JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year. in advance.

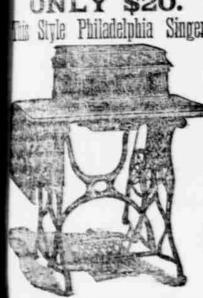
EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1888.

NUMBER 34.

PISO'S CURE FOR N CONSUMPTION elieve Piso's Cure asumption saved -A. H. DOWELL, N. C., April 23, 1887. The apar Cough Medino is Piso's CURE FOR lossumption. Children without objection. By all druggiate. 250. PISO'S CLIRE FOR N

ALOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, ABLES CHAIRS, ELEVENTH AVENUE,

us of Cambria County and al shing to purebase honest FURNIat honest prices are respectfully give us a call before buying else we are confident that we can ry want and please every taste. [4-16-'80-tf.] ONLY \$20.



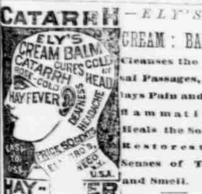
and a Binder. 15 DAYS' TRIAL WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.

C. A. WOOD COMPANY.



DE WILL SITE DATINFACTION.

For sale at DAVISON'S Drug Store.



Kemp's Manure Spreader



25 Per Cent. Cheaper than any other, all things considered.

han those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS We refere, here, to the Postmaster, the supt. of Money Order Div., and to the officers of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars advice, terms and references to actual agents in your own State write to

Maillile roundy. Give Express and Fuel suffices for a trial, and I will core post. In 100T, 183 Foot St., New York. LEARN TELECRAPHY.

SHERMAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, 0 YOU CAN FIND THIS

REMINGTON BROS IRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE. A DVER TOP DO by addressing GEORGEP
St. New York, can learn the exact cost of approposed line of Advertising in American and clings and shrinks in great anguish,

PIANO-FORTES. Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CO Not 24 and 26 West Baltimore Street, saltimore No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

C.A. SNOW & CO.

The Absence of Little Wesley. Since little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still-W'y I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whipperwill And to think I used to scold him for his everlastin'

When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little I wisht a hundred times a day 'at he'd come And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud

It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument, 'Longside o' this lond lonesomeness, sence little Woeley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no londer than it use Yit now they 's time it 'pears like it u'd bu'st itself And, let a rooster, suddent-like crow some'ers clost arcond, And seems 's of mighty nigh it 'n'd lift me off the ground! And some with all the cattle when they bawl around

the bars.

In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and When the neighbors' boys 'at passee never stop, but jest go on, A-whistlin' kind o' to theirso'v's - since little Wesley's gone!

And then, o' nights when mother's settin' up uncommon late, A billin' pears or somepin, and I set and smoke and Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger 'n a dime, And things keeps gittin stiller-stiller-stiller all the

I've ketched mys'f a wishin' like-as I clum on the To wind the clock, as I hev done for more'n fifty A-wishin' 'at the time had come for us to go to

With our last prayers and our last tears, since little Winnley's dead! -James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.

THE SAILING PARTY.

When Mr. Tompkins decided to give a salling party, he determined that he would make it a success. "A long and happy day on the water,"

said he, talking it over with cousin Maud, "that's the idea. You bring your mother and ask any of your friends, and we'll see if we can't have a little spree." Consin Mand thought it a very nice idea. She had never sailed much. She wondered if she would be a good sailor, and was quite confident that she would, ecause she was not ill at all when she vent down to Old Point on the steamer. Mr. Tompkins was also quite confident, for, in fact, Mr. Tom-kins was very sweet on Mand, and didn't like, even in fancy, to see the beloved object seasick. So Mand said she would ask some of the girls-Mrs. Jones and Birdie Tomtitt, and of course dear Miss Rounder, and they would have the best time that was aver knows-go out beyond the Navesink light, right into the real ocean. It would

be perfectly splendid) With lightness of heart they parted. Mr. Tompkins, after hunting about the maritime parts of the city and feeling very much of a sad sea dog, hired the most lovely small sloop, called the Vikng, with a cabin and a cockpit, a skipper

and a boy. From a distance it looked like a real racht. It was only when you got on board that you found the cabin too small to stand up in, and that the seats in the cockpit were so narrow you slid off them when the Viking heeled.

Mr. Tompkins has a blue flannel suit with brass buttons and a plaked cap. The ladies wear Tam O'Shanters, of large, flapping tennis hats tied down savgely with long veils. Over their arms are muckintoshes, shawls and ulsters, in their hands paper novels, parasols, a book of signals, two field glasses, a few boxes of candy. Miss Rounder carries an air

cashion of rubber, Birdle Tomtitt a box of biscuits. As Mr. Tompkins approaches with a messenger boy in his wake carrying the unch, he finds them all leaning over the alge of the wharf looking at something in the water. What can they be looking at? He's about to call out, but fears that the notes of his manly voice may startle them, so that they will fall in. Then they

see him and rush forward with effusive greetings: "So glad you've come. How could you sented. I receive instantaneous relief."
E. M. Carson, A. M. Warren, Kan., writes;
Was treated by eminent physicians of this country and Germany; tried the climate of different be late? Dear me! What a lot of baskets! Isn't the day perfect! Maud and her mamma are too late. Is it going to stes-nothing afforded relief like your preparabe windy? Do you think it's rough out-

forced with Ashima so years. Your medicine in 3 minutes does more for me than the most eminent physicians did for me in three years."

