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The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

She would not banish him as if he had of his that failure was written over against the family name, and that the ledger was found without a balance sheet in the Fair-

Ithamer Fairfax was no financier, and, being one of those untried individuals whose wealth comes to them by inheritance, costing them nothing but the exertion of enjoying it, he never acquired any business qualifications. And it was owing to his dullness of mental vision that he invested largely with certain unscrupulous companies and in the end being swindled com-

pacity. Their name being connected with the most successful mining enterprises in the north and west of England gave Arthur great confidence in himself, and he hoped to accumulate wealth and be wise enough to remain on sound financial basis. But before he should go abroad in the interest of the enterprise he longed to visit Heatherleigh,

and still he dreaded it. As it happened, opportunity favored him coner than he had dared to hope, and he and himself within the spacious rooms of the hall, where he had spent many happy hours; but the light of Heatherleigh had gone out, and every thing was so changed. All the brightness seemed to have fied with the gentle spirit of Lady Percival.

The heavy crape folds here and there re minded him of her, while the shadowy,



TOGETHER THEY WALKED. close-curtained apartments seemed to say in their lonely nooks and corners: "We

with her great grief weighing her down. Together they walked out over the grounds, Arthur and Miriam, as they used of yore, but the heart of each was sadly changed-hers with her sorrow, and his

forth from its portals. Miriam grew unusually confidential and friendly as they talked. Poor giri, w.o.o in one to whom she could go with her burden of sorrow, no wonder she clung to this friend of hers thus.

And Arthur in turn, before he was aware of what he was really saying, had related the whole story of his altered circumstances, and their cruel hedging him out of society. Here he stopped suddenly, for to go further and speak of what had been the dear-

dared not do no w, he thought. guessed instinctively that the declaration

mosses, now browning in the sun, she made "I have heard of it," she said, "but such things, although very much to be deplored ought never to make differences between friends. I am sure it would not with me." Arthur could have bowed in happy thankfulness and kissed the pale, perfect face for this speech alone, but his heart failed

After a slight pause, as if she wished to give him time to consider her words, she continued in a low, weary tone: "It is certainly hard for you, Mr. Fairfax, but your trouble is nothing compared to mine, at last; nothing to mine," she repeated, almost desperately, closing the trembling hand over his arm and looking up with

"You have thought of-that, have you?" she questioned almost in a whisper, tightening her clasp on his arm, but not look-He felt her assuring hand; he heard the anxious, impetuous voice, and took courage. He took the trembling, black-gloved hand from his arm and held it in a worship-

This beautiful, sorrowing girl, so far removed from him socially, was all the world to him; but did she realize that the sting of poverty was keen, was more than she could

"I have thought of this a thousand times," he answered, chokingly. "How can I help thinking; thinking until each thought goads me to almost madness? I have loved you, oh! Miriam, so long, and on have grown as dear as my soul to me. Bus now it seems unpardonable that I should indulge in the one blissful dream of my life after my riches have taken wings." desolate girl, clutching his arm excitedly. "You shall not go away and leave me in this prison-house, now that I know you love me. Never! Arthur Fairfax, take me with you or I shall go mad and do something desperate. Here I have none to

Think of that, Arthur, think what a life I will be obliged to lead at the Hall now that mother is dead." "You have forgotten your father, Mir

COPTRIGHT, 1889.

mmitted sin, when it was really no fault fax house! Arthur loved to think of it in this way and argue himself into believing as he dreamed.

