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VOLUME XXIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1889.

NUMBER 43.

what a dollar can buy in the way of Black

phate siles. Generally speaking the Si Atprices that make all other dealers hustle, just think of it: gender of Bosch Silks and not very satisfacmay as to service and appearance, but at mis so rial silk sale, both these qualities are righty supplied. These lots are all special foctunate pur-

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to have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. for over thirty years and always unend it when asked to name the blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, gist, Augusta, Obio.

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WHOLESALEJAND RETAIL DRUGGISTS, PITTSBURG, PA.

the rooms in their house to lodgers, to and just a little shabby, who asked if they had a room to spare for him.

"It must be a very cheap one," said he, "for I can't afford a good one. I don't want it to be furnished. I have very good furniture of my own-good enough for me; plenty good enoughpoor-house.

suited him, the rent suited him, he gave a well-known banker's name as reference, and he declared himself to be

The banker to whom Mr. Golden went smiled a peculiar smile and

he'll pay his rent." And the next day Mr. Moss came with his furniture. A boy brought an old-fashioned cot, and a straw bed, and a wooden stool, and a little threelegged table, and wanted fifty cents for his trouble, and took twenty-five in cash, and took the rest out in bad language on the door-step, after he had been shut out Then Mr. Moss arranged his room himself, and drew one pot, and had one roll and one radish

Then he nipped one off, and walked

do feel so sorry for him."

always very careful to be civil to him. self. And what was a cup of coffee now and then, or just a wedge of ple, or a bowl of soup? It wasn't missed, and one could do it in a neighborly fashion, for a man must be very poor to live so.

And Miss Golden, who often laughed at the idea of owning such a name she whose life was so little of a golden one-did a thousand such little kindnesses. They had enough to eat and drink, her father and herself.

in his room, often warmed himself at that of his landlord. He was not plain; but his brain was full of thoughts of one order -thoughts of money; how people made it and lost how they speculated with it and lost it; how unexpected legacies were left to some people, and how others waited in vain for dead men's shoes; and sometimes when Ellen Golden, who had a touch of romanca in her, hinted that, after all, money was not worth every thing else in life, he would stop

think enough of money. It would be of it as to come to the almshouse in your old age. Many worthy people have come to the almshouse in their

old ago.", His grave, dark face, the little touch of foreign accent there was in his voice, his curiously earnest manner, all gave his words a curious weight

Elien could not laugh at them. used to say, "such a terrible pity that poor Mr. Moss should have let his misfortunes warp him so. If he would but talk of something else.",

And Mr. Golden would say: "Ah, you don't know how it hurts a man to have had all his schemes and ambitions come to an end in his mature years. Youth can rise again after a fall; middle-age can not. No

doubt poor Mr. Moss has failed.", And Ellen Golden supposed that this must be so, and that night asked her tonant to tes, and made a won-10-14.-ff derful cake with a view to his coming.

He did not refuse to eat the cake, but he gave her a little sermon on extravagance, and begged her to reflect

what eggs cost "It is certainly quite disinterested." said Ellen Golden, "but he makes -me so uncomfortable. Being so poor himself I can't feel hurt at his reminding me that I am poor, too-but I wish he wouldn't."

In return for the kindness of the Goldens, poor Mr. Moss was always ready to do a thousand things. He was handy with hammer and nails, and had a wonderful faculty for mending shoes. Once or twice Ellen thought he must have been a shoemaker, he so ably cobbled her disthe kitchen closet door on its hinges;

her. Once she said: " "How did you learn to do so many

thingspr And he answered? money as to be a Jack-of-all-trades." money when he dug her garden and put new bricks in her range. And he did it with the same alacrity with which he sponged and pressed his own clothes, and re-covered his own um-

When he came home at night he always went to work; and they learned that he made his own bedstead, and

"A penny saved is a penny got," said Mr. Moss. And Mr. Golden, who never yet had found himself quite give up all those protty luxuries she | able to pour himself a cup of coffee, chimney as to mend any thing about the house, stared in amazement.

