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ersy, in some cases, may not be so rapid as in others; but, with the result is certain. for two years I suffered from a sepain in my right side, and had troubles caused by a torpid liver espepsia. After giving severa ake Aver's Sarsavarille atly benefited by the first bottle. er taking five battles I was comcoat., Lowell, Muss. ast May a large carbuncle broke out by arm. The usual remedies had no

t and I was confined to my bed for I weeks. A friend induced me to try or's Sarsaparilla. Less than three In all my expea healed the sore. In all my expe-a with medicine, I never saw more Wonderful Results.

marked effect of the use of this CREAM : BALM a was the strengthening of my irs. Carrie Adams, Holly had a dry scaly humor for years, affered terribly; and, as my bro Allays Pain ad d sister were similarly afflicted, I me the mulady is hereditary. Last c. Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Heals Sore Eyes scommended me to take Ayer's quarilla, und continue it for a year, ave months I took it daily. I have and a blemish upon my body for the three menths. — T. E. Wiley, 146 abers st., New York City. Restores the CAS censes of Taste Try the Cure. HAY full and winter I was troubled A particle is applied into each nestrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BRUS, 56 Warren St. I, heavy pain in my side. I intil it became carable. During the laster time, disorders of the stom-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PERPARED BY

## The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

"I hardly know," I answered. "Her health is not the best, but I should suppose she might be able to come within a year or so. If she only could get over her being canished from Heatherleigh I believe she

have a missage for me."

She made no reply for some minutes and I was beginning to think she meant to deny me after all. But presently she turned toward me a face I never shall forget. "If the young misthress manes to iver coom back, why wad she be afthur havin' the porthrait!" queried she, bracing up.

Peggy had struck the chord vibrating a



AND WHY COULDN'T SHE WAIT!" SAID PEGGY. forth nervously, restlessly, and kept watching me out of the corners of those blue gyes covertly. I must make a random shet of nothing more or Peggy Clarkson would

postor. "Peggy," said I, "it may be that the grief she is so sad, Peggy, so sad."

"Och hoon!" walled Peggy, "an' it's dying she'il be in that far-away counthry, an' it's me that'll siver set eyes on me darlint ony Clarkson," I ventured, cheerfully.

Oh, yis; but whin there's not much of how happy you would be to welcome her back to Heatherleigh, and I verily believe she'll come, for she remembers how you

"Arrah! and thin ye can hev the porthrait, ma'am; yis, me Leddy, ye can take the swate, proud face from the gallery, and carry me old weary heart's blissing with it to Miriam." I presume I never felt so fully relieved in

my life; so glad that I might fulfill my romise made on the spur of the momen and which I had dreaded to carry out ever since I set foot on English soil. But that was gotten along with. I went over to l'eggy and Rissed her withered cheek. "Miriam will be so glad, so thankful to you, I know. Her pale face will brighten, I am sure, and you will be glad, too, that you have given her happiness, if only for a day."

"An' it's roight ye are, ma'am; it's roight ye are. Peggy Clarkson wouldn't be mane nuff to wrong the swate lady on the footsthool, not her. But I do belave the masthur's spirit will be therrible angry if that porthrait laves the Hall," she added, dropping her voice to a whisper and making the sign of the cross on the snowy folds of her vandyke.

"Pooh! I don't believe that Sir Rupert can know any thing of it," I said, lightly. "An' ye niver moinde, ma'am, whin he cooms in the midneight to do pinance, and goes a walkin' an' a walkin' ov the great house, he'll miss the porthrait, or Peggy is

"Do you really believe that his spirit is here ever?' I asked, earnestly, looking straight into those great, blue eyes. "I know it, ma'am," she replied with un mistakable emphasis; and I gave in. "Well, I suppose it is," I said. "Won't you go through the ball with me, Peggy, some night and let me hear him walk! I'd very much like to hear him; indeed, I would." She looked at me in wild-eved silence.

