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WAY OF THESE STRADEGIN HOURS

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By Manda L. Crocker. COPYRIGHT, 1889.

Amid the confused ejaculations of astonment which followed the butler's astounding tidings, Peggy burst out: "Blissid Vargin! an' Or was shure the masthur had a heart if he only cud foind it; he's afthur replatin' ov his thratement of the pair childers." And in her excited grief she rocked back and forth in her favorite wicker chair, moaning in her grief that k night be "too late to repint." One by one they were won over to the belef that may be the ancestral curse had en thwarted, and that soon they might we their young mistress and the little e with them again, until it came to old il, who was keeping company with his table old pipe in the corner of the wide ency. He stoutly refuted all ideas of sentance and reconciliation on the part of Rupert, remembering, as hodid, how at Ludy Percival had knelt at the masr's feet once in the long ago, something a Peggy had done that day in behalf of firmm, and plend in vain for a restoration "No, he never wud be silly enuff to belave

by such stuff. The divil a bit will be repint, n' ve are a foolish lot, be jabers, to waste your pity on 'im," he said, refilling his pape with an impatient gesture. "Oi wudna wonder, though, an' 'twould kill 'im," he idded, meditatively, as he held the pipe beseen thumb and finger, and gazed into the ckly flame on the hearth. Then, as if he had sculed the master's fate and passed judgment on the future, he lifted his gray head commandingly, and swept his wrinkled hand across an imaginary are above it, saying, vengefully; "Let it kill 'im! let it be the death ov 'im, an Oi've not a warred to say. That's just it; let 'im be afthur gittin' his desarts. Pay him, Oi say, in his own

chink; in his very own, an' it'll be gude enuff fur 'im." But back! what was that which came through the open hallway? In a moment Ancil and subsided in his burangue, and all had risen to their feet and stood listening. There it came again; it was the clear, quick tenes of the mister's bell summonthem! What had happened? Every face told plainly that the sound of the master's bell, "after hours," had struck terror to their hearts. James ran up-stairs with all speed possi-

ble, and went alone, as not one of them dared to follow him, although the little silvery peals of the bell continued to float lown corridor and hall in quick, ener-"Howly Moses! an' what's up now! Whin

will the ind be rached and the climax of this therible day be forninst us?" And Aneil Clarks in walked back and forth excitedly a the midst of those who might not make him answer. James opened the door of his master's apartments with a feeling as if something

awful had happened, or would soon happen the Hall. In a moment more he stood mutely b fore Sir Rupert, who, with one tr inling hand still resting on the bell-pull, stood staring wildly into space. "I wish you would call Miriam," begged

the master, in a helpless, stricken tone "She has just this moment left me to ar range for a journey, and I-I can not have her go. I am old, James, and she must have dity-must stay with me. You will find her in her rooms, I think; see her at once, and tell her she must, for sweet plty's sake, give up this journey-voyage, rather. James stood petrified to the spot for some minutes. Had the muster gone daft, or had Miriam really returned, and was she now

Sir Rupert took his hand from the bell and stretched it out to the butler in entreaty, while an ashen paleness crept over his aged face, "Don't lose a moment of time, James, and if she will go, why, ask her to leave

the child with me. It will be such a sunhive in the Hall, the bright little "Boy," put in James, by way of enlightenment, no longer fearing reprimand from this strangely-altered man. "Boy! Ahl a dear little son," went on

Sir Rupert. "A son! Then the evil genius can at last be thwarted. A son! Go, bring ie little one - Mirlam's little son-and beg of her also not to make the voyage unlessshe must. I would have prevailed on her." he continued, in a lower tone, and sinking into his chair, "but somehow she wouldn't listen to me, James. She could not be made to hoarken." He ceased speaking and folded his arms in a tired way.

"Well, James, will you fall me too?" he added, piteously. "No, master, I shall not fail," answered the butler, promising something, he knew not what. Then he stepped outside to think. What should be do?"

