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VOLUME XXIV.

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STEEL FENCE!

roud, cold, wordless contempt!" its reversed position.

n the lock viciously.



JAMES."

Outside the Hall the winds were whis-

dark, gloomy yews, predictive of a rising

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Once he was so determined that Mirian had been in his apartments and had touched him on his arm, awagening him from a sound nap, that all the servants had to be

So thus in the midnight hour, with tapers alight, they moved slowly about the silent, gloomy rooms, above and below, searching for the satisfaction of their master, who followed them in his feeble march, leaning on the arm of one of their number and talking

wearily concluded she was hiding in the hat lonely of all lonely rooms at Heather guided Sir Rupert's feeble steps, and the trembling Peggy went ahead with a lighted

"Howly mother of Christ!" she epaculated, as she stepped aside for Marcia to unlock the apartment, "an' if this ghostly perade wad only coom to an ind Oi'd fale re ved immensely." The key grated in the unused lock, the heavy door swung open, and the party en-tered the midnight gloom of the musty, close atmosphere of the gallery. On entering, Sir Rupert cast a quick, in-

face of the much-tormented household. ielay, for Sir Rupert, as if recollecting him nly stretched out his arms ward the row of reversed portraits opposite im, and while a light of recognition gladdened his old face he exclaimed, almost

ful face looking calmly, proudly down from its heavy black drapery on the midnight

And Sir Rupert exclaimed eagerly, clasping his thin fingers in rapture: Miriam, my daughter, you are here; the old, merciless tradition of our house is at fault at last! There is love-fore, instead of hate, existing between as; between Sir Rupert Percival and child. Is it not so, Miriam?" and his face lighted up wonderfully with eve's wistful questioning.

bbed convulsively, while Ancil and James rushed the unbidden tears from their overdowing eyes in silence. Oh! the eager, hopeless questioning of an

affection that came too late! moaned the sobbing housekeeper, and James made answer in a chocked voice:

Sir Rupert caught at their meaning, especially the lament of the honest butler, or hose faithful arm he rested. A shadow f deep disappointment crossed his features is he looked from one weeping servant to nother, and then, as if realizing something

ooks Take me away, James; take me way before my old heart is slain in its

cud be here to hear an' see," said ell, desperately, as he turned the portrait Then they started with Sir Rupert for

"I wish to his highness that this may be is last trip," exploded Marcia, desperately, s she banged the massive door to its place ith an angry wrench, and turned the key

o chop out this night's lesson fer yer avil "It's no evil thing to wish him dead, I'm responded Marcia, with a defiant



pering in the great elms and sighing in the

of thunder drew their attention to the fact, der storm came on, and they wished to get

But he was not to be nurried. He slowly mounted the stairs murmuring: "So proud! so cold! so dumb! Oh! Miriam! No pity; Suddenly there came a vivid and blinding

flash, followed by a peal of heaven's artillery that reverberated through the Hall, and seemed to shake Heatherleigh to its ancient corner-stone.

Sir Rupert staggered and fell prone on the landing without a cry; the servants carelessly extinguished the tapers in their terror and Peggy shricked out that the "God above had taken Marcia at her wurrud." CHAPTER XVII.

the morning of Patty's wedding. All nature vied with the merry-making of the inmates of Fairfax Place to make the day one never to be forgotten for its beauty. Mme. Montcaim, the mother of the groom, and his sister Louise, a pale, quiet girl, in silks and damonds, had come down from London to take part in the festivities. The Fairfax family not being yet out of mourning, the wedding was a quiet ne, and did not take on the air grandeur Mme. Montcalm desired it might. She was rather vain and fond of display, and this being the occasion

she was sure that her son Hollis was marrying into a very aristocratic family, and that his wife was a model of good breeding that was something to be proud of.

fax house was again recognized in polite society. "I am so glad that it happens to be such a perfect day, it portends a happy life, you Mme. Montcalm was speaking to one

husband."

