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COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

NYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &C.

DODGE & OLCOTT.

Ebensburg, July 34, 1882.

1794.

grief. Anell said nothing, but his bearded lip quivered as he sipped his ale, and his little blue eyes filled with tears as he looked at his wife.

Sir Rupert, feeling weary and somewhat indisposed, had his dinner served in his own apartments, and never did James

investigation for himself.

After a fruitless search for the willful daughter whom he had loved and hated alternately all her life, he came down again, breathing vengeance "on the whole crew" for their perfidy, and yowing that it wo

He was aware of it himself, to some ex-

nt, but a month's netual rost at The Rest. e name of his country seat, would be sufficient to threw off this weariness and he suld be himself again.

burden; could I come to you! I am but a These, then, had been his plans, but the est laid plans "aft gang aglea" And n it had come to this, after weeks of hopeess battling with stern decree.

string that bound them together. struck a match, made a bonfire of the collection and watched them slowly consume to ashes, while the crazy building shook as if with indignation and the wind sighed hoarsely.

in sympathy with the wretched but

CHAP. III.

visitor, decidedly. "I told her so last

evening. We parted in a friendly

spirit, but I gave her to understand as

sudden, it is true, but I trust none the

not venture to hope?"

"Why, sir, I-"

"Shall I call her?"

out."-Chicago Tribune.

change again,' he said.

stolen the money.

She was crying.

"If you please, my dear."

CHAP. IV.

"Rachel," said Algernon Fitz-

Thompson McStab, pleasantly, "you

will be glad to know, I dare say, that

I am to be your father. That is all

we wished to say to her, was it not,

my love? You may go, Rachel. Picase

close the door, my child, as you go

----

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Affecting Story of a Little Newsboy Who

Lost Ten Dollars.

A business man of Detroit, whose of-

lee is on Woodward avenue, relates this

ingular experience in the Free Press:

and as I was alone I stepped to the door

and called a little newsboy whom I had

frequently employed to run on errands,

and told him to carry it to the nearest

store and get it changed. I then went

inside and waited. My partner came in

"'You will never see the boy or the

"I must say his prophecy looked pos-

sible when as hours went by the boy did

not return; still I trusted him. I could

asier believe that he had been run over

"I did not change my mind when a week had passed. I did not know where

he lived or who his associates were, and

no newsboy seemed to be missing. The

second week was nearly gone when a

woman came into my office one day.

" I am, madam. What can 1 do for

"Then she told me that her little boy

was dying; that he had been ill nearly

two weeks, and kept constantly calling

ny name. I went with her and found

y missing newsboy. As soon as ho

" I lost it! I lost it? was the burden

of his cry, but I alone knew what he re-

ferred to. He had lost the ten-dollar

note, and it had preyed on his mind,

causing brain fever. He died in my

arms, unconscious that I had trusted

im from the very first, and that I

could have done any thing to save his

ife. I have not a doubt that he either

lost it or had it snatched from him, and

his sensitive nature kept hun from tell-

ing the truth, and he gave his life up in

" 'Are you Mr. ----?' she asked.

aw me he began to rave.

or made away with than that he had

and ridiculed me for what I had done.

"I wanted a ten-dollar bill changed.

event."

less agreeable on that account. May I

. . . . . .

"And now, my dear," he said, at

delicately as I could that I should not

in the blood-curdling topic of the "master's wrath."

"You may go down now, and if I need you I will ring for you; otherwise I want no one near me to night," Sir Rupert said an hour later, as the punctual butler set

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light in all rooms. New steam "I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was laundry attached to house.

Rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Fills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christansen, Sherwood, Wis. d "Ayer's Pills have been in use in my

family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffaced many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried." -T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas. "I have used Ayor's Pills for a num-

ber of years, and have never found any-thing equal to them for giving me an appeliae and imparting energy and strangth to the system. I always keep there is the house."--R. D. Jackson, ington, Del. "Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me

## Headache,

from which I was long a sufferer."-"Whenever I am troubled with con-Mination, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Fills set no right again."  $-\Lambda$ , J. Eiser, Jr., Rock Hentse, Va.