H. C. Plimpton, Joliet Ill., writes: "Send Catarrh Remedy at once. Cannot get along without it. I flod it the most valuable medicine I have ween tried." Thus besieged, the gallant Tompkins falls into an easy attitude flanked by the baskets, and, returning greetings, finally

"What were you all looking at when I came up?"

There is a silence. Then some one "We were looking at the boat. She's very pretty, but-um-rather far down. That is-I should say-the tide's very

Mr. Tompkins exchanges some jovial nautical remarks with the speaker in a jaunty manner, and finally inquires: "Ah, skipper, how are we to get the Indies on board? I see no steps!" The skipper, without moving, spits

dreamlly, and says: "Thar ain't no steps nowheres 'round here. But thar's a ladder nailed up against the wharf thar. They'll have to climb right down that."

All the ladies peer over. There are, indeed, some bits of wood nailed one over the other against the alimy boards of the wharf and these are hardly wide enough to hold your toes.

The ladies keep a pained silence. The skipper, pitying them, says consol-

They could jump it, if they set right down on the edge, with their legs dangling over, and we could ketch 'em on the

"Oh, that's nothing," says Tompkins, ohpoohing, and loftily waving his and, "We'll get you down easy enough. You watch now-it's very simple. You get down this way-" He sits down on the edge of the wharf, then turns over very charily, and feels for the ladder with his toes. He doesn't find it, however, and

his position is perilous. "Just a little lower and you're all right," says the skipper, watching him with interest, but not moving; "just a

little lower." In his efforts to get a little lower Mr. Tompkins slips suddenly down, clawing slong the wharf with booked fingers. He clutches a post in time, and saves himself from falling in the face of all his ladies, prostrate on his back on the deck.

When he gets down he says with trimpb, puffing a good deal, and oblivious flong, green stains on the front of him: "That's the way to do it! Oh, it's not a it hard when you get the knack!" The ladies acquire the knack in different ways. Mrs. Jones sits on the edge, carefully wraps her skirts around her takies, and then springs wildly out, with her eyes shut, screaming. She falls upon

the shipper and Mr. Tompkins, ranged lover desperately, and with a rubicund below her, who are as rocks to the shock. "Very," said the loved one, speaking as Newspapers, 22 100-page pamphlet, 10c crying as she peers over the dizzy verge: and clings and shrinks in great anguish,

if her teeth were set. "Are you sure you wouldn't like some-

gras?"

In vain she tried Mr. Tompkins' way. and being shorter than Mr. Tompkins, is "No," loudly and fiercely. a good foot from the top step, and hangs "A lemon to suck?" there, feeling frantically around with her

No answer, only a heavy pause. feet, and crying piteously: "We'll cruise round after we get inside, "Oh, Mr. Tompkins, what's the matter? It'll be cooler there," Where's the step? Oh, Good Heavens! I can't get down any further; what's going to happen to me?"

whisper, peering under the parasol with Mr. Tompkins and the skipper puli her tender solicitude. down by the feet. Miss Rounder and Mand are easily disposed of. But when it comes to Mrs. Brown, Maud's mamma, stick into his cheek. both Mr. Tompkins and the skipper feel

that it would be false politeness to allude to "the knack." Ponderous and good-natured, she stands on the edge of the pier, and looks over a rampart of black jet trimming, puffing huskily.

"Now, if you girls push me, I'll never

forgive you; no, never!"

Mr. Tompkins says with an attempt at airy badinage: "Now, Mrs. Brown, it's your turn. Which way will you take it?" "I don't see that there's much choice," says the lady, staring and wheezing.

"Well," says Tompkins, with the perspiration starting on his brow, "You can sit down and climb down the ladder or-um-ah-you can jump." Mirs. Brown, holding the post, lets down one mighty foot and feels for the ladder. As an attempt this is a failure. She

draws up the foot and says dubiously: "Jump from here! It's a good dis-"Ob," gallantly, "we'll catch you. You won't hurt vourself." "I dare say not. But I won't take my

affidavit that I won't hurt you."
"Never mind me," says the here, conscious that the eyes of Maud are upon

After some discussion it is decided by the party that Mrs. Brown will jump. Mr. Tompkins and the skipper bear the brunt of the blow, while the boy stands behind, doing duty as a buffer. In preparation she throws down her

black handbag, her parasol, her book, her cashmere shawl, her tennis hat, and finally herself, striking the skipper with a dull, bollow sound, who in his turn sends the poor buffer staggering afar. The first part of the sail was delightful. Every one was in gay spirits. At every lurch of the vessel they all screamed together and cried:

"Oh how lovely! Isn't this fun? Will it be rougher when we get outside?" Outside the parrows, and well into the lower bay, the sloop from a gentle, wellbred roll began to lurch and pitch on the ragged seas. The screams grew louder and more loud. Every one thought this the most enchanting motion. So exciting the way the bow plunged into a wave and such fun to watch the big seas come

seething from under the lee side. It was Mrs. Jones who first discovered the potent charm of this side. She had been sitting in the sun on the upper side, screaming loudest of all, when presently silence descended upon her. She had abruptly moved to the lee side, and spreading her parasolover her head, leaned forward and looked into the sea. No one noticed her, a lady revelling in the beauties of the deep not being a phenomenon,

till the host cried out jocosely: "What is Mrs. Jones plotting under that parasol?" Mrs. Jones' voice sounded angry when

"Looking at the water. The waves are so lovely." It was Miss Rounder who next succumbed to the occult fascination of the bounding billows-Miss Rounder, who

has been screaming gleefully at every crested hillock that the Viking mounted, and every green hollow into which she sank. Silence now, gradual but deep, fell upon Miss Rounder. At first she yawned several times. Then leaned back in her corner and let her eyes roam from the heaving sea to the swaying mast and the undulating deck, after

which, with a smothered sound which might, unarrested, have been a groan, she shut her eyes, and a sickly pallor overspread her face. The popularity of the lee side now became quite striking. Maud's mamma soon fell beneath its conquering sway. She had taken off her bonnet, which with

the lunch, filled the cabin to the skylight, and had put on her old felt tennis hat, tied down with a veil. No British grenadier ever looked more severe and immovable than Maud's mamma. Both Maud and Mr. Tompkins noticed it. "Your mother," said the adoring Tomp-

kins, who had a "tendresse" for all Maud's belongings, "seems a fine sailor."
"Oh, dear, yes," said Maud, with her enticing simper, "we're all good sailors in our family." And they both turned and looked

proudly at the Spartan parent, severely unsmiling under the tennis hat. Both noticed a slight glassiness in mamma's cerulean orbs and a set look about her lips. Mr. Tompkins, coldly conscious of the row of parasols blooming like mushrooms along the lee side, said with sud-

"You feel quite-ah-quite comfortable, Mrs. Brown?" "Quite," with haughty emphasis. Then suddenly: "Look here-hand me that parasol-quick-any of them." She disappeared under its friendly shade, but presently looked out again, with her old face quite gray under the

tennis hat. "I find the sun gives me such terrible headaches," she said, easily, with a pres-

ence of mind which struck Mr. Tompkins And now the rays of the sun beat down flercely on the little sloop, the waves kept creeping up behind stealthily raising the stern, and then letting it drop with a sud-

den, flerce playfulness, A terrible fear fell on Mr. Tompkins. What if Maud should join the silent majority on the lee side? She, too, had grown silent and preoccupied, but still sat rigidly upright, and smiled when he spoke to her. He said, looking at his

"What do you say to something to eat? It's 2 o'clock, let's have some sardines." She gave him a quick and rather deadly look "No, thanks," she said, looking away

from him and winking up her eyes in the giare, "I'm not hungry." The silent row of honorably wounded had all groaned at his suggestion, and the feet had writhed in anguish on the deck. "I've told the skipper to put back to the Narrows." he hazarded as a second re mark. Whatever made his Maud so

heavy in hand all of a sudden? The row groaned again with relief, and Maud asked with sudden vivacity: "How long before we get there?" "About twenty minutes." "And then it will be smooth?"

"Oh, quite smooth, as soon as we pass the forts." "Thanks;" and she settled herself down in the most business like manner, clinched her hands around her parasol, fastened her eyes on the forts and said not a word. "It's awfully warm, isn't it?" said the

thing to cat-just a little pate de foie

"Ouite." "Not a glass of beer?" sweetly.

"You don't feel sick, do you?" in a fond

"No, I don't," pulling the parasol down over her head, making one of the points "Well, we'll have lunch as soon as we get inside the forts, won't we?"

"Good Heavens, I don't know! How long now before we get there?" "Five minutes." And during that five minutes she wouldn't say a word. Not a syllable could Tompkins extract from her. Coming off the sloop in the evening Tompkins overheard ber say to her mother:
"Wasn't it awful? I couldn't have

MYRTLE ! HOWARD'S SIN.

stood it a moment longer."

And Mr. Tompkins went home wonderfor what "it" was.