"I understood they were very much deoted to one anothe calm, avoiding the mention of toil, which

And other guests having arrived, came up to claim the attention of the speaker and get an introduction to the very aristocratic madame, the mother of the groom, whose vanity was very much flattered by the attention she was receiving from Pa-

No. Mirium could not go over to attend Patty's wedding; she felt that she had no part in happiness now; but the day was cautifut, and Patty, sister Patty, would be ery happy. It was not far over to Fairfax Place, a lonely country seat, just outside a reamy, quiet village, nestled among the hills, some few miles up the shore. Patty

wanted her to come, but had not urged, knowing that her heart was sore over her

She walked the length of the bit of beach lazily above the downs stretching away toward the city.

It was on a day something like this, though not nearly so perfect, that she and Arthur were married; but not with sanction and speed for Patricia.

way; their dank denseness had grown secand nature to her soul, for she had occome

morbid on shadows. But it wouldn't do, this moping forever in the mists; she would go up to the house, and be giad for Patricia. About now the fair village lassies were strewing flowers in

Patty's way-happy Patty! frail shoulders, Mirian toiled wearily up over the rugged path toward the Rest, trying to feel happy for dear sister Patty's sake. Where a turn came in the path, by a rock jutting out from among its hoary Miriam paused for rest.

She might have had the carriage and have driven down the beach road, but she chose o be alone. The presence of even the boy n livery would have disturbed her to-day,

the shore. next for days. Since then she had not been strong enough to undertake a voyage, espe-

cially unattended. In those uncertain days of her severe illness Patricia had never left her bedside. Devoted and kind, she had nursed her live." Why she had not been permitted to cross over and enter into rest and be with her beloved ones was to Miriam a dark

to her mother's friend on the shores of the Narragansett, to cozy little Bay View, as the place had been described to her by letter. A party of rosy-cheeked children passed her, scampering down the path, their prim, pretty nurse bringing up the rear with the lunch basket on one plump arm, while over the other she had swung her hat with its wreath of wild autumn flowers she had gathered by the roadside. They made a pretty picture. One of the children ran up to her, offering her a bouquet of yellow fall flowers it had crushed into a withered condition in its chubby paims. She took the

little one, while the rosy nurse curtsied respectfully and passed by.

They were from The Cliffs, a pleasant, roomy mansion some two miles farther up the shore; doubtless the family carriage had been fleft up at Atherton Place, a few rods from The Rest, and the children had

day's outing in charge of Erma, the brighteyed foreign nurse-girl. Miriam recognized them instantly, having met them on the beach quite often during the summer, and the Athertons, she had learned, were relatives. "What a happy little party," mused Miriam, looking after them and watching

been sent down to the beach for a haif-

rather regretfully each little head pass

"AH! I SEE HOW IT IS AT LAST." down and out of sight. "What a merry, sunny home The Cliffs must be," she added.

thoughtfully A merry shout from one of the children below arrested her attention and she, forgetting her sorrows for a moment, arose with a smile, and went on toward home. The purple ivy clusters showed rich and dark against the gray stone of the old wall by which she passed, while here and there a great leaf of the luxurious vine flamed into scarlet. Ah! yes, it was autumn autumn of the cycling year once more and dreary, desolate autumn of her neart and simiess life; and she looked up through the tree-dotted park and saw through hot tears the silent grandeur of the Rest. The curtains were drawn, and rooms filled with a desolateness that made her heart sink. But the windows must be thrown open

the knotted craps removed, and the merry sunshine must be admitted, for Patty was coming soon, and Patty's life and exuberant suggestion of what she had suffered. No; would be cruel. And Patty came. The great lonely drawing-room was thrown open, and the sweetoned piano in the dim recess, which

had been sheut as the grave for so long, was once more brought to light, and to life also, for Patty's deft fingers swept the forgotten chords and made music once again. Miriam felt at first that it was almost sacrilege, but the sober second thought rompted a saner view of the matter. But the tears would come in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, for now she had not even a home. It was Patty's, and she-well, she was welcome, nay, urged to make it her home with them, and Hollis Montcalm, in his genial, cordial way, had requested her to do so. But it wasn't home not withstanding, yet Patricia made it pleasant for her,

very pleasant, and next to the beloved dead, she loved Patricia. They had been sitting in the cozy little arlor upstairs, which commanded a levely oit of sea view, she and Patty, in the bright sweet weather of the late autumn, busy discussing a little run Hollis intended to make down to the mines for his father-inaw when a letter was brought in.

