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cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill. Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY

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A MOTHER'S VANITY.

My brother Folomon's wife is a foot! I've thought so ever since he married her, twenty years or more ago, but I we never said so till now. Now Harry's wife is different, but there! There's no need of my troubling you with all this. I il tell you the story and then you can see yourself. But what under the sun! clomon l'inf-ather ever saw in Jennie Jenkins, I've failed to find out! But there I go again. But she is a feel, it's past denying, and if I hain t said it after what's happened I think I should have burst. But I feel better now an | I guess I can tell the story pretty

About a month ago, I got a letter from Jane. Solomon's wife, telling me that Penelope (that's my name sake) was going to be marrie !, and would I come up and stay with 'em and help 'em get ready for the wedding. Now I do 't love Jane, but I do love little Penelope, and as there was a nice little note from the bi-ssed chi d, as king "dear Aunt l'en," if she wouldn't come, and as she asked it very prettily, I determined to go and help the dear child have a pleas-

Well, after a lide of fifty miles in the cars and two 'a Solomon's carriage for the train I tok was an express and I didn't stop s their vistage, I found my-self at the of homestead. I hadn't been there in ter years, but I was prepared for all the c. anges by the letters little enclope used to write to me every two weeks, but what I wasn't prepared for, we sthe change in Penclope since I had had a visit from her at my own house a x atha before, She looked about as e I ke a prospective brale as anything ever saw, and yet I knew the man she s to marry was well worthy of my envlope, and that is saying a great deal. was struck so with that girl's appear-I was dumb.

Tale and thin and hollow eved, with great deep circles under her eves, she ust looked tired to death. "That girl s oing to be sick, "I said to myself, "I ress I've come to her fen ral instead of "Jor the and's sake, Jane, what ever

I had her alone. "Why? Pen't you see how she

then she's in low you know, an i girls al-ways get pale then," on is claughed her e sy laugh, that i hate so yes, under some circumstances I fairly hate that laugh of hers, and this was one of t so coronnatances; it showed so plain y how blind she was, to I doints y anything more. I saw it was 't any use. But I made up my mind that I d find out what was the a siter with Penelope, and mend it if an 'old maid anut," who isn't suppea d to know my times a out allairs of the hear, could be of any use. Well, Penciope, and I, the next day,

after we had brooklast, 'now I'm all ready, thind ie, scissors, ne die and every thing to he ip in making those woulding clothes." You see I knew ane was full of all sorts of nonsensical vanity, and I selt sure of welling finery and pippery there would be enough and to spare. "Oh, she's all done," sail Jane, "she's been done two months and more. She arried up to as to have pienty of time to make her val. You ought to se her things. Ten show your aunt Penelope

your thing, she sail, pride in every tone of her tole, "she's get six white wrapp rs," telling them of on he fingers, "one o en white skirts, etc. (I. shon t tell you all she had, you'd get as tired of his ming as I did, on him to-morphantive "and Penelope her worlding othes out a hundred collars more then olonel The proms daught r's did, and e s the richest man in the town. And she was agreed with a plain vail, too.
Just wait till you see Pen-lope's." She
turned to go to the kitchen, while l'en ed the way up stairs, very wearily, I However, we went through the cer-

emony of ext ining the things, and I praised If the pretty rows at our me. "I know not what you think, Aunt Pen, and I don't blame you." "What do I think, little Pen?" "You think there is a great deal too

" es. I do." th'ngs, and it was dreadful to sit here st teb, at teb, stitching, all these long, hot lays, met for the sike of saying I had the most things. But mother gave them all to me, and seemed to have the matter so much at heart it seemed ongrateful in me to make any objection. And she served to set on it; she said she only he done done he r, and there would only be one welding in the family, and se may to take it so much to heart that I couldn't resist.) on know what mother is." "Yes I know what your mother is:"

I answered grindy; while I said to my-self; "she's a fool, that's what your "Well, now, Pon. dear, you have a month to rest, We'll have some long talks and lone wellis, and just get ready "O, indeed. I haven't time for any thing of that kin !, Aunt Pen."

