** Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop-

VOLUME XXVII.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.

NUMBER 24.

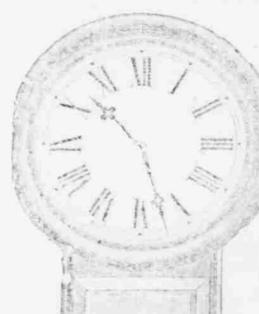
Seventh Annual \$8 Suit Sale.

Double Breasted Light Suit from \$15 to \$8. Elegant Black Worsted Suit from \$15 to \$8. Nice Blue Serge Sack Suit from \$15.50 to \$8. Cheviot Suit, Black or \$15,000 of the above Suits of all the Lalest Styles, Newest Shades and ranging. tome early and get first choice of the Greatest Bargain Sale rou ever lived to see and to fully appreciate you must purchase and wear one of D. GANSMAN'S SEE SUITS.

D. GANSMAN, LARCEST CLOTHIER, HATTER AND FURNISHER. THIS ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA.

CARL RIVINIUS.

---AND DEALER IN-



STREET STEELS IN THE PERSON

JEWELRY,-

Optical Goods

Sole Agent

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders

ARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on band.

1997 My line of Jowelry is ansurpassed to me and see for yourself before purchas. ng elswhere. ALL WORK GDARANTERD AT

CARL RIVINIUS Emmsbarg, Nov. 11, 1885 -tf.

"Seeing is Believing." must be simple; when it is not simple it is words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and university of the control of th not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good-these it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either. Look for this stamp-Tim Rochester. If the lamp dealer has not the gennine

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City. 类 "The Rochester."





50c the sores. Sold by drangists or sent by must on receipt of price. 50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Streat NEW YORK. 50c



Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLOR CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

This weit known and tong established Shaving Pariets now heated on Centre street, op the five fivery stable of Chara, Paris & Lorin STEER ST. STATES TO CALCUST COMMENTS Hore SHAVING HAIR CUTTING I AMPRICIAL and Comment. Comments because a percent was a percent. The comment of the

JAMES H. GANT.

CASSIDAY'S

THIS well known Shaving Parlor is torated on I tentre street near the Country ball has re-cently teen handsomely remunished papered, and fitted with every modern convenience, and is one of the profilest, neatest, and took shope in Northern Cambria. It is in charge of compe-tent work me.

Shaving Parlor, Shaving Parlor,

BOBERT CASSIDAY,

Main Street, Near Post Office

on. The undersigned desires to inform the pub-Northern conveniences, and Man street, heat they have opened a shaving par or on Man street, near the part office where barbering tent work men won will give every attention to customers. Your partchage solicited Your patronage solicited. FEES BROS.

Durk cloud-folds wave above us,

A BRIGHTER MORROW

Bear down upon the forest, And sweep along the plain: They break their shining lances

Against our loved retreat. And trample our sweet blossoms With swift, unsparing feet; Yet will our hearts be joyous,

So, when our lives are darkened,

And clouds of ill hang o'er, Will fill the world no more. " Let not your hearts be troubled." Still kindly sayeth He Whose mandate hushed the waters

He brings the baim of Gilead To beal the wounds of sorrow; At fils beliest, there cometh rest-There'll be a brighter morrow.

And is the journey long Dear sister, dost thou faiter. Has sorrow stilled thy song!

The clouds are rolling by, The giorious "bow of promise" Hancs in the eastern sky! The heaven will be sweeter For days of earthly sorrow; The storm will cease, there cometh peace-

There'll be a brighter morrow! -Andrew Downing, in Inter Ocean.

ON THE WAY HOME.

The Happy Ending of a Pleasant Summer Vacation. "Good-by, girls, good-by! I don't

cnow how to thank you. I feel as grateful as the midgets who profit by the fresh air fund. Yes, of course I'll write, and-be sure to come out and ec me as soon as you can-good-by!" Dorothy Adams spoke rather sorrowfully and leaned out of the ear window with reckless disregard for passing trains to catch the last glimpse of the merry party of girls who were waving

good-by. Was it really the end of her beautiful summer?

She settled back in her chair and tried to prepare herself for what looked such an unpromising future; but try as she would her thoughts went back to her life that summer so different from mything she had ever before exserienced. Queerville, Dorothy's home, is a de-

lightful little place, just far enough from Boston to be independent of it. and in this respect it is wonderfully like its inhabitants, who, having themselves or their ancestors lived in Queerville for the past two hundred years or more, are sufficient unto themselves and perhaps a triffe contemptuous of these who have not had such ad-