"W'ere is the mistress of the 'ouse!" demanded the carrier of the porter who answered his impatient ring. "Hi was to give this letter into 'er own 'ans," he added. before the polite servant could make answer. Forthwith the porter ushered him into the waiting-room and sent for Patricia. "Ere is a letter of important news, missus, han hit requires han hanswer right ha-way," communicated the lad, rising with cap in hand as Patricia came for-

"Please to wait a moment, then," said Patricia, scanning the superscription in the dim light. At a glance she saw that it was for Miriam; doubtless the sender did not know



"WHAT A HAPPY LITTLE PARTY !" that the Rest had changed hands. At any rate the letter was Miriam's, so upstairs ped Patty, wondering at a letter coming in his post-haste manner. "I sincerely hope t contains no bad news," she murmured,

going in search of the owner. Mirram was half reclining, half sitting in her favorite deep arm-chair near the window. The rich crape folded about her rounded form gave her pretty, proudly-arched neck and half-exposed arms a marble whiteness by contrast with its somber folds as she gazed dreamily away out to sea. The jewel at her throat gleaming in its bed of shadowy black lace seemed to light up her pale, proud face with a cheerfulness it did not possess. The pallor of her sorrowful countenance was not so noticeable in the light of the window as when she turned in the shadows and you met the yearning look of her sud eyes. "The letter is for you, Miriam dear,"

dropping the letter with a strange-looking seal in her lap. "For me?" and a little surprised look came over the fine features. Perhaps father had written, and-and-but no; a-yes, wasn't that the Percival seal! Yes, the handwrit-The bearer waits for an answer; waiting

said Patricia, entering the parlor softly and

"Tell him so; no, stay. Write it. Write that I shall come if it be the last thing I do. Now I know why I have lived. Poor Allan! Poor Allan's son! My relative in sorrow, as well as name." An unwonted light burned in the denths of

her fine eyes, and an expression of sympathetic pleasure flashed into her face as she took an excited turn about the room. Although Patricia knew in part, she could hardly fathom the spell the letter had thrown over Miriam. She guessed, howblossoms with a "thank you" to please the aver, that the legend and malediction of the

Percivals had a part to play in the excitement of her sister. "Pen and paper," said Miriam, sinking exhausted into her chair again.

Patty produced them, and Miriam, seizing the pen, hastily wrote a reply. "That is right," she ejaculated, hurriedly.

She talked incoherently; Patty felt no little alarm concerning Miriam. She had grown so strangely different, metamorphosed, as it were, within the last half hour that she was excusable in feeling no little concern in regard to her. Patty took the reply down herself and

When she returned to Mirlam she found her crying softly, her face buried in the let-"Cousin Allan is very ill and wants me," Cousin Allan is now in London, and Uncle

to him at once, Patty. It seemed good to have some one care for me at last," "Why, Miriant dear, I love you as an own sister; you must know that, certainly." answered Patricia, in a pained voice, looking at her with brimming eyes. Miriam threw her arms impulsively around Patty's neck and sobbed out: "Not

for; a real Percival, Patty." "Oh!" exclaimed Patricia, enlightened: there, there, do not weep in that heartbroken way, Miriam," and she soothed her as she would a child. "You will make yourself ill," warned

caimed herself as much as she was able, considering the unusual news she had re-ceived. Never in all her life had she heard from a real relative; and this one wanted

With a nervous eagerness Miriam set

CHAPTER XVIII. When Miriam alighted from the comfortable railway compartment at Charing Cross Station, it was raining in little, disagreeable gusts. The pleasant weather had put on another and colder phase aside from the dampness, and she shivered as shedrew her wraps about her.

is and Patty had com her, having an excuse to visit Mme. Montcalm a few days, in order to accompany spirits should not be dampened by even a | her. They were kind and thoughtful, Mir iam knew, and as Hollis bundled her into an omnibus and gave the driver his directions, she moved her lips in prayerful thanks, Between the drizzling rain and the foggy,