He was certain that Miriam Percival Fairfax was not in the Hall, and he half believed Sir Rupert's mind was turned, or that he had had a vivid dream, which, to him, was reality. Nevertheless he went to Mirlam's rooms; groping around the shadowy, silent corrior, and thinking faster than he had done

for many a day. The key to her appartments was hanging in its ring in the wall at the right of the door, as it had nung for four long solitary years, except at the times when Sir Rupert, seized with sudden fits of compunction, would pay a visit to them. Turning the key in the lock, James opened the door cautiously and looked in. Not a und or even a sight of any living object met his eager, quistioning eyes. It was plain Miriam was not there, nor had not been, and that Sir Rupert was suffering

from a temporary hallucination the butler Reluctantly he retraced his steps, and opening his master's door quietly, he went in. Sir Rupert was sitting much as he left him, only his hands had fallen to his side and that he seemed asleep. He roused up, however as James entered, and a wan smile horered around his trembling lips as he asked; "Did she relinquish her resolve concerning the trip, and will she be kind to me and remain at the Hall?"

"No," answered James, talking at ran-"And will have no pity on her lonely father! Ah! ingratitude; ingratitude! She will have me the little son, then, if she must go!"

"No," answered the butler, again at his wits end, but blundering on, "she will take the buby with her; needs him herself, 'she says." "Then I am undene; in the home of my

ancestors I must die alone, and brokenhearted. But could you not prevail on her !" continued, brightening visibly. "Speak of her dead mother." "But, master," said James, much affected by this unusual softness, and knowing the utter hopelessness of the case, "but, mas-

ter, Mirium is gone; I saw her go. "Alus! ains! another golden opportunity has flown from me, and I am left in my house desolate! desolate!" Sir Rupert rose from his chair, and, stretching out his arms as if to grasp some unseen object, took a step forward and feil prone on the floor. The terrifled James now seized the bell-pull and sent its huried summons loudly through the Hall. In a moment hurrying feet came up the

tuircase and wild, frightened faces looked

"The master's fainted," explained the butier, trying in vain to lift him up. "He imagines the mistress is here, and wanted me to coax her to stay with him. And when I told him she was gone, and the little one also, why, he just got up and took on awfully, and finally be fainted dead away." They removed the inanimate form of their master to his sleeping apartment and ap-



plied restoratives, which they found at hand in a side cupbeard there. Sir Rupert slowly regained consciousness, meaning and murmuring of Miriam. And all night long they staid, faithful servants that they were, by Sir Rupert, and did what they could to relieve him. Once he opened his eyes very wide and started up, saying: "Oh! ask her, ask her-but stop, she is gone, you say!'

Then he lay down again, turning his face to the wall, and shivered as if seized with an "Let 'im doie," said Ancil, unfeelingly. "Let 'im, and it will be the ind ov it."

"Shet up, ye baste," snapped Peggy. under her breath, as under the touch of her skillful, metherly hand the master fell into a troubled sleep. Just as the rosy dawn flushed the east, and the fresh breeze swept over the silent world in taken of the coming morning, Sir

Rupert sank into a quiet, restful sleep, and

the servants retired, leaving their master

in calm, untroubled repose. But after that memorable day of angry meeting, of regret and compunction, fol lowed by an almost fatal ballucination bringing hours of wakeful agony, Sir Rupert was a strangely altered man. Mild and gentle in tone and manner, even to the least of them, he commanded at last the love and respect of the much-tried household. They learned to pity him for

his tottering step and whitened crown, and

to love him for the sake of one whom fate had driven forever from Heatherleigh. Invariably they murmured "poor master!" when he walked alone about the grounds, halting here and there to rest and to The dwellers of the country side nitied Sir Rupert from afar, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, drifted back to the long-avoided Hail. Dropping in on one pretext and another, they strove to console him and brighten the gloom of his declining years; but, after all, the master of Heath erleigh was slow in accepting any proffered

acquaintances as intruders. It seemed, in spite of their endeavors to be friendly, that they had failed in impressing Sir Rupert favorably. "The Percival grit was in him, barrin' all his lamb-loike ways," Peggy said. Occasionally Sir Rupert would ride outsometimes to the clergyman's, sometimes to the city to interview his attorney. And again he would spend a half day in leaning back in his favorite carriage and being driven slowly through the parks, across the

