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MIRIAM:

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

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In the front a pretty, well-kept garden. where, doubtless, in summer the display of old-fashioned flowers was something novel for an American to behold. But in the remnant of its former glory I took but little satisfaction, although the display of great clumps of thrifty marigolds and crimson seds of late geraniums made it a warm, rich-looking picture.

But the best part of the visit there to renember, to my mind, was the warm wel me we received from the matronly-looking English lady in charge. So glad to have you come," she said, smoothing out her apron of blue and white becked linen and handing us each a chair while she talked.

In five minutes' time I felt perfectly "at home" at Spring Brook, so named from a clear, gushing fountain butch ing down over mossy bowlders near the house. "Hi ham so wery busy hin the kitchen adies, hand if you wouldn't mind to-to sit with me there, why. Hi could wisit with you to much better hadvantage," she

said, after a little, with a bridle of her head and a sort of apologizing swile. Certainly we would sit with her there, and forthwith we sat and enjoyed her soriability while she baked and finished to a turn her bread and a couple of spring chickens meant for us. She kept no help so she found it necessary to be at the helm, LUMBER IS ADVANCING. company or no company. And such a bright, genial hostess one hardly ever ets as did the honors of Spring Brook SAW-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES,

of those sunny hours chatted away beneath the weather-beaten gables of the pleasant, teep-windowed kitchen. I can almost see nyself rocking softly to and fro in the oldfashioned rash-bottom rocker, and listening to Mrs. Grey's kindly voice, or fancy myself cuddled up in the deep chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, watching her

But that is, too, among the past, and the willight settling over the downs over there, and the dark, restless waters beyond, remind me that it is evening once more in the suburuan Hastings. The great arms of the windmill look very

distant and hazy, like unto a ghost in the air; and I hear a few rooks chattering, and perhaps quarreling, in the elms at the back of the cottage. Gladys will soon light the lamps, and then I will feel obliged to go indoors and leave the twil.ght; mysterious and indistinct as it is, how I love it! It puts me in mind of Joaquin Miller's rest, por-trayed in his executent poem, "The Rest of There Gladys has lighted up the chande

lier in the resebut of a parlot, and the soft light from the colored globes falls over a piece of statuary fair as Undine, and slants lite a halo through the glass doors this side. And I can see from where I sit, here in the delicious, shadowy night, coasin flitting about the room, and note the sweep of her rimson gown. She is trying to be glad and cappy to night, for I am to start for home o-morrow, and she does not desire to leave any unpleasant impression on memory. I now she is heart sick, however, and unerstand her dissembling

My luggage is ready for an early start; Miciam's picture is nicely packed for a safe transport, and Allan Percival's letter to her is safe in the bottom of my trunk. The Stanleys, with whom I came over, are back to Ecclesbourne and will be ready tomorrow, so there is nothing left for me to do than to join them.

I am loath to part with Gladys also, and I do my share of dissembling and for the same reason. I am so anxious to present Miriam with her much-desired portrait, however, and to place in her hand the consnly-lover-like, I venture-epistle, that my separation from my cousin's cheery company will not seem so bitter. But, after all, I mind me with a pang that

it is those left behind that ever feel most sorrowful at parting. I shall go in now and Gladys and I will sing "Auld Lang Syne" together once, more, fancy we shall see the words through mists before we get half way through the song, and perhaps break down and finish the rest

"Rough sea," said the captain, and I seek

my cabin. Miss Stanley, pale as death, seeks hers also; by this time she is prone on her cot wishing for everything but death and an unruly digestive apparatus. I am lucky; I am not disturbed by the solling of he ship, but I chose rather to tumble about one, if I must, than to fall sprawling on teck or trip up a fellow passenger in trying o keep my equilibrium.

While I sit here on the side of my trunk am thinking of two faces left behind me a England's sunny shores. One is the face of Cousin Gladys, of course, as she hade me good-bye, with hot tears trickling down her white cheek. It is a memory that brings a lump into my throat and a sinking down of the heart. The other face is that of Allan Percival.

