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BY JAMES G. HASSON,

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ions residing outside of the county event will the above terms be deand those who don a consult ineir by paying in advance must not ex-sed on the same footing as those who fact be distinctly understood from r your paper before you stop it, if stop None but scalawage do etherwise.— scalawag—lite is too short.

# Cambria & Struman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"ME IS A PRESMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

VOLUME XXIV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1890.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

enough to fairly intexicate any soul. And

the handsome groom, who gazed with such

fond pride on the regal woman at his side,

And when they passed out, and down the

miniature avenue of lilies and roses all

alkoom with dewy fragrance, filling the sweet air with love and beauty, I said soft-

iv to myself: "You have stepped this happy

day from out the shadows of Heatherieign,

little tour of inspection of the elegant home.

Mirism said, with one of her indescribable

smiles: "We will come back to you for a few days shortly; we could not leave you

beaming face and said: "No," with a deso-

late, strange feeling coming into my heart

I think I never realized how much I had learned to love the daughter of my dear, dead

friend until now. But that is the flat of

earth; the cycle of fortune bringing sun-

other, and although I miss her I say it is

Allan gave Miriam the jewels and the

They will return by and by, after their

was one of God's noblemen, surely

and forever."

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The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

By MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1889.

pologized to a hint of conscience, "and Miriam wouldn't care.' The two little ebony cases contained jewels also, as well as the more pretentious casket, but whether they were the property of Miriam or not he had no means of finding out. They were very costly, however, and must have been prized very much by the happy possessor, whoever it might

half aghast at the mental suggestion; "every thing about the cursed place, I verily be-lieve, bears the brand and feels the taint came near losing my senses under the of a soul may be their cost!"

the contents of the third box or case. What "Oh! here is a slip of paper at sched to it." he said, growing interested eweis opposite him. How his heart throbbed for an instant as



occupied air and shut them in their elegant CHAPTER XXVIII.

ymphony lingering in the fragrant air. iness?—yes, happiness, creeps into her val face, where the dimples of her girlnd are still visible.

PLATES. SOMETHING NEW. For Respondes, Churches, Cemeteries, Farms Campeng Gates, Arborn, Window Guards, Trellises, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, I had a difficult task, indeed, to persuade

> visions is on the wane. ue grew darkly luxuriant, and the smiles.

ing gradually into her days. fine voice all a-tremble, and wondered to me if I "thought it would be proper to wear colors!" I looked at her a moment; the somber crape folds had grown to be iden her, I thought, without them-but ten long. serrowing years for a young beart to throb beneath the garb of mourning was enough who could ask more! Then, too, mourning

gether, and if this lone woman has found a silver lining to the heavy clouds of her reavens why not? "Yes," I said, "perfectly proper, dear, see ng that Allan is coming." Then she smiled one of her rare, perfect smiles, which can neither be forgotten nor

escribed, and said she "should go down to the city and make some purchases." Sly little pusa; did she imagine that I, who had played the part of a detective for twelvemonth or more, could be bood

nked into "spring fashiops" in this maner! If she did, she has reckened without or bost, as I mentally cite a wedding day mewhere adown this golden summer; a rfect day in June, no doubt, as May is uning. Ah! yes; methinks I bear wed ing-bells, and their clear, sweet music is harmony with the symphony of the day. But Miriam. A couple of letters lying in her lap bear foreign post-marks, and she has been reading them softly to herself, pleasing in the extreme.

amid a cloud of costly lace for another oc folds, and she looks every inc's a veritable queen; this stately, proud daughter of the Persivals.

"Heatherieigh is in the past," she says, turning her head, with a smile which is half joy, half sorrow. "The house of the Percivals have nothing more in its somber shadows No; no more, forever!" "Sold?" I ask.

I work away on my embroidery and finish an impossible grape cluster in smoky purple without pretending to offer any thing further. Such things are best thought out in silence, I have learned. So we sit an hour in the soft, sweet weather without a word; she looking seaward and down at the letters alternately, and I attentive to my embroidery, with an occasional glance

"I have sent to the Hall for a fewthings, she begins, just as I expected she would; "and if I am happy enough to get those the whole place known as Heatherleigh may rest for aye under the curse of Sir Leon Heatherleigh, for aught I care."

