JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A PHERMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXIV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

NUMBER 36.

HE PEOPLE'S STORE,

FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.

HE: PITTSBURG: EXPOSITION

Opens Wednesday, Sept. 3.

the Exposition excursion rates on all the railroads to Pittsburg will induce a to visit our city. The managers of the Pittsburg exposition are mak to make it interesting, entertaining and instructive, and in every way stronage of the thousands who will come to see it. to do our part by having a show there. It will be principally of CARPETS, mly represents one of the many departments in our large establishment, we come und see our storerooms on Fifth Avenue, the largest and finest in the on will see the very finest and best Dress Goods of all kinds, Cloaks, Wraps, every discription, in the new stiles for Fall and Winter wear for Ludies

ry Department, with all the new and nobby styles of Hats and Bonnets is g in the way of Fall Underwear, 'Gloves, Hosiery and Trimmings as well, mkets, Fiannels, Comforts, Table Linens, Sheetings and Housekeeping goods, upon piles of the best. You are invited to call and see our store whether hase or not. No pushing or boring to buy, polite and courteous treatmly one price.

CAMPBELL & DICK.

-IN-

Dress Goods.

which we wish to send every ler Samples. Write to us and tell as your needs.

at 25c a yard.

mly 38c, a yard,

44c a yard.

ment in colorings or designs ; ashmere weight cloth, yard.

s of all-wool 50 in. sidesuitings, 75c. quality at

ther, 50 inch, all-wool weight stripe suitings,

mer goods up to the finest made in foreign countries sly for us, our stock is

mmer silks of every dedon in very large varieties. te to our Mail Order De-

9-521 PENN AVE.,



Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA.

FREE of charge. A f. t. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

NO MORE OF THIS!

styles nearly all-wool stripe suitings, 36 inches A lot of double-width cash-

m, new colorings, made specfor us, only 25c. a yard Ill-wool fancy stripes, in e new spring shades, 36 es wide, regular 5c. goods

pieces all-wool mixture gs, 50 in. wide, 36c, a yd. lot of all-wool stripe trichoice colorings, 36 inches

has hundred pieces, everyone s, stripes, cheeks and cross-

LILLY INSURANCE & STEAMSHIP

ISSUED IN GOOD RELIABLE COMPA-NIES AT VERY LOWEST RATES. STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS ISSUED PAYABLE IN ALLIPARTS

LILLY, CAMBRIA CO., PA.



-ELT'S - CATARRH CREAM : BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages HAY FEVER DE Restores the GASE senses of Taste USE

SAW-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES, SHINGLE MILLS, HAY PEESSES, Ac. If you want a First-class SAW MILL, and for Catalogue and special price to introduce

With Modern Improvements. I'm tired of singing to my love That she is like a rose, A glistening pearl, a turtle dove,

That she is like a day in spring, A luscious caramel A humming bird upon the wing, And every other backneyed thing

With burning words I swear That she is like my Sanday vest, The one that fits and suits me best, As doth my Stella fair. Sometimes I tell my only flame

That to my fancy she
Is like a well played base ball game-Such joys goes surging through my frame When her I chance to see. Or else I tell my daffodit.

She's like a new ten dollar bill, It gives me such a gladsome thrill To have her for my own.

-R. H Titherington, in West Shore.

THE WRONG LETTER.

One evening last winter as I was walking up and down the platform at the Lyons railway station, waiting for the departure of the southern express, some one tapped me on the shoulder.

"Where are you going?" he asked "To Nice," I replied. "So am I. My wife is there." "Good, we will go on together."

they arrive at Marseilles." "Yes," replied Jacques, "they are completely used up. 1 can speak from experience, for I once rodu two hundred miles with them.

blonde countess whom you know-for I suspect that you were a liftle in love with her yourself-had been a widow for two years, and it was almost decided that she was to become my wife. "At the time when my story begins it." was authmn, and the countess was at er country-house in the Var. We wrote to each other nearly every day-I, in order to tell her that I adored her; she, o occupy her leisure and give mo erands to do, for I was then in Paris. At ie same time-let those who have not ne Ilkewise cast the first stone-I

as breaking off with another sweetart. That one was not a countess. she was a brunette, and lived in Norme no end of errands to do.