I met him on my way to the wharf, and he wasked with me down to the pier. "You are off now," he said, and his face was something to see. A strange, yearning, hopeful expression lighted up those beautiful eyes as he gave me his hand in a last good-bye. And I knew that he at least was glad to see me

go. Why! Because a part, perhaps the whole, of his life-happiness depended on the message I was to deliver. Sometimes I half believed that Miriam will put this message in the grate and shut her heart against all the advances of the ight of love. It would, doubtless, be just ke her to mope out her existence sorrowng for those that need it not.

I have had letters from her in my absence, and I judge from their tone she is very homesick to see me, and to get her pertrait. 'I have Arthur's and the baby's picture hung up in my room," she wrote, where the sunset can linger over the beloved faces, and I yet lack one more face to

make up my trio." Well, she need not wait long. But the sea grows calmer; the heavy, threatening clouds are breaking away and the sunlight glinting through I go on deck. I wonder f this sudden change to fair weather is a forerunner of a happy change in Miriam. How I wish with all my heart, as I cling to the railing—for the ship still rocks like a an affirmative nod. There on the pillows, cradle—that I might be the happy medium in the semi-twilight of the room, lies the of bringing both these friendless orphans together in a grand reunion of love. I fancy can do this by diplomacy, somehow. Well, wait; we shall see if it be possible.

CRAPTER XXIV. A glorious morning; the air crisp and clear; a caim, blue sky, with an occasio white, airy cloud floating high and quietly, as if no storm had ever entered within its realm, and a bright, smooth sea. Such is the loveliness of the autumn day hat our voyage came to a close, and the Lady Clare hove in sight of New England's blessed shores. America! Oh! for our delighted vision. We came on deck to congratulate one another on the safe and altogether happy transit, to cheer up and be glad, as

only home-coming souls are. Some one says: "Sing 'Home, Sweet Home," " and forthwith we find ourselves resolved into a blending of song and chorus

when he wrote his memorable verses which we so gladly sing. No; but we can not afford to be sorrowfully inclined to-day simply because he was unfortunate. It grates a little on a sympathetic chord somewhere in our make-up to say this, yet it is

We put a newer, sweeter pulse into the

music; we are all glad to get home, espec-

ially are we glad that it is an American home, and there is no inclination even to sigh, unless it be from sheer satisfaction. It's all very well to talk of the pleasures of an "ocean trip" and the grandeur of the yoyage, but we found it monotonous enough after the first day out. Perhaps for young persons given to being very sentimental or lined to flirtation, the hours between shores may slip off "satin shod," but to those having too much practical sense for either the one or the other, I should say time drags.

Well, here we are, and we glide into the waters of the pay, our own little Narragan sett. There are plenty of friends at the pier awaiting those on board, and again the andkerchiefs are waying, but this time in glad recognition and not tearful good-bye. But, as I said when I started, I have no friends to bid me welcome only as a "fellow citizen," as the politician says, and so I come ashore alone. The Stanleys are met by a pretty turn-out, which whirls them away rapidly to their fine residence on Blecker avenue. Here goes a clustering lot of steerage passengers, strangers in a strange land, by the look of them. Finally, here I go, a very eager woman, with multitudinous bits and sizes of luggage. I signal a cabby, and after a few minutes of "bossing around" I am tearing away, too, toward

The dead leaves drift, the aster peeps out from the sheltered nooks by the roadside, and the half-naked hills come to sight as the city recedes. Yes, the dear, familiar hills at whose feet nestles Bay View cottage. A turn in the road, we pass a stone wall and come to a coid, bare-looking hedge, and there just beyond lies the dearest little spot on earth to my heart. There is the cottage! "Half in light and half in shade," as the poet Tennyson says. I can never bring myself to say "Lord Tennyson." Shades of the vine! No! His wreath of deathless roses and lilies and laurel didn't need the tinsel and pomp of "ye Lord," not to my Americanized way of thinking.

gotten. Cabby assists me in with my luggage, I pay him his charges and am once more in my own domain and square with the

But where is Miriam, whom I expected to fly out joyously and greet me with a cry of I ask myself the question with a strange foreboding of evil stealing over me; then I noticed something I had not, in my unlading of the cab and gathering together of my traps, noticed before. There was an unusual stillness about the cottage, and through the half-open door comes a smell of medicine. Can it be possible? Yes, Miriam is "very lii," so Maggie says, as she comes tiplocing out to meet me.

