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NUMBER 25.

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MANALIN POSITIVE

still bears a brass plate with the words

"Gourlay Brothers" engraved thereon. The lower part of the house was used as an office, but the blinds were rarely drawn up, the door seldom swung back to the energetic push of customers, the lung passage echoed no hurried footsteps, and Eli Haggart, the clerk, was to all appearance the idlest man in London, till one came to know his masters. The Gourlay Brothers were never any

busier than their faithful old servantnever harried, flurried or worried: never late and never early. Every morning at ten o'clock they entered their office together, read their letters, glanced at the Times, left instructions for possible callers, and then went to the city. They always took the same route; at eleven they might be seen passing along the sunny side of Cannon street, at half-past one they entered the same restaurant, and sat at the same table for luncheon. Wet or dry, shade or shine, summer or winter. every working day for thirty years they had gone through the same routine, always excepting the month of September, when they took their annual holiday.

melancholy looking, with light gray eyes, scanty gray hair and whiskers, and a general expression of drabness pervading als whole face and faultlessly neat attire. Roger was shorter, rounder, more cheerul, and generally warmer in color. His pervading hue was brown, keen reddish yes that must have been merry once, risp auburn hair that time had not yet quite transmuted to silver, aclean-shaved ruddy face, and brown hands full of dents

John was the elder; still he looked up o Roger with grave respect, consulted him on every subject, and never either in or out of business took any step without his advice and approval. And Roger was no less deferential; without any profession of affection, or display of feeling, the Gouriay Brothers dwelt together in losest friendship and love; their life was a long harmony, and during all the years of their partnership no shadow had allen between them, and their public life was as harmonious as their private intercourse. In business they were successful, every speculation they made prospered, everything they touched turned to gold; and as their whole lives were spent in getting, not spending, they were believed, and with reason, to be immensely wealthy. "Cold, hard, stern, enterprising," men called them; with an acuteness of vision and a steadiness of purpose mly to be acquired by long and close apdication to business.

Reserved in manner, simple in their astes, economical in their habits, the lourlay Brothers were the last men in he world to be suspected of sentiment, heir lives the least likely to contain even he germs of a romance. And yet they ad not been always mere business mahines, the sole aim and end of their exstence had not always been money. In arly years they had had brighter dreams,

sobler ambitions. At school John had distinguished himelf, and his brief university career gave promise of a brilliant future. Roger had een a bright, ardent boy, with a taste or music that was almost a passion, and a talent little short of genius. With his kep earnestness, intense steadiness of surpuse, and clear vigorous intellect, ohn could scarcely have failed to make distinguished lawyer. Roger was a born rtist, with a restless lofty ambition.

etual poverty.

be other side. Not a friend remained in

ngs, and for several years plodded on cearily, the only gleam of sunshine in

heir altered home being the occasional isits of Alice Russell to their sister. Maude Gourlay and Alice had been schoolfellows and friends; they usually peut their vacations together, and Alice ske could do nothing except pay them flying visits, send trifling gifts of fruit and flowers, and write pretty, sympa-

frame, still for her daughter's sake she clung to life with a strange tenacity; but when Maude's lover, who had gone to Australia to make his fortune, returned, not wealthy, but sufficiently so to claim Mrs. Gourlay seemed to have no other ob-

or, weary, broken hearted mother died. orge Leslie took his wife back with him

Sydney, and John and Roger Gourlay were literally alone in the world. As if in bitter mockery of their loss and ncliness, immediately after their moth-"s death the brothers inherited a small ortune. But it was too late for John to go back to his studies, too late for Roger to return to his piano; they had fallen into the groove of business, and John at least was seized with a feverish cagerness to turn his small fortune into a larger one