"Why not? What is there le't to do? I thou ht every thing was done?" "To every thing is but my vail."
"Well, child, who ever heard of it's taking a month to make a wedding

"Well. I've been at mine every spare minute for two menths, and it isn't nearly finished yet. I m almost airaid that another month won't finish it unless I work at nig to and it tries my eyes. Besides James comes in the evenines, and I'm not toing to put him asi .e for all the anery in the world." "Let me see this vail," I said, solomnly, so we went into the next room and there in a fr me was the lovely filmy lace thing on which this dear gri had been

expending ber time, may, her life, for the past two months. "Is this some more of your mother's "...o," she answered, innocently, "It is every stitch mine, but mother insisted on he said I kn w low to make such lovely lac- then s and that now was the

time, and she seemed so set in the less vail as a part of the 'show,' that I have done it. It is low dy—isn't it?" The child had not understood my question but she had answired me. I s id nothing alout, but I grouned in-wirdly. Here was all I want d to know. I made up my nan I won in't say one word then. The whole thing seemed too pr posterous for words. But I likewise made upany a laid that the first chance I sot I'd take an old maid's privilege of telling Solomon a th n or two, and I'd skewise any a word in season to my reospective nephew. Pd have the thing p.d. if I had to go to the city and thay

I'o sever, l'enelope took matters in her by fini g dead away. The doctor was out for and the case proved typhoid fev r. As soon as James loun | out wrist it was he insisted on being married at o see and sharing in our work. will w s so worke i up, for she really loves Penslope (but I taink she loves finery and disp'avs more,) that she con-

sented pefore she knew it, and for the

past month all four of us, beside the

v namesake a lace vari to gratny her

doclor, goo i old soul! have been fighting with death for that precions girl. She was pronounced out of danger last night,

When I came away Jane threw her arms around me, and cried: "Oh. Pen." she sobbed, "I don't know how I can ever thank you for all you "I don't want any thanks, Jane," I "Suppose we had lost her, Penelope, suppose a le had died?"

I came home to-day.

Oh, well, if sie had died Jane," said, "you'd have had the lace vail. It was nearly finished." Jane gave me one awful look and turned on her heck. She'll hate me now till her dying day. It was the only thing I said about that vail, but it was an awful mean on , I'll allow.

If Penelope had died, I suppose the town would have called it a "dispensa-

tion of Provi ence," and the funeral notice would have read: "Peneiope, daughter of Solomon and Jane Pinteather, of typhold fever." But it should have read : "Penelope, daughter of Solomon and

Jane Pinteather, of her mother's vanity."

A BEAUTY'S BLUNDER.

"Yes, Miss Weston was at home," the page sail; "but she was engaged. She had told him, however, that if any one called," and the boy in buttons looked inquisitiv ly at the elderly lady, dressed with Quaker-like simplicity, whose knock had brought him to the door, "Mss Weston had said that if any one called she was to wait."

"Yes, of course we shall wait," cried Herbert Torrens, who had steyed behind togive some directions to the driver of the brougham, and ran up the steps in time to hear the last word. "You will not a sect, will you, mother? I should be sorry for you to miss seeing Linda this mornin ."

Mrs. Torrens readily assented to this. Not that she was at all eager to make the acquaintance of the beautiful giri with whom her son had tallen desperately in love. But Heroert had entreated it as a faver; although convinced in is own min I that he had found the on y women in existence who could make him happy, he wanted his mother's sanction to their union, and could not resolve to ask inda Weston to be his till he had obtained it

Mrs. Torrens had so often said she should like to see him well married, that he was surprised and disappointed when she demurred at his choice. Yet when asked why, she could not give an answer that sounded entistactory. She had no doubt, she said, that Miss Weston was as lair an i charming as he described her. Others had sung the beauty praises in her ears as enthusiastically as her son. And as good?

Well, Herbert must have patience with her if she declined to express an opinion on that point until she knew the roung lady. The only and motherless daughter of a rich man, who was reported to have let her have her own way in every whim and fancy, her nature innet be 2 fine one indeed if it was not inju ed to some extent by such excessive

"granted that Linda has been a spoiled child, ' argued the lover, "may not her faults be merely such as wid easily conquer as soon as they are pointed out When she has such a wise, kin I friend at her elbow as you will be, my dearest mother, she will prove herself all that

you or I can wish."