kindness, and seemed to look upon even old

commons or back and forth along the pleasant reaches and sunny slopes of Fair-What his thoughts were during these long, solemn drives not a soul could guess, and he never conveyed by a single mono-syllable one impulse of his soul. And the weary-hearted coachman felt as if he were driving his master's hearse over lonely, beaten ways rather than his animate self during these serrowful, soul-depressing outings. Many pitied Sir Rupert as he passed by, but many more sympathized with and pitied the long-suffering coach-

Porhaps the austere soul of Sir Rupert was relenting-was doing earnest penance in the wordless marches. Ah! it might have been deepest compunction was busy with the long-neglected heart, and doing its work in the dark depths of his silent soul; perhaps that calm serenity on his daugh-



ter's face as she called to him across the portals of the home he had dented her in that last good-bye; perhaps the beautiful long golden ringlets, and a pair of baby arms outstretched toward his unrelenting heart, had a part in the softening process of Sir Rupert's speech and manner. And perhaps it was on this serrowful and afoctionate picture that he dwelt in these dumb, lonely days. All conjectured, but Once, after having been driven to Fair-

light church, he wanted to be taken to Oak It was in the autumn time, and the day was cold for the season, and dreary enough to have remained indoors, especially for one so frail and wee-begone. But he wanted to go, desired to see "once more," he said, the beautiful grounds of Oak Lawn, where

reposed the dust of Lady Percival. And patient John had driven slowly, stiently through the bleak lanes and across where the heather-bells glowed like fiame on the browning wold until the airy, breezy Chace came to view, which lay between them and the chapel at Oak Lawn. The clouds sailed high and white with the deep blue rifts shiming through them in long, calm beits, sweetly gleaming, as if

Heaven smiled complacently down in unchanging love, in spite of all the tumultous serrows of earth. The brown and russet leaves whirled hither, thither, and whirled on before in ittle eddies of death, and Sir Rupert sighed deeply and repeated to himself in a half audible voice: "We all do fade as a leaf—as

"What is it, master!" asked John, thinking that for once in these lonely outings Sir Rupert had deigned to speak and that he had been addressed. So leaning over the seat he repeated eagerly: "What is it,

"We all do fade as a leaf, John, and are forgotten, forgotten," repeated Sir Rupert once more, and signed again. The gates of Oak Lawn swung open to admit them, while the solemn-looking sexton stood respectfully by divining the reason of this visit. He had admitted Mirlam Percival Fairfax some months ago, andwell, he remembered it; also that there was a message here awaiting the master of

Leaning on the arm of the trusty John he

made his way with uncertain fattering step to the family tomb, which seemed to say: "Sir Rupert, they are nearly all herenearly all here," as he stopped, weary and faint, at its portals. Poor old man! He took up the spirit echo and murmured: "Yes, early all here; all excepting Miriam and those other ill-fated ones and-and me." The wind swept up from the sea, sighing and whispering in the dark yews of the sealed volumes of trouble, pain and tears laid away to molder in their dank shadows, breaking into requiems for the silent sleepers when gusty branches of the reddening

oaks were reached. Up throngs the central passageway of the grounds bordered on either hand with aged, weeping elms the restless winds seemed to catch the peaceful inspiration of rest and lost themselves in melodious chants for the dead Sir Rupert drew his surcoat closely about his frail, shivering form, and heard with sinking heart the dirges for the dead echoing down the grand old aisles of the cemery as when he beard them chanted over Lady Percival's bier on that awful day; the day when the light and sunshine went out forever for Heatherleigh, eclipsed by the shadow of the temb.

Then he grew visibly agitated, and putting out his hand clutched the outer iron door to steady himself and gain sufficient composure and calmness of manner, if not of mind, to deceive his attendants as to the nature of his weakness. As he did so a piece of paper dropped from its hiding-place in the interstices of

the complicated fastening and fluttered to John picked it up at his master's bidding and gave it into the trembling, outstretched

CHAPTER XV.