So they went into business on their own ecount as Gourlay Brothers, with the Irm resolution of retrieving the position heir father had lost, and a very few years saw them established at Whitier street, and fairly on the high read to fortune. Then one quiet summer evening, as they sat over their dessert, John opened his heart to his brother and told him of his

topes, dreams, and ambitions for the "You will be surprised, and I trust pleased to hear, that I love Alice Russell," he said, laying his hand on his brother's irin; "I can hardly remember the time when she was not dearer to me than all the world besides. The bitterest part of our misfortune to me was that it separated me from her, the only thing that has sustained me through our long struggle was the hope of some day winning her; nothing else can ever compensate me for the rain of all my hopes and glorious ambitions. I once dreamed of being famous, Roger; for her sake I put that bekind me, and have grubbed for gold like a

miser. We, Gourlay Brothers, are on the high road to fortune; I may aspire to the hand of Alice now!" "Surely, John," and the younger bro-

shook as he took up his glass; "I drink to your success." "Thanks, brother. I should have told you all this before, I should have confided in you, but I feared troubling you on my account; you would have seen a thousand shadows across my path, you would have been more unhappy than I was myself.

Roger stretched his hand across the table, and John grasped it heartily. "Gourlay Brothers to the end of the chapter, old fellow, and may you be as happy as you deserve. God bless you, John!" John's face became a shade or two paler with emotion and he walked up and down

"Roger, you will think me very weak,

"I do; it is my only chance. Plead for my happiness, brother, as I would plead for yours; I am a man of few words, but I feel deeply. A refusal from her lips would kill me; I could hear it from you."
"As you will, John; I'll do my best," and Roger leaned his head on his hand, and shaded his face from the light. "I'll

and walked home leisurely. Roger was standing at the window watching for him, and he kept his back to him when he entered the room. "Well!" John said gently, "Well, Roger,

"Yes, I've seen her," and Roger faced round suddenly; "John, old fellow, it's "Brother!" and he lifted his band as if

"It's no use," Roger went on in a hard voice, "she does not love you. She loves some one else. Be a man, John, and bear it, for there's no hone." One low stifled groan, and then John

Gourlay wrung his brother's hand and walked steadily out of the room. What he suffered in the hours that followed no fallen most heavily on him.

"Jack, old fellow, we're Gonrlay Brothere now to the end of the chapter " he said huskily. "Eknow you'll never marry, and neither will I." and somehow John felt that Roger meant what he said.

Twenty-five years passed by, a quarter was married or dead they did not know. and advanced a step, as a lady in an invalid chair was wheeled by. Chancing to look up she met his glance with a smile of recognition. "Mr. Gourlay, it surely is, it must be you. I am so glad to see

John Gourlay. He felt as if the world had suddenly drifted away from him and he was left solitary in some unknown infinite space. But there was nothing of that in his voice as he asked Alice for heraddress, and permission to call upon her in the afword about the strange encounter.

ant sitting-room overlooking the sea. "Alice," he said, plunging into the subject at once, "do you remember a conversation you had with my brother a long time ago?"

said sadly. all these long weary years, though you will at least believe I did not know it

"Poor Roger!" Alice said softly. "You care about him? You will make him happy even at this late hour? Tell me, Alice, that you love my brother?" denvit? I have loved him always, though I did not know that he cared about me, and if the little life that is left me can make him happier, I will devote it to him gladly, proudly-poor Roger! You see I am too old for pretenses, Mr. Gourlay, and I fear I am dying; therefore I tell you

brother happy-brave, loyal, great-hearted Roger. Let me send him to you now, and, Alice, for my old and long affection's sake, make him happy. He deserves it, and that is the only way I can ever help to repay the devotion of his life." "I love him," Alice replied simply, "I cannot do any more."

his brother pacing restlessly up and down. hers," he said, laying both his hands on his shoulders; "loyal, faithful friend, go to her: she loves you, she is waiting for you."

nearly over now, Roger-grief, pain, regret. It's all clear and bright. Roger, dear friend, can you forgive me?" "Forgive you, John? Say rather can you forgive me?" "True to the last," John murmured, as he wrung his brother's hand, "Now,

Roger, go to her; she is waiting for you. She loves you-loves you, Roger! Goodbye, and may you both be happy!"

