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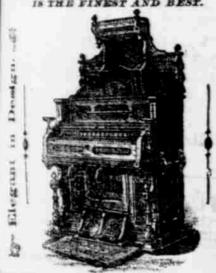
NUMBER 48.

your paper before you stop it, if stop None but scalawags do otherwise.— WHERE ALL ELSE FARS. or Consumption saved N. C., April 28, 1887. The BEST Cough Medi-COMMUNITION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c. RES WHERE ALL ELSE FALS. NSUMPTION

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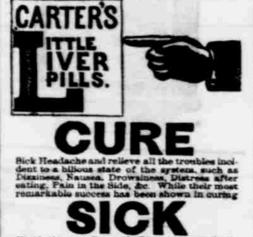
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culties as long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease relieves Coughing and Induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for discases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, ith pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I

have no hesitation in recommending this Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morrillton, Ark. "I have been afflicted with asthma or forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were marked. I was immediated. Its effects were marical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard.

"Six months age I had a severe hem-orrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various reme-dies, but obtained no relief until I be-gan to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A lew bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Cobarn, 19 Second at Lowell.

Mrs. E. Cobarn, 19 Second st., Lowell, "For children afflicted with colds, know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invalu-able in cases of Whooping Cough."— Ann Lovejoy, 1207 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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WALTER GRAY'S WILL

It's hard to confess it, particularly hard for a woman, but I am obliged to admit that I am no longer as young as I once was. Twenty-five years ago I was a widow, as I am to-day, but then I was thirty-five, and to-day I am sixty. Then I was attractive—to-day I

When James -that was my husband's name-died, he left me unprovided for, and as I had a home full of good furniture, and a lease on a house in a good position, I was advised by my friends to let my rooms.

I had little trouble in letting all my rooms, except the second floor front, the best in the house, and for this the ap-plicants all said that I asked too much. However, I would not come down, and

apartment empty.

One day the chambermald, whose duty it was to attend to the street-door, told me that there was a gentleman in the parlor who wanted to see the second floor front, and in answer to my question brought forth by her contemptuous way of using the word "man," when in all other cases it was "gentleman," she said :

kinder country-lookin', and not so very young, nayther, though, mebbe, he may be single I went to the parlor to find a man of about fifty, of not attractive face, which showed exposure, rough hands, exhibit-

I did not care for the man as a second floor front; and when he asked to see it, I met him with the price, putting on ree dollars a week more. Tais did not seem to disturb him, and so I could do nothing else than show it.

"I'll take it, ma'am; and here's a month's rent in advance." In the afternoon the expressman left two large trunks, and then I knew that my lodger's name was Raiph Brown. That evening he followed his trunks, and I sent Norah up to see if he wanted anything or would have a cup of tea. She was gone ten minutes, when she

returned smiling, and said.
"Shure, misthress, Misther Brown's
a partick gintleman. He didn't want a wather ivery mornin' at eight o'clock, an' d've see now what he gave me, an' says l shall have it every month right;" and Oh, oh! thought I, is that the way the cat jumps? If so, I'm too independent to take advantage of it, and then I asked North what Mr. Brown was doing, thinking, of course, she would say he was unpacking his trunks.

at the windy." Looking out of the window was all Mr. Brown did when he took the rooms, and that's what I found him doing the next morning, when I went to his room to ask him if there was anything I could do to add to his comfort, and that's all North found him doing when she entered his room to attend to her duties therein

looked out of the window.

Har feature of insanity? I remembered to have read years be fore, a case where a patient had, for forty years, stood in one particular cor-ner, and was only violent and dangerous

when he was removed from it, and I thought to myself that perhaps Mr. Brown's mania might come under that By-and-by it began to disturb me very much. I was only a type of my sex, and it had become a matter of personal cur-I went out frequently when I knew he

was in the house, so that I could go to the corner, cross the way, and look up at the window, and there I always saw

with Norah's help, came to the conclusion that his attention was riveted on a small house almost opposite, on the side of the door of which was a sign, with the name of "Cavendish, Dressmaker," on it. Then I called in Norah's help again,

all appearance, had seen better days, but had plied that vocation in the same locality for two years, during which time the old lady had been a confirmed invalid and rarely left the house, while they had no company except one young man, who was suspected to be Miss Miriam Cavendish's intended. So far, so good; and now what con-nection was there between the Caven-

dishes and my lodger? That I was determined to find out, though some was my lodger. I walked in upon them one morning introduced myself, and told them I wanted a dress made.

dark-eyed girl.