tanding in particular fear of any one but sthand in quakin' fear o' Him, not by an overly soight." ness of the old housekeeper and the near-ness of her shrewd guess to the facts of the case. But I said: "Well, will you go with me, Peggy, to find Sir Rupert in the central hall some night before I go home?"

the ghost story, or rather, I chose, for Clarason did not choose, save only for the sake of her promise With the recital of Sir Rupert's roaming ing in my ears and burning in my soul I waited, in company with Peggy and Ancil, in the deep silence for the spirit to "waik." Clarkson, all in a shiver of fright and excitement, declared that I had taken "the

I drew my wraps about me in the dense shadows, and Clarkson clung to me like a frightened child as we entered the central hall, and our footsteps echoed hollow and strangely as we proceeded. Had it not been for my overruling desire of experiencing a genuine spirit visit and my morbid love of adventure with the mysterious, I should have given up the project at the outset because of the old housekeeper's increasing timidity. But I could not bring myself to say: "Let us give it up,"

## So crouching low on the lower steps of the great caken staircase we waited patiently for some demonstration of Sir Rupert. The hall lamps, which had not been lighted since the dead master lay, so cold ed, and, burning low, east more of gloom brass ring on the wall.

than cheerfulness around us. The witching hour approached; the shadows hung heavily folded in the corners, and seemed to cling to the moldering balustrade like deuse curtains of crape. Peggy was growing uneasy, and, too nervous to converse, sat shivering on the edge of the steps, white-faced and alert. Ancil leaned against the polished railing

and listened with the air of a martyr. Doubtless they were both martyrs to a foolish freak, and I, relenting, was on the point of saying "quits," when something arrested my attention. I was conscious of a stealthy movement in the corridor above, and it seemed to me I felt, rather than heard, the manifestation, if such an expression is allowable. Peggy held her breath, and, putting her finger on her lip, signified: "Si-lence; listen!"

A sound as of some one walking wearily about with muffled step came to our ears at intervals, and I fancied Sir Rupert was resting between marches. This continued for some time.

Back and forth through the corridor went the weary, painful march of unseen feet, with the moments of rest sandwiched in at regular intervals. "A very methodical ghost," I said to Peggy. "Hush!" she whispered, and I shut up like a clam.

Then a weary sigh floated down the long staircase, and I felt rather uncomfortable to think the plot was thickening so fast in favor of Sir Rupert. Surely my theory was in danger already

of being expleded by the persistent spirit. But while we listened the manifestations grew fainter and fainter, as if disgusted with the fruitless tramp, tramp, and the sound of footsteps had died out altogether when the soft, indistinct tread as of some one in their stockinged feet was plainly heard on the landing just above us, and I fancied a sort of murmured whispering seemed very near us. This was more than Peggy and Ancil had

contracted for and their precipitate flight was something wonderful to behold. They rushed from the foot of the staircase across to the side entrance through which we came in; there they paused in the open doorway. Peggy beckoning frantically for me to follow. I followed her, seeing that such a terror had seized them. And in fact I, myseif, began to feel "ercepy" and marined I could hear the repentant conion of the hapless old man in my wake. Pausing at the passage-way, I instantly regained my self-possession and signified my intention of returning to the foot of the st irease. Peggy remonstrated, and finally said that if I "must line han's with the spirit," why, I must go alone, as she should not return

"All right, Peggy," I said; "wait for me here, will you?" "An' faith Oi will if the masthur don't be fur gittin' afthur me too airnestly," she replied, shivering with fear and excitement. I was in for the whole manifestation, and if I should pause now from some squeamish notion of danger I should always regretmy

having done so. The open passage-way made a very cold draught, connecting the outdoor current of raw night air with the one formed in the stairway, and I felt rather uncomfortable; so wrapping my loose cloak about my chilly form I retraced my steps, and leaning against a column midway of the nall I waited further developments. "Pshaw!" I suid, feeling ashamed of our



I STRAINED EVERY NERVE TO CATCH THE BOUND.