It was a charming scene; the village hall decorated with vines and flowers. The soft music from the band and the sweet fragrance of the June roses filled all the air with sweet sounds and rich perfume. The occasion was a strawberry festival given by the young people of the

little viilage of Stanhope. Myrtle Howard stood by the window, looking down the long hall, watching the ever changing scene with a smile of enjoyment. She looked very beautiful tonight-crimson roses in her beautiful hair, a white dress with crimson at her throat, while the roses in her cheeks outrivaled the roses in her hair. There was a look of expectation in the black eyes, and she watched the door eagerly, and

still the person she was looking for did not come. "Surely Lewis will be here to-night," she murmured to herself, "How surprised he will be to see me here, and how glad I shall be to see him! Ny noble Lewis!-not my Lewis, but he shall be, for love begets love, they say, and sometime, if not now, Lewis will love me even

as I love him." Ah! there he is, and with him Madeline Vernon, and a shadow darkened the beautiful face as she saw Lewis Stanley enter with pretty Maddie Vernon, the village belle, leaning on his arm.

Myrtle Howard had been on a visit. previous to which Lewis Stanley had paid her considerable attention, and she had allowed herself to love him, while Lewis had only a brother's love for her, telling her often that she reminded him of his sister. He hadn't a thought that Myrtle cared for him, so when she went away he commenced to go with Madeline Vernon, at first because she was pretty and the belle of Stanhope, and now because he had learned to love her and hoped to win her for his wife.

Some people called Madeline Vernon a flirt, but she was not a flirt. She was pretty, graceful and naive, and of course had many admirers. The girls were furiously jealous of her, and though they treated her well to her face, they did not hesitate to say pretty sharp things the

moment her back was turned. Maddle and Myrtle had always been warm friends, but now, as Myrtle stood and watched Lewis and Maddie, saw how fondly he looked down into the bright, sparkling face, she hated Madeline Vernon, for she felt that Lewis was lost to her forever; and now, though Maddle did not know it, she had made an enemy that would leave no stone unturned to blight her young life, for the evil in Myrtle's nature had been aroused and it would make the hearts of Madeline Vernon and

Lewis Stanley ache. Myrtle left the window and with stately atep walked over to where Maddie and Lewis were standing. "Why, Myrtle!" both exclaimed, "when did you come? How glad we are that you have come

back; we have missed you so much." "How pretty the hall looks, doesn't it?" Maddle said. "How sweet the flowers are! You remember what Lord Bacon says about flowers, don't you?" she continued, turning to Lewis; "isn't it a sweet thought? 'The breath of flowers comes and goes in the air like the warbling of music.' I must go now, for I see I have to sing a solo, at least the programme says so. You two can have a nice little talk while I am torturing sensitive ears with Cantilina;" and with a gay wave of the little hand Maddie left them. "I always think of Tennyson's Madeline whenever I see Maddie, don't you,

Mr. Stanley? These three lines are just like her," and Myrtle repeated: "Smiling, frowning evermore, Thou art perfect in love-lore,

Ever-varying Madeline." But just then the sweet voice of Madeline rang through the hall, and Lewissaw nothing, heard nothing but Madeline. He did not see the angry look in Myrtle's eyes, or hear the muttered words that were anything but complimentary to

"What a flirt she is," Myrtle remarked, as the two watched Madeline come off the stage, and saw her talking and laughing in her easy way with several gentlemen who had surrounded her.

"Excuse me," Lewis answered, "I don't think Miss Vernon is a flirt at all." "I suppose not," was the auswer, "It is very difficult to persuade gentlemen of it until they are convinced by experience. They are like children; they must have their flugers burnt before they will believe the flame is anything but pretty." Just then Madeline returned to them. "Look," she said, "all the flowers I have!

Here, Myrtle, you shall have this calls Hily, for it is like you-stately; and this rose-bud and geranium leaf you shall have, Lewis, not because you deserve the gift, but because I don't know what else to do with it," and Maddle looked at him with a saucy smile. Lewis watched Madeline closely that evening. Was she a flirt? he asked himseif. He could not believe it. If there was anything Lewis Stanley detested it was fiirting. He determined to keep a

close watch on Madeline, and to find out for himself whether she was a flirt or not. He did keep a close watch; so close that the rest of the gentlemen declared at they could never get a chance of speaking to Maddie, for Lew Stanley was forever by her side, and village gossips nodded their wise heads over their teacups and thought that Maddie had met her fate at last, and soon there would be a wedding at Squire Vernon's. Myrtle Howard heard all this, How she hated Madeline for stealing from her

the only heart she ever coveted! On one thing she determined: Madeline Vernon the pale forehead and left Myrtle Howard. should never be Lewis Stanley's wife! It was at a lawn-tennisparty that Lewis That night she died. told Maddie of his love. They had wandered away from the rest of the party ton little summer-house hidden by the honeysuckle. They did not know that Myrtle had seen them and had followed them with slow, cautious footsteps, Lewis did not suspect that other ears

than Madeline's listened that night to his tale of love; yet so it was. Myrtle, back in the shadows, heard his passionate words of love, and when he asked Maddle to be his wife heard her auswer,

Myrtle laughed a low, mirthless laugh, 'She" shall never be your wife, Lewis Stanley-never!" And then she cre t away, leaving the lovers all unconscious that before forty-eight hours the troth they had plighted that night would be broken. All night Myrtle laid awake asking herself how she could but separate these two young hearts. Surely Myrtle. Howard's good angel must have wept over her that night.