If irs Torrens sighed and marveled that in three bort weeks the smiles of a beauty should have cast such a glamour over her ordinarily sensible son, she was too prudent to tell him so. He had begged her to come up to town from her pleasant house on clifton Downs that he might introduce her to Linda, and she had obeyed the request so promptly that she arriv d on the precedling evening and was rea y for the or leal some nours before Miss Weston dreamed of her being in London. The page was ushering the visitors to

the drawing-room, but as they possed the half-open door of saiss Weston a boudoir Herbert Torrens haited there. Now, he secretly detested Mr. Woston's large, overfurnished salon, gamey with golding and satin dunask, and dreade the effect it would have on the more refined tastes of his mother. Surely both she and Linda would meet with more east in the coder apa tment where the young lady spent her morn n s. and

had on one or two occasions received "There is a fire here," he said, hastily, "an I you are apt to be chilly, mother. Miss westen will not look upon it as an

Mrs. Torrens submitted to be led to a chair by the said fire, and her glance slowly traveled around the beauty's bou-

The inspection was not a satisfactory one. Dusty corners, and a general air of untidiness, proved that Miss Weston was not a good housekeeper; in no wellordered houselood would such dirt and disor er have been permitted to reign. "Linda reads a great de d," said Herbert, "and not novels only; I recommended Montaigu's Essays to her, and she tells me she is delighted with them. The book cert only lay on the table, but when Mrs. Torrens picked it up she saw that the leaves were uncut. However, she refrained from pointing this out to her son, who was drawing h r attention to a pi co of delicate embroidery

stret h d in a frame. "You see," he smilingly observed, as he brought it forward for his mothers inspection, "you see, Linda shares your love of worranty occupations. She tells me she is just completing a collar and cuts of Honiton lace which she proposes overing to you; you'll not recuse her

Mrs. Forrens was mute, for her keeper servation had dete ted that the ne-die n the embroatery her son expected her to praise has rusted into it. vexed at har silence, the ardent lover

resented it. "If you have come here projudiced against Miss Weston, it is u eless atto, pang to win your approval of any "Not pre udiced, my dear boy, but unable to belp a eing that you are acting hastily. You met this young lady for the first time only three weeks a.o. can it be possible that in so short a time you have learned to know her well enough to spend your life with her?"

But her hearer's impatience caused Mrs Torrens to pause. Not for words would she give him reason to think her un ust or indifferent to his happ ness; an I laying her hand gently on his arm she changed her tone. "Suppose we r solve to say no more on the subject till I have a a e Miss Weston's acquaintance? I shall be very de opinion of her. Remember, nothing would rieve me more than not to be

a to feel a mother's affection for your 1 ut Herbert was not to be appeased; many little circumstances were conspiring to irritate him. Linda had refuse ! a visit from him on the previous even-ing, on the plea that she should be ousy unishing the collar and cu is she intended presenting to his mother. Yet on her table, with a fan an I faded bouquet, lay

a programme of one of the theatres.

Who could have left it there, but her-

Again, he was not as blind to the slattern y appearance of the young lady's sanctum as he chose to seem. On those occasions when he had speut raptured hours within its precincts, the dim light of the shaded lamps had hidden much that now pained and surprised him. Kicking a soiled satin slipper out of his way he stalked across the room to the niche that containe I a pianette, and throwing himself into a low chair be-

side it, began turning over the beauty's Why did she suffer any one else to detain her from him so long. Surely the page had apprised her that he was here, and also that he had not come alone. lie could not believe that she would treat his mother with studied disrespect, yet a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and till there were no signs of Miss Weston coming to greet her guest.

Another five minutes had elapsed, and e was a out to rise and ring for Miss Weston's maid, when he heard the rustle of feminine attire, the patter of feminine feet, and Linda bounced into the room. She was quick y followed by a pretty country cousin, whom she occasionally patronized to the extent of inviting her to spend a few days at Lensington. When he put his head in at her dressingroom door she was in stormy debate with her milliner, who had sent home an unbecoming hat, and demanded a higher price for it than Miss Weston felt dis-posed to give. Before the boy could announce the names of the visitors he was angrely sent about his business.