Her face flushes crimson, then pales like a fily; she is still revengeful and passion ate in her hatred of the Hall. I had thought she had forgotten the old, desperate days, but she has not. I do not answer; I have no words. I scarcely ever have when Mir iam towers up in speeches like this, and she relapses into another reverie, as disagreeable, perhaps, as the first

ours, did she-hers and mine?" Her face assumes a look of mingled pride and defiance, and she smiles a little as I answer "No." "I thought she could be trusted, even unto death," and her eyes filled with tears,

after it is all over and done with, I will tell

you our little secret," she said, confiden ance, bid it away, with several other things of value, including my mother's jewels. We the book-shelves in the library, taking the (she never calls him father) "had forgot ten, I think, the existence of the secret cup-

them away. I hope so, at least," she ended, The pleasant, cheerful look comes into r face once more, and she stoops and absently gathers a dozen violets at her feet. There is something more she wishes to tell me, so I wait.

A crimson flush sweeps up over cheek and brow, and "Alian is coming," she confeases, sweetly. "Oh!" I pretend to be surprised, happily

so; but I was certain he would come long But it does my soul good to see the you, Miriam, and for Allan, too." "I was sure you would be," replies Miri-

fesires to ask me something from which, for some reason, she shrinks. "Do you suppose Arthur would care!" The question came scarcely above a whisper, and her face takes on a look of frightened, painful inquiry. "No," I answer, decisively, and give her

She answers by a negative shake of her head, which brings one long, glossy curl down over her heaving bosom, but she does not speak. Evidently I have alluded to the iead too abruptly. Well, I have never unterstood the strange, beautiful woman before me thoroughly, and what might please anybody else would, likely as not, fall disastrously across her thoughts.

"You shall be married here at the cotto the future with its promising outlook. "My poor little cottage has never known a marriage, a birth or a death," I add, pleadingly, looking straight at her for the answer. Your dear little home has been very

I am almost out of patience with her. past! But she speaks. "Yes, I should like to be married here," she says. "I was married once in church

and she shivered as if the memory of it chilled her very soul, "and I never want to have the ceremony repeated there." She fastens the violets in her fichu of creamy lace, and, gathering up the letters,

'Allan is coming." I repeat to the rescuds; "Allan is coming when you bloom," and the breeze, sweeping up from the sea, sighs through the trees: "Yes, yes, yest" 'Allan is bringing a friend' with him." Miriam nestles down beside me on the sofa later and whispers this bit of news in my

"But I can not imagine who it can be," she adds, in a puzzled tone. event of her wedding

Now that she has spoken to me and know that they are to be united, Miriam is not reticent about speak ng of the affair at all. She talks freely of her coming mar-riage, and in a short time our plans are aid to make it a happy, enjoyable event; and in our devotion to the details of the

much at first. In two or three days from date we might look for them.

"He had forgotten," he thought, "to men Earle Fairfax!"

herself into my arms. "Earle Fairfax! Earle Fairfax!" she repeated. "I wonder why-O, I wonder why!" "Miriam," said I, "don't you want to see

no response. Then she said slowly: "He is a good, kind old rean; such a friend of mine such a friend of mine!" The words were whispered with colorless lips and pullid cheek. I was sorely puzzled to know why, if he was such a good, kind friend, she felt this way at mention of his

People don't generally grow white as death at the prospect of seeing a friend, not generally, at least, and I was at a loss to fathem this new phase of affairs. excusing this, to me, unexplainable freak of Miriam's. "Doubtiess his name was interwoven with some painful memory, which

She did not come down to dinner and I did not see her until the breakfast hour the next morning. She was cheerful as usual and seemingly anxious that I should forget the little episode of the previous afternoon. Launching off into conversation, in which I



ALLEN IS BRINGING A PRIEND WITH HIM."

was sure that her heart had not the least interest, in order to detract my attention from the pallor of her countenance, she managed to become unusually talkative during the breakfast hour. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "she is not

paler than usual, and I am yoking up yesterday's circumstance with a morbid fancy of my own imaginative brain." But when Maggie, my little maid, said solicitously behind my chair after Miriam had excused herself for a walk in the gar-"It seems to me that the lady is ill;

she is uncommon white-faced and talks sort o' wild-like, don't you think!" I thought, ah! well, then my conjecture is not all an imaginative affair, after all. But I said to the maid that "the warm weather might have something to do with it." "Oh! well, she 'pears so anxious like," persisted Maggie. "I shouldn't think the weather would give that worry to her look

and manner, ma'am." The maid knew that something like a shadow had fallen athwart the path of our guest, and with natural inquisitiveness was doing her best to wring a confession from

"Well, well, Maggie," I said, finally; "let it pass, and if she is really ill or worrying about any thing she will tell us by and by, if it is proper for us to know." Thus admonished, the maid gave me a look of suspicion and began clearing away the breakfast things in silence, while I sought Miriam, deep in the garden of roses and lilies in front of the cottage.