I never met with a sweeter creature nothing else to take, a jar of preserves or pickles, some particularly fine tea, or a bottle of wine for the old lady, for it

they were very poor, and that such little delicacies wers almost strangers to

It was clear to me at once that they knew nothing about him. This puzzled me still more, because every day convinced me that it was Miriam Cavendish he was watching, and I new knew why it was he harried out of the house so strangely at times. It was because in his watching he had

seen Miram come out of her house, and

He came in immediately after us, and seated himself in such a way that he could look directly in her face without seeming to be rude, and during the entire service he seemed so absorbed in gazing

A Rowell & Co., 10 Spring: St. New York at her that he apparently knew nothing at her that he apparently knew nothing cise.

ADVENTISIAN is A floriest a respapers. 100 | After the service I said quietly to Page Pherphist 102. at her that he apparently knew nothing

Mirlam as we rose: "Don't look now, dear, but presently

She said laughingly:
"He'll never have to pay a tax on his beauty, Mrs. Fisher, will he? I think he's about the ugliest man I ever saw."

It was plain that she did not know him. The next day I met Mr. Brown in the hall, by his own intention, I am sure.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Fisher," he said.

"I met you at church last night. That

One thing I did not forget to let him know, and that was that the Cavendishes were very poor.

After this, but on the other side of the street, there was commotion. The first was caused by the arrival of a beautiful bouquet, with only a card inscribed "From

of questioning the messenger. To be short, almost daily came some thing, even to a cartioad of groceries, and all untraceable, and so sent that they could not send them away, without alsolutely throwing them into the street. the source, and were terribly amazed. I did know, but did not tell, and laughed away their doubts and fears, until the old lady looked upon them as gifts from heaven, and accepted blindly, while I

partially deformed; and, stranger still, when I offered to take him over to Mrs. Cavendish's, and introduce him, he peremptorily declined. And now comes the strangest part o

while looking out. ran for Dr. King, who pronsumeet it apoplexy, and said that he might re-

He did recover consciousness and speech in a few hours, and bade me send message for a certain lawyer. When called in to witness a will.

duty by him, as well as the doctor, and saw the poor fellow, who the lawyer said had neither friends por relation in the whole world, quietly laid to He requested us all that we have his

manuer, and had turned his face to the

The will was read, and after enumerating his property, which footed up to nearly a million, everything was left to was to be made for Ellen Moore, of -

harities, which he named. The concluding part of the will read : "In leaving my property to Ellen Moore, I leave it with my forgiveness for the cruel way that she treated me over thirty years ago, a way that drove me from my native land and made my life a wreck, and for further explanation, I refer her, if living, to my letter accompany-

ing this will." of the world." " And I," said old Mrs. Cavendish, who

had come over with her daughter, "claim it as Ellen Moore, of the town of -

Then Mr. Brown's letter was read. wanderer on the face of the earth. hough he felt no disposition to approach her hearer than he had, and died in ig-

orance as to who she really was. Mrs. Cavendish gave her own explana-

missed him, and that is all. in Miriam anything more than what he lought the chance resemblance to Ellen Ellen Moore took Walter Gray's wealth, and her daughter married McIntyre, while North and I each took a small

A Chance for the Old Man. was growing late. Miss Clara?" he asked.

And presently the old man, who was getting desperate, spoke from an open window above: "Daughter," he said, "I left my rubber overshoes near the kitchen stove and you had better see to 'em. I can smell something burning."- Epoch.

A Sunday school lesson was on the "Ten Virgins," and the next E ... day the Review question was asked. "What was the lesson about last Sunday?" A bright boy gave the promot shawer.
"About It gale that went to a produin."

DR. DETROP'S LOVE.

"You say this woman has bequeathed hundred thousand dollars to me? To that good star of fortune am I indobted or this unexpected bequest?",
"You can read the will, sir. It says on count of your distinguished efforts on schalf of science." " And when does this money come into

"At once, Sir."
The parties to this conversation were we young men. The scientist was I'relessor Henry Detrop, of the chair of geology of one of the universities.