That a Mr. comeboly was waiting to see her was all Linda comprehended, and she rashed to the conclusion that it was a certain widow Thompson, whose invalid daughter really executed the delrate lace and embroi lery its purchaser did not scruple to pass of as her own. Nor was there anything in the appearance of the quietly-drassel figure that young lady to that notion. A screen concealed Herbert Torzens from view the while she addressed herself to his mother in very different tones of the dulcet ones he was accustomed to hear from thuse coral lips.

"to this is the way your daughter treats her best customer !" were the first wor a leveled at the astonished hearer. "Although I sent word that I must have the lace by yesterday evening at the stest, you have disappointed me! Don't attempt to make any excuses, I never listen to them. People have no business to accept work unless they intend to execute the order well and punctually.

HIS MISTAKE.

"It's this making a fellow marry in spite of himself that I don't like. Why the deuce couldn't I be allowed the privilege of choosing for myself? Uncle George saying she mightn't fancy me is

"Oh, dear! I know I'll be gobbled up. What are you buighing at, Lu?"
"I'dd I laugh? I ber pardon, then. Cousin Dollay. I really wasn't aware of it. I'm such a giggler, you know." "You say she was as homely as a stone wall the last time you saw her?"

"Well, yes; but that was when we left s-hool, nearly four years ago. She may "Not likely. I wish George would marry her himself, as he feels so deeply interested in the young orphan, as he calls her. He is only eight years my senior; but to hear him advise me, one would take him to be my grandfather." "You are forgetting yourself, my dear Dolby. What do you suppose would ever become of you if Uncle George married? I'an y those shapely, delicate

hands earning your daily bread and butter, or the bread without-"For Heaven's sake, Lu, do hush!" an i Mr. Adolphus Haughton sank back, quite over one at the bare idea of earning his own bread and butter.

There was a merry twinkle in Lu Lin ten's clear, blue eye, as she pretended not to notice the look of dism'y that settled on the face of her easy, elegant, conceited cousin; and she continued: "I often won ier, though, why George don't marry. He is so handsome, so charming, but I suppose, like all you spoiled, curly heade i darlings, he is too hard to be suited. Eh, Coby "No we are not hard to be suited, my dear Lu; but we are compassionate. It is nothing more nor less than our tenderheartedness that prevents our marry-

Tender-heartedness!" and Lu opened her eyes as b g as two saucers. "Of course, my dear, that is the word. Now, suppose I was brute enough to marry -even the frightful Miss Nevillewhat would the rest of your sex do? loor dears—there isn't one of them, if their secret thoughts were made known, out exp cts to write herself Mrs. Adolph is Haughton, some day. So you see, my little cos, your spoiled durin is have too mu h heart to disappoint so many for the sake of one."

"Well, upon my worl! Dil you say all that yourself, Dolby, or have my ears de ceive i me? I think, sir, it you had left your conceit in the city there would be nothing here of you to present to Miss

Net ille to day."
"Miss Neville be hauged! Always Miss
Neville!" and Adolphus started up from his easy position. "Do you really believe she is coming to day, Ln?" "Easy, my dear consin; so much force is not be oming. You'll spoil your style if you are not more careful. Bertha Neville is surely coming to day. She ought to have been here two hours ago -we expected her by the early train." "Oh! how I stall suffer."

"Bon't be alarmed, Doby, I really believe she won't have you." "Now, Lu, don't be putting false hopes into my head. I know there is no such blessing in store for me. By Jove! if ! wasn't airdid of offending George, I wouldn't see her at all. I'm his heir, you know, and by the way, Lu, it would be a deucedly bad job for me if he took it into his head to get married. There's no danger, though—not the slightest. George is just like me, you know, too sensible to be caught by the thousandan -one arts of your sex. But. oh. how I hate your homely-as stonewall women! Why, even your pink and white face is "You good-for-nothing -"

"Juarr lling again, for recreation sake, voice of George Haughton, Doiby's handsome young uncle, as he stepped out on the balcony, followed by a tall, graceful

"Oh, Bertha!" exclaimed Ln, and the next moment the graceful figure was clasped in Lu's embrace.
"Oh, you darling! When did you arrive? Why didn't they tell me you were here?" exclaimed Lu in a breath. "I arrived about an hour since; you had just gone for a walk, so I thought I

would surprise you, dear." "Miss Neville," said George Haughton. as soon as the hugging process was over, allow are to present to your notice and favor my nephew, Mr. Adolphus Haugh-Could it be possible that this bewitch-

Miss Neville! -

For the first time in his life Mr. Adolhus Haughton forgot his good manners, and stared in blank amszement. A month has passed away, and for the life of him I olby could not, in all that time, recover his easy, flippant air that deserted him so shamefully when first he laid eyes on Miss Neville.