"Dissembling," I sald, as she greeted me with a wintry smile from behind a rosebedge, but the beautiful eyes told no tales, and the line touched not on the friend's coming, as I haif expected them to do, during the morning. During the afternoon, while I was en-

gaged in the rearranging of a cluster of stately lilies which the wind had tossed ruthlessly from their fastening, a cab. drew up at my humble gate and two gentlemen alighted. Instinctively I knew it must be they whom we were expecting. and I dropped my twine and went down the graveled walk to meet them.

Sure enough, as one of them came forward, I recognized my aquaintance of the Heatherleigh park. As soon as he tooked up he smiled and extended his hand. "I remember your

face," he said, gladly. Then he introduced an old gentleman, in a dark gray suit and gold-bowed glasses, as "Mr. Earle Fairfax, of suburban Hastings, Eng." "She is in there," I said, indicating the direction of the library door with a wave of my hand, as Alian looked inquiringly about

the little front parior into which I had con-I know she would rather meet him alone, with no eye to criticise or intrude on the sacredness of their greeting, and I knew also that she was in there waiting for

Allan, because I caught the swish, swish of her dress, and the soft closing of the library door as we came in. Alian Percival gave me a look of such joyous gratitude that I thought had be asked me to carry a thousand letters to the

ends of the earth for him, instead of one ittle request that he did, that look rewarded me in full for every thing. Then he stepped into the library and closed the door behind him, while I did my best to entertain this friend of Miriam's, although I could see plainly that he was very anxious to get a glumpse of her, as his eves sought the library door frequently. I was fully as anxious that she should meet him, for I had a curiosity to see them to-

gether; if there was any secret between hem, perhaps I might be able to guess it should I see their meeting. After awhile Allan came out of the library, followed by Miriam, whose face was a study. She seemed quite glad to see the old uncle of her deceased husband, but there was a frightened, inquiring look on her face that dared not put itself into

words, at least not before us. I noticed Allan watching her with a grave, uncusy expression when she conversed with the nucle. Evidently he read the ridde no better than I did, and the worried look on her face set him ill at ease. I could see that Allan loved her madly,

and I said to myself that now, after he had crossed the ocean at her bidding, if any thing would happen to separate them again, it would wreck his life completely. The next day Allan had some letters to mail, and he drove the phacton down to

the city. I had expected Miriam would ride out with him, but for some reason she did not, so he went alone. After his departure Miriam took her uncle into the library to show him the portraits of herself and family "as they were once," she said to him with an appealing look. I went out to see after some tessert I had ordered for dinner and to offer a few sug-

gestions to Maggie, knowing that I was not needed in the library. Instinctively I felt that the portrait business was only a ruse of Miriam's to get Uncle Fairfax all to herself for a confidential talk. Doubtless it was her privilege, I thought, and some way I felt glad that Allan was out of earshot, and that it, whatever it might be, would be over before his return. Having an occasion to go into the parlor an hour or so after, whom should I see standing just outside the library door but Adan Percival, and his attitude was that of

he should not hear. "Oh, dear!" I sighed, in

growing consternation, not intending that

Allan should hear me, as I was on the point

of turning softly away, but his quick ear

caught the tell-tale sigh, and he looked up.

finger to his lips quickly to warn me into

silence, but that was unnecessary: then he

beckened me nearer. He wanted me to

hear also, semething, perhaps, which con-

cerned neither one of us. I shook my head

in the negative, but he only beckoned the

more peremptorily and I came to his side.