I leave my luggage forgotten on the little porch and follow the maid into the house with a great pain at my heart. I feel dumb and dirry with the anguish of disappoint-ment and fear, but I manage to ask how long Miriam has been ill and if she is dangerously so. She has been ill for two weeks or more and is at present faltering between life and death, so Doctor Cushman said last evening. A neighboring lady is upstairs with her installed as nurse until I should return to make further arrangements. Well, this is hard! All my little dreams

of fanciful and sweet romance are pushed back behind the sable curtain, and a differ-ent tableau brought forth. And it may be that Miriam will never know of the message I bring her; perhaps I am too late! If



HOME, SWEET HOME. I had not taken that trip with Gladys, and if I had come home on Queen Bess, which sailed the very day we bought tickets at the Paddington station for Taplow, why, I should have been in time to have—not averted her illness! Hardly, but I might have alleviated the sorrowful burden which, I was sure, had borne her down into the un-

Duzed and heart-sick I go upstairs to my room. I must remove my traveling cos-tume, bathe and dress before I can go into the darkened room across the hall. Maggie finds time to bring me up a cup of tea, and sits down on the edge of the bed for a little gossip in undertone. Dear child, she is overjoyed to see me and to get rid of the responsibility of the house. Under the circumstances I don't blame her. She looks weeried and thin. And as I sip my tea she tells me that Miriam "took with a pain in her head," and that the doctor said 'the Illness was brought on by undue emotional exercise of the brain." Whether Maggie heard aright or not, I am convinced that my suspicions are correct in the main. The physician is to call at three o'clock; it is now thirty minutes past two, so I am obliged to wait a haif hour pefore I can talk with him myself concerning Miriam. He is such a voluble old man that I conclude to go down-stairs to meet him, as he will perhaps give me a noisy greeting, and it might disturb herall the one I have to care for in particular. I meet Mrs. Courtney on the landing, coming up with ice-water for the sick-room. Maggie has told her of my return, and she clasps my hand warmly and says in a whisper: "It's too bad to find Mrs. Fairfax

pect me to reply, and keeps on in a staccato whisper: "Would I come in and see her? She wouldn't know me, of course not, but then maybe I would like to see her, any-I follow the nurse into the sick-room with in the semi-twilight of the room, lies the fair, proud face I remembered so well. The dark, haunting eyes are wide open now, with a dull, listless expression in them, and the taper fingers stray over the pillows and clutch aimlessly at the lace frills. Her breath comes fitfully, and a hectic flush on either check tells the tale. I go close to the couch, and, bending over

so dreadfully ill, isn't it!" She doesn't ex-

her, whisper her name. She starts, looks up at me for a moment, while the fevered lips part in a smile as she murmurs: "Yes, yes, yes!" but she doesn't know me. I grow sick and famt and turn away with the hot tears on my face. I go to the window and look out. The beautiful day is clouding over and the autumn wind is tearing across the lot beyond the forsaken garden like a thing of spite, the dead leaves flying on before. The garden, too, is desolate; the lilies are dead; every thing which seemed full of joyous welcome at first now has faded out into sable folds. I gaze

more turning to the bed and brushing back the brown tresses from the hot brow of onwho knows me not at this my sad home-

The physician says that "within the next twenty-four hours the tide will turn in Miriam's favor or ebb with the tide of time, and she will pass over." I recall her words of a year ago: "If I only could pass over and be at rest!" Somehow the very memory chills my heart's blood. Will her prayer be answered! If she only could live to read the message of soul-sunshine I have brought her she might not want to be "at rest" now. Perhaps if she lives there will be unfolded a bright, glorious chapter in the gloomy history of this child of bitterness. Perhaps where the thorns are now the roses will bloom, for "Love can never forget his own," I repeat; but I am only thinking of Ailan Percival in this connection, and do not consider that Miriam might repeat it

the beck of memory, to the utter exclusion of all late gifts of affection. The "twenty-four hours" are about ended Miriam is sleeping now, tranquil and pale; the fever has burned itself out and she remains. The physician says: "She will wake after a little, sane, conscious of every thing, but very weak." I do not doubt him in the least. She lies motionless and color-

with the outlines of two graves rising to

less as the dead, and I believe him. Last night I watched with her alone. Mrs. Courtney, being nearly exhausted, went to lie down and take her much-needed rest, leaving me, as I desired, alone with Miriam. I believe she loves Allan Percival, Once in the night she tossed up her thin hands and murmured: "Oh! is it you!" with such a glad light coming into her dull eyes that I for the moment forgot she was ill, and said, bending down and kissing her: "Yes, it is me." Then she said, slowly: "It has been so long since I have seen you, Allan !"

