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BY JAMES G. HASSON,

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"Don't, don't!" pleaded the sick man, visibly distressed, and he turned away his head so that the eyes resting on him might not detect the gathering tears. The physician came in and noticed the change. "Much better, much better!" he said, encouragingly. "I am hardly prepared to say why or for what reason this happy change has taken place; but I could shrewdly guess," and the little old man gianced meaningly about the room, and

tor, to effect this marvelous change no doubt now but that you are on the mend, may have a relapse. Don't get too ambi-

emphasis, little jorky nods, meant to convey authority, and the convalescent listened reher becoming coiffure. "When I am able to be about, cousin,

will you go back to the Rest it "Most likely, for awhile, at least."

"Itesn't much," she said, half in anology, coming near and taking a seat by the couch. You have asked me 'where then,' or words neaning the same. If I should tell you that in a very short time I will leave for Ameriea. What would you say!"

the eagerness dying out of his face befouded by gravest apprehension. Was he so soon to lose her, his regal cousin? "To reside there," answered she, an odd little shadow passing over her countenance, "Oh, I should say, please don't go; what

"I have a friend over there, at least a friend of my dear dead mother's, who has written me to come. I should have been ess directly after the receipt of her

Then I would have missed finding you and - died !" He turned his head away nce more to hide his tears. "I am giad I did not go," she replied.

now to hurt him. Doubtless her kindness had almost turned his brain, in his weak state, and as he convalesced he would for-

d not stirred. have given it to you, but he thought you

His face was very pale; all the vivacity hopefur convalescence had fled, and even his lips were white and trembling with Miriam thought best not to notice it, and gave him a powder in a little wine glass of Maderia. It will strengthen him, she

"Allan," she began, "what I wish you to do for me is this. When I am gone please forget that you know of my whereabouts ald any inquiry come to your ears from Heatherleigh. Will you do this!" "Yes," he answered; "they shall never know through me if you desire to have your voyage remain a secret." "I wish it, most assuredly;" and then she told him of her visit to the Hall when she was waved off by Sir Rupert in his fury,

welling tragically on the sorrowful recital. "Now you know why I wish to be buried, as it were, from sight and sound of Heather "I know," he answered. "I will promise any thing you desire; you will forgive and forget my speech of an hour ago if it grates on your heart, cousin. I-I-I am too lonely

Miriam saw a puzzled, far-away look steel these splendid eyes; then a quiver of e pale lips, and she knew he was battling with disappointed desires. She hesitated or a moment, then passed her hand caressingly over the noble brow, and up among the dark, clustering hair. He was her ousin, all the relative she had, and-well, she would. So bending over the pitiful, wan face on the pillow, she pressed her "There is nothing to forgive, Albu; you

and I are the firmest, best of friends." Then cut to her own spartments, and the attendant came and satout the day by Alian. When Alian Percival was able to sit up and walk about the apartment Miriam announced her intention of going home.

he could feel grateful, without making himself offensive

Miriagn put out her hand in a cordial. With a questioning look he hesitated. "I shall mise you very much," he stammered, !

"And I shall feel badly if you do not and fell to weeping convulsively. come. I want you," she said, with a posi-

tive, imperious air. "Then I will come and gladly." "Good-bye until I welcome you at the

and the hansom rolled away.

Allan went back to the gloomy, old silence. had borne up bravely considering how well he loved this gloriously saintly cousin. The thrilled him to his very soul's center. But she was a genuine Percival, and if she



FISIT ME."

He was too weak to calmly count up the odds against him in this first deep, true love of his life, and had fainted dead away in

CHAPTER XIX.

We left the immates of Heatherleigh Hall terrified over the prostrate form of the master. But he was not dead, as Peggy supposed; only dazed and stunned. After relighting the tapers they carried Sir Raper to his apartments, where he revived presently, Marcia declaring in an aside to the pachman that "he had the lives of a car ago, as became him."

quiet demeaner and was sinking into slum-It was now nearly morning, and the warning of chant icleer notified them of daybreck.

