorated with a Greek border, hung over the hammock side and trailed along

the dense green grass. The details of the picture were exquisitely portrayed, but its matchless charm was the beauty of the young girl's face which had so marked an individuality that Temple convinced himself at once that it was no creation of an artist's fancy, but a faithful likeness of some living human being.

As day after day passed by and the pic-

turn grew into his consciousness nere and more, he got to know every detail of feature, form and dress, even to the three little spots on the left arm near the elbow, which he at first took to be specks on the canvas, but afterward found were three cleverly painted little moles which must have been on the arm of the model. One evening when he had stood a longer time than usual before the object of his adoration, lost in thought concerning the original of this lovely portraiture, and wondering where the artist, whose name was given as Carlo Guizi, had seen and pointed ker, he was aroused by the silvery strokes of a magnificent clock which stoul near, which reminded him that he must tear himself away from present enjoy-

ment, and go home and answer a letter, Thu letter was in the form of an invitation, and this was the reply to it: Dear Aunt Sarah-No one certainly has a kinder or more considerate female relative than I am blessed with, and your delightful letter is one more proof of this truth. My gratitude, however, strong as it is, does not enable me to do the impossible, and I cannot come down, according to orders, and fall in love with your charming friend, for the reason that I am in love already, and the object of these preengaged affections of mine defies the thermometer and remains in the city.

"On the whole, I hope this will prove not altogether unsatisfactory to you, as I understand your object concerning me to be, not so much that I shall be-in the abstract-ensnared, and that I conscientionsly assure you that I am, "I am not too fast bound, however, to admit of my coming down for a cursory

glance at you, so you may expect me to stay over next Sunday. "Yours affectionately H. T." When Mrs. Leaton received this letter she happened to be seated near an open window in conversation with her most intimate confidential friend, to whom she proceeded to read the letter aloud, interrupting herself with various complaints of the provokingness of her favorite nephew, who, in spite of all her affectionate indulgence of his whims and foibles,

was constantly serving her in this kind of As she finished reading and laid the letter down, there was a faint rustling under the window, unregarded by the two ladies, and a young girl, who had been sitting very still sketching the pretty view of wood and river visible from this point, collected her implements together

and quickly glided away. Mr. Temple arrived at his aunt's on Sunday morning too late for the regular breakfast, and when he emerged from the dining-room after his tete-a-tete meal with the hostess, he was immediately hurried off to church by that enterprising lady, who had kept her carriage waiting that she might enjoy his companionship "All the rest have gone," she said, "and

we shall be a little late. Gertrude Sevel on walked with Tom Jerome." This was the only allusion she deigned to make to the young lady who had formed

the whole subject of her letter. Mr. Temple had been in church some time before he caught sight of the familfar figure of Mr. Tom Jerome, and when, with a feeling of lazy interest, he leaned forward a little so that he might get a glimpse of the lady standing next to Mr. Jerome and singing out of the same book with him, the delicate, clean-cut profile startled him with a sense of familiarity. His heart gave a bound as he connected it with the face in the picture and saw the resemblance. This girl were a little close bonnet and a trim dress which incased her charming figure in neat compactness—but face and figure were the same. When the service was ended he leaned

forward and whisnered to his nunt: "Make Tom Jerome go with you and let me walk home with Miss Sevellon." This was a coming to terms that Mis-Leaton highly appreciated, though her nephew exhibited no underbred cagerness. The first excitement of his discovery had worn off, and he had resolved upon his course. It was a wonderful thing to find him-

path, and he was saying: "Have you ever been in Italy, Miss Sev-

ellon?" "Oh, yes; mamma and I spent almost a year there," was the quick response. "Have you ever had your portrait

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for he always thrust them out of sigh and said they were fallures when I tried to book at them. He was always proince me to let him point Gertrude, but she objected to having her portrait painted, and

up a good deal of his time to us." She was a decidedly voluble personage Mrs. Sevellon, and she poured forth this stream of talk half automatically, giving a large part of her attention to the dancers all the time. Temple saw that she had actually been too preoccupied to seem to notice that she had been trending on ground that to him would naturally be forbidden. He was indebted to the same preoccupation for the fact that the

"What was the old artist's name?" he asked. "Guizi, Carlo Guizi," said Mrs. Sevel-

can consent to my becoming the purent," said the young man eagerly. "What were you going to say? Who was to be

MissSevellon's reply was so embarrassed

picture became his wife Gertrude always declared she was jealis of that picture, to which Hornes. satisfied with that condition of affairs.

the front seat besule his aunt, a very list res spectator, except when Miss Sevellon

start and smothered exclamation he gave vent to must have been observed. And no wonder he was startled, for just below his very eyes, in a hammock in

He almost held his breath in the abarm, and-yes! there in a little group, near the rounded elbows, were the three little dark specks. Could circumstantial

evidence go farther? As soon as the tableaux were over he looked far lovelier than the picture had portrayed her, and his delight knew no bounds when he found himself presently absolutely lending her to a quiet seat in

the hall, supplying her with retreshments from the supper-room. When they were scated together on a wicker sofe, eating their ices in a friendly tete-a-tete, the young fellow became so em! Idened by his success as to commit a grievous faux pas. As his companion raised her arm to carry her spoon to her mouth, her sleeve fell backward and revealed again the three little beauty spots.

