ne footing as those who ne distinctly understood from

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"RE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year. In advance.

quietly, as the supposed the weary woman

was dozing, when, on the contrary, she

was intently watching every act of the

young housekeeper. Work done, apron.

was removed, clean cuils but on, the soft

curls brushed and tastefully tied; then

Lottie came to the fire, and seeing her

visitor awake, said with a smile and a

"My Robert is coming this evening, and

you will see if he is not good and noble

"He is coming here this evening?" ex-

"Indeed, not Where would you go? You

And at that very instant steps sounded

Trembling, and evidently at her wite'

and while Lottie went to the door and

grected her lover in a few low-spoken

smile gradually breaking over her face, as

though consternation had given place to

Laving his hat and coat over a chair.

Robert Claxton came round to the fire.

and looked down at the old woman as she

"Grandmother!" he exclaimed at last,

"Well, no, I think not. You don't ap-

"Didn't I say I was going to?" asked she

"No, you didn't say what; and I never

pear to be," answerd she, as though, after

looked up at him; and there was a mom-

in a voice of stupified amazement. "_ rand-

on the stairs, and she added with a quick

will stay right here," said Lottie with de-

claimed the woman starting up. "Then I

pretty blush:

must go at once.

amusement.

cut's silence.

thought-

"Here he is now."

mother, am I dreaming?

all, it was a great joke.

"But you-what-I---"

he had not the power to move.

But she interrupted him briskly.

"I'll tell you about it myself, Lottle,"

said she. "I am his grandmother, and I

am not poor; and no more is he, as he has

made you believe. On the contrary, he is

to have all my money; and I had set my

yes, the very young lady where you teach,

and he set his heart on finding out for

himself what she was like. So I humored

him, and he left off his last name, Sterl-

found her to be a shiftless spoiled heauty.

But, from mingled astonishment and

I played the hungry old woman pretty

joy, Lottie was sobbing and speechless.

well, I guess," said old Mrs. Sterling com-

awathed in thick flannels under all these

rags. But, oh, Robert, my boy, you have

alla latta transure-you have indeed!

"I will try, grandma," he sail, tenderly

Ling Lottle's blushing balpy face,

FAMILY RESEMBLANCES.

Deep Reading for Thoughtful People-

Breeding Will Tell.

There are family characters and family

ntelligences, as there are family faces

and family figures. Each individual

number of the brood has its own variety

of this typical character, but in all its

basis is more or loss persistent, though

our one particular trait, even the most

marker, may be wanting or notually re-

Still, viewing the family idiosynerusies

as a whole, each member is pretty sure to

possels a very considerable mumber of pe-

cultarities more or less in common with

True, Jane may be passionate, while

Emily is sulky; Dick may be a spead

thrift, while Themas is a misen. But

Jane and Dick are both humorous, Emily

and Turmus are both musical. Thomas

and Dick both sensitive. Emily and Jane.

both sentimental, and all four of them

nijke vimbictive, nlike intelligent, alike

satirical, and alike fond of pets and ani-

Look at the persistent Tennysonian tone

in Charies and Alfred Tennyson; look at

he paredying power of the two Smiths in 'Enjected Addresses,' look at the Car-

acci, the Rossettis, the Herschels, and my

whether even minute touches of taste and

centiment do not come out alike in

Almost everybody who mests brothers

or sisters or cousins of his own, after a

long separation (when he has not dulied

his spirehension of the facts), must have notice t, with mingled amusement and

dissatisfaction, in ten thousand little

ways and sayings, how very closely he and

Sometimes the very catchwords and

phrases they use, their pet aversions and

their pet sympathies, turn out at every

One may even be made an ere of one's

own unsuspected and unobtrustre (silings

by observing them, as in a mirror, in the minds of one's relatives, like King George's

middy in Mr. Gilbert's stor;, who meets himself in an enchanted land, and con-

siders his double the most discoverable

fellow he ever came across.-Popular

A Babe of the Hub.

I wish I had a dog like Billy Swett's

When Billy came home yesterday he had

a newspaper, and his dog met him at the

station and put the paper in his pants

"Put the newspaper in his pocket? It.

"Yes, papa, that's what I mean, Illa

month is his pants pocker, isn't 11-

the pecket where he pants?"-Bester

Where the Fun Came In.

It washis first visit to the city. As he

stood on the curbstone shaking his sides

with laurchter, he was accested by one of

"Fun? Can't you see it? Just look

how that thing (pointing to a watering

cart) leaks. Why, the blamed fool won't

pocket and ran home with it."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed little Johnny,

twist of life to be absurdly identical.

and-well, I've tried and failed."

and took her hand.

mother can ask or give."

La worth y of haritt

"every he ar of my life."

placed by its exact coposite.

all the remainder.

brothers and sisters.

they resemble one another.

Science Monthly,

his mouth, I guess."

New Haven's finest.

"What's the fun, stranger?"

Transcript.

mais.

both."

heart on his marrying Grace Lathrop-

looking."

VOLUME XXII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1888.

