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"Every spring and fall I take a num-ber of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and an greatly benefited." — Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

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Dor, 14, 1888. 4m

Mrs. May left them together, and Belle opened a conversation by informing the g nt e nan th t she knew all about him. o reply following this startling piece of vation, she added:

of welcome.

ortune the bachelor uncle has made in

twenty years of trade in China. The years of absence had changed the inpuisive child into a woman of rare beauty, of a quiet dignity that suited well the tall, well-developed figure and statucsque regularity of feature. The clustering nut brown curls had lost none of their waving luxurience, though the

ade Gordon is in the market. Our estates un into each other in such a way that ou might comprise them both in the same rig fence. She is a healthy woman and not too young; and the arrangement is that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy Yours affectionately; you.

" JOHN MURCHISON." If she could fancy me! The widow of ld Gordon, and a healthy woman indeed ! What a horrible description! There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditation from the lady to the estate, and, if I thought of the ring at all to tancy it within a ring fence. But the affair could not be slept over any longer, and I set out for my uncle's seat, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans. In lue time I arrived at the little town of Sethan, distant only a few miles from my

before she could prevent me I had caught hold of her hand and smothered it with RI-Refs.

1 spent several hours with the lovely widow and saw-clearly saw-that only a little time was wanting to enable me to gain her affections and then I hade her adieu extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs. Goron and that when I called at the Court.

dimples an i scared, velvet-blue eyes. "I don't know what he means," said this tittle, half-blossomed bud of woman-

hoo i, to herself. "I'm sorry I have of-fended him, but I couldn't help it !" And she went back to the hotel for her hour of guitar practicing, feeling a little

"In. I wouldn't allow it if I were you. bewildered and a little regretful, just as I think it is outrageous !" she did when her pet greyhound ran away from her! "What is outrageous, Fanny ?" an Just at the entrance of the laural walk Lucy Elliot raised her calm blue eyes to -a wild, slavan spot that ov rlooked the her cousin's face. "Why, the way Ralph Leland is actblue gleam of the lake, Hortensia Carey met Mr. Hardwicz. A tall, Juno like ing. I saw him myself to-day on the woman of thirty, with soft, swimming, street with May Walters." Oriental eyes and a face that was a dream "well, I don't see anything outrageous in a gentieman (appening to me-talady on the street and walking with her." "Happening to meet her!" cried Fanny of beauty in itself! Hortensia Carey had come to Silverview ake to get a rich husband. Hortensia liked the ardent young Southerner and she didn't like "that insignificant little mite of an Id: Morny," and Horndignantly, "It's very strange how often Ralph Leland happens to meet May Wait rs of inte. But it's no use of talk-ing to you, Lu, you take everything so tensia, snugly shielded behind the trees an i tushes, and hear I every word of the easy. One would think you didn't care declar tion of love and it's refusal! "trike while the iron is hot." said Hortensia, to h reelf. "There's many a whether dalph Leland was deceiving you or not," and Fanny flounced out of the room. heart caught in the rebound and why Not care whether Ralp's was deceiving her or not! Lucy Elliot looked down at Ralph Leland's engagement ring sparknot Guy Hardwick's ?" So she glided forward with upturned eyes shining softly beneath their long ling on her finger, and her calm blue lashes. eyes seemed to light up suddenly and "Mr. Hardwick, are you sad. You return the sparkle of the precious stone. look troubled !" she murmered sympa-An ! Fanny little dreamed what Ralph Leland was to Lucy. She had given i im theticaily. "Troubled !" he echoed, moodily. "There's not much in the world but trouthe first love of her heart. No; Ralph never would deceive her. She and heard a great many stories about his attention "And you say that!" gried Hortensis. to May Walters of late, but she was "You! Now, I, who am only a woman, might other it with reason !" Guy looked into her Cleopatra face. Ralph's promised wife. Lucy's thong its ran on in this strain. Presently some one entered the room Strange that he never before knew how and crossed to w ere she was sitting. beautiful it was. A han a rested gently on her head, and "Will you ' ie my arm down this steep hill?" said he. "And tell me what you mean by those lat words?" an airy voice said : "A penny for your thoughts, my love." Lucy's beeks wer + like two ros s as Hortensia knew how to avail herself of she looked up and met the bright, handthe poden tide of reportunity. Guy 1. ard wick was just in the mood whom a roan wants relief from himself. And the upshot of it was that he invited her some face of her lover. "lood evening, Lalph; my thoughts were of you." "Th n they're not worth a penny, to go out rowing on the la' a fier sunsat. Lu-y," said Lalph, earnessly. W at was it that make Lucy shiver and the bright pink fade from her facs ? "Jon't : 'z me, if there is any one else you prefet," sighed Hortonsia. "I a.a. ccusto ned to put myself in secondary "Won't you be s-ated, Ralph ?" position." "Not this evening, Lu y. I've made-"There's no one I would prefer to you." I mean, I have some business to attend said Guy, slowly. "No one, at least to. I can remain but a few minutes." now." - · After her lover left her Lucy sat for some minutes with her arms folded, gaz-"Not engaged !" cried Ida Morny, ing into the fire. What terrible feeling dropping her croquel maliet. "Guy Hardwas this which came over her ? wick engaged! I don't believe a word of As she rose from her chair her eves caught a white paper that lay on the floor. She picked it up. It was a folded sheet of note paper. A few lines, traced "I saw the ring myself on Hortensia Carey's finger," said Mrs. Copinwell, "he told me. Cho's proud of it, and will che may be, '... Mr. Hardwick is by all in a delicate hand, met her view, and she read them in a glance: od is the finest young follow at the is'te "DEAREST RALPH : If you love me this season. I don't quite like Hortens 1 but the is very handsome. They will make a splendid couple. Quick, Ida; better than her, you will be with me this evening, at 8 o'clock. the are waiting for you to play-it is your MAY WALTERS."