conscious of a presence other than mortal. asking: "Where am I?" Presently I saw, or seemed to see, an object moving about in fascination I am not able to descr. e. ible, but such a galling restraint as would drive a mortal man mad to endure. And

my situation was plainly mapped out be-fore me, and I knew the replies to every

awful spell which the apparition had thrown over me, and I found myself standing before the door of the fateful drawing-room. How I managed to get there I can not say, as I was not conscious of having made a single step in any direction while in my strange state of sympathetic sorrow, and finally my own soul weariness.

into the drawing-room, and I felt impelled

to follow it. The morbid curiosity was again seizing me and I determined to open the great door. I had forgotten Peggy under the strange influence of this midnight experience, and boldly reached for the key in its

But as I touched the key a cold, key, shivering sensation went over me, and I stayed my eager hand. The lamps burned brighter now and-and-well, where was If A noise behind me caused me to turn quickly and, half alarmed, I noticed that Peggy and Ancil were standing in the passage-way. How very long they have been standing there, I thought; then came the half-awake sensation, and I realized that

they were waiting for me.
When they saw me looking at them they called to me to "coom away from there." At sight of their familiar faces I started and awoke, shaking off the lethal charm, to realize where I really was. As the knowledge came to me, instantly I became terrified, and rushing across the hall fell fainting in Peggy's arms.

When I came to my senses once more I was lying on the low settee in the servants' quarters, and the housekeeper was mopping my forehead alternately with campho and water, and moaning as if her heart I opened my eyes languidly, and looked up at the dear old soul bending over me. A

half-frightened exclamation of joy burst from her lips. "An', me Leddy, an' it's yer own swate. self that isn't ded yet. Of m glad Ol got ye away from that awful place afore thim spirits kilt ye." "How long was I in there alone?" I asked, the whole of the sensational experience

finshing vividly across my mind. "Oh! jist a minit. Oi thought yer was coming away once from the divilish whusperin's, but ye went rought along a gropin' about like sumitan' stark chrazy, an' not a moindin' a werrud Oi said to yez."

It was evident they had seen nothing, so I kept my uncanny vision to myself. Only a minute, Peggy said, and it seemed to me years. I remembered the awful feeling of elpless despair that had possession of me in that minute, and could not bein but think what must be the punishment in the next world if one is allowed such an experience as only an insight. I was sure I had experienced a part of Sir Rupert's punish-

ment, somehow. I closed my eyes wearily and thought of Dante. Had be such insights as I had experienced? The depths of despair, with just strength enough to endure and never become entirely exhausted, coupled with the desperate knowledge that it was too ate! too late! I am fully satisfied with my udventure, and shall hereafter be slow to condemn any plausible ghost-story coming to my ken.

I lay so long with closed eyes and motionless form that the old housekeeper came and bent over me until I feit her breath on my cheek. "An' she's worried out and some to slape.

she is," murmured she, turning away; but I could not have slept for love nor money If my repose satisfied Peggy, I felt willing keep up the feigned sleeping process in order that I might think. I could do that with wenderful distinctness, but as for sleep, it was far from me. "It's near mornin'," I heard Peggy say. "an' she'll shape full well the rest o' the

noight here." So, suiting her actions to her plans, she covered me with a blanket, pulled a little at the pillow under my head, perhaps to see if I was yet alive, and reckoned to Ancil that they "moight as well go to bed, if they couldn't shut ther oles for the first wink o

That night's experience left me in a very nervous state, and it was days before I felt, Richard, myself again. Peggy did not add to my comfort, either, by remarking each morning: "An' how white and 'fraidlookin' ye are, to be sure." But, as time settles all things earthly, it

settled my nerves at last, and I began to speak of going back to Cousin Gladys' little cottage. Peggy's blank face and hearty demurs kept me several days longer at the Hall than I had intended to stay, however. After all, I am glad now that she kept me, on one pretext and another, as long as she did, for thereby I was enabled to meet a friend of Miniam's and perhaps add to her happiness on my return. And this is how it happened. I was walking in the park alone one morning while Peggy was on household duties intent, when I espied a atleman walking slowly along a not far from me. I was wondering who he was to have gotten into the inclosure without lief, when he looked up and in my di-

