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NUMBER 31

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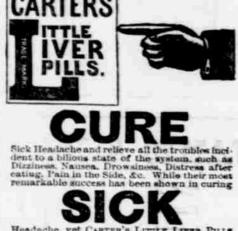
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ands," she said in answer to my look of Presently she stretched forth her withered old hand and took the brooch, and oldling it now so it caught the light and flashed it back in dazzling rays, now so there was only a dull red glow in the dis-

STORY. reals negroes.

piece of which bore the same designbound together in a true lover's knot. senled to admit another tenant,

the wife whose heart was buried in her husband's grave and she lived only in the memory of the time when he and she had

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er withered cheeks. "Ah, but be will welcome me, mine Alphonse," she would say, with a smile. Finally, the idea that she had changed in all the years since his death, so that he might not know her save by his gifts. took possession of her and became a terror not to be thrown off. Suppose, after ahe was dead, they should refuse her this pitiful handful of all the riches she was leaving. What if she should fail to know vise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS she had so loved in that strange other

em swear upon the crucifix to fulfill and fastened in her snow-white

"tomb familie Pierrepont" received still another tenant. There were only a few who knew that fortune in diamonds was buried in old Mme. Pierrepont's grave, and by and by it was half forgotten. The sons married and drifted into the vortex of city life, returning to the old home for a few weeks

THEPIERREPONT DIAMONDS

On one of the dark and narrow streets In the French quarters of New Orleans, rising tall and grim from the banquette, is the Pierrepont mausion. Balconies of exquisite hand-wrought from hang from the upper stories, but the yellow stucco is falling from the walls of the house, and time and decay have laid their insidious hands upon it.

It is a strange, dreary-looking house; no vines ever trail over the balconies, no shildish face ever peeps from the jealously barred windows. The heavy street door, with its beautiful iron scrolls and arasesques sunken deep into the wood, rarely opens save to the priest or some al for from the neighboring convent of Our Lady of Succer. No one lives in the big, rambling man-

don, with its score of rooms, but ald Mme. Plerrepont and her servant, Bubbette, and as for them-"Ma fol," exclaimed my garrulous litthe create lady, "they would be no more amusing if they were dead. No visitors, no fetes, no anything. It is just sitting

waiting, waiting, day after day, and for She finished the sentence with a shrug and a comprehensive gesture that took in

ery human possibility. It was quite by accident I was enabled a show Mme. Pierrepont some little ourtesy, and after that I penetrated asily enough into the dim old house that wis always a standing challenge to my enriosity.

Many an evening of the long, sweet pring days I have sat on the balcony rith the gentle, little, old creole lady, erself as fragile and delicate as a bit of er old Serres china, listening unwearelly to her talk of the past, for madame solonged to the regime and life ended for her when her only son fell at Manassas, and the big plantation and theriches that had once been hers were swept away by the war that left her poor and childless. From the gallery where we oftenest sat wo could see the bishop's garden, gay with flowers, behind the old cathedral,

and now and then between the breaksinthe ines of the houses the masts of the ships anchored in the river showed sharply slihouetted against the sky. Here old Babbette would bring madame glass of ean snore and we would sit silently together as friends may, or quite inturally, as if there could be nothing so aforesting in the world. She would bein speaking of the great sugar plantatation on the Teche, where she was born and grew to womanhood and married. I blat that even after three score years of

ity life she was homesick for the waving and fields and the country. "Ab," she would say with a sigh, "there was the mansion house with the negro puarters, like a village, my friend, and he little chapel where the priest confassed one, and just beyond, under the ive oaks, the little cemetery, with its ombs like so many little marble houses:

he 'tomb familie Pierrepont' like it had been for years! "Ah, I semember how the roses and essamine bloomed there and how the wind blew over it. One would not mind lying so if one might only rest there " and madame would cross herself sadly, hinking, perhaps, how soon she must be aid in some quiet city of the dead,

One evening when we had been very quiet for a long time and madame had seen speaking more than usual of the past, she suddenly unfastened a dlamond brooch from her throat and handed it to