After I heard the first sentence, through

was willing I should, perhaps.

the keyhole of the library door, I was as

His face was white and his handsome

an attentive listener. I could not see his face, but I knew he heard the conversation going on in the library. CHAPTER XXIX. He had returned then and had come in mobserved and just in time to hear-well, I had no idea what; only it seemed to me, all the time, that it was some

lonely church-yard, past the white, silent headstones, and dark, heavy-shadowed eyes were misty with tears. He put his

through those beautiful eyes of his, now dilated with a terrified expression, Then came Miriam's full, sweet voice in "No, Uncie Fairfax, I can say gladly that I

that it is to you I owe my life "
"I never think of that night at the Rest,"
she continued, "without a shudder. But I found my home-coming so dark, so sad and lonesome, and had just left Allan feeling almost heart-broken, and my own heart was all at once, you know." And I kissed her aching dreadfully also, so much so that I chose death rather than to continue so. Knowing as I did that my cousin loved me, I was almost which with the thought that I and caused him such misery of soul when-

a pause, "that you might have mentioned it that night to Allan on your voyage, sand-vertantly, of course; but I never want that he should ever know of the wild, heartless words I said during your stay. You remember that I said I never should listen to Allan's suit, because I had sworn to hate every Percival, dead or alive, coming in my way. I think I was almost wild that night, uncle. True, I had said I should hate even the name of Percival and despise every one in whose veins ran the proud blood of the ouse, but that is all made null by a better

cival in spite of his being undeniably one of Allan Percival's face blanched like death and he stooped nearer the door to catch the answer, which meant life or death to his earest hopes, and in the same tremulous,

tried hard, for the sake of my rash oath, not to even remember him kindly, but love enquered at last." The tears holding in

well there is no mistake in so grave and im portant a matter. Your life has been very dark, my dear niece. I am glad for you, because I think you have chosen wisely, and am happy to hear that you really are in love with your affianced hisband." "Thank you, uncle," Miriam said, in re-ply. "Treafly and truly love Allan; never

not care to live without him." drew. I followed him into the sitting room "I am happily relieved." he said, as he a headache, and I had began to think that she was sorry she had bidden me come." "But that is all over," I interrupted, joy-

"Yes," he answered, his eyes lighting up brilliantly with the sweet certainty Miriam loves me for myself and I am glad." He looked out across the garden and off toward the sea for some moment ost in deep thought. "Poor dear," he resumed, with a quaver in his voice; "how she must have suffered! Dashed the poison from her lips! Oh, God! only to think of

Allan's voice died in a whisper of emo tion, and he shook as with an ague. I said nothing, but now I knew why she grew so white and nervous when she learned that Earl Fairfax was in Allan's company. She was afraid that "inadvertently," as she had Allan from her side

attempt as well, by terrible and pressing sorrow, and as she had tided the days of anguish safely over at last, it is wise never to disclose a word of what we heard at the library door."

"Certainly," he replied; "the secret is surs, and my darling will never know! Could not live without me," he repeated. looking up brightly. "That little confession is worth more to me than the whole world, even though I did hear it caves dropping. Now no more shall my life be sad and lonely; neither will her's. I think we are coming out from under the shadows of

It is a week later. We have had a quiet wedding at Bay View cottage, and hencegreat measure.

couple I believe I never had the fortune to see. Ailan's beaming face and Miriam's loyous countenance will long be remembered, as I saw them fade into the distance this morning. Earle Fairfax goes with them thence for England in a few days.

But this wedding was far different. No my in the deep shadows of a dimlylighted church; no going out across the

no flight from an angry, pursuing parent. No; the little parlors of Bay View cottage reveled in their brightness and fragran beauty, and fairly glowed with happiness borrowed from the glorious June weather and the mercy sunshine for the anspiciou event. Bay View cottage, that had nover known a marriage, a birth or a death, scarcely ever the coming or going of friends even, plumed itself and blossomed at once into importance as the house where the wealthy Englishman married the heiress of a magnificent sum, from over the sea

eager to play the eavesdropper as Allan "Then you are not sorry now that I dashed the glass of poison from your hand

