BY JAMES G. HASSON,

None but scalawage do otherwise .-

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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#### NUMBER 31.

## THE PEOPLE'S STORE

FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.

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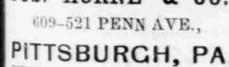
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SAW-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES.

## B. & B.

Dire Results of an Attempt to Use His Flying-Machine. For several days Fogg had been at

work in the barn, with doors locked, WASH FABRICS. and a mantle of secrecy seemed to be thrown over every thing he did, both outside and in. Mrs. Fogg questioned him in vain. All she could elicit from the man of

mystery was divers strange and aweinspiring grimaces which were calculat-At 5c., 6c., 8c., 19c., 15c., 25c., 50c., in ed to infuse the beholder with the belief that the manipulator of said grim-

aces was the victim of a severe attack of cramp colic. Mrs. Fogg. in an unguarded t confided to a few of her most intimate cronies her fears that her husband was a little bit off in his upper story, and these busy-hodies speedily circulated

the report that Fogg really was crazy. It was believed, of course, and children fought shy of the Fogg domicile, especially after dark. Fogg's grapes, which were just getting ripe, escaped depredators as they had never done be fore, and Fogg wondered greatly thereat, but was far from suspecting the real cause of this miracle.

HEARTSEASE

Of an old book, long lost, one winter day;

Its velvet heart was dim with dust and age;

The beauty of its tints had passed away.

Because, unbidden from the vanished years,

And, on the wings of memory swiftly borne, I stood 'mid purple pansies by a brook

And from the fingers of a clasping hand

In this old book I hid my flower away.

You know my story, little pale Heartsease!

As long as time rolls on such things will be

Yet, dear, dead flower, although the old, old

pain Still dims my sight and makes my heart beat

In years to come the music of the past,

-E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

FOGG'S INVENTION.

Death Inid his hand upon life's golden keys,

And all their melody was hushed for me.

I know that God will wake for me again

Why did my eyes gaze through a mist of tears

Which dropped on that dead flower in tender

Old hopes, old dreams, old joys came back

That sung and sparkled in the summer morn.

I found a faded pansy on the page

Faded away my quiet fireside nook.

And still, day after day, Fogg labored on in the security of the barn, his nearest neighbors amusing themselves by listening to the pounding of his hammer, and remarking to one another that it was too bad, the affliction that had befallen

One evening Fogg rushed into the presence of his wife and exclaimed, tri-"It's done, at last!" Mrs. Fogg straightened up and looked at her husband.

"What is 'done at last,' Mr. Fogg? she asked. "Why, the flying-machine, of course," was the reply. Mrs. Fogg regarded her husband pity-

ingly, for a few moments. "Mr. Fogg." she remarked, finally, with a rising inflection, "do you mean to say that you have gone and wasted two weeks' valuable time trying to build

a flying-machine?" Mr. Fogg said that he did mean it, but as for the time being wasted, he denied this, and he entered into such a spirited and eloquent explanation of his great invention and its workings, that Mrs. Fogg herself became enthused to such an extent as to allow of her being prevailed upon to go down to the barn and take a look at the machine.

What she saw there it will be impossible to describe with any degree of accuracy. Only Fogg could do that, and, I verily believe, if he were sitting here in my place, doing the describing act himself, that he would be unable to do the case full justice. Suffice it to say that he had constructed a thing having a wicker frame, made so as to just fit upon his back, after the fashion of a saddle, with straps or bands to buckle around his body, while two monstrous wings, also made of wicker-work and covered with thin cloth, were attached to the fame, and on each side, by hinges. On the lower side of each wing were two stout leather loops, through which the operator was to thrust his arms and by means of which he was to work the wings up and down when in the act of flying. It was a great invention-so Fogg said, and he ought to know something about it, having made the machine, but Mrs. Fogg was skeptical. Women always are skeptical and suspicious of

any thing which they do not under-But Fogg was so enthusiastic that Mrs. Fogg couldn't find heart to give vent to all the doubts which she experienced regarding the power of this thing to overcome the force-of gravity and sail through space like the birds of the air, with a passenger-presumably Fogg, dangling beneath like a huge worm in the bill of one of those same birds; so she held her peace, kept still, serene in the thought that if Fogg, in his flight through space on the backor rather, beneath the body-of his wild, untamable flying-machine, should accidentally knock the cupola off the state house on Venus, or butt his brains out against the southwest corner of