Not so with the son, for, although he had not been obliged to toil, he had inherited from his mother's family great business ca-



nourn, we mourn!" And, Miriam! Well, she was so changed,

How pale she was; the deep mourning of gown rendered her more ghost-like, if possible. Her dark, expressive eyes met his with a strange yearning tenderness in their depths he had never seen before. Such an unconscious, preoccupied gaze, as one might see when a broken heart looked

est dream of his life was something he Miriam had been listening attentively, walking along with one dainty hand resther sore heart was only waiting to be comforted by his love. Seeing a strange look of decision cross his handsome face, she he certainly had come to make was reso-lutely deferred because of his low finances. "He thinks I will reject him because his wealth has been swept away," she mused. Then looking down at a bordering of rare

him, and he dared not yet commit him-

swimming eyes. "Alas!" she burst out, vehemently, "what is property without—a friend?"
"A friend," he repeated after her, meeting the upward gaze with the secret of his soul shining in his clear, honest eyes. "I would be more than 'a friend' to you, Miriam, if you would let me. But I am afraid," and his tones grew bitter, "that I have no right to that one blissful dream of my life now; I presume it ought to go with the heyday of fortune, with the glamour of gold! Circumstances and social position are all, it seems, there are to measure a man and establish his worth. I never thought on this matter until I have been measured and found not worthy of social position. And-I must remember it."

"You need not have it so," cried the speak to, as you know; none but the servants. And none to love me; no, not one. | sarily savor of poverty; you are leav-

"No," she returned with an earnestness Arthur had never seen her exhibit. "No, I have not forgotten him, but he has ignored me-he hates me! Oh! Arthur, you surely are aware of the strange fatality of the house of the Percivals! And it is this cruel destiny which makes us enemies, father and me. This desperate antagonism existing between us our bereavement only serves to strengthen instead of nullify. Oh!

Arthur, you have no idea how wretched I He put his arms about her then and she sobbed out her pent-up sorrow in a paroxysm of grief on his breast. And thus, in anguish, in bitterness of soul and in tears, their troth was plighted. Thus, too, the child of tears, the inheritor

of a father's displeasure, cut the last filmy

thread of affection existing between her proud, austere parent and herself, and incurred the lasting hatred of the paternal heart for her affianced husband. But, with the arms of him whom she loved with her whole soul about her, it was doubtful whether she felt or cared in reference to her father's wishes. To get away from the doomed doors and loveless shadows of the rooftree which held only vague, uncertain destiny for her, and to be with one who, she was certain, cared for

fessed to her lover. CHAPTER VIII.

her, was now the whole wish of her sorrow-

stricken heart. Failing in this, she should

"do something desperate," as she had con-

But Sir Rupert Percival raved when Arthur Fairfax presented himself before his august tribunal with such a request; raved of hangers-on, of fortune hunters, and, finally, of impudent poverty.

The lover stood calmiy controlling his temper for the sake of her whom he loved. It flashed across his mind as he listened to the old man's excited harangue that perhaps his great bereavement had affected him more than any one was aware of. In view of this suggestion of mind he brought all his charity of soul to bear against the angry abuse heaped upon his undeserving head by the husband of his dead friend and father of his betrothed.

But when Sir Rupert's stinging words, impudent poverty," were flung insolently in his face, it was too much. He felt his aristocratic blood mount in defense, and an angry retort was inevitable. This last fling was a little more than his

ation, and he hissed, with flashing eyes: "Your blessing, if you please-your curse, "Ana! young man, you have blood; now, if you had money-but you haven't. Poverty and pride go together; and impudent manners, too, for that matter. You can not be a son of mine and snugly ensconce your lean self among the Percival bonds. I advise you to seek a plebeian a liance and be wise, at least. Go: I have done." "I do not fear you in the least. And, if you were not so old, you should eat your impudent words. As it is, I will go, but

not to seek a mesalliance; no, not by any means. Your daughter will be my wife. With this parting salute Arthur Fairfax bowed himself out of the grand drawingroom at Heatherleigh; out from the presence of the irate owner, with a flourish and a bang, leaving the servant staring after

him in amaze.