NUMBER 38.

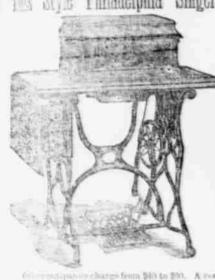
our paper before you stop it, if stop one but scalawags do otherwise.— twag—itte is too short. FISO'S CURE FOR ONSUMPTION believe Piso's Cure Consumption saved n. N. C., April 23, 1887. The BEST Cough Medime is Piso's CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c. CONSUMPTION

UNDERTAKER. HOME AND CITY MAD URNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, OUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES CHAIRS. Mattresses, &c., 1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE. ALTOONA, PENN'A cens of Cambria County and all wishing to purchase honest FURNI-

E. Ar. at honest prices are respectfully

ce as we are confident that we can hes the very lowest. [4-16-80-tt.] ONLY \$20. This Style Philadelphia Singer.



seled offselements with each machine. Also in Ruffler, Juliason Tucker, and ber of Four and a finales, 15 DAYS' TRIAL WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.

C. A. WOOD COMPANY. ill north 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

other Born or Luxue Paers cell substant persons almost grant

> DAVID E FOUTE Proprietor. EAUTIMORS, MD. For values DarVisoN's Drug Store.

CATAREN -ELIS-MY FEVER DE a particle is applied into each noutrile and is-

GREAM: BALM Cleanses the Naant Passages, Atlays Pain and Infinnsmation, Henly the Sores, Restoresthe and Smell.

agreeable. Price to cente at Druggiete; by mail registered, Science. ELY BROS., 36 Warren St., New York.

Kemp's Manure Spreader



other, all things considered.

PIANO-FORTES. Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability. WILLIAM HNABE & CC.

Stand 2.5 West Baltimore Street, glatimore, Petth Avenue, New York.

WANTED YOUNG MEN A LEARN TELEGRAPHY. SMER MAN TELEGRAPH CO., Oberlin, C



The powder never varies. A marvel of purity

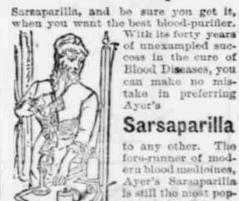
than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only a cost. Royat, Haniso Powder Co., 100 Wall St., New York. CURE

sannoring complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVES PILLS ARE VOLV SMAll CARTER-MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Doss. Small Price.

Ask For Ayer's



5

when you want the best blood-purifier. With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Aver's

Sarsaparilla to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines. Aver's Sarsaparilla Is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never besitate to recommend it." - George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Inst. "I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfac-tion."—L. H. Bush, Des Momes, Iowa. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Aver's Pills. are the best selling modicines in my

store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill. "We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it whon asked to name the best blood-purifier." - W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio. I have sold your medicines for the

last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. There is nothing so good for the youth ful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."-R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis. "Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in

stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."-C. F. Calhoun,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

MATURE'S AFLIBLE REMEDY CURE FOR For Nick Stomach.
For Torpid Liver,
Billous Headache,
Continues. CONSTIPATION, TATTANE'S Effervescent Seltzer Aperient. te. It can be n to cure, and it cures purgatives your chilen to take them, always so this elegant phar-

DYSPEPSIA which has been for more than forty years a public than the public

renovaes for the vale of Norsery Stock! Steady reployment guaranteed. SALARY AND EX-ENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. HASE BROTHERS COMPANY. YOU CAN FIND THIS

REMINGTON BROS. IRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE. face puckered up and worked curiously as be gratefully accepted the gift for Jerry's

THE "LADY GODIVA." It happened that one summer, a few

years ago, I found myself traveling up the Barwon River, just where it commences to form the boundary between Queensland and New South Wales. The weather was terribly hot and feed for horses scarce, so that I was only too glad to accept the invitation of a hospitable settler, an old acquaintance in digging days gone by, to stay and "spell" for a week or two, while my horses put on a little condition in his well-grassed paddocks. My friend had only recently taken up ground on the river; but his next and nearest neighbor, old Tom Dwyer, who resided about five-and-twenty miles away, was a settler of many years' standing; and it was from him that, toward tho end of my stay, came an invitation to the wedding festivities of his only daughter, who was to be married to a young cousin, also a Dwyer, who followed the occupation of