As he heard the lawyer's concluding remark, a sudden light filled his eyes and he bowed his head to hide his emoion. His agitation was not due to his acquirement of wealth at a single bound; ne had received the communication with adifference. When he again lifted his read there were no traces of emotion

"Mr. Roberts," he femarked to the "Mr. Roberts," he remarked to the attorney, "the fact of my acquisition of wealth must be kept an absolute secret for the present. It possible, take no immediate steps in regard to the will. The knowledge of this bequest, if spread at the present time, might ruin my life's happiness. Good-night."

When he was alone, Professor Detrop leaned back in his chair and stared at the

leaned back in his chair and stared at the wall for a long time. For a half-hour he remained in thought; finally, taking his pen, he wrote slowly and carefully for some time, read and ro-read the missive, and sealed it. What he wrote was as follows:

"MISS HELEN ANDROBE: Two years Your father himself took me by the hand and presented me. remember the picture. God knows that it is the particular one that hangs in the inner chamber of my heart. You were standing high above the broad sea. gazing out, so absorbed in the grandeur

sefore you that it was with difficulty you acknowledged my presence. " But afterwards, you will remember, we wandered together through the leafy groves, collecting ferns, thence down upon the beach for shells. Do you not resember our walk to your summer cottage, how I plucked wild roses for you. filling my hands full of spines, and how you made for me a pretty bouquet which you pinned to my lappel as you bade me good-night?

"I dwell on the pleture, because was the one "We were happy together for a time thereafter, and then drifted slowly spart. I have tried to futhom the cause of your Itimate coldness, but cannot. I concluded at the time that you had ascertained my circumstances in life a poor naturalist, without position or means I have since done you the justice to acquit you of motives so despicable, and trust that the difficulty was more of fancy than reality, and that my imagination

was the aggressor. "I remained near you as long as I dared, and then came here and knocked at the door of success. In two years I have reached the highest professors in science. From my liberal salary have accumulated sufficient for future red. I have not a debt in the world. My name represents a long and, I think successful struggle for honors in my chosen profession. Pardon me for tak-ing so much of your time; I merely wished to point out the steps towards a hoped for result.

" On that summer's day at Graybeach I need not tell you I lost my heart. You look it from me and still imvrison it. loved you then, but now, after my hard struggle to win a reputation for your

saze, I worship you.

"Can you share what I so willingly lay at your feet? I know of the laxuries to which you are accustomed, and will devote my life work to create others for you. Will you henor me by becoming my wife, that by your pure influence I may rise to the highest sphere of usefulne.s.

Ten days later Mr. Roberts presented himself at the study of Professor Detrop. "I came, sir, to beg of you to enter a once upon your possessions. There were numerous other be quests which must be attended to and which will not permit me to leave the will unprobated. The ne-

"Wait a moment," said Professor De trop, taking a letter from the postman who had just entered. He read eagerly, his face blanching " I accept the bequest at once,"he replied. " Let the will be probated at your

When the attorney had departed, he took the delicate missive and read it again, as follows: "I have your remarkable document before me. I do not profess to be able to keep Summer flirtations in mind. Any previous acquaintance with you is for gotten. Indeed, I do not recall your name, neither do I remember the circumstances to which you refer. Such

being the case, I beg that the matter be

dropped. With thanks .. etc., "HELEN ANDROBE." The Winter passed away, and Professor Detrop's su den acquisition of wealth, together with growing reputation and exalted office, brought him into most prominent social relations. He was courted by distinguished people, and given a high place in popular esteem. Summer came again, and Dr. Detrop went down to Graybeach to seek recre ation. He scrupulously avoided the One day, to his great delight, be saw an Albino sparrow, the first he had ever seen alive. It flitted along the beach. and he patiently followed, noting its every movement. It flow back on land. He followed it. It led his footsteps to wards the bluff. Still, unconscious of all save the bird, he followed on. It alighted on a great oak at the very edge of the bluff. He passed under the tree, keeping his eyes on the bird until he was recalled from his pursuit by a little

He had planted one foot consrely or the edge of the skirts of a roung lady who was sitting beneath the until then intently absorbed in

"Mr. Detrop!" surprised and blushing.
"Miss Androbe!" coldly. "I really
beg your pardon; I was watching a
bird." "Some sea-bird, I suppose. I remem ber you used to be very much interested

" Really, then, you do remember something? I am more surprised than I can say," sareastically, when they concern my friends."
"You honor me indeed!" The did not seem to notice the sarcasm or frigidity. " How long have you been among us?"

