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what I ask of her."

effectually silences me in protesting further. serrowing, from the newly-made graves of husband and child. "Remember," she said on them. My poor, brave Arthur could not

Seltzer Aperient

baskets beside us were filled with the red fruit of the barberry, and wreathed with erns and gayly colored leaves. In the disand above us beamed the cloudless sky,

minting of a sterner season. the dawning of brighter hours had come.

claims its share in the visit to be. fluctuating tides of peace and disquietude have run so often into a sen of counter cur-rents, ebbing and flowing over that first

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By Manda L. Crocker.



is sitting, this pale, sweet woman, clad the suggestive clack crape. The ugainst the slender throat in a caressing manner, and they remind me, as I look

Oh! yes: and more than that memory is dden within the folds of that black gown. There is a triple story of bereavement and of anguish of soul keener than that felt for he dead, but, as yet, I do not know it quite

She is a mystery to me, and I fall to comrehend her many times, although I know or history to be crowded with incidents

The afternoon sun comes through the late in bright golden bars, and falls lovingly on her dark hair, revealing to me that it is ot really bisck, as I had thought, but of a he sunshine

The scent of the fragrant roses comes up en the little garden below, with the ath of carnations and violets growing entiful there, but her soul is shut against all that is beautiful in nature to-day. She is so strange and lives within her-if, in such an atmosphere of deep sorrow, nat I have never been able to penetrate it and understand the heart throbbing out its

I would love to talk freely to her this afternoon, but am at a loss to know how to egin. I am, at best, a poor comforter: my cart is sympathetic enough, but its emoions fail me in words. In this, as in many ther things, I am very unfortunate, and the good that I would do is never realized. But finally I venture: "Miriam would you oy a drive on the beach, or shall it be a troll in the woods to fill up this remaining

siece of a day?" Out there beyond the trees, and swellng shoreward, lie the blue waters of the

eed; I understand her. She crunches a letter in her hand savagey -a letter addressed to me, yet more hers han mine-as if to remind me that its conits are all she has room for in her oughts, and that a drive on the sunny unds would only mock the shores of noth-

Then she gets up as if I have annoyed or disturbed her by my question, which I preame I have, and goes down the walk to the ittle wicket opening out to the clustering rees in front of my cottage. The great white lilles that droop either side the way are hardly paler than she, or more inno-

Presently she comes back to me, but, instead of sitting down on the ottomun at my et, as I half expected her to do, she drops he letter into my lap, kisses me hungrily. whispers brokenly: "I can never do it never?" and goes up-stairs. I make no answer; there are no words left me adequate,

cantiful city by the sea, in merrie old ingland, and is a call from desolated Heathericigh Maner. "Do I know aught of Jiriam Percival Fairfax." If so, tidings of her will be thankfully received. The grand am not allowed to answer the latter; Miri-am will not have it so, and Heatherleigh is thing to me. Of course I have told her she had better go, but with a look of horror those haunting eyes of hers, she has refused emphatically, as whispering with white lips she tells me that she "hates her neestral halls," and "that I have no idea

Perhaps I don't, and the deep aversion ranking in her soul toward her birthplace comes hissing through the white teeth, and She came to me two years ago, sad and o me once, "that my busband and son sleep where the shadows of Heutherleigh full not

cheerful, even, sometimes as we stroll in the fields, or wander off among the ragged hills where the wild heatherbell and bar-One time in particular I remember, as !! sit holding the crumpled letter, a scene that with her face comes back to me, as

beautiful dreams come sometimes across We had wandered up the hills, and were ting at the foot of a tree, resting. Our anceshone the blue waters of the bay, while the breeze dailled here and there,

Miriam leaned her sunny head against the nossy trunk, and sat looking far off over the shimmering waters in the quiet dis-tance, and a look of almost happiness came into the perfect face. I sat watching her, wrapt in admiration, and hoping that She turned to me with animation, saying: "This is pleasant so pleasant and peaceful?" and I was giad to answer: "Yes." That was last year, and since then the

### I hesitated a great deal before giving her the missive, thinking that perhaps it might not be conducive of any good, but after all I have done so, and regretted it immediately green lanes.

