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VOLUME XXII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1888.

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nonneed.

with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at ping them-

of you up to the present time, and for anything I know you may be rogues or

calm and confident.

my philosophy-what do you think?" "I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch, "perfectly some with you. The value of their labor in the market is ail

support called charity."

"I don't like it, I don't believe it!" said John. "You were cuite right to give the man a shilling. I'd have given him a shilling myself."

DYSPEPSIA terpishers.

Out in the diagram of the strength of t until the arrival of the invalid's early

Mary Sutton select an opportunity the next morning, after breaktast, to speak with John Meade alone.

careful or we shall never be married." berg, Mary." "I am than tiul that you are not," said

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, car Walton on Thames, sat, one evening t dusk, an old man and a young woman. he age of the man might be some eventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiint, blooming tace and active, light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man, but in his eye and in the corn as of als month were the in-dications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not

hard that when a sick undle asks two nephews to come and see him they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will, Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting wite heartiess." h, sra" said Mary.

he. "D'ye think I sha'nt die? I know letter A little more and there'll be an end of old Bally Collett. He'll have left this cirry world for a cleaner—to the press sorrow (and advantage) of his allectionate friends. I ch! give me a glass of the dector's stuff."
The girl poured some medicine into a class and Collett, after having contemp-

be called 'sir' at all. Why, you couldn't more respectful if you were a charitygirl and I a beadle in a gold-lacad hat one of your consens, Mary Sutton, if y a please. I've been your lawful uardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislik-

My poer father often told me how you "is 'iked ceremony," said Mary. "Your poor tather told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent-a capital fellow! Ilis only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Foor Fred! he loved me -I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child-and it isn't every friend would do that "

Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. I on't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, contess you love this

"And what business has a poor sitist to fall in love with my ward." And what business has my word to fell in love with a poor artist? Put that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you full in love with the discreet one the thriving one? Peter Finch-considering he's an attorn y is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's busin as only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas lorever, and not grow rich. Ite's all for art, and truth, and social reform and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in

his carriage and splas , poor John Mende was announced. He had sourcely taken

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews very well."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address, but Peter Finch sat "To put a case, now," said Mr. Collett,

my dear boy, go on :"
"What results from charitable aid?" held at an unnatural level. State Public wrong."
"That's it. Feter!" said Mr. Collett. What do you think of our philosophy,

you Vandal ?"
"Yes," said John, "as the Vandals flew in the face of Lome, and destroyed what had become a folschood and a "l'cor John " said Mr. Collett. "We

bed time parted uncle and nephews for

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest- of our interest. What cession for you to be so violent last night, and contrad et Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finely laughing to himself, John, you must be more "Well, Marv, dear, I'll do my best." said John, 'It was that contourded, l'eter, with his chain of fron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an icoyou offend Mr. Collett you please Mr. Finch.

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard hearted," said Mary just a little, to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John-and you deserve to conquer.

through the gate from his walk. I leave you together," and so saying, she

"What, Meade?" sail Peter Finch, as he entered, "skulking in doors on a tine morning like this! I ve been all through the village. Not an ugly place but wants looking after sailly. Possis shamefully muddy! Figs allowed to walk on the costnath!". "Leadin ! exclaimed John. -

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure, they must endure?" "Exactly so," said Feter. Mr. Co left this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nophews in his bed room. They found him propped up by pil-

see; brought to an anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do asmuch for themselves. I believe, as do fora can do for them; they're all in the dark to gether the only difference is that the patients grope in English and the doctors rope in Latin. You are too skeptical, sir," said John

Mende. "Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to day, and I don't know how to act about your consin, I man Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oil

"An oliman!" exclaimed John. thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends! What have I to do with her mister-

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch; "no notice ought to be taken of her, She made an obstinate and unworthy match-and let her abide the consequences !"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.
"Upon my word, I think I must say
the same," said John Meade, braving
hupself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the comequences—as you very properly remarked, tinch. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."
"That does not alter the question, said Peter Linch. "Let Briggs' family

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Iriggs' family are the people to do something for her. She mus at expect anything from us - must she, John?"
"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too? Why, this is mother case, sir. You surely ought to notice her-to assist her. Confound it, I'm

year." John, John! What a breakvery different mon. Good-bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I li think over all you have said.