Sir Rupert spread out its long-folded length on his hand, gazed intently at the ! chirography for some time, apparently trying to decipher its contents. Not making it ut satisfactorily, he handed it to the sexton who stood watching him, and said, hurriedly : "Read it to me, will you!" The quiet sexton, having an idea of son thing of its contents, took the paper reluctantly and read in clear, modulated tones:

"April 12, 18-"This is the last letter I shall indict to a relative; even new I am talking to one who can make no response, as by these few lines I am saying farewell to my blessed desd-all I have left to talk to. Mother, I have been at Heatherleigh for the last time, I think; gloom-ily-descinted Heatherleigh! I imagine up in the shining courts of your beautiful home you may still remember it, but certainly not for I have forfeited all right to its doors.

mother, as you dre-ded I would before you passed away, and the respect of its muster, my father, has gone with it. In all this I have not givened, as God is my judge! "The condemnation I have to bear I have not merited by word or deed, nevertheless !

have it to bear. Oh! that I could have diewith thee; then the heart-aches and tears would have been unknown that now fill my "I can return to the Hall mother, if I beg to orgiveness and ask pardon for the course

saw fit to take, but I, too, am a Percival, and will never humble myself enough to ask forgiveness of one of my own kin simply to in-ining that hated susterity that curses my "A few hours ago I bade them all good-bye. and looked my last on the paternal face full of furious pride and hunghty severity. Now I am

here, mother, beside the tomb of my ances-tors; here where you are resting. But I shall not have the privilege of lying with you when the shadows fall across my sun, for even the ropose of my dead kindred is denied me. My lot has fallen with the disinherited, and branded as Cain I seek the stranger's home in a stmange land. "Rest ye! darling mother. The boom of the seas will roll between us and you will not now the fate of your heart-proken child.

unless you can see from the region above the ars and love and pity me from the gates to thich I trust to shortly come. Yet, mother, it s well. MIRIAM PERCIVAL FAIRPAX." The sexton had finished reading the trange, weird epistle, and in such a place I seemed entirely in keeping with the sad, soul-communion with the dead.

Sir Rupert, who had kept his eyes riveted on the lips of the reader from the beginging, with a wild, unearthly stare and shrick staggered back into the arms of the white-faced coachman and may quite still for some moments, giving but fittle sign of consciousness. The frightened John held his master tenderly in his arms, as if he had been a sleeping child, while the sexton chafed the

withered hands and face to hasten returnng animation. "I expected this," he said to the tearful servant. "I looked for him to find that leter. Yes," he went on, as John shot an inquiring glance at him, "I knew it was ere. You see Mrs. Fairfax visited Oakawn last spring, and she desired me to acempany her in the grounds as she left the

boy outside with the carriage. "I accompanied her, of course, wondering why she wanted me, but after I saw her write that letter there on the railing and deposit it in the belt-casing, why, I underood. You see she wanted me to know it was there and to lock after it, which I have done. I never read it until to-day. though, but I had an idea it was some thing awful-like, because she looked like death itself and said, low and solemn like, 'shaft for shaft;' and I kinder thought she was driven at revenge on him," motioning to Sir Rupert, who now began to revive.

Presently Sir Rupert opened his eyes with a piteous, appealing look in them, and asked in whispered accents: "Where is that letter! Give it to me! It is all I have left of

They gave him the fatal note, and he caressed it with a kiss, and put it in his inner

"Now take me home, to that desolate

Heatherleigh," he said, wearlly. "And wher I come again I shall not know aught of earth and its hard, hard ways in The men exchanged significant glances and helped him to the carriage. It was with difficulty that they managed to get him safely among its cushions, and when they shed it he was so exhausted in soul and body he seemed more dead

than alive. "You can't count on much speed," said the sexton, warningly, as John mounted the box, "but you must be as quick as you can under the circumstances, or or ye'll have They turned away from Oaklawn then, and the sexton shut the great double gates after them with an ominous clang.