It was too much for him. "Oh, Miss Sevellon," be burst forth, "you really must let me explain to you now why it was that you must have been mistaken about not having had your pic-

ture painted in It-." He stopped short, Miss Sevellon had risen to her feet with a motion of resentful anger, and, without giving him time for another word, had joined some people who were passing on to the ballros left him alone, humiliated and full of self-reproach. And he could scarcely wonder at her being resentful at having her word doubted again in this bold way; but

from whom he had just been so ruthlessly partial. To his delight Mrs. Sevelion r. vealed the fact that she shared her daugh ter's just indignation. It seemed now, however, that she had shared also in her daughter's spirit of forgiveness, for she looked at Mr. Temple as if she, too, were willing to forget the past. Perhaps mother and daughter had entered into an agreement to this effect? It looked so. hearty words of commendation of the

"Yes, they were pretty tableaux, I

ableaux, to which she repilled, as if de-

positively refused to pose for him. So the ssons came to nothing, and the courteous old man advised me not to constrain my daughter's reluctant art, and wouldn't allow me to pay him a cent, though he had come several times, and really given

startled look on his face, as the flood of light was unconsciously shed upon the subject that had puzzled him so long,

lon, innocently, keeping time with her feet. The old fellow might well afford to decline to pay for those hours spent by Gertrude's hammock under the palms and Hexes. He had made good use of them! "What can I do to atone for my shame-

chaser of the picture, a thing my mind is "I don't know about that," said Gertrude, doubtingly. "I have never given my picture to any one, and I always said I never would except to-"she flushed and hesitated, and then went on, "but I would have no power to prevent it now, that wretched Italian has stolen it; it is is, to do as he chooses with, I suppose." "Never mind the Italian for the pres-

and incoherent that its significance can only be sugged at; it is possible, however, that Mr. Templeton found it satisfactory, for the next day he honort the nieture and the next autumn the original of the

would reply that, as the pieture was his first love, she consequently could only be his second, and that she would have to be

Where in Washington Southern Dalaties Are Supplied to Bungry Guests. Everyone knows the "Old Curlosite Shop" of Washington. It is a restaurant

to the front door and belief it used to be encof the most respectable of negroes that the South ever produced. About the walls and in old backcases with glass doors are the curiosities. These consist of copies of the Charleston.

Lincoln's assassing of historic muskets, bullets and photographs. "Old Bick" is the man whom Senator Edmunds made keeper of the Senate restaurant when he became president pro. tem. of the Senate and had the right to name theman who should have the privilege of satisfying the hunger and thirst of the

First the presiding genins takes the glass and dips its rim into powdered sugar so that your first tasteshall be of sweetness. On the rim thus sweetened belongs tropical fruit, pieces of orange, banana, strawberry and lemon, leaving a space through which the liquid can flow to your expectant palate.

This is not to your taste you quick

of a cocktail. If you were here in this deicious atmosphere of idleness where the less you do the prouder you are of yourself there would be no doubt about it. . . One spring day I was walking down the avenue with a most dignified old Senator. He isn't a Senator new; what else he is, no matter. When we came opposite to this old curiosity shop, the great mansaid:

"It is rather off color I admit," was the "Hat," went on the old statesman, "I don't mind going to old Dick's, do you?" And so we went, and when we were inide we talked to old Dick about the bibnions habits of Daniel Webster and Heary Clay. They are dead now but the brandy

"He, he, he, "clauckledold Dick, "Good, sub, why dose genunernever would drink ha poor brundy, sal "I suppose that liquor basgone the way

"Well, sah," said Dick, wiping the bar vigorously. 'I can get you some the same Duck reached out behind on old mirror, produced a flask, made us two intens with all the art at his command; and it was a great drink, worthy of the Senate in its best days. It enght to have been a great drink for old Dick coarged asseventy-five

HENRY LOOMS NELSON.

Cremation Among the Jens.