He pressed their hands and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak the next day, and, in three

men of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequesth to my niece, Fmma Priggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her tainly by marrying an othman, the sun of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could ever find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter."

John Mea le smiled and Peter Finch ground his teeth-but in a quiet, respectable manner.

weinen should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly onspiered the fact that society practicaltiving I here y bequeath to Mary Set-ton, the only daughter of my old friend, Fred. Sutton, the sum of ten thousand noun's, which will enable her to marry. or to remain single, as she may prefer. John Meals gave a proligious start up in hearing this and Peter Linch

The man of busin as went on with his "I have pold some attention to the cherefor of my nephew; John Messie, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthroplay and with a general preference for I releasedly to-night. Go and see who whatever is noble and true over what I and what they are." Colonel Bergmann whatever is noble and true over whatdencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world. I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds -- hopin : that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and he enabled to paint his great historical picture, which, as yet, he has Mary, "but an iceberg floats think of | only talked about.

hardly raspe table. Both, Lowever, by a

violentic ort, kept silent.

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he do s not rejuire; yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hops that he will accept a bequest of five undred pounds towards the completion

How Peter Finch stormed and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton criest first, and then laughed, and then cried and laughed together -all these matters shall not attempt to des ribe. futton is now Mrs. John Meade; and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture, Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills an I bringing actions on them, and drives about in his brougham already. -

ONLY A CHORUS GIRL.

Leaf from the Life of an Opera Finger.

A group of girls stood at the stage door of the tirand Opera House at Vienna dking to each other and to the employes passing in and out. Among this number was a beautiful Italian girl named Anna Carolla. "We must sing our best to night," she was saving, "for the Emperor, I am fold, will be here." "An I where did you learn that ?" some

one asked. "From Carl Resenfeldt," the girl onswered with a blush. "There he comes low with his violin," as a handsome Hungarian was seen approaching.

"Yes. The Imperial Genral are now at the entrance. I hope you will do your best, girls." Then he went up to Anna Carolla and said, with a smile : "A: na, dear, I lead the violin to night,

Stendgall is ill." "I am glad for you and sorry for him," alie sai l, laying a soit, white hand conflingly in his. Seeing which some of the members of the company coughed and turned their heads away. The lovers, however, were too occupied to

laimed sufficiently, and they hastened off to take their places-he to his place in the band and she to the dress us room She was soon ready and standing at the wines looking out on the house through a hole in the curtain. How last every place was filling from

floor to gallery! The auditor un was one blace of splendor; and as she gazed, the poor, friendless chorus singer whose cramatic trient and splended voice ought, if she had only the fortune to get the first filt, to place her high on the levie stage wondered sadly if such hance would ever come to her! If not, Carl's father would never consent to And now the whole house role on the

dressed, ghttering with juwels of rarest value, which flashed a thousan't rays as he bowed right and left with his usual courteous grace. Then the band struck up the everture, and with the last bar the curtain drew up. Flitting here an I there during the per-

second act soon commenced, but Fats had decreed that it should never be played out that night. Half way through, as the manager, pleased and completent, was quietly standing back in one of the wines, he saddenly felt his arm grasped. and surged sharply to see Anna Caro a slovely face, so full of determination and character, at his side. "Hush !" she said very low and quist-

ly: "make no exclamations, but go and see to it before it gains or is descovered. The theatre is on fire somewhere bad of the green-room. The company can leave by the stagesdoor. Sand the callmy to tell the doorkeeper to order each one as they pass out to depart quickly. will clear the house quietly."
"You do that!" "Yes, here is the boy; sen! him, and

clear out the company; I will do my The manager blindly obeyed the strong will and steady purpose of the master-nant, as people in emergency generally do, whatever their relative positions in the world. Anna Carolla passed on to the stage, an I alvancing at once to the toollights,

ste al for one moment her tall commanddinchingly facing the crowd, meeting full even the astonished gare of the Em-peror bimself, and the wondering look of her lover in the orchestra below her, Then she said, in a voice not loud, but clear as a bell, with cool, steady authority in every measured accent: "I am here by the manager's orders.