afterward. I fold up the letter now, wishing something had happened to it be-fore it reached its destination, or that I had had discretion enough to have foreseen the consequences, and had committed it to the

grate, as I might have done, seeing it was While I am indulging thus in self-conemnation she comes down stairs, calm enough outwardly, the glossy hair freshly brushed, and I doubt not the tear-stains bathed carefully off the placid face, so as not to grieve me. She comes forward and takes my hands in her two hot ones, looks pleadingly into my face, and makes a strange request, a request that sends the blood surging back to my heart, leaving my cheeks blanched, I am aware, for she pauses, looks troubled and doubtive, and hesitates. But finally she has finished, and I have promised to grant her desire, al though in ten minutes after she has kissep me thankfully and settled down on the shadow-flecked steps with a great sigh of

relief I regret having done so. She knows it is my intent to visit a relative living in the suburbs of Hastings, shortly, and she has asked me "while there, take a little run over beyond Fairlight, and -visit Heatherleigh." But that isn't the strange part of her request, though it is all surprising. She looked me calmly in the eyes and asked me to "bring her portrait away from the fated gallery with me." How on earth am I to accomplish this?

At first it seems easy enough to me, but on reflection the undertaking grows stupendous, and borders on the impossible. I sit very still, revolving the request in my mind, and every moment its magnitude is tensified. But I made no sign, and she sits with clasped hunds, gazing out at the water, fully confident that I will be able to fulfill my promise, and I haven't the courage

So we sit out the piece of a day talking some but thinking more until the sun goes down behind the hills, and the shadows grow longer and denser over the carnations and reses, and reach out darkly for the gleaming satin of the lilies which they

Maggie, my little maid of all work, rings the tea bell merrily, then peeps through the blinds to see where we are. Having seen us, her bright eyes disappear, and I know she has flown to her kingdom to keep "the tay proper hot" until we put in an appeare, which we do shortly

Miriam-I always say simply Miriamlooks satisfied once more. I divine the reason; she has settled the letter question positively in the negative, or rather I have termined it for her by my rash promise. But how I am to beard "the Douglas in his hall" is more than I know, and obtain the elegant pertrait of the daughter of the house, because I am not to reveal her whereabouts-it is her request. Miriam thinks, however, that I am the

sits over there sipping her tea in full confidence, while I challe down my dessert, measure my powers with a broken reed and transform my digits to cipners. f the head; but she essays no word. Small The day of my departure arrives. Over against its fair, promising sities falls a shadow. I dread to leave Miriam. I would so love to take her with me, but the laws of

one all-powerful equation of her life, and

the Medes and Persians are not more irrevocable than Miriam's may. She is to stay here in the cottage at Bayview, and see after my affairs, while I am to go and en-joy myself. As if I could endey my visit with that gigantic undertaking supplemented on like a thing of evil. If Heatherleigh was still in its balcyon days, as when I once visited within its doors, how differently I should feel about

this matter; but I understand evil influences lurk in its long, dark halis, and march through its desolate corridor since Sir Rupert's demise. This is one reason why my little tour comes to me, in the prospective, like a nightmare, and I feel a terror of it all creep-

ing into my bravest moments. These reports coming to me by letter occasionally I have never revealed to Miriam, which now is one thing I am thankful for, as I have not frightened her by any thing said to me and kept her away thereby. I am positive, too, that she knows nothing of these things, as she gets no news from merric old England. This, to me, is one ray of relief.

But I am ready, so is my luggage, and I must bid good-bye to Bayview and Miriam. She clings to me, pale and sorrowful, but there is a wild, eager questioning in her eyes as she lays her tene-wet cheek against mine. Instinctively, I know she is thinking of my promise, and I say, impulsively: "I will bring your portrait, dear." I don't add "if I cun," which, perhaps, I ought to do, but leave the declarative premise in-1 SHAKASHE



tact, trusting Heaven for the fulfillment. She flings her arms around my neck at this, and sobs out her gratitude, releases me,

and I am gone. The friends with whom I intended to sail meet me at the pier, and all is well so far. There is an eager trend of passengers, a business air in the movements of the crew, a rattling of chains, a settling here and there, and the good ship Lady Clare weighs anchor and we are on our voyage. The starting gives me a feeling of courage that I never dreamed of, and I stoutly resolve that, come what may, Heather leigh's mysteries will not intimidate me No: I will walk undaunted in its ancanny shadows, and hold converse, if necessary, with its spiritual occupants. And, more than all else, I should doubtless find some who would and could be only too glad to give me the history of the hall and

taken this journey, although the sunny face of my cousin Gladys, in her far-away En-