"Three weeks."
"So long? I hope you have not forgotten your old f lends."
"I never forget my friends." "Then why have you not called or our people would have been delighted,"
repreachfully.
"I suppose you would have been delighted, too?" almost a succer.
"I will overiook the crucity of your
remark, and not only say you but over-

He almost cursed the bird which, snake-like, had drawn him into the snare! Poor little thing! It was now far away. He concluded bitterly that

Dr. Detrop arose without a word and started down the slope alone. He did not

Then she turned to her book. Here was an evident lesson in politeness which be could not comprehend. The

picture before him revived all his pas-sionate yearning. Had the circumstances been different he would have felt like dashing his head against the oak for his cruelty to this exquisite being. His hands worked nervously.

emember your name," rang in his cars. "Good-afternoon, Miss Androbe."

violently. Days passed, and Dr. Detrop followed his usual wanderings about Graybeach. Once he met the Androbe carriage con-taining the entire family, but he did not even look up. The day of his return to

ng spectre, which was driving him to There was to be a dance at the great hotel. He had been forced to remain in deference to the wishes of his friends. He proposed to leave Graybeach an hour after the dance began.

The evening came at last, and his onggage was sent to the station. A carriage stood below awaiting him when he entered the crowded ball-room. It is useless to deny that his first thought was to catch a farewell glance of Miss Androbe, He had no difficulty to

discovering her she was the belle of the her programme.

which her companion viewed so dif-Sick at heart, Dr. Detrop turned to leave the place. A friend stepped up and

ousins. There are times in the history of every individual when he will believe that the possible and the impossible change places very easily, if indeed there is such a thing as the latter. There is nothing without at least two sides; even a globe hae an inside and an outside.

Dr. Detrop was struck with so many

ladies to call the next day.

At the appointed time he found them at the Androbe cottage, baggard countenance lighted up fear, hop , despair and love as he glanced at the bewitching eves. One Indy devoured him with cor-

losity, the other looked at him with He did not hesitate one instant. ore of the ladies.

stariling directness. " Well, yes, I do," was the reply "Thank God!" he ejaculated fer-"Have you it still? Will you get it for me?" he went on rapidly. "Yes; I will get it if you will wait," abe replied.

and flung the letter at him. you. But there she is; she will say yes to anything you may desire—au reroir."

The man had been gazing at his lady. leve during the strong speech. When it was finished, "Helen!"
His level one turned her eyes upon

on the bluff."

She read it through, her face softening "Now read the reply," he said in tones almost stern. She read with amazement, the color returning to her face and her eyes like finshing fire.

"Do you blame me?" he asked. She tore the galling letter into a thous-and fragments, a flood of happiness beaming in her eyes. "This is my answer," and she placed hand in his.

"Why, Wooden, what makes you so happy this morning?" "Happy? Well, I should think I could afford to be; I made \$200 yesterday. "That's good. How'd you do it;" "Wby, I put \$300 into Union Pacific." "But I thought stocks fell off yester-

"So they did; I lost the \$200, but I would bave put in \$400 if I had had it. So you see that other \$300 was a clear gain."-Boston Commonwealth.

Fork of the Feather River. His cabin was a neat, substantial, onestoried dwelling, near Coon Canon, sur-rounded by chaparrel shrubs and mad-rone trees, with their glossy foliage like A mountain stream bubbled over the

than most miners, and had quite an idea of asking a pretty girl, some day, to share

his only company.

Some nights he walked over to the adjoining town, others he spent at home, mending his traps in which he caught fox coons, and other small animals. It was Thursday evening as the stage-

coach toiled slowly up the mountain roads, and the driver flicked his waip over the backs of the six sturdy horses, to hurry them up. In the distance, on another grade, could be seen one of the Lureka teams, with fourteen horses, and the "Prairie Schooner," (as they call the high freight wagons,) with the tender following; and the immense chock block, dragging, left a side track, as if a smooth roller had passed over it. On the seat with the driver sat a fair,

pretty girl-Allie Boyce. This was her first trip to the mountains from her valley home. She was going to visit her cousins, at Strawberry valley; they were quite well off, and kept the "Columbus

ing con-tipped branches to the sky. Above her were snow capped peaks, and the roadside was bordered with busines covered with pink buds; here and there through the foliage she saw the starry dogwood blossoms, and the dusty trail stretching like brown ribbons up the mountain's side. There was no sound save the thud and boom of timber coming down on the flume tide, or a quail's She was asking the driver what the

girls found to amuse themselves with. and he told her of the frequent dances and parties given by the Odd Fellows, or some other society.