His Imperial Majesty has been robbed to night of a rare diamond, and the thief is in this house. Every one," and the speaker's dark eyes swept the audience from gellery to pit, 'is at once to withtempting to remain will be immediately

strang for the found, could hear the wirm han of flames from the back, but unmoved she stepped back, swept a deep obesiance to the audiouco and amperor, and the custain fell. The Emp for instantly left his box, whispering to the gentleman to whom he had before pointed out Anna Car dia:

"There is something behind all this, I am not robbed. Sen! Colonel E-rgmann round to summon the manager to our carriage door. Meanwhile the vast crowd filtere I

apidly in quiet or ler and safely out, crushing from which the brave and quick-witted girl had saved them.

smelt the fire and heard the crackling of finition, and hurried wildly, spreading I the alarm. But the terrible cry of fire came to late to do mischief, and once outside, the police and soldiery, under the cool directions of the Emperor hims kept order. And though the flames mounted at first, Anna's timely discovery and energetic measures taken forced the fire under. In less than an hour and a half it was completely drenched out, an I e mutilated opera house left in charge Then, and not till then, did the I'm peror dismount from the horse he had

used and return to his carriage. "Hergmann, see! there goes that Italian girl herself, leaning on the arm of the young fellow who led the band so departed to obey the order and the Emperor drove of. In a next day the whole story was in

A few days later old Herr Rosenfeldt received an official infimation that his gifted son Carl and his financee, Anna Carolla, were both under imperial protection, and their marriage was desired to take place as soon as possible, the Emperor dowering the bride. The manager also received a similar intimation through Colonel Bergmann

that his late chorus singer was to be

reopening as Mrue. Carolla-Rosenfel it. Once more the elite of gay Vienna crowded the Opera House to witness the debut of the new singer as Agata in "I er Freischuetz." The moment she came on she was received with a furor which might well make Carl Rosenfeldt proud of his beautiful young wife, and

if for royalty was her grateful glance and sweeping silute, for him was the smile in the soft, dark eyes that met his for one second. When the curtain fell, the new star was called for and showered with bouquets from many a distinguished hand, but from the imperial box was flung one

rare value and beauty. "That fire has made our fortune, Carl," his young wife said, smiling, as they drave home. --"vay, Anna, your own courage and quietness," answered Carl Hosenfeldt. That was a diamond rarer than the

"But you ought to give the boy chance," said I r. Dornfield. : --"I believe in making an example of such young men. Edward Arkwright was the only one who knew where I kept that pocketbook, and it has disaped," and Mr. Harrington pursed his hin hips and shook his head sadly. "And will you go to law about it?"

o, I shan't do that, His father was a good friend of mine. I'll dismiss him simply from my employ."

Im sorry for him," said Dr. Dornfield, simply, and then drove on to see his

next patient. Bolly Bornfield in the meantime was scated by the cottage door, paring peaches and looking now and then up and She began to hum a bar of a tender when Edward Arkwright stepped out of the shadow and confronted

"Polly !" he called. She paused and looked up, with a smile on her face. "Ob, it's you, eh?" "Yes. I was afraid you wouldn't speak to me," he faltered.

"And why not?" ! with wondering CYCS. Because people think me a thief." "I should as soon believe that Mr. Harrington stole his own pocketbook-the cross-grained, offousoid wretch!" Thank you for that, Dolly," gasped the young men, advancing hurriedly to her, and pressed his lips to the dimpled

back of one white peach-stained little hand. I olly snatched it away with redden-"Mr. Arkwright!" ing checks.