# I am in the suburbs of Hastings, where

Cousin Gladys' little cottage is a veritable paradise to my quiet-loving soul. Perched away up here on a height and nestling in its wealth of blossoming creepers, it seems a very sweet haven of all I desire. In the distance I can get a glimpse of the sea, and West Cliff and a bird's-eye view of High Wickham, but it is the pictresque beauty and blessed content of the

case me most Above the distant downs a few fleecy clouds hover, then drift lazily out over the sen and fade into the infinitesimal. 1 sit down on the porch, over which the ivy runs



COUSIN GLADYS JOINS ME FOR A CHAT. in profusion, with a sigh of satisfaction,

and presently cousin Gladys joins me for We talk of many things, over which falls the glamour of Auld Lang Syne, and by the time she excuses herself to see after the late dinner, I have had a goodly number of

pleasant, and not a few unpleasant, reminiscences of suburban Hastings. My friends of the voyage are staying with relatives near Ecclesbourne, and are pleased to notify me by post that they are going further into the country, and desire This I can not do, as I am "bound for the hall," in the language, but not the spirit, of Tennyson. While thinking of my friends,

however, I laugh a little, but end with a sigh, as bright Miss Stanley comes to view. I presume she has entirely forgotten her tribulation on board the Lady Clare, and her habit of being "addicted to the bowl." Luckily, I am not a victim of sea sickness, and while Miss Stanley lay prone in her state-room, I was on deck enjoying the fine weather which we were fortunate enough have nearly all the way over. My cousin keeps her open carriage and rives a great deal, and as driving happens

to be my penchant also, a goodly share of our visiting is done on wheels. We drove down to the beach several times and whiled away the hours of the long, dreamy afternoons amid the sea breezes and sunboums. The ships, "white-winged and free;" the cliffs, scamed and scarred, and above them the Downs, never grow old or common-

me forget the rose-hue for the rue and the shadows, and my superabundance of courage, coming as if by inspiration on board the Lady Clare, I find has diminished considerably.

at my elbow that I am not afraid of any thing in all England, which wild affirmation. I am persuaded, sounds more like bragadocio than bravery.

There are several fine old places between

Hastings proper and the country side flanking Heatherleigh Chace. Some of these stately residences have quite imposing facades, and others, high ivy-wreathed gales, while a number, in their elegance, put you in mind of the days of King Arthur. But there are buts of sorrowful tradition and legendary lore connected with an occasional grand old structure calculated to the one stand in owe of their environs. Strange fatality marks many an old hall, and Heatherleigh, as I hear, boasts of one the most tragical.

In the gindsome days when she and I were young, I knew the fair bride of the Percival house. She was a high-born English girl, whose sweet eyes first saw the light in a beautiful villa near Birmingham. I can imagine her fine face radiant with happy existence as the welcome of Heather-leigh's grand old doors floated around her. Ah! yes; I can see her, vivacious, regal

After she became Lady Percival our paths diverged, of course, but I often won-der to myself why her refined soul went out to me so unreservedly in those days, hen I was but a cettager's daughter. "Affinity of soul," Gladys says. Perhaps she is right, for it is said that sublime relationship recognizes no barrier of circum-

Lady Percival was supremely happy durig my visit at the hall, at least, but then it was the first year of her married life, and every one is supposed to find the matrineck and bade me "come again."