She was very glad, as a pretty girl should be, that she put in the little brown trunk stugly strapped behind her pretty pale blue lawn, with its vario is ribbons:

thing for a mountain trip. could hardly see his leaders for the glare, when suddenly there was a loud shout,

and a cry of "Hands up! Fargo box hurry The driver drew reins as he reached the top of the hill, so quickly as almost to throw his wheelers on their haunches. He knew by experience that a refusal meant a dose of lead pills; so he hastily

The driver, when told this, looked to see, and sure enough the express box was safe; then he chuckled, and whistled to his horses to "get along there, you old sirdines!

ed her. The road agent lifted his mask as the tin box feel at his teet. He soon pried it open, and loud and long were his curses as he saw no gold, no bills, but a little sapphire velvet bonnet, with a blash rose nestling in its folds. He gave it a kick that sent it in the brush, out the box cover shut and kept the dust out. As the agent went through the

That ait moon Jack happened to be returning from the town. He had been after a tank of quick-silver for cleaning up. He strole along whistling cheerily, with Carlo cose to his heels. The sun, passing through the brush lit up the tin box; and as it gleamed brightly, it attracted Jack's attention. i.e sprang toward it, and his eyes grew roun i as they saw the daintily fashioned vervet bonnet. "A lady's hat!" he gasped. "How in

thunder did it get here? Here's some of her hair, too, he murmured, as he drew from the lining the golden hair that had caught there. He care ulty put the hair in his pocket-

due-eyed girl in the chair opposite him. and (ario was calle ! on often to took up and hear, "Well, old dog, she must be a beauty, eh - a regular sun cam !" l'inally, tired out, he sought repose only to dream of a blue bonnet trimmed with golden hair, and the on Carlos head and a tin box for a veil. "Of such stuff dresses are made."

When Allie told her cousins of the tright and her lo s, they laughed heartily over the road agent's disappointment, th, your brown hat is just the thing

rown trails she took, coming back with both hands filled with sweet-scented chapparel, or azalias, pink and white, sich as can only be found 'neath the On the twenty sixth of April, the Odd Fellows were to have a large party in islue Grass Valley. The cousins tol 1 Allie that they were sure to have a good time. The day are t, and from far and near the Odd Fellows came with sweethearts and wives, their daughters, consins and aunts, till the mining town

was forming: the pretty, well dressed mountain girls, the Odd Fellows in their crimson and silver regalia, the walls drape with flags and hung with wreaths of evergreen interspersed, with great cream and crimson roses and tall green ferns, made a pretty sight.
Our Friend Jack was there, looking unusually handsome. The floor manager approached him, saying,-

1 year.....

So Jack, nothing loth, was soon bowing before Allie and asking "the pleasure of her hand for the next set." He noticed approvingly her golden

hair and pretty eyes, and Allie looked kindly into his black ones. Jack's heart beat quick'y as he remembered his lately found tressure, and thought how sweet she would look in that bonnet.

"All form for the next set!" shouted the manager. And Allie's eyes flashed a laughing look at Jack as a stout miner approached a buxom woman and shout

"Hi! old girl, let's you and I take a trot 'round this room.' Before the evening was over Jack's heart had left him entirely, never to return-at least alone. So when the "Sicilian Circle" was forming, and he heard a young lady say, "Oh, Miss Boyce, did the road agent return your bonnet?" he felt certain of success; for had he not found the missing article? And he had read a libel somewhere that a woman's

heart was in her bonnet." After this party, Jack often went to the Columbus House, each time finding him-self more in love, yet not certain if Allie returned his passion. Finally the day came for her departure, and Jack rode up to bid her good-by, but with a tugging at his hearistrings unusual to carel se, happy go-lucky Jack. He found Allie very serious; so, when her cousins had left them alone he asked if she was sorry to leave the mountains.

As she turned to answer him he saw something in the sweet blue eyes that

wife! I love you dearly, and will always try to make you happy." Allie's answer must have been yes, for

"Allie, won't you stay always? Be my

made him say,-

the breakfast, Jack gave Allie a large parcel; on opening it, she found her long That same day Wells and Farge had sent her a check for fifty dollars, hoping she could replace her loss.