"He appears to be a gentleman by he said; "he is well rea in the classics; he understands music as few save professional folk do; and stocks-my dear, I think he knows more about stocks than any one I ever met. What an invaluable man he he is reduced himself."

wonder at in him, or whether his dark skin and black eyes were the proper contrast to her complexion and blue orbs, Ellen Golden found herself thinking of him a great deal.

"If he only would forget money, or the sound of it, how nice he would be," said she.

never told to any one-he had said to "If a man were rich enough he would

be so much happier married-so much happier-but it is unwise to marry if one can not afford it. It is so expensive a thing. Don't you think so?' And she had said:

Somehow, she thought to herself, Prince, but who proved to be one-half gentle, and kindly things in Mr. Moss -almost loving things at times-but

half of him came to view. hurt paps, but not in the same way."

It was a queer life that the girl led with these two men, one old, one niddle aged, and yet it was not an unhappy one.

"His employer, doubtless," said Mr.

And once, in going away, this gentleman had said aloud: "Excuse me, Mr. Moss, but you dangerous to sit so much in the cold. I am nearly perished, I assure you."

"Do you know the rent they charge for rooms with grates, and do you know the price of coal per ton, Mr.

And Mr. Macklin had laughed a little, cruel laugh. .

tle earnings-some poor relative to support, for whom he deprives himself of comfort-and we must be very good to him, papa. But won't you --you are older than he--won't you advise him to leave that odious Mr. Macklin and go where they will give him better wages?"

And Mr. Golden did broach the subject, but poor Mr. Moss only shook his head.

Ellen detested him! But no one is ever certain he is at his worst any more than he is at his best. Another misfortune came to

Mr. Moss and this is how: One day the tin leader that carried the water from the roof of the Golden house came loose. The rain rushed in at Mr. Moss' window and drenched his floor. The gentlemanly landlord | the people call a miser." came up in his dressing-gown, and promised to send at once for a person

to attend to the leader. The tenant quite good-humoredly stopped him: poor fellow who seemed almost a beg-"Come, come," he said, "you know my old adage-a penny saved is a penny got. You haven't any too

your hammer and nails and that bit of tiu you were going to throw away yesterday, and mend your roof for you. I'll do it at ence." "But, my dear sir, I can't allow it,"

much money, and you'd go and waste

it paying working-people. I'll take

said Mr. Golden, politely. "My dear, sir, you won't use force to prevent me?" said Mr. Moss. "Oh, dear, no," said Mr. Golden. "But the roof is quite a slope and very slippery. It is probably danger-

ous. At least wait." "Meanwhile my furniture is being spoilt." said Mr. Moss. looking at the home-made adornments of his room, "and your colling, which you are shamefully extravagant enough to forget. Sir, I am not amazed that you failed in business. -

Mr. Golden went down-stairs at "Ellen, my love," be said. "I have been cruelly insulted by our tenant. I have done with him."

"Oh papa," said Ellen, "it can not "He alluded with scorn to my misfortunes in business," said Mr. Goldon "I did not retort. Noblesse oblige, you know. No, no; he can't be a gentle-

man." -Just then there was an odd sound outside-a sound that made Ellen's blood curdle. "What is it, papa?" she cried. "Perhaps Mr. Moss has thrown his

bed out of the window," said Mr. Golden. Then they rushed out into the garden. There upon the great like bush, been but for my gread. But I will not flattened to the ground by his weight, the roof. The house was only two that gold would buy you!"

Poor Ellen screamed and came so | came his wife; and it is said that he near fainting as to lose all strength, never even spoke of gold again .- M. Meanwhile the other lodgers had rushed down, and poor Mr. Moss was carried into the parlor and placed on a sofa and a doctor was called.