Truly, the culmination of the deep sorrows about to fall was coming on with a swift-winged and terrible vengeance. Miriam was waiting for him in the hall, pale and excited. "Courage, dearest," he whispered, tenderly, as she came forward with anxious inquiry statuped on every feature of her fine face. 'Your austere father has re-

fused to even hear me, and has repulsed me shamefully, but that need not-will not -separate us, I trust." For a moment he held her in his arms. while they listened stiently, breathlessly to the footsteps of Sir Rupert as he paced hurriedly, angrily, back and forth on the polished floor, nursing his wrath and mutering invectives on the head of the man

who had just quit his presence. "Then he said no to you!" she questioned, presently. "Most emphatically, Miriam, and called me 'impudent poverty' besides." He winced as the insulting interview was mentally

rehearsed. Disengaging herself from her lover's arms, Miriam stood still, as if posing for some dark tragedy. Her fine eyes flashed dangerously, and her fair face flushed and paled alternately. Surely the traditional hate had developed in the soul of this seautiful girl, the last of the Percivals. Arthur Fairfax watched her silently. He eeded no further protestation that she



YOUR BLESSING IF YOU PLEASE; YOUR CURSE IF YOU DARE!" countenance plainly told him that her heart was his for all time. He stooped and kussed

her fervently as she looked up. "Father has insulted you, Arthur, and I hate him," and the tones expressed an enmity that even the words could not convey. "Miriam, dearest, don't say that," said Arthur, holding out his hands entreatingly, but she only clenched one jeweled hand nervously and answered: "I must." Then she turned away from him and walked to the narrow-paned hall windows and looked out. She was trying to caim the tumult in her proud soul. Away out there, across the pleasant stretch of park and awn, lay the dear dead mother. There, free from all this wear and tear of soul,

rested mother in the family vault at Oak-"Mother cared for Arthur, and thought him good and true, and she would have been willing, I feel assured. Yes; mother, you are willing that I should go from hence, with Arthur Fairfax: I some way feel that you are looking down from the far-away home, and giving me pitying assurance that this step is right." She whispered this up against the diamond panes with pale, trembling hps, while a wave of conscious right swept away all pesitation and fear from her youthful heart. Then, after a moment's silent prayer, she came back to Arthur who stood waiting. "I will go with you," she said, her pale face lighting up with a bright, quiet radiance, born of her love for him. "God bless you," he answered. "I have one

true heart in all the country side; more than

a friend my darling proves; yet, Miriam, you

must not make too great sacrifices for me;

you are giving up a beautiful, luxurious home

for a life which, by comparison, must neces-

ing an aged father. Perhaps, after all, we had better wait until I retrieve my fortune, in part, at least. Then I fancy Sir Rupert would give us his blessing, dearest." "No," came the answer, decisively.

am going with you, Arthur The bird prefers the freedom of the forest, though bought with a price, to the elegance and ease of a gilded prison-house. The hardships and storms of the former are nothing when freedom and love and sunshine glorify it. I am going with you, Arthur, so please do not object any longer." And he did not. He only drew her close

to his proud, happy heart and pressed a fervent kiss on the determined little mouth What a wealth of love had been given him; and, for the time, he had forgotten the wrathful vengeance of the father, in the love of the beautiful daughter, until

the turning of the door-handle gave him a

To avoid Sir Rupert they let thomselves out through a rear entrance and stole across the park together until its boundary was reached. "Don't grieve, dearest, if your father should say harsh things to you, and hard things of me, on your return to the Hall," Arthur said, taking her hand kindly. "As

soon as I have arranged with my uncle as to time of starting for the mines, I will "I shall be so glad," exclaimed Miriam, with a smile of anticipation lighting up her features. "I will not grieve." "You are brave and good," he said, proudly. "I shall not always be poor, and it will

only be for a brief season, I trust, that you will be obliged to feel the inconveniences of a sojourn in the mining regions. God help me! how I wish I were the child of wealth for your sake, Miriam. "Hush! Arthur, I am not dissatisfied with your fortune, and am only too glad to be with you and to get away from Heather-And they both looked back instinctively to the great frowning gables beyond the