And, as Peggy said, "she niver was knowin" ov the toime whin the masther didn't kape awake an' tearin' around like possessor them to schlape 'ceptin' himself."

stilly sweet weather another step toward the long, long home was indicated. In those days Sir Rupert did nothing but lie on the couch and stare aimlessly at the frescoed

left to their own sweet will pretty much. in by request and read to him for hours; rooms to please his childish fancies.

his departure, an unusual silence pervaded the Hall, as if the house hung wavering in the balance of some terrible destiny. Sir Rupert broke the gloomy spell by sending a summons for Ancil Clarkson. who was busy in the garden. And when that broad-shouldered son of Erin made his appearance, but in hand, he was electrific by seeing his master walking about his apartments. "See!" said he, "I am much better this afternoon, Ancil, therefore I must go down-stairs, and I want you to us-

So the willing servant, ready to gratify his master's strange wish, almost carried him down the long flights of stairs an

which had kept lonely vigil behind the door for months, Ancil wheeled him out on the steps, and, reclining peacefully, Sir Rupert watched with a half-smile the waning light of another summer's day. The lovely English creepers nodded in the bright, soft air of mid-summer, and

watched his master's countenance and waited further orders. No; Sir Rupert saw none of these; he was looking beyond, to the open space. where Miriam stood once with outstretched

threshold now so desolate! in mind of Miriam's dress. The somber crape fell down into folds like that when she bade him "good-bye." That last, last

He clutched the arms of his chair in a bewildered way, and murmured, faintly: "It

not understand it at all; will she not come that memorable day flashed through his retentive memory, and he held his peace. At this Sir Rupert grow nervous and disppointed. Signifying his desire to go in, Ancil wheeled him back into the hall. "Might I go into the gallery to see Mir-

am !" asked the master, as Ancil prepared to assist him upstairs. The question came in a faltering tone, as if coupled with the fear of being denied, and Ancil carried his master thither without a word. Steadying his trembling limbs on the threshold, Sir Rupert managed to walk, unassisted, across the room. Long and sadly he lingered before the portrait of his daughter without a word. Then he was ready to go upstairs

long flight of steps, if he dared speak to his master concerning Miriam. What would the pennity be should be mention her in the connection be desired! "Masthur," said he, as he arranged the pillows comfortably on the couch and assisted Sir Rupert to lie down; "Masthur,

wud ther be ony harrum; an' moight we not sind for the young misthress! An' she wud coom to yez, Oi'm quite shure." quenters of the Hall whom he had kept at All exhausted and white, Sir Rupert distance by his gruff, unsociable manners shrank down among the pillows, and answered only by an impatient gesture. of late years came quietly in and, standing by the silver-fringed and richly mounted Then be turned wearily over to the wall

Ancil, frightened beyond expression at what he had done, turned away quietly, and with stealthy step slipped out of the room. He blamed himself and scolded

mentioning Miriam's return to her frail old father. All that night and the next day Sir Rupert lay stupidly quiet, with no word nor thought for any one. In fact, he had been so unusually quiet that the servants had assembled in the library to discuss this

himself audibiy all the way down-stairs for



And from a superstitious fear they launched off quite naturally into super-stitious lore, with all the zest of a true Hour after hour was thus whiled away until, incredible as it may seem, the little group had entirely forgotten their master. Suddenly Peggy, who had been vividly

curdling feats of an ancestral banshee, started up in genuine alarm. "Why!" she exclaimed, "an' we've been a sittin' hear a tellin' ov the ghostliest things, an' have forgetten the master. An' lt's full mid-night an' he must be schlapin', for he hasn't een afthur wantin' one ov us; an' the amps in the haythunish dark hall haven't been leighted aythur. Wee be the day!" With this energetic prelude she stepped autiously out in the hall for the purpose of ighting the neglected lamps. Groping er way to the nearest lamp she was about light it when a slight movement on the tairs arrested her attention; a slow, shufing movement came to her ear, rather in finite, but she was sure some one else was in the hall besides herself. The motion

ntinued, though seemingly muffled. "What is it, Clarkson!"