I had often noticed it before and wondered at its curious setting. Two diamonds of unusual size and brilliancy formed a centre about which smaller atones in loops formed a chain ending They are some of the Pierrepont dia-

raunds' fiery hearts, she told me their

Sometimes she spoke in broken English, sometimes she spoke in French, and nice when she spoke of the old plantation life she used the soft, sweet patois of the

Many years ago, she said, when her grandfather brought his beautiful young orlde to the great sugar plantation in the Teche, he gave her, among other wedding gifts, a superb set of diamonds, every twin stones, he and she might fancy, Ah, but they were happy, these two, on he great rich plantation. Children were born to them, and the bright years, scarce counted, slipped by until, coming midenly as a storm in summer, death laimed the gay young husband, and the comb of the "familie Pierrepont" in the little cemetery behind the chapel was un-

After that time dragged itself along to

Perhaps her mind became unsettled from too long brooding on one subject; erhaps the angels of the good God sent her comfort so; who knows! But she ame to believe that her husband was waiting for her just beyond the gates of death, not old as she had grown, but in the beauty and freshness of eternal youth, and it was her fancy to go to him when she died decked as she had been as a bride. She would touch the white satin of her wedding gown with caressing lingers and hold the diamonds against

We refere, here, to the Postmaster, the The thought haunted her like a torenting spirit, and almost on the day beore she died she took her two sons down a the little chapel and on their knees, sfore the hely mother of sorrows, made er last wish. So when she was dead hey put on her once more the wedding air the tiara of flashing diamonds that ad gleamed there, when it was black as ight. On breast and throat and wrist they put the immle es she had wern them on her bridal day, and then the coffin lid was screwed down and the

[Newspapers, 42-106-page pamphlet, 10c] during the sugar grinding senson, and in

course of time the estate passed into the hands of a new generation who knew

nothing of the buried jewels, save as a half-believed family legend that the old nerroes told them with bated breath. Ladame paused for a long time. The noise of the city floated up to us on the

balcony. Somebody was going along the street humming an air from "Norma." "Among those who knew of the burial of the diamonds in the tomb," she said after awhile, "was the sen of an old neighbor on the Teche, named Francois, I cannot starve." who, I is the Pierreponts, drifted into New Crieans, He had not been fortunate, walked about the little room for a mo-He had seen his plantation, acre by acre, pass into the bands of the commission

left, and he came to the city to seek his living, poor, bewildered, dazed. "l.o h.al . 'ways been fond of books-too fond, said his neighbors, who were only learned in vacuum pans and centrifugals -so some wind of chance blew him tuto a little second-hand book-store, where he was his own best patron, and growgrayer and dryer and dustier day by day over

agent, until at last there was nothing

the mm 'y eld books.
"He had brought with him from the country only one piece of sunshine-his daughter Celeste, who blossomed out in the diagy little shop like a splendid japonica in an earthern jar, and around her he wreathed all the love and tenderness that he might have given, under happier auspices, to wife and child and

Madame ceased speaking for an instant, and then she said abruptly: "Mon ami, the wisest of us do not know how such things happen. It is in

the hands of le bon Dieu, I say, and I should know, for I married the man I loved, but one day there happened into the shop a fine m'sieu, young and handsome and gay, a good parti for anyone. "And what w... he have? Is it Lamartine or La Fontaine he will have! He sees Celeste and he forgets everything. It is as if he had been seeking her all his life. Ma fol, it is love! And Celeste?

"Ah! there are no young demoiselles like her now. She was enough to make any man forget when once he had seen her eyes. Eh bien, as I was saying, the handsome m'slen was entranced. Every day he finds his way to the shop, until at last it happens as one might suppose and he wishes to marry Celeste. Very well, m sieu has a mother who is aghast at the lilea. "What! her son marry a shopkenper's

daughter! A girl without a dot: In rain Is it represented to her that Francois is of the Huguenots, that he has met with misfortune, "She will not listen. Francois is in despair. It will break Celeste's heart. Day

by day he sees her grow thinner and the color fades out of her cheek. It is more than he can stand. " 'Do not despair, my child,' he cried one day kissing her adleu, le bon Dieu