Late that evening, when Roger Goarlay returned home, full of deep, quiet gladness, he found his brother sitting in an easy chair near the window, apparently asleep. The full moon shonedown on his pale face, and showed a smile on his lips; his hands were clasped on an open book that rested on his knee. The attitude was life-like, but at the very first glance Roger felt that his brother was dead.

The doctors said he had died of disease of the heart. Perhans they were right. More people die of that malady than the world knows of. .-

THE GOLDEN CROSS.

About the beginning of the late war, a man bent on weighty business, and bearing important dispatches and a large sum of money about his person, tound himself belated at night in one of the wildest and most thinly-populated quarters of a southern state.

He was in the heart of a dense wood, and not far from a deadly and treacherons swamp. To lie down to rest would have been simply suicide; yet he was worn with fatigue and no habitation appeared in sight. Dismounting, he led his horse by the bridle and tried in vain to discover by the sense of touch the road he should follow.

"I must find some shelter for the night," he said. "The people hereabout have not a very good reputation; but I am not afraid of men, and I do not fear swamp fever and scorpions. I'll call: there may be some one within hearing." On this he sent up a shout that proved his lungs to be in good condition, and followed it by another and another. After this third he paused and listened. A faint "hallo" seemed to echo his, and in a moment more there appeared among the trees the figure of an old man who held a lantern in one hand and shaded his eyes with the other. "Who is that?" cried the personage:

one of the hoys!" "A stranger," said the traveler. "I'm lost in this confounded place. Can you tell me where I can get shelter?" "Who are you and where do you come

"I came from farther north; traveling on business; my name is Hogan. I can pay for anything I ask, and shall be thankful, too." "All right. Come along. My house ain't far off." And turning he tottered

away into the darkness. The traveler put his hand upon the pistol at his belt and followed him. A few steps forward, and amid a dense mass of foliage they made their way to the door of a but. Within, a fire burnt upon a rude hearth. Over it a girl crouched, idly looking into the embers.

"That's my darter," said the old man. "We're all alone here, and it's a poor place, and you're welcome. Walk in: I'll see your horse is cared for.' The girl looked up sharply, and looked down again with a flush on her face. The old man drew a broken chair toward the

blaze and lit a pine torch. "A fire is comfortable these damp nights if it is warm," he said. "Make some coffee and an ash-oake for us, Nan-The gentleman's hungry, no doubt."

"I confess I am," said Hogan, taking the proffered chair. "And I do not know what I should have done to night without your hospitality." Meanwhile, the girl, a handsome creature of seventeen, lazily prepared a meal,

She moved slowly, but she did not do her work badly. The coffee smelt well, and the ash-cake was brown. When it was done she sat apart and

watched the men as they ate, and listened to the old man's questions and the strang-Afterward she spread upon the floor a bed of straw and a blanket, and glided

out of the room. "I hope you'll sleep well," said the old man. "Good night, sir."
"Good night," said Hogan, but he thought at the same time: "You seem to be a very hospitable old

gentleman, but you have the face of a Throwing off his cont he stretched himself upon the bed, and in five minutes found himself fast sinking into slumber. The pine torch flickered on the wall, the embers died out in the grate, when suddenly a hand rested on his arm and a

voice whispered in his ear:

"Stranger, I've got something to tell Hogan started up. The girl knelt beside him with her finger on her lip. "Get up," she said, "and put on your ceat. The sooner you are off the better. The old man lied when he said I was his daughter; he has gone for the boys. He said to me just now, 'I've found out his business. He must have plenty of money with him,' and I know whot he means There will be four of them here in half an hour, and you are a dead man if you don't

go now. Hogan started to his feet. Stitched in his belt were several thousand dollars, and he remembered that he had clinttered away almost indiscreetly, fancying the old man would know no more than he chose to tell.

his feet. "This is no silly jest, girl?" "God's truth," said the girl. "I've seen sights that would make you move faster than you're doing now if you had seen them. There-get your horse and come. I'll show you which way to take. They'll kill me if they suspect me; but I reckon I'll ward them off. Come."