Forgive me, Dolly; but I am going abroad to-morrow." "Is that any reason that you should "Polly, I love you!" he faltered.
"You have carried my heart dangling in that same little band these many

ch," said the maiden, looking intently down at her peaches, "that's quite another affair. How can I help that." "Won't you say that you love me a little, Dolly?" he pursued, growing red and white in the intensity of his emotion. "Won't you give me a morsel—the merest crumb—of hope to live on while I am gone?" "'o, I won't," said Dolly, tossing her pretty head. "How rigiculous all this

"At all events, Dolly, you cannot prevent my loving you. I shall carry that love in my heart wherever I go until I hear that you have given yourself to some other man."
"You will do nothing of the kind!"

finshed out Polly Dornfield, indignantly. "I will not allow it." There are some things, Polly, that even you have no power to alter," said young Arkwright, sadly. Good-bye?" She heard his footsteps crushing down the honey-swert blossoms of the white clover. She heard him scale the mossy stone wall through the tuninituous beatings of her own heart. And then she sprang up, scattering the red freight of peaches right and left into the grass. "Adward -Mr. Arkwright !"

But it was too late - he was gone. "Well, papa is there any news?" said Dolly, her usual nightly question, as she sat down opposite the doctor to pour out

"Why, yes," said the doctor, taking a mighty swallow. "At least I suppose you gossips ___ n . . "Would call it news," went on the old gentleman. "Harrington has found his

Dolly fairly jumped to her feet. "Found it, papa!" "Or rather it has been returned to him. It was in the pocket of an office coat he had sent to the tailor's to have lined and revamped over generally. The tailor had a reat many orders on hand and some ow mishaid the coat until yesterday, when he had commenced to rip it up. And there was the pocketbook un-

"It was a lucky thing that the failor was an honest man," said Dolly breath-"Why yes, rather so-for young Arkwright. Foor loy! and we all suspected him wrongfully. "I never did, papa," sparkled out Ten years had passed over the peaceful

little village since the tongue of general

rumor was nife with the story of Edward

Ark wright and Lawyer Harrington's missing pocketbook before Edward Arkwright came back again. No longer the slender, boyish-looking young fellow, struggling against the intangible shadow of a great suspicion, but a portly, bearded, bandsome man, with the prestige of wealth and the title of "Jurige" before his name.

'I saw him myself, Dolly," said Mrs. Jenkinson, talking to Miss Dornfield alout the all-engrossing topic. For the do tor's dang ter had not married, much to the estonishment of all the village, and remained Miss Pornfield still. "And the prince royal couldn't look more the gentleman. And there's a party of gay folks with him at the hotel from New York—is the lady he's to be married to." 'llow do you know?" Dolly asked,

rather faintly "They say so," answered Mrs. Jenkinson, satisfied that she had rendered the best possible authority. Folly cried quietly up in her own room that afternoon, just as the twilight was deepening into dark.

would remem er the old days a little.

And Dolly wiped the wet drops from her long eyelashes and went down-stairs to sit in the star-light under the old apple tree where she had pared peaches t. n. ong years ago.

Back, back she went, along the echoing corridors of memory to that self-same

fike a dream, yet such a brief time!
"Polly!" Just as it sounded, then his voice broke on the silence, and once again she

started and colored, and asked herself if this were indeed reality. "Fdward-I beg pardon." Judge Ark-"Never 'Judge Arkwright' to you, Dolly, only 'Edward.' Do you remember the last time we were here togeth-

"Yes," she faltered. -"Do you remember the question I asked you then 2 Dear Dolly, I have come to ask it again. Will you be my And Folly, forgetting all about Miss Ingoldsby, answered: Yes

HER RESOLUTION.

For two years Kitty Ward has been earnestly striving to be good. She de sired, beyon I all things, to be pure in metive, single in purpose. But the result did not satisfy her. To her very great mortification, she was lorded to see that the real obstacle was self-love. The issue of all this was the

"Resolved, With the help of Heaven, I will seek to do good where and in what degree I can, without any thought or hope of reward or return in any Here a pleasant voice from an adjoining room called:

dresses and bring them, with your sweet face, over to Woodlawn. I want to berrow you for a month or two. Below to be to your supply of merry smiles, bright look and winning ways, for the Marceaus, Livingstons and Lees are here. Also, my dear bas blue, bring all your wisdom, for Ursa Major is coming on the last o but learning, and never opens his mouth to a lady save to grown lerhaps ! should explain. By Ursa Major I mean Doctor Randall, the great savant-who,

The second note from a good old Quaker aunt of her father, was in a diferent strain: "MY DEAR KATHERINE: Will thee come and stay with thy old aunt for a few weeks? I am sorely a flicted with rheumatism and quite helpiess. I long for by bright face and cheerful voice.