will provide." "That night he started on a journey back to the old home, I could fancy how every familiar landmark must have smoto him like a blow, and called out to him

that he was going back to dishonor. "He knew that within the old l'ierrepont. tomb in the lonely churchyard was hidden the wealth that would buy Celoste happiness and life, and what sin was it if he reached out his hands and took it? It was treasure going to waste, at best, there in the crumbling old tomb where the green lizards sunned themselves and the grass struck its roots deep into the

crevices between the bricks. "The mad old woman and her foolish whim were already half forgotter. No one came to the tomb to pray or weep, even on All Souls' day no one brought here an immortelle. Well, if he robbed, it was nothing but a handful of unknowing dust; and as for the Pierreponts, what did a few jewels, more or less, mat-ter to them? While as for Celeste-ab. were happy nothing else mattered-

God! he would sell his soul for her. He loved her better than his honor. If she The blood heat and surged through his brain-balls of fire flashed before his eyes. He was conscious people looked strangely at him, and once, when a kindly hand was laid upon his shoulder, he shook it roughly off.

"In a few days Francois was back in the city in the musty little shop. He sent for m'sieu and his mother and the three went to the notary, where the marriage contract was signed, and he settled, oh, quite a fortune on Celeste. But the

money-where did he get it, they asked. "Bah, he said, one lays aside something for the evil day,' passing it off as a jest, so. Well, nothing would do but the marriage must take place the next day. 'Celeste had no trousseau!' She might buy it afterward. He had important affairs abroad and must be gone.

"Bien, it is as I tell you. The next day they were married. Celeste and her fine m'sleu, and they passed out of the church amiling, happy. Francois kisses Celesto solemnly, and then he slipped back in the church and knelt before the altar of our blessed lady. He did not see or heed the people all about.

"'Oh, thou who knowest what it is to bear and love a child intercede for me. he cried, and he fell dead there at the foot of the altar.

"The next day there came a message from the plantation saying the Pierrepont tomb had been desecrated and robbed. There was no diffculty in tracing the theft to Francois or in recovering the diamonds, which had been sold to a jeweller in the city.

"The affair was hushed up, and, of course, the jewels come back to the Pierrepont family. After all, such things are in the hands of le bon Dien. But what would you? Celeste got her lover and I got these baubles. Ak, none of us know another's temptation to sin, my friend. As for me, I had a mass said for the repose of poor Francois' soul.' The night was growing chilly and mad-

ame rose to go within. "Au revoir!" she said giving me her hand in farewell, and I stooped and kissed the fingers on which the Pierrepont diamonds were gleaming in the moonlight.

A Question of Taste. A little girl was walking along the street with her mother and neticing a negro woman wheeling a white baby in a carriage, said:

Mamma, is that baby that woman's "Why, no, I guess not. Why do you "Well, if it is hers I think she has dreadful poor taste. Why don't she get a baby to match?"-Judge.

Sensible to the Last. The Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter fendeavoring to comfort the sick woman -"Hab patience, Aunt Sukey, and everyting will jess come erround all right." Aunt Sukey-"You has easy talkin'. What I wants ter know is, what I has done to hab all dis sufferin' put on me. Some ob de meanest folks dies as easy as a chile, but it mos' kills me ter die."

Suggestion from "Down East." There ought to be a law passed in Connecticut that railway restaurant heepers shall date their apple pies. "

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

"At Brayton Lodge! Dear old Brayton, my own home!" cried Lucille Brayton, throwing down the paper and bursting into tears. "How can I ever go back there as governess, and see it owned by strangers; and yet, what else offersitself? Almost desperately she sprang up, and

read the advertisement. "How I wonder who owns the dear old place now!" she mused. "Is there any girl there now who is as happy as I waswho, perhaps, has my room, loves the flowers and walks as I did. Has a lover, perhaps, and rows with him on the lake in the mounlight evenings. Oh, Loyd, Loyd! Why do I torture myself in this way?" she broke off, suddenly throwing