"An' shure as I'm a born chillder," she exclaimed, a light breaking in on her frightened mind, "that shure the musthur's in' down the stairway all alone in the darkness ov the night."

y, when her husband came forward and dacing his hand on the door-handle, said. naif derisively: "Hist! ye, Peggy; an' he cudna coom doon the stheps alone na more than St. Pathrick cud sin!"

He opened the door slowly, and they all ame to listen for any unusual sound in the hall. Breathlessly huddled together in the dark door-way they listened. And Peggy was right in her affirmation She had neither gone insane nor heard a

ming down the dark staircase unaided and alone. Step by step, painfully, slowly, wearily, but surely coming. "Blissid Vargin!" grouned Ancil, staggering back against the door. "An' it's roight ye are, me lass, the masthur is coomin'

own the sthairs." Then in a suppressed he laste missthep!" amps in the dark hall, they stood shudder

ssist his uncertain steps, or lighting the ng involuntarily. Stricken with a parlyzing fright, not one of them thought of ing to their master's assistance, or even ssaving to move. They stood rooted to the loor like so many useless statues, listening o Sir Rupert's slow and painful descent, and waiting for something they could not

a sigh. His fail seemed to unlock the benumbed senses of the household, and affrighted and

the deep, luxurious sofa by the great double Then John ran for the physician, while Peggy and her husband did all in their powto restore the dying man to conscious ness, interlarding their work with all the extravagant and useless Irish expletives known. But their efforts were not successful. Sir Rupert never gained consciousness, and expired in their arms before Dr.

rigid form of their master at the instance f the physician, who solemnly pronounce him really dead, the revulsion of feeting was puzzling, if not strange, to witness From the excited, worried experiences of the night the reader doubtless imagines a scene of bewailing and inconsolable grief; tthis was not the case. Their liv been one of eternal vigilance, one of constant worry for years, and when they finally realized that the master of Heatherleigh was really gone, and this everlasting fret was ended, they stood gazing caimly down on the still form and whispering quietly to one another: "It is well; it is Dr. Whitelake expected some one of the

great Irish hearts to cry out and bewail the fate of Sir Rupert, but every face was decorously calm as a summer sunset, and he was disappointed. CHAPTER XX. News of Sir Rupert Percival's death spread far and near. And former friends and freof forbiddance. But where was the daughter! Neighbors

stood in two's and three's grouped about consulting on the matter. Futile efforts were made to find her. Word was sent here and there. Her beautiful home miles away was visited by a courier dispatched with the sad news of death; but strangers were there who either knew nothing of her whereabouts or intended to keep them a secret. Gossip had it that Muriam Percival Fairfax had drifted to London. If so, wno could find her, did she desire to remain hidden, in time for the burial of Sir Rupert So the matter reluctantly dropped and fur-ther preparations for the burial went on. On the night following his death, as the body of the dead master lay in state in the long, dreary drawing-room, and the

not rest with the corpse of their old master under the same roof with them. So they sat crouching here and there, solemn-vis-aged and sleepy, either individually alone or in little clusters.

It was midnight and all was silent as the

dead Sir Rupert, when the handle of the great hall door turned noiselessly, the loor was pushed open softly and a stately figure, a lady in deep mouraing and heavily vailed, glided in. Without taking the least notice of the watchers sitting middle-way of the hall, and heedless of Peggy and Ancil occupying the lowest step of the stairs, she moved quietly and without hesitation toward the drawing-room door. This she opened and disappeared within, the toor closing quickly after her.