It was this side of that affectionate leavetaking that all the beauty and sweetness faded from Lady Percival's life and the curses fell. I shudder involuntarily as I call to mind the story of the estrangement, broken hearts, crape, tears and male-

binding me to the dead.

been a source of mysterious speculation ever since to those acquainted with the detailed To-morrow I shall set out for the Hall, which I only remember for its elegance as a fit setting for the almost divine beauty of my dear dead friend, as I call her to mind. Yes, I shall know for myself if these un canny tales be true. One bright gleam of hope in regard to my visit of commission is that the old housekeeper, Peggy Clarkson and her husband, are yet occupying the servants' quarters at the Hall. I remember her odd but honest visuge, and if she remembers me as kindly as I do her. I shall

once very fond of me as "me Leddy's guest," and I am in hope concerning Miriam's por-Poor Miriam, in the far-away cottage at Bayview! I fancy she is promenading sor-

rowfully and sione, among the late lilies, and thinking-of me. I am back again in Cousin Glady's bright little cottage home. I have been several miles into the country since I sat in this vine-covered porch and listened to the re cital of country-side episodes. And I have met with such strange experiences, and listened to such a blood-cardling story, that I am half persuaded I have lost my Pentity. Some way I feel like crying out with the old dame who took a nap in the King's would be, perhaps, the correct statement to

hatteman.

Yes, I have been there; the fine portrait of Miriam hanging in the little drawingroom yonder, and which Gladys admires very much, is a silent but magnificent spensor, not to be gainsayed by any means. And now, as my domestic cousin is elbowdeep in the brewing business this fine morning, let me sit here, where the roses have all fallen off and been swept away by the autumn winds, and tell you the story of Heatherleigh. I will, however, preface the story proper by a description of my visit and the appearance of the Hall as it now stands, knowing, as I do, that my friend's tradition,

distory and experiences would be unsatisfactorily given without it. It is fitting that the roses have fallen, and that the scurrying breeze tosses the dry alder leaves into my lap. It all murmurs with the tone of the legend, voicing a volume of bitterness. And the old housekeeper told me, too, that was why my sorrowing friend over the sea was called Miriam. Because her lot was one of destined woe the christening was Miriam bitterness. I confess that such things rising before us bring the question of Hamlet out in vivid coloring, as we watch the merciless wheel of fortune crush out the beauty and joy of life for some, when the fault lies generations back.

CHAPTER III. The tall black chimneys stood out against the gray October sky like ghostly silhou-

ettes, and the evening breeze swept around the lonely old structure when I arrived at the Hall. The heavy shadows were trailing over the neglected grounds and settling themselves in scores of uncanny nooks, and I shivered with a nervous dread as I put my hand on the great brass knocker of the western wing -the servants' quarters-and waited for admittance. Heatherleigh Hall stands desolated. The building itself, a stupendous, roomy affair of

red brick, with great festoons of the native English fvy wreathing the dark gables, and running over a goodly portion of the front, relieving the frowning severity of the weather-beaten and time-worn colonnade. Three great yew trees, black as the shades of death, hover over the extreme western wing, and I imagined the evils of the Hall concentrated their forces in the heavy branches in the nours of sunshine. and stalked forth from their gloomy tops at night on their mission of terror. The hallways are wide, deep and dark,

and the ponderous doors of heavy oak clanged ominously after me as I slipped om one apartment to another in awe o the mystery. Yes; I found there was a cruel legend nnected with this once grand old place, which, for two centuries or more, sheltered beneath its ample roof-tree the descend ants of the proud, hot-headed Percival house. But, under the influence of an ancestral malediction, they had dwindled lown and scattered abroad, leaving the old Hall with but few lumates, finally Sir Rupert and his daughter being the last le-

Sir Rupert, after the death of his wife. lived here alone in the great house with his ill-fated daughter, keeping but a few servants out of the grand retinue of former

gitimate occupants.



never after that stroke of sorrowful fortme known to be: for all pleasure went set into a blank solitude with the flight of Lady Percival's gentle spirit.

The merry-makers and social visitors who, in Lady Percival's time, thronged the hith erto convivial atmosphere of Heatherleigh gradually dropped off after her demise ever again to enter the hall as welcome uests. Every thing changed at the Hall under the master a regime, until, in time not a selitary visitor came to cheer or break the slient monotony of its desolation. Sir Rupert was given to morose and mel ancholy days, and it was no wonder, under his spell, and grew to be an inhospitable old gentleman who, in his seventieth year, had come to even dislike a merry face.