Ten years before, a petted only daughter, surrounded with every luxury and affianced to one whose devoted love she fully returned, sorrow had singled her out as a target for its arrows. First, her lover was called abroad, and

ship on which he had taken passage. with its weight of grief, a terrible blow fell over her home-none other than the death of her father by his own hand, and the sudden terrible knowledge that he had succumbed, first to one temptation and then to another, intending in time to replace all, but driven to desperation at last by the accumulation of bad luck and wrongdoing.

the heart-broken widow and daughter gave up their home and everything they possessed, and then went away to cover up their shame and grief in a part of the world where they would be strangers to

and a longing to see her old home, Lucille blowly drifted back to the place of her happy girlhood; had just to night arrived in the little village, taken a room in the the governess wanted in her old home. place," she said to herself the next morning, when after a night spent in sleepless sad memories, she ate her breakfast with out seeing one familiar face and started

references are too far away, and I will not let them know who I really am." How familiar was every turn and byway of the little village and the road leading off to the Lodge. Lucille's eyes were so continually blinded with tears, that she hardly noticed the few passers-

or in her phaeton, the admired of all ob-At last the dear familiar tower, peeping above the trees, rose in sight, and then

only a few steps, and she was at the gates, atretching hospitably open as in olden times, with the smooth white drive rolling away beyond under the shady beeches. murmured, leaning for a moment against the lichen-covered stone gate-pillar,

"But, oh, how hard it is! And how little find it so, and yet how doubly hard it makes it to bear! ' the wide shady drive until the house was reached, and every step revenled how

lightly time had touched the place. The new owners had made no changes. Every seat, arbor, and statue were the same, and unchanged as to position. Two children on the shady stone porch sat on the same ornamental settee she had always used, and at the sight of her

one of them jumped up. "Is pect you're our new governess. Do you want to see mamma!" "Yes," answered Lucille, with a great exertion at stendying her voice.

the house, leaving his sister staring shyly at the stranger. A pleasant-faced lady soon appeared in the doorway. "Will you walk in, please? It is very

than aight, for memories were overpowment, Miss --

But the darkness of the room only revealed its excessive pallor - nothing "I would be pleased to secure the position; and can teach music, French, German, and with a little study, Latin. But I am a-stranger here, and my references

are from places and people so distant that I did not know whether you would be willing to accept them." Two keen bright eyes had been searching her face as she spoke, and their owner

was making up her mind in a hurried decisive way characteristic of her. "I think I would be willing. Are you fond of children?" "Yes, madame." "And have taught before?"

whom I bring a recommendation." A few more questions and answers followed; and then, almost before Lucille realized it, she was engaged, shown to her room, and a boy dispatched to the village for her trunk. "Can it be possible, or am I only dreaming!" she murmured, sinking into the

mockery! I must go away again! I can never bear it!" But she did bear it, and soon learned to love those who now called it home. Mrs. Morton was a widow, with a frank impulsive heart, that was soon won by the stranger; and the children fell promptly in love with their new governess, who never grew tired of strolling about the grounds with them, and telling the most

had lived for ten years; and many, many times the truth hung to her lips when talking with Mrs. Morton. But she never spoke it. "Such a piece of news," said that lady, coming in one day with an open letter in

"WANTED-A governess at Brayton Lodge. One capable of teaching music and languages, and bringing good refer-

ment, then picked up the paper and re-

herself on the little old lounge, in a passion of tears and grief. Hers was truly a sad story.

in mid-ocean went down with the fated

Then, just as her heart seemed breaking

To make what reparation they could,

The year that followed had been one continuous struggle with sickness and poverty, in the midst of which Mrs. Brayton quietly folded her tired hands over her broken heart and died, leaving Lucille alone in the world. After that, overcome with loneliness

hotel, asked for the paper, and read of "I can at least go and see the dear

"I don't suppose I will do, because my

by, and no one noticed her Veiled, and in her plain black gown, she bore little resemblance to the beautiful Lucille Brayton who, in other years, had dashed gayly over these roads on her pony

"I must-I must control myself," she

everything is changed! I had hoped to Slowly she went on, winding in and out

And the child at once disappeared into

warm without." Lucille did so, more by sense of feeling

"You come in answer to the advertise-"Lathrop," said Lucille faintly, and mahing aside her veil with reluctance as she remembered her tear-stained face.