If thee will come thee will be doing a great kindness to thy affectionate AUST BUTH." Kitty was thoughtful for some time. "Mother, what shall I do?" she asked,

within a week the house was a char-place. Aunt Ruth's good old heart was greatly rejoiced by all this change, and this doctor wondered greatly. He saw the effect and knew kitty to be the cause, but the means were to him a mystery. To the doctor Kitty was a revelation. He thought kitty's beaming face was

like sunshine; her merry laugh like the rippling waters; her voice like sweet melody. He found her never weary of well doing, never seeking her own."
It turned out as Kitty had predicted. Aunt inth grew rapidly better. One day loctor Randali sat in his library alone, his head turied in his hands. Aunt Ruth come softly in. She

saw his look of wretchedness. "Thee ought to be a happy man, Hugh Randall, with these broad lands and the great opportunities to do good. But thee dost not look so." "Aunt liuth, I would give all of the and more, for the one little ewe lamb

"What dost thee mean, Hugh " . "I mean that my selfish heart pines for your I tile Kitty."
"Katharine, she said a moment later, "go to the library; the doctor has need or thee."

"Aunt Ruth says you want me, Doctor "I do want you -I do! What else di! hungry and insatiable? But I did not mean to disturb your happy life-I dinot mean this knowledge to come to Kitty turned her sweet, true face full

Doctor Randall, in all the world there is nothing I would rather have than your she has been his wife now for six

A prominent railroad traffic manager born little cousins, and spoke about 'the Yankees and how different they were from 'us southern people.'
'What,' exclaimed the Mississippi boy,

you talk about a southern boy; you are a Yankee, yourself. 'I, a Yankee,' answered the Chicago I am not a Yankee. That's the worst story you ever told in your life. I am not a Touler, I am a southerner. I am just as much a southern boy as you are.' "Southern boy," ejaculated the other with considerable severity of tone, why,

admitted without further controversy that he was a southern boy.

"Did you save anything out of the wreck?" asked the friend. "Nothing to speak of," replied the honest bankrupt gloomily. "I lost heavily by my own folly," "I know I have been a fool," she so bed to herself; "but I did think he and learned the next day that the credi-"Why, I settled like a fool for 40 cents

Errors of Inexperience.

THAT LETTER.

1 year

Out of the vine-wreathed cottage, over the sweet scent of clover field, down the worn, grassy path, came Bessie Grahum,

with arm, light step.

"Any letter for me to-day?" Bessie asked, as the entered the village post-office and stood at the delivery window. "Yes, one," and the gray haired po-tmaster handed it out with a smile, for the enger, questioning face which called

every luesday had grown quite fami-She took the letter with a quiet, shy "Thank you," and hurned out of the door, never stopping until she had gained

the seat under the great old elm in front 'A latter every week; how well Char-ley keeps his word," she said, as she tore open the thick, white envelope. But suddenly her cherry lips grew white, the roses faded from her checks, and a terrible look of pain came in the "Going to be married to morrow! Ch,

Poor child, she had yet to learn that the world was not so lair, or friends so true as she had partured. Two mouths be one Charley Lorin a thorough man of the world-had sought the little village for quiet and rest. Alessie Craham, with her protty face and praceful ways, had been set as a pearl among the vicingers, and Charley Loring men like could not res at the temp tation of screening out his band, and se-carry the sewel, not caring that it was but to atous bim for an hour. Bessie felt as if all things had come to an end, and the world, which but yesterday looked so bright and inviting, was now closed about with Egyptian dara-

hess. "A letter from Aunt Hester," said her father, coming in one erealing, just after the first snows of Winter had begun to fall; "and she wants you to come and

al resolute apparelle essall edi-A week latter Bessle was at Anat Hester's, where Ben's teasing and the wonders of city life almost co

the month. He cares for nothing earthly | I think Aunt Hester and Ben know all, for they never let her inve an hour number of his trients in to spand the long winter evenings, the of them, more attentive then the rest, and by and by called alone, and Bessie was given over to his special charge at concert, op ra, party, etc.