Looking at the pale face, both father and daughter forgot the man's faults -the former his late offense, the latter his odd counsels and reproofs. When the doctor came they stood beside their friend in tears. "It's a bad case," said that worthy,

when he had made an examination; "but he may live. There'll be fever probably delirium, though. You'd better send him to the hospital, if he's only a tenant, and you don't know his friends.".

Then he went away, having bandaged a limb and a rib; and Ellen looked at her father. All he said

"No, my dear, we wen't." Then for many days they nursed the poor fellow, and he knew nothing of it; and the doctor was right about the delirium; and in it he raved of money, of stocks, of gold, of cent.

One day Mr. Mackin called. He presented his head at the door, and said, as Elica opened it:

"I say, ma'am, what has happened to the old gentleman?" "Mr. Moss is at death's door," said Ellen. "He has met with a terrible

lin; "and there'll be the deuce to pay at our place. He keeps things so in his own hands that if he can't be consulted it's hard to tell what to do. Is

he unconscious?" "Yes," said Ellen; "but, sir, -can it be that Mr. Moss has occupied an important place in your establishment?" "I should think he had," said

"And you have been cruel enough to take advantage of him, and repay his services with a pittance that scarcely provides him with bread," said Ellen. "I speak plainly, I know; but I feel strongly. Perhaps you do not guess what privations he has suffered."

Mr. Macklin stared at her in silence for awhile and then whistled long and

"So you are in the dark?" said he. "You think I employ Mr. Moss-I? My dear madam, I am his confidential clerk. You see, Mr. Moss is a very eccentric man. He's about as rich a man as I know-positively rolling in gold-but he's a-not to put too fine a point on it-he's a miser."

He paused, looked at her face turning white before his eyes, and added: "You needn't be afraid of him, though; he's honest. He'll relmburse you for any expense you are at; and I'll stop and send up a surgeon who knows who he is; or, better tell the one you have his name. Every one knows Isaac Moss, and his queer

Then, after some more talk, and a look at the delirious man, Mr. Macklin went away, and Ellen, with totally changed feelings, resumed her post at

the patient's side. She looked at his face coldly. Her kindliness for him was all gone. The poor man who was so patient under his privations seemed to have died, and her from attending the church of there on the pallet before her lay the | which she is a member. thing she leathed so unutterably-a miser. To both father and daughter the friend they had known seemed dead. But they ministered to him still, until one day-after Isaac Moss had been better for a long time, and was growing quite well-after he had had a long interview with a gentleman whom Mr. Golden knew to be a lawyer, he called Ellen to his side, and begged her to listen to him quite alone.

"I can not say it to any one else," Texas Siftings. he said, "but I must to you. You found me out very soon after my accident, I know. You know I am what She answered:

"And the fact has cost me your friendship, which you gave to the

Again she answered: "I can not help it, Mr. Moss-it has

changed me." "Ellen Golden," he whispered, "I knew that at once-and I could scarcely bear it-but you do not know how it came about. My people were poor, and money was the one dream they had. I made it by much self-sacrifice in my youth, and I learned to care for it and toared to lose it as other men do their lives. It was only 1 who suffered. I cheated no one."

"But it is a miserable weakness," said Ellen. Sa

"Yes," said the man, "I know it is now. And I know there is something I value more than gold. It is you, Ellen, and now you hate me. But I have taken my madness by the threat. Yesterday I was a rich man, to-day I am what I would have called poor, for I have legally made over almost all I possessed to you, in such a way that you can not refuse to receive it; and when I am well I will go away, if you bid me, for I attach no condition to my gift. Only, Ellen-you did not hate me when I was poor-if we might be friends again-more than friends-There, there-it was not to buy you!" "But you were really mad to do such a thing," cried Ellen," and I will not

take the gift." "Would you return a drunkard his bottle?" asked Moss; "a murderer his knife? No!-I-a miser-was not fit to be rich. I am not sure I am a miser now. Love has driven mammon from me-I humbly hope that-and lying here, thinking to die so soon, and thinking how happy I might have

plead with you, Ellen; if I must go, I ay Mr. Moss. He had slipped from | must. I said before I never thought stories and a-half high. But it was a | It did not. But they never parted fall that left little hope for life. He again. In the sweet spring-time a to buy me a new slik-something was senseless and covered with blood. | new life dawned for him, for she be- | really elegant. ______