Seeing that I was watching him he came forward, and, removing his hat with exceeding grace, introduced himself as Allan Percival, nephew of the deceased Sir Ru-pert, and cousin to Miriam Percival Fairfax. "Did I ever hear of Miriam? Did I know of her voyage to America, and just where she was living now!" were two questions asked aimost in a breath. The first one I had scarcely answered by a mere monosyllable when the next came, as if it had been kept waiting for years to make

itself known. I remembered that Miriam had spoken so warmly, eloquently of this Alian Percival that I did not hesitate in talking confidenti-ally to him. Indeed I had thought some times when she was speaking of her London visit and his illness that in time to come Allan might find his affection re-turned. I wondered if I had better tell him she was living with me; then I thought I should wait a moment and let him speak. "Don't be afraid of me; I knew Miriam went to America, or at least intended to make the voyage some months since," he said, respectfully, in a most musical voice, and with those wonderful eyes bent beseechingly on me. "She intended to go to a place called Bay View to reside with a lady friend," he continued, "in order to get away from sight and sound of this while his handsome face grew dark with angry serrow.

CHAPTER XXII. "She told me in secret," he said, presently, looking up with a sigh; "but as you seem to know of her whereabouts also, I presume I am not betraying my cousin to Stranger or enemy?"
He paused and his look of inquiry melted

said: "I may as well tell you, then, seeing you know her pinns, that I am that lady friend and that Miriam lives with me at "Oh! at last I have heard directly from her!" he exclaimed, almost beside himself with joy. Then he came forward and gave me his hand and said he was "glad to see

ness was written all over his fine face in happy smiles, unmistakably. "When are you going back?" he ventured, eyeing the toe of his neally polished boot, and, doubtless, hoping that I had not read his secret. "In a few days," I answered; "Miriam sent me to the Hall on an errand, and that is why I am here. I came to visit friends

he said: "If you will wait, madame, I will write a note, providing you will be kind enough to give it her; that is-" and he he stated, "if she still remembers me!"
I looked at him. How could any one forget that face, I thought. Then I said: "Oh! certainly, she remembers you. Mr. Percival. I have heard her speak of you quite often, and I know she would be glad to get a line from you."

ish came over his face which left it almost pallid, while I fancied a soul mist din those glorious eves. He grew visibly agitated, but calming himself with an effort he said: "If you will please to sit down on this seat and wait for me I will indict a few

lines to my cousin Miriam!" I sat down on the rustic seat, old and moss-grown, while he drew forth pencil and pocket diary from an inner pocket of his coat, and, tearing a leaf from the book, wrote to Miriam. I watched him with a curious interest.

Would Miriam be glad to get this letter! I was sure it would be a letter into whose short length would be crowded the passionate thoughts of years. I believed that Miriam would waken from her morbid, helpess grief after its perusal, and I watched



ATCHED HIM WITH A CURIOUS INTEREST. positive were of poetic fire with much the same feelings of gladness that one sees a stion prepared which is to give great relief

a suffering friend.
I had made up my mind, and accordingly
thought best not to mention my meeting
the Perceval in the park to Peggy or An-They, to say the least, would be curions, and perhaps might usk questions which I could not answer and do justice to the confidence reposed in me. So, trusting that they had not seen Allan,

thrust the letter to Miriam in my pocket and entered the house. They had not seen Allan, and I counted myself lucky in escaping all chance of being interrogated, for my visitor of the park had enjoined secrecy upon me in the matter of his identity and message to Mirjam. Said he: "Keep this meeting here—that s, the identity of the Individual you chanced o meet—a profound secret as far as this