As Bray and myself rode along in the cool of the early morning-the womenkind and children having set out by moonlight the night before in a spring cart-he gave me a slight sketch of the people whose hearty invitation we were accepting. "A rum lot," said my old friend, "a rum

lot, these Dwyers. Not had neighbors by no means, at least to me. I speak as I find; but people do say that they come it rather too strong sometimes with the squatters' stock, and that young Jimilm as is goin' to get switched-and old Tom, his uncle, do work the oracle at ween em. I mind, not so long ago, young Jim he starts up north somewhere with about score head o' milkers and their calves, nd when he comes back again in about ix mouths he fetched along with him over 300 head o' cattle! 'Increase' he called 'em -ha, ha! A very smart la [is Jim Dwyer; but the squatters are getting carefuller now; and I'm afraid, if he don't mind, that he'll find himself in the lows some o' these flue days. He's got a nice bit o' a place over the river, on the New South Wales side, has Jim, just in front o' Fert Dwyer, as they call the old man's camp. You could a most chuck a stone from one house

to the other." So conversing, after about three hours' steady riding through open box forest country, flat and monotonous, we arrived at "Fort Dwyer"-or Doe-wyer, as invaribuilding, constructed of huge, roughly squared logs of nearly fireproof red coolsbul, or swamp gum, and situated on the verge of the steep clay bank, twenty feet below which glided sullenly along the sluggish Earwon, then nearly half a "ban-A hearty welcome greeted us, and the

inevitable "square face" of spirits was at once produced, to which my companion did justice while pledging the health of the company with a brief 'Well, here's luck, lads!" For my own part, I paid my respects to an immense cask of honey beer which stood under a canopy of green boughs.

There must have been fully 100 people assembled, and the open space just in front of the house was crowded with burgies, springwagons, wagonettes, and even drays; but the great center of attraction was the stock yard, where Jim Dwyer was breaking in to the side-saddle a mare, bought in one of his recent trips "up north," and intended as a present for his bride.

The rails of the great stockyard were erowded with tall, cabbage tree-hatted, booted and spurred "Cornstalks" and "Ramana men" (natives of New South Wales and Queensland respectively); and loud were their cries of admiration as young Dwyer on the beautiful, and to my eyes, nearly thoroughbred black mare, cantered round and round, while flourishing an old riding skirt about her flanks. "She'll do Jim quiet as a sheep." My word she'll carry Aunie flying." "What did yer give for her. Jim?" "A reg'lar star, an' no mistake!" greeted the young man, as lightly jumping off, he unbuckled the girths and put the saddle on the slip

I fancied that, as the young fellow came forward to shake hands with Bray, he looked ameasily and rather suspiciously at me cut of the corner of one of his black eyes. My companion evidently observed it also, for he said laughingly: "What's the matter, Jim? Only a friend of mine. Is the in ra on the cross?' And did you think he was a 'trap'?" "None of your business, Jack Bray," was the aurly rapiy. "Cross or square," she's mins till some one comes along who

can show a better right to her, an' that won't happen in a hurry."
"Well, well," replied Bray, "you needn't get crusty so confounded quick. Butshe's a pretty thing, sure enough. Let's go and knye a look at her."

Everybody now crowded round the mare, praising and admiring her. "Two year old, just," exclaimed one, looking in

her mouth. 'Rising three, I say," re-plied another, "And a clean skin and unbranded," ejaculated Bray, at the same time passing his hand along the mare's That's a disease can soon be cured," said Dwyer with a laugh. "I'm going to clap the J. D. on her now. Shove her in

otte, boys, while I go an' fetch the hat mare's a thoroughbred, and a to laset, and she's 'on the cross' d back toward the house. 'She's shock; and though she ain't fireunder the sain just below the wither; I felt it quite plain, and I wouldn't wonder but there's a lot mere private marks on her as we can't see."
"Do you think, then," I asked, "that young Dwyer stole her?"

Likely enough, likely enough," was "But if he did, strikes me as we'll hear more about the matter yet."

Just at this moment shouts of "Here's
the parson!" "Here's old Ben!" drew our
attention to a horseman who was coming along the narrow track at a slow canter.

As Rev. Ben disengaged his long legs from the stirrups, the irrepressible old Dwyer appeared with the greeting cup—a tin pint pot half full of rum—which swallowing with scarcely a wink, to the great lowing with scarcely a wink, to the great admiration of the lookers on, the purson, commending Jerry to the care of his bost, stalked inside, and was soon busy at the long table, working away at a couple of roast ducks, a bam, and other trifles washed down with copious draughts of hot tea, simply telling "Annie" that "she had better make haste and clean horself, so that he could put her and Jim through, as he had to go to Bullarora that evening to bury a child for the Lacies.

to bury a child for the Lacles.
It was all over at last. Solemly "old Hen" had kissed the darkly finshing bride, and told her to be a good girl to Jim-solemnly the old man had disposed of another "parting cup"; and then while the women kind alled his saddle bags with the women that alled his saddle bags with cake, chicken and ham, together with the generous half of a "square face"-or large, square sided bottle-containing his favorite squares beverage, old Dwyer, emerging from one of the inner rooms, produced a piece of well-worn bluish, inted paper, known and appreciated in ose regions as a "biney," at sight of which the parson's eye glistened, for soloan acress such a liberal doucer as a 5 note, but as old Dweer said: "e like this one often have a

you, Ben, old man. We're pretty well in just now, an' I mean you shall remember it. An' look here, Jerry's getting pretty poor now, an' I know myself he's no chicken, so you'd better leave him on the grass with us for the rest o' his days, an' I'll give you as game a bit o' horse flesh ever stepped; quiet, too and a good acer. See! the boys is a saddlin him up The old preacher's grim and wrinkled