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tic trade the finest brands of illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Mug. 71, '89-6m. St. William St., N. Y.

Naphtha and Gasoline TELEGRAPHY That can be THOROUGHLY TAUGHT TO MADE FROM PETROLEU YOUNG MEN

Call and see the students at work when you visit the Exposition. Vistserve at a quieter hour. tors always welcome. JAMES CLARK WILLIAMS A. M., Sir Rupert said but a word or two, and those were low monosyllables; the serv-ants, knowing of Miriam's flight, went -ELYS- CATARRH

LOD.

ER

steathily about their several duties, as if they feared the very walls would cry out CREAM : BALM and implicate them. James came and went like a thief fearing stection, and whenever his master looked his way he grew pale with fear; but as Sir Rupert asked no questions he was glad that the revelation had not been his to

make, and that the austere father remained in ignorance as yet of his daughter's flight and subsequent marriage, "Oh! the disclosure," muttered he, as he came down stairs with the trencher, and he shivered in anticipation of the morrow.

CHAPTER X.

"Howly mother! an' we'll put it off till the crack o' doom if we can," Peggy ejacu-lated later, when Sir Rupert had retired, and the servants had all huddled around her in the west wing to hear the de-

tails of Miriam's departure. Nothing suited her better than to entertain them in her graphic way and impassioned manner with weird and strange recitals of fortunes possible and impossible, and often she had held them spell-bound until the great clock of the central hall warned them of midnight. "But ye all know full well," she reflected. 'that the masther will be knowin' uv it ter-

norrer by some manes, an' mark ye," moving her right index slowly around the circle like the finger of destiny, "mark ye, there's not a mother's son of ye knows a single wurrud of the runnin' away whin the nasthur's wrath runs hoigh." And all promised with one accord to faithfully keep their knowledge a secret for the "Swate childer's sake," Peggy said, while her auditors knew full well that it was for her own sake as much, and more, than for Miriam's that they were enjoined to such

secrecy. "An' we must knpe the saycret for the 1889. loife uv us," supplemented the housekeep-

er once more, as they were about to separate for the night; "ye know if ye don" OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA" we'll be whooped out o' the Hall quickern'

a wink; ony way, maybe we'll be kilt roight on the spot, an' which is wurrust uv the two Qi'm not to say." At breakfast the next morning Sir Rupert settled himself in his accustomed

seat and looked about him; he would wait for Miriam, something he scarcely remembered of having to do, she being an habitual early riser. The butler stood respectfully near, quak-

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y. ing in every limb, in dire anticipation of the impending storm about to burst over



the housekeeper." Ciarkson was waiting in the next room, and at a look from the terrified James came forward as if by magic, halting at a respectful distance, demure and innocent looking enough to win the favor of anyone, owever austere. It was evident that she was in better

trim for the emergency than her fellowservants were.

"Ask the maid if Miriam is ill," the master commanded, rather than said. Then he relapsed into a silence to be felt. He

not be good for them if found treacherous to the interests of Heatherleigh.

"I want the chaise at once !" he yelled, eyeing the coachman wrathfully. "I will sift this matter. He who defies a Percival might as well dare the Almighty," he continued in thunder tones. "I am going to see if she-if they break over my authority

In this daring manner." The parting words of young Fairfax, to which he gave but little heed at the time, aside from treating them contemptuously, rang in his ears now like calls of an avonging angel. It looked now very much as if Fairfax had not spoken idle words. In a short time the Heatherleigh trap was

flying along the quiet lanes at a breakneck speed, and the whole country side was wondering at its haste. Bent on revenge for this insolent disobedience, he spared no pains to overtake the runaways.

"HI, there !" he should to a man whom he knew, and to whom, at any other time, ae would not have deigned to speak, "Hi,



と見て "NOT THERE! THEN WHERE IS SHE?"

there! Do you know of the whereabouts of

Arthur Fairfax at present?" The laborer doffed his cap and answered,

respectfully: "Truly, I can not tell you, sir, yet I

heard that he was married last evening at All Saints." With a muttered imprecation he sped on. and soon the pretty little chapel of Fairlight was passed Earle Fairfax, whose handsome villa smiled down on the fair, quiet churchyard of Ail Saints, would know, perhaps, all about the disgraceful affair.