Jupiter, he would have no one to blame for it but himself. But Fogg experienced no misgivings; had no fears. He was so tickled over the successful completion of his flyingmachine that he slept scarcely a wink that night, and he was up with the larks next morning, making preparations for what he thought was going to be the

greatest lark of his life. After breakfast he got his flying-machine out of the barn, and, accompanied by Mrs. Fogg, went down back of the hog-lot to a high bluff which was there. From this point Fogg decided he would take a rise in the world, and in the estimation of his neighbors and the public at large as well.

out, but, owing to certain unexpected | cholv."

developments, he-but there! we'll go ahead and tell you all about it. Fogg took off his coat and got down on his hands and knees, while Mrs. Fogg placed the flying machine upon his back and strapped the same securely to his body. Then Fogg ran his arms through the loops on the under side of the wings, arose to his feet, took up a position on

the edge of the cliff, and was all ready to do the great flying act. Mrs. Fogg looked over the edge of the cliff to the ground thirty or forty feet below and shuddered.

"Joshua," she said, "you had better Rough winds no longer shook the dripping give up this foolish notion of yours. If trees, Whose leafless branches smote my lattice you jump over there you'll be killed I heard instead the drowsy hum of bees Fogg was feeling rather dubious him-Among the roses in a winding lane. June's mellow sunshine lay on all the land: I saw the starry eyes of daisies shine

self, but he wouldn't let on to his wife. "Oh, pshaw!" he said, "there's no dan ger whatever That's where the beauty of my invention comes in. Without it This purple pansy found its way to mine. to jump oil of here would swely result Ah, me! To think of all the lonely tears in a broken neck, but with it there is My eyes have wept since that blue summer not the least danger-so here goes!" and suddenly spurring himself on to the When, flushed with trembling hopes and girldeed, he shut his eyes, gave a big flap with his wings and jumped with all his

might straight out into space, while Mrs. Fogg gave a scream and fell to the ground in a faint, her last thought being that she was a widow and would have to wear black for six long months. Fogg had flattered himself that all he would have to do would be to flap his wings and sail through the ethereal blue, but he soon found that he had bit off more than he could chew. He flapped his wings just once-before he sprung over the bluff. After that he couldn't make the 'tarnal things flap to

save him. The wind, as he shot down

through space, quickly turned the flap-

pers up edgewise, and, try as he would, Fogg could not get them down again. He was as helpless as a spitted frog, and very much resembled one. Down he went, for, it seemed to the falling inventor, an eternity, or the larger half of thirteen minutes, at least. He heartily repented of ever having invented, but repentance had come too late to do him any good. A vine, growing upon an outjutting portion of the bluff, caught Fogg's feet, and turning him a complete somersault, landed him in the bushy top of a big elm tree grow ing at the foot of the bluff, and inventor, ng-machine and all went era through the branches of the tree like a baby hurricane, the bewildered Fogg alighting finally on his intellectual cocoanut in the mud, going in up to his shirt collar and whopping over onto his back, where he lay still, dazed, senseless for the time being, while leaves, twigs and small branches of the tree,

upon him and almost buried him from Here he was found presently by his wife, who had recovered from her fainting fit and hastened down to the foot of the bluff by a roundabout route, and she managed to bring the unlucky inventor to and get him to the house and to bed,