> letter, when Hollis helped her up the steps of the second-rate establishment in middle London, with a shop on either side. "I will never be any better," the sick man said, holding Miriam's hand in his thin, almost transparent fingers. "I sent for you because I wanted some one of my kin near me when I died. I am aware of the shadow which has cursed your life and mine. I had the reve-

with stony face. The past came up in all its terrible menacing vengeance before her, and she shut her teeth to keep back the imprecation about to be uttered; not because of her own wrongs; no, she could suffer with all the calmness of a stoic, but this pare, fragile

father, her Uncle Allan, whose name he "Uncle Allan was disinherited," said Miriam, savagely, "and so was I, for the same reason." The dark eyes of the patient man on the pillow sought hers inquiringly. "They were all disinherited for marrying in oppo

"Yes," assented Miriam, "and married better companions than the petted children who staid at Heatherleigh and courted Allan smiled at the show of hatred in

sition to paternal wishes, if I understood it

"At 1 me," and he sighed audibly. "Do not grieve, I beg," said Mirium, softening, "the hopelessness of it is enough without grieving to make it worse. Where

did uncle die?" she asked, changing the irift of conversation. "In Trouville, France; my mother, also, back to London to-be near you. I was even in England?"

that you were my cousin, Uncle Rupert's daughter. I wrote to you because I counted it a heavenly privilege if baply I might see face to face a genuine relative once

He reached out his hand and touched her sleeve significantly. "Mourning," he said,

ing look wistfully on the handsome face of his cousin for a reply. "Yes," she said, tearfully. Then a deep silence reigned in that gloomy apartment where death and despair were preying relentlessly each upon their respective victim. Outside the rain came in gusty dushes against the pane, and in the corners of the

room the deep shadows were already gath-

It was evening. Hollis had taken his

leave and was now with Patricia, enjoying the luxurious warmth and elegance of the Montcalm residence in the aristocratic West She, with her proud soul almost rent in twain, was sitting there in the close, unpleas-ant rooms of a dingy establishment in the

cepting her unnatural father, who would not recognize their relationship. The sick man shut his eyes and remained quiet; he felt contented to find he had a friend with him at the last. The physician had said he could not last many days now, and she, Miriam, his regal cousin, would re main until the end came. He had not asked

would grant him this priceless boon. and costly belongings set the servant to wondering why she had not come before and helped her relative financially before

he lay down to die. The next day Miriam set about in carnest | folks."-Arkansaw Traveler.

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-The Dictionary of Fossils, issued by the State of Pennsylvania, contains thirty-four pages in small print correcting statements found on the other

-In writing to De Witt Talmage in praise of one of his books, Wilkie follins spoke of "the wise words which tell married people how to bear with each other and to help each other, under the trials and troubles of their

-Henry Russell's song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," has been adopted as a little the royal march of Britain's marines. Mr. Russell resides in London and is now a very old man. He is the father of W. Clark Russell, author of "The Frozen Pirate," first published in the Detroit

Free Press, and other sea stories. -John Bright, who was a lover of poetry, said that he always selected American poets as more clear, intelligide and unconventional. Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell he classed as atways clear as a running brook, as bright as sunshine, and refreshing as breezes,

while the English poets aim at subtle--Miss Helen Gladstone has taken to ournalism. Miss Gladstone's experience of women will warrant her writing with authority on their affairs. She has for nearly ten years been closely connected with Newnham College, Cambridge, first as a student, then as secretary to Mrs. Sedgwick, whom she suc-

ceeded as vice-principal of the college. Some one writing of Miss Mary L. Booth, late editress of Harper's Bazar, tells how she supported herself by sewing while she wrote for the press gratis. She was "learning her profesom" as she herself expressed it, and she certainly learned it to some purpose. The New York World says her success may be an encouragement to a certain brave little woman in New York, who, while supporting herself by writing ten hours a day in a "title insurance office." attends art classes in the evening, where proficiency in her chosen profession to ive by it and give up her less congenial

occupation. -Sir Edwin Arnold, lecturing upon ness, knowing that we will always be the "Mahabharata," said: "This is the great epic poem of India. It contains over 220,000 lines, besides a supplement of about 18,000 lines; enough to make eight times as much as the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' combined, with several 'Virgils' thrown in. Some philologists have derived its name from words meaning book of weight, indicating that the gods preferred it above all others; but this is fanciful, and its real origin is from words meaning 'great war of Bharata.' The poem is highly valued—it might almost be said worshiped broughout India. The natives consider that even to have heard it is sanctifying. and to have read it through frees one

from sin." A DANGEROUS BEAST.