I was bending over her still, but when she said "Allan" I started up with an indescribable feeling of happiness and an uncertain hope; that, I candidly believe, was the sweetest sentence I had beard for years, and it seemed so much like what I had boned would be, although it was foreign enough to the real Miriam as I had known her. "So long, Allan; so long," she murmured

over and over afterward a half dozen times, and I am certain she loves him a little, at least. I remember that in delirium quite often the secret of one's soul escapes its But here is Bay View cottage, and safeguard, and this comforts me. Oh! pillow, you have revealed to me a secret which, doubtless, in your sane moments I might never have been able to guess at, you would have shielded and hidden it so

sacredly! The thought of Allan Percival's love being returned is still in my mind when Mrs. Courtney comes into the room, and I, catching at an idea, followed it up with all the alertness of a Pinkerton detective. I have been but little else than a detective ever since my wary feet touched the threshold of Heatherleigh Hall some weeks ago, so I "put out my feelers" for a little enlighten ment, if possible, and I say with seeming unconcern; "I suppose Miriam has been very rostless ever since her illness," and the answer comes: "Oh! yes, you can't

"Talking a great deal, too, I suppose: asking for me often, I dare say?" I want to know if any one else ever heard her say but do not ask directly, for the eason that I desire to keep her and his secret well; keep it as my own. "Ohlyes," Mrs. Courtney replies, with a

sigh and a pitying look toward the unconscious sufferer; "yes, she called for you quite often; and sometimes she imagined you were here, you know." "Yes," I said. "And several times she seemed as if she

were talking to a gentleman, and would call

him 'Allan' in such an affectionate way that I supposed she saw, in her delirium, her dead husband. Then I had no hopes of her at all, for they say that if a very sick person thinks they are conversing with those that are dead, why, it is a sign that they will soon follow them." Het Mrs. Courtney have her way about it being the dead husband, and also about the "sign," for I have another evidence to prove my suspici n, and care nothing for her beliefs. I sit there, however, listening to her whispering of the details of Mirmin's illness with seeming great attention. Of course I had asked her for it, and I must listen to every word, although my thoughts were running away like maddened steeds in another channel. I was back at Heatherleigh; I saw the light of unwarded love shining in Allan Per ival's handsome eyes as he handed me a letter; heard him say, with a little exultant hope ringing in his fine voice: "Give this letter to Miriam with your own hands." I remembered his look of wistful, glad expectancy when I parted with him at the pier; and then quickly I connected to those golden links Miriam's words of the past dark sennight, and in the future I had spread out before me a reunion of lives, now seemingly so far apart.

But I wake from my fanciful romance when Mrs. Courtney stops her rambling recital and asks me a question point blank "Had I ever seen Mrs. Fairfax's husband?' No, I had not.
"Well, had I ever seen his picture, then?"

Yes, I had; but the detective instinct was again uppermost and I did not tell her that that was his portrait over there on the wall, just visible from where we sat, through the folding doors. At my reply in the affirmative she gets

up and motions me to follow her. I do so, lieving that there is yet another link in this golden chain I am trying to put to gether for Miriam; one which I had missed.



Mrs. Courtney is determined, I see, to solve something or prove something she believes, and Polose the door of the sick room softly, leaving Miriam still sleeping. and tiptoe after my inquisitive neighbor as inquisitive as she. She goes to a small secretary at the end of

the hall, by the window, and takes from the inper recess of the middle drawer some-thing and fumbles it over. Well," she ejaculates, "I can't open it. The doctor took it off of her neck," she continued, handing it to me, "and told me to put it away until she recovered; or until you came home, if she did not." I took the bauble, as I thought, and walked to the window to more closely examine it, the hallway being dark. Pushing aside the curtain I saw that it was a costly locket attached to a very fine cold chain. One side was resplendent with diamonds, and on the other the arms of the Percivals, a sword and shield beneath n Latin inscription in semi-circle. I knew the sword and shield at once belonged to the Percival house, as I had seen it on the seals at Heartherleigh in the great, lonely library.