He is sitting in his old position on the balcony, and has just thrown away his half-unished eigar. Dolby can't smoke-in fact, Dolby can't do anything when alone but sit listening for the sound of a gentle foot-And now a light footstep sounds be-

hind him. He does not turn his head, but his face is radiant. It is such a pleasure to be surprised. A little hand is laid on his shoul ler. He looks up; but lo! instanter his heaming countenance is black as midnight. Instead of the bewitching face of Bertha Neville, he encounters the fair face and laughing blue eyes of his Cousin

Adolphus pulled his blonde mustache savagely. Somehow, of late, he would rather stand face to face with his Satanic Majesty than his unmerciful cousin. top that, this instant, sir! Do you hink I can stan I here and see you pluck the best feature from your tace? my dear Dolby, if you keep on with that spasmodic twitch much longer we will have to get a microscope to ascertain if ever you cultivated any hair on your up-

"Do go away, Lu, or you'il drive me "Now, Dolby, that is very unkind. came out here to do you a service. I have a secret to tell you." "Meep your secrets to yourself, Lu :

don't want to hear them. Where's "I'm not Miss Neville's keeper, sir; but if you want to know where she is so adly, I'll tell you. She has gone out on sarticular business with George. I real believe the girl is half in love with him. How would Bertha do for an aust. Dolby? But the secret—I was nearly forgetting it. Do you remember the morning of Bertha's arrival? We were sitting out here just as we are The secret concerned Miss Neville, and

Adolphus was interested at once. "Yes. I remember." "Well, what do you think, Dolby, she was in the parlor all the time we were talking, and overheard every word we

"You don't mean it, Lu ?" "I do mean it, Dolby. She told me all about it the other day, and told me not to mention it. I wouldn't, either. but for the consinly interest I take in you. I thought it no more than right to tell you the way you could remove the bad impression you made. Only for George, she would have gone home at once. It was decadful, when you come to think of it. You remember, you said, Miss Neville be hanged, and all that sort "No wonder I did, Lu. What made

you tell me she was as homely as a stone "Well, how did I know you admire!

a complexion colour de creme and snap-"flow you talk, Lu! You imagine your pink and white beauty cannot be surpassed. In comparison, my dear, you are to Miss Neville as a tallow candie is to the sun." "che is the most perfectly beautiful

woman I have ever seen, and I don't mind telling you, sir, that I am in love head and heels in love, as you express it. and to show you I am in down-right earnest I will propose to Bertha sevila to night, and introduce you to your inten led cousin-in-law in the morn ng" "But supposing she wouldn't have you, Dolby?" said Lu, looking the picture of

"We will suppose nothing of the kind M'ss Linden. You are torgetting that Bertha Neville has been in my so i ty for the past month, and I hase yet to know the woman who could reuse me after making myself sgreeaule that length of time," and Adoip us elevated his feet on the railing, leaned back in his chair, and twirled his mustache in a manner that even the fastidious Lu could fin I no fault with. "Ah, here they come now!" said Lu, as the carriage rolled up the avenue.

Handsome George Haughton stepped out and assisted Bertha, looking radiant an I happy, to alight. She took his arm and they ascended

the steps together.
Dolby, like a dutiful nephew, scowled at his uncle. "My dear nephew and niece-come here this instant, Lu. What are you running away for? Allow me to introduce to you your new nunt, Mrs. George Haughton. Lu watched Dolby from behind the

pillar where she had tak-n shelter. His ower jaw fell; he tried to speak, but in We will do Dolhy's good sense justice. however, by saying his tirst thought was not the loss of Bertha Neville, but of his daily bread and butter.

From the moment Mr. Adolphus Haughton was introduced to his new aunt, he lost -not his self-conceit. Oh, no-but all faith in anything human.

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT. A Young Wife's Adroit Scheme To Keep

Her Eusband at Home. Husband (first night after returning from wedding tour)-"I'm going down to the club to-night, love, and as I haven't seen the boys for a long time, I may be late, so you needn't wait up for me."