The watchers stared at each other and fied into another part of the house like hunted deer. "Oh!" they said to the terrified servants

in the dining-hall, "it must be Lady Per-cival come back to look after her husband." Peggy clutched her husband's arm in rute dismay, and both watched the sylphlike movement of the mysterious perblack with dumb amazement, and neither had the power to speak or stir, so great was their consternation. One by one the servants, having heard

the account of the terror-stricken watchers. came fling into the central hall in their stockings and cloth shoes quietly and with white, questioning faces. The watchers followed atar off, determined to find the coast clear this time or vamose for good. "What was it?" asked James, coming



"OH, HOWLY MARY! AN' IT IS MIRIAM!" on the stairway, who had neither moved nor spoken since the watchers fled. "By all the howly saints, howld yer questions to yerself," whispered Ancil "Not

Presently a low moan of deepest anguish came from the drawing-room, followed by a deep, sobbing sound.

Peggy Clarkson started quickly to her feet and took a step toward the door. But the silent, mysterious figure in black anticipated her movements and came swiftly out in the hall and glided out through the great doorway, disappearing in the darkness instantly.

At this strange visitant's manner each one resent was so astonished and heiplessly hunderstruck that for fully five minutes not a soul stirred nor uttered a word. After the shock to their nerves had worn off enough to admit of speech, James said: "I know that it was Miriam," in such a positive tone that his words carried conviction to their hearts.

thither with lights, calling the beloved mistress in pleading tones to come back, and grew almost frantic in their vain endeavors to find Miriam. Not a trace of her could

After their long and fruitless search to

Why did she come; and if she did, why come in that manner? Why not come and stay now that there were none to dispute her presence! These questions were asked a thousand

times, but not one was found wise enough to answer.

What her thoughts must have been we can only conjecture; coming back to the childhood haunts and slipping in like a thief in the midnischt watches beneath the old rooftree from which she had been banished; coming back to shed bitter tears; perhaps, on the rigid form of him who had forbidden her to call hun father; and then vanishing away into the midnight darkness, had a thing of evil, was something only those who possessed a wealth of during could do. She must have had nerve and complete control of her will power, also a passionate love for the dead, to undertake this strange method of visiting him thus. After a complete search of the whole

country-side, and no trace of the absent one could be obtained, the more superstitious set that midnight visitor down as a first-class spirit. Some went so far as to presume that Mirlam might have died and hat her spirit came to take a last look at Sir Rupert, and maynap feel a throb of tri- vanced, and the murderer knelt, ready But Peggy Clarkson, superstitions as she was by nature and education, booted the

idea as simply preposterous, declaring that it "was the young misthress, in puir flish and blud, for," said she with agreat show of | pardon. contempt for the theory advanced, "who iver hearn tell o' spirits mournin' out loud Be this as it may, Miriam could not be | Das Ausland. found, and Sir Rupert was borne to the tomb of his ancestors in Oaklawn, with neither kith nor kin to follow him. The old

that Miriam Percival Fairfax must be found and reinstated at the Hall. But where was she! In smoky London, gone to America, gone somewhere else; this place, that place and the other, gossip had it, but it was but gossip, and the stately daughter never

somely in the will of the gruff old master, and each after having received his or her portion went their ways. All left the gloom and silence of Heatherleigh excepting the Clarksons. They remained under its desolated roof in accordance with the wish of Sir Rupert, as set forth in a chuse of the last will and testament made known. He desired them to wait and welcome Miriam on her return. Ali! when would that be! And Clarkson, having finished the story of Sir Rupert's life and death, looked at me with great, questioning eyes, from which the tears of sad, carnest waiting

trickled down. "Ah, me Leddy! Oi'se about dhrappin nto me grave waltin' for the childer, an' Of me afeard she'il niver coom." An inspiration seized me, "Peggy, if I give away a secret to you, will you grant

me any thing I ask!" She looked at me for full five minutes in speechless amazement, doubting my sanity, an' has the terrible story ov the master

turned yer head?" "No, Peggy, but I have a secret which I will sell to you; something worth knowing; though it won't do much good after all, with the exception of knowing it, of