"For three years, in a family from

chair by the window, into the very room that had belonged to her governess. "Father, mother, do you know that I am at home? Home! Oh, what a bitter

wonderful stories, of how another little girl had once lived in their house, and done so and so. It was a life nearer happy than any she

her hand. "My brother is coming "Yes," said Lucille, with polite interest.

"The one you call your favorite? Is he oming to visit you? "Visit me? Why, this is his house." laughed Mrs. Morton, throwing down the garden-hat. "And with such a lovely home as this, he leaves me to do as I please here, and goes roaming around the world after a girl he loved years ago. This was her home. Why, Miss Lath-

"Oh, it is nothing," interrupted Lucille, ghastly pale. "Only a stitch in my side. I have them frequently. But I was interested in your story. I did not mean to

interrupt. Go on, please." "I really don't know all the particulars, often as I have heard them," said Mrs. Morton. "But they were engaged, and as I say, this was her home; but her father forged or something, and killed himself, and the girl and her mother gave up everything and disappeared. But I forgot to say that just before that my brother had been called abroad, and was reported lost at sea, but had escaped death in the miraculous way that some

But with a startled cry she interrupted herself and sprang up, just as Lucille sank from her chair to the floor in utter insensibility.

It almost seemed as though life would not return, but Mrs. Morton, together with the servants who rushed in at her frightened cry, were indefatigable, and at last they were rewarded. "Do not speak!" Mrs. Morton ex-

claimed, as the gaze on her face grew rational, and the white lips began to tremble. "I guess what you would say. You are Lucille Brayton. Close your eyes if I am right." Instantly the lids fell, but as quickly lifted again. "Say it again," the faint voice pleaded,

in spite of commands of silence. "Loyd

lives? my Loyd? Loyd Murray?"

"Yes, yes. But you must be quiet. I will not talk to you," cried Mrs. Morton, who was in a perfect delirium of joy and excitement, But Lucille did not want her to. That one deliriously joyful truth was enough to feast on for the present, and gladly she closed her eyes and lay quiet, while Mrs. Morton, calling her carriage, drove hastily into the village and sent this startling

announcement to her brother, Loyd Mur-"Come at once. Lucille Brayton is And cannot you imagine, how, after reading it, the speed of lightning seemed but snail's pace to him, who, since his wonderful escape from the sea, had never censed looking for the one who, believing him dead, and caring for naught else in the world, had so sedulously hidden her-

self away. Their meeting was far too full of sacred joy to bear either witness or description. Mrs. Morton welcomed her brother at the steps, saw him go into the parlor, and saw Lucille rise from her chair, looking like an angel in her white draperies and the speechless joy in her pale face. Then she hurried away with her eyes

to explain to the astonished children how Miss Lathrop was not Miss Lathrop, and was going to be their auntie very soon. "Did you not notice how like old times everything looked?" Mr. Murray asked Lucille, as next day they strolled about the grounds and lake shore, just as they had done years before. "Oh yes, the moment I reached the

full of happy tears for their joy, and tried

gateway; and while, of course, I was glad to see it so, it nearly killed me with memories. I thought I could never bear to stay here," answered Lucille, who still could not realize the wonderful truth that her lover, so long mourned as dead, was beside her. "I reached here about six or eight months after you left, and finding the

house just as you left it, still in the creditor's hands, I purchased it, and then began to look for you. "Why, my darling, it seems to me that I have ransacked the entire world in searching for you, and advertised far and wide. How could I have failed in finding "Easily Loyd. We went so far and

among such entire strangers, and never, save when I was out of work, and looked at advertisements, did we see a paper. No one gave them to us, and we could not afford even the cheapest. And to think all that time you were keeping the old home and looking for me!"