Poor Bessie! She had said no one could ever touch her heart again, but this strong, honest man, with his great soul shiming out of his clear gray eyes, had wen from her a love far desper than she had ever given Charley Loring. At a reception one evening heart her name pronounced in a quite familiar. Turning about the stood face to face with Charley Loring. bowed coldly and passed on. They met often after that, and one evening he called, under precesse of sleing Ben. hessie was the only one at home, except the servants, and she had to receive

He surprised her before he had been in the parior long by saying: " and "I love you, begin, The looked at him proudly, defaulty. manner-you, with a lawful wife "My wit is dead," he replied, "and I have learned in the last rew weeks that I really love you -have loved you ever since I hade you good by it your bothe.'

". nd I have tearned since then the

falsehood of your yows and learned the

value of the love of one true, honest

man. I am the betrothed of Wither

Wayland. Go, remembering that a

woman's heart is not to be trampled on. She did return to the old home when he violets came again, but it was as Wilber Wayland's wife.

A Full-Length Fortrait of the Great Composer. Mozart, short and thin, had that pule tint which in an artist or writer quently betrays the fatigue of in delicit. efforts and the tempests of thoughts fills limbs were well shaped and the monionsly preportioned; his head, how er, broad and big, was not in keeping with his slender and delicate figure. He was

rather vain of the small size of his foot,

and of his plamp little hands.

He was lively and restless, continually striking chords and execution cates pon an imaginary Instrument, but his congers. so marvellously skilful on the harpsicherd, were singularly ill-suited for anything else. At table, for instance, he could not cut up food without the rick of wounding himself, and it was absolutely necessary for his wife to wait upon him as though upon a child. He was exceedingly particular about his person, and fond of greating with great cire, and displaying the jevels close

to the liberafity of princes. His father used to hough at him for his connerty in this respect, and Clementl, who did not know him, when they met for the fire. time at the imperial court, took him ! a major domo of the palace, so elegat His imagination never rested. Fer reason he preferred bodily exercises do not require the assistance of t

ligence, and which do not intrain of ideas. He was ford of horseback, and of a morning to to fing equestrian excursions, which his plantage of mind rendered dangerous if his steed was shy or hadly trained. At Prague, while writing his "Don Giovanni," he was fond of playing at skittles in bls friend Dussek's garden Scated at a rustic table, he rose when he turn came round, flung the ball, not no skilfully, and sat down again to tils wor :. following the game with one eyo at keeping the other fixed on his music. 1

had, however, a marked predlication to billiards, and was a first-rate player. He was passionately foul of daneits which he studied very successfully. It is said to have executed the minuet in or incomparable style. He housted, how ever, of being a pupil of Vesteis, and me serted most gravely that he was a belie. dancer than composer; honce he never lost an opportunity of exhibiting but

He was an enthusiastic frequenter of balls, and always reserved for binash a ; important part, preferring the of Aris-quin in preference to any other, in the lead-lets performed at parties in Vienna; no frequently traced out the plot and composed the music for them. A Pertinent Question.

Woman (to tramp)-"I can't give you anythin' to eat jest now, but I've got

some pies in the oven, an' if you want to saw wood till they're done, I'll give you a Tramp-"How near are the ples done ma'am?"-New York Sun.

25 and 25 West Baltimore Street, suffiners, FULLPRY or PALLING ore the latest in the recent for and all own for a fraction and a remote, Give Express and Post traction, and I will ster you. 1005, 185 years int., Naw York.