with a rising of weathful feeling, she with a shudder. Then with a fond "good-bye" he was gone, and the iron wicket shut with a spiteful click, and Miriam retraced her steps, pondering this romantic day's doings with a sense of utter loneliness creeping over her. "I am not in the wrong," she said, softly, to the mild-eyed deer in the adjoining chase as they browsed and looked wonder-

shimmer of the rippling artificial lake, he

ingly at her through the barbed inclosure "I can not help it if I am destined to incur my father's hatred," she nodded to the great swans at play on the bosom of the sheeny water, "and I shall not try." But the deer did not understand, and the white, graceful birds sailed across to the opposite shore unmindful of her presence. They had no share in the wrath, the sorrows or the shadow-life of the Hall; theirs was the sunny side of existence within its environs, and all the cares and heart-aches sell to the lot of its more intelligent

awellers. Back into the silent gloom crept the worse than orphaned girl, and cluding Sir Rupert she goded to her apartments, leaving him in ignorance of her walk through the park with e son of poverty he had ordered from his moneyed doors. Miriam had come into possession of the

legend; a little here and a little there had been revealed to her until she knew the traditional curse by heart. There was a time when she had laughed its import to scorn, but of late years she began to believe in the truth of its asser-

A fortnight after parting from Arthur a note was handed her by a servant. It was from her lover, and stated that he had perfected his plans for leaving for the mines, and that he would be at the entrance to the park from the highway with a carriage for her on the morrow. "In the afternoon, dearest, he had written, "I will come; there is no need of me asking you to be punctual in meeting me at the iron wicket

near the chase at three o'clock, as I know Fail! No, not for worlds, yet a strange yearning for the dark old Hall, a longing to be reconciled to the gray haired father, took possession of her. But more bitter than the waters of Mara came the promptings of pride and wounded filial affection. It is utterly useless to grow morbid over impossibilities. She must bow to the rod of

a heartless destiny, and go unpardoned and The morning dawned at last that closed the long, nervous sennight of waiting. Miriam woke from a terrible dream of death, and in an agony of doubt and terror she sprang from her couch. "It was but a dream," she said, smiling faintly to her scared reflection in the mirror, "but a dream." Yet she could not help but think that even dreams were significant sometimes. She dared not mention it to Peggy; for that credulous creature would, with her Irish propensities for the mysterious, interpret a terrible revelation, no doubt. And the yawning mines, the black pits, and the black-covered hearse of her nightvision would be all but dire realities by the time Clarkson would be done with them. She must not dwell on this; she must prepare for her flight. Her face assumed an ashen hue and her eyes dilated as she thought of this the last day

for her within the hall as its heiress. Disinheritance would be her doom. That was what had fallen to the others; those that had gone before her, and whose portraits she had so often seen in the Oh! yes. She must needs pay a visit to her kindred of the silent room, doubly her kindred now, for the day had arrived at last that another child of the Percivals was ready to depart from the frowning shadows of Heatherleigh. How many sad hearts had gone from beneath its roof, with the

day of wrath treasured up against them. "If it must be, it must," she said, bitterly, as she walked the shadowy, silent length of the low gatlery alone an hour before her departure, taking a last view of the reversed faces, hung in line "like so many gibbetted souls," she murmured. "I can not help being that 'eldest child,' neither am I to blame for the curse of an ancestor falling to hapless posterity. Ah! you dear, proud one," she exclaimed, with a tremor of anguish in her tones, as she turned the last portrait of the doomed to the light. "You were a youngest child, poor Allen! and where are you to-day? Ah! my fair, noble-browed relative, I fancy some one will stand here some day and ask that

same question concerning me; perhaps not so very far hence, either. "Alas! alas! that I am one of you!" she exclaimed, wildly. "What a thing love is; to win us all away from our ancestral halls into so-called mesalliances, bringing down thereby the wrath of our fathers and dis-

"Ah! good-bye- no! farewell to you all; I am doomed also, and must be going !" She turned the face of the hapless Allan to the wall again, and waving a sad adieu with trembling hand, while tears of anguish bedimmed her vision, she left the long, lonely gallery, shutting the door gently as if on the beloved dead instead of on so many portraits only. "This is my last visit to the gallery," she whispered with prophetic lips, "the last time

I shall come."