The Bug-Bear Described by a Student of ... Constaral History. This animal, like several others, flourishes and grows in imagination Its size varies according to the locality and the demand for it. If the case is argent, then a large bug-bear is best; but if it is unimportant, and only necessary to have one on hand but not for actual use, then a little bug-bear will

answer. The bug-bear is always equal to the occasion—that is, if the person handling it is equal to the emergency. It must be acknowledged that the bugbear, like the cinnamon bear, is apt to turn on its trainer or handler and hug all the fun out of him; but such risks must be taken in the menagerie business. What think you would have been the size of Barnum's great show

had he been afraid of a bug-bear? The chief use of the bug-bear is to add to the fright of those who would be frightened at their own shadow, any way. When they are all nicely scared, along comes some fellow with a bugbear, and away they go, taking fences. hedges and ditches at a bound, metaphorically speaking. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that all people are liable to be frightened by a bug-bear. Men who would bravely face a stuffed bear and valiantly knock the straw out of him, turn pale, and it would be impossible to draw a sheet of paper between their knees when they meet a

The nurse, to keep her charges order ly, has a bug-bear; the stock-broke uses a bug-bear to influence the market in his favor; the tradesman, the man of leisure, the laboring man and the bondholder, all have a bug-bear. The policeman is an exception—he has a bare club. The weak and timid can take consolation from the fact that, although the bug-bear has done a great deal of harm, it has never yet been known to bite .-

E. R. Collins, in Texas Siftings. Louis the Fourteenth's Joke,

Louis the Fourteenth, of France, had n his court a nobleman known to be inordinately anxious for distinction. One day the King asked him if he understood the Spanish language. "No, sire," was the answer. "That is unfortunate." said the King. The nobleman at once conjectured, that the King whiled to make him Ambassador to Madrid, and, employing a teacher, he forthwith applied himself day and night to acquiring the language. At last, pale and exhausted, but with a satisfied, expectant look upon his face, he came to the King with the announcement: "Sire, I can now speak Spanish," "Do you understand it well enough to converse intelligently with a Spaniard?" "Ye sire." the man answered, his heart beating high in anticipation. "I wish you be " said the King; "now you can read Don Quixote' in the original."-San Fran-

cusco Argonaut. A Girl Mounts Mount Ararat. Mount Ararat has this autumn, for the

first time, been ascended by a young girl. It seems that the forester Mlokossevitch, accompanied by his daughter, who is only seventeon years "Well, no matter how far nor how of age, and by his son, a boy of fourteen, small. We'll send a man out there to undertook the ascent, in the company of three Kurds. The strength of the fore we pay you; but mind you, if she boy was exhausted when they arrived can't be found, we'll have you sent to at the height of 14,000 feet, and the boy was exhausted when they arrived father stopped at the height of 10,750 feet. The young girl unit the three business you neenter send atter de Kurds, however, continued the ascent lady. Jes' let de blame money go. I | until they reached the top-16,917 feet spize ter hab dealin's wid sich strange | There the girl fell ill from the intense cold, and in the descent was obliged to depend upon the Kurds for support

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oneham, Mass. taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla a L. Crerar, Paimyra, Md. ter, twelve years of age, the since, we began to give Sarsaparilla. Her health has proved." - Mrs. Harriet H

-ELY'S - CATARRH

I am now so years of age, and that my present health an H. Farnsworth, a lady 79



By MANDA L. CROCKER.

aroused to search for her because he failed to find her. All uncomplaining the sleepy household instituted a mock search to quiet

Incessantly of his children.