silver wings above their nuptial altar. As for Hortensia, she was rich-and that was all she cared for.

PARTED.





for cent, and make the batter act outer Pareliers will enreice prevent airpost synar Process fowerers will enread neveral arrows an Process to which Morses and Catale are enlight. Process Fowerers will alve as the arriver.

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HEAD "Bertha drove me past your place vestor av as we came from the depot. and she told me you had just come from Agne they would be almost process to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodnest does not end hore, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head mope because your inther died-oh, I did not mean to say that ; please pardon

me if I hart your feelings." "You did not,' he said slowly, watch-ing with lazy admiration the quick changes of the expressive face. "I thought how awfully jolly it must

be to own that lovery house and grounds and do just as you please. When I leave shool I've got to teach, you know, in he city ; so all the country 1 ever see is what I find in vacation when Bertha has me down here. Bortha is very good to ne," she added, grat-fully.

"Is she "" questioned Eaul, amused at her rankness. "Awful-y !" with a great sigh. "I've

not no father nor mother, only Uncle May. Lut Bertha tries to make up in vacition for the lonesomeness the rest i the time. Why, do you know, she save me this party just to please me? I do so love dancing."

"Will you waltz now ?" said Paul; and in a moment he hal taken a place among the dancers, and was waitzing with the e-sy grace of motion that is positive incurry to one who loves dancing for its RUBBERS

own sake. Ant r the waltz was over he led his part or to a vine covered balcony, where they paced up and down in the summer-sarilant and chatted of many things omething in the frank, bright viv city of relia Huntley had a great charm for he world-weary man, who had traveled hrough the best society of two contnents and had his heart still his own,

though it had been badly bruised and punctured in his thirty years of life's BOOTS, SHOES warfare. They talked of pictures, and Paul invited Bella to view the collection he had brought from abroad ; of books, and he promised her some not procurable in this country; of music, and he had an

'Erard" that nobody opened. Looking back, after her head pressed the p.low, Bella wondered if there was

ever such a delightful party and the walk on the jalcony, the soft ey s of taul Fossiyn, were certainly most prominent in the delights of the evening. And he, smoking a cigar in his lonely library, yawned and voted all parties a "bore," country seat gatherings worst

"In the city one can escape on plea of sno her enga ement," he thought, and then his musing took another form, and concluded that he most marry and softle down.