I said this at a venture, not knowing whether Clarkson would bite at the bait I threw her or not. She sat looking at me doubtively, and I knew I had another attack to make if I carried the works. "Peggy," said I, lowering my voice and

looking about the room as if fearing other

ears; "Peggy, would you grant Miriam any thing she could ask of you; would you give her any thing from the Hall she might send to you for if you knew where she "Indade Oi would, ma'am." she replied, quickly, her old face lighting up with a fond, expectant yearning which gave me

"Well," said I, "in the first place I know where Miriam is." I could get no further then, for the old isekeeper jumped from her wicker chair and throwing her arms around my neck sopped convolsively. After her first storm of overloyed excitement was over she whispered to me in low, broken accents; "An' where is the dear childer, niez ma'am; before the boly saints, me Leddy,

Oi ll kape the saycret till me doying day," Living with me, Peggy "Living with you, me Leddyr" Clarkson had sprung to her feet and stood gazing at me in sheer astonishment. "With you? The Vargin be praised! With you

All this time the broad ruffles of her cap

nodded and danced in a most picture-sque fushion, and her big blue eyes shone like gems, so great was her pleasure and sur-"Whin is she coomin' back to puir old Peggy!" pleaded she, drawing her chair close to mine and sinking into its depths, nearly exhausted with the momentous and

glorious news of Miriam. "Peggy," said I, "Mirium has no idea I will tell where she is; that is, here in England, and I have solemnly promised not to give her location. Now, do you know where

"No, ma'am, Oi don't. Its in Ameriky, I shud say, but Ameriky's forninst my guess-in' an' Ol don't imagin' where the darlint is "That is right, Poggy," I said. "To every one inquiring about Miriam Fairfax you do not know a syliable. Be perfectly

for Miriam expressly desires you and me to "Ol understand, me Leddy; Oi understand. An' whin is she a coomin' back to me?" questioned Peggy, with an eye on the

main chance. [To be Continued.] ALBANIAN JUSTICE

A Murderer Pardoned by the Father of His Victim Recourse to personal justice seems very undesirable to men of a law-abiding land, and probably few of us have ever thought of it as capable of fostering the softer emotions of human nature as well as of satisfying the instinctive craving of "blood for blood." A year ago, at a fight of trained ganders in Albania, the owner of a vanquished bird. in a fit of temporary irritation, raised

his gun and shot dead the owner of the other bird. The spectators were so astounded that they made no effort to arrest the murderer, and he betook himself to the mountains, where he was pursued for hours by the murdered man's friends who had roused themselves at last, Finally, seeing that there was no hope for him, the fugitive ran down into the house of his victim, where the bereft mother sat lamenting.

protection-"for they are going to kill The old mother gave him her oath, and when his pursuers reached the door she went forward and waved her handkerchief, in sign that they should

"I am in your house," said the mur-

derer. "Give me bessa"-the oath of

All day the guilty man remained in safety in the house be had made desoate, but at night the old woman took him by the hand and led him out upon the mountain. "Now my oath is fulfilled," she said.

from the town, "you must look out for Then followed the pursuit of vengeance, the family of the victim occupying themselves unceasingly with thoughts of retribution, while the riends of the murderer as earnestly set

themselves to obtaining his pardon. This state of things continued for two months. Then the family of the murderer, women, children and all, betook censelves to the victim's house to ask remission of the blood penalty. The orderer himself headed the procession. his head vailed in a linen clo gun muzzle downward, suspended from his neck.

one voice, and this petition continued until noon. Then the father of the victim adto receive sentence of life or death. The old man took the gun, discharged it in

the air, and lifting the linen cloth from

"Pardou! pardon!" cried they, with

the man's face, kissed him in token of He then led him into the house, sat him in his son's place, and the matter was concluded by a three days' feast .--An experienced housekeeper says

the best water tank is a stone jar-one gray-haired clergyman pronounced with of five or six gallons. This will not rust, and is not affected by change of much feeling: "Behold his house was left unto him desolate, and the day of his death temperature. Ice will dissolve in it without hurting it, and water will stand in it, as it is changed, for years without mearthed and made known. Heatherleigh rusting it. Besides, clear, fresh water Hall was bequeathed "to Miram Percival" will keep cool, in a closet or other shady Fairfax and her heirs forever." In a codi- place, in a stone jar better than in any