After hours of marching to and fro, hither and thither, at Sir Rupert's designation, he gallery, and no words of persuasion would ter him from going thither. A search in eigh was all that would pacify him, and with many misgivings and superstitious fears crowding their courage to the wall the servants led him into the chamber of sorrows and bitter memories. Aneil and James

miring glance around him, as if really excting to see Miriam somewhere in the om, but nothing save the empty silence f the shadows rewarded his auxious vision He stood perplexed and disappointed for ome time, and the white-faced. frightened servants watched him with bated breath. What next! The question was plain in each But the question was answered without

gleefully: "Ah! now Miriam is here after They assisted his eager steps across to the portraits indicated by his unnaturally bright eyes, and instinctively paused beneuth Miriam's picture. Jumes turned over the portrait, at a look from Sir Rupert, and Peggy held the taper up close to the beauti-

Peggy hit her face in her apron and

"Lord! what a pass it has come to," "Yes, too late is the only certainty of the

of the cause of their grief, he dropped his ands nerveless by his side, and murmured a blank, uncertain way: "Ah! I see how is at last," Then standing quietly as if revolving the atter more thoroughly in his mind, he urst out with: "Merciful God! I had forten. Miriam is indeed here; but she ly is here to gaze on her aged father ith merciless repreach. She will not cak to me, her poor, old, stricken father! h! she is beautiful, but so cold; heartless ad cold is my only daughter, and dumb to entreaty. Yes, James; I am too late! I ion t quite understand it; but I feel that I im teo late for reconciliation for some reaon. Miriam understands it; I know by her

althfulness; before she kills me with her "Howly mither! au' what a taching this pairiance wud be to sum o' thim as holds steand bathred among thimselves, of they

"Hush! ye naythenish spalpeen," repri-anded Peggy, savagely. "An' ye'll need



Marcia hung the key in its accustomed ring with the air of one who has won the day by a rash, but nevertheless complimentary,

Not one of the mmates, however, had noticed the gathering of the threatening elements, so intense had been the weird exand they hurried up the staircase as fast as their almost helpless master would allow. He had become in these latter days of his life terribly frightened whenever a thun-DYSPEPSIA favorita. Sold by druggists | tempest burst over Heatherleigh. him into his own apartments before the

Wedding belis rung out clear and sweet on the soft, breezy September air. It was

of the marriage of her only son, she was a little disappointed that the momentous af fair did not come out in the blaze of social glory she deemed necessary. Nevertheless

and a beauty of the pure English type, and They had lost their property, to be sure, nce, but now they were, if any thing, better off than formerly; though people did say that it was mainly through the superhuman efforts and wonderful business tact of the dead brother and son that the Fair-

of the guests in the handsomely decorated rooms at the Fairfax home. 'Yes," answered the one addressed. "I sincerely hope the second marriage of the Fairfax house will prove a happier one than the first; though that one was happy enough and not its first years been clouded with grinding toil, and the last by the failing health, and finally the death of the

grated on her aristocratic ears, and devoting herself to the heart-side of the subject. 'Oh! certainly," was the rejoinder. 'Arthur Fairfax was a devoted husband to a most devoted wife. By the bye, his widow will not be here at Patricia's wedling. She is just recovering from a long ilness and, although able to be about, will not undertake the trip."

below the rocks where she had been sitting out the morning. A great white guli cir-cled over her head and sped away as free as air. The morning sun danced on the calm waters, and a few white drifting clouds lay

merry-making which would smile a God-Hark! what was that? Was it Patty's wedding chimes! She hardly thought she sould hear the bells of St. Martin from where she stood. But, yes; it must be them. Miriam put her hands quickly to her ears to shut out the sound, and sat down by an overturned boat to think. Was she selfish-hearted, that she could not bear to hear the ringing of the bills even! No; but some way it brought it all back so vividlyher own wedding night. Not like Patty's marriage, celebrated in the glow of the beautiful morning, amid friends and music and flowers; no, in the shadows and quiet, somber interior of lonely little All Saints' she was given away by a stranger, and as a wife she crossed the gloomy porch and

walked by the dead, out to the portais of the quiet church-yard, without a song, without Well, it was fitting, after all; the coremony was only a type of all the rest. No! not all, for Arthur, dear, dead Arthur was true and affectionate, but she meant the dark side of the after years. She had only the shadows of death in view this morning; they were always trailing across her path-