Maxime, who was driving on his way to the Bois. He took me along with him,

"Maxime pulled up his horse, I got down, bought some postage-stamps, slipped the countess' letter into the box, and while putting the stamp on the other letter, I thought I felt some samples of cloth instead of some pieces of silk that it ought to contain. A cold perspiration poured down my face. I opened the envelope. My boy, I had made a mistake. My letter to Louise had gone to the Var, and, as you may imagine, it was simply the breaking off

"Perhaps you think that was an easy matter. The clerk looked at me askance, asked me all sorts of questions, and gave me a sermon on the disadvantages of absent-mindedness. I have not much patience, and I presently got ingry and sent the clerk about his busi-

uaintance who held an important posion in the post-office department. I imped into a cab and went to the head flice: When I got there, I found that my friend was absent on business consected with the new building. Once there, it took me half an hour to find im. We returned to the head office, where I obtained a letter from the minster's secretary that would open all the est-office bags and boxes throughout e branch post-office, it was five-ferty, nd I saw the mail-wagon starting off.

ly letter was, of course, in that wagon. 'I told my cabman to follow the wagen. When we reached the central very politely:

d an hour to sort two or three hundred the world. You will readily understand that it would be impossible to find ; yours in that lot. The best thing for you to do is to go to the mail-car at the station. As you have a ministerial order, the clerks there will find your letter for you."

"I got into the cab and started for the station. As soon as I arrived I went to the car. The clerks wanted to send me to Jericho, but I insisted, and showed my authorization. The head-clerk, thinking probably that I was a detective, said to me: 'Well, sir, get in. Wo will try and arrange your matter after we start. But for the moment I can not

do any thing." "I got into the car, which was already half full of sacks, and they had only begun to arrive. They came from all sides, and sometimes it took two men to raise one of the bags. The car was soon full to the top, and the five clerks | the Bishop of Rochester, who had poi-

squeeze ourselves. And we expected to find a letter in all that mess. I was losing courage, but there was nothing to be said. If the countess received the letter destined for Louise, I should be done

> moreover, a very fine marriage. "Finally all the sacks had arrived. I crouched into a corner where I nearly stifled between dirty leather ponches that had traveled all over Europe. All I could see were the lamps in the top of the car and the numerous pigeon holes for the letters. Suddenly I felt the wheels revolve. We had started. The head clerk came to me and asked what I wanted. I explained to him that I wished to get a letter addressed

Var. " 'In that case it belongs to the Lyons division. We sort these letters after leaving Dijon. Until we arrive there, all you can do is to wait.'

"I will shorten the tale of my misery. Maxime station. It is at that station that the post-office bag for Barjols is left, and my letter had not yet been found! Just at the moment when the train slackened speed the reason was explained. The clerks, seeing what importance I attached to the unlucky letter, concluded that it must be registered, and so they had not looked for it in the ordinary mail.

"There was nothing to be said, for the train had already stopped. The sack for Barjols was thrown out on the platform. I followed it, for I was determined to have my letter.

"I got into the open wagon that was to convey the mail and myself-the only passengers—to Barjols. How it rained With my cane, white waistcoat, and tall hat, you can imagine how I looked. The driver told me that it was about sixteen miles from Saint Maxime to Barjols. We didn't say much to each other on the way-I was too busy with my reflections. We crassed deserted spots, and I was separated from my letter only by the hard board on which I was scated. I could have strangled or bribed the driver, but I had not strength enough left for the first operation; as to the second, I had only a few louis in my pocket, and if I had suborned the driver, I should not have had money enough to

get back to Paris without begging. "At last we arrived at Barjols, a protty little village, containing a thousand inhabitants. I was on the point of going to the post-office to ask for my letter, when a thought came to my mind. What will they say when they

"I decided to be more diplomatic. An hour afterward, when the country lettercarrier left the village of Barjols to go to he chateau, I overtook him, as if by chance, and asked him the way to the countess's residence.

it is nine miles."

him up, and he rolled over into the leep. To jump in after him, under presecure my letter, and stuff it into my my man out of the ditch was not so easy. Just as I was succeeding in my task I heard a noise of rolling wheels along the road. I turned around. The rain had ceased and the countess was com-

ing along in her pony wagon. was equal to my embarrassment, for I had intended to return to Paris without saving a word.