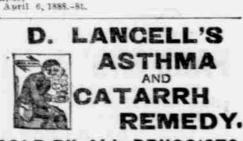
Cremation has become a controversial uestion among the Jews. Lord Rothschild is at issue with the chief rabbi upon I, and the opinion in the council of the united synagogue appears to be so-divided that the subject has been shelved for the moment on the assurance of one of its numbers that any discussion would be of an acrimentous nature, and would lead to no result. The original mention of the topic was due to the receipt of a letter from a member of a constituent syng\_ogue as to the burial of the ashes of Jews in the event of cremation, The letter was reterred to the executivocommittee, among whom strong feeling for and against cremation are reported to have manifested themselves. The re-suit was a neutral report to the council recommending that it should decline to answer hypot etical questions. The president () ord Rothschild) read a letter from the chief rabbi, in which Dr. Adler expressed himself most emphatically against cremation as opposed to Jewish law and umge. He cited the first verse of the second chapter of Amos with its denunciation of Moab "because he burned the bones of the King of Edom into time." Lord Rothschild took oceasion, however, to set against this the burning of the bodies of Saul and his of trees and an old fountain near by, subjected to any indignity. sons in order that they might not be

# ir paper before you stop it, if stop VOLUME XXII. ist None but seniawage do otherwise a scalawag-life is too short. for Consumption saved in Maria. MOITGMUSHON N M PISO'S CURE FOR ORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

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ted. 1 receive instantaneous relief."

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gist fails to keep it do not permit him to sell you some worthless imitation by his representing it to be just as good. But send directly to us. Write

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[4-16-'80-tt.]

We refere, here, to the Postmaster, the ent. of Money Order Div., and to the offi-

> stantly too, it appeared, by the cries of duty in that capacity, had returned-soon after admitting the murdered woman to the bath-room-from the wash tub, which habitually claimed her attention in her own cottage.

> > Miss-." ~

O love's blest prime!

O tender pridel

O solemn hour!

The red light shone about their knees; O vanished past! .

O past that is! -Ground Elion.

historic fact to mark that such patriotism ever existed. A wealthy apothecary, being persuaded

That solitary bathhouse, however, was o become the scene of one strange event n the commonplace history of the town. The cider apples were red on the trees. he hop gatherers singing in their loaded wagons, and a wholesome smell of brewing in the air lent an additionally hospitable and comfortable feeling to our usually comfortable county on the morning in question, which rose, as like its fellows as nature could make it, when Twentyford awoke, hearing a rumor

traveler who sold French flowers to shops and had passed the previous night at a heard to complain of "le rheumatism," being, as the landlady said, "about the But she had proceeded to cure her allment by a bath in the saline spring, an act which the worthy landlady would by no means have approved. Perhapsit was the commercial failure and general neglect by the great world of the "Folly,"

Perhaps so; greater minds are influenced 'Anyhow, the woman died-what else My aunt and I, quiet folks as a rule, even for Twentyford, were mixed up in it, in so far as there was but the length of Pear street between us when the prisoner was apprehended. We saw but the backs the only two policemen for miles round, and (how they came to be there at that moment no one knows') with some-

poena as witnesses. To my aunt this inknows! I think, Ellice, we will just turn

those who came in. He looked more worn than ever in the glare of daylight. There was a moment's pauseafter every one was seated; then across the green in closure walked alone the tail figure of

Hush! his voice had a different tone in t. He was describing the awfulness of sudden death; lower and more impassioned came his words. I would not spoil them by garbled extracts. It was impossible not to listen intently. Scorn and anger rowardice that could strike a harmless victim. Then, with a pathos I had never heard equaled, he described the grief of the unknown sorrow-stricken ones, who

He threw open the large door and dislosed the bath room, whose concrete floor sloped upward from the entrance on ecount of the occasional overflowing of the spring; on it lay a hat and cloak, be-

together, about the door, the accused

twilight was almost painful-yet I felt that Mr. Holdfust would not have permitted anything, unless he had some de-The tall figure in the centre bent down and picked up the shining something and raised it high above her head; it was a long kuife of peculiar construction. At ast the silence was broken, and she was bout to speak-but no! the sounds that ame were more like moans than articuate words; the sounds grew londer, they

Te east wind blows, it brings a word; Aake! my blood-bedabbied sword, The word - a spark that lights a flame, We kindled at a noble name While coward Death, from Rumor heard. Tig, wake and rise, Avenging Sword At the last line her voice rose to a wild scream and she ran in a frenzy toward the bath Just at this moment the door

"and yet at herself." He tookthe old man gently aside and endeavored o calm him and tell him what had passe The old non turned his head, and when the clergyinn had finished speaking he

my daughter rom a shameful death, has be reproduced by restoring the outward been the semiance of a trial to set her He was hard able to go on, but turned

> self, the next moment, actually being presented in formal style to the houri of the hammock. Just how Aunt Sarah menaged it he did not know, but before long Tom Jerome had gone off in the carriage, and the houri and himself were strolling along together on a shady little woodland