Wife (who had been warned by her mother that this crisis in the matrimonial history was sure to arrive sooner or later) -"As you have never left me alone before, dear, since our marriage, I am afraid I would feel very lonely in your absence, so I think I will go to the theatre. If you are home before me you need not wait up for I can let myself in with the latch H .- But you cannot go to the theatre

Jack is home from his yachting cruise. I will call on him and ask him to be my escort. If he isn't in, I will find somebody else. You needn't worry about me, H. (who used to be so dreadfully jealous

unattended, my love."
W.—"I will not go unattended. Cousin

of Cousin Jack)-"Your cousin Jack is home then?" W .- "Yes. And you needn't fear that I shall be dull in his company. Jack is very entertaining, you know." H. (after pondering awhile)-"On second thought I don't believe I'll go to the club,

W. (demurely)-"On second thought I don't believe I'll go to the theatre, dear." -Boston Courier. Mixed Metaphors.

It was a New-England deacon who said:

"We are thankful for one spark of grace, and are confident that it will be

watered." But it was a minister who one day announced to his congregation: ing creature, with clear, pale complexion, coral lips, pearly teeth, dark, luminous "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Janesville is once more eyes and jet black hair, was the frightini tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a

LOVE.

"It would be nice to have a real lover," aid sisy Hewitt. "We i, t en, here's one at your service," retorted Charles Stapylton, with a low bow."

"And why do you say nonsense with such a contemptuous toss of the head, Miss Hewatt," "Be ause," said Daisy, "I've known you all ny life, and I should as soon think of making a lover out of you er old clock on the stairs, that has stoo! ticking there for half a hundred years" (harles tapylton tried to laugh; but

it was evident that he was a little "I am not eligible to the position then?" questioned he. "No," said Miss Daisy, in all good faith "My idea of a lover is some one tall and dark and dangerously interesting - some one with a history - some one, for instance, with a little flush of cour

manting h a cheek,' like Colonel Cro ten-"Humph!" commented Charles Stapylton, "I presume Colonel (ro ten-burgh has a h story, if one could get at his creditors."

"Now, you are stooping to the unworthy passion of jerlousy," and Daisy Hewitt, with dignity, "charley, I thought better of you than that." She went back into the house, her yellow curls shimmering an instant in the sunny doorway, her white dress fintter-

ing about her like the vaporous masses of a summer cloud, and Stapy ton went away with a slow, inclusive step. "Wh t a superb specimen of the genus donkey I am," be muttered between his set teeth, as he stalked slong, twitching furiously at his mustache. "Can't I so much as speak to her without vexing he? Can't I exercise ordinary magnanimity toward a more fortun-te rival? Although n my innermost heart I believe Colonel Crottenburg a to be a villain, I distrust his smooth accents, his ready speech, his conventional smile. And it is cruelly hard that, after loving Dassy Hewart all my life, this stranger is to walk cooly in and bear away the prize beneath my

very eves." But a though he resolved for the future to put a bridle upon his in petuous line, his re-oution melted into empty air within the next twenty-four hours. He met Daisy in the woods gathering fern "Oh, Charley, is that you?" she cried, gleefully; "the very one I wanted to see. Can you reach that exquisite little tuit of master hair that grows high up on

yonder ledge of rock 2 "Daisy, I think I could achieve any task you were to set me," he answered, fervently, as he swong himself up thste p acclivity and reached down the nodding plume of slender-st-mmed feras. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said Da sv. arra ging the leaves with a caress-

ing tou h. But Stapylton shood beside " laisy - did you really mean that yesterday ." " and I really mean what? she ques tioned, with clue, uplisted eyes of inno-

cent surprise. "Foat-that you never could look upon me in the hant of a possible lover? "Charley, don't be a goose. Is this a masquerade or a practical joke?" "N ither, haisy, they i love you." "Then you are a foot for your pains,"

glittering now, with suppressed light, ins "That I was engaged to Kenneth Croitenburgh." "ilaisy.

"Aye, and I am proud of it," she went on, with rose-red checks and downcast lasnes. "we are to be married in the rail, and go to Europe. I meant to have told you tais below, but it only happened last evening, when we st oil to gether under the old apple-tree in the moonlight.