"Well!" she cried; 'what is the

ngs, of which I know so many eximples, and, seized with terror, I tarted at once for your chateau without curning to my house. I love you so

much. Ametia. "I saw her beautiful eyes moisten. As for mine, the cold in my head filled them with tears that were not feigned. Amelia asked me to take a seat beside er, and we drove to the chatcan. This roof of love had touched her, and hen we arrived before the door, she had pronounced the famous 'yes' that she had hesitated to utter for six

"And that is how I came to be married." - Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Loon de Tinsean.

to happy over it," replied her prac-"Who's that?"

"The coroner." "Then I wen't do it," said the obstinate woman.-Chicago Globe,

In a Cow's Stomach. In the stomach of a cow which was outchered at Washington Court-House, O., the following articles were found: Several nails two and three inches long screws, brass nails, carpet tacks and a number of small stones. Therewas fully a quart of these articles in the cow's stomach. The cow was ap-

Execution by Boiling. rue English law formerly prescribed beining where the culprit had committed a crime extremely resolting in its natboiling in England was Rouse, cook to A SUMMER MEMORY.

A dusty roadway, downward leading, Through postures, where the cattle feeding Wade deep in dulses white and yellow. That toss their stars in sunlight mellow. A maid, whose lips are red as cherries, In tangled buthes picking berries, From under her sun-honnet glaneing Sets Cupid's goblins madly dancing.

And while my footsteps slowly warder To lower sweeps, the hill side youder Seems with a brighter glory burning. And woos my eyes to constant turning. A wind gust in the reedy hollow. Where through the swifts each other follow, And to my new-formed wish replying, A kerchief in the distance flying. I pause beside the Hingering river,

Where tall flags in the ripples shiver, And hear a blackbird's merry calling. Down from the upland pasture falling. My pathway leads where silver beeches Shimmer along the meadow reaches, Yet, by some unseen magic holden. My heart clings to the hill-side golden.

For there in sunlight haze she lingers, The kerchief flutters from her flugers, And swift the upland way retracing. hove's subtle vision I am chasing. Ah, surely they are evil-minded, Who say that Fortune's eyes are blinded. For brighter glance, or look more speaking.

Will never answer any seeking. And in the radiant August weather, We two walk down the path together, And give no heed to all the singing. Along the upland pasture ringing. -Thomas S. Collier, in Springfield (Mass.) Re-

COURTSHIP IN ENGLAND.

Love Marriages Not Rare in the Mother Country.

The Queen Herself an Example-Princess Louise of Wales-Broken Eugagements-Doing Away of Class

Distinctions. Virginia M. Crawford, the sister of Sir Charles Dilke and Mrs. Ashton Dilke, writes as follows to the Philadelphia

As I am generally credited, and rightly, with the pessession of advanced views on political and social matters, I feel that I ought to confess at the outset that I am almost a conservative in mat- | years ago would have been regarded as rimonial questions. I believe in marriage as a fundamental basis of society: I believe in the desirability of love marriages, and I even venture to believe in the happiness of the great majority of unions entered into under the present

much- abused marriage system. We have no lack in England-by way of example-of love marriages in the highest rank of life, where the temptations to the marriage de convenance are even greater than elsewhere. That Queen Victoria herself married for love is an established historical fact, and most of her daughters are supposed to have followed her example. But we need not go further back than last season, when the marriage of Princess Louist of Wales to the Duke of Fife was celebrated. It is an open secret that the young Princess had been in love with the Earl for years, and for his sake had declined to entertain the proposals of any foreign royal suitor, and although in this case the pretensions of the detrimental were backed up by a ducal coronet and \$350,000 a year he was none the less a detrimental in the eyes of several members of the royal family, who steadily opposed the match. But the whole sympathies of the Nation were on the side of the future Princess Royal. who has willingly sacrificed a great part of her royal honors for the sake of the man she loves, and who may now be seen shopping in Bond street unattended or driving with her husband in happy tete-a-tete, much like any other young

lady of her age. The English law, unlike that of France, is not framed in such a way as to encourage mercenary unions. Parental consent with us is not a sine qua non, and although an irate father may disinherit his son or daughter he can not legally prevent them from marrying whom they please. Even in cases where one or other of the contracting parties being under age they have recourse to a runaway marriage at a registrar's office, and make a false declaration of age in order to obviate the necessity of producing the father's consent, even then the parents' redress is but a meager one. They can have their rebellious son or daughter condemned to a short term of imprisonment for false swearing, but in no case can the marriage be annulled. On the other hand, a class of titled aristocracy, backed up by the rights of primogeniture, is undoubtedly a direct incentive towards worldly marriages by creating a limited number of exceptionally good 'partis,' for whom ambitious mothers angle dex-

terously on behalf of their daughters, or, worse still, for whom scheming damsels angle for themselves.