"I thought may be her husband's picture and one of the baby's might be in it," she sald, "and I should like to see them just

"Yes," I say, after trying in vain to open it in the usual way. "I have seen both por-traits." Then, as I am about to give it up and put away the locket unopened, I discover a secret spring just at the edge of a resplendent diamond. I pressed it, and to my gratification and Mrs. Courtney's sure, the locket flew open, revealing a musome face.

"Wasn't he handsome, though?" exclaimed my companion, rapturously, "but the little one's picture isn't here," she added in a disappointed tone. I stood staring at the miniature. 'That's him, I reckon,' queried Mrs. Courtney, noticing my abstructed luck "Oh! yes," I answered, pulling my

thoughts together, "that's idm." But, al-though it was "him," It was not the face of arthur Fairfax which looked up so brighty from its costly setting. It was the face of handsome young Allan Percival. "It is too awful bad," said Mrs. Court-"that they must be separated!" "Yes," I answer, "it is," but she means one and I mean another. She thinks that this picture is one of the deceased husband's, and is pitying in her kindly heart the sad, sad separation made by death; while I know that it is the exact likeness of Allan Percival, and I can not help but bewail the

fate that keeps them apart, knowing what This locket, then, is the key to the story in cipher I have been trying to read. There is really more between Miriam and her iandsome cousin, after all, than I had dared to hope. I care into the bright countenance of the picture in my hand, and my heart throbs faster as I think: Aha! Alian, I have come to an understanding now with you. I know now why that wistful, happy expression lighted up your fine eyes when I saw you last. You had reason to hope.

"Mrs. Courtney," I said, softly, shutting up the case, "we need not say any thing to Miriam about this, as she is rather peculiar, d devoted to her husband's memory Perhaps she might think we had no right to open this locket." "Oh! I won't mention it," she answered.

thought maybe, the little one's was there, CHAPTER XXV.

It is mid December. The sun gleams out fitfully between great, dark snow-clouds, and dances coquettishly over the carpet after having dashed through the frosty

Outside the air is piercing cold, and the deep white drifts lie all over the dreary earth. The jingle of bells betoken by their merry music that somebody is brave enough to be out and enjoy the weather; yet it may be that they are out notens rolens, and have the music of the bells to keep up their courage and render the monotony snow, snow, snow more bearable. Inside the plants abloom in the alcove ve us a glimpse of summer, and the bird his case above them is warbing his tchless matin as merrily as if all earth

were but a garden of June.

Esconced in the depths of my favorite easy chair Mirlam is cuddled up, rather than sitting, just where the fitfol sunside strays over her dark tresses, which in the sunlight are a rich brown, and in the shadows a black color. She is very pale, and those dark, haunting eyes are darker and more haunting than ever. She has asked me long since if I "managed to get her portrait," and I have told her that when she was able to sit up I

could show it to her. "Control yourself my dear," I said a halfhour ago, when I started upstairs for the much-coveted picture, "and pray do not get excited in the least, as Doctor Cushman says the last excitement may bring on a relapse." She promised me to be calm and I brought the portrait down, just as Peggy wrapped it up, and fuld it in ber lap. A deathly whiteness crept into her thin ed, but with steady flagers she unties ne string and updoes the picture "It has been a long time since I have been face to face with myself," she says, dreampassing her white fingers caressingly er the portrait. "When I looked on this deture last I had no idea of the dismafuture, had no conception of how much bearts can endure and still live. It is all this side, this side, the lesson I have been learning." Then she paused, and, leaning

her head back among the cushions, shut her eyes. Presently the teardrops slipped from beneath the closed lids. "Miriam!" I said, half alarmed, "let me hang up the portrait; you are losing your self-control; no wonder you are so weak. I ought to have known better than to have been so rash and At this she opened her eyes and looked at me through her tears. "No!" she ejaculated, with quite an emphasis for one so weak, "you have done right. I need some-

thing to help me out of this rut of desolate heartache, even though it come through the outlet of tears. They will do me no harm; they will ease the pair here," and she laced her hand over her heart.