CHAPTER IX. So it happened that after having sought her father in a last hope of reconciliation and failed, insomuch that the ending proved to be but a stormy interview and wrathful parting, Miriam stole quietly out through the park to meet her future husband. The dull gray afternoon seemed surcharged with an oppressive slience, and an evil seemed jurking in the very air; or was

it but a nervous fancy lending a miserable influence? Miriam put her hand on the wicket opening out toward the highway at a quarter to

steeman.

three o'clock with a sigh, and found she was a little early.

Her face had been white and drawn with grief and pain, and her beautiful eyes had in their depths such a wild, despairing look when Peggy Clarkson met her in the hall directly after the interview with Sir Rupert; but now her face glowed with satisfaction, and the fine eyes had a pleasant light as she stood bidding a silent adieu to the dear, familiar grounds.

Ah! what an iron will upheld the fair girl; truly she had the indomitable spirit of the Percivals. A sound of wheels coming slowly toward the chase, and her heart throbbed wild-

ly with expectation. She stepped outside and crossed the common. "Yes, there he comes," she said, and in a flutter of delight she flew back to the place of meeting. 'Dear Arthur," she murmured, "I have never known but two friends, mother and you. She has been taken from me, and I have only you left," and the pearly tears of memory dropped on the trembling hand on

the gate. "Poor mother!" But the carriage drew up and Arthur Fairfax alighted, smiling happily to find his beloved Miriam punctual. He kissed her where the tear-stains showed plainly on the fair cheek. "Why these tears, dear-

est?" he asked, tenderly. "I was thinking of-of mother," she answered, and he understood, for his vision was misty with emotion as he held her for a moment in silent caress. Peggy Clarkson came up with numerous

bundles and faltering step. This was to her a sorrow greater than that she felt for the dead nother But she bore up bravely for the sake of the beautiful girl before her and whom she loved as her own. Her own! Ah! yes; away across the channel, in the mother country on the shores of Killarney, resting peacefully, was Teddy. Dear little Teddy, who closed his blue eyes to this world in his third year, and was laid away forever,

with his flaxen curls clinging to his white baby brow. Poor Peggy! Many sorrowful days had gone over the cycling are for her, but this one seemed to her the hardest to bear. She wiped her tears away as she came up with her bundles and tried to appear cheerful. All unconscious of treachery, Sir Rupert was taking his accustomed afternoon nap, and while his only child was leaving her home forever and caring but little for his gray hairs, he was dozing the hours away in his quiet apartments.

"Perhaps father may relent," ventured Miriam, as her lover handed her into the carriage. "Oi doubt it, me darlint," sobbed Peggy, wiping the tears away from her dim old eyes in order to get a last sight of Miriam. "Ol doubt it, but may the blissid Vargin protect ye, onyway."

"Do not feel so badly, I pray, Mrs. Clark-son," said Arthur, "if Sir Rupert never forgives us. Surely you can trust Miriam with me, and feel that she will be happy, and that is more than she will be here." "An' you're livin' roight, me mon, Oi kin thrust the childer wid ye; an' far be it from me to help ye on in yer runnin' away, sir, if Oi couldn't." "Thank you kindly," replied he, taking her trembling hand in a last good-bye.

quently. Have a care, Peggy," he added, in a lower tone, "that Sir Rupert doesn'tever dream of your being mixed up in this leavetaking, or that you were aware of Miriam's