As in a dream Hogan followed her. She led him by the hand through thick woods until they came to a wide opening. "Mount," she said, "and ride that way. Make all the speed you can. I've done

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully. "You have saved my life, child!" be He drew a little golden cross from hi me of the oath if I should forget it," he said, and put it into her band. Then, as man rides for his life, he rode away and reached his destination in safety.

Two years from that night Captain Jack Hogan sat alone in his tent writing a letter home. There was some one at home who waited for these letters anxiously, and who wore them fondly in her bosom. Thoughts of her softened the soldier's heart. Glad, indeed, would be have been to leave war and all its cruel scenes for home and peace-home and her. Half the sentence in which he told her so was written, when his servant's voice sounded in his car.

outside. Can she see you?" her in. Some poor, starving creature, I suppose, for orders for rations." . And then he started to his feet and

stood amazed and silent, for the figure that glided in was that of the girl who had saved his life two years ago that night. She, for her part, drew from her

"Your Dan?" he asked. "Yes; Dan Barton. He is to be shot Dan Barton, the spy, lay well guarded who had detected him. On the morrow

"And he is your Dan, poor girl?" said calm. Do you understand that it is out "No," she answered, "I understand you do not mean to keep your oath."

And at that moment a thought flashed into his mind. His face turned pale. "Perhaps I can," he said. "If I can I

"I will keep my oath," said he. She knelt and kissed his hand. He drew it from her.

My Danling: When you read these lines I shall be dead. It is very hard to leave you. Remember poor JACK HOGAN.

tries, who wondered why a man who

might sleep did not. It was dawn. At sunrise they had brought the spy out to be shot-a large muscular man with black hair. A handage was about his eyes and his hands

"I didn't think he was so handsome when I saw him before." said one officer to another. "He looked like a sneak, I thought. Who is he like!" "I don't know," said the other. "Some

one I have seen, certainly." Meanwhile the men who were to put an The order was given:

smoke; then it lifted. A man lay upon It was Jack Hogan. He had kept his oath. The spy had fled the camp, dressed in his uniform, the night before. He had paid for his life with his life at last,

THE KING COLOR.

so in ancient times. If we examine the Bible we shall find that the Hebrews scarcely ever used color as an epithet, as we do when we say "the blue sky," "the purple bills." They say, indeed, "the Red Sea"; but blue is scarcely mentioned as seen in nature, only in the "blue and purple and scarlet" of the tabernacle hangings, or the high priest's robes, or the pavement of the king's palace of "red and blue and black and white marble" in the Book of

disease, is mentioned but once or twice; "her feathers like yellow gold." But red is largely spoken of as in later times, and perhaps as incorrectly, for we did not invent, we only inherit, the expressions, "red gold," "red wine," one of these being merely orange, and the other a ruddy purple. "Red hair" is a modern, or rather mediæval, inaccuracy; "red

College Minstrels at the Wrong Window A good story is told at the expense of the Amberst College Glee Club. ten years ago the club made a trip through New York State, and sang in Rochester at the same time that Kate Pennoyer, a pretty stage singer, was there. After the concert it was proposed to serenade the lady and the club proceeded to her home and struck up the familiar college hymn, "Dear Evelina,"

paraphrasing the chorus thusly: __ Dear Kate Pennover, Sweet Kate Pennoyer, Our love for thee Shall never, never die.

After singing the entire song the boys waited a moment for a recognition of their serenade. Slowly a window in the third story was raised, later a man clothed in robes of white and with whiskers a foot long was seen, an i then a bass solo was wafted down to the col-

Sweet boys, below there, & Your Kate Pennoyer, Lives four doors below here. As the last words of his song died on the frosty air the Amberst College Glee Club gathered themselves up like Arabs and as silently stole away.

Dear boys, below there.

He Had a Scheme. "William!" said the old gentleman at the breakfast table.

"I am not pleased to see you so much in the company of young Jobson. He is a dissipated young man and he gambles I should prefer that you avoid his so-"He gambles, father, I suppose. He

can afford to. He has just made \$100,-000 in the wheat corner. "Well-still-you had better be care-After a little William rises from the

"If Mr. Jobson is disengaged this evening you can bring him up to dinner. Perhaps a little good example may save him-and, William, you can just tell him something about the new mining company I am floating.