When they left the beautiful repose of Oaklawn behind them and turned into the highway, Sir Rupert revived enough to sit up and look about him. Suddenly, as if ollecting something quite forgotten, he drew from his pocket the fatal missive. Folding and unfolding the scrap of paper, as one might in a dream, he murmured in a vague, desperate way: "All I have left, all I have left of happiness is death! "Miriam is gone-gone-gone! I had

late; too late !" And bowing his head upon his trembling hands, he sobbed like a child in his great grief. The autumn breezes came softly over the sleepy world and gently fanned the silky, gray hair on the aged crown; the sunset fire flamed low on the hills, and, stealing

thought to-to make amends, but it is too

brightly across, kissed the bowed form, but he heeded it not. What was nature's soothing pity or loving favor to him! He, with his cross heavier than he could bear, was at last succumbing to the inevitable. Moving his lips as if in prayerful supplication, he raised his head and sank back among the crimson cushions of his easy car-

Who would have dreamed of any thing but comfort and luxury to have seen the Heatherleigh turnout rolling along the picturesque lanes, with its emblazoned arms on the panel and the sleek dapplegrays prancing along, restive enough under the tight rein of a handsome, rich-liveried coachman? But ah! had they seen the sor-

rowful face within! Miriam then had gone from the Hall on that fateful day directly to Osklawn and paid, as it seemed, her farewell visit to the dear, dead mother. And she had, under cover of all that stoleal, outward composure, carried away from Heatherleigh a breaking heart, and feit her banishment

Doubtless, too, she had left the written good-bye addressed to her dead relative at the temb purposely that it might some time fall into the hands of her unmatural father; putting the slip in the fastening in the presence of the sexton, she might have shrewdly guessed that he would lose no opportunity to discover it to Sir Rupert, which he attended to on his first visit thereafter.

If the design in leaving the paper at Oakawn was to break the austere, hardened heart of the master of Heatherleigh with its contents, the pian was well laid and ex-ecuted to a fault, and the purpose had been accomplished without doubt. He sank visibly each day under the terrible blow dealt him by the proud, suffering daughter, and he would sit for hours, silently and alone, in his private apartments; with our tains drawn, and grieve in the gloom of his desolated home. The weight of retribution was fearful. Poor old man! that drive to

Oaklawn on that quiet autumn day was his outing; he never recovered enough



SIR RUPERT PAINTED IN JOHN'S ARMS.

from the shock of that day's experience to warrant riding out again, not even over his favorite downs toward the sea. Nothing so dark and sad had befallen the many-shadowed Hall since Lady Percival's enth, not even the letter Miriam sent announcing the death of little Arthur. That happened, as the reader is aware, in | hours and hours he would search alone the fair weather. Yes; in the fioral sweet- | the halls and corridors, roing with stealth ness of May that missive, all bordered with black, found its way to the Hall. How well they remembered it. Not to long and anxiously for the sound of her the master exactly had it come, although to footstep and the music of her voice. Some equaint him with her second great loss had his stricken daughter written. The superscription, however, designated Peggy Clarkson as the recipient of the sad news. And Miriam had said: "Arthur, my baby boy, is sleeping, too, under the dewy violets. and I believe my heart is broken utterly. definitely. I presume mortals would only point to the terrible legend of the Percivals

Ah! why was I born for this desciate, loveless existence! God only can answer and say that, as I am the eldest, and a daughter, I have no right to question my destiny. But such an answer does not suffice the agonized questioning of my soul today. Indeed, this is more than I can bear." At the close of this serrowful letter Mira am had written; "Give my regards to Sir Rupert Percival, together with my best wishes for his health and-happiness." Peggy Clarkson had wept herself sick over the contents of this, the saddest letter she had ever received.

"Only to think," she sobbed, while the great tears of loving sympathy rolled down her withered cheek, 'only to think Oi'll niver clasp the wee darlint in me arms agin. Bad luck to the lotkes ov its old gran'faythur for the darivin' ov 'em away." The servants desired to break the news to the master, thinking even at the last he might still repent him of his decision and send for Miriam to cheer his few remaining days. How to do this was something which worried them considerably, but the next day after the receipt of the letter a bright thought struck Peggy's fertile brain, and when the butler carried his master's breakfast up to him she put the missive on the trencher, not having the heart to deliver it herself. James was also instructed "not to say a wurrud."