"Cheer up; you shall hear of Miriam fre-

The old housekeeper answered him by an affirmative nod, and turned away to hide With a final good-bye, away they whirled. Mirlam waved an affectionate adieu with her handkerchief as the turn of the road shut them forever from the park and the tearful Peggy at the wicket. "Och boon! and me ould heart is broke intoirely," mouned she to the silent land-

scape, while the clouds lifted and a ray of

sunshine shot athwart its quilness. The brambles and the heath by the wayside were tinged with a beautiful flush of autumnal scarlet, and leaves tinted with the faintest gold went flying hither and thither in the breeze. The sunshine which struggled through the gray canopy and cast a ray of promise across the day for Peggy, lay glinting on the sea for Miriam and her lover as they neared Hastings. Through the lanes, past the hedges where the blackberry briars formed a dense barrier, with their browning leaves and luscious clusters, all familiar nooks and old friends, who seemed to say "good-bye! good-bye!" past all these they had come, and the downs, the sea and the cliffs were uncommonly beautiful in the setting light. The sea breezes blew up across the country, refreshing and sweet, the wind-mills on West Hill were whirling their great arms, and the old castle near by caught the western glow with a peaceful contentment, which seemed to say: "I

am glad to be left to picturesque ruin and forgetfulness." The quaint little church at Fairlight was the destination, but they had taken a circultous route to avoid trouple, did the mas-

ter of Heatherleigh determine on following Miriam's heart went out to the grayhaired, feeble father whom she never expected to see again, and with whom she never could be happy. She revolved the possible scenes of wrath and, perhaps, sorrowful regret that would transpire when he should be made acquainted with her flight. Then her thoughts turned affectionately to Clarkson, who was so "detarmint to help the childer away unbeknownst," and her heart ached for the old housekeeper when she should fall under the interrogative vengeance of her master. And a great many other things connected with the Hall floated before her mental vision; some of them coming like reproachful reminders, while others were so distasteful that she drew a sigh of relief to find them really turning like a bad chap-

ter in the history of the past. She looked about her. Ah! would she ever stand here again and look far away to High Wickham and the sea? They were passing gaunt, grim Minnus rock now, and the sea lay a dark strip in the distance with the faint sunset light showing purple-tinted on the sky above. For answer the breeze swept by with a

low, mournful music, and died away in the dusks of eventide. Arthur, partly divining Miriam's speculations by the pensive look on her sweet face, drew her to his heart with a fond caress, saying: "Never mind, dearest, I will try hard to make all this up to you. Be happy. See! we have left the clouds behind us," and as in happy emphasis the last rays of the setting sun gleamed brightly from beneath a cloud and seemed the seal of

"Yours was a beautiful home," he con-

tinued, as she looked up with a smile of

trust and confidence, "but you were not

happy-perhaps never would have beenwithin its fateful doors." "No," she answered, in a positive tone, "that I think were impossible, but I shall be happy with you." Then the dreary weight left her soul and a wave of happiness, as bright as the circlet of western gold, swept aside all misgivings

promise.

and the joy of assurance beamed on her Behind them were desolate Beechwood Terrace, which might never more welcome the one, and ivy-crowned Heatherleigh, which could not, would not ever again open its doors to the other. Before them was the quiet, unpretentious wedding ceremony in the little chapel of All Saints; near by also Uncle Earle Fairfax, who was to serve a de | Chicago Times.

lightful little dinner just after the wedding and just before their departure for their future home in his pretty villa over there. Was that all that was before them! No. not by a great deal. There lay a beautiful sea of happy sailing for the two hopeful hearts, but beyond its narrowed limits broke the billows of a dark and moaning flood. Happy for them, as for us all, the future is vailed from our inquisitive hearts;

else we would go down into the depths of despair sometimes ere the battle of life should begin. But with hope for the anchor and love at the helm, their ship had spread sail for the untried waters, which looked fair and serene in the offing.

Ah! here was the chapel at last, in the dusk and silence, open to receive them. Uncle Fairfax and a few friends waited them in the dimly-lighted chancel.