To that residence he must be driven, and subsequently the Heatherleigh trap dashed up the drive of the Fairfax home. The horse was covered with foam and dust. and, on the whole, marie Fairlax thought he had never seen quite such a pitiable sight. A jaded horse, choking with dust, the liveried coachman white and trembling with excitement and the master of Heatherleigh in such an excited passion of rage and pique that he scarcely managed to be understood. "They, Miriam and Arthur, were married in the chapel last evening; yes. And by this time are pretty well on their way to Bradford, I should judge."

After Earle Fairfax had imparted this bit of news laconically, Sir Rupert cursed his luck and turned his horse's head homeward.

"You knew nothing of this!" he questioned, glaring at his coachman, while they were returning slow-paced and weary, seeming to forget that individual was included in the morning's condemnation.

"No. master; 'pon honor," answered meek eyed John, turning faint with fear lest his master should order him down and off and go on without him. But Sir Rupert said nothing more and was silent all the rest of the way back to Heatherieigh. Sir Rupert alighted at the inner gate shutting off the long avenue of elms, and rushed in alone over the flagged pavement, across the terrace and into the hall, more like a lunatic than the feeble old man that he was. John drove off toward the staales, glad to his heart's center of the opportunity of putting space between the irate muster and himself once more.

"They are gone; metried and gone !" Sir Rupert shouted in desperation, banging the massive doors after him as he entered. "Henceforth she is no daughter of mine!"

tray at his master's olbow James was not summoned again that

evening, and feeling relieved he joined the servants' circle once more, and around the wide chimney, whose flickering flames and glowing embers lighted up their earnest faces, they sat and speculated as to where this last estrangement would lead.

The next day brought a great change in the manner of the master of Heathericigh It was as if he had gone through some great sea of sorrow. Absent and softened in tone and gesture, he wandered aimlessly about the Hall, thinking. He opened Lady Percival's apartments

and walked through the long-silent rooms. touching little mementoes of her care here and there gently, as if in communion with the dead. After this, he took down Miriam's portrait

from where it hung by her mother's, over the marble mantel in Lady Percival's private parlor, and carried it away to the lonely gailery. Pausing at the end of the

row of fated portraits, he looked long and earnestly on the clear, fine features of his beautiful daughter, and then said half audi bly: "Miriam! my daughter, Miriam, I am alone! I am unable to undo what I have done; and, too, a Percival never cats his words.

"I would have saved you, my child, could I have done so; but the fatality of the family has overtaken you, and what could your poor, desolate father do? You have forsaken Heatherleigh for a poverty-stricken companion, and have gone with the choice of our heart, as did Allan here. Alas! Allan. that I have now no brother I Alus I Miriam, that I now have no child. Henceforth you are dead to me; good-bye-aye, worse farewellt

Having kissed the portrait of the proud, willful child, he hung it up for a moment for another view of the sweet face. "Truly she was regal then," he said, with a deep sigh. Then he turned the face of his daughter to the wall with a shiver, and scaled the doom of his motheriess child. After this he tottered upstairs to his apartments with much feebler siep than he and ever known. Surely this was, by far, the greatest sorrow of his long, loveless existence. Ah! yes, it was the hardest

plow he had ever experienced. Bereaved of his beautiful wife, whom he wed tenderly, how crushed and sorrowful his days had been in the great, lonely Hall. But he knew where she was resting; this other bereavement, why, this was so differ-ent, so different! Poor Miriam! ho knew nothing of her wandering away; perhaps might never know aught of her more. The

The curse of temper and circumstance was worse than death. Yes, in comparison, death was kind!

sevond repair between Sir Rupert and his ild, and "too late" was written across the seal of her doom. He must bow also to the