such distasteful solitude she grew tacitur: and sorrowful. The shadows of her un favorable abode told on her, and all the vivacity and freshness of her young life seemed degenerating into passionless existence in the frigidity of the Hall. No wonder; even the servants became glum after the sunshine of Lady Percival heart went out from their day, and they moved silently or with smothered grumble

in their respective grooves, under the chill ing influence of Sir Rupert's unsociable But there came a time, as it comes to all whether their lines be sad or joyous, a

We sat and talked of her, in the dull gloaming of the autumn night so befitting er history, and listened to the fitful gusts of the angry elements sweeping around the Hall. By see I mean the old housekeeper and her husband, who were still occupying the servants' quarters, as I had rightly heard. It was in accordance with Sir Ru-pert's wishes that this faithful couple still kept their rooms in the west wing, and occasionally showed curious visitors over the main building. In the absence of visitants the Hall was kept locked, and the supersti-

These two old servants, I soon found, were very much devoted to the memory of their dead mistress and the long-lost daughter. When I heard their lamentations for the "young mistress," and beheld their tears, I was tempted to disclose her whereabouts to the sorrowing twain, but on reflection I remembered she would never return as they desired, nor hold converse with any one within the environs of her birth-place, and as she was virtually dead to them I might as well hold my peace. But when the conversation turned on Sir Rupert, they had but little to offer in his behalf; although their tones were respectful

him for the merciless doings of an unnatural

NUMBER 3.

had viewed with such distrust from the outside; somehow it seemed impossible and 'Oh! indade, an' it's your own swate self that knows nothing about this ghostly ould place; no, nothing at all."

of Hibernian elecution because I had ventired, I presume, to throw a snadow of doubt on the superstitious stories rife about Heatherleigh.

uine ghost as I ever care to see, in her broad, white, ruffled cap and snowy van-



dyse, fliumined, so to speas, by the seen light of her wide-open blue eyes. "No, perhaps not," I acquiesced, "but you must take me over the hail, tell me of the iritual visitors, and then I may under-

stand it better." "That Oi will, me Leddy, in the daytoime, the spirits rest an' there be no fears v botherm' ye's Oi'll show you the gloomy ould apartments." "Spirits never bother me." I answered.

once. Hitching her chair closer to mine, and putting her shaky hand on my arm in demn warning, she broke forth "Me Leddy, an' it's yerself that'll pay for yer wild spaches this neight in this awful place. An' ye's niver lived at Haythurleigh ythur; an' niver bearn o' the masthur

"Howly mother" she began again, letting go my arm and dropping into an atti-tude of resignation, "an' the masthur was a terrible man, an' outen his head for the most part o' the time long to'ard the last. An' to this day, me Leddy, his ristliss spirit oo a rovin' through the great rooms, and epintin' uv of his thratement uv the proudhearted childer. Oh! save us, a-worryin and repintin' yet."

After this burst of the determined old tousekeeper I gave in and let her have her own way on the spirit question. I saw at ace that it pleased the two old servants exceedingly to think that Percy had conerted me to their belief in spiritual maniestations, so I consented by my science and let them believe as they chose. They little imagined I might be convinced against my will. I was not permitted to enter the main building that night, of course not 'The masthur moight be a-waikin'," Peggy

explained, with drawn brow and confidential tone. "I should suppose that you would not dare I ve here at all if Sir Rupert is so restless. Are you not afraid?" I said, when I found I was refused an evening gimpse into the ball proper. "Och, no," exclaimed Peggy; "we niver

segan to suspect that there was no spirit about Heatherleigh that wandered at night and dubbed by the inmates Sir Rupert. My room was made ready for me in the vin and adjoining that of the old couple, r which I feit thankful. After such a vid recountal as I had heard that evenng, I felt it a privilege to be near a fellow nertal in the midnight watches. After rering, I found that my nerves were all un-

rung and I could scarcely close my eyes. Sleep I could not. Tick-tock, tick-tock, went the great brass ock in Peggy's room, and every vibration bond in my weary head. I functed I could ear the tread of ghostly feet on the roof verhead, and felt certain that the tireless bet of Sir Rupert had stepped down and at of the deathly shadows of the dark, ank yews and were now on the repintin' Alast if I had but known just what I was ated to experience under the Heatherleigh