severed by the great inventor and his

wonderful flying-machine in their some-

what hurried descent, snowered down

where he remained for a week. He was a badly demoralized and dilapidated specimen of humanity. Every muscle and tendon in his body was strained his nose was knocked out of plumb, several fingers and a thumb were broken, and, to crown all, his backbone had "telescoped" when he alighted upon his head, thus causing a loss of about six inches in height-no

small matter to a man only five feet tall The flying-machine had caught be tween two limbs of the tree as it came down, and, the straps breaking, had become disengaged from the inventor, and it remained there a source of wonderment and terror to the birds of the forest until Fogg was able to navigate again, when he came down, secured the great invention, took it to the house

and chopped it up into kindling wood. Fogg may at some future time be again taken with the fever for inventing, but if he is he will probably not try to invent another flying-machine. Should he do so, however, one would be perfectly safe in betting big odds that he will get some one else to give it the first trial.-S. A. D. Cox, in Drake's

Magazine. A MOONSHINER'S REVENGE. Plot for a Sensational Novel from the

Georgia Court Records. A few years ago among the moon shiners in the Fulton County prison was Walter Blackman, says the Atlanta Journal. On the night of December 12 Blackman and Miss Lulu Hicks were to be married. The guests had all arrived, among whom was a young man named George Blakesley, who had been a suitor for Miss Hicks' hand. Blakesley was a mountaineer himself, or had been, but had lately traveled about considerably. The justice was preparing his papers and the bride and groom made their appearance from an adjoin-

ing room. There was a sound of horses' feet upon the frozen ground outside. More guests arriving? In a few moments a dozen revenue officers armed to the teeth entered the room and placed Blackman under arrest. The bridegroom was taken to Atlanta, and there was no wedding.

At the trial Blakesley was the principal witness, and he testifled as to how he had pointed out the spot where Blackman's still was located and then told the officers of the wedding. Blackman was sentenced to twelve nonths' imprisonment. As soon as the

trial was over Blakesley hastened back to the home of Miss Hicks and told her that her lover had been sent to prison for life. For three months afterward Blakesley pressed his suit, and Miss Hicks finally married him. It may have been Blakesley's intention to wait until the twelve months had nearly expired and to then move to

some other place with his wife. At the

end of six months Blackman was par-

doned, and the story of the interrupted wedding had something to do with the executive clemency Blackman went to his home and was told of Miss Hicks' marriage. He placed a Winchester on his shoulder. rode over to where Blakesley was living, and calling him to the door, shot him through the heart. Riding hastily away he disappeared in the woods and has never since been seen.

-Amanda M. Douglas, the popular novelist, is one of the few living writers It was his intention to fly out over the | who knew Edgar A. Poe personally. river, circle around over the village, and | She says of him: "His voice was low, return to the starting point with great but exquisitely modulated, he never eclat and flapping of wings. Yes, that laughed and seldom smiled, and when was the programme Fogg had mapped he did his smile was sweet but melan-

A glove, dropped from my lady's hand-

Dearest hand, so smooth and slender, Its palm so white, so dainty fair. Clasping mine with pressure tender. The rosy wrist, the perfect arm,

This empty length did late incase— Their beauty only rivaled by The charm of her beloved face. It is not theft to hide it safe, Locked with the treasure of my heart; h! would I could its wearer keep

Thus for myself, from all apart. That selfish man stole my new glove, Not that I really ought to care; But gloves are quite expensive things-

'Twas one of a five-dollar pair. ALL IN AN EVENING.

The Lame Arm Materially Assisted in Important Eventa.