Sir Rupert started and moaned pitifully when he saw the letter; another letter in less than a year, with a heavy black seal. coming from-well, he knew where. He looked up in agonized inquiry, but the sorrowful James vouchsafed nothing in

answer. Sir Rupert made no effort to reach the letter on the trencher, seeming as if expecting James to say something, or perhaps offer to read it. Then, after some minutes, he said, gently: "You may get me some medicine, James, which you will find on the library desk below."

The butler understood this ruse of Sir Rupert's to get him away for a moment in order that no mortal eye might behold him peruse the contents of the letter, and, knowing that for once his absence would be appreciated, tarried in the library for a quarter of an hour before he came upstairs to announce that there was no medicine to be found on the library desk. James was not afraid of being consured for carelessness in not searching for it, because he knew as well as Sir Rupert that there was none in the library. The master of Heatherleigh and his

thoughtful servant, for once, understood each other perfectly, and James looked toward the trencher. Sir Rupert had drank his chocolate, and the missive was lying in a different position; that was all. After exchanging glances with James his master ordered his breakfast away, and leaning back wearily among the silken cushions of his deep chair, said huskily: "I Fifty cents buys a large basketful with am not as well as usual I believe, James."

Then he shut his eyes, and, folding his hands across his breast, sighed deeply. The butler stood for a moment undecided as to whether he ought to leave his master or ring for Clarkson. He remembered, vividly, an experience in this same ghastly room that kept him on the alert ever since. And sir Rupert was beginning to look white and act strangely, as on that other time when he fancied Miriam had visited But James was relieved when, presently,

divining his thoughts, Sir Rupert said, without so much as even opening his eyes: "I will not need you further new, James. I do not need the medicine; I will rest and be better by and by." "The master's ever so much worse this morning, somehow," said the butler in an undertone to Peggy, who was polishing an ancient-looking silver tankard, which had seen more conviviality in its time than

the blank evenings again at the Hall, "Yes, ever so much weaker," he repeated, putting lown the trencher on the sideboard. "What's that!" she cried, suddenly, looking up with an untold dread in her big blue eyes. "An' did ye say the master was wurrus!"

"Ever so much," James repeated, hand-

ing the letter back to the housekeeper. "for you see he has eaten nothing of the nice breakfast Marcia prepared for him." "Och boon!" wailed Peggy, throwing down the polish and sinking into a chair. led Peggy, throwing "An' it was that letter that's gone an' kill the masthur. Of m shure it was the doin's of that same. Hewly mother! an' what if he dhraps off suddin loike, an the childer notin sobakin' disthances Woo be the day

that he doses!" But that trying time had gone by and the master of Heatherleigh had revived through the succeeding months, only to sink again under a far heavier blow. The winter come on, and during its dreary hours Sir Rupert was obliged to keep his apartments the greater partion of the time, and grew accustomed to dependmg on the servants entirely. In consequence, they learned to watch over him as one would over a troublesome child, "only they didn't dare to punish him," as Marcia remarked somewhat spitefully at the close

of a very trying day. But with the breath of spring again his spirits seemed to revive a little. He walked out occasionally, leaning on the arm of one of the servants, and breathed the sweet air that kissed the tender buds and sllky leaflets forth. Sometimes wheeled about the grounds in his chair, resting here and there in some favorite spot, intent on watching the birds in the tufted class, or gazing wistfully light up the byy-wreathed gables. The grand old Hall never had seemed so much like a magnificent mansoleum, nor the interior

sunny springtide. CHAPTER XVL In these last days of his unlucky life. these last weary days, every thing conducive to a lingering remorse had united against the proud soul of Bir Ropert, even It only needed a little something more to tip the balance, and in favor of a hastening lemise Sir Kupert could say: "I am ready. Oh! Charon; I stand watting on the treacherous sands.