Miriam paused a moment in the shadowy porch for a little whispered prayer and then passed down the narrow aisle on the arm of a friend to where Arthur and his uncle awaited her. A soft, sweet light

shone from her dark eyes, and the marriage service was responded to in low, clear tones, without hesitancy. On thearm of her newly-made husband Miriam left the chapel, but there were none to strew flowers in her way. All was silent and gloomy without, and the dream of the previous night recurred to the bi le as she crossed the church-yard. The headstones gleamed through the darkness like le-stones of the past, and Miriam Fairfax

hid her face on her husband's shoulder and shundered. He noticed it and asked: What is it, dearest!" "Nothing!" she answered, "only this is a gloomy wedding night. Nature seems to have put on mourning for us, Arthur." "Why! why, little wife," he said; "I am so happy I do not seem to remember aught of shadows. As to the gloom, dearest, I had not thought of it. Surely you do

"Hush! Arthur, that were impossible, when I love you so." But the light and warmth and happy re-



"NATURE SEEMS TO HAVE PUT ON MOURNING brought back the smiles to Miriam's face, and Uncle Earle's biessing settled like a holy benediction on their heads. Forgotten were all the shadows and gloom of All Saints in the well wishes and God

speeds showered after them as they started for their home near the mines. Arthur had invested what money he had in buying shares, under the supervision of his uncle, who had great experience in this matter, and who owned much mining stock. He was not going to the mines as a laborer, but sent in the interests of the company he resolved to be faithful, and hoped to rise to positions of more importance, and double

and treble his finances. [To be Continued.] SHAVING THE BEARD.

The Practice Is Alluded to in Many Parts of the Old Testament. The earliest reference to shaving is found in Genesis xii., 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the King, shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of the Holy Scriptures. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was made a practice. In all other countries such an act would have been debasing in the extreme. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed the beard to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at all other times, that to neglect it was to set one's self up as a target for reproach and ridicule. When the Egyptian artists intended to convey the idea of a mean, low, sloven-

ly fellow they always represented him in full beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age the Egyptians did not confine the shaving privilege to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and

head. The priests were about the only class of citizens who habitually shaved the head except the slaves. About 300 years B. C. it became the ustom of the Romans to shave regular-

ly. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman to shave daily. In France the shaving custom was brought about by Louis XIII. coming to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons were their beards until at the Conquest they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans, who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to that of Charles I. beards were universally worn. In the time of Charles II. mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after the reign of that monarch the shaving prac-

THE WOMEN'S HUNT.

tice became general.-St. Louis Repub-

Females Put On Men's Clothes in Order to Drive Away Evil Spirits. A very curious custom is that called the women's hunt, which prevails among some of the aboriginal tribes of Chota Nagpore, India. It is observed whenever any calamity falls upon the community-such as, perhaps, a visitation

The women put on men's clothes, take up arms and go a-hunting-not in the jungles, but in the nearest village east of them. They chase pigs and fowls, take as their own every thing they kill and levy blackmail from the heads of the villages for the purchase of liquor, or else they allow themselves to be bought off for a small sum of money and a pig. Toward evening the hunting party retire to a stream, cook and eat their meal, drink their liquor and then return home, having acquitted themselves Juring the day in a thoroughly masculine and boisterous manner. Then the village that has been visited

goes on a similar excursion to the viiage east of it, and so on to the eastern border of the district. By this series of excursions it is supposed that the evil spirit is safely conducted out of the district without offending its dignity .-

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EATEN BY SHARKS. The Fearful Fate of Aeronaut Van Tassel at Honolulu.