"Why, no," said Mrs. Warren, rather primly and with a faint frown on herpleasant, well-favored face; "I can not say I think her pretty, Dr. Collins. She is too-buxom and too vividly colored,

so to speak." "She has vivid coloring, certainly," said the doctor, leaning forward from his seat beside Mrs. Warren on the sitting-room lounge to view the gay quartette in the parlor-to wit: Mrs. Warren's adopted niece, Marian Morgan, petite, delicate-featured, straight-nosed. soft-eyed; Marian's friend, "Dolly" Taylor, tall and plump, red-checked, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed; James Fuller, the clever young lawyer of the place, tall, rather dignified, already a member of the school board and talked of for State Representative, and Ned Seely, not of the place, but recently from the West, shorter and not so dignified, but humorous and jolly and energetic, if

somewhat unconventional. That was the quartette, and a thoughtful observer might have remarked Mrs. Warren and Dr. Collins, who had a settled habit of dropping in, made six. "Jim Fuller," the doctor added,

'doesn't appear to be criticising her. He seems pretty well suited." Was the doctor faintly malicious? Mrs. Warren was ambitious and proud of her handsome niece; James Fuller was much respected, and steadily rising and prospering. Yet here was Marian's bouncing school-friend blandly monopolizing him, and Marian talking with

The doctor put up his hand to cover a Mrs. Warren cleared her throat so distressedly that the doctor feit a pang

jocund Ned Seely in a corner.

of remorse. "Marian is fond of her." she said. stiffly, "and I have nothing against her." ("Excepting Fuller being struck with her." thought the doctor.) "But the type of girlhood that best suits me

is not hers." She looked at dainty, quiet Marian. Ned Seely's right arm was stiff in the elbow, and he was relating to Marian how it had been hurt. He had been wrestling with an obstinate mustang out in Wyoming-and Marion was laughing so much that it was difficult for Mrs. Warren to believe her

remarked, shifting the subject; "bright as a dollar " "Possibly," said Mrs. Warren, icily smiling. "I think him too talkative and fond of joking. I hardly approve of

If he were joking with Dolly Taylor, the doctor thought, it would be all The doctor had been a widower for about the length of time that Mrs. Warren had been a widow. Possibly there was a link between them and a

reason for his clairvoyancy as to her innermost desires. "What are they up to?" he queried, catching a stray word in Dolly Taylor's gay voice. "Are they going a-sliding?" "Yes," said Mrs. Warren, with a harassed sigh. "It was Mr. Seely's idea, and a harum-scarum plan I consider it. I am afraid it will be too much for

Marian." "Too much what? Too much of Ned Seely?" thought the doctor, irrepressibly, and wished he dared say it. But Mrs. Warren was in the parlor, troubled and fidgety, and the doctor

The quartette was making preparations. Dolly Taylor was winding a white scarf around her fair head; her blooming face shown forth from it like a rose. Marian was buttoning her long cloak down her trim length with her bluemittened fingers; Mr. Fuller was getting on his overshoes, and Ned Seely, while making unkind jokes about their size, was putting on his muffler with a joyous flourish, his eyes on Marian. The two big sleds waited out in the moon-

light. The doctor followed his hostess, just in time to witness her desperate but determined suggestion. She had accompanied the four to the hall door and stood there, straight and almost rigid in her anxiety, a wary, petticoated gen-

eral. "Mr. Fuller," she said, "I want to ask you to draw Marian to the hill and home again. You have a lame arm, Mr. Seely." (Marian was starting away with Mr. Seely.) "I don't wish her to walk in all this snow. Her shoes are

thin-" "Why, I have my rubbers, Aunt Sarah!" said Marian, in gentle wonder. But the young lawyer bowed politely -"Certainly!"-and assisted Marian to his sled and tramped off with long strides, and Ned Seely followed with Dolly Taylor.

lieved sigh and a victorious smile.

Dr. Collins not only smiled, but laughed outright, and then attempted to disguise the laugh in a yawn. "Well, I've still got to see to Judge Branch's gout to-night," he observed, getting into his own pose I leave my medicine-case here till I come along back? I shan't need it for the judge; I shall advise him to eat less. Then I can see if the youngsters get

Mrs. Warren shut the door with a re-

home safe," said the doctor, with a faint grin. "Very well," sald Mrs. Warren, with the calm dignity which the doctor had always admired. The long hill was white and hard and

shone bright in the moonlight. Behind

the black pines rose, and somewhere

among them an owl hooted distantly. "Ghostly!" said James Fuller. "You aren't afraid of ghosts, Miss Morgan?" said Ned Seely. "Not with me for pretection?" -- -