Cady, in N. Y. Ledger. FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

A Powerful Argument for Equal Rights From a book entitled "The Famfly," prepared by the joint authorship of Rev. Charles F. and Mrs. Thwing, we take the following: The common objection urged against the equal authority of the man and woman in the macriage relation is based upon the belief that in the family there must be one supreme and ultimate authority. A double headship is a monstrosity. One only can decide, and that one is more fittingly the man. To this it may well be answered that, however true it is that the final decision of a mooted question can rest only on one, it by no means follows that the same one should decide all questions. The central idea of a true wedlock is the idea of mutual self-surrender. Rights,

Neither the husband nor wife should demand more than the other can give. nor consent constantly to give without receiving in return. Two classes of questions arise in a family-these that are personal to either the husband or the wife, and those that effect both equally. In affairs which are common to both, experience must decide to whom the desiston may be more safely committed. Doubtless, in uffairs regarding the relation of the family to the outside world, the peculiar training of the man fits him to be the safer guide. But in demostic concerns, such as the selection and furnishing of the house, the oversight of servants, the train-

duties and privileges are reciprocal

ing of the children, the house mother is the natural leader. ---Children naturally belong to both parents, and both parents should have by law an equal right to them and their earnings. No more unrighteons law disgraces the statute book than that which gives to the father the sole ownership of children, sole control of their earnings and sole inheritance in their property. In many of the United States, until within a few years, a father might by will dispose of the person of even an unborn child. This law has been changed in several States; but the power of binding out a child, be it son

or daughter, still rosts with the father 4 in matters private and personal, each must at the outset of married life recognize the complete freedom of the other. The only right to be maintained is the right of the one to yield a personal desire for the sake of the happiness of the other. Neither should expect to dictate as to what friends the other may visit, what habits he may indulge, what private expenses he may incur.

This, it need hardly be said, is not according to the present law. The husband, as the head of the household, has the right to dictate the policy of the family. The wife is expected to conform to his habits, tastes, even to his eccentricities, provided her health be not seriously endangered by so doing. The hosband may even restrict his wife's calling list, or forbid her from visiting her relations. The courts also sustain him in preventing

-Mrs. Manly (to visitor)-"It is an outrage the way people talk. Everybody says that I bulldoze my husband so that he is afraid to say that his soul Is his own. It's an infamous lie. Just ask my husband himself. Charles, my dear, come here!" Charles (in the next room)-"I haven't got time right now, my dear." "Are you coming, Charles, or are you not?" - "I'm coming. Matilda, as fast as I can."-

Nutmeg Sauce.-To one pint of boilng water add a half cup of sugar, one tablespeon of butter, a pinch of salt, one tablespoon of corn starch. Nutmos to taste.

IN THE ORCHARD. The autumn leaves are whirled away; The sober skins look down On faded fields and woodlands gray,

Through the brown orchard's gusty aisie, In sad-hued gown and hood Slow passes, with a peaceful smile, A masden pure and good, Her deep, serens and dove-like eyes.

Are downward bent; her face,

And the dun-colored town.

Whereon the day's pale shadow lies, is sweet with nameless grace, The frelie wind beside her blows; The sere leaves dance and leap; With hands before her clasped, she goes

As in a waking sieep. To her the ashen skies are bright, The russel earth is fair: And never shone a cleaver light,

Nor breathed a softer mir.

O wigged love! whose magic art Thine are the beams that fill the heart Of this meer Quaker maid, -James B. Kenyon, in The Century.