another day had dawned! CHAPTER IV. The next morning, however, my latent

cables, I should have died of fright before

me through the silent, shadowy hallways up the dark, lonely stair-cases, through th The rooms were just as Sir Rupert left them, the housekeeper said, with the excep ion, of course, of growing old from neglect and the accumulation of dust, which was mining the silken curtains, damask hang ings and once bright-bued carpets. "It is

such a pity," I said to Peggy, "that these must be doomed to devolute decay." "Yis," she answered, as I ran my hand over the narrow gold-striped and gray satm of the uphoistered furniture, and found full of ruinous breaks, "Oh! yis, bu who's a goin' to dust this foine furniture for quoisite patherns?"

"There was taste here," I said, looking about me, and making a note of the refinement in detail languaged forth in the faultless appointment of each stately-looking, but silent apartment.
"Ah' yes; an' the misthress had illigant. taste to be shure, ma'um, an' the lookes o' her was not to be found in many a day's After ascending two flights of stairs we

lawn and around the park like a silver "All ov these were perfectly illigant in

their deloightful and palmy days," Poggs

said with a sigh, as she shook the dust from

the curtains and interpreted my far-away I parted the crimson stik hangings as l stood in the deep double window, with its narrow panes catching the afternoon glow, and looked long and silently away over the deserted park, where the brown leaves went scurrying hither and thither in the autumn wind. Then my eyes rested once

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more on the artificial take, and a sweet sad memory came eack to me; the memory of a row on its clear surface once, with Lady Percival, in fairer days, and the brightness of that care-free and happy hour came back like a wave of light, or to render the desoiate transformation of the

and glanced at Clarkson as I clutched the sliken folds of fading crimson and turned "An' do ye's moinde ov the illigant days gone by, ma'am?" questioned she, divining the cause of my fil-concealed emotion. "Yes, Clarkson, I mind." I answered. dropping the folds of the curtain, which seemed to burn into my hand, and coming

present almost unbearable. I shuddered

down the dreary years to Sir Rupert's last "Doubtless he stood here, gazing out, perhaps, and breathing maledictions on the 'rabble' below; or did he unbosom his vengeance on the head of luckless guesta!" I said, inquiringly, to Peggy, who had left

the window and had gone over to a curiousy-inited cabinet on the opposite side of the But she vouchsafed no reply, simply making the sign of the cross and looking superstitious y around the room. Then, as if to

avoid my gaze, she dropped her eyes to the tesserated rug at her feet. After spending the greater part of the day on the upper floors, speculating and dreaming in the long slient rooms and beliew-echoing corridors, we came to the main staircase, leading down to the central ball below. We had gone up-stairs from the first floor by a sort of winding stairs, orening out of the cheery looking breakfast room. This room, the only really pleasant spartment to my mend in the Hall, had its share of tragical memories also, after all its

softened air. But to return to the main staircase, with its heavy shining balustrade of polished oak, to which we had come. The moment we set foot on the first step, in descending Clarkson made the sign of the cross, and, turning to me, whispered half-audibly:

"This is the identical fleight of stheps the master descended just afore he fell and fied a struggim in the hall!"
"Indeed!" I ejaculated, feeling as if I were close on the promised mystery as I followed on down the "idintical floight." Once in the spacious central hall, Peggy moved tragically asine, and pointing to a door at the left, continued in her stage whisper to make further developments by saying: "An' shure, roa'am, the masthur was trying to rache that same door when fell right here," pointing to a partiplace on the mosaic work of the floor,

doleful shake of her white cap-ruffles; and had my little stock of courage given out, she, doubtless, would have frightened the life out of me with her strange witch-like movements and mysterious airs. "Let use go in there," I said, presently, pointing to the door at the left which the hands of the expering Sir Rupert fulled to

an' he died, puir man, 'thout iver knowin'

She ended with a deep sigh and most

OV MEN OV US."

"I hardly believe ye know what ye are askin" ov me, me Leddy. Faith, ma'am, an that's the darawin'-room, where the dead masthur lay!"
"No matter," I answered, calmly enough "he isn't there now." "Oune not so shure ov it, ma'am; the spirit or 'im, ye know." She looked at me a memort and then continued: "Oline will " to show you the dhrawing-room, ma'am,

but it's getting to be tay-toline, an', at this

toime ov day, ye must reminiber, it's

noighty gloomy in there." "Weil," said I, beginning to grow uneasy myself, "to morrow will do as well " [To be Continued.]