"Ch. no!" said Marian, laughing TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT. "If I should see a ghost, Mr. Fuller," cried Dolly Taylor, "I'm afraid I should

pinch you black and blue! Once when I was driving with my cousin we saw something white in the road and I clutched his arm till-"

"Ab! you did?" said Mr. Fuller, in a "Oh, for a ghost!" low voice. How, alack! had it come about? He was placing her carefully on his sled for their flye-and-fortieth coast together looking down rather fixedly into her glowing face as he did so. And Ned Seely and Marian were half way down the hill, going at so breathless a rate that Marian put forth a timid, unconscious hand, to be warmly grasped. though not so unconsciously, by her

cavalier. By what subtle, irresistible means, then, had it come about? "I'm afraid it's late," said Marian, borne easily up the slope on Ned's muscular left arm.

He looked at his watch. "Half-past six," he said, unblushingly, and was rewarded by Marian's sweet toned mirth. "For shame, Dolly!" she called to the

lagging pair behind. "We must go. It must be ten o'clock." "Oh!" cried Dolly, with a gurgling laugh, "and I've a letter to write to and science, art and the industries flourmamma, and-all my bangs to put in curl-papers."

Just there the snow had been worn to the slipperiness of ice, and her foot | and thousands of strangers drew near slipped. Down she came with the substantial thud of a hundred and thirty pounds, and did not rise. James Fuller bent above her.

"Hurt?" he gasped, with an arm around

her-which may have accounted for Dol-

Yes," she rejoined, promptly. "You don't think I would continue in this humiliating attitude if I wasn't hurt. My ankle's sprained." "Oh, Dolly!" Marian faltered in pity. "Miss Taylor!" James Fuller murmured.dropping on his knees beside her

but the pretty, plucky victim laughed,

v's calmness.

"I sha'n't die, you know," she assured them. "I shall merely be laid up for-Ouch! but it twing es!" "I must take you home," said her at sendant, in the depths of year ning anxiety, "and get the doctor."

The doctor," said Ned Se

ble to be found in the neighborhood o Mrs. Warren's." Dolly was already lifted in James Fuller's long arms, and-he was pos sibly rather slow about it-put gently on his sled.

He tucked her scarf more closely about

ier throat, with proprietary coolness retored her muff, settled her cloak warmabout her feet, and strode away with Ned Seely turned his good-looking, genial face to the quiet, handsome girl

who clasped his arm, and laughed:

ou see. I've a lame arm." Maria struggied with a sense of duty and a pang of mortification-she had so hoped he hadn't seen through it! Then she laughed, with her head low; but he bent his own until he could see her face.

"Never mind," he said. "Marian, she

"I shouldn't be able to pull her home,

we should pause for that? Not if we "He's an amusing fellow," Dr. Collins care for each other, dear girl! And we "Miss Taylor," Mr. Fuller was saving. far ahead in the moonlight, running the risk of obstacles in his path by turning his tall head constantly backward-"Miss Taylor, I must begin with an apology. You haven't known me longand I don't know how you regard me,

> heart. If you don't pick up mine and take care of it, Miss Taylor-"I-don't know," said Dolly, with a sober face. "Did it-has it occurred to you, Mr. Fuller-oh, look out for that stone-have you thought that-that Mrs. Warren seems-seems-Oh! dear.' "Without conceit," said James Fuller, grimly smiling -"yes; Mrs. Warren does seem. But it has likewise struck you, I presume, Miss Taylor, that Miss Mor-

but a man knows when he's lost his

gan doesn't seem?" "Not a bit," said Dolly, through a bubbling laugh. "There you have it, Dolly," said Mr. Fuller, with the conciseness of a legal practitioner; "what kind of a ring do you want-one diamond or more

Dr. Collins, creditably to Ned Seely's

powers of observation, was at Mrs. Warren's when the quartette returned. Mrs. Warren, meeting them at the door, looked askance at the manner of their returning. "Dolly sprained her ankle, Aunt Sarah," said Marian. "And I couldn't draw her home with

my lame arm," said Ned Seely.