HOUSEHOLD TYRANTS. The Species Is by No Means Con-

fined to One Sex. The man who stints his family in rder to indulge himself has for long been held up to the secra of the reading public that the other side of he subject has been entirely lost sight Some time ago I was calling on an quaintance, who had a number of new purchases to display-articles of urniture, decoration, etc., and some lovely table ware. Knowing her income to be no larger than my own 1

"But how can you afford such handome things? I can not even think of making such purchases." She gave me an intent look, then,

dropping her voice confidentially, "I save it out of the housekeeping. For a long time I have saved at least half of my monthly allowance, and this month I will save more. I want

much and still make your family comfortable?" -

enough, she said, as if offended. 'I'm sure what's good enough for me is good enough for them!" She had detained me so long bringing out one thing after another to display, that ten-time approached, and her little boy, a child of nine or ten years of age, came dashing in, say-

"O ma! I'm so hungry! Is there any thing for supper to-night?" "Certainly, my sen, we will have the supper we always have." "O-o-o ma! Nothing but cold corn-

bread and milk! O4!" "Hush! If coen-bread and milk is good enough for me, it ought to be good enough for the rest of you," she answered, sternly.

"Yes, but, ma, you leke it and all the rest of us hate it. Why can't we ever have any thing the rest of us like?" "That will do. If you are not hungry enough to eat what we have, you can go without."

I hastily took leave, and as I shut the front gate I heard the poor little fellow burst into a perfect storm of had paid too dearly for them. After that I used to watch her children passing by on their way to school. Their once ruddy faces grew sallow and pinched, while deep scowls of dis-content and discomfort became habitual to them. In a few weeks the mother returned my visit, arrayed in the "really elegant" silk dress. As

frowned and "I don't know what alls them, they em so droopy and cross. They were such healthy babies, and their father and I, too, bave always been strong-I don't understand it-I suppose I shall have to take them somewhere for a change, but it seems an

awful extravagance" a May not such a woman be, without exaggeration, likened to a vampire, draining the life blood, or its equivalent, from the family to indulge herself? I never returned that visit, and could only think of her afterwards

with loathing. : A friend I used to have lived a short distance from town, on a fruit farm. One spring day I heard she was geting ready for her usual summer trip, so I, thimble in pocket, went out to spend the day and help with her preparations. She received me joyfully, and we were soon deep in the mysteries of ruffles and gores. Though not intimately acquainted, I had loved her dearly. That night I went home thinking her a selfish little beast. At linner time her husband came in tired and hungry. She had left me sewing, and gone out half an hour before to the kitchen and now called us out to dinner. The table was set with beautiful china, and there was a dish of squash and a small plate of bread and butter, and a pitcher of water, nothing else. She made no reference to the scanty fare, but seemed to think it was all as it should be. I did not care for myself, knowing that I would be at my own bountiful table at tea-time, but I did pity her husband. I knew that he could have eaten every mouthon the table and still be ur fied. The bread plate was soon emptied. He looked hesitatingly at

"My dear, is there any more bread?" "Yes," she sald, without moving. "I only cut what I think will be eaten;

"The plate is empty," he sail! Perhaps Mrs. Sunshine would like some more." "Would you like some more, Mrs.

Of course I said no. He waited several minutes, then

several seconds, then arose and cut him one little piece. He ate it, looked around wistfully at the empty dishes, sighed and folded up his napkin. I knew him to be the kindest, most indulgent husband, and I felt indignant to see him so imposed upon. When we returned to our sewing, I dexterously led the conversation to the sub-"How tired and hangry Mr. Walters

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She looked unsmillingly at him for

inch, Stimes,....

i year.....

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must get, working as he does out of doors all day?" I said. "Yes, I suppose he does," she an-

swared, carelessly. "I should think you would take a great deal of pains to have things nice for him, he is so thoughtful for you?" I ventured, further.

"Oh, no! He doesn't expect me to exert myself. He knows how frail I am!