And that day on which the master of Heatherleigh buried his daughter in his heart was but a precursor of many dreary ones to follow. The same slient, crapeshaded routine, admitting of scarcely any variation, wenton. A lonely breakfast in nis own spartments; long, companionless walks about the grounds with his hands behind him and his eyes bent on the ground as if in deep study; the silent dinner hour next, and lastly, solitary evenings, on whose mournful hours none were allowed

to infringe by trying to be companionable. About this time the servants began to show signs of a general revolt. Sometimes they declared that this prison-life would materially shorten their days.

faithful

Heatherleigh boiled and effervesced until, at the close of a very trying day when Sir Rupert had been unusually contrary with them, the gardener and cook said, meaningly, "that if the master was found meaningly, "that if the master was found dead in his bed in the morning, why, it was nobody's business-but-" And they wagged their heads ominously.

CHAPTER XL All day the storm had raged and battered and shook the windows with angry hand,

The day had now gone out on the waters nd the blackness of night and despair had settled down over Miriam. She tottered across the room and into the next, and with clasped hands stood helplessly gazing down on the beloved face on the pillow. A light broke over the face as the fastglazing eyes met her wild, yearning look,

and he beckoned her nearer. She leaned over him fondly and kissed his brow where the death damps were gathering and he cradlebood whispered: "Bring baby to me, dearest." Below stairs the nurse-girl was builing he child to rest with a sweet cradle song.

He had been kept quiet all the long, dreary day by strategy; coaxed with dainties and amused with fairy stories unfolded to his credulous mind by the nurse who loved to vel in these pleasing fancies herself.

"Acthur wants the baby," said Miriam, eaking in on the edge of dreamland, and elasping her boy with a sudden tenacious away from it all. vemant born of grief.

The nurse resigned her sleepy charge with a frightened glance of inquiry into the white face of her mistress. She needed no words to tell that at last the agony of death and parting had come, for the look on Miri-

am's face was plain of interpretation. The mother bore away the little son, so soon to become fatherless, and the tenderhearted nurse-girl, turning away, burst into tears.

"Oh! it must be an awful thing to die and leave one's friends," she moaned to herself, going about the room, picking up echanically the toys of little Arthur which in his great glee at playing Ainddin he had scattered about. "Poor little one," murmured she, "his tender heart doesn't understand it, and it is well enough it doesn't.

"Kiss-" but the lips failed to utter the rest.

"Love papa," said Miriam, and the child. tting his chubby face down caressingly. kissed the pale, paternal lips. "My papa is cold, so cold," he said, wonderingly, looking

The attendant took him away then, at a sign from the mother, and kneeling by the couch Miriam drew the death-damp brow

1.00

Contract !!

mate clay1

the night in a vigil of grief.

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Pf.

Part .

"LOVE PAPA."

rest of them went that way-Allan did.

The threatening breach had now widened Contraction of inevitable.

ate kisses on the cold lips. half audibly: "Good-bye, Miriam, dearest; watch over our boy, and-meet me-"

Ancil and Peggy reminded them that they would be substantially rewarded some day likely if they would only continue to be

But the mutiny of the western wing of

was theirs." but now there had failen a somewhat caim-

soothed him to untroubled repose again. He was all she had now, and her hot hands

night silence. "Why should he be taken

from her when they were so prosperous

and happy, when every thing that heart

could desire for comfort and domestic biiss

you also, but you were my nother's friend; will you not be mine al-

late. Shut from a father's doors, I am in

the depths of isolated sorrow. I have an

abundance of means, and would be no

wrathful man. Then this was the message she had sent. He was burning the letters he had atrica knew it, and had demurred there. written in happier days to Rachel , but she must go. She had told herself Hamtagg. She had returned them to that a week after the clods rattled down on her baby's coffin, and if she received an him scornfully. answer from Bay View telling her that her other's friend still resided there she "This is so sudden," said the widow,

would sell her beautiful home and leave her native land forever-the land which had blushingly, "and so unexpected. 1held nothing but sorrows for her from her I thought your visits to our house were for the purpose of seeing my Patricia's lover and affianced husband daughter." would purchase The Rest, and it would "She is too young." replied the

remain in the Fairfax family. Had little Arthur lived she would have continued her residence here and would have kept the elegant home, beautified and cared for, for But with his death all her plans chercall to see her any more. This is

ished for his future were laid away with him, and nothing now remained but to get The breeze swept up from the sea and

through the open casement, dallying with the loose crape sleeve of her dress, the sweet English violets lent their breath to the caress of the wind, and a bird in the gurden below began its vesper song.