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DESERT SAND SPOUTS. Graphic Description of a Striking Scene in Africa. Under the fairest skies the desert is an awesome solitude, but when a storm comes

it is terrible and appalling. I shall never forget a scene I witnessed some forty miles beyond the great pyramids, says a writer n the New York Mall and Express. I had gained an isolated billock, some two hun dred feet above the level of the surround-ing desert. Away to the west, about two miles distant, I descried six or seven lofty pillars of s. nd moving swiftly over the undulating plain. The center one of these was vertical, and those surrounding it, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, caned slightly toward it. The sand at the case of the columns was lasted by the furious whirlwind into a surging sea. Desert trees of the hardest wood were torn up with their roots and hursed hundreds of yards away and high up into the air; even the grass that grew in the path of that terrible storm was shorn clean away from its roots. The summits of those columns of sand at length joined, and then burst forth from their united tops a yellow, gigantic cloud of sund of such magnitude and density as to darken, as in a total eclipse, the face of the bright afternoon sun. The sand spout, called by the natives "zobahah," shortly after subsided, but the cloud of sand and grass, which had been raised high in the neavens, continued to darken the setting sun for more than an hour. The smaller column behind traveled swiftly, increasing in size, until it reached the site of

the break-up of the other, and then added its mile to the universal destruction. With my sextant, as I stood in security, I measured the height of the center column of sand; it was nearly one thousand feet. The other columns were rising so rapidly that they soon reached a greater height than that of the center column. When the junction of them all took place the sudden cruption of sand, leaves and grass reached to a total height of over four thousand feet. These "zobahahs" are not very frequent, but when they occur they carry widespread devastation along with them and wee betide the traveler and the tent that happens to stand in their way. Not more than ten yards from the column the air is perfectly calm, but within the small circumscribing circle there rages such a tempest as will carry away any thing, however firmly fixed in the ground, into the regions of the upper air as easily as an ordinary gust of wind will blow a piece of paper. T wonderful ship of the desert, always knows a few hours before whether one of those approaching "zobahaha" is likely to come apon him, and his natural instinct will guide him to a place of safety, where he les down and only breathes the cool, active current which closely follows the ourning, almost sufficesting bot air which accompanies the "zobularis." The usual movement of these sand spouts is in the are of a wide circle, and the direction of the center of the circle is almost invaribly from

When these awful turmous are over and the disturbing elements have resumed their natural state, the burning sand becomes saturated with a heavy dew, the sun is less augry, and the African desert more amenable to life in both man and beasts. Nature's wisdom and wonders are indeed beyond man's limited understanding

### ---RETTY GIRL SLAVES.

How They Are Bought and Sold in the Market at Stamboul. There are actually at Stamboul about ninety regular slave brokers who sell and buy slaves, or who are the medium of buying or selling. The slaves are lodged in houses known by the public, ust as they know the dealers in any

sort of merchandise. The principal slave houses are about thirty. The Abyssinian slaves are rare on account of the delicacy of their health. An Abyssinian maiden from fourteen to seventeen is worth from 60 to 120 Hras (a lira is worth about 18 shillings), but handsome one is sure to bring 300 liras. White slaves (Tcherkes) are more abundant. Maidens from twelve to fifteen are quoted from 60 to 300 liras, and those from sixteen to twenty from 60 to 1,000 liras. The price varies according to beauty, size, complexion and accomplishments. Singers and musicians generally bring a good price. Many people here buy slaves for legal marriages, preferring them to Turks. The reason is that a slave has no relations (mother-in-law especially), and, therefore, no visitors or callers. She endeavors to please her husband. She is obedient and economical, and very affectionate even if pretty well treated. Many slaves would not leave their masters for the world, but many others would be tee glad to obtain their lib-

jewels. They dine with their lady and are treated as companions and as members of the family. Among the possessors of slavos who were the most noted for their kindness and benevolence was the late Princess Zeinoub Hanoum, the daughter of the first Viceroy of Egypt, Mehamet Ali. During her lifetime she gave monthly allowances, from two to fifty liras, to each of her slaves. She had some eighty of them married to respectable gentlemen, and gave to each a dowry of from £1,000 to £5,000. Before her death, three years ago, she made a will granting freedom to all her slaves and distributing to them valuable presents and

erty. Some are well looked after, well

cared for, richly dressed and have costly

settlements. There are hundreds of young girls who are sold to persons who sell them or exchange them for others of greater beauty. It is revolting to see to what extent slavery is encouraged here, and how many of these poor creatures would like to fly away from the brutality of their masters, and how many others are exported against their will. In general, slavery here is the curse of the country.-Constantinople Cor. London News. Origin of the Word "Chestnut."