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read before the American Social Science Association: "A monograph on School Savings Banks in America will be read for the first time before the Universal Congress of Provident Institutions, now in session in Paris, and it is expected that from the transactions of that Congress, its influence will be felt through-

out the educational world. "There are sixty schools in seven different States that have the system in operation. About \$58,000 have been collected from nearly 9,700 pupils through the aid of 350 devoted teach-

"The spark kindled five years ago in one school of Long Island City, N. Y., maintains its vitality, and it is expected that during the next school term the school banks will so extend as to reach at least fifty more schools

in the different States of our Republic. "The system has received the sanction of our National Bureau of Education, of our State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. A. S. Draper, and of the Superintendent of the New York State Banking Department, Hon. Willis S. Paine.

"A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of New York providing for the organization of School Savings

Banks. "The School Savings Banks, having already passed the period of probation, are now favorably received in many of the American schools, and will prove a most effective weapon in the hands of our young people with which to fight the battle of life on leaving school. "In introducing School Savings

Banks in a few schools of our country, the system has had, like any new idea, much to contend with. The persons against the plan, for some reason or other, and who are so keen about the possible danger of avarice to the children through these banks are slow, indeed, to see the mischlef done to many of our children by squandering all their pocket pennies for cigarettes, candy, chewing-gum and the like. It is yet to be shown that self-restraint, prudence, foresight, as commended by our teachers, are synonymons with selfishness, avarice and meanness. Is not the habit of spending wisely a moral outgrowth of

saving. "Every one has read or heard of the Johnstown disaster in Pennsylvania. The very next morning after had disaster the majority of the scholars of Long Island City, on entering their classrooms, manifested to their tenchers. the good intention of contributing their mite from their pennies in the School Bank towards alleviating the sufferings of their little brother and sister scholars at Johnstown who had lost their parents and home. The idea was received with acclamation by the teachers, the city school superintendent and the Board of Education. and on June 10, at the opening of the school session, out of the 4,050 pupils, 2,272 stepped up to the desks of their teachers with their offerings. The sums thus collected amounted to

\$452.37, which was immediately sent to the relief committee." George May Powell, president of the Arbitration Council, considers this a movement of vast importance to American labor and capital. He is issuing millions of tract pages on the subject and scattering them among the

CONVERTED TO BUDDHISM. Ceremonies of Receiving an American Into the Godless Church.

masses.

Recent Ceylon papers contain accounts of a remarkable ceremony which took place recently in Colombo. This was the reception of a gentleman from America, who lately arrived in Ceylon, into the Buddhist creed. The proceedings took place under the direction of the Buddhist high priest, as-

sisted by eleven vellow-robed monks. The convert knelt before the assembled priests and intimated his desire to be admitted a member of the Buddhist Church. The high priest then catechised him and the assembled monks satisfied themselves that he was fitted to be a follower of Buddha. The gentleman, whose name was Powell, then begged of the high priest "to give him the Pansil," which the latter did, the candidate repeating it after him with the palms of the hands brought together uplifted. Having explained to the convert the responsible duties of a Buddhist the high priest gave when they had reached a safe distance | him his blessing. A meeting was afterward held in which Mr. Powell explained his reasons for having embraced Buddhism, and described the mental process which he had gone through before he arrived at the conviction of its It appears that nearly forty years ago. when he was a child, he came across a