sake, his constant companion through twelve long years of travel incessant through the wildest parts of Queensland; and with a parting injunction to "the boys" to look after the old horse, he, mounting his new steed, started off on

his thirty-mile ride to bury Lacy's little The long tables, at which all hands had Intermittently appeared their hunger throughout the day, on fowls, geese, turkeys, sucking pig, fish, etc., were now cleared and removed, a couple of concer-tinas struck up, and fifteen or twenty couples were soon dancing with might and main on the pine boarded stoor. Louder and louder acreamed the con-certinas, faster and faster whirled the panting couples, till nearly midnight, when "supper" was aumounced by the ound of a great bullock bell, and gut into he calm night air trooped the Scarcely had the guests taken their eats and commenced, amidst jokes and laughter, to attack, a fresh and substan-tial meal, when a furious banking from a pack of about fifty dogs announced the dvent of strangers, and in a minutemers three horsemen in the uniform of the Querusland mounted police, rode up to the

What's all this about?" exclaimed old Dwyer. "We're all honest people here, naister, so you can put up your pistol. Tell us civilly what it is you're wantha', au' we'll try an' help you. but don't come it too rough. You ought to be 'shamed o' rourself. Don't ye see the faymales." Can't help the females, retorted the sergeant sharply. "Thaven't ridden 400 miles to play points to a lot of women. I want a man named James Dwyer, and by the description, yonder's the man himself"—pointing at the same time across the table to where sat the newly made

'What's the charge, cargent?" asked old Dwyer, coolly. "Herse stending," was the reply: "and here's the warrant, signed by the magis-trate in Tambo, for his apprehension." I was sitting quite close to the object of these inquiries, and at this moment I heard young Mrs Dwyer, while leaning across toward her husband, whisper something about "the river" and "New South Wales," and in another moment head over heels down the steep bank rolled the recently created benedictinte the curous and cool auptial couch of swiftly Sawing

reddish water, which he breaked wit

ease, making nearly a straight line for the other bank, distant perhaps a couple of hundred yards. The troopers, drawing their revolvers, ismounted, and running forward, were about to follow the example set by their superior, who was taking steady sim at the swimmer, perfectly discernible in the clear meonlight, when suddenly half a THE PARTY AND encircled the three representatives of law and order, as the women, screaming like a lot of curiows after a thander storm, clasped them in their embrace.

Young Mrs. Dwyer herself tackled the sergeant, crying: "What! would you shoot a man past for a bit of horse swenting? Leave him go, can't you. He's over the border now in New South Wales, mare and all, and you can't touch him even if you were there."

Just then a yell of triumph from the scrub on the other shore second to youch encircled the three representatives of law

scrub on the other shore seemed to rough for the fact and was answered by a dozen sympatistic whoops and shouts from the alore mentioned "Cornstalks" and "Panana men," who crowded along our side of the river.

of the river.

The sergeant struggled to free himself, and his fair antagonist unwound her arms, saying "Come, now, sergeant, sit down peaceably and cat your supper, can't you! What's the use of making such a bother over an old scrubber of a mare?" "An old scrubber of a mare!" repeated the sergeant, aghast. "D'ye think we'd ride this far over a scrubber of a mare?

Why, it's the Lady Godiva he took; old Why, it's the Lady Godiva he took; old Stanford's race mare, worth five hun-dred guiness, if she's worth a penny. Bether me, if he didn't take her clean out of the stable in Tambo, settling night, af-ter she'd won the big money! But there, ter she'd won the big money! But there, you all know as much about it as I can tell you, that's plain to be seen, for I never mentioned a mare; it was your own self, I do believe; and I'll have kim, if I have to follow him to Melbourne. Just got married, has he? Well I can't help that; he shouldn't go stealing race mares. Well, perhaps you didn't know all about it," went on the sergoant, in reply to the observations of the Dwyer family as regarded, their knowledge of here the as regarded their knowledge of how the young man had become possessed of the mare. "But," shaking his hard set tentiously, "I'm much mistaken i" of this crowd hadn't a pretty send idea that there was something cross about her. However," he concluded philoso, bically, "it's no use crying over spilt milt. I'll have to rise over to G—at daylight—that's snother forty miles—and get an extradition warrant out for him. He might just as well have come quietly at first, for we're bound to have the two of It was now nearly daylight, and our party set out on their return bome, leav ing the troopers comfortably noted at table, while just below the house, in a bend in the river, we could see, as we passed along, a group of men burlly engased in saiming a mob of horse-among which was doubtless the Lody Godiva herself-over to the New South Walesshore, where on the bank plainly to be discerned in the early dawn, stood the tall form of her lawless owner.