Mr. Joseph Jefferson some time ago gave this as the origin of the word chestuut:" "In an old melodrama by William Dillon, called The Broken Sword,' are two parts-Count Xavier

sort of Munchausen, fond of telling stories of his exploits. He tells one: when suddenly from the boughs of a cork tree-' "Chestnut, Count," interrupted Pablo, 'Cork tree,' said the Count. 'A chestnut,' reiterated Pablo: 'I should know as well as you, for I have heard you tell the story twentyseven times.' The late William Warren, who had played Pablo often, was at a men's dinner once, when a gentleman told a story whose age and originality the overheating of wires and consequent | were far beyond any doubt. 'Chestaut, murmured Warren; 'I should know as well as you, for I have heard you tell it twenty-seven times.' The guests tock up the expression, and from that," says has 609 members and does a business Mr. Jefferson, "I believe the expression really comes."-N. Y. Sun.

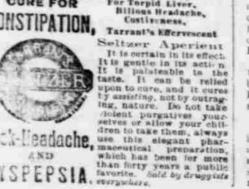
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"I only wish to see them a moment," be

have been, Alian thought, as he held up to the light an exquisitely wrought bracelet, with little forget-me-nots clustered at the

fastening. "These shall be her wedding present from the Hall," he said to himself, sarcastically Then he dropped them, shimmering in the light wandering through the white dimity

curtain, as if they had been serpents.
"What if they carry the malediction of our infernal old ancestor?" he questioned, baleful influence myself, and only a few hours there at that. These have lain for years in the desolate gloom, and the price

He shoved the shining heap from him with a gesture of horror, and sat looking at ever it was was wrapped in a little silken scarf. Alian reached over and touched it in the delicate package, and suddenly forgetting the glamor of a horrible dread connected in his mind with the glittering

he recognized Miriam's delicate, yet firm writing: "My baby curls; Miriam Perci-"Oh!" he said, balf rapturously, "when she, my darling, was a little, care-free girl. Unrolling the scarf, he held in his paim a long silken ringlet, tied with a bonnie blue ribbon. A look of happy satisfaction beamed from his dark eyes. "My Miriam's curls," he said, tenderly, "cut from her



THESE SHALL BE HER WEDDING PRESENTS. over her path; cut, doubtless, by my aunt's fingers, now crumbled to dust, Lady Per-

He rolled up the curl carefully and restored it to its case. A kindly emotion stirred the depths of his soul, and a dreamy expression softened his features. "Perhaps," he mused, "perhaps these jewels are my darling's, also; and, if they are, no harm can hover over them." The sight of the ringlet had softened and endered mild the whole atmosphere, and he gathered the bracelets and their accompanying necklace up with a far-away, pre

It is May, and a beautiful day, with a Miriam is out among the rosebuds that cautify the clambering vines as they wait the breath of June to unfold their glory. nd, instead of the pale, pinched expreson on her perfect features as in the winer, the flush of health and-may I say hap-

Miriam Percival Fairfax has outlived the rucible years of her life; the dark chapers of her strange history are being folowed up by bright, golden pages, fragrant with the love of a blissful, happy summer

er that the dream of seeing Peggy and of hearing her seeming prophetic words would all come to naught. But I fancy, although she declares yet at times that "it means omething to come," her faith in night But the roses bud where last year the he rarest of all rare things then, are slip-

Some time ago she came to me with her ical with Miriam. I should not have known was of the heart, not the babiliments alto

The soft, gray texture of her dress-she hose gray for afternoon costume, but there is a beautiful white satin folded away casion - falls from her queenly figure in full

"Sold?' I ask.
"Yes; disposed of," she answers, look- gers. "Old memories," I said, by way of ing away senward. The fair face flushes and pales flafully. There is a strong tide of memory surging up from the past; a thousand thoughts are coming to the front for | the mere mention of was like the thrust of recognition, and it is safe to say they are a dagger."

at her face. She will speak presently, and tell me what she is thinking about. I have known her long enough to know this, and work away, awaiting her pleasure.