So Charles Stapylton went away; trying to nerve homself to think that all was for the best. His Daisy-blossom w. s gathered by another man s hand-and he tried to rejoice in her happiness. But he could not. Human nature was too much for him, and he felt toward Uro tenburgh as Cain of old migut have left "I can't stay to see her married to

him," he thought. "I had better go away before I commit myself by some exc. ptionally outrageous piece of folly. to he went to New York. Went thither just in time to take part in a speculation which made him a wealthy man in a compensative ly bract interval of me. The acquistion of gol I has a wonderful in u nee on the nature of man; an , perhaps, it h ipes to denden the outly pain in Charles Stapylton's heart sooner than anything else could have

It was a bleak November night, five cars after, with gusts or occasional snow dirrying through the streets and the amps the ering durily in the wind, when a hely, dr seed in oldek and closey veiled a opport at the cor of a sup ro trown stone palace on in corner or two of the most pourin at streets

"Has Mr | topylton returned yet ?" " ust come," said the porcer, indiffer-ently. "In the Aramis not two hours age. But he's very tired and very masy. netter call sgain. It sin't hkay he'll see anybody to night." 'tre with sec me," said the lady, in a low, firm voice, as she drew one a card

and penciled two words upon it. Take this card to him without delay." The porter started, but obeyed, and presently returned. "1 ou're to walk in, ma'm, please," and forthwith he ushered the mysterious strugger into a small reception room, forassed in blue velvet and gol , with a tinck Turk y carpet on the floor and mirrors greating all around. in the middle of the room, at an inlaid desc, s ta gentlemen, in whose grave, care-ined face and hair slightly "springled

with gray," it would scarcely be easy to recognice our old friend, charly ta-". alsv. is it you?" he asked, with earnest condulity, as he advanced with

outsiretched hand.

". es, hariey it is I." Paie, beautiful, dressed in deep black, she stood before thus, the violet eyes as bine and appealing as ever, the dewy red "And I have come to beg for mercy at your hands," she added, nervously interawining her own. "Unisy!

"Be allent, and hear me. They have told you of the forged check on the back? the five thousand dollar check!"

"And that the forger is detected ?" "But have they told you of the crim inal's name?" " o, surely, Daisy," he muttered, with

strange light of comprehension dawn-

ny over his face. 'It is my husband! Oh, Charles Stapylton, you know my errand now! It s to beg, to plead that you will be mereiful to us, as you one day expect mercy to be shown to yourself at the I ternal Throne. It is not that I longer care for him," she added, with a choking sob in her throat. "The spark of love died out shepherd. - Boston Youth's Companion. long ago on the altar of my heart. I dis-

covered my delusion when the orange blossoms of my bridal-wreath were fairly watered! But I have som pride leftand to see my husband con leanne i to a felon's con would kill me. I believe. ou slon : can save me, Charle , by put-

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Jos Frimting of all kinds neatly and expediently are constructed at lowest prices. From the construction of the cons

ting a stop to these legal proceedings. Will you do it, for my sake? "I will do t for your sake, Daisy." She bent her head over his hand-he could feel the tears dropping there.
"Oh, Charley, if I could only have known then all that I know now! Charley, Charley!"
That was all. They parted. But the

next day, with a great thrill at his heart. Mr. tapylto , the bank president, that the forger had committed socieda to his place of confined ent during the very hour in which his wife was pleasing for pardon in his b half.

The pardon had come, but it was too A year afterward Charles Stapylton was married to Daisy Crosteni-unt and her past became only as a trouded

grenna. ". ou are quite sure you love me now, Dwsy ." i.e plonde, on the ewe of their bri al day.
"I have loved you longer than you have

nny idea of, Charley, she an wered, tree mionsy. "I found out a y used mis-trac before I had been morroad to - to that man a month. Oh, Cherrey, I behave I was a ting under a spell "it is all over now, decree," he enswered and so began the second life. The Cld love was dead and repulched the New was b descening out.

THE WHITE WOLF.