Aeronaut Van Tassel, who is well known all over the United States as a daring adventurer among the clouds, met a fearful death at Honolulu not long ago by falling into the water from his balloon, where he was eaten by sharks. The occasion of his last ascension was the King's birthday. There was a grand celebration, and the festivities were to conclude with a parachute leap. Shortly before three o'clock Van Tassel entered his balloon alone after all the necessary preparations had been made. The con ditions were favorable for hislanding on land, and when the balloon shot upward it was thought he would not land more than a balf mile from the starting point. The balloon ascended steadily to the height of one thousand feet, when it

was caught by a breeze blowing seaward and carried over the water. The aeronaut evidently saw he must inevitably fall into the water, and those who were watching him with glasses saw that he was hurriedly making preparations for a descent. Suddenly the parachute was let loose, and the bag of gas shot up higher into the air. The parachute opened nicely, and the man gracefully descended into the water

about two miles off shore. That was the last seen of him. The steamer Zealandia, which brought the news, was at the time entering the harbor. Two boats were immediately lowered, and the men were soon at the spot where the man was last seen. They could find no trace of him. The parachute had sunk, owing to the weight of its iron, and three or four monster sharks were seen swimming near by. They followed the boats back to the

Though the search was continued afterward for several hours no trace was found. Van Tassel was a daring swimmer, and under ordinary circumstances could not have drowned before the boats reached him. The hunt for his body has been continued every day since the accident, but without avail. The men who were in the boats say Van Tassel must have been seized by the sharks almost immediately after he struck the water, for not more than eight minutes elapsed from the time the boats were lowered until the spot was reached where

the daring man died. News of his death was not long in reaching shore, and immediately thousands who had seen him go up went to the beach and wharves, and small boats without number were rowed eastward. The first diligent search was not ended until dark, and there is no hope what-

ever of recovering the body now. Van Tassel was well known in San Francisco and throughout America. There are few large cities in the United States in which he has not made ascensions, and few understand the business so well as he, as he had been up hundreds of times. He made many ascensions from Woodward's Garden, Central Park and the Ocean beach, and he successfully performed parachute jumps in this city at the beach a few months. ago. On one occasion before the leap near ly cost him his life, the parachure not opening and descending with lightning

rapidity for many hundred feet before He was about forty years of age, and

left a wife, but no children. - Cor. N. Y. LINCOLN'S ANCESTORS. Facts Learned from the Archives of Berks

County, Pa. Among the inmates of the county almshouse is John Lincoln, aged about seventy-five years. He is a descendant of the same family to which the dead President belonged. He has been here for several years, and it is known that in his young days he was wealthy, having inherited a considerable sum of money from the family. He was, nowever, a lover of fast horses and foxhunting and the sport was too much for him and he soon fell into evil ways. Going from bad to worse, he eventually became a hostler at a country hotel. Becoming old, he was quickly incapacitated for work and was then sent to the poor-house. Researches among the archives of Berks County show that the Lincoln family came from Massachusetts and settled in Oley township, this county, some time prior to 1725. They soon became prominent citizens in that and adjoining townships. The grandfather of President Lincoln went from here to Virginia and thence to Kentucky. according to authentic records. They were among the largest taxpayers a century ago, and the names of Mordecai, John and Abrabam are common ones on the records and tax levies. Abraham Lincoln, a granduncle of the martyr President, the records show, was a county commissioner in 1773. Ten years later he was elected to the Legislature and served four years. Subsequently he was a justice of the peace and ex-officio one of the justices of the quarter sessions court. Many ancient documents can be found bearing his signature .-

Reading (Pa.) Dispatch. Dickens' Letter to His Sons.

Here is a letter from Dickens, addressed to his younger sons on their leaving home, one for Cambridge, the other for Australia, in which the father's heart and the deeper side of his nature reveal themselves: "You will remember," he says to both, "that you have never at home been wearied about religious observances or mere formalities. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it comes from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Similarly I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer both night and morning. These things have stood by me through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and lovable to you when you mere babes. And so God bless you. Ever your affectionate father." - Literary

That Awful Brother.

World.

"I hope you will pardon my late arrival," said the young man, as he seated himself in the easiest chair. "I forget my umbrella and had to stand in a stairway until the shower was over."

"That's one on you, Jennie." shouted Tommy, in great glee. "I told you so. Of course he had sense enough to go in when it rained."

And the slience, like a soft hat, was plainly felt. - Terre Haute Express.

That can be