"William

What Job Really Said. The man who says he "escaped by the skin of his teeth" does not know what he

is talking about. There is nothing in the skin of a man's teeth likely to assist him in an escape, and he cannot say "by." It was old man Job who said. "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." That is reasonable if he had teeth when

he escaped.-New Orleans Pleayune,

QUEER DOINGS IN NO. 14.

There may be found at some of the lake ports to-day, in case she was not knocked to pieces last winter for firewood, an old barge which was formerly a sidewheel steamer plying the blue waters, and known as a favorite passenger steamer. . She was at the zenith of her popularity in 1870. In June of that year, on her third or fourth trip, there was developed a mystery which was the beginning of her ruin. The particulars have several times been referred to by the press, but what is about to be related here comes direct from her then captain, who should, above all others, be well posted in all the

The steamer left one of her terminal ports about 10 o'clock at night. On this particular night to which we refer she had about thirty passengers, most of whom had retired to their berths before

She was only about ten miles out when the occupant of stateroom No. 14, which contained only one berth, entered the

captain. "See here, sir!" he said to that official when he responded to the call, "I can take a joke as well as the next man, but this is carrying the thing too far!" "What do you mean? Who has been joking with you?" asked the officer.

"That's what I want to know. I was scarcely in bed before some one entered the room. My coat and vest were pulled off the books to the floor, a chair upset, and the pillow was pulled from under my head. "It can't be," replied the captain.

"Do I look or act like a lunatie? Am I drank? Would I leave my room if there was nothing wrong?" The captain cutered the stateroom with him and lighted the lamp. The pillow

was on the floor and the chair upset. perhaps he had been dreaming.

He locked his door and returned to bed, but in the course of half an hour he bounded out into the cabin again. This time he was greatly agitated. He declared that his throat had been clutched by a hand as cold as ice, and as the captain examined it he found finger marks to prove the man's assertions. -

statercoms, and he was changed. dozen excuses for his conduct. I had no more idea that anything was wrong with No. 14 than I have that I shall see the old boat sailing her route again."

The passenger left the boat next day without referring to the troubles of the night. At 8 o'clock of the second night the steamer started on her return trip. No. 14 was occupied by a lady. The captain did not know this, as he had not given the room the slightest

before. At about half-past 10 o'clock, while yet a few passengers remained up, he was sent for by the lady. He found her on a sofa in the cabin, agitated and indignant.

"Sir," she began, "some scoundrel on the boat entered my room just as I was falling asleep!" room and showed the lady that there

was no other entrance. It was not possible that any one could have got in In reply she said that a hand had passed over her face, a chair had been muset, and she had certainly felt the presence of some one. She could not be convinced to the

"While this seemed strange," said the captain, "I had no superstitions. It was heard no complaints. I could not just then investigate this idea, my presence being required on deck, and the voyage continued without the matter troubling

me beyond a few minutes." tired to bed about 10 o'clock. Just an hour later he left his stateroom

in a very quiet manner, fully dressed, and hunted up the captain and said: "You may think I am pretty soft headed, but I tell you I cannot sleep in the stateroom assigned me. There is something going on there which I can't

me out of bed. The clothing which I had hung up was flung down, and a chair was tipped over. There was light enough from the cabin for me to see that I was alone, but things happened just as I have told "You couldn't have been dreaming?"

queried the captain. "Dreaming! Why, man, no one could be more wide awake. Even while I was dressing I had to fight a something AWAY.

"That I am either suddenly breaking own and about to be Innatic, or that No. 14 is haunted. Have you had any previous complaints " "I think I will turn in there myself for the rest of the night," answered the captain, and he saw that the gentleman got another room.