chaperon. This freedom of social intercourse ought to be a good safeguard against girls ignorantly linking their fortunes possible to retrieve a false step before ure. The last person to suffer death by it is too late. I am bound to say that,

adopted, might be the means of averting many a domestic tragedy. The time of engagement ought to be a period of mutual probation, and marriage should only ensue if the experiment has been so far satisfactory to both parties.

Considering how rich a country En- | And tired hearts and minds are by it shown gland is, it is extraordinary how poor most English women are-I mean, in their own right. In France hardly a peasant girl marries without a dot; here, even well-to-do fathers seem to expect to marry off their daughters without giving them a penny. This is principally the result of the time-honored English custom of making an eldest son the principal heir-a process which is mainly accomplished at the expense of the young man's sisters. From the purely sentimental point of view, it is no doubt gratifying to a girl to be selected entirely for what she is, and not for what she brings, but I fancy that after marriage the gratification soon fades away before the practical necessity of asking her husband for every shilling she requires. To me, as an ardent believer in woman's rights and woman's independence, the idea is quite odious, and it seems to me a little short of monstrous that a rich man who, in dying, bequeaths say \$40,000 to each of his sons, should consider his daughters amply provided for with £10,000 apiece. Fortunately, in this as in many other things, public opinion is undergoing a change; and I trust that before many years have passed an equal division of property between brothers and sisters alike will become the rule in-

stead of being the rare exception. Another point in recent social development which bears favorably on the marriage question in England is the rapid breaking down of class distinctions and the consequent extension of the field of possible matrimonial choice. The aristocrasy and the county families inter-marry freely nowadays with the professional and upper middle classes. Thus, only a few weeks ago, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Mary Howard, bestowed her hand and heart on Prof. Murray, the clever young Such a union some twenty or thirty a positive mes-alliance, but nowadays it is sensibly accepted as a perfectly suitable matrimonial arrangement. Some discussion has recently taken place as to the proper age at which girls should marry. One of the weekly journals requested its readers to state what in their opinion was the best marrying

age, and of all the answers received the vast majority fixed on twenty-five as the most suitable age, while none mentioned a figure lower than twenty-one. As I myself was married within a couple of months of leaving the school-room, I should not like to be too severe on early marriages, but I feel sure that there is a growing feeling in English society against allowing girls to make their final choice too early in life. It is quite the exception for girls in good society to marry before they are eighteen, although the Marchioness of Stafford and future Duchess of Sutherland entered into the bonds of wedlock on her seventeenth hirthday, and many parents object to their daughters marry ing till they are over twenty. For my part, it seems to me that it is a question impossible to settle by a fixed rule. There are plenty of girls regarding whom it would be very difficult to bring forward any tangible reason either physical or moral to prevent them marrying while still in their teens; on the other hand, there are a large number of English girls-many more, I fancy, than in America-who remain curiously girlish and undeveloped until long after their school years are passed. Under such circumstances mothers ought certainly

their daughters are twenty-three or twenty-four. JEFFERSON'S GRANDCHILD Living in Humble Circumstances and Re-