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YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER

IRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he, "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very

"And what does 'Ohsir!" mean ?" said leted it for a moment with infinite dis-

gust, managed to get it down. "I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," mild be, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir,' and 'Hear me,' and the r st of it, when I've tob! you how I hate

"A kind and generous protector you have been!"

penniless nephew of mine.
"Penniless, indeed?" said Mary.
""Ah, there it is:" said Mr. Collett.

. The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch his sest when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was an-

the nature of their visit. At last, stop-"Enough, boys, enough," said he, cuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much

"this morning a poor wretch o' a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a stilling to get rid of him. Now I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had be on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to and when his labor is of no value, why then he must go wherever else he can. Fh, Peter? That's

that laborers can pretend to all that they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous "Hear, hear" said Mr. Collett. onlinued leter. "The value of labor

"Oh, you would would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy,

"to I do!" said John. "Yes, I'll re-member that."

"May I gain my deserts, then?" said Jo'n. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my stuffo, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?" "Ab, how, indeed ?" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming

'I say -vou come out pretty strong last

night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old

man But I like your spirit."
"I have no doubt you do," thought "Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter, "But the world the world, my dear sir-soon cures all our romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miscrable. "What can't be cared must be endured."

lows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual. "Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you

"A vulgar, shocking oliman!" said Mr Collett; "a wreten who not only sold oil but soan, candles, turpentine, black-land and birch brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the family. Her peor grand-mother never got over it, and a maiden aint turn d Methodist in despair, Well, Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it seems, and his widow has written to me. asking for assistance. Now, I have

do something for her."

for letting her have the hundred a down!" said Mr. Collett. "o you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Ara ia, and turned back at the second step! Hero's a brave traveler for yon, Peter. John, John, keep to your ara is I clix, and leave storner ways to

days after that, he calmly breathed his As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of | draw quietly, and in order; any one atbusiness, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterest duess; and the liven as she spoke her car, painfully usual preemble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the

The man of business went on with his "Having always held the opinion that denies the right of earning her own and his testh again-but in a menner

of his extensive library of law-books."

"Is it so the imperor is coming?" they

"Here comes the orchestra!" she ex-

Emperor entered his box, seen ild v

formance, with eyes and ears for every-thing, the manager noticed the Imperial isitor indicating to a gentleman beside him some one in the chorus. It was Anna Carolia, whose beauty had attracted his eye, whose rich voice his ear had caught above and through all the others. The first act went splendilly, and the

g form an I beautiful head drawn erect,

only learning at the door as they were surried away the awful death by fire or The last few to leave the auditorium

t'e Covernment organ, with an intimation, 'inspired,' of course, from that quarter, that Ifis Imperial Majesty hall

graciously cause I in miries to be made

about the young chorus singer. _____

brought forward and advertised for the

in which nestled a costly bra elet, in the centre of which blazed a diamond of

imperial gift.". LOVE THAT LIVED.

following insertion in her diary: "Kitty, love, here are two invitations for you. Come for them."

> by the way, is likewise a great parti. I you. Good-by, denrie.
>
> Cousin Ance." will send the carriage to the station for

"What do you wish, my child?" inkitty wrote a letter full of regrets to Cousin Alice and one of acceptance to Aunt Enth. Kitty came at the appointed time, and

she tell you? That my whole being i crying out for you; that my heart is

months, _ A Youthful Tankee-Confederate's Logic, in Chicago, who is now dead, but who during his life was held in great esteem by his associates, married a southern lady. Their onion was blessed with two or three bright children. One wanter the good lady and her eldest son, then about five years old, were spending a few weeks with some relatives in Mississippi.
While there, the youngster, one day, got into a talk with one of his Mississippi

you were hore in Chicago, and C This would seem to have been a poser; but as quick as lightning the Cnicago Confederate exclaimed, Well, then, I suppose if a kitten was born in an oven it would be a biscuit, would it?" This closed the argument, and it was

tors would have been only too glad to I was my fault, and I must hear it; but | have got 30. I might just as well as not I hope he will be happy with Miss In- have made it 20. "- Burdette.