I had told her previously of the Hall and of Peggy's mourning her for dead; and of how the two old servants would be overjoyed to see her dear face again, so the was no need to reiterate my belief that it was her duty to go back and see them, even if she did not choose to stay. No, there was no need ever to press the subject again, for her firm and flat refusal was more pronounced perhaps this time than before I went to England, so I knew enough not to touch on that. I only said: "Yes, I know but you ought to chear up for the sake of your friends,"

"Friends," she repeated, with a ghost of a smile lingering around her perfect mouth "I have such an array! Patty and you. Then she paused, and a far-away look came uto her eyes and a faint color tinged her cheek. She was thinking of Allan, I be lieved, but I kept judiciously quiet. We should get around to that by and by, if I did not fall, by easy, pleasant stages. After a moment she looked up with such a wistful, yearning look in the dark eyes, but she did not say "Allan." No, she sau: "Of course I have Peggy and Ancil, who are good and true in their way; but they are—only Peggy and Ancil, after all; not empanions. "Miriam," I said, rather authorizatively

for me, "you are not speaking of whom you are thinking at all, nor have you even men tioned the bac's name whom you desire very much to see. Why not be candid with me, deart I have done all in my power to render you happy."
A wild, frightened look flashed over her features, and I was afraid I had said too

much, "Never mind," I added, apologetic ally, "Fouly had a fancy." She shot a questioning glasce at me, and a falut finsh again overspread her countenance. Then in swift transition she was again in tears. "I had a friend," she be-gan, as if confessing a fault, "one whom i hink a great deal of, but I have lost all trace of him, and I do not know now where he is." The toars dropped down unbesded now, and she was crying like a child. "I should write to him, but I have lost the ad dress I did have," sheadded, after the first

paroxysm of grief had subsided. "Would you like a letter from bim, Miriam!" I asked, with a great joy tugging at my heart-strings. I felt like Tennyson's ero, so "Close on to the premised good." only the "good" belonged to some one else "Onlyes," she answered, a hopeful light beaming through the tears and illumining

"Well, Miriam," Ireplied, "wait until you haps never felt as we do; certainly not coming, and then I go down stairs after once where I am and watches my endeavor to which he sent by me."

"Oh! Father in Heaven! Can it be true?" she exclaimed, joyfully. It was the very first time I ever saw happiness so com outlined on her usually sad face. I had There are 6,000 kangaroo skins reseen a look similar once long ago when we were wandering among the hills and restceived in Newark, N. J., every week.

ing beneath the shade of a tree while we gazed oceanward; but this was really happy asticipation. "I presume you have reference to Allan Percival " she questioned, a rosy flush sweeping up from cheek to brow.

Yes," I answered, smiling. "I met him in England, and he seemed very much pleased to hear that you were at my home a Rhode Island, and he gave me a letter, saying: 'Give it to her with your own I know you will be very happy with him, Miriam, he is so noble and good." I said this last at a venture, but not uniss, for her sweet face was almost transfigured with the joy that shone from the windows of her happy soul. "Now, when ou are calmer," I added, "I will give you

The flush has gone from her face, and she s sitting over there in the fitful sunshine calm as a summer's morning, outwardly at cast. "I am calm," she says, presently, looking away out over the frosty landscape, but there is a little, happy tremor in her roice, and I know the love-light is in her

I take the portrait from her lap and go off up-stairs. I hear her sigh as I shut the stairway-door behind me, and my heart throbs for the denouement.

Down in the bottom of my trunk, where I placed it weeks ago, I find the letter which was to deliver "with my own hands." "Allan," I say, happily, "the darkest hour is just before dawn, you know," and I go down-stairs light of foot and light of heart. Why shouldn't I, when I was the medium of so much life happiness, and I had so longed to bring it about, too! It seems to me that as I pass down the shad owy staircase that the face of my dear, dead friend, Lady Percival, smiles out of the semi-darkness, and I fancy I hear a sweet, soft voice, long since bushed in death, say: "Blessings on your devoted head, my friend, for taking such good care of my dear daughter; for proving to be such a tireless watch and ward over her lost interests. Mirlam looks up as I enter the room with