The next day Lewis received a note which he supposed came from Maddie. It read thus: "Mr. Stauley: I must ask you to release me from the engagement which I made with you last evening. I said 'yes' just for fun. I won't carry the joke any farther. Hoping this will find you in your usual good health and spirits, I will say bon jour. Madeline Vernon." "Good heavens!" Lewis exclaimed.

"this cannot be from Madeline; and yet it is her writing, and who else knew of our engagement? Madeline, Madeline, it cannot be you that wrote this cruel note! he cried in tones of agony; "and yet they warned, and Myrtle told me I should never believe you were a flirt until I knew by actual experience."

That evening Lewis Stanley left Stan-All that evening Madeline waited and watched for Lewis, and when he did not come she wondered to herself if he was not sick.

Myrtle called the next morning to borrow some music, she said, but in reality to tell the news to Madeline. "Did you know," she asked in assumed ignorance, "that Mr. Stanley has left town She saw Maddio start, while a sudden

pallor overspread her sweet face. "No," Maddie answered. "Yes," Myrtle continued, "he left last evening; going to stay some time, so he told brother Charles. Very strange he ald not call and say good-bye to you. A great many people think you two are engaged; such a place for goss p Stunbone Poor Maddie! she went on talking and laughing, with face as bright as ever; and few, if any, suspected the bitter pain that was gnawing at her heart through all her careless demeanor.

Myrtle noticed with a feeling of joy the pained expression in Maddie's face, and soon, to Maddie's relief, left. At first Maddle was too stunned to think, and then she thought that Lewis must have left a note for her. She would go to the post-office and see; but Maddie found no note. What did it mean, Lewis leaving her like that, and only two nights before he had asked her to be his wife? Numerous were the conjectures affoat concerning Lewis' departure; the old ladies said that Madeline had iffted him,

while the young ladies thought that he bad flirted with Madeline. This latter comment was original with Myrtle. "Go away, I don't want you; I want Lewis Stanley. Not you, Madeline Vernon, with your eyes of the sunniest bine; true blue, those eyes are, and they look at me so reproachfully, just as if you knew I had done you a great wrong. You won him from me, Lewis Stanley; you, with your golden hair and sweet voice. Go away, go away, for I hate you, I tell

you!" and poor sick Myrtle tossed her hands wildly in the air. Fever had stricken Myrtle, and fordays she had been delirious, calling sometimes for Madeline, but always for Lewis Stanlev, muttering at times about some fear-

ful wrong she had done him. Madeline was with her at times, and staying at Myrtle's house all the time, for Myrtle called frequently for her, and then when Maddie went near told her she hated her. "Ha, ha," she laughed, "you did not get Lowis, did you? Never while I live shall you have him. I sent that note. Don't tell, will you, but I sent him a note. You send for him, and I will tell him all about it."

The doctor said she could not live, but her brother Charlie would not believe it. Maybe, he thought, if she could see Lewis Stanley she would get better. "I have heard of people getting well, even after the doctor had given them up; perhaps if the tells Lew that dreadful secret she raves about, it will do her good." And

so Charles telegraphed to Lew Stanley. Thus it happened that eight months from Lewis Stanley's hasty departure he came back to Stanhope. He went at once to Mr. Howard's house, where the servant ushered him into the parlor, where he found Maildia with tearful eyes, for all Stanhope knew now that before the morning's sun should rise over the eastern hill-top Myrtle Howard would die. Even Charlie, Myrtle's brother, had given up hope now, for the crisis had past and the doctor had said that Myrtle would not

live to see the morrow's sun. She was conscious now, and had asked for Lewis, saving that she must see him before she died, and when Charlie said

he had sent for him, she said she was When Lewis entered the parlor where Maddie was, she arose coldiy and told him she would tell Charlie he was there, and Charlie came and took him to Myrtle. She had bade them all leave her, for she wished to see Lewis alone. Poor Myrtle! so young to die, so young to leave the beautiful world. And yet she did not