She burst into a passion of tears, purely joyful, and clung to him as if in terror that the horrible past would prove still a reality, and the present but a delirious flecting dream. But the clasp of his arms, and the sound of his tender voice, were very reassuring, and pleasantly she was smiling through

her tears as he talked of what they would "And I'll whisper a little secret of Helen's, which she has perhaps not told you. She goes to a home of her own in just a little while, and we will have a double wedding, and then, my darling, the old home is once more your own-all your own-and you are all my own, after years

of waiting-my own sweet, sweet wife!" Don't Learn To Carve. -Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it. A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibility, which,

while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles into the forehead. If you do not perform the work artistically, you are criticised. If a tough fowl gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap, you are laughed at and make an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones if you send the choicest cutlet to Smith and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for

yourself. The waiters make you the subject of their remarks and by putting their heads together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulders in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the flendish leer on their faces that they have set you down as a blacksmith. If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your collar wilts, your necktie gets awry, your appetite

of one who has been in a pugilistic mill Don't learn to carve.-Boston Courier. Much Truth in the Jest. "I am sorry to see you neglecting your

leaves you, and when your labors are fin-

ished you begin your dinner with the air

business this way, Smith. They say that you don't spend half an hour a day at your office." "Well, a fellow must look after his health, you know." "Yes, but you don't look sick-what is the matter with you?" "My wife takes 'The Family Health

Gazette,' and she makes out that I have a tendency to softening of the brain, with complicated symptoms of Bright's disease, liver complaint, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, inflammation of the bunions, cremation of the spleen, indignation of the cesophagus, hypertrophy of the palate, and besides, that I am not at all well. She insists that I must observe all the health rules in 'The Gazette,' and you see I've no time for anything else,"

STORY OF A WILL. I recently asked anold lawyer's opinion of ghosts. The result was as follows: "Do I believe in spirits? Well, yes, when they are contained in bottles and come from a well-known firm. But ghosts! Why! Do you think I am a

Spiritualist? Nonsense! "So you don't believe in ghosts and spooks? You have never had any remark-"Hold on there! Now that you seem determined that I shall commit myself, and probably having heard that I have a ghost story to tell, I will satisfy you; but let me remark before comm the story I am about to tell is God's truth.

and as such must be received. Scoff at

it but once, and I shall stop in the middle "By this time the ghost had walked out of my story. "Yes, I do believe in ghosts, or, at least, in some strange natural phenomena that the world has called ghostly for the last eighteen hundred years or more. Now,

"It was in the latter part of 1876 that I undertook a case for a young woman. It was for a divorce. "She was the daughter of my aged

ellent, Dr. Baxter, a man who could have raised \$500,000 in hard cash inside of twenty-four bours. "The case was somewhat remarkable, Annie Baxter had married a stockbroker. named Thomas Thorne, against her

Inther's wishes. "Her husband, she soon discovered, had married her chiefly for what he could get out of her father, who, he hoped, would soon get over his displeasure and forgive his daughter's disobedience; but the old doctor was stubborn and did not relent. He refused to see Annie and forbade the mention of her name by any of his house-

"Thorne, on finding that he could not

get hold of any of the doctor's money, soon tired of Annie; and Annie, who had been a spoiled and petted child, brought up in the lap of luxury, became miserable and in want. But she stood her sorrows with beroism, and not a complaint escaped her till Thorne began to drick and gamble, at times not returning for weeks to his home, and then under the influence of "She was obliged to earn herown living, and when her child was born she had to go to one of our large free hospitals for care and attention. It is doubtful if her

father would have let her go had he known

her condition, for he still loved his

daughter; but she did not let him know,

and one day while making his rounds in

the materalty ward of the B. Hospital, to

which he was a physician, his attention was called to a women who had fainted. He went to her bedside. It was Annie. his daughter, who, not expecting to see him, had been greatly shocked. She did not know of his connection with the hos-"The doctor's kind heart was softened at once. He was greatly moved. He had

"Just about this time Thorne was arrested in a bad house, where he was raising a row, and sent to prison for six weeks. Annie then placed her petition for divorce in my hands, and my connection with the case commenced.