"It was a quiet night and no sea on," said the captain, "and the engines were working very smoothly. The jar of the boat was therefore reduced to a minimum. I locked the door, and was only three or four minutes getting into bed. guess that I was very wide awake. I did not intend to go to sleep, but to solve the mystery. I hung up my coat and vest

my left wrist was suddenly grasped by a strong hand. My left arm was the outside one. The grip was not only strong but as cold as ice. In a second I reached out with my right hand, but it encountered nothing, while the grip shut down

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on my wrist until it was positively osinful, and my arm was dragged off the "I was out of bed in three seconds. The room was light enough for me to have seen a mouse cross the floor. After locking around I got back into bed, but as I

did so the chair fell over and my cost and vest dropped from the book. "Was I frightened? No. I was vexed and annoyed. It looked to me more like a practical joke than ghosts and goblins, but who could the joker be? ---"I had not been in bed ten minutes

when that same cold hand clutched my throat. - An objection of the "You smile, but you must remember how I was situated. I was the cuptain of the boat, and it was my duty to investigate the affair. Let the report get out that there was something wrong with No. 14, and the business of the boat would be rained in a few weeks. You must reason that I would not permit my imagination to get the better of my common seasu. I tell you, sir, a hand not only clutched my

"I got up and scratched over every square foot of floor, ceiling, and sides, and I pulled all the clothes off the bed, and

"When we got into port I related my story to one of the owners of the boat. He laughed at me, as you may suppose but when we went out on the next trip he occupied No. 14.

o'clock. When he came out his face was whiter than snow. What he saw or heard or felt he did not tell me, but his orders were to remove everything from the room "How the matter leaked out I do not know, but in a short time our deck hands

were seeing spooks behind every hale and package, and the queer proceedings in No. 14, a great deal exaggerated, were published in two or three papers. When we denied the story we were asked why the stateroom was kept closed. "Before the lat of August, strange as it may seem to you, our passenger lin was ruined, and it was hard work to et a crew to make the trip. I had individ

ridicule the whole story, and make out that there was nothing in it. "If people did not desert us on account of the stateroom, the reputation of the boat was under a cloud. There were plenty to affirm that it was a sign of impending disaster, and that the mysterious proceedings should be taken as a warning. We cut down rates, inserted big selvertle ments, and laughed at the stories; but

were continually short-handed for men. . "The matter was no doubt kept alive and enlarged upon by a rival line, but along in October what had so often been predicted by weak-brained people actually came to pass. We came into collision with a schooner one night and went down in forty-five feet of water, losing

five lives. "After a year or two the stenmer was raised, her engines removed, and she was made a lumber barge and renamed. She had no further misfertune as I ever heard of, but she had a bad reputation, and never made a dollar for her owner. She was, the last I heard of her, rotting away in ordinary, while other barges had all the charters they could take care of. -What do I think of the queer proceedings in No. 14? I have never been able to fathom them to my own satisfaction. Call them what you will, and place the

causes as you may, they ruined the boat and brought my employers great loss."

THE WELL-BRED GIRL. Some of the Things She Does Not Do. ' There are some things that a well-bred young lady never does.

She never accepts a valuable present com a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him. She never turns round to look afterany me when walking on the street. She never takes supper or refreshments

by a lady much older than herself. She does not permit gentlemen to join ber on the street unless they are very inimate acquaintances. She does not wear her monogram about

even if they happen to be less popular or well favored than herself She never laughs or talks loudly at pub-She never wears clothing so singular or

She never snobs other young ladies,

striking as to attract particular attention She never speaks slightingly of her mother, and never says she "don't care whether her behavior meets with maternal

" Buffato Bill." William Cody ("Buffalo Bill") is worth nearly a million dellars, made chiefly by his great show. In a recent interview held with him in England, Cody said: " "I shall always consider North Platte,

Neb., my permanent home. I have an extensive cattle ranch there, where I breed nothing but thoroughbred Clydesdale horses and Hereford cattle. from Europe, and during the past summer sent over three or four bunches of

thoroughbreds. "I have one of the finest ranch-houses n the country, and have just completed the largest barn west of the Missouri

"Buffalo Bill" ought to be a happy man. Arithmetical. Teacher-"Now, remember, Robert, that a horse's front legs, as you call

fore I dismiss you, tell me again how many legs a horse has?" Bobby (promptly)-"Six legs." Teacher-"Six? How do you make that

Bobby-"The two legs what's his hind legs and the fore legs what's his front legs is six legs."-Binghamton Republi-

Itomo So erary matters)-"Have you read 'Home-Sum, Mr. Walenday Mr. Welash (of Chicago, who is keeplag)

up his end of the conversation with diffientry)-"West-er-yes, hales Waldo, I have read Homo some, but not a great



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GOURLAY BROTHERS.