seemed so much like a tomb, as it did this

Peevish and restless he finally grew spending hours in climbing up and down the slient staircases, echoing only to his Sometimes resting on the landings, he would mutter to himself of the deceased Lady Percival, and of Mirlam, and often of

the little grandson. Then there came a time when he risked he staircase no longer alone; and in | To-day one of them is worth \$100.000. hese wretched days he strayed about the dark, gloomy corridors above during the

ong, monotenous summer afternoons, but oftener in the midnight watches. The whole household were daily growing nervous and uneasy, and were obliged to ccupy rooms near those of their master in order that his many strange fancies might be the easier looked after. One great balluchastion of these desperate days was Sir Rupert imagined that Miand he caught her peoping through the

riam was secreted in the Hall somewhere, haif-open doors, and waking him so often from his afternoon maps, he said. For step and unwearying patienca. Often h would pause in these searches and liste footstep and the music of her voice. Some mes he would start up at dead of nigh and cry out, engeriv: "Oh! she is com bow; Miram my beautiful daughter, coming; I can hear her stops on the stairs Growing contented after these outburs and glad flights of expectation, he would wait quietly for her appearing until another nervous attack seized him, or he had quite

forgotten whom he was walting for. [To be Continued.] FREE-LUNCH FACTORIES.

Establishments Which Prepare Edibles for Saloens on a Large Scale. There are "free-lunc, factories" in the own. In the establishments known by that name food is prepared for the many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of liquer stores whose owners set out, on tables or counters opposite their bars, more or less tempting arrays of edibles. The professional temperance orators, who miss no weak spot in the armor of those whom they consider the arch foes of society, have always asserted that nothing is offered at these free refreshmen counters except such food as is so sait or so dry as to send the victimized partie pant in the feast back to the bar fo more drink. Some basis for the assertion is seen in the omnipresent smeked mackerel, smoked herring, cheese, rackers and smoked beef that the pubficans offer, yet it may be that drinking begets a taste for such peculiar provender. Time was when the saloon-

keepers bought and prepared all the material for their lunch-counters, but today a regular business is done by many large dealers in these supplies. They chop the herrings by machinery, cut up the cheese and the bread upon lelivery, vary the assortment of viands they bring according as the contract with each salcon-keeper warrants and have entire and absolute charge of that branch of the business. of a great majority of the public-houses. of which, by the way, New York City coasts about ten thousand. At least one dealer in table fare in the city has de-Aloped a very queer business. He buys whatever food is left over from the principal hotels. It is not fare which any me could object to his selling, or which hose who patronize him need to be ashamed of purchasing. It is what is oft of the joints of meat after the best cuts have all been taken, what is left of the pastry of the day at the close thereof, the cooked vegetables which will not keep another day, and so on. When this man's wagons roll up to his basement door, in the heart of a thickly settled neighborhood, his house is besieged by women and children carrying baskets. His tables and counters are quickly burdened with dishes and plates and boards. upon which this cooked food is hosped and he and his assistants apportion the commodities according as they are paid. For a quarter of a dollar there is less in quantity and variety to be had. Those who only offer ten cents got only meat and bread. Alas! he says that though for fifty cents whole families get a plentiful supply, there are also households that are obliged to subsist upon what half that sum entitles them to.-Harper's Weekly.

Crackling Pone. - This is a Southern recipe: For a small pone take one quart of corn meal scaided with as much boiling water as it will absorb, and allow it to cool until the hand can be used to mix into it one cupful of well-salted "cracklings" or scraps left from trying out lard. Wet the hands in cold water : and put the pone into a cake an inch thick on a pan. Bake in the even .- New would ever lighten the cays or ring through | England Farmer.

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REWARDS OF FIDELITY. Senator Farwell Tells the Secret of Mak-

ing a Success in Life. Few men in the United States have been more successful in business than United States Senator Farwell, who, in addition to his important political place, is the head of one of the great commercial firms of the country.