The home of Mrs. May being separ-ated from that of Mr. Rosslyn by only a slight iron fence, it was but natural the oung man should fin I himself often in s neighbor's grounds strolling under the trees in the morning, playing croquet in the alternoon or sentimentalizing upon the porch by moonlight. And the sound of his low, musical voice, the sight of his handsome fac , grew to be danger-

ously pleasant to Bella. He had read deeply, had traveled much, and the girl, as the happy days flew along became so much more sedato that B rtha noticed with a keen pang the dawning womanhood whose source she guessed only too well. She saw the cureless dreas becoming the subject of dainty finish, the brown locks caretally ouried isseal of being combed hastily to targle as they would knots of ribbon tood und r snowy radies, where hastily pinned collars were before. Loving her

see that unshound fall far belia's waist were gathered away from the low, broad brow, and made rich ma-ses of curis at the back of the pretty

When Paul Rosslyn accepted Mrs. May's invitation to a social g thering to welcome her niece he was wholly unprepared for the change in the girl he had totally forgotten until the nore recalled her name. He was not a nam given to demonstration of feeling, but he could not repress the admiration in his eyes when he bowed in acknowledgment of Bella's greeting. Memory brought him fleeting vision of a thin, gawky girl, with great brown eyes and a frank, bright ace, clad in the simplest of muslin

Reality brought him a tall, beautiful woman, with snowy round ar a and shoulders, upon which sparkled costly jewels-a tall, graceful figure, clad in a shimmering lace covered silk, with masses of curls caught by a diamon lstarred comb, and tiny hands with giittering rings.

The frank face, the clear, ringing voice were gone, too, and yet the low, ex-quisitely modulated tones could leave no regret for any memory of different Before he realized the fascination that

held him, Paul Rosslyn was conversing as he rarely converse I to man or woman. The quiet immobility of the lovely face roused him to efforts to stir it to animation that quite destroyed all his habitnal languor, and he dropped the taint drawl to try to interest his listener in himseli and subjects.

When she smiled a strange thrill of pleasure stirred his heart, and when she se used ab tracted he experienced a throb of disappointment that was a new seusation in his petted life.

For, with the one exception of Bertha's refusal, I aul had met no reputis in his many flirtations at home or abroad. With the facility that can only attend the utterly seli-absorbed man, he had won silly hearts and thrown them aside till he believed his handsome face and tender eyes irresistible. He was not surpr.s.d when, after the first quict greeting, Bella gave tokens of pleasure at his approach, entered readily into conversation with him and chose him often in crowded assemblages for her escort. -It was a gay season, and the hearess was invited to all the meetings for young people, in doors or out, and Paul met her constantly.

He had held his heart bound by its own selfishness so long that he did not realize how it was slipping away from him till it was gone p st recall. With a shock he wakened to the fact that he oved Bella Huntley with all the force of boyish impulse, all the fervor of mature years ; loved her utterly, without thought of her wealth or position, but for the radiant beauty of her face, the rare, intellect and winning sweetness of her perfeet woman bool.

And with the love there came little fear. He was wealtny, master of one of the fin st estates in New York, hand-some and of good birth. More than all, in those pust summer days he had won Belia's love. He was sure of that now. though it had troubled him little at the time. Vanity whispered that she had

come to win him now. So he was not a despairing lover, who on the same balcony where he had crushed her young heart three years before now pleaded for its love. Pleaded, too, as a man pleads for life. Not in the measured words with which he had asked dertua to be his wife, but in burn-

lestimation. It was here I heard-and with cruch addenness-of a circumstance connecter vith my intended which made me at first determine to rush back to London, and, f necessary, take to street-sweeping authorship, or any other desperate is ource, rather than marry that Mrs. Gor-

I was passing a half-opened door in the notel, when I heard a female voice adtreasing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising gener-

"It shall go," said the voice, "and so it shall, to its own gran-granuy-grannyma-to its-own-own grannyma, that it shall, so it shall-won't it ?-- to its own Grannyma Gordon."

The next minute, in reply to my hurried questions, my fears were confirmed by the landlord. My intended old and healthy bride was an absolute grandmother-Grandmother Gordon ! I had intended to go at once to my incle's, but that was now impossible My agitated mind needed repose. A hight's perfections were necessary to mm me with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace, and, engaging a bed at the inn, I went out to waik in the swighboring wood.

The locality was not chosen without a motive, for I knew that from the summit of a low hill a mile distant I should ob-tain a view of Sethan Court and I felt that, if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widew it would be the spectacle of her easterlated mansion seatest in a park which was a very paradise of benuty.

Every step I advanced reconciled me more and more to the old lady, and, when I saw the indications of trout in the stream, through the trees, I was more than ever intent. But just at that moment a sound broke

upon my ears, which conjured up recent disagreeable associations, it was the cry of a child.