The academy at Queerville, like everything and almost everybody else, is an institution of age, and for many years an Adams has been master there. And it has long been the regret of Dr. Adams' life that Dorothy, his daughter, should not have been Jonathan, his son, so that Queerville could be spared the shock of seeing a Smith

cossibly even a Jones-as his sec-But during the last few years strange otions had crept into Queerville, and Dr. Adams had willingly grown to think that in these days of woman's advancement it would be most fitting for Dorothy, whom he had given a most classical training and who had thrown herself heart and soul into his workfor Dorothy herself to become in time "master" of Queerville academy. To this project Dorothy had given ager assent, and it was after no little

eading that her Philastine coasin Bidwed, who lived in Boston, had won over Docothy and her father to her Accordingly the last day of June had ound Dorothy with the Wards aboard the boat bound for Bar Harbor, and perhaps her gratitude had been shad-

aved by the thought that it was some-

thing of a condescension for one of

the Queerville Adamses to be part of

such Trivolity. "But it didn't last long," thought Dorothy, peering out of the car window for comfort. "The first glimpse of those grand cliffs bidding us welcome made me humble enough; and if ever there was a grateful girl, you dear consin Mildred, she is I-and I couldn't tell you half how I felt. Oh, dear, dear! It's all over now, anyhow-yesterday I was in it, and to-day I am not so I must be sensible or father will

wish he had kept me at home!" For two months she had led the most lelightful, the most idyllic life. Society, that mysterious something that Dr. Adams regarded with such scorn, and that Dorothy herself had had a little pharisaical feeling toward-society had taken an outing, and with

She had been part of it and she had liked it. Yes, before all Queerville she was willing to become its cham-

"Talk about society being frivolous and hollow," she thought to herself, rehearsing a trifle, perhaps, as she recalled how she, Dorothy, who had her Greek and Latin at her finger tips, and who thought she knew something, had been obliged to remain silent many a lime when they were discussing intensely interesting subjects, simply because she knew nothing about them.

"Oh! It's a thousand times better to be part of this living world and interested in the things that are troubling men to-day than to be existing way back in the dark noes and trying to hammer Greek and Latin into heads that are thinking of cricket and foot-

Dorothy looked defiantly out of the window and the trees nodded approval as the train rushed by, taking her back faster and faster to Queerville and the

Yes, it had been a delightful summer, and Dorothy had shown as much eager ness for pleasure as she ever had for

learning. There had been riding and rowing and canoeing. Is there anything much more delightful than canoeing? To feel the water in subjection beneath her gave Dorothy such a sense of security that she laughed at those who

and there was danger.
And the pranks they had played! and the fun they had had! "Probably it is because people only hear of that side of the story that they call society frivolous," thought Dorothy as she remembered some of the queer notions she had had herself.

"Why, even the men had been a delightful surprise, for with all their assumed indifference they had done some of the best things. How small she felt that morning she congratulated Ned Marshall so gushingly on his bravery, and he replied:

"You're awfully kind, Miss Adams,

but you didn't think I'd let the little fellow drown, did you?" " Oh! yes, she might even have made a hero of him if he hadn't parted his hair in the middle and talked with a

If she could only have been as sensible about them all! But how could she help it-he was so different from anyone she had ever known, and he had been so kind-just cousinly kindness, "And it's all over now," she thought,

"and I will be sensible. I was born to be a teacher, I was trained to be a teacher, and a teacher I will be." Having freed her mind she swung her chair around with a force that did not augur well for the pranks of the coming boys at Queerville academy, and that provoked a smile from the gentle-

man behind her, who exclaimed: "Gently, Cousin Dorothy, you almost demolished one of my pet castles in the air. I know you must have been preparing a harangue for the doctor on confess now, wasn't it the follies of fashionable life?"

"Where did you come from, Cousin Jack? You certainly were not there when I came into the car. Where were you? And where are you going?" "Not so fast, Cousin Dorothy! Hasn't the doctor always said that a successful teacher should progress step by step. I tremble for the future of the academy!"

alone knows. To-day, you say? From Bar Harbor, madam." "Where are you going?" "To Boston-if it please you. 'Can't

I go to the head now?" "I don't understand," said Dorothy, netuantly. "But you can't blame me for that.

I'll help you all I can. "You see, with my natural modesty I started and then you-"

"Oh, yes. Then you were lost in such deep meditation that you ignored me until-yes, you certainly did. You flung yourself at me, Consin Dorothy. What do you suppose the doctor would

"I don't know, You'll have ample opportunity to ask him yourself in Bos-

"Perhaps - but you really did not think I would let you go without saying good-by, did yon?" "I thought we said it all last night. Didn't you say you should see me as soon as you reached Boston? And didn't I tell you you would be quite out

of your element in Queerville?" "Exactly, we are of one mind, Consin Dorothy. I mean that is just what I think about you, only I didn't muster up courage enough to say so last evening. "But when you looked so sad just

at leaving us?" Cousin Mildred done for me?" dible to her above the rumble of the

isn't fair, you know. I didn't mean mother. Can't you say you're sorry to leave me?" His voice was scarcely autrain. "Can't you say you'll come back soon to stay with me forever? You know how much I love you, dear." The look that accompanied her reply

must have meant much to Jack, for a blissful silence ensued white he beat a triumphant tattoo on the arm of his chair and Dorothy again peered out of the window at the sympathetic landscape. Suddenly she exclaimed: "But Jack, what will Cousin Mildred say? And what will papa do

"My dearest, don't