> > painted?" was the next abrupt question. ]

"Never," said Miss Sevetion, coldly, as if she observed and disapproved the bad taste of this informal entechism. "Nor ever posed for an artist?" "Never," in a tone grown positively lev. Mr. Temple looked at her with a gaze of uncontrollable surprise. "Most extraordinary!" he said, half

His exclamation was not so low, however, but that Miss Sevellon heard it, and it did not serve to modify her expression. She walked along at his side as stately as a white pigeon, her head alert and her manner distant and cool. "You'd have no motive in misleading me, I suppose," Temple went on, after a momentary pause, "and I can't help be-

lieving you are playing a trick on me."

"Playing a trick on you, Mr. Temple?" said Gertrude, indignantly: "how could such an extraordinary notion ever enter into my head, or yours, either!" Temple saw he had given offense, and when he was forced to recognize the possibility that he might be mistaken in his

surmise, the fact was not hard to account It was very hard indeed, however, to believe in that possibility, and it was only by dismissing the subject from his mind as far as possible that he could carry on the perfectly conventional conversation that he knew to be the only one which his slight acquaintance with his companion

warranted. He made a great effort to be entertaining, and by the time they reached the house he was able to feel that he had done something toward obliterating the disgraceful impression of his first style of

When the early Sunday dinner-time arrived, and Miss Sevelion appeared without her bonnet, having changed her church dress for a more relaxed style of garment, the likeness to the picture was stronger than ever. It was not likeness, it was positive identity; and when, during the afternoon, Horace found himself near Mrs. Sevellon, in spite of all good resolutions he had made, in defiance of every instinct of good taste, his intense in terest in this matter led him on until he had contrived to turn the conversation on Italy, and he then asked Mrs. Sevellon if none of the Italian artists had never prevailed on her daughter to allow herself to

Mrs. Sevellon had just responded in the negative, and was going on to say someher daughter was standing near them in the recess of the window, and that she beard his question. And this was not all! He saw by the impetuous flush that come to her face, and the look with which she glanced directly at him for an instant, and then away, that she resented as well as heard. One evening Mrs. Leaton's guests got

up some tableaux for the amosem

the company, and Mr. Temple, who had

declined to act, found himself seated on

gured in the scenes, which was very often, as she was the acknowledged beauty He had left his seat and strolled over to a corner very near the stage, when the curtain went up for the last some. It was fortunate for him that every eye was fixed on the stage, for otherwise the great

genlously swinging in the midst of a clump of large shrubs that simulated a garden, was Miss Sevellon in an attitude and costume that exactly reproduced the sorption of his attention as his eager eye took in every detail, even to the Greek pattern in the border of her dress and the antique silver coins in the bracelet on her

made his way to Miss Sevelion's side, eager yet timid. To his delight he saw that she seemed to welcome him, and he half fancied from her manner that she made a hasty resolution to let bygones be bygones, and to make friends with him, She was so finshed with pleasure and animation, and so surrounded herself by appreciative feeling and praise, that it seemed difficult to her, perhaps, to be severe upon another. She still were the beautiful white costume, in which she

how could be help it? What was he to He wandered away, feeling restless and miserable, and took no special note of his surroundings until be found himself near Mrs. Sevellon, who, scated in a doorway, was looking on at the dancers, among whom Temple now saw the young fady ceived him more kindly than she had ever done before, for her manner also had re-

Therstelv: thought—the last especially. It did carry me back to see Gertrade in that dress. It was an old toilst she used to wear when we were in Italy, one idle summer when we spent our whole time in a dolor for niente, and Gerirude was half the day in the hammock which hang in our garden, I used to try to get her to devote a little time to her painting, for she really has talent, but she was so lazy, and the old Italian whose services I was so fortunate as to secure for a few lessons found her incorrigible. The lessons usually consisted of a morning chat, while Gertrude loungest in a bammock, and he made little sketchen

ful treatment of you?" said Gertrude with a bewitching humility, when Herace had given his explanation and made his peace. You can do this," said Horace. "You

the exception in the case?"

THE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP." .

where one may have southern dishes powed in sauthern style. The barisnext papers which sunonneed the "Ordinance of Secresion"; of proplamations for Mr.

elect who make the nation's laws. Doyou know what a Washington cocktail is made on old Dick's plan? No? Then you shall be enlightened.

drinking son of the north. It would be if you wanted anything more than the kick

"I distike to go to a bar-room

they drank still lives, "Well, genomen: Mis'a Clay be drank brandy juleps, but Mr. Welster why he drank straight brandy, " "Was the brandy goal, Dick "

ponts for each min