It was all over; one glance of Mrs. Warren's apprehensive eyes told her so. But when the sprain had been set, and the young gentlemen had at last gone, and the doctor had helped Dolly upstairs, and Marion had gone, too, the doctor yet remained. He joined Mrs. Warren, in their ac-

customed manner, on the sitting-room

"Sarah," he said, "the power of love is beyond the paltry control of the mightiest of the earth. Is it not?" "Yes." said his hostess, sighing; but her voice had a softened unsteadiness. "Ned Seely," the doctor added, without apparent connection, "is the smartest young fellow I know; owns his own ranch out West by his own efforts. He'll

make a fine husband for any girl."

"I trust so," said Marian's aunt. "But Wyoming," said the doctor, "is a good way off. Of course you can visite but I fear you would be lonesome between times if-it were not for me. I. think, Sarah, you had better adopt me. in Marian's stead, don't you?" "I will consider it," said Mrs. Warren, losing some of her self-possession in a

And she did .- Saturday Night. WOMAN'S FASCINATION.

Stronger Sex to the Gentler.

The power of fascintation inherent in

women may, moreover, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white-haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, loving interest evinced in a lad's affairs by such a one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career.

TRUE GIFTS.

He gives no gift via gives to me Things rich and rave, Unless within the girt he give Of love some share.

He gives no gift who gives to me

If but to make his own heart glad; Such gift is cold. He gives me gifts who, giving such,

My wants would ease, Feeling most pity for my need In lacking these. He gives me gifts most rich and rare

Who gives to me, Out of the righes of his heart, True sympathy.

He gives best ciffs who, giving nought Of world'y stora, Gives me his friendship, love and trust-I made my mi yest. -Laura Harvey, in Chambers' Journal.

THE PRINCESS' WOOING. Marriage of Solomon's Daughter-A Rabbinical Legend.

Who could be happier than Solomon? His land was at peace; his treasury full: his power acknowledged by the nations; his fleet covered the seas; his court attracted the best and wisest. Learning ished. Jerusalem, the capital, shone with unexampled splendor; its temple and ediffees were the glory of the age.

from all corners of the earth. Yet Solomon was ill at ease despite his grandeur. His wisdom, the source of his strength, was also the secret of his weakness. He knew all languages, spoke three thousand proverbs, and sing a multitude of songs. He knew the speech of birds and beasts, and the mystery of trees and flowers. If his knowledge had not passed these limits all would have been well, but it transcended things of earth and penetrated the secrets of the spheres above. It was his familiarity with the stars that gove him poignant unrest. What, then, did the stars tell him? What dreadful catastrophe was threatened his house Those golden-eved forget-me-nots shining in the firmament of blue so peacefully and trustfully, could they presage

power and wisdom, but also with a daughter of surpassing leveliness. When the evening shadows fell upon Zion's hills he loved to sing to her his choicest song. In the morning hours his converse with her was his sole recreation. His soul was knitted to hers. She was his inspiration and solace, as was her mother in the days of his youth. when to wed the maiden of his heart he left throne and people, and wandered, a foot-sore pilgrim, until he met Naama and plighted his troth. The years had passed rapidly since then-as rapidly as the shadow of a bird in flight; but Solomon lived again his old-time romance as he saw Naama's eyes in his daughter's countenance. And the Princess repaid the father's love by a daughter's devo-

One evening as Solomon was observing the stars the thought occurred to him to discover who was destined to be will be disappointed, but is it right that the Princess' husband. Long and intently he gazed at the constellations. Si lent and prefound were his meditations in the watches of the night; and then, just as the first dim light spanned the far East, and the morning stars were singing their cradle-song for the new day, the monarch's heart felt an unaccustomed pang. He read the secret of his daughter's fate. There it stood blazoned on the flery constellation-she was to wed the poorest man in !srael!she, a Princess, and his daughter!