Lewis took both her clammy hands in "Lewis," Myrtle whispored, "I have done you a great wrong. Tell me now

you will forgive me. Oh, promise me you will forgive me!" "Yes, yes," Lewis answered, "I will forgive you." He did not dream how much he had to forgive. "Lewis, I sent you that note. Thenight before I heard you tell Maddie of your love. I was dotermined she should never

be your wife; for, yes, Lewis, shocked as you will be, I loved you. Mine was an unrequited love. When I saw that you loved Maddie, all the evil in my nature was aroused, and I determined that she should never have you, and I sent you that cruel note. Lewis, can you forgive me? Heaven only know how I repent of that dreadful sin. Can you, will you forgive me?" Lewis answered, "An I hope to be for-

given, I forgive you, Myrtle." "Lewis, grant my dying wish, do not tell Maddie of this till after I am in my offin; then bring her to look at me, to her of the note. Surely she will forgive me then, when she looks at my dead face. and knows that I can do her no more harm. She has been a true friend to me, and how have I repaid that friendship! And now, Lewis, good-bye: I shall never see you in this world again, but my earnest prayer is, that you and Maddie may be happy. Good-bye." Lewis stooped and imprinted a kiss on

Two days after, Maddie and Lewis stood beside the open casket looking at the pale, peaceful face of the dead girl, and Lewis told Maddle, as Myrtle had requested, the great wrong she had done them both. "Oh, Lewis! surely I would have forgiven her; why did she not let me | gaessed what it meant

tell her how freely I forgave her, before she died?" Then and there Lewis and Maddie renewed their engagement, and not a bitter thought did they have for Myrtle. Five years, happy ones for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, have passed since Myrtle was had "under the daisies," They have a little girl, a sweet little girl, who answers to

A CHARMING WIDOW.

the name of Myrtle. They never think of

the dead Mystle save with a pitying ten-

derness for her great sin and her early

"The idea of that little thing being a "And a widow of four years' standing!

It fairly takes one's breath away. She doesn't look a day over fifteen.' "Except in a strong light. In a strong light she would be taken for every day of twenty-one. I never settle upon a woman's age until I have seen her in a strong

This rather pointed remark from the lips of Miss Pickett, a spinster whose age was frankly beyond compare, seemed to produce an electric effect. Every woman on the piazza, as though suddenly reminded of a neglected duty, began carefully protecting her eyes from the glare

"I wonder if she will get the Englishman," began the first speaker again "She is putting in some pretty hard work. Her slightest glances are the incarnation of flattery. "A great mistake. Never give a man

more than he expects-you will only bore "I am not so sure of that. A man is a very weak thing." "Well, mark my word-he doesn't

mean anything; he is only amusing him-A boarding-house in Santa Barbara. even when nestled amidst all the luxurfance of semi-tropical California, is quite like other boarding houses after all. It contained the usual abundance of idle women, the usual scarcity of vigorous men, the usual superfluity of goesip.

So it happened that the boarders at Radeliffe Mansion-which, by the way, was no more of a mansion than any respeciable two-story building, but was burdened with that title in deference to the prevailing Californian tendency to make everything greater than it is-were all more or less interested in Mrs. Cora Tyrrell.

Mrs. Tyrrell sat opposite me at the table, and I used to watch her in a sort of amaze that anyone could be so young and fresh and fair and yet be widowed. Her form was absurdly slight for a full grown woman's, while her face was as sweet and guileless as a child's She some way reminded me of a pansy.

particularly when she were a slightly

flaring hat, its dusky brim settling off to

perfection the transparency of her complexion, the soft baby-like rings of her hair, the large, tender, pathetic eyes. Beauty of this sort wins women as well as men. Even Miss Pickett, noted for the severity of her mental atmosphere, was subjugated. Not a woman gradged Mrs. Tyrrell her beauty, but several drew the line at the Euclishman, Feminine

generosity has its limits. You see Percy Elliott was the only eligible man at Radeliffe Monstoneligible in the world's acceptation of the term, which has a well-defined reference to an irreproachable book-account- and It was hard to watch him slowly disap-

pear down the widow's little throat. He was a tall, nonchalant young fellow, quite convinced of his own importance, after the fashion of his countrymen. A certain narrowness of chest told why he was wintering in this far western land; and frequent horseback rides with Mrs. Tyrrell told that he believed in mingling business with pleas-

She was a wonderful horsewoman, riding an easily without the saddle as with it, and jumping any fence without a tremor. These equestrian duets stimulated the boarders to the liveliest speculation. Cora certainly was not overburdened

with money, though her taste in dress skilfully concealed the deficiency. Jewelry of every description she utterly eschewed; but the gloom of her crape was exqubitely relieved by flowers. She was never wit asm: flowers upon her breast; at first modest denours violets, surge-tive of widowinood; then us the days were on, reses-white for a long

time, and finally pink. I came to measure the process of her affair with Mr. Elitott by these roses; when the pisk ones appeared I was as excited as a girl over her first offer. It was about this time that the bearders learned through a consin of Elliott's, a but who had accompanied him from England, that there was another factor in this interesting case. He said

Percy was engaged to an Emplish girl and was to be married the following winter. My woman's curiosity so far got the better of my manners that I finally spoke to Cora about it. She looked at me quietly for a moment, and then murmured:

"Yes, I know." "Then it is true?" I asked, eagerly. "That is Mr. Elliott's affair," she answered with a shade of reproof, The boarders, as if moved by one common impulse, persisted in declaring that Elliott "didn't mean snything." "Of course he's getting all the fun he can out of it," observed one experienced

matron; "but marriage is quite another Then there was the English girl-or, rather, the rumor of her. But I was not so sure about it. To me it seemed very plain that from marked indifference this nonchalant Englishman had gradually awakened into vivid interest, and as time wore on I could have sworn that Mrs. Tyrrell was becoming a

necessity to him. He teased and termented and even bullied the little widow, but at the same time he began to follow her every movement with his eyes, to play with his soup until she appeared at table, to vander in his replies whenever he was addressed. Languid he was at all times, but

guer, and it seemed to me that the less the other. Few men can resist the daily presence of soft tender eyes raised in appeal to their superior manhood-of an articss inaccence needing constant correction from

there is a natural and an affected lan-

their large knowledge of the world. Miss Pickett and Mr. Elliott were niways at longerheads. Her keen sallies were continually wounding his self-love, his languid assumption of superiority was a perpetual insult to her progressive womanhood, and so their mutual antipathy gradually expanded into solid

Miss Pickett was too thoroughly femfinine not to be aggressive in her hestillte. so when I observed her closeted with Mes. Tytrell for two hours one day, I easily

Advertising blates. The large and reliable circulation of heart gray Pureman commends it to the inverse a gideration of advertisers, whose favors

serted at the following low rates: linch, 3 times
linch, 3 times
linch 3 times
linch 3 months
linch 6 months
linch 1 year
linch 6 months
linch 1 year
linch 1 year 1 year.

** 1 year Business items, first insertion 10c, per line subsequent insertion 5c, per line.
Administrator's naid Executor's Neticel....
Administrator's Notices....
Stray and similar Notices.... respectively. The second secon

It all came out the next event the hill behind the house, whither Com-

these exquisite, luminous, distinctly Cal-The scents of a thousand flowers-that of the orange-blussom rising above the rest as the voice of the prima donn leads and accentuates the song of the chorus - drifted upward to charm our

Elliett, and I had strolled. Mrs. Tyrrold

leaned back against a friendly mound

and looked out into the pight-one of

Corn sighed a little and then began: "Miss Fickett said I did not understand men at all-that I was too unsuspecting too confiding. She said men liked to pill with such women, but that they su

pected most those women who treated "Miss Pickett be hanged!" burst forth from Elliott. "Then you don't think I have done so

very wrong?" and her velvet eyes looked into his wither troubled sweetness. "Wrong! Humph!" "How dreadful it seems to never trust anyoned I believe I would rather be

always deceived than come to that "You see," turning to me, "I am strange ly situated. I am a widow, and yet I am scarcely more than a girl. "You never have heard about my marriage? It occurred four years ago, when

I was only seventeen, and still at school. Mr. Tyrrell was kind to me-and I was "We were married on a Friday, and on Monday my husband was summoned to Mexico on business. It was August, and they feared I would take the fever so ! was decided that I must remain at home. Some time in September can

a telegram announcing Mr. Tyrrell "A wife of but four weeks, away from my husband when he died-Imagine my feelings! For over three years I have lived in seclusion. Now you can under stand how natural it is that I should maile

In her eves rose a mist that was danger ous to the Englishman's cherished composure. He breathed hard, cleared like throat, and shifted his position. Finally a little smile stole over Cora's lips, and she gave him a glance that was the a carca-I often told her she kinsed with

The next day who should arrive but the

Enclish cirl! This advent, it soms, was

the result of an arrangement made some months before in England, and which Elliott had not had the nerve to dis tenance. I happened to be passing through the hall when flarriett Norton classed her lover's hand in greeting. No words are needed to tell a sensitive women when she has lost a man's affection. Harriett knew it then and there-I could tell by

and the sudden drawn lock about her Within ten days she had denorted accompanied by her dignified must, who acted as chaperon. Yet, though she was a reserved girl, I had learned to esteem her even in that short time. "It is very strange," she said. "Perand I have known each other from child-

the pallor that overspread her face,

true eyes. "I have never loved any man "We were to have been married next winter. I wonder how it will seem never to see him again." Then her gaze wandered over to the

softly tinted mountains, and she seemed

hood. I believed I could trust him utter-

ly." Here a tear welled up in her clear

almost to forget my presence.
"He is honorable after a fashion, and he would live up to his word; but I do not care for a promise after the life has gone It was perhaps a month after this that

Mr. Elliott's engagement to Mrs. Tyrrell was formally anounced. Corn went about with a litheness subtly suggestive of hoppiness, yet with no undue demonstrations of triurents There was even an undercurrent of sadnees running through it all as though she realized that her gain was another's loss. Her conduct becam to be pronounced admirable even by those who at first criticised her severely. Society forgives almost anything sconer than an exhibition of I.ad.