My thoughts at once turned to hale, hearty, long-living grandmotherhood Visions of canes and snuff-boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ears, and, worse than all, the glances of matrimonial lovefrom the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood.

How different was the scene that met my eyes as I turned the corner of a clump of trees! The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grass knoll, fighting up with its little elenched.fists, and crowing, as the nursemaids call it, with all its might, while bending over it, with eyes brimfal of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching wild kisses from its brow, and seizing its neck with her lips as if she would throttle it, knoit a young woman-and such a young woman !-- a woman in the very prime and glory of her years.

I did not think she could have been quite thirty. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her disheveled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders ; but a bright radiance was on her queenly brow, just as a voice of peremptory comman was heard in her light, joyous laugh. There was a fearless self-possession

she would see me alone that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and my-

When I arrived at my uncle's I found him in a very bad temper as he had expected me the day before and matters were not mended when I mentioned the misgivings 1 had on the score of domestic

appiness Domestic fiddlesticks !" cried he. What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife-a healthy woman o boot come of a long winded race, and as likely as not to lay you beside my old friend Gordon) She is a grandmother already. Doesn't that look well? You do not think her too young? and the old

gentleman grinned while I gave vent to spasmodic exclamation . Then what disturts you about her-more especially when you tell me that there is a vacancy in your heart? But here comes a letter from the Court 'and tearing open a large old-fashioned-looking missive presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:

" My DEAN SIR I am told that your nephew has arrived and as to has been reported upon favorably by or , who saw im yesterday, and on whose taste and adgment I can rely, I am tempted to say, with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance.

"I am truly grateful for the many obliging things I am told he said of me, and I hope one day of other he will find them all realized · My dearest grandchild sends a biss

to you both, and, with best regards, I remain, as usual. " GRANDMOTHER GORDON "

"There" cried the old gentleman, with odious triumph ... There is a spirit for you ! Why you dog, you will be as happy as the day is long "

I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were browing lutterly over the breachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embar rassing by personding the wretched grandmother that I had been such an ass as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness and infirmities. It was clear that she was a jill, that she had only been laughing at my admiration, and that she was now determined to extract further amu-ement from my calamities I resolved, however, to die game. Telling my uncle that, though well ac-

ainted with Mrs. Gordon from report, I desired to see her personally before de ciding. I threw myself on horseback and galloped straightway to the Court.

It had been my intention to ask for Mrs. Gordon, but the wily widow was on her guard, for, as the door opened, I heard her call to the servant in her silvery tones :

"Show the gentleman in here." In another moment I stood once more

n the presence of the unknown of the ure, w th pale cheeks, sens less blue eyes and hair like flax ! Miss Hortensia Carey has eyes like black stars and the height o "You forgot your promise," said I: you make a sport of my misery."

What could I have said when quesdi in t think Guy would have forgotten tioned?" inquired she, sweetly. "But what misery do you allude to-the misery me so soon. An I then Lia began to cry, she didn't quite know why. "I think I'm tired of Silverview Lake,"

of marrying a grandmother?" "Yes-when my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you :

you are as incapable of passion as a statue. You could never have loved even your husband !" "You are in some degree wrong : still. I was so young when I was marriedonly sixteen-that I looked upon my hus-

turn.

mirror.

ding."

she w.s about.

And Ida gave her ball a thump with

the mallet, vitally damaging her p rtn r s

play, and not in the least knowing what

She went home and looked into her

"Yes," said she to herself, "I thought

She's worth loving-but f

so! I'm only a little insignificant creat-

she said to herself. "I mean to write to

Uncle Theodore to come and take me

home. I suppose they'll be married at once, and use Carey won't return to

Vermont at all. I won't go to the wed-

Neither moan nor cry escaped Lucy's white lips as she read those lines. She stood for a minute as if turned to stone : then, looking up at the clock on the mantel, she hastily left the room.

It wanted a quarter of 8, and in a few minutes Lucy had on her hat and cloak, and was hurrying in the direct.on of May Walters'.

A tew minutes' brisk' walking brought her in sight of May s nome, and she was not a moment too soon. She stood still as she saw her lover approach and run lightly up the steps of May's dwelling. She watched her lover until he disap-peared within the house; then, turning away, she slowly retraced her footst-ps homewar I, with that feeling in her heart that only those was have loved and lost ever know.

It was evening. Lucy Elliot sat in the same room where but last night she parted from her lover.