hie the water is concerned. I ventured

re because it was my father's home until driven from it," and his eyes took on an nigry, agonized gleam which made me udder in spite of myself. "Ah! here, too, is a Percival," I thought, and the look in his eyes reminded me of Mirlam. "I presume," he began, after a pause, "I aght never to mave come nere; it fills my oul with hate to look about me and re

member my father's story, and also that of Cousin Miriam. But, after all, it is quite lucky for me, because I have met you, her riend, by coming." His face speedily regained its former ensant expression and a yearning hope

pplanted the dark look of revenge which so awed me. "Yes," I replied, "it is a stroke of Provience; you were to meet me and I am to carry your message to your consin.' "Do you believe in that theory?" he asked,

m odd, puzzied look on his face. "Certainly I do." I answered, "and you ill, too, by and by." "I am almost converted to your dectrine w," he laughed.

Then, after wishing me "bon voyage" d reiterating his desire that Mirlam stoned get the letter from my hands only, he lifted his hat and bade me good-bye again and walked away toward what used to be e deer park, but now a rather neglected One morning not long after this decidedly omantic interview in the old, deserted

Hentherleigh grounds I found myself ready leave the Hall.

Peggy, who had either grown tired of paxing me to prolong my visit or presumed further pressing was useless, which, indeed, would have been, brought Miriam's portrait rom the gallery, and, wrapping it careully, with many a caress and erooning word of endearment, gave it into my care. I considered this quite a feat-to get possession of a portrait from this old Hall, and showered my unfeigned thanks on Peggy's levoted head in consequence. "I will do alt in my power to get her to return, if only for a year's visit," I prom-

sed the two aged servants at my leavetaking, and intend to keep my promise good. Not for worlds would I prove false to those old Irish dwellers at Heatherleigh by not rying to persuade Miriam to come back, for nothing else than to see them. Hark! what is that! Oh, it is the ting, ng uding of the bell for function, an adys expects my cousinly presence in the easant little breakfast-room shortly.

Cousin Gladys' luncheons are something famous for a suburban cottage, with their licious cake and fruit arrangement, to gether with their smattering of cold meats, and flanked with spiced wines. She is in high gice this week, for we are to take a little run up into the dear old Cotswold hills, Gladys and I, and she is hipper as a bird in consequence.

I shall enjoy the trip, to be sure, but the secret of Allan's letter and the pleasant knowledge of having met him eclipse all the happy anticipation I might feel in a run among the Cotswold hills. I find myself ost in speculation as to what Miriam wil do and say when I give Allan's letter into ber hands and tell ber I met him accidentally-not providentially-at Heatherleigh. With such weighty secrets in my possession from both sides of the water, no wonder I am beginning to feel myself a person of uncommon importance. And the letter and portrait in my keeping, either of which s worth a ransom to the owner, I presume, make me feel more like an ambassador than simply a guest. It seems to me that my coming to see Gladys has lost its identity-be come, as it were, a secondary object or excuse for the grander possibilities.

Ah! here comes Gladys. I expected as much. I have kept her waiting too long for her busy, bustting nature, and she has come to see if I have gone to sleep in this cozy nook or turned a deaf ear to her luncheon A week later finds me making ready for the return voyage.
CHAPTER XXIII.

We have been having an outing, Gladys and I. We have taken that little run up the Thames for which we were booked Gladys, having some friends in London. and wishing to see them also, we spent a couple of days there. From there we started for the delightful country trip. It would have been more to my liking to have gone in midsummer, but the summer was past, the opportunity had gone by, and the upper

Thames had been left until now. No matter; we found ourselves at the Great Western Paddington station one fine morning, with lunch-hamper in hand. Gladys remembers the lunch item, if nothing else, on route for Taplow. Away we roll out of the big city and across the quiet peacefulness of a beautiful stretch of country. The fields, however, were unfortunately rather brown and bare, it being too late in the season for field daisies or bright and blooming hedge rows. It seemed to me a kind of solemn, quiet lonely ness pervaded the landscape, and I ceased

to look from my compartment and shut my

eyes to the outside glimpses of the real world, busying myself in delving into the impossible and perhaps possible, ideal An hour's ride brought us to our destina-