"Peggy Clarkson never told you," she be

gins again, "of a certain night's work of in memory of the deceased servant. "Now

"Well," I answer, folding my hands over my work, preparing to listen.
"My mother," continued Miriam, "had a beautiful silver service of her own, and before I left the Hail I, with reggy's assiststowed them all away in a recess behind midnight hour for our work. Sir Rupert" board; and as it was closed by a sliding panel, scarcely visible when closed. I do not ubt but that they were found just as I put

"This is the last of May?" she speaks, inlast days of the spring."

happy love-light in her beautiful eyes and to bear her confession, so I reach over and press a kiss of congratulation on her roseflushed cheek, and say: "I am so glad for , looking at me wistfully, questioningly "What is it?" I ask, intuitively knowing she

a look of incredulity. I can scarcely believe my ears. "Would Arthur care! No. Miriam, he would not; so rest contented. Do you suppose that Arthur would be so selfish as that F' I ask.

tage," I say, making a bold attempt at turning her mind from the mournful past

ucky, then," she replies, with a far-away, Why must she dwell forever on the deleful

"A friend," and we ponder until we give up in despair of even thinking of one likely o come with him, and turn to discussing the preparations necessary for the nappy

future festivities we forget that 'friend' over whose name we puzzled our brains so But we are again put in mind of it in a day or two by Allan's writing a hurried letter from New York saying that "his friend, having business in the city of New York, they had sailed for that port, and as soon as possible they would be at Bay View.

tion the friend's name in his last letter; would just say now that it was an old gen-tieman who resided near the little church of All Saints near Hastings, by the name of Miriam uttered a cry when she read this name; whether it was one of delight or surprise or both, I never knew. She threw up er hand, and, staggering forward, threw

the old gentleman; Arthur's uncle, I pre-

I made no reply. I simply released her, and she went directly to her room, with the

It was Uncle Fairfax speaking, and a sort of exultation rang through his pleasant

Alian caught his breath and put his hand on the wail for support, looking at me with the horror he dared not express showing answer, saying in little tremulous tones; am not sorry; on the other hand, I consider

I could not avert it. "I was so afraid," she began again, after

"So, then, you find you love Allan Per-

usical voice it carrie:
"Oh, yes, uncle, I know that I love him. I



"TO YOU I OWE MY LIFE." check in the handsome eyes of Allan Per cival dropped down his cheek and heaved a sigh, while the glad light came stealing back into his counte "Tis well," replied the old uncle, "Tis

fear on that point, as I confess that I should Allan touched me on the arm and withdrew a deep sigh. "I noticed such a strange look on her face yesterday; and to-day she refused to ride to the city with me, pleading

how near my darling was to the gates of

said, the old gentleman had revealed that hour of anguish to her lover, and perhaps told him of her yow. This, doubtless, she imagined would prove disastrous and drive "It is best," said I, upon reflection, "that Miriam never knows we heard this. She was driven to the rash yow, and the suicidal

forthitis a house with a romance. The neighbors all look upon me as one of the favored few in having such wealthy, aristocratic friends, but I feel lonely and deserted in a Alian Percival and his proud, queenly wife have gone to their beautiful home on the Hudson. A magnificent country seat some few miles from New York suited their fancy, and they have left me for a little happy world of their own. A happier, handsomer

as far as the city of New York, and from The kind old uncle that he is, gave away the bride for the second time, he officiating in that espacity in the little church of All Saints on that never-to-be-forgotten, cheer less wedding night that saw Miriam and Arthur united in their clandestine mar-

beasses of an English burying ground, and

No wonder that I felt proud of the handsome, accomplished couple. The soft, sweet just in "time to prevent your swallowing it?" | light shining in those beautiful eyes behind

exquisite silver tea service he brought from their far-off dark niche in the Heathericigh walls and showed her the portrait of his father, which "the jolly old squire," as he called him, was so kind as to give him from out the collection in the ancestral

shine to one heart casts its shadow of

I wondered if the memory of her last visit to its gloomy solitude came back to her as she bent reverently over the face so like that of the man at her side. I fancy something of that trying hour flitted through her mind, for she pressed her quivering lips to the portrait and whispered, half aloud: "We meet again!" And Alian turned away to hide his emotion while the woman he loved hung lovingly over the face of his dead

on her wedding day, but I never know just what she intends doing until I find myself surprised by her curious notions. "I will put them by," she said, with loving caress, until after awhile; they are all I have left from over the sea; all I have from merrie old England; but they are quite enough." Yes, they will come back for a season and gladden my lonely home, the more

lonely now since having known their bright

faces, and then the elegant country seat on

ore me, showing by its ancient, exquisit

ly designed cover that it is an heirloom of

years. A fair, sweet face comes floating

back to me from the checkered past for

beloved recognition, and I hear a rich, full

I thought Miriam would wear her jewels

CONCLUSION. I am alone in the library. The casket of scintillating jewels left in my keeping is

the Hudson will receive them.