to defer the marriage question until

fused a Pensian. In Georgetown, D. C., in a humble cottage which rents for twenty dollars a month, lives the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson, says the New York Sun. Her name is Mrs. Septimia Randolph Meikleham, widow of David S. Meikleham, long since dead. She is in her seventy-sixth year, a cultured, amiable, venerable old lady, with two daughters and one som in her household. A luxuriant growth of curly silvery-white hair surrounds her face, which bears a striking resemblance to that of her illustrious grandfather. Her descent from him is direct and clear. Born January 3, 1814, under her grandfather's roof at Monticello, Va., she is the daughter of Jefferson's favorite child and housekeeper, Martha, who married Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., afterward Governor of Virginia, by whom she bore twelve children, all of whom are dead except the eleventh child and seventh daughter, the present Mrs. Meikleham, the only living representative of Jefferson of two removes since her sister, Virginia Jefferson Randolph Trist, died in 1882. Mrs. Meikle am is infirm by reason of advanced age. Her son, a man of artistle temperament, now in middle life, earns scarcely enough for self-support. Of her two dasgiters, both of whom are middleaged, the younger, Miss Esther A. Meikleham, born while her parents were sojourning in Scotland, is employed in the Patent Office as a clerk at a salary of \$1,000 a year, while the other has charge of the housekeeping. Repeated attempts by influential legislators to secure for Mrs. Meikleham a moderate pension have resulted only in faflure. In the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses Representative W. E. Robinson, of New York, introwith one whom it is impossible for them | duced a hill to pay her \$5,000 a year, to love, were it not that to throw over | subsequently amended to \$2,500. Conthe man she is engaged to is regarded gress, however, refused to pass the society as so unpurdenable a crime. I measure on the ground that its enact-It seems to be only just dawning on mentwould set a dangerous precedent people's minds that a small soundal be- for other claims less meritorious for

The Latest Petticont. The latest etticoat is straight from Paris and is untrimmed. It is simply a Well-shaped skirt that looks as if it were made of leopard skin, but it is in reality a brocaded silk representing the skin of the wild beast. It is pleasantly warm to wear and has a barbaric look delightful to the smart girl who likes imagine that she can have a sweetheart brave enough to go out and kill wild animals, the skins of which she may use to keep her pretty self warm. Women to-day are just as fond of thinking that men are brave and capable of | heart. manly sports as they used to be sure of it before the dude, the monocle and the absinthe cocktail were in yogue.

EVERY DAY. O thousand thankless tasks of every day Which are renewed with every rising sun! Until life's against afterimage is done! But now and then a cheerful, kindly tone Gives us new strength to post life's narrow

What pleasantness 'neath common cares it hutb

It seems as if we waste our present strength In thresome walk through common-place If but our steps were pinced in one great length What far off countries would our eyes have

But we'd have found that there as well as here Man wates through triffing round of little And if ambition's whisper charm his ear

Its import's lost in tasks that duty brings. The glory of the martyr's boly crown Sheds no reflection on the teller's brow. Nor here's dear-bought name or assect re-Lend hister to the conquered cares of now, For patience, then, to meet the coming foe, The tiny, vexing cares and frets we pray. So strong and humble-bearted we may go

A RECKLESS MOOD.

To buttle with the form of every day!
-Eva Hest, in Detroit Free Press.

Why Mrs. Dunstan Mourned a Departed Husband.

"There is a limit to even the most patient forbearance. I tell you, Zoe, I can not and will not endure this state of things any longer. If you loved me you would not defy my wishes as you

Speaking thus, Earle Dunstan turned and faced his young wife with a look of sudden and stern determination written on every line of his handsome

But all unheeding this, Zoe flashed her dark eyes upon him derisively, while a short, low laugh of mocking defiance rippled musically from her scarlet lips. "If I loved you!" she echoed, scorn-

fully. "Well, perhaps you are right in saying that. I have often wondered at the strange whim which led me to accept you instead of-" Of Fred Hammond, why don't you say?" he finished, with a bitter sneer, as Zoe paused, a trifle shocked at her own temerity. "You can't deny that it was his name which was on your lips, as it is evidently his image which fills your heart. Fred Hammond, the fascinating Lothario, whose attentions to you last night made you the talk of the rooms, who was an old lover of yours, as everybody knows, and whom you would doubtless be willing enough to

the errors of the past. Can you deny it, "I shall deny nothing," she flashed out, in a white heat of passionate scorn. her large, dark eyes blazing, and her very lips blanched to the hue of a snow-"You have drawn a fascinating picture of what might have been, and it is a thousand pities that it never can be realized. How cruel you are to re-

marry now were you again free to undo

mind me that I am not free to undo the "By heaven, then, you shall be," he retorted, desperately. "From this hour you shall not be troubled with my presence, nor your actions trammeled by my 'tyranny,' as you are pleased to term my consideration for my good name. I am going to leave you forever, Zoe, and as soon as the law permits, you will regain your freedom, and marry the man you love. This is all that is left me to do for your happiness, but it is still something. Thank Goff that I know the truth at last! If I had known it sooner, how much sorrow might have been spared us both!"