Drawing the soft, rich wrap about her

she thought, so she had descended the bridle path alone for her morning walk on Far away she caught sight of sails gleaming in the sunlight; some pure white, some cream and rose tinted, and a great wave of something like homesickness crept over her. The letter which a white-winged messenger had sped away with months ago had been answered. And that dear friend of her mother's had said: "Come;" but only a few days after the receipt of the friendly epistle a raging fever had sezzed her and she had hovered between this world and the

But now, as soon as she was strong enough to warrant starting, she was going

ing was strange; it wasn't Sir Rupert's. below now," said Patty, almost forgetting in the strange, anxious light flitting over Miriam's questioning countenance. "Indeed!" and Miriam broke the seal excitedly. Her face lost its questioning and grew drawn and white, so white that Patty knett by her side in alarm. Suddenly she sprang to her feet. "I will go! I will go!" she exclaimed, almost wild-

"Take it to the post-boy; I am so glad-so

gave it to the waiting carrier, who bowed imself out in haste. ter she had received an nour before. explained Miriam, drying her tears and looking up. "I never knew where uncle went to after-after his marriage, but

that, Patty; not that. I mean to have one of my own house to speak to me, to care

Patrica, "and you may not be able to visit that dear cousin who, of course, would give worlds to see you. Miriam unclasped her hands at this, and

about her preparations for leaving for Lendon on the morrow.

smoky outlook, Miriam scarcely recognized the number and place, as described in the

lation from my father; he said it was as much his duty to give me the Percival legend as it was tolive a Christian, but I have never yet seen any good come of my know-"No good to either of us," said Miriam,

cousin had also been smitten. Prone on a sick bed he say, the picture of his handsome

society swells." tone and manner, a strange, wan, pitying Cousin Miriam's tone was the very counterpart of his father's, he remembered To be a Percival was to have a soul fitted for hatred, he verily believed. In this he was not a Percival, then; his mother's milder blood warmed a heart fitted for forgiveness. He was only a Percival in name.

is buried there. After their demise I came "Me?" asked Mirlam. "How did you know "Oh! I knew," replied Allan, brightening visibly. "The Montcalms are old friends of my relatives on my mother's side, and Hollis' engagement to Miss Fairfax led the way to several other connecting links, whereby I traced you to the Rest, that lovely home by the sea. By inquiry I found

sadly; "mourning for Aunt Percival-sweet Lady Percival, as I have heard, and your husband, Arthur Fairfax. Ah! well, wear a little knot of crape for me, after awhile, won't you?" His dark, serious eyes turned with plead-

busy, restless central part of the city by the bedside of her only living relative, ex-

this of her, but he knew by the deep, grieved expression on her beautiful face that she The attendant brought in lights and, understanding that this woman was the expected relative, showed her to her rooms in the adjoining suite. Mirlam's rich apparel

to make the sick-room as cheerful as possible. "He did not dare to be moved," the physician had said when she suggested living in pleasanter spartments. That be-



PRONE ON A SICK BED HE LAY.

ing so he should have all the comforts and

luxuries money could bring into this stuffy place, Miriam decided, and forthwith the

changes became so numerous and so happy

had been neglecting this sick relative be-

gan to believe she had a heart after all. But after a feeble protest from Allan,

that "it wasn't necessary to waste so much

attention on a dying man," that very

thankful fellow looked on in silent wonder

Mirlam sat by him, "I believe that I-feel better. There is a change for the better, I

am sure, although I can not explain it ex-

actly. I feel as if I wanted to live now; be-

fore I only wished to die, with a friend

He sought her face again with those wist-

lan had wonderful, clear, expressive eyes,

and now they were continually filled with a

happy thankfulness toward this refined

and cultured woman who had flashed the

glorious light of loving care over his dark

within her bosom. If he only could uve. She had wealth enough for both, and to spare. She would lighten any financial