With agonized soul Solomon left his watch-tower. For once the rising day possessed no charm for him. Birdote, flower-fragrance, the music of rippling waters, the magnificence of his surroundings, his books and songs and favorite pastimes, palled upon him. His lovely daughter in vain strove to soothe his disturbed spirit. Each fresh endearment only increased his irritation. Her voice, once so gentle, seemed to him as harsh as the scream of the condor. The maiden's heart was troubled indeed as she noticed the

change in the King, and she withdrew, weeping, from his presence. "It shall not be!" Solomon exclaimed My daughter wed a beggar! A pauper's child to sit upon the throne of David! Nay, I shall defeat the Almighty. I shall-"

And there fell a deep silence on his spirit. A picture from the past arose before his vision. It was a king hurled from his throne on account of his pride, and doomed to wander unknown, and to suffer severe privations, until he had learned to control himself and trust the Almighty. He saw the ring which he gave Ashmodal, and heard the flerce yell of triumphs as the demon ascended the throne, while he - Solomon the Great-sank down, down into an unfathomable abyss. Then another picture arose in memory-the weary fugitive spurned on all sides, famine-stricken and sick at heart, until the lesson of

peace was learned. "Forgive me, forgive me, Almighty!" he cried. "Must I learn again the cost of mortal pride? Forgive me for doubting Thy purposes and measuring my puny powers with the Infinite! Let Thy will be done. I shall watch Thy wisdom and abide by the result. My heart has lost its anguish and its fear."

and inaccessible surrounded it on all sides. People wondered at the build ing, but Solomon continued the work until it was completed. Thither one night he had the Princess brought, and placed her in charge of seventy aged | the man began to swear about Washoustedians. "This shall be your home," said he to the eldest and trustiest. "It is pro-

Upon the rocky sea-coast Solomon had

a lofty tower constructed. Walls high

vigilant. Your head shall be the price The days, the weeks, the months flew by. One night a poor traveler was wandering along, tired and hungry, his clothing tattered, his heart utterly cast down. At last he could walk no farther, such was his exhaustion, and seeking a spot to rest, he saw the skeleton of an ox in a neighboring field. Thankful for the shelter from the wind, he crept inside, and, with a silent prayer to God, fell asleep. The elements raged without, but he cared not for the storm. He forgot his cares and sufferings in

blossed, restful sleep. While the traveler thus slept, all unonscious of what was preparing for him. Advertising Rates.

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ously executed at lowest prices. Den't you forge a huge bird with mighty pinions alighted from the distant hills, and lifting up the skeleton with the youth at rest, bore them aloft to the very top of Solomon's tower. The burden then proving too heavy, it was set down on the roof before the door of the beautiful Princess. Then the bird flow away with a

shrill scream that awakened the young

traveler. He arose in terror, gazed

about him, and began to walk up and

down the roof, from which he could

descry only the rocks below and the

clouds above. In the distance he saw

the fast-disappearing pinions of the bird that had brought him there, and a sharp pang smote his heart as the full measure of his wretchedness was re-Suddenly he describe a woman advancing toward him. She is young and beautiful, and with a commanding air, yet gracious and kind. It was the

Princess taking her daily strell on the roof, who, astonished at the sight of the youth, exclaimed: "Who art thou? How camest thou here?" "I am a Jew of Acco," was the reply. "It was a bird that brought me."