He stopped, his voice growing busky and broken toward the last, cast one lingering, passionate look upon the young wife he had loved so well, turned away from her without another word,

and then was gone! Gone! Zoc, listening to the echo of his footsteps down the hall, down the broad, shallow stairs, awoke at last from the trance which had held her since the first word of that terrible speech fell on her ears.

Like one awakening from some deep, strange sleep, she suddenly roused herself and staggered toward the door, holding out her arms with a gesture of passionate auguish and entreaty. "Earle, Earle! come back!" she cried. "I did not mean it. You drove me wild with your cruel suspicions. I love no one-want no ene-but you! I-I-Oh,

God!"-as the great front door below swung to with a heavy crash-"he is gone-gone forever!" The wild, yearning voice, intense with the agony of a breaking heart, whose sound, even at first, had scarcely gone farther than the white, rigid lips through which it passed, suddenly failed-died into silence-and Zoe Dun-

Weeks passed before she knew any thing more of that terrible day. Brain fever had seized upon her, and it seemed many times as though her life must pay the forfeit of her share in

stan, the deserted wife, sunk down upon

the carpet like one stricken by a mortal

its reckless folly. But at last she crept back to life, though for months she was only the shadow of her former self. Brilliant and bewitching, with the effervescent sparkle of champagne in

her lovely eyes, and flushing, rounded cheeks, and dainty, scarlet lips, had been Zoe Dunstan before that ill-fated day. Beautiful she was yet, but that sparkling brilliancy was gone, and a deathless sorrow looked out from marvelous dark eyes, whose witchery had ensuared so many hearts.

When she wis strong enough to bear it, they told her every thing; how they had tried to find her husband when tried discovered her stricken down by that almost fatal shock; how ey had searched vainly for him every-There, only to learn, at last, that he had sailed for Europe on the very day that he had left his wife and home; how, a little later, the world had been startled by the news of an awful disaster-the noble ship on which he had taken passage had been wrecked in mid-ocean, and Earle Dunstan's name was among the list of those who were

known to be lost. Zoe listened to the awful tale in pitiful silence. Her lovely face grew a shade paler and sadder than before, if that were possible, and she sat for awhile with her dark eyes staring straight before her, and both small,

white hands clasped tightly over her dear face again. Now the lonely, re- live forever? -Fliegende Blatter.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-mara Francian commendalt to the favorable con-sideration of advertisers, whose favors will be in-serted at the following low rates:

1 year 6 months. 1 year

Business items, first insertion 10c, per line; each subsequent insertion 5c, per line.
Administrator's and Executor's No decd..... 250 Auditor's Notices.

ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forme

morseless sea would hide it from all other eyes as well as hers. After all, perhaps, she would rather have it so. But three years passed away, and Zoo, after a long period of mourning and seclusion, once more began to mingle with the world.

Again she was mentioned in society as "the beautiful Mrs. Dunstan," and again her eager admirers and suitors thronged around her.

Among them was, and over had been. Fred Hammond, the handsome, dashing fellow whose admiration for her in the

past had led to that fatal quarrel. To him she was always colder than to any other man in the whole circle of acquaintance, yet her coldness did net daunt him from trying again and again to win the love he had vainly sought

before her marriage. "You must learn to look kindly on my suit in time," he urged once more, after many failures. "He is gone, and it is foolish, nay, it is terribly wrong, to waste your whole life in useless mourning for him. Oh, Mrs. Dunstan -Zoe, dear Zoe-try to forget-try to care a little for one who has loved you so long and faithfully as L"

Zoe sighed wearily. How often she had told him the same old story-that she never could forget

the one she had loved and lost. But she was on the eve of starting on a long journey throughout Europe and the East with some old friends-Mr. and Mrs. Seymour-and perhaps this would put a final end to the annoyance. "You are asking still in vain, Mr. Hammond," she answered, calmly,

with the usual touch of coldness in her voice. "And it must ever be in vain, were you to ask the question every day to the end of our natural lives. I have no love to give to you-I never had. I loved Earle Dunstan only, and I shall never forget him or cease to love his nemory, I - But here comes Mrs. symour; let us say no more about it. Only this-you have my final, irrevecable answer. Never mention love to me againf'

"Ab, my dear Zoe," murmured Mrs. eymour, half-repreachfully, as Fred Hammond bowed himself away with a white, despairing face, "I'm afraid you are really doing a foolish thing. I heard enough to know that you refused that poor fellow for the fiftieth time. and he absolutely worships you. Don't you really think that you have mourned poor Earle long enough? It can never bring him back, you know," she added, gently.