In a quiet street off one of the quiet squares in the vicinity of Holborn, there is a tall gloomy house, with narrow dusty windows, and a massive double door, that

They were elderly men: John, tall, thin, and dimples.

Life seemed very, very bright for the prothers; there was nothing to prevent and everything to assist each infollowing

is inclination. But in the very dawn of their career their father died, and they were suddenly reduced from affluence to Nothing remained from the wreck of a nagnificent fortune but the bitter exerience that always accompanies such everses. Fine friends failed them, flaterers looked coldly on their distress, hose who had most frequently partaken of their lavish hospitality passed by on

heir adversity but one, and she had inlevel the will but not the power to help The boys left college and turned their thoughts to business. It was hopeless to attempt to follow up their professions with an invalid mother and idolized only ister depending on them for support. hn secured a situation as clerk in a city archouse. Roger accepted a deak in the fflee of Bernard Russell, an old friend of his father's. They moved to cheap lodg-

it the misfortune that had fallen on the milly as if it had taken her own. But thetic notes to Mande. A few years of hardship and poverty told on Mrs. Gourlay's always feeble

his bride in her altered circumstances, ject to live for. Maude's marriage was hastened, and the very day after the ceremony, the

ther's voice was husky, and his hand

And now I want you to promise that it shall make no difference. We shall be Gourlay Brothers still."

the room a few times; then he stood behind his brother's chair.

very nervous, but I dare not speak to Alice myself. I could not endure a refusal from her. I have never even given her the most distant hint of my feelings. I have not the slightest reason to suppose that she regards me as other than a mere acquaintance, at most as Maude's brother. Roger, we have always been friends as well as brothers-stand by me in this; you are less shy and more accustomed to women; see Alice for me, ask her to be my wife." "John, you're mad! You do not mean

call on Alice to-morrow." The next day was the longest of John Gourlay's life, a bright, warm, happy day, that made people, even in the city, look glad and cheerful. He went about his business as usual, ate his luncheon,

to ward off a blow.

one ever knew, and when he appeared at the dinner table he was calm and selfpossessed, but something had either come into his face or gone out of it that altered him. But of the two Roger looked the most unhappy. The blow had really

of a century of changes and chances, and still the Gourlay Brothers held the even tenor of their way. They were rich beyond their wishes or desires, and not altogether unhappy in their solitary friendship. Alice Russell seemed to have drifted completely out of their lives; her name was never mentioned, and whether she One morning, about the middle of September, they were walking along the King's road, at Brighton, whither they had gone for their annual holiday. Roger entered a shop to purchase something, and John stood outside looking dreamily at the passers-by. Suddenly he stared

"And I to meet you." John said, with a courteous bow. "I have not the pleasure of knowing-" "My name-I am Alice Russell still," shesaid frankly. At that moment Roger appeared. For an instant the blood forsook his ruddy face, while a hot crimson flush rose to Alice's pale cheek as she tried to stammer out some words of greeting. Roger was no less confused, and the expression of both faces was a revelation to

ternoon; then taking his brother by the arm he led him away, and they continued their walk without exchanging a single In the afternoon John called at Miss Russell's hotel, and in a few moments he found himself seated beside her in a pleas-

"Yes, I remember, Mr. Gourlay," she "He made a request for me then which it was not in your power to grant; I am come to make a similar one for him now. Roger loves you, Alice. He has loved you

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, I do. Why should I "Dying, Alice? No, no! you will live many years yet, I hope, to make my dear

In their lodgings John Gourlay found "Roger, I've found out your secret and "Poor Alice! how she must have suf-"How we all have suffered! but it's

"A girl!" said the captain. "Yes; send

bosom a little gold cross and held it toward him.