"How do you think it will all end?" I asked Bray.
"Oh," was the reply, "they'll square it,
most likely. I know something of that
Stenford; he's a bookmaker; and if he

ets back the mare and a check for £50 or 2100, to cover expenses, he'll not trouble "Yes. But the police?" I asked.
"Easier squared than Stanford," answered Bray dogmatically. That this "squaring" process was suc-ce sfully put in force seemed tolerably pertain; for very shortly afterward I read

that at the autumn meeting of the N. Q. J. C., the Lady Godiva had corried off the lice a share of the money, and I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer in one of Cobb & Co.'s conches, about 500 miles distant, thence to sarud month or so in Sydney, Jim as his wife informed me, having done throughly well out of a mob of cattle and horses which he had been traveling fer sale through the colonies; so had determined to treat himself and the "missis," for t e first time in their lives, to a look at the big smoke."
"That was a great shinest our wedding,

wasn't it?" she asked, as the coachma gathered up the reins preparatory to a fresh start. "But"—and here she insped her husband on the head with her parasol—"I look out now that he don't go sticking up any more Lady Godivas." "That's so," laughed Jim. "I find that I have my hands pretty full with the one I collared the night you were there. I doubt sometimes I'd done better, to have stuck to the other one; and as for temp-" Here Jim's head disappeared temp..." Here Jim's head direppeared anddenly into the interior of the each; crack went the long whip; the horses plunged, reared and went through the usual performance of attempting to the thomselves up into overhand knots, then darted off at too speed on their sixte-in mile stage, soon disappearing in a cloud of

Bunyan's Gentus. We hear that Bunvan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Japanese, and that it is illustrated in a very curious way, by native artists. Christian has a close shaven Mongolian head, Van-ity Fair is a feast of lanterns, with all the popular Japanese amusements, the dun-geon of Giant Dispair is one of those large wooden cages well known to Eastern criminals, and the angels waiting to receive the pilgrims on the further side of the bridgeless river are dressed after the latest Yokohama fashions in the gorgeous costumes and head-dresses of great Jap-anese ladies. It is the best of proofs of Bunyan's genius, that his work is found so truly human, as to adapt to the sentiments and associations of men in all lands and climes.

LOTTIE'S SURPRISE.

It had blown a perfect hurricane all day, and early in the afternoon the snow had commenced to fall, increasing in violence until at six o'clock when Lottle started home, the streets were full of drifts, the air a blinding haze, and the

wind flercer than over. "Oh, how good home will look!" she said to herself, pulling her coat collar up about her cars, and tucking her music-roll securely under her arm. "How happy I ought to be that I have it to go to, even if it is only a little room all by myself. What do poor girls do who have none, no work, no home-and no Robert!" Then she laughed shyly to herself and

blushed-a happy rosy blush down inside the coat-collar, and walked faster than Home was quite a distance, but her fleet steps carried her quickly there, and the hall door had flown open in response to ber latchkey, when from somewhere in the darkness near, a voice came- a trum-

"Pity-ch, for the love of God, pity mel "Who are you? Where are you?" asked Lottie, startled, and stopping right where the ball-light shone in her face and daz-

ulous, pleading voice:

rled her eyes. "Here;" and from the shadow behind the door rose a woman's figure-a woman that the next moment also stood in the light, showing a wrinkled, aged face and snow-white | air, covered with a tattered bit of shawl. "I am freezing, starving, and maybe dying. If you have any pity, give me some food and some kind of shel ter," she said, with a sort of famished

"I will-ob, I will! Come in," cried Lottle, her voice quivering, and her eyes shining with the generous plty that flooded her young heart. "I have no place I can take you to but my room on the top floor. Can you climb the stairs?" "For warmth and food? Yes, yes; lead

the way," cried the woman eagerly, looking at the girl with trembling delight lairning in her bright eyes. "I can follow But allo was aged and weak, and the four long flights of stairs were slowly accomplished, Lottle assisting her compan-

ion as well as the narrow staireage would allow, and going very slowly, "This is my room," she exclaimed at last, throwing open the door and leading the panting woman in: "Sit down here, and in two minutes the fire will be nlight. Are you very tired?" The weary woman could only nod as she

sank into the chair Lottie gave, while her young hostess flow about the room. Everything was most exquisitely next, and the little grate-there was no stovela the room, which was made more attractive by this substitute-brushed and polished, was already laid for the fire, and, at a touch from Lottie's matcherackled with ammaing brightness.

"Is not that lovely?" she oried, turnled to her strange visitor. "Now you will soon be warm, and in a few minutes I will make you a cup of tea. Move nearer, won't you?" - ---Apparently speechless with grateful amaze and delight, the woman did as bid, throwing off her wet, tattered showl, and

holding her wrinkled kands over the binze, while her enger eyes a ill followed every move Lottle made. "I am my own housekeeper, you see," continued the girl gayly, as if wishing to make her visitor less timid and more at home. "Here is my little kitchen:" and with a merry laugh she threw open the door of a large closet, showing within two neatly-papered shelves of dishes and ting, while on a small table below stood a litthe single-burner oil-stove. "Here I bake and brew," she went on, lighting the single wick and quickly putting some water to boil in a diminutive tea-kettle; and I am just as harpy and independent as can