A young and gallant warrior was Ludolph of riammerstein. The only son of the old house of Hammerstein, a bright destiny seemed be ore him, but in an evil hour he saw and fan ied the Lady Bertha, the sole daughter of the wily Carl of Carlstourg. the lord of Carlsburg was one man

at that age in Germany. When war's alarms came upon the land, with no iron mail did the c eraly ser, of Carlsburg incumber his limbs; no! he bought soldiers, and paid for their blood with his 2011

picked out of ten thousand, as men went

The very opposite in every respect was he to the gallant countly Endorph, and it was with ill-favor that he beheld the soldier come a wooing to his daugh The lord of Hammerstein was not rich enough to suit the fancy of the cred y

Carl. No simp e knight should have his daughter, so he declare 1; a baron, or at east a count of the empire, Lectha's busband must be. He was her father, and so gal'ant Bucolph swa lowed his rage, and he nated the tower only by stealth and in the gloom of the night. A good six months at least the lover had pined and s ghed

in vain, and then I eter the Hermit came through Germany, preaching the crusade against the intidels in the Loy 1.udolph of Hammerstein was one of the first of the fier an king to bind the "red cross" upon he breast and pledge his sword to the crusa le. He returned after many years, strong

ist his loyal have, only to find that Lertha

and her lather had left their castle.

High up on the mountain side was a litt e valley and in a cave in the clin side a ho y man dwe t. One morning a peasant, pa sing through the valley, covered that the old hermit had paid the debt due to nature. landelph had the remains carefully entombed and then he took up his above in the lovely cell where the good man had dwe.t. He cast aside the knightly are s of the sold r and donned the gray habit

of the mon .. ly student. One single thing only dared to dispute the pess ssion of the little valley with the soldier student, and that was a large white wolf. That the white wolf was but an evil spirit Rudolph feit con ident. To spear, arrow, or sword, the h de of the wolf was, doubtless, invulnerate but Ru olph doubted if it could turn the e ge of his woodman s ax duly dipped in hot water and consecrated by a prayer. At twilight, then, on the next evening Rudolph took his sistion within the skirts of the forest and walted for he fearful shape to appear. It came at last stealing along with fee fall so lig t that it did not even stir the dew-drops from

the green . ower cups. With sure and stendy sim Rudo'ph hurled his axe. Torough the s oul ier of the wolf the keen steel out, and down upon the sward, with a moun, like naught ise but a -ry of hu a n agony, the beest Il helpl ss. Its to ph bent over the wolf, and the an mal looke up in his face as if imploring pity, and a h m a expression, too, shone in its great y s. To his cave in the cliff side the ye man fore the wounded animal an i carefully deposited it on a couch of sain.

When the morning broke, I use'ph turned to gave at the white wolf, and th r, on the skin couch, on, a muracle ! lay the Lady Lertha, a terrible wound in Then to it it lover the lady told a feerful story. Her father had become a master of the black art, and daily held ommunion with the hosts of hel night, as a wild coast, he ranged the woods the had assisted him in his unholy rites.

I udo ph tended the lady diligently, and gradually won her to the good acto; when she recovered together they

would walk the woods. But one night, carelessly loitering. twiff ht overtook them in the woot. Ku loiph tried to hurry the girl homeward. They reac ed the edge of the forest; night came on apace; wild voices were in the wind; the eyes of the man en be an to blaze with a superm tural are. Despite her lover's in unctions, she looked back, and then the e il speil fell upon her, and with a wild hugh she floated up in the air and disappeared. Ru lolph never smiled more, but died, a bo y man, within Meckienourg's gray

Visitor to sanctum-"How is it, Onlipen? You always used to have ladies. dropping in to see you about puffs for church sociables, etc. Now there hasn't asingle lady been in here this morning ! Editor-"No; I put a stop to that busi-

ran up the table legs to see if there was any cheese in our pockets. Since then there hasn't been a lady made the building."-Burlington Free Press.

A Drawback to His Sobriety. "Why, what is the matter?" asked a lady of a friend whose eyes were red from recent lears.

"Oh, I'm-boo-hoe-in such trouble."

"Yes, It was something d-dreadful." "What is it? Has your husband been "No, that's just it. He has signed the

Seared Off.

Visitor-"How!" Editor-"Way, I inserted a paragraph stating that the mice were getting so thick in this office that they frequently

"What has happened? Something dreadful, I am sure." drinking barder than usual?" pledge, and he is so disagreeable when he

is sober."