"But you are tired and tattered," she continued. "Your face bears the marks of misery. You look troubled and suffering. Come, tell me your history. He told her of his wanderings and how he had sunk to rest in the skeleton of an ox, and then of his flight through the air. And she listened entranced to his story, admiring his courage and sympathizing with his sorrows. She had him clothed in new garments. Her servants bathed and annointed him. Then his eyes shone with new radiance and his whole being assumed a lovelier aspect. As they spoke and strolled together kindred tastes were revealed. For the first time the Princess reglized the beauty in her father's words which he had written decades before: "My friend is mine and I am his;" while the youth, as he contemplated the solitary tower and the imprisoned maiden, exclaimed with Solomon: "A tocked-up garden is my sister-bride, a locked-un spring, a scaled fountain!" The north wind blew and the south wind blow. They loved, for both were

"My father's wisdom would discover our hiding-place, and his chieftain Benainh would drag us back to Jerusa-"There is one resource, dearest," he

beautiful to each other and the world

was before them. What should they

do? Fly, and seek happiness in some

"Nay, my beloved!" she exclaimed.

replied, after a pause. "Marry me "Marry you? Yes, that I will; but how can we marry according to the law of Israel? Where is the ink with which to write the marriage certificate?"

"Despair not, beloved. I am prepared

for every emergency." He bared his

arm, and opened a small vein, used his blood as ink and the marriage was secretly solemnized, with the words: "May God be my witness to-day, and the angels Michael and Gabriel." Their spell of happiness was brief. The custodians of the Princess wefe thrown into the wildest consternation when they discovered what had taken place. They stormed, they raged; they threatened. But it was too late to argue with the pair. No more time was to be lost, so they hastily sent the

swiftest-footed of their number to the royal palace, and the story was soon Solomon at once ordered his mantle to be brought. It was of green silk, interwoven with fine gold and embroidered with images of all kinds. He sat upon

it, and swiftly was borne on the wind to

the solitary tower.

"Where is the youth," he cried, as he gained entrance, "who has dared marry my daughter?" "Nay, father," the Princess pleaded. "be not angry with him. Repreach me. but spare him, for love is our master, and thou didst write in thy 'Song of Songs: 'Love is as strong as death."

"So thou art the man who has presumed to marry a Princess!" he exclaimed, scornfully, as the youth was brought to him. "O King, be not too severe. I but obeyed the words of Solomon: 'Many waters are not able to quench love, nor

dwelling-place?" inquired the King.

can the rivers flood it away."

"I am the son of a poor Jew of Acco." was the answer. "Altamar is his name." And the youth's heart grieved as he thought of his family's poverty. "What!" quickly rejoined the King. "The son of Altamar of Acco, the poorest man in Israel?"

"Yes, O King:" and the youth trem-

bled, but regained his courage as he saw

"Who is thy father, and where thy

the Princess step forward and take her place proudly at his side. "He is my husband," she exclaimed, 'according to the laws of Israel. With his blood he has sealed our troth." "He is indeed thy husband and my son," said Solomon, beckening both to approach his throne. "Then art the very man who the stars teld me was destined for my daughter. Thy name, thy lineage, thy estate proclaim thee the

Blessed is Ho who giveth a wife to man." Abram S. Isaacs, in Hurper's Bazar.

same. God is the refer of the universe.

Hailed the President's Driver. "I was in Washington, not long ago," sald a Chicago man in the fover of a theater. "I was in the Pennsylvania depot. A man with a valise in each hand, followed by a woman and three children, was on the platform. The man spied a well-dressed driver on the box of a fine turnout, and called him to drive up and get his family and traps. The driver disdained to notice him until ington's lack of accommodations. Then the driver ceplied: "You may be a mighty big man where you live, but I want you visioned for years to come. There is no | to understand that this carriage belongs door to the fortress, so no one can enter | to the President of the United States without the sentinel's knowledge. Bo and you can't get in it. You better git

> The Worship of Success-There is nothing so abject as the

worship of mere success, unless, indeed, it be the worship of mere wealth. There is nothing lower than to admire and flatter a man simply because he has got on, because he has carried his point, because he has come to be talked about in the way in which he wished to be talked about, and to think soorn of others whose merits and efforts may have been equal to his, or very likely much greater, but whose merits and cfforts have, from some cause or other. not been so lucky as his in gaining the object at which they slined.