PROFITABLE FORTUNE TELLING.

Career of a Frenchwoman Who Used To Be Consulted by Josephine and Other No-

table People. "Fortune-telling" is evidently a prosor £34,000 sterling.

reverse was the case "rocks ahead" were to be apprehended-for it was out of this kind of nonsense that Mme. Moreau was able to live comfortably on her rentes, of which the interest amounted to £1,000 a

The supposition is that the skillful car tomancienne was "well up" in the works of Etteila, who has composed a remarkable treatise on the prognostications as to the future that may be deduced from the king and queen of hearts, the ase of spades, the knave of clubs and other cards in the pack; but Mme. Moreau's cardreading was ingrafted on native talent in the art of "taking people in," and she also had the magnificent opportunity of receiving hints and enggestions in fortunetelling from her still more famous prede-

cessor, Mme. Lenormand. This notorious cartomancienne wassaid to have predicted the great revolution long before it broke out and she was consulted. by many notable people of her day, who flocked to her sumptuous rooms in the Fauburg Saint Germain.

One of her most assiduous customers was Josephine de Beaubarnais, who, being a credulous and rather ignorant creole, consulted the devineresse on every conceivable subject, and likewise made the reputation of the Lenormand by imparting to her numerous secrets concerning Napoleon and his intentions, projects or resolutions, all of which information wassedulously used, assimilated and applied by the cartomancienne in propertime and seakon.

tell her that the General was in danger. She predicted the downfall of General Dubuc, who, when he was going to execution, regretted aloud that he had not followed the advice of the fortune-teller and fled from France. Lenormand also foretold the divorce of Josephine and Napoleon, but was unable

to get a glimpse into the secrets of her own destiny, for she was three times put into prison without knowing her fate beforehand, and she died in 1843 at the age of 75, having always prophesied; that she would live to attain the age of 124 .- London Telegraph.

A bicycle wheel, like a worm, will turn when trod upon. - Washington Critic. The sweetest thing in purses is when a pretty girl purses her lips .- Epoch. Landlady (to boarder): "How is the

mand."- Epoch. KEEPING THE SARBATH UNHOLY. A distinguished foreigner visits Niagara after a so ourn of two mon hs in New York, where he has been deprived

Friend-Well, count, what do you

LITTLE SMILES.

The wedding ring is woman's sphere and also man's fear.—Epoch.

of his drinks on Sun lay. His nowve irrend taxes him on a tour of the great

think of Niagara?

Count-It is splendide, magnifique!

Does it stop rdunling on Sun fily: — form



don't know what I am.

so two months passed with my best

" He's a rough-lookin' person, ma'am,

ing labor, and of very careless dress, though everything he had on denoted that he was not poor.

When I did, he merely walked in, stalked over to one of the windows, and gazing out of it for a few moments, turned to me and said :

Shure nothin', ma'am, but lookin' out

Brown was coldly polite when I called on him. He wanted nothing, he said, and, Norah declared, usked no questions, not even my name, but only Could the man be developing a pecu-

him half concealed behind the curtain. Sometimes I could hear him run quickly down the stairs, and rushing rapidly into the street, walk away, up or down, as the bumor seemed to take him.

At last an idea struck me. He was a detective, and was watching one of the houses opposite, and with that idea for a clue, I became still more vigilant, and

who very soon discovered that "Caven-dish, Dressmaker," meant an elderly lady, and her daughter of nineteen, who to

p ople would say it was none of my business; but I say it was as long as he The first step in the matter was to be me acquainted with the Cavendishes.

I was received by both-the mother, a pale, high-bred, gentle-spoken woman; the daugiter, a beautiful, dark-haired, in my life than Miriam Cavendish. I loved that girl from the first moment saw her, and I made every excuse while they were working for me to run over and gossip with them, and I used to take them over fittle tid-bits, and if I had did not take long for me to find out that

By-and-by the Cavendishes and I became well acquainted, and I used to talk to them all about my lodgers, and especially about my second floor front.

he followed her, coming back when she did, but never, I was sure, joining her or Miriam sometimes went to evening church, and one night I invited myself to go with her, satisfied that Mr. Brown followed her, and I found that I was

giance over to your right, and that man in a gray suit is my second-floor front." "At once, Sir." was a remarkably pretty girl you had

I answered, "Yes, and as good as she was pretty." and then, seeing that he was inclined for a goesip, I invited him into I told him all I knew of Miriam, which really was not much, but what seemed to trouble him the most was that Miriam was engaged to be married to Charles McIntyre, the young man whom, he doubt, Mr. Brown had frequently seen calling there, and they were only waiting for McIntyre's promotion—he was a clerk in the post office—to bring it about.

a friend." Then came a basket of costly fruit the same way, without any chape

The Cavendi hes could not imagine wondered as much as over.