### -COTTON MILL SCENES.

Processes Employed to Convert Raw Cot-

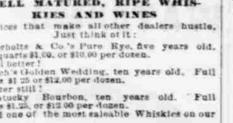
ton Into Prime Sheeting.

The cotton used is bought at various Southern points. It arrives here in cars. On its arrival the bales, which contain about 500 pounds each of cotton, are put in a building adjoining the picker room; this is called the mixing room. The cotton is first run through the willow, where a number of toothed cylinders. revolving 2,500 revolutions a minute, remove most of the dust. It next goes through a fine picker where still more lust is removed, then it goes through the fluishing picker where it is rolled up into laps. This machine is regulated by an ingenious governor so that the laps are of uniform size. The laps of cotton pass on to the card room where the fiber is disentangled, brushed and combed, then it is deposited in beautiful fleeces on an endless belt, which conducts it to the railway head, where the straight-ened fiber is contracted into a narrow ribbon and is deposited in a revolving can ready for the next process. The cards which straighten the fibre of the cotton are clothed with a needle-pointed wire which are kept sharp, being ground by an automatic grinder, a machine which has yielded its inventor a good many dollars. The grinder is attached to a card in the morning and by night has it ground sharp. From the railway head the cotton goes to the drawing frames, and when it has passed through two of them the twelve strands have been merged into one. Automatic fingers stop these machines on the breakage of any one of the strands. It next visits the coarse speeder which very swiftly winds in on pobbins, and then the fine speeder which twists together two strands from the coarse speeder. One half of the cotton from the speeders goes to the spinning mules, where rapid revolving spindles twists it into thread, winds it into a cop ready for the weaver. The other half goes to the eighteen spinning frames where it is spun on bobbins ready for the spoolers, the girls working at the speciers run the thread off of the bobbins on to large spools. Three hundred and sixty of these spools are placed in a warper and with a whirl are made to take their place on a large beam, six of those beams are next taken to the slasher, a machine that was built in England and imported to this country. When the thread is passing through the slasher it is treated to boiling starch, which is called sizing. After passing through the sizing it emerges from the slasher onto a beam one yard wide, which, when filled, holds 2,160 threads, each 640 yards making a complete warp ready for the loom. These beams are then taken to the weave room, where there are 132 looms making a deafening noise weaving into the warp the cop thread from the spinning mules. From the loom the cloth goes to the finishing-room-from there to the folder, and after being stamped, weighed and bailed we now have the finished sheeting.-Des Moines

(Ia.) Register. - Prize-fightor's second (cautiously) -"Don't be too confident. He can't bit as hard as you can, but he's chock full of tricks. He's got a great head on him." Pugilist (measuring his antagonist with his eye) - "He'il have a greater one when I've got done with him. I'm going to assist nature

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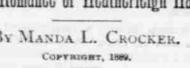
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OWN as my feet she dark folds lie softly

at her, of a pair of dimpled, baby arms, that never more will cling to the proud

i and tragical. brown color, but she is not conscious

existence to the music of its dirges.

pay, and beyond booms the broad Atiautic. There is a lovely drive along the sands, and he weather is glorious, and this is why I offer myself and peny phaeten to her, as acessories of a pleasant afternoon by the ea. But I have missed it again, and my suggestion grates on her optional pleasure. Slowly the great dark eyes are lifted to and in sorrowful negative, and I know I lave swept an irresponsive chord. I am answered further by a doleful shake

ng to which her soul drifts this after-

The wind coming up freshly from the water catches at her gown, and tosses her ong loose curls until she shivers. Perwhispers to her of her far away esolate English home which stretches out is arms, figuratively, and begs for her presence; entrents the proud, beautiful face to shine once more within its great manorial halls. If that is what the winds