"I am sometimes asked," he said, "what is the secret of success. I remember some years ago a man came to our house for employment. He seemed to be in enruest, and I told hlm we would give him a trial. He told me he was ambitious to rise and asked me if there was any rule by which a man who was in earnest in his calling could succeed. I told him yes. I said to him substantially this: I am in business myself. I want some one to look after a matter for me-say a law-suit. I go to Lyman Trumbull, or Judge Drummond, or any lawyer of repute and tell him what I want. I agree to pay him for the service. I employ him. I pay him for the service. I expect him to do what I pay him for. He carries out my wishes. You come here to work for us. We employ you for a certain sum to do a certain work. Your time is ours. We expect you to carry out our wishes No matter what you may think about them you are to carry them out or quit. If you start in with this idea, all other things being equal, you are bound to succeed. Obedience to the wishes and demands of your employer is the foundation of success. His

business is your business. "Two young men came into our employ about twenty years ago. They began at the bottom round. You ask me what that is in this business. The beginner goes to the top story of the house with a basket and a card. On this card are the numbers of the various articles of merchandise which he has to pick up in the building This familiarizes him with the goods in stock. By and by he is premoted from that, no is pushed forward just as his ability warrants or as a vacancy may occur. The two young men of whom I just spoke began in that way. and the other is almost as well fixed. and each has an income of \$15,000. The trouble with most beginners is that they want a big salary at the start. Or if they begin at the bottom they want a raise in twelve months. If they don't get it they begin to look around and finally go elsewhere for a small advance. There they want another advance, and so they keep on roving around until they are old, and they are not particularly valuable anywhere or to any body. Their opportunities are gone and nobody wants them. They get dyspeptic, and then you have the crank. They are the mon who are always croasing at other people's success. '- Chicago Tribuno.

MORMON TITHING SCRIP.

The Queer Saletitate for Money Used by the Latter-Day Saluta. If you go into the principal office of the titling-house you will see a stall young man handling what looks like money. The is behind a counter and the counter is protected by a high railling The man glances through the window, then leads fown at the bills, and then goes on thumbing them like a bank teller. He goes to and foo from a big safe, carrying benefites done up just as aper pinned about them. Somerimes

the young man doe n't stop to count, but takes the uncount on the traven slip as correct and passes cut the money. This s Mormon money. It is the title ing scrip. It is used to facilitat he handling of the grain, and hay, and live stock, and produce which come in. If you pick up one of these bills you will find it very much like a bank note in appearance. In one upper corner is the number of the bill. In the ower left-hand corner is the in hoc signo

of Mormonism, a boo-hive, The face of the bill reads: "General tithing Store-house. Good only for merchandise and produce at the general thing store-house, Salt Lake City, Utah." Each note bears the signature of the presiding bishop. On the back is the denomination again and a vignetteof the new temple at Salt Lake City. The back also bears the wording: "This note is not current except in the merchandise and produce departments of the general tithing store-house." The engraving is well executed and the printing is well done. The bills vary in color. There are greenbacks for one department of the tithing house, brownsacks for another, and so on. By using his scrip the church is able to create a arket for considerable quantities of the tithing. This scrip is given out in dispensing charity. It is used for paying for work on the temple so far as be working a can make use of it. Emloyes of the tithing house receive their plartes or allowances partly in scrip. in numerous ways the Mormon money gets into circulation.-Cor. St. Louis slobe-Democrat

How the Arabs Make Tea.

The mistress of the tent, placing a arge kettle on the fire, wiped it carefulwith a horse's tail, filled it with water and tures in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near the boiling point she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor berame brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire in order to fry a paste of wal and fresh harries I' tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put in requisition again and after a time the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Halfpint wooden mugs were handed around and the ten halled into them, this ten forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler. - Louisville Courier-Journal.

-Sweetbread Sauce -Remove the ough skin from the sweathrends and erstand in cold water twenty minutes. Cut in halves, then in quarters and season with salt and pepper, boil till tender and put a tablespoonful each of butter and flour in a frying pan and when hot put in the sweethreads; stir until a minutes. -Yankee Blade.