book in his father's library, in which was a picture. It was the figure of Buddha seated in the conventional attitude on a lotus. Impressed by the expression of peace and love on the face, Mr. Powell got into the habit of going nearly every evening to a room to sit in a position as nearly like it as he possibly could. "On asking who or what picture it was." Mr. Powell said: "I was told that it was the picture of a heathen god, but its memory clung to me, and when I heard its name I never forgot it, but learned later what the symbol was and its meaning." Being, as he said, naturally of a religious turn of mind, and being intended by his father to be a clergyman, Mr. Powell was well educated in the Christian doctrine. "But I recognized and felt that there must be some law that I could work out myself, and that if I controlled my thoughts my life manifested an obedience to that power; but it was long before I recognized that this was the 'law of right thought.'" At one time he appears to have sought a refuge in agnosticism, but soon after he abandoned this mental attitude, and a perusal of "The Light of Asia" aroused in him the desire to take refuge in the law of Lord Buddha .- London Times.

-The camel is used successfully as a pack-animal in Australia, and is considered superior to the mule for that region.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

"I have no hope for myself," said Miriam; "but if you are only from under the maledic-

then at Miriam, who was looking out of the "Yes," nodded Allan, with a happy smile, "she has come and wrought the transformation. The tonic of her presence and kindness of her care have helped you, doc-"Certainly, certainly," fussed the little old physician, spreading out and counting the powders he had been dealing. "I have finely, sir, finely. Now have a little care, sir, a little care," emphasized the precise doctor, with his hand on the door, "or you

tious, sir; remember you have been very The little nervous physician nodded in specifully, although be knew the better physician of the two was over there by the window, where the dim sunlight sifted over

"Allan, I have a favor to ask of you; will "Certainly, if possible I will be glad to, Cousin Miriam." His eyes held in their depths such a grad light or anticipation w that he might do something to reward id please one who had done so much for

To live there; make the Western contiment your home, Miram?" asked Allan, all

earthly good can there be in that, Miriam!"
"I want to forget," she answered, sad-

'And you will be glad a second time if u give up your plan now," he ventured. "Oh! not when you get well and strong, and do not need me." "There never will be a day again that I will not need you. Oh! Miriam!" Then as if shocked at his untimely confession, he ouried his face in the pillows and lay quite still. Miriam went back to the ndow, without gainsaying this outburst of her cousin's. Poor, lonely, sick man, she thought, he hardly knows what he is saying. I will not chide him. When he will have fully recovered this thought will have passed. No; she will not say any thing

get. The attendant came and thinking the ick man asleep, went quietly out again. silence was growing irksome. Miriam ked at her watch and then glanced ively toward the couch. Alian Percival 'Allan," she said, softly; "it is time for other powder, I believe. Jack would

Her cousin took his face from among the pillows and looked up. "Yes, if you

hought. Then she drew her chair near

and desolate, and well, you will forgive?" He reached out an eager hand and Mirlam took in a warm, friendly clasp the outstretched palm. "Don't grieve," she said, generously.

"You have said nothing wrong, Allan. But wait until you are well and strong and perhaps you will forget it, too."

Though I haven't any," she added, bitterly. She was thinking of two graves, side by side, beneath the dark yew trees of the Allan looked wistfully up, and a sudden. yearning light almost glorified his hamisome face. But he turned away his head as Miriam looked up. She should not see that he could not forget. She should know that

"When you are better still, cousin, come and visit me, won't you in

Rest," she said, cheerfully, almost gayly. "Good-bye, I shall remember, good-bye!"

and sat down with his head resting on the table. He was still weak and the parting had unnerved him, though he fancied he touch of her lips on his brow that day when she had kissed him forgiveness could not return his love, why, sooner or later, she would cast him off without a single regret, and 'se would go to the bad!