"be. How do you like it?" "Like it?" echoed the woman. "Docs !! not look like heaven to me? But are you the world that I know of, said Lettis, taking off and hanging up her things, now that she had all things started, "I would be very lone ome if I had the time,

but I haven't," "Theu you work-you are poss," erled the woman, as though the surroundings were to her suggestive of wesith and

"On yes, I am poor; and yet I am rich, for I have health and strength and sood work," exia Lettle, with a world of thankfulness the Ling her blithe voice. "In the morning I am up early, and arrange my om and fire, and have my little breakfast; then I am away all day as cursory governous and music-teacher in a great house in the city. I never have time to be lonescore, and I am your happy." -

The women turned her eves to the dr. ngain, and as she steadily and allestly watched the dancing flames. Lottle seized the enpertunity of looking at her closely. when the woman turned, almost sharply, "You were studying me. What do you

"Oh-why-I-I was wondering-if you had always been so poor," stammerel Lottle, hourst, but embarrased. The woman laughed, and not unmust-

"No," she said, "I was not. But you are young and I am old, therefore let us talk of you and not of me. Tell me, do you always intend to live slone-don't you want to marry?" A wave of colour, like the warm that to a sex-shell, covered Lottle's awest face. -"I am going to marry very soon," sho said after a moment. ---"Are you? And do you mindtelling me about it-and him?" questioned the

"he is teaching German and French to the children that I am nursery governess to, and we meet there very often. I know he is good and noble, because because 1 do. He shows it in every look and act." "And you love him?" "Ab yes! Yes, indeed!"

Something in the sweet purity and rapt expression made the woman turn suddenly away and wipe her eyes. And then nothing more was said by either until the dainty supper of tea, tonet and erg was cooked by Lottie and placed before the woman on a little tray, covered with a wern but snowy napkin. Then suddenly same the question: What are you going to do with me tonight-turn me out?" "Oh no, indeed. You shall sleep on my

bed, and I can make a pallet here by the

fire. My bed is out of sight now," she added, with a laugh, as the woman looked around inquiringly. "I like to have my room a sitting-room; 'so, if anyone comes to see me I fold up my bed into a lounce. and put all my toilet things behind that pretty curtain, and that leaves me a little rior, you see. Isn't it pleasant !! The old woman's face was a mystery as she looked and listened. The thin lips continually twitched, and the eyes, with ell their sharpness gone, filled again and ngain with tears. But she asked no more

Lottle ate her own supper, then went into the closet, took down the tiny dishpan, poured out her water that had been heating while they ate, then put out and set back the little stove, and quickly cleaned up all signs of supper, working I have a drop left when he gets home." . I followed by his wife, and as the three en-

STILL A DEEP MYSTERY

In the year 1870 a family named Robiuon removed from Medina county, Ohio, to a farm near Davenport, Iowa. Mr. Robinson made the purchase before his family left Ohio, and bought of a real estate agent in Davenport. It appeared that the farm had changed hands several times within a few years, and that the last owner had lived on it less than a fort-

There was a good frame house on the place, the barns and sheds were in good repair, and the land was certainly rich

and fertile. Mr. Robinson got the place at what he called a great bargain, and he had few questions to ask about the former owners and why they left.

As the house had been tenantless for several months, there was need of repairs. end, the woman sank back into her seat; Robinson hired a couple of painters, and was with them about the place for three days, all taking board at a near farm words, she sat staring into the fire, a

On the evening of the first day one of the painters went over to the house after a pipe he had left. The time was just after sundown. The kitchen door was not locked, and he went in that way to go up stairs, leaving the door wide open. The door leading from the kitchen to the cellar was shut. The door leading into the sitting room was open. As the painter halted in the kitchen

for a moment to look at the new paper on the walls he heard a sound on the cellar stries which filled him with amazement It was as if some body was walking back ward down the stairs and dragging something which bumped on every step. This noise continued until the bottom step was reached, and then there was a dull blow, a bulf cry, and all was still.

"No, I suppose not; but I did. See here, The painter pulled the door open and asked who v as there, but all was quiet. Like one doubting her senses, Lottie At this same moment the kitchen doer, which he had left wide open, and the sithad stood listening to this strange diating room door, which be had noticed was logue, and even at this peremptory order open, both slammed shut. Then, from "This is my grandmother, Lottle," hesome spot he could not locate, came the gan Robert, as if at a loss how to tell his sounds of sobbing and monning.

The painter had the courage of the average man, but he could not face that, He pulled the back door open and rushed out, all desire for an evening's smoke having been driven from his mind, However, on the way back to the other

ing of his adventure, fearing the ridicule which is always justly or unjustly heaped upon the man who becomes frightened over what he cannot see. His pale face and aritated manner were subjects for ining, and went to the family with a glowing quiry, but he excused himself on the ground of sickness, .