a bright smile, and I can not belp uttering he words which come involuntarily to my tips: "Why! is this Miriam; always so ad. so sad!" She doesn't renty only reaches an eager hand for the letter which a moment later lay on her white palm. I turn away as the taper fingers break the seal. Somehow it comes to me that the uclosed is sucredly hers; that I, even I, have no right to intrude on its perusal. take up my crocheting and, stirring up the coals anew in the grate, seat myself at the posite window on my fancy work intent. wind sweeps down from the hills and thirls the snow futa miniature mountains and valleys out there in the front laws, where last summer she stood so wrought with sorrowful vengcance among the lies. Would she ever have such a sud countenance again as on that day? I did not know. Would she ever almost hiss spitefully through her pearly teeth that she inted her home—her Heatherleigh home? Most likely, if I should be foolish enough broach the subject again. But I will not; I have more sense now.

A rustle of paper and a sigh, and I look up to see Mirken bury her face in the letter written on Alian Percival's knee in Heathrleigh Park. I can not tell whether she is happy now or not, but I watch her furtively and pretend that I do not care to be enlight-

ened in the matter. The better way to find out some secrets is to dissemble and play perfect indifference to the import, and, according to the natural perversity of things, they will unfold themelves before your disinterested vision. Some persons are like oysters; undertake be familiar with their affairs and they shut up, shell-like, and you are left a vicim to your own over-inquisitiveness;

[To be Continued.] A WONDERFUL SPRING. Its Water Cares the Worst Case of Alco-

holism in Three Days. Cured of intemperance in three days! How many people know that the State of Georgia owns a natural inebriate usylum?

And, nevertheless, such is the fact. "It is the most wonderful spring in the United States," said Special Officer Broderick, of the Atlanta police torce.

"To what spring do you refer?"
"Indian spring. I have taken three men to that spring who were so far gone on the liquor habit that it looked as if it was impossible for them to quit, and very one of them was cured immediately. One of them had been practically drunk for four months. I took along a supply of whisky, as people said it would kill him to quit off too sudden-

"Did he taper off?" "He took one drink after he get to Indian spring and after that declined to touch a drop. He said he did not want it at all. He remained there three days and you never saw such a transformation. He was as sober as a judge, his face was cleared of its bloat and the red liquor look, and he was himself again. Since that time he has been at work steadily and has not touched a drop. That was six months, ago, long enough to effectually settle the matten" "Does it prome equally effectious on others?"

"I have tried three cases and with the

same happy results in every case.

believe that that little spring, which does not hold over a gallon of water, is one of the most valuable, in this counry, and worth all the hospitals in the land for the cure of incbriates." "Why don't somebody ship the water?" "In the first place, the spring belongs to the State of Georgia, and is just as the Indians left it long ago. The State covernment has never permitted any

body to lease it or to attempt to enlarge the flow. The water is free for anybody. In the second place, there is a volatile gas in the water than escapes after a few hours, rendering it flat and robbing the water of its extraordirary qualities. For these reasons no attempt has ever been made to expart it, and people are compelled to go to the spot to enjoy its benefits. La la a wonderful saring in many other so specis, but it is the king of all liquorhabit cures that ever I have seen."-Atlanta Constitution.

Hostess-"And so you really believe the moon to be inhabited, professor?" Professor-"Ah, vell, I do not say sat, but zere is van meen in vich zer mus' be vun man." Hostess-"And which might that be, pray?" Professor - 'Vy ze vat you call it? Ze honeymwon!" -"William," said a grieved father to

his dissolute boy, "do you know you are going straight to the devil?" "No, sir," answered William, promptly "There isn't any devil. He's been ruled out of he game. You'll have to come at me ome other way now, father." And sadv but firmly William's father came at him for the pext ten minutes with a long, tough hickory switch.

KANGAROO HUNTING.