Could Brown be in love with Mirlam and afraid to declare it? Absurd! he was old, ugly, queer, and, I found out.

all, and the end. One morning, I was startled by the screams of Norah, and I rushed up to Mr. Brown's room to find him stretched senseless on the floor, just under the window, where he had, doubtless, fallen We got him on the bed, and Norah

the lawyer came, he and Dr. King were closeted with Mr. Brown for several hours, and then I and one of my lodgers were For three days Mr. Brown lingered, and I must say that North and I did our

over for a while, but the attack was

will read immediately after his funeral, and that Miss Miriam Cavendish be present at the reading.

I was not surprised at all this; and ret, at the same time, when, the day before, I had whisperingly asked him if he would like to see Miriam, that if he would I would bring her over, he had shaken his head in a frightened

Miriam Cavendish, with the proviso that she was never to marry, and if she refused it upon these terms, then search county, New Hampshire-and the whole given to her or her heirs. Failing his, he gave it to hospitals and various

"I shall refuse this bequest," said Miriam. "I am engaged to be married, and I would not break it for all the wealth

never knew any one by the name of Raiph Brown."
"The will is made and signed by Walter Gray," said the lawyer quietly.
"Oh!" exclaimed the old lady, excitedly. "I thought he was dead long I forgot, mamma, that your name was once Moore," said Miriam.

It was long, but the short of it was that he told how, when he was eighteen, he had fallen in love with Ellen Moore, and being rejected, he had left home changed his name, and had ever since been a He had become rich in California, and was on his way back to his native town, when, one day, walking through the city, he had seen Miriam, who so startled him by her likeness to his early love. Ellen Moore, that he followed her, found out where she lived, and from that mo ment his infatuation was uncontrollable

tion of Walter Gray's letter.
"When I knew Walter, over thirty years ago, he was a shep-boy, and was not earning enough to keep himself, let alone a wife, while my father was rich and an officer in the Navy. He fell in love with me, and I laughed at and dis-" He disappeared, and I have not heard from him until to-day. I afterwards married Mr. Cavendish, and when ill ortime overtook us we came here, and, of course, poor Gray could not recognize

which Mr. Brown had willed us. They were sitting on the porch and it Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, "Certainly not, Mr. Sampson," she re-

> remark, and not only say yes, but expreswith your presence as often as you ean find time and it a pleasure to

she had, among other things, forgotten his elevated and exalted position in society, and that she remembered just sufficient to open the book of flirtation

even look at her.

"Mr. De:rop." The voice that called him trembied, and the eyes that he turned to see were suffused with tears.

"Oh, it is nothing," she managed to say; "I merely wished to bid you good-

brain reeled. He started to throw him-self at her feet, when her letter recalled him to his senses. "I do not even

He turned and hastened down the Had he looked behind he would have seen the book lying on the ground and the beautiful head of the young lady bowed low. She was weeping

the university was rapidly drawing nigh. He was glad to return. The tall bluff at Graybeach had become a tower-

gracefulness and stately dignity of man-ner, which commanded the homage of the many gentlemen eagerly demanding Standing beside her was another young lady of entirely different character. She had a giddy deceptive look, notwithstanding her marked beauty of countenance and propossessing figure. She seemed to revel in the crush of men,

begged to make a presentation. He led the geologist to the fair belles of the evening. "Ladies," he said, "allow me to present Dr. Detrop. Dr. Detrop, each one of these ladies is Miss Helen Androbe,

ideas all at once that he felt like a heterogeneous, homogeneous conglomerate. He was a sensible man, as the reader may suppose, and without any waste of time he made an engagement with the

reserve, yet with a whitened countenance did not notice the easy chair placed at his disposal. He walked directly up to "Do you remember receiving a letter from me?" he said to her with almost