I take up the letter, and although I know by heart I must needs run over it again. has come all the way from Hastings, that ball is waiting at her disposal, as the th of Sir Rupert Percival and his writon request leaves her the solo legatee." 1

rest weil if they did, and my little one has furgotien, on his dreamless pillow, the curse that turned him away from its maig-I have not questioned her, regarding her orrows and grievances as too sacredly her own for my intrusive inquiries, and she has only revealed that which she chooses to tell. But she is the daughter of my dead friend, and therefore I open my arms, and eccive the desciate, heart-broken woman ato my home and heart. I flatter myself, too, that her sorrows have been somewhat mitigated through my efforts. She is

recount to me in detail the sad, tragic story of Miriam. To be sure, I have already an abbreviated account, a synopsis of the leading events of both, through Miriam and others, but this, my intended visit, should round up the This is why, I tell myself, I have under-

glish home, pops up to mental vision, and Ah! yes, dainty little Cousin Gladys, whose fair blue eyes first saw the day in the dreamy light of the poetical Cotswold hills in the very heart of merrie old England, and who fought my "going to Hamerica" to live, was expecting me. She was to-day, doubtless, sitting in her vine-covered porch overlooking suburban Hastings, and gazing senward, wondering the while when "'Attie, who lived in Hamerica, would harrive." With this thought I gather myself together and seek great hope, that I am not certain of any | my cabin.

the delicious and invigorating sea breezes wander over the hills and whisper down the bright fields and green hedgerows that

But Heatherleigh! The very name makes Nevertheless, I vow to the trellised vines

monial alliance pleasant enough for that length of time. But I never had the pleasure of seeing my friend after I parted from her at the end of the long avenue of elms, where she put her 'jeweled arms about my

There comes a sense of suffocation and dimness of vision as I go back across the ntervening years, calling up the memories Lady Personant nas been dead several years, and the proud Miriam was orphaned a decade later by the decease of the austere ather, and last male descendant of the Percival house. After his tragical end the spiritual manifestations began, which have

be well taken care of, at any rate. She was

highway: "Lauk a mercy, 'tis none of I." We do sometimes have adventures that leave us in doubt as to our individuality, and to say that I am just waking up from

The fewer there were about him the better Sir Rupert was satisfied. As to being happy, or even half-way joyous, he was

HEATTERLAIGH HALL

Miriam had but few associates or visit ors that she dared entertain at the Hall on his account; and under the influence of

reak in the home life of the pale, silent This change happened to Miriam when the tide of time set to the strange, joyless shores of the fatality that decreed the shutting of the doors of Heatherleigh against her, leaving her to drift away in sorrow's mists from its grandeur forever. What had befallen her unincky relatives had at last failen with vengeful hand on the pale, proud daughter of the Percivals.

tious old pair never intruded on its dismal

"You must show me the hall and tell me the story," I said, as we sat around the cheerful wood fire kindled in the great chimney that filled up nearly one whole end the nightmare of the Heatherleigh visit I of the spartment. This room was so cheer-

enough, I could see they had not forgiven

ful and pleasant in the glamour of the firelight, as I looked about me and enjoyed its cozmess, that I could not clearly connect its genial air with the huge, shadowy pile 1 I said as much to my entertainers.

Peggy turned her chair around quickly and faced me with this exclamatory burst



bravely. But my courageous and during entence did not fail on Peggy's ears very kindly, I found, for she grow excited at

walkin' an' waikin' all the long, ghostly noight until the cock-crowin'. No, ye's niver hearn tell o' the lotkes o' that!"

bother with his part o' the 'stablishment, an' he's too much ov a gintleman to inter the servants' dingy rooms." I laughed at her view of the matter and

urage came forward, and in the smile of ay I laughed at my trepidation of the preious night. Of course I prevaricated to some extent to Peggy, by replying in the affirmative when she asked me if I rested After our late breakfast she conducted hollow-echoing corraiors, and into the most important apartments of the hall.

nothin', ma'am, but only to see the ex-I did not reply to her negative question, for I knew she was right, and I could but have said, "to one," at best.

came to Sir Rupert's apartments. "Away off up here, to be 'out o' the way ov the rabble, 'be said," prefaced Clarkson as she put her hand on the door-bandle. This suite of rooms overlooked the park and a once beautiful lawn. And I caught glimpses of an artificial lake in the distance stretcting its shining length beyond the

a little."-Chicago Tribune.