From Maidenhead we were to go by boat to Marlowe. There a friend meets us, and we go winding away across the country again to Oxford-renowned old Oxfordand from there to a little nook in the hills miles further on; Gladys' old home, you

I do not know that I have time to tell you all the beautiful landscapes, wooded parks, soft, hazy meadow stretches, still green and inviting, and the thousand other lovely visions which will be green in memory for many a long day. But I wish to say that our ride on the Thames from Maider head to Marlowe was one round of delight ful surprises and enjoyable diversion. There are many picturesque scenes on the banks of this old, much sung, much-painted river. With its numerous locks, weirs, lovely old mills and hospitable inns, with its pictur esque scenery of wooded heights and handsome and ivy wreathed, ivy-crowned churches and country seats, 'old Father Thames' is remembered as a very genial friend.

No wonder the artist raves; no wonder the poet strikes his sweetest, grandest numbers along his banks. No wonder, I say, no

wonder! Oxford being on the flow of the Thames also, I regretted very much that we had not had time to boat it further; but necessity knows no compromise with inclination, and Gladys must go by another route.

Days and days it would have taken us, Gladys said, to have gone up the river to Oxford, and of course it would, when we come to take into consideration the classic windings of the stream.

Well, I am sure I missed a great deal of beauty and loveliness, but it can not be helped now, nor could it have been. Giadys' old home nestles in a bright little nook among the hills, and a beautiful little country residence it is, situated on the banks of the Thames, but not the great river we left behind us at Marlowe, or Ox-

ford, for instance. No; a quiet, silvery, unpretentious flow just below the garden, where we stood and watched birds of migration pass over our heads in the gray of the evening light while the brisk breeze went by and sighed itself to death among the hills.

The house itself is also lyy-wreathedevery thing is ivy-wreathed, or ivy crowned, it seems to me, in merrie old England-as well as the more pretentions eighboring residences; a low-eaved, ma gabled affair, with solid masonry and heavy wooden shutters. A little, wooded park



WHERE WE STOOD AND WATCHED THE DIKES

OF MIGRATION PASS. the back, where Gladys and I found rich purple clusters hanging invitingly along the rafters of a broken-down trellis belong-

[To be Continued.] -

CONVICTS IN SIBERIA. A Comparison of the Sufferings Endured by Two Classos. Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasanc, Cor. N. Y. Press.

of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery three hundred feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, over-crowded and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious; but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been d vided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same mea have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of midwinter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the was the case with the Lacedsmonlans Pokrofski mine, and goes back at | -and every freeman had the right to night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any parish dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray-the convict who lives night and day under ground, sleeps in a rocky niche, tolls in hopeless misery

under the lash of a pitiless overseer,

and is slowly poisoned to death by the

fumes of quicksliver. Such things

may be effective in a sensational

drama, but they are not true. The

worst feature of penal servitude in

it is the condition of the prisons, -

George Kennan, in Century.

LAST OF THE DELAWARES.

The Old Indian Who Uncovers Only to the "Great Father." The Chief of the Delawares, that is . the title of the staiwart old man with the coarse black locks, the wrinkled copper skin, cunning black eyes and cruel mouth. Seventy-five years old, but more erect and of greater height than any white man in the mountains. Chief of the Delawares, but a ruler without one subject, with a log cabin on the mountain side, a bit of meadow land, a streich of pasturage for his sheep, where his ancestors had seignforal rights over the lovely glades of the Alleghanies. He knows, the old man, of what race he sprung and what his inheritance, but he rarely speaks