The next morning he wondered if he had really heard what he thought he had.

letter of recommondation from me. He was engaged, he saw my pretty Grace in her home, and I need not tell you how he The more he thought of it the stronger He also saw you, and I could never repeat became his conviction that he was the victim of some temporary hallucination. To all his love runpsodies. I was chagrined prove or disprove this he put up a job on that my choice had been found at fault, and determined to discover flaws in his, his comrada by borrowing his kalfe and leaving it on the slil of one of the win-She paused there, and rising suddenly, dows. He took notice as they ouit work went to amaged and bewildered Lottie, that every door in the lower part of the couse was shut, After supper the painter asked for his "Robert, the girl you love is worthy all

knife, as was expected, and when told you have sald and believed of her. She is where it had been left he set out for the a pure, true, noble girl with a heart that ouse. He entered also by the back door, you or any man must strive hard to be The knife was in the sitting room. worthy of. Take her, with the warmest As he crossed the kitchen, the sitting blessing your crusty, doubting grandroom door, which he saw was shut, was Tenderly Robert clasped the hands violent, y sponed. The painter stopped in placed in his, and drew her to his breast.

his tracks, believing at first that some tramp was in the house. After half a minute the door shut with a slam and the cellar door flew open. Then came the sounds which the other had heard, and as they died away the back door shut to with a bang. The man, as he readily acknowledged, placently as she sat down by the fire flew out of the house with his hair on end. gain. "I'm old and sick-looking, and of course the child never guessed I was Not being so fearful of ridicule, he re-

turned to the other house, called his companion out, and related his adventure. When they came to compare notes they agreed that the bonsewas baunted. There was no wind stirring to operate the doors in that manner, and if there had been, how could the coise on the stal's and the monns and robs be explained? It was ngreed to say nothing to Robinson or

others, and this compact was held to. The wask in hand was finished the next day, and the men went home, Robinson at the same time leaving for Ohio to bring on his family. What occurred after the family reached

the farm is gleaned directly from Robinson and his wife, and, in the light of all remnistrees, must be taken for truth. The horselold goods were teamed out, and sa they got there late in the afternoon the family were invited to remain at their neighbor's over night. This was the same farmer with whom Robinson and the psinters bed stopped. After supper Robinson, his boy, 12 years

id, and a son of the farmer, two years uger, went over to the house to unbox and unpack some of the goods, taking a couple of caudles along. It was not yet dark when they reached the house and he boys started out to make a tour of the

They had been up stairs about five minutes when they came rushing down in greater it ment, declaring that they had search a woman crying. Robinson houghed at the lifer, telling them to took more carefully and they would find a cat. The hals refused to have the room in which he was t work, but he was busy and paid no articular beed to them. It was midsummer, and the evening

was without a breath of air to move a leaf. Rabinson had passed into the parlor with margini of goods, and the hoys stood by m open box in the kitchen, when the cel lar door suddenly opened. They ran screaming into the parlor, and their terror was so manifest that Robinson was for he months unperved. He was sure that the cellar door had been shut for an hour, and when he walked out and found the door wide open, he was, to say the least, greatly extenished. It might be some one from the other house playing them a trick. He took a candle and went down to the ellar, but it was empty of any living thing. He fluxly concluded that the door had not been fully shut, and that some movement of the boys had opened it, and as nothing further occurred he worked for as hour, and went away laughing at the boys who hugged him so closely. far settled that the family occupied it

During the next day the house was so after suppor. Everybody being tired out y the day's work, they were off to bed at in early hour. There was a bedroom off the Litten, and in this the boy slept. There wis another of the sitting room, and this was occupied by the parents, while the laughter, a girl of 17, slept up stairs. Rebinson saw to it personally that all

the doors were locked. There was no lock on the cellar door, but he saw that it was hut. The two bedroom doors were left men, as also the door between the sitting Nothing whatever occurred to start any one until about 10 o'clock. The Loy was fast asleep, Mrs. Robinson snoring,

and Robinson was during off, when the

cried cut that she had heard the sounds

The father ridiculed it, but while he was

spen ing the sitting room door shut with

a bang. He sprang out of bed to open it.

of a woman morning and sobblag.

tered the kitchen the bumpety-bump began on the stairs and finished off with a blow and a stiffed cry at the bottom. This cry awoke the boy from his deep

Business items, first insertion 10c, per line; each

subsequent insertion 5c, per line.
Administrator's and Executor's No does.... 2.50
Auditor's Notices...... 2.00

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, and communications designed to call effection to any matter of limited or individual interest

Jos function of all kinds neatly and expedit-ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you lorget

Stray and similar Notices....

Advertising Rates. The large and reliable circulation on the Cax

sideration of advertisers, whose favors will bein serted at the following low rates:

1 year ... 6 months...

" 1 year

1 year...... 5 months.....

Robinson was an old soldier and a limpe man, and he did not hesitate a moment to begin an investigation. He lighted a lamp and went down to the cellar, and then he made a trip up stairs, but he could not discover the slightest cause for the mysterious sounds, let alone the carlous manner in which the doors had operated. The rest of the family retired to bed, but he wied his revolver and sat up all night, fully determined on solving the mystery.