"Do you remember your oath?" she said. He answered, "I do." "Then save my Dan's life as I saved yours two years ago."

to-morrow." not far away. It was Captain Hogan

his life would pay the forfeit. Captain Hogan, "Sit down; try to be of my power to save him?"

"You mistake me. If I could I would." "You promise?" she cried. "

"There are no thanks to be given for the keeping of an oath," said he. Then she departed. When she was gone he tore to pieces the letter he had written and wrote on another page these words:

He sealed it and laid it where it would surely be seen and then walked out into "I must see this spy," he said to the sentry, who saluted and let him pass. Half an hour after the sentry saw him pass out, well muffled in his cloak. He was seen afterward by several other sen-

were bound behind him. He kept his head down, striving, it seemed, to hide

end to the spy's life formed into line. The chaplain read the prayer for the occasion. For a moment the air was filled with his face before them, dead.

As Indicated by History and in Litera-It is a enrious circumstance that red. the unseen color of so many, is the favorite color, and may be called the King color of the normal eye. It was especially

Esther. Yellow, excepting as a sign of

cow" we got from the ancients. These epithets all appear to show a certain fancy for calling things red as the more kingly and costly color.

"I'm a fool," he muttered, starting to legians:

all I can to save your life, Jack Hogan." "God bless you," said he. "You know my name, I see. If the time should ever come when I can do as much for you I said as he mounted his horse. "It is a debt a man don't forget in a hurry. Listen; I swear that if I can ever do anything for you I will-I swear on this." breast and kissed it. "Keep it to remind

"Beg pardon, captain. There's a girl

she left port.

cabin half dressed and in a very angry temper, and sent chambermaids for the

"But I tell you it was," he persisted.

There was no entrance to this room extept from the main cabin. There was no communication with other staterooms. It was absolutely impossible that any living person could have entered it after the door was locked. He told the occupant so, and by and by the man admitted that

) It was no use to argue-he would not go back. There were other unoccupied . "I believed," said the captain, "that he was in the first place overtired. He had not made a steamboat trip for several years, and the motion of the boat was new to him. Added to this, I suspected him of being a morphine eater who was out of his stimulant, or seeking to break off the habit, Indeed, I could find a

thought since changing the man the night

He asked if her door was locked, and she was certain that such was the case. A woman who sat on a sofa opposite the door, intending to leave the boat at 11 o'clock, asserted that no person had been near the door of No. 14 for half an hour previous. The captain then entered the

contrary, and another room was given to just possible that these two persons were alike in temperament. It might be that the jar of the machinery somehow affected No. 14, although I had commanded the boot for three seasons previous, and had

The room was again given out without the captain having knowledge of the occupant. This was on the third trip, and the occupant was one of the partners in a wholesale house in the East, who was traveling for pleasure. He was a strong. robust man, in good health, and he re-

make out. "What has happened?" asked the captain. "Soon after I got into bed I felt some one moving about in the room. Then a hand clutched my wrist and tried to pull

"And what do you think!"

and threw my trousers across the chair. "I had been in bed perhaps live minutes, both my arms outside the coverings, when

throat, but left marks there which were visible two days afterward.

examined every crack and crevice, but I was no wiser for it. I finally dressed myself and went out. Even when free from the clutch of the invisible hand, I could feel that a strange something was near

"He remained in the stateroom until 11

unis come to me and offer as high as \$100 for the privilege of occupying No. 14 over night, but of course it was my policy to

after the 1st of August we did not average three passengers to a trin, and me

at a restaurant with a gentleman after strending the theatre unless accompanied

her person or stick it over her letters and She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking She never forgets her ballroom engagements or refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with

MINOR DESIGNATION.

in public. approbation or not."-Truth.

"I have imported a great many horses

them, are his fore legs. Will you try to?" Robby-"Yessim" Tan Tencher-"That's a good boy. Now, be-

Miss Walde (of Boston, discussing lit-