"The divorce was obtained with case, as

her carried in an ambulance to her old

home under his roof. He had forgiven

Thorne made no answer to the complaint and the case was perfectly clear in our "Now begins the ghostly part. Dr. Baxterowned a small yecht, in which he was accustomed to make short excursions about New York Bay and Long Island Sound. On the last excursion of any kind he ever made the yacht capsized

in a squall and the doctor was drowned, everyone else being rescued alive. "After the funeral the doctor's will was looked for. It was known that he had made a will at the time of Annie's marringe, leaving all his properly to his sister on the condition that Annie could have \$600 a year from the estate during "After father and daughter became

reconciled be told me be intended to make

a new will and leave his property chiefly to ber, but the only will that could be found ofter his death was the former, and his sister, Mrs. J., refused to waive her rights under the will in the least. By my advice Annie asked her to make her a proper compromise, but she refused to do anything more than stand by the will. "Almost a year passed away, when one day I received a note from Annie asking me to eali on her at the Gilsey House, where she was staying a few days, on

business of the utmost importance. On going there she told me a simuge story, so strange that I feared she had lost her metital balance, but I saw she was perfeetly earnest about it. " 'A few nights ago,' said she, 'while I I was sitting with my little boy by the fire is my room, at about 10 o'clock in the evening, there being no other light than that of the fire in the room, I heard a strange noise. Then the door openedand closed. I looked around, much surprised at receiving such a lare visitor. especialty as he came without knocking, But my first surprise was lost in the terror and dismay that came over meas I saw enter and approach my chair-who do you think? My father! or his ghost! " 'As I knew he had been dead over a year, you may imagine my feelings. He

ulster overcoat off on a chair, as he used to do when he came home late. ". "Annie," said he, putting his hand on my head and stroking my hair. "I have come to see you righted. You are suffering from a most unnatural fraud and crime. Your aunt stole my last will. As I had promised you, I made you my heirand my only heir-and the will was drawn by my own hand, and executed three mouths before I died. "' "Your aunt, in whom I firmly believed, was one of the witnesses. Dr. R.,

came direct towards me, casting his

is there still, was another. I am determined to see you have your rights, though I am no longer in the flesh, and beassured that I can see you through. "The lost will is in your aunt's bureau drawer in her bedroom, on the second floor of our old house. The chony bureau. You will find the will under the paper on the bottem of the drawer. this is the way for you to obtain it.

""Go to your lawyer and tell him

what I have told you. Ask him to go

with you to call on your aunt. As usual

she will receive you kindly. She will be

who went to China before my death, and

in the library. Go as about dush on Wed-nesday evening, the 10th, and while she is talking to you I will appear and carry out the rest of the plan." Then the doctor put on his cont weath and kissed my baby and myself in the most affectionate manner-quite as though he were alive-and started to go, but before he had reached the door his

form melted into air and shadow. He had disappeared. "On hearing this strange ghost story I sat still for a few moments and reflected then I resolved to see it through. "Accordingly, on Wednesday, at the time indicated I found myself sitting With Annie Thorne in her neut's library.

Meranut was very kind and genial, but heading, 'Amusements,' because I got it did not offer to have the gas lighted- up kind of funny."

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perhaps she thought we would stay onger. We talked about having the 8600 annuity cashed; such we pretended was the object of our visit. At last the old losely socials

" We may as well have a light; don't you think so? 'No, I don't!' said a selemn and familiar voice, and a dusky form crossed the room and stood before the grate fire; remarkable to say, the drelight shone sheer through his legs. I felt my hair raise. I was greatly irightened. "As to the old lady, she grave a wild shrick and sauk back in her chair. 'Della,' said the ghost, for such it surely was, stop your nonsense! Are you not ashame ? totreat my child as you have done? Hern on have disturbed my rest in my grave by your dishonesty."

into the middle of the room, where be could be seen prefty well by the firelight. The form and face were perfect. It was Dr. Baxter, beyond doubt. "'Woman,' said he, continuing his speech, and now, pointing his long, bony

finger at the old lady, 'had you not gold enough without taking Annie's birthright? Get up and come with us?" "So saying, he motioned meto open the door, which I did. Then leading, he made

drew us along by some strange, magnetic force until we reached the door of the chamber occupied by the old lady. "Here he stopped and, addressing her, " 'Della, open that door!' "She obeyed at once. We all entered.

us all follow him upstairs; or, rather, he

'Now, get that lost will of mine out of your drawer at once and give it to the lawyer, Mr. C. "Strange to say, she went at once to her bureau drawer, and, after raising things about a little, brought out the will and handed it to me.