This, uttered at the sewing-machine in the pauses of stitching a slxth ruffle on a "summer silk," did not impress me as being very consistent. "Besides," she continued, presently, two must economize. My outfit is costler " great gent and my trip will be expensive. I can not afford to spend much on our home living. I don't have any appetite myself, any way, so I bother just as little with housework and cookery as I can." This was so unmitestly selfish that

it fairly took my breath away, and I worked several button-holes before speaking again, Inon I said: "I wonder you are willing to go away and leave him here alone all summer. Supposing he should get sick?" "Well, I would rather he had some one here with him, but he will not be able to afford it. I must have money

to spend while I am away. There are always little unlooked-for expenses. I can't go empty handed, and I will go. Jack promised me before we were married that I should always have a summer trip, and I mean to keep him These are not fancy sketches. They are drawn from life, and many more

more wives than husbands to take the

lion's share of the income and use it for Solfish promperes in which the others had no share. One woman ! bnow whose husband has broken down from over-work. Her house is a perfect museum of useless pieces of furniture and finery, hideous chromes, "ornaments," silks, aces, etc., etc. She beres every visitor she has showing these, and bewalling the "better days" when she constantly haunted bargain counters, and ends by saying: "I little thought I would one day have to take boarders for a living!" as if she, instead of her poor, broken-down husband, were the aggrieved one. It is evident that she really thinks she is. Even now she stints her family in every possible way

that she may save for fresh .. bar-Some years ago, when we were younger and less wise, my husband and I resolved to cut down our living expenses in order to purchase a set of books for which our souls longed. We did so, and enjoyed the possession of them as only book-lovers can, but all at once our days began to be languid and nervous, and our nights filled with troubled dreams. The symptoms increased until, alarmed, we "called the doctor in." He looked wise, asked questions, then prescribed tonics, and a nourishing diet! How we laughed when he had gone! It was such a joke on us! When we viewed the coniltion of the family purse, after payng the doctor and druggist bills, we realized that it was useless to try to cheat nature. But how much better I felt than if I had privately cut down the table expenses to indulge some selfish "fad" of my own, then ascribed our feebleness to a "mysterious dispensation of an all-wise Providence?" -Judith Sunshine, in Good House-

----AS TO OVERPRODUCTION. An Impossibility Unit: All Human Needs

Have Been Supplied.

The employment of machinery and other labor-saving inventions has increased and cheapened productions, yet they have not, nor will they ever, keep pace with the increasing wants and demands of advancing civilization. The higher the civilization, the better educated the people, the more it developes new and increasing wants and desires, and to this there is no limit. The wants of the savage can be counted on the fingers' ends, while those people in the high state of civilization have wants that are as numerous as the stars in heaven-there is no end. The way out of the dilemma is not to top work and throw the people into dleness and crime, but to cultivate their desires by a higher civilization so they will crave for more, not less, of the good things of this world. When the people desire a certain thing they exert themselves to acquire it and not before. It is ignominious folly to talk of an overproduction of goods while half the people are suffering for those very things which they tell us have been produced in too great an abundance. There has been no overproduction of shoes as long as there is one person going barefooted or with holey shoes on, or an overproduction in cotton cloth, woolen goods, or any other article of comfort, until every person in the land has all he deluog to make him comfortable and happy. As long as there is one person ill-fed or Ill-clothed, who desires to be better provided for, and is willing to work to that end, there has been no overproduction, but an unjointing of the equitable laws of production and consumption is what is the matter and what causes the trouble. -Labor Standard.

-Honor to whom hence is due. Let it candidly be said that some book agents are bigger bores than

others.—Oil City Derrick.

There are so many explorers lost in Africa now they ought to go to work at finding each other. -Pittsburgh Chronicle.