"No. it can do nothing but prove the love he doubted when he left me." sighed Zoe, drearlly. "But that man" and her dark eyes turned, with a flash of scorn, toward Fred Hammond's distant, retreating form-"why, his professions of love but seem like sacrilege to me! It was on his account that we had that fatal quarrel which drove my husband to his death. No, no, dear Mrs. Seymour, no living love-much less his -shall ever take the place of my poor

For months the little party of tourists vandered about the Old World, and at length found themselves in one of the famed picture galleries of an Italian As they strolled slowly along, stopping now and then to examine some work of striking merit, Mrs. Dunstan,

Earle's memory!"

to face with a handsome, noble-looking man, whose proud, stern face and sad, blue eyes changed at sight of her, as though she had been a ghost. And she? She grew so deathly white and faint that Mrs. Seymour, who stood near and saw it all, thinking her about

happening to turn abruptly, came face

o fall, hastily passed her arm around Zoe's slender waist. But the young widow did not faint: the very strength of her emotion re-

vived her and kept her up. "Earle!" she gasped, in a strained, unnatural voice. "On, is it you? I-I thought you dead!" "Did you?" he retorted, with the old sitterness, mingled now with a sad pathos indescribable. "Oh, no, I have merely been dead to you. I left you for cour own bappiness, you remember. And you-you have secured it, I suppose? The law would not refuse a deserted wife her freedom and the right to marry again. By the way"-glancing

blue eyes—"shall I have the honor—" "Earle!" broke in Zoe, proudly, There is no other -never has been, and never will be. I mourned you at dead. for years, for I believed you lost at sea with the rest who went down on that doomed ship. It was a mistake. Oh, the joy-

about him with a proud disdain in his

Her sweet voice wavered, and again Mrs. Seymour thought she was going to faint. But this time Earle Dunstan took his wife by the arm and led her still farther from the small crowd, who had not perceived the little drama going on so near them. "And you have never married, belleving me dead all these years?" ha asked, his low, deep voice filled with wondering tenderness. "Oh. Zoo, forgive me-forgive me, my darling! But

dear. I was rescued from the wreck, but was ill and sonseless for long weeks afterward. I did not know that I was reported lost, but I should not have cared. I thought you would seek your freedom in time, and so I have wandered about, asking no questions, and only trying to forget. And oh, Zoe, you did love me, your husband, instead-"Well, if you had heard her refuse a ertain gentleman, as I did " smiled

never knew that you thought me dead,

you would never doubt that fact again, Earle Dunstan." "God helping me, I never will, Mrs. Seymour," he answered, fervently. "But you had some apparent cause to doubt me then, Earle," added Zoe; and then, with passionate carnest-

Mrs. Seymour, whom they had rejoined,

ness: "God helping me you never shall again."-Family Story Paper. That Which Is In a Name. General Sherman is looking into a show window. Out comes the proprietor and says: "How do you do, General?" "Very well, sir; but I don't remember "General," says the proprietor. as the General tells it, "I made your shirts," "Ah!" says the General, "I am happy to meet you." Then comes up an old friend of the General and introduces the two. "General, let me make

light to his ears and understanding. -Peddler-"Buy this pistol, sir?" He had forsaken her forever, and she "What should I do with a pistol?" could never have hoped to look on his Good heavens, man, do you want to

you acquainted with Major Schurtz."

Ahlo says the General, with a new

Allays Pain ad THE RICH OF YOUR PARTY. or illustrated circular to IRET, JR., & CO.,

Try the Cure. HAY-A particle is applied into each nestrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Bruggists; by mail registered, thects. ELY BRUS, 56 Warren St., New York. LUMBER IS ADVANCING.

A. B. FARQUAR, (Limited), York, Pa. BONANZA MAGENTS SAMPLES FREE

idren Shawls of all kinds, and the latest fashions in Ladles' and Misses'



"COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with Call for the "Colchester" ADHESIVE COUNTERS"

ROBERT EVANS,

UNDERTAKER, AND MANUFACTURER OF and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, Ebensburg, Pa.

War A fall line of Caskets always on hand. Wa Bodies Embalmed

AGENCY. FIRE INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES.