"'Now, Mr. C., said the ghost, 'make

out an affidavit that this will, having

been mislaid, has just by chance been "I did so as best I could in the semidarkness. "'Della, sign that paper,' said the ghost, 'and to-morrow you will swear before a notary that it is true, or I will go there with you and make you do so

the ghoat, and we all returned to the "When we reached there the ghost was gone, no one knew where. The old lady was so much horrified that she fainted and we left her in the care of her servants. We had recovered the lost will. "To establish the validity of the will

was not difficult, and Mrs. Thorne was

"Such is my story, and I again affirm

later on. That is all for the present,' said

that it is true. The names are changed tonvoid offense to the persons who figured in the story, which is the only change

soon in possession of her rights.

SUPERSTITIONS OF FISHERMEN. . "Next Sunday will be a wet day." "How can you telly" "Wet Friday, wet Sunday," replied an old fisherman who was smoking a well colored meerschamm pipe, and discussing a cop of strong, black coffee in an esting saloon in New York, "I've grown eld in the business and as long as I can re-

member I've never seen a wet Friday that was not followed by a wer Sumbry." "Don't you think it superstitions not to go fishing on Friday? Why should you you select that as being no unlucky day? "No, I don't. Just as long as fish have lived in the water and men have taken them out, Friday has been an unlucky "Why is it that you never allow whist-

"Because, me boy, it's calling on Old.

Nick to make his appearance and he al-

ling on board a fishing boat?"

ways brings wind with him." "Fishermen don't like to begin any undertaking on Monday. What is the reason of that superstition? "The meaning of it is, bad Monday, bad "Now, if one of your abipmates should smash a looking glass on board ship, you would give up all hope of getting a good. "Yes, sir: I rever saw it fail yet, and I

have seen a good many broken in my time,

and just as sure as it occurred a gale

came on and blew great guas, and we

were compelled to run for sholter. If that falled, then we caught no fish," "How is it that you are so certain of "Year in and year out we study the signs of the heavens. Cortain stars, bright ordulf, mean certain things. The wind from a given certain quarter in a certain month is almost sare to bring stormy, fair, dry or wet weather, as the case may be. The moon gives us a good deal of information if she is on her back, then look out for a storm; if her horasara well pointed then you may expect cool or cold weather, according to the season of the year. If there is a large hazy circle around the moon, then you may look out for a good rainsterm or a steady rainfall. Then the Big and Little Bears give us ome useful knowledge abounding to the different positions they assume

of course, deep sen fishing-how is lithan you can tell exactly where to not your net or to cast your dines?" "That's as easy as smoking your pipe, You see a reck or a bank is situated exactly by the compass in a certain bearing of locality Weil, weens telt jest no well. without a compass, and it is very simple. Suppose the fishing ground is ten, twenty or thirty miles from the land. We sall in the direction of it until we get two headlands in one as it were. Then we can tell to a dot how far we are out, and consequently we know where the fishing bank is, but we sail on until one of the headlands or banks is visible; that gives us so many miles, just exactly as if you measured it with a tape, so that we know where we are. A high church steeple, a lighthouse or a land bluff, all tend to show the eye of the fisherman where ha

. When going on a fishing trip-I mean,

"There is no emergency that would compel a fisherman to make any repairs. on Sunday either in the sail department, rigging or hull of the vessel?" "Experience has taught us that Sunday must be kept," returned the weather

TA SAD CASE. . . .

Two young ladies were sitting togethurin a street car. One of them was very pale and thin and seemed to be suffe-At the next corner the invalid gos his and left the car. A gentleman who had been sitting opposite said to the remain-"Excuse me. I am a physician, I

perceive your friend is an invalid." "Yes," was the reply, "site less a heart, "Probably an aneurism." "No; a West Point endet."

Too Funny for Anything.

Managing Editor-"John, didn't you get that inneral I sent you after yesterday? I don't see it in the paper.'

the very lewest.

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