WHEN YOU ARE BETTER STILL COME AND ventaround him with dizzy velocity and-

he would have been dead and buried long They stayed with him until the thunderstorm had spent its fury and swayed away in the distance with low, sullen rour. By that time Sir Rupert had gained his usual

until there was no tome left for any one ov But there shortly came a time when the master did not even "tear 'round." In the

These days were days of comparative peace at the Hall and the servants were Sometimes the clergyman of Fairlight Church, an old friend of the master's, came sometimes the servants kept Sir Rupert company, and whiled away the hours in his One afternoon after the rector had taken

sist me in descending."

through the central hall until the front en-The wish to be down-stairs was not so strange to Ancil as for the idea to get into Sir Rupert's head that he was able to en-Nevertheless, he was down at last, and placing him in his long-unused rolling chair,

drooped in sweet profusion from the weather-stained colonnade; and the birds twittered sleepy songs in the shadowy fastnesses of the hoary elms, but Sir Rupert seemed not to see. He heeded nothing of the peaceful present, nor even noticed the patient cil, who, leading against a column,

arms; toward this spot he only cared to gaze. And he had said "go;" had forbade her coming across the threshold; the Some way the golden shafts of flickering sunlight failing slanting through the dark crowns of the elms seemed to him to-day like golden baby curls, and the dark, hover ing shadows nearer still put him so much

has been so long, so very long since she has been here; don't you know it has, Upon being answered in the affirmative, he paused a moment and then said: "I do soon now, Ancil?" but the servant did not answer. The cruel words of his master on

Ancil was thinking, all the way up the

It was evening now, and they watched the shadows gather in the corners with a

ENED.

vague, uncertain dread. Surely somehing was about to happen beneath the frowning gables of Heatherleigh to-night.

portraying the fatal warnings and blood-

She was about ready to scream from heer desperation when something like half-groan and half-sigh smote on her ute ear. In an agony of fear she flew nack to the library, and with very wild, rightened eyes and white face she rushed nto the midst of the gossiping servants. As she did so she gave vent to a halfappressed scream. They all sprang to heir feet in minrm, asked in a breath;

They all looked incredulous and seemed about to accuse the housekeeper of insan-

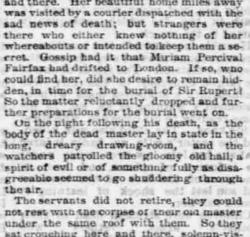
spirit tramping about, for Sir Rupert was

ndertone he terrified them by saying: "An shwat of he shud miss his footing, or make And instead of going to their master to

Down, down, the dragging, muffled steps came, with long intervals for rest; and sometimes a labored breatning, sometimes But suddenly there was a frantic clutching of the polished balustrade, a reeling to and fro, a smothered groan, then an unearthly, hopeless cry for assistance, and the master of Heatherleigh fell down the few remaining steps and lay struggling in a violent convulsion on the floor of the hall.

bewildered they rushed to and fro, some to Sir Rupert's assistance, and some for James brought the lamp from the library hurriedly, while Peggy made vain endeavors to find the hall burners. He shrank back in abject terror from the writing form of his master, and held the lamp high over his head with a wail no one could ever forget. But Ancil and John, who had in these last days of the Hall become faithful and most willing nurses, lifted Sir Rupert from the floor and bore him into the great drawingroom at the left, laying him down gently on

Whitelake arrived. When they all gathered about the wasted.





"Oh! howly Mary! an' it is Miriam," and

Then the commotion among the servants was simply indescribable and starting in he utmost seese. They rushed hither and

find their beloved mistress or unravel the mystery of the midnight visitor, they gave up, lamenting their failure in heartbreaking exclamations of genuine sorrow. The dead master was wholly forgotten by the excited household for the time, such was their love for the daughter, whom they were positive had walked like a spirit into their midst with face mysteriously valled, and had disappeared in some unaccountable

Doubtless it was really Miriam, who, hearing of her father's death, had come to take a last look and farewell. He who in life she dared not approach and from whose heart the strange decree had weaned her, even in her babyhood.

was certainly better than the day of his birth. Peace to his ashes!" In due time the will of Sir Rupert was cil attached he pronounced an earnest wish , other position.

coffin, gazed down on the proud old face.