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WELL MATURED, RIPE WHIS-

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A LATTER-DAY DELUSION. How swiftly now the seasons glide,

When one looks back to hours of youth, A day seems past, scarce more in sooth, Since the child roumed wondering-oyed. But days were then as now are years, Life's path appeared an endless "climb!" There was for all things so much time;

Folly to let its waste wake fears! With face turned futureward, before Our feet the way untrod, intent To seek, to find, to know, we went. Nor reckoned of the moment's store.

Yet now we say we squandered you. O, hours, that have become so brief! The fault stands out in bold relief Against the wide, time-distant blue. And our regret rings, as the tone Of civistral bell, within our hearts; While to our lips the mean upstarts;

Ah, if we then had only known?" But valu it is to deep that we Would use the wisdom of the years, E'en though we sould, ere care and tears Have wrought it to maturity. The train of days with ill they hold, Young hearts it could not change to old

Time for all things," the sage bath cried; So let not after thoughts dece Youth must be youth, its course achieve; No age its own will be denied. Then trustful be the glance we cast!
No greater waste than useless pain.

Soon, soon we'd laugh away our awel

Richer we grow, through loss and gain-Though the years speed so fast, so fast!
-William Struthers, in America. ----MISS GOLDEN'S LODGER.

Money Is Not the Only Thing on Earth Worth Having. After Mr. Golden had failed, and he and Miss Golden took to letting out and she found it necessary to work hard at embroidery besides, and to had been used to, there came one day the door a sparely-built man, rather handsome, but not very young,

and I don't wish to die in the poorhouse. No; I don't wish to die in the Miss Golden opened her eyes as the big man of five-and-forty said this, but there was a little hall bedroom on the top floor which stood in place of the traditional garret, and thither she conducted the gentleman who dreaded the poor-house so much. The room

"Highly respectable, and I feel sure

spoonful of tea in a little tin tea-

or his supper. The roll he bought; the radish he took from a bunch on the cer's counter. "What are your radishes?" he said.

way like an absent-minded gentle-"Poor soul," said Ellen Golden, "I So she smiled and nodded to him when he went out next day, and was She knew what it was to be poor her-

Then, when the nights grew cold, their tenant, who could have no fire without ideas, and he was by no means it; how they got high interest for it;

short in his serious, solemn way, and 'My dear young lady, you don't a terrible thing if you were so careless

"But it is such a pity, papa," she

earded walking-boots; and she had fancied him a carpenter when he put and a jeweler when he reset the amethyst in her dead mother's ring which she now wore in memory of

"Nothing saves A man so much Still he was not saving himself brella.

his three-cornered table, and stuffed his own straw mattress. or find his own slippers, and who, though he had been a prosperous commercial gentleman once, would have been as apt to sweep his own

would have been to me in my business. I would gladly have had him for my head clerk. He might have saved me from failure; yet see to what a pass Mr. Moss certainly was a mystery; but, since he did not choose to explain himself, the Goldens were too polite to ask questions; and whether it was the fact that there was something to

And one day-but this she had

"Oh, yes, it certainly is;" and liad not known whether to laugh or knowing Mr. Moss is like meeting the enchanted Prince of the Arabian Nights-who seemed a flesh and blood of stone. So there were soft, and

when he spoke of money the petrified "Yet it is trouble that has made him so," said she. "The enchantment-or perhaps I should say the disenchantment-of loss and disappointment. It

Mr. Moss had no other friends, save a portly, bald-headed gentleman who came now and then with importantlooking papers and envelopes in his hands to spend half an hour in his

should have a room with a fire. It is And Mr. Moss had answered meek-

"He is paying Mr. Moss almost nothing for his toil, I suppose," said Mr. "And, dear papa," said Ellen, "do you know I really think poor Mr. Moss must have some claim on his lit-

That hateful Mr. Macklin-how

"Yes."

sobs. I no longer envied her the benutiful things she had bought. She

soon as there was an opportunity I "And how are your children?" She

his wife and then said: >11, it gets so dry."

Sunshine?" she said, turning to me. .

said: "If it isn't too much trouble to get it, I would like another piece."