Nothing further occurred, however When morning came he tried hard to onvince himself that everything had come about from natural causes-a cat in the gerret, rais in the cellar, a draught of air, r something of the sort. His family tried and to agree with him, but they were so timid that none of them would go up stnirs or down cellar alone.

After supper of the second night, Robuson made a careful Inspection of the cullar. It was an ordinary farm-house cellar, lighted by two windows, and contained nothing but an empty box and a few stone jars. He inspected the garret, and he found it entirely empty. He sounded the various walls, but there were no hiding places he could discover. No one went to bed. The cellar door

was shut, the sitting-room door left open. and two lumps were left burning. At 9 o'cleck Robinson went upstairs done, determined to investigate the mysterious sounds, which seemed to start there. He sat for half an hour alone in the dark, when the sobbing and monning suddenly began. There could by no mis-

take. The tones were those of a woman, who seemed to be pleading and grieving. They had not continued above two minutes, and Robinson had not yet i cated them as coming from any particular spot, when he heard a doordown stairs slam to, and the wife and children screamed out in terror. He hastened down. The sittingroom door was shut. He opened it, The ellar door was wide open. The sounds on the stairs began and ended as usual, and Mrs. Robinson was so worked up that she

fainted away. The next day Robinson took his family to a country hotel a few miles away, hired a sturdy young fellow to go back with him, and passed two nights in the house. On the first night the noise came at half-past 8 o'clock; on the second not until after 10. Robinson acknowledged that after the noises reased on the second night both left the house and slept in the larn. He packed up his goods and lived in Davenport for several months, or until he

had a chanca to dispose of the farm. It was his policy to keep the matter quiet, but, among the few who heard of the strange proceedings, were two men who one day accompanied him to the farm and wave the cellur a careful looking over. In one corner was found a spot where the earth had been at some time dug up, as it to bury some large object, but they dug down several feet without making any discovery.

It was intended to remain in the house all night, but as darkness fell Robinson's companions weakened, and all left the The farm was sold to a Swede, but, before he was ready to move in, the house

burned down one night, and nothing further was ever learned of the great mys-

DON'T BE PUSHING. Mrs. Sherwood Cautions American Girls Against Being Too Anxlous To Enter

Socioty. In a series of "society" articles appearing in the New York Sun, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood writes:

It seems like an act of supererogation to suggest to an American girl, who has to make her own way in society, that she should not be pushing. And yet there have been young girls with that fault! a girl who is so bent on her own pleasure that she ignores deli acy and toadies the fashionable givers of entertainments, who takes advantage of a generous hostess to gain more favor, who has that auducity which calls itself eccentricity. Such a women may succeed for the moment, but Ler success is not solid.

A girl of whom it is self then she is determed to succeed, and that she does not

much care how, will have a look to be to notoriety but no satisfactory position. There are instincts in the huntidest un-derstanding which will belt both host as and guest where to draw the line. No guest hints to her hostess that she would hke to be invited.

No young girl must take the first steat toward a person socially more presentations than herself. If she is pleasing and well-mannered somebody will find far out. "A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," betrays itself by its tragminee, and is apt to be looked for.

There is, to be sure, a tyranpy in all large cities called the fushionable set, whose elect is to keep somebody else out. These leaders are to be much feared and dreaded, but if a young girl just entering society desires too much to enter this not she will surely be snubbed, for this set-Let the aspirant wait patiently and onltivate a perfect self-respect. The whole nutceratic set will dissolve before her eyes, for such sets disentangle easily.

a sense of humor, will carry a year glady into the best rociety. THE FASCINATION OF A PISTOL.

social cards, but a modest and service courtesy, a givility which is not service,

sephical spirit, the

re will come up a new shuffle of the

The Suicide's Weapon a Means of Temptation to Mondy People. Frank Buckland, when surpeon in the Second Life Guards, was one day called suddenly to an outhouse of the barracks to see a trooper who had put a pistol in

his mouth and blown his brane out. Of course he could do nothing for him. Some time a(terward it struck Backland to see what had become of the pistol the poorfellow had used. The Colonel showed. aim the pistol in the drawer of his writing table, and then wished to know why the doctor inquired about it. He explained to the Colonel that he had an idea. superstitious perhaps—that it would be better to destroy the pistol.

The Colonel laughed at the quaint funcy. which, nevertheless, came too true, for Buckland was called shortly afterward to see the Colouel's servant, who had attempted to kill himself with the very same pistol. He recovered, and Buckland. to attempt his life. The only reason he could give was that he was low-spirited. ete, and in dusting the Colonel's desk to had day after day seen this fatal pistol. and it seemed like a demon baunting him. -Chicago News.

The Emperor of China and His Wives.

The young Emperor of China has just been engaged in the occupation of selecting three ladies as brides from amongst thirty-two assembled at his palace. These are collected from all over Manchuria from certain noble Manchu families, and have travelled some of them for houdreds and even a thousand miles to Pekin to undergo review. The future Empress is first selected, and then two assistants, called the Eastern and Western Empresses. This is the ancient custom of the Empire since the Manchus became its rulers. The Emperor will talte over the reins of power next year,