The man turned the instant she was gone, sank down at the feet of the other lady and buried his head in his hands. Neither one uttered a word. It might have been five minutes when the consin returned. She barely opened the door "There it is," in harsh, unladylike tones. "I knew it wasn't for me when I read it; but that girl had gone crazy on youa mere nobody two years ago and I proposed to stop it. Your hundred thousand dollars belong to her, the same that you are putting on such grand airs with. She got her anot to will it to you instead of taking it for herself so that you would feel more like her equal and not be afraid to propose. Then you turned and spurged her, though I don't blame

him, full of agony and humiliation.
"No," she said, "not after that scene He looked up in despair and then picked up his letter and handed it to Read that," he said; " it belongs to

In Luck.

THINGS that a husband would rather not have said might be interesting to reap by way of a change bewly married wie to her husband: "Deanty does not const tute benpiness in marriage, does it, de r Henry?"

last man to marry a pretty woman."

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

Jack Burgis had been in California a number of years, and at present was working in a large mine near the north

stones just before the door. Altogether, it was a picturesque place, and Jack had tried to make it snug and homelike. Chintz curtains shaded the windows within, and wild honeysuckle did the same duty outside. The furniture con-sisted of some chintz-covered chairs and a lounge; a crimson-covered table, with two or three late papers upon it, showed that Jack was a reader. A corner closet heid some necessary crockery ware, and his stove, on which his bachelor meals were cooked, was shining and clean. The ad oining room held his bed, neatly spread with red and blue blankets. He was more comfortably situated

life with him; but as yet he was heart-whole, his dog Carlo, and a trusty rifle,

Altic was enjoying the scenery from her cievated perch, the tall pines, stretch-

and her shapely foot tapped approvingly a tin box in which she had placed h dainty little sapphire blue veivet bonnet; the tin box was dust proof, and just the The sun was stealing over the pine trees and his ardent rays shone redly on the bluds of brown. The driver

seized the box, flung it out, and whipped up his horses before frightened Allie realized that not the tin express box, but her treasured bonnet had gone from her bewildered gaze to an unappreciative road agent.

But he stopped laughing when he saw Allie's rueful lace. "Never mind, miss; Wells and Fargo will be good for yer bunnit, I'll be bound, as the money sall right." So comforted Allie brightened up till they reached the Columbus House, where a warm welcome from her cousins greet-

woods he cursed his luck, and the blue bonnet especially.

book, picked up the box and went home, where he carefully stowed it away till called for. But all that evening Jack's heart kept warm as he fancied a gold n-haired,

and consoled her by saying,for these dusty roads." How Allie en oved the clear mountain a'r, redolent with pine! What delightul tramps through the woods and up the blue sky of this golden West!

see ed to overflow with people. Allie enjoyed the exercises and procession in the afternoon: but the even ng, to use a California phrase, was "the cap sheaf." The lights gleamed through the The lights gleamed through the large windows of the hall, shone on the well waxed toor. A string band played in good flue-quadriles, walters and policie. As Allis entered the grand march "Not at all, Agnes. I should be the

"Jack, let me introduce you to Miss Boyce, a pretty valley girl."

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he then and there decided to return with her, and ask her parents for his And at Christmas there was a pretty wedding in the Valley Church. After

Now any day you may see Allie, happy and contented, under her own vine and ig tree; for Jack, knowing the foothills of California are famous for fruit, has planted grapes, oranges and nuts. In their parlor you will see a neat frame of sapphire blue veivet, and a photograph of the stage-coach with its one hors s. Drawn through the velvet are the two golden hairs that ensuared Jack's heart.

perous profession still in France, seeing that the will of Mme. Moreau, the cartomancienne, has been "proved"-to use the English phrase-under 600,000 france, This was not, assuredly, a bad sum to have made simply by telling emptyheaded petites dames, unsophisticated seamstresses, ignorant servants and gullible peasant women, that when they turned up the king of hearts they would be sure to get a good husband or "protector," provided the monarch's features appeared uppermost; but that when the

Thus, when the wife of General Moreau went to consult her in 1806, Lenormand, thanks to Josephine's gossip, was able to

Scientists say that the savage has a more acute sense of smell than civilized people. They have more material to practice on .- Epoch.

butter, Mr. Damley?"

Dumley (a produce broker): "Quiet but strong, madam, and in little de-

all Druggiets, the . 50c., and \$100. Prepared only by