who are true to the last." I shut my eyes and bow my head in my hands in silen spirit communion, for I realize that Lady Percival is near. As I sit wrapped in the society of sweet memories I can see in the dim distance the ivy-wreathed gabies and weather-stained facade of grand, grim-visaged Heatherleigh Hall, and the heavenly affuence of Lady Percival goes. The two can not affiliate even in day-dreams. A restless, and feeling comes over me, and Peggy Clarkson in her white cap and snowy vandyke stands before me, reading my oughts with those great blue eyes of hers

and I hear her say: "An' Oi'll niver see me

A dark oaken staircase rises out of the

shadows of a deep, wide, silent ball, and I

fancy I see a shadowy form, and hear

stealthily coming down the ancient stens.

darlint, the young misthress, agin."

perhaps the master of Heatherleigh is near I feel in my soul that Sir Rupert is not pleased, that if he could be would send curses dire and dreadful on the son of the disinherited for presuming to aspire to his daughter's hand. A sigh of relief comes as I realize, too. that the disinherited have outlived and outwitted all the maledictive plans and fiats of the proud, jenious uncestors; that the new house of the Percivals will spring grandly from the ruins of the old, and that

those counted the very least in the

greatest, but on this side the sea. Something rouses me from my vision. Oh! it is Maggie fitting hither and thither, intent on putting things to rights prepara tory to settling down into the old, quiet groove of two in one house. Oh! yes, and I gaze out of the window toward the sen, showing little blue rifts through the trees, as I catch glimpses of the shore from where I sit. I can hear the rest-

old English family have lived to be the

less surge of the waters, but they only sing a deep bass to-day to the march of the world. Out there is the little garden of liles where a year ago Miriam used to walk back and forth, sorrowful and slow paced in her gown of crape, with her great sud, rereachful eyes wandering over its beauty in t joyless, silent way. Her face used to rival the whiteness of the pure, satiny blossoms that shed their fragrance around her in vain, and the dark shadows of evening vied in their samberness with the sweep of her

robes as she wandered slowly about listening to the sad, hopeless story told her by oaning waves of the sea. But to-day! and the summer breeze fresh from the booming billows breathes through the merry air a passa of joyful praise to Him, who in His own good time maketh all things well. And the flowers, sweetlipped and fragrant, nod gasty in acquiscence as if to say: "We have seen her. we have seen her, and felt the magic sweep of her bridal robes. She who used to drop tears of the deepest anguish on our beads. and breathe hopcless prayers low to the passing winds, smiled on us to-day, smiled as an angel smiles, and has swept by or the arm of him whom she loves. We are

And the roses and lilies mingle in sweet onfusion as the wind kisses them beneath the skies of June. "Across the world be followed her," sighs a voice from the summer choir, reversing Tennyson's day dream, and I clasp my hands impulsively, murmaring: "God bless the bridegroom and his bride!" THE END.

The March of Civilization.

Perhaps no more significant evidence

glad, we are glad!"

of the onward march of civilization could be afforded than the lighting by electricity of the palace of the guikwar of Barola, in India, and that, too, on a scale of unstinting splendor. The interior is lit with 215 sixteen-candle-power incandescent lights. The large hail is Illuminated with two large twelve-light electroliers, made in bronze and iacquered work, while the light is softened and diffused by dioptric shades. Single | and his servant Pablo. The Count is a the columns of the gallery. In the numerous rooms are three and four light | Once I entered the forests of Colloway electroliers, made in a variety of designs to suit the surroundings. In the bedrooms the mirrors have been specially fitted with brackets, which will admit of their being shifted from one room to another, and an electric hand-lamp is also provided, which can be moved about at pleasure. An important feature of the installation is the complete arrangement of switches and safety fuses, thus danger from fire are rendered impossi-

-The Harvard Co-operative Society of about \$50,000 a year.

ble.-Chicago Herald.