They are all tanned in one large estab-

Extensive Utilization of Their Hides in-the United States.

lishment on Sussex avenue, and are then made into fine shoes. Australia and New Zealand furnish kangaroo hides for the world. The kangaroos are killed in Australia about 800 miles back from the coast, and are shipped from Melbourne, Sydney and Newcastle, in Australia, and from Masterton, in New Zealand. Up to 1869 the kangaroos were killed and eaten in Australia, and their hides were cut into shoe-strings. But an Englishman named Brown in that year discovered the remarkable character of the leather, and brought several thousand skins to this country. He tried to sell the hides to tanners; but they were shy of the novelty, and he had to sell them at a sacrifice to a book-binder. The book-binder made triangular corner pieces in ledgers and commercial books out of the skins, and so ascertained the good quality of the leather. It was in this way that the larger leather factories were first attracted to kangaroo hide. The skin was found to be very tenacious, and the compactness of the grain prevents its absorbing water, while the acids in blacking meet with an almost impervious substance. It was hard work for years to get the kangaroo skins. It was not until the Newarker, who now tans them, sent agents to Australia three years ago that the demand could be supplied. The characteristic climate of tustralia and the pugnacity of the kangaroo make hunting the hides dangerous. Winter starts in May and ends In December in that country. The rest. of the year the heat is intense, the thermometer frequently reaching 140 degrees. Eight men hunt together for kangaroos. They are called a "set." When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for the hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three-inch thick matting. Armed with a spear with a club-attachment at the other end. they ride upon swift horses into a herd. With the agility and equipoise of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs. The kungarow is ablo to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to present shrinkage. The fiesh furnishes meat for the camp. Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 skins aplece they return back to civilisation. There are twenty varie of kangaroos, among them the lilu, red Wallaby, black, gray and Forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections. When the shipping perts are reached the hunters dispose of the akins by anction to the highest bidders and realize about seventy conts a pound. Rangaroo bunters make large profits. One man is known to have cleared \$4,500 free of living expenses in a single year. The tanning of kungaroo skins is confined to men employed by Americans, as other dealers can not afford to pay the high prices for the raw material. The result is that Parisian and London shoe manufacturers buy their stock of kangaroo leather directly from Nownell, and prominent dealers in Germany, Greece, Spain, and even Australia itself, receive their supplies from the same. The manufacturer here seems the idea that the original seven-league boots were made from the skin of the great Australian leapers.-Providence (R. I.) Jour-

ABOUT MOONSTONES. They Come from India and Are Never

Sold by Weight. "The word 'precious' can not be applied to moonstones," said a well-known dealer in jewelry; "because their marketable value is relatively small at all times, and is still further influenced by the decrees of fashion. For some years past we have had but few calls for moonstones, but about twelve months ago they were restored to popular favor, and will probably continue to be much used for some time to come. The stones come from India, are easily procured, and there is but little waste in cutting. They are almost invariably of a bluishwhite tint, the rays of the most perfect stones much resembling moonlight (hence the - name), those of a less clear or yellowish hue being of but little value. When carved, the clear transparency of the stone is of course marred, but many of them are so embellished, the man in the meon being a favorite device, and a baby's face surrounded with a cap of pearls or diamonds another.*

The moonstone is seldom worn alone by fashionable paople, having usually an accompanying setting of diamonds or other precious stones. In response to a question the dealer added: "The irgest moons tone I have over seen was one of oblong shape about one and threequarters inches in length and threequarters of an inch in width. This was set to represent a batterfly with partially closed wings of brilliantly-colored stones, and was intended to be worn as a pendant. These stones are not valued by weight as others are, but simply by appearance and size, a perfectly round stone being more desirable than a flatper one and more rare."

As the meanstone is traditionally lucky it is most suitable for souvenirs, parting and anniversary gifts, and from present indications will be much used for favors and wedding presents during the coming gay season. - N. Y. Sun.

The Most Desirable End. Most people have many things in

which they desire to succeed, innocent in themselves except when they interfere with a higher aim and worthier purpose. It is this conflict of alms, this gradation of duties, that makes life often seem so complex and so difficult. The questions come continually before every thoughtful mind: "Is this aim which I set before me the highest I can reach? Is it not merely a desirable end, but the most desirable? Is it likely to lead to still better and worthier purposes, or is it likely to hide them from view?" As we answer these questions to ourselves intelligently and conscientiously, the rightful limits of each will become clear, and our desire to succeed in each will harmonize with those limits. Thus the desire for pleasure will be limited by the desire for health, the care of self by the care for others, the love of money by the love of honor, the effort to please by the effort to do right. - N. Y. Ledger.