J. B. Mullen, Agent,

CUT PROM NTEEL SOMETHING NEW. GARDENS, Gates, Arbers, Window Guards, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO Hardware Men keep it. Give name of this paper

IEO. A. SCOTT, New York City Dra Charless & Hoan, of the Christian of the Christian Chris THE DOVE SONG.

A star that shines in Heaven above. The fulrest flower that blows; That lovers know so weil.

So, now-in earnest, not in jest-

Who says she's mine alone

How My Friend Got Out of a Very Bad Predicament.

I turned and saw my friend Jacques. We continued walking up and down the platform, talking about one thing and another. As we passed before the mail-car I said to Jacques: "What a hard life those postal-clerks lead. They must be in a terrible state when

You have traveled in a mail-car! "I well tell you. It's a curious story and one that concerns my marriage." We took our places, the signal was given, and the train started. Then Jacques told me the following story: "At that certain epoch a certain

mandy. Poor Louise! In one respect she resembles the countess—she gave "One morning the porter brought me two letters and two lists of things to get. Happily, I could fill both orders at the Louvre. I ate my breakfast and wrote my replies-one very fervent for the countess; the other, calm and cool for Louise. Then I started for the Louvre. I selected the samples repuested, put them into the unscaled on velopes, closed both letters, and placed them in my pocket. As I was coming out of the Louvre I met our friend

began to tell me some of his stories, and I had quite forgotten my two letters, when a branch post-office at the corner luckily refreshed my memory.

of my marriage. "There was no time to weigh the probabilities. I told Maxime to con tinue his drive alone, and went back nto the office to try to undo my stupid

"I remembered that I had an ac o country. But when I got back to

office at the Tuileries, I showed my ninisterial paper. They said to me, Well, sir, we have three-quarters housand letters that go to all parts of

and myself did not know where to I sound seventeen persons. ...

for. I was very much in love, and it was,

to the Chateau of Beillous, near Barjols,

At ten in the morning I arrived at Saint

see a gentleman coming from Paris in a pouring rain, with a cane for his only dece of baggage, and presenting a minsterial order for a letter addressed to Countess X., well known throughout the neighborhood? The story would soon spread all over the place and the countess would be sure to hear it.

" 'I am going there,' he replied; 'if you like to come along with me, do so; "Nine miles! My patent-leather shees trembled at this announcement. Nevertheless, I started along through the mud. We stopped at each inn and I invited my companion to refresh himself. He kept up well until the fourth village an his route, but after that he was tipsy. As we passed along by a ditch, apparently by accident, I tripped opening, which was about three feet tense of helping him out, open his box, pocket was the work of a minute. To get

"How she recognized me in the state I was in, I do not know yet. But she did recognize me, and her stupefaction

satter? How did you get into such a "It was the moment when a man should, if ever, exercise a little imagin-"Do you believe in presentiments?" I said to her in a voice made thick by a rightful cold in the head; 'yesterday, it the very moment when I went to put letter for you into the post-office, I distinctly heard my name pronounced y you in an agonized tone. I thought was one of those mysterious warn-

Not in a Pleasing Mood. "Do you suppose anybody would be sorry if I should kill myself?" asked There's one person who would be

parently in good health before being butchereda

In England a man almost invariably asks the girl herself to marry him before appealing to her father for his consent. When once the engagement is an accomplished fact the lovers are allowed ample opportunities for making each other's further acquaintance. The whole family co-operate in giving them a wide berth, and they may spend hours every day alone in each other's company, either in the house or walking or riding together, as the case may be. Such liberty, which would make a French mother's hair stand on end, is perfectly 'comme il faut" in England. The young couple even travel and pay visits in each other's company, the flancee accompanied by her maid, if she should happen to be possessed of that appendage, but oftener still quite without a

fore marriage is preferable to a big civil pensions. scandal after marriage. A charming novelist, Sir Henry Cunningham, whose delightful sketches of life in India are widely read, has just published a clever novel about London society, "The Hestin which he makes the heroing, Olivia, deliberately juit the rion young man to whom she is betrothed. His view is that society ought to help a girl out of the wretched dilemma in which she is placed, when she discovers that her engagement is a mistake, instead of rendering it, as at present, almost imwhile strongly deprecating rash and hasty betrothals, I feel great sympathy

for Sir Henry's view, which, if generally