Once, two years ago, he showed that he knew his family's history as well as the proudest New Englander. The late W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, was stopping at Deer Park, and in one of his drives some one pointed out Manner Male and told Mr. Corcoran

that he was Chief of the Delawares. Mr. Corcoran turned to him quickly and asked his name. Not acknowledging the name which the white people have given him, "Manner Male," he drew himself up proudly and said: "I

am the Chief of the Delawares." "I remember well," sald Mr. Corcoran, "when an ancestor of yours, probably your father, was taken by my father to see the President, Andrew Jackson, about a treaty signing away this whole section to the white man and agreeing to leave this country for the Southwest. Did you ever hear of it?"

ple went. When the time came he could not go. He died on the spot where my cabin is when the news was brought to him that the white men were building a railroad in the valley where his people built their campfires at the coming of the winter."

"Yes. It was my father. His peo-

Old Manner Male did not take off his hat or bow his head as he stood at the side of the fine equipage, but the raised his hat and bowed homage to the last Chief of the Delawares. It is this same old Manner Male who comes twice a week to the rear door of a pretty summer cottage and ex-

changes a fine saddle of mutton for money handed him by a pretty young matron, before whom he takes off the hat that he will never raise to any white man save one, and that is the stately gentleman who sits on the porch with a white-freeked child at his side and always says: "Good day, Mr. Male. We are greatly indebted to you for your mutton."

The old Indian bows to the Great Father, for it is the President of the United States who has greeted him and the President's daughter who has taken the mutton, of which he is as proud as his ancestors of their Godgiven rights, the glades of the Alleghanles.

He has dozens of grandchildren, this old Manner Male. The dusky, brown-skinned daughters of the fallen house sell masses of rhododendrons and laurels to the summer guests, and in the winter gather the red berries of the wintergreen, which they trade for flour in the neighboring towns. The sons of the house, none of whom have Manner Male's proud carriage, slouch into the village with a string of pheasants slung across the shoulder or a half-dozen mountain trout dangling from the hand .- Deer Park (Md.)

### AND REAL PROPERTY. FACTS ABOUT RINGS.

A History of the Use of This Well-Known Ornament. The practice of wearing finger-rings has been almost universal from an early period in the world's history. There is a tradition which ascribes their invention to Tubal Cain; and the old Latin author who gives currency to the story, speaking of the wolding circlet, says: The form of the ring being circularthat is to say, round and without end mparteth this much, that mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from one to the other, as in the circle, and that continually and forever." The first authentic reference to finger-rings occurs in the Old Testament, where (Genesis xxxviil.) mention is made of Judah's signet-ring. That they were also in use among the Egyptians at that time is evident from the forty-first chapter of Genesis, where we read of Pharaoh taking off his own ring and

putting it upon Joseph's hand, when he made him "ruler over all the land of Egypt." The hands of female mummies, found in the tombs of Egypt, are prefusely covered with rings; the wealthy ladies of that country wearing costly ones upon nearly every finger, while their poorer sisters had to content themselves with circles of bronze, glass or pottery. The ancient Chaldeans, the Persians, and, according to Herodotus, the Babylonians were rings; and it is probable that from Asia they were introduced into Greece. In the later Greek legends the ancient heroes are spoken of as wearing them, and at a more recent date every freeman throughout Greece seems to have had one.

The earlier rings appear to have been used not so much for ornament as for the practical purpose of affixing seals; but later on they became merely ornamental, and were set with precious stones. The Romans, who are believed to have derived the custom from the Sabines, were signet-rings of iron-as

Ambassadors in the early years of the republic used to wear gold rings as part of their official dress; this jus annuli aurei being afterwards extended to Chief Magistrates, Senators and, later on, o equites. Emperors were went to confer this right on those whom they wished to favor, and the privilege became gradrally more and more extensive, until in the time of Justinian all Roman citi-

zens could avail themselves of it. The later Romans used to wear many rings upon their fingers, some eyen having different ones for summer and winter, while the height of "dandyism" Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; have reached by those who never wore the same ring twice, but threw it away when once it had done service.