Mirlam looked at him, a hope kindling

burden he might have and send him on his

"I believe you will recover," she made

pression came into her white face. "Only

ve, Cousin Allan, and we will at least have

reswer, assuringly, while a pleased ex-

each other. We can each say I have a cousin,' which to me will be great happi-

A mist obscured her vision, and she put

out her hand toward Allan with a gesture

of deep emotion. His thin, trembling fin-

gers closed over it in shouce. Neither of

m were able to speak for some minutes

"lam glad," she said, "so glad to have

found you in time, When I was bowed

when my heart ached because of the cruel

decree, separating me from my house;

when I prayed for a friend, I found one!

"Amen! amen!" responded Alian. "And

ive my lonely, troublous existence and en-

joy life. I am only thirty years old, cousin,

A faint smile lighted up his wan face and

and it seems as if I ought not to give up life so soon, especially with a sworn friend

his fine eyes shone like stars. "God be thanked!" he said, fervently. "I know

what it is to be hopeful and happy at last.

I believe I have groped out from under the

curse, Cousin Miriam, and I trust it will lift

- [40 00 becommended

SUCH STRANGE FOLKS.

Uncle Anthony Preferred to Lose Money

Anthony Paillips is a well-known cit-izen of Little Rock. He is something of

a politician, having at different times

worked with the Democratic and Repub-

lican parties; but his chief distinction is

that he is the blackest negro in Arkan-

saw. The other day Anthony went into

"What do you want?" the manager

"I want or thousand dollars," the

negro answered. "Erbout three months

rgo I had my wife's life insured in this

ompany an' now I want my money, fur

le lady is dun dead. Yere's de papers,

"What was the matter with her?" the

"Got drownded, sah; was down in de

country an' fell offen er foot-log inter de

water an' drownded ez dead as er mack-

"Did anybody see her when she fell

"Yas, little gal seed her; oh, she fell

in all right, an' now of you'll jest count

me out er thousand dollars I'll be

mighty bliged ter you. Yas, fell in all

"Did the coroner hold an inquest over

"Well, sah, me an' dat man doan

speak ter one nuder. We ain't on de

same quality er tall now, sah. Wife

she got mad wid him some time ergo

an' den me an' him fell out, an' when

my wife wuz tuck outen de bayou dead

and gone, w'y I didn't think it wuz jest

de right thing ter hab dat coconer hold-

"So you buried her without the coro-

"Yas, sah, dat's whut we done-'zack-

"Yas, tibby sho'. We set her 'way off

ly whut we done under de 'zisting sar-

imstances, sah. Yas, we done dat."

"Huh-oh, whar did we bury her?"

vander whar her sister libes, sah.

Uster say dat w'en she died she wanted

ter be buried 'way off yander, caze she

"Oh, it's er little bit o' er place, sah;

'taint ez big ez Argentry jes' ercross de

riber yere. Yas, mighty little, no-'count kind o' er place so little dat you

wouldn't know it er you wuz ter see it,

"I don't care any thing about the

"Oak Bluff is de name o' de place, ef

dat's whut you wanter know. 'Way off

dig her up and bring her back here be-

"Oh, well, now, of dat's de way you do

"What is the name of the place?"

a life insurance office and asked for the

man who paid out the money.

asked.

vere da is, sah.

nanager asked.

ight enough.

her?" the manager asked.

"N-n-n-no, sah, he didn'."

n' his proceedin's over her."

"Where did you bury her?"

tuelt or likin' ter dat country."

"That's what I asked."

size. What is the name?"

yander an' er small place, too."

the penitentiary for ten years."

ner being notified."

to Having Dealings with Them.

at my side, and she a Pergyal."

from both lives as well; it must."

now I shall live," he continued, in assuring

tones; "Instinctively I feel that I shall out-

whether you live a week or a lifetime."

down with grief and sorrow for the dead

ful, magnetic eyes for an affirmative.

"I believe," said Allan one afternoon as

to see such blissful transformation.

near me.

way rejoicing.

Then Miriam spoke.

that the servant who felt that the line lady