Late one afternoon we were all out or the piazza, Liliottanoong no walting for Com to come down, when a full stulwart. fellow strule up to the door. There was a certain holdness in his stride, a certain freedom in the swing of his arms, which best its determina-He asked for Mrs. Tyrrell. She hap-

even more dainty than towal, in herclinging riding habit. But as also complete sight of the visitorabe at apped short, as though turned tostone, "Well, Cora," he began. Still shedid not speak, but simply stared rigidity before her, her checks as white as

the flowers at her breast.

pened to come out just tien, locating

"I don't call this exactly a trondent greeting," he continued. Somebody Laughed. Corn's pallor changed to a bot red. She shut her teeth together with a snap. "I thought you were in Australia," sho "Yes, I know you did," he rejoined with

asperity. "But you see I am hack again

You might as well pack up and come alone," "I will not," she answered, digging her little heels into the floor. "You will not?" quietly. "I (' you will. At this Percy Elliott at e, and

"Understand that you are dealing with a man as well as a delenseless "And what business is it of yours?" re-

walking resolutely up to the main

torted the stranger coolly. "I recken a man has a right to his own wife." We looked at each other aghast. But it proved only too true. This was Mrs. Tyrreli's husband; she had been married ten years, and, worst of all, she

was thirty three years old! The Santa Barbara Vulture ferreted it all out and served it up in three doubleleaded columns. Its diligence also discovered that soon after meeting Elliott the enterprising widow had sceretly insit tuted a suit for divorce. Tyrrell returning from Australia barely in time to quash

the proceedings. "She's the smartest woman on the whole coast," he proudly observed to the interrogating reporter-"if I am speaking of my own property We saw Mrs. Tyrrell no more. It was

our last glimpse of those appealing eyes, that noft silken bale Elliott left precipitately for England. I hope that Harriett Norton was strong enough to withstand his contributours. But a woman's heart is a curious thing. Last year we made in this country.

over sixteen millions of barrels of beer. This, at the usual retail rate of therty dollars per barrel, comes to more than \$400 .-000,000, which the people pay out for their beer. Already we average eightvtour glasses of beer for every man, woman and child in the country; and the average is increasing, and the number of drinkers s increasing.

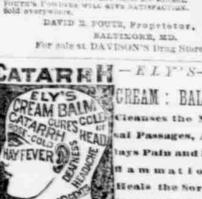
VOLUME XXII. ne but scalawags do otherwise.— Absolutely Pure. CONSUMPTION

DERTAKER. OME AND CITY MADE NGES, BEDSTEADS, attresses, &c., OONA. PENN'A

Style Philadelphia Singer.



North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa-OUTZ'S ORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS



Apours COLL Cleanses the Nalays Pain and Ina ammation, Heals the Sores.

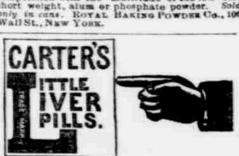
NATURE'S ARLIABLE REMEDY
CURE FOR For North Liver,
Billions Headache,

critete is applied into each nectrits and is

Sick-Headache, use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than lorry years a public lavorite. Sold by druggists over which has been for more convenience.

Opp. Patent Office Washington, D. C. WANTED YOUNG MEN &

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cass. Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., New York.



CURE

liate the liver and regulate the bowels.

HEAD

and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do

not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at \$5 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail-

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill Small Dose, Small Price.

D. LANCELL'S

EXECATARRH

SOLD BY ALL DRUCCISTS.

Having struggled 20 years netween fife and cuth with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by

niront physicians, and receiving no benefit. I as compelled during the last 5 years of my ill-ses to sit on my chair day and night gasping for eath. My sufferings were beyond description.

In despair I experimented on myself compound-ing roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus chiained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL, CURE FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH, warranted to relieve the most stub-born case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, so

that the patient can be down to rest and sleep comfortably. Pieuce read the following candens-ed extracts from unsolicited testimonials all of re-

nt date: Diver V. R. Holmes, San Jose, Cal., writes: "I

L. B. Phelps, P. M. Griggs, Ohio, writes : "Saf

We have many other hearty testimonials of cure

or relief, and in order that all sufferers from Asth-ma. Catarrh. Hay Pever, and kindred diseases may have an opportunity of testing the value of the Remedy we will send to any address TRIAL PACKACE FREE OF CHARGE. If your drug-

gist inits 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 your name and address plainty.

Address, J. ZIMMERMAN & CO., Props., Wholesale Druggists, Wooster, Wayne Co., O.

CONSTIPATION, TARRANT'S Effertescent

tended to for MODERATE FFES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent

Office and we can obtain patents in less time

lune 24, 1887.-1y.

Full size Hox by mail \$1.00.

Seltzer Aperient.

It is certain in its effects

is gentle in its action

is palateable to the ste. It can be relied on to cure, and it cures

ASTHMA

REMEDY.