### NATURE'S A RELIABLE REMEDY CURE FOR FOR TOPPLE LIVER, Billious Bradache, CONSTIPATION. Costironess. increased my troubles. I continuing the use of for some months, the pain CONSTIPATION, TATTABL'S Effertement Augusta A. Furbush, Seltzer Aperient Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. by assisting, not by outraging, nature. De not take how, nature. De not take holent purgatives your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than nature. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bettle. DVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York I learn the exact cost of any proposed line of DVERTISING in American Newspapers, 100 age Pamphlet 10c. than forty years a public favorite. Sold by druggists

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would be sure to come." "Oh! whin you go home plead with her for me; tell her that Peggy's heart is just phreakin' to behold the soight ov her swate self once more. But what was it, me Leddy,

that Miriam sent to purold Peggy for? You "Peggy, she wants her portrait from the

"An' why couldn't she wait until she cooms herself? Seems strange looke to me old



soon begin to believe that I was an im-

of losing her husband and little innocenson will kill her before she can return. believe that it is grieving that is killing her anyway, instend of disease. She has the portrait of Arthur and the baby, but has not her own, and doubtless she desires to have them all together. I do not know whether she thinks she will ever be able to return or not. I dreaded always to mention t, and she might not want me to either;

"As long as there is life there is hope, aythur to depind on its therrible." "Well, Peggy," I said, hopefully, "when I go home I shall tell her just how you feel;

used to love her."

CHAPTER XXI. "An' it's meighty strange what keinde or folks ye Americans are, ony way. Oi recken as ye're so indipindint the other olde the wather that ye're not afraid o' the spirits, or the dead, or the divil his-"You are right in that, Peggy; we are not

"An' Oi ruther guess some ov 'em don't I could not help smiling at the earnest-And she promised me she would. It happened on a rather sullen, gusty night that Peggy and I chose to investigate

very koinds ov a neight on which the spirit wud be most loikely to give us a fair

this wretched groove of useless regret. Pinioned by an unseen power, I felt that I was doomed to wander forever back and forth the length of my enslaving, invisible chains. Always going and so weary, but never ex-I felt that this was my terrible, endless punishment of soul agony for something which I had done and for which there was now no repentance, and in my deep despair I uttered a low, piteous cry.

The sound of my voice had broken the

Although I did not remember of having made a move, I had been drawn the halflength of the great central hall by the power of the weird, fascinating object, which faded instantly at my unearthly cry, leaving me my individuality once more. At this juncture all weariness had left me also, as well as fear, and I was conscious of the fact that the object had gone

inglorious retreat, and began taking myself to task, mentally, for so doing, when the indistinct footfalls came on down-stairs. I

remembering that Peggy said something about the master's falling to the foot of the The lamps burned dimmer, and I was My heart gave a stifled throb and seemed to stand still, and I found myself foolishly the extreme end of the hall. Slowly and hesitatingly the indistinct shape seemed to

be hunting something. The soft footfalls I heard plainly, now again, and my eyes riveted on the moving object of shadowy existence. I followed its constantly-changing positions, now standing, now crouching low, as if weary, with a strange feeing of It seemed to me that I lost my individuality; I was really myself no inger. I felt that I was also a shadow being, like the one I was gazing at so fixedly; a sort of obscure, vapory body, full of life, however, and sympathy. I thought with wonderful rapidity somehow, and felt myself merging into the shadow at the foot of the staircase It was not Sir Rupert. I had forgotten him; but it was myself-my other self from away off-from the spirit land, and I was weary. The burtnen of my thoughts seemed to be such a sad, hopeless ques-tioning. Why for me was there no rest, no repose, when I needed it so much? There was such a restraint on me, invis-

question I might ask before I could ask Oh! what an existence. There was no undoing what I had done, no getting out of

all the reserve I was trying to muster, so I I knew that before he spoke, for the glad-

> elsewhere. But did you wish to send word to your cousin, or were you contemplating He tooked at me for a moment as if my words had put a new idea in his head. Then

He raised his eyes once more, and a slight