the expiration of a happy half hour as he gently lifted her head from his Miriam shut her eyes and leaned back in the depths of her chair to dream of shoulder, "I should like to see yourfond baby fingers stealing up around her neck, and of a deep, musical voice calling daughter, to tell her of this happy tenderly across the vale : "Miriam, dearest,

good bye. [To be Continued.] -----

TOO MUCH MARRYING. Unsuitable Marriages the Most Prolific

Source of Trouble. The truth is-and it is the truth that many are beginning to realize, nor will it be conjured away until all rightminded men and women give it some serious thought-there is too much marrying and giving in marriage in the world. By far the greater number of young girls of the present day are raised with the sole ambition of "making a good match, as if the quintessence of happiness in life was to be found in matrimony. The author is not an "old maid," to use the current expression, and she has

no intentions of boasting when she says she might try her own experience in married life did she wish to do so, but she can assure her readers that no feeling of "sour grapes" influenced her opinion that more unhappiness results from unsuitable marriages than from any other evil in existence; that men and women marrying from the Sec. The wrong motives invariably bring affliction upon themselves and their children, and that therefore the Hymeneal flame should not be lighted except under circumstances of peculiar promise. Men and women should both remain unmarried until they have reached an age when intelligence and common sense prevail over impulse; but even to her breaking heart and pressed passion then let them look carefully into their own reasons for taking so important A look of unutterable joy overspread the features of Arthur Fairfax, and he said a step. Let them lay their day dreams aside and face a cold and conventional reality, and thus, with a heart pre-

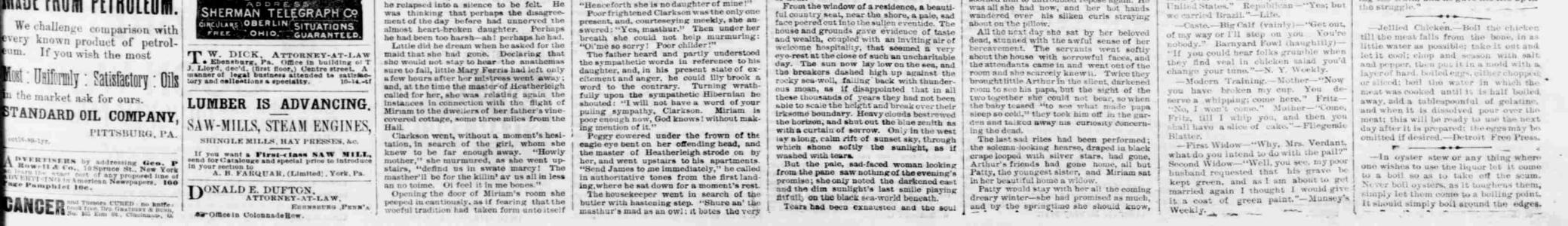
"Yes, darling, with God's help," moaned pared for the bitter or the sweet, with Miriam; and she held in her arms, not her a mind resolved to make many sacrievoted husband, but clay-cold, inanifices and a temper inclined only to look on the brighter side of life, they may They led her away also, then, away from prove to be the exceptional couple, er beloved dead. She sat down beside the sleeping, fatherless child, and throwing one and, like the b'issful lovers in our old faley tales, "live long and happily arm over the unconscious boy moaned away forever."- Famice Stewart. "Why was thist" she asked of the mid-

----"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

Honor Among Thieves. - Old Lady-

Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love. Little Arthur threw up his baby hands Unabashed Culprit-"Well, didn't I reand murmured "Papa," and fretted in his turn it?"-Time.

-Democrat-"This has been a pretty With a mother's touch and caress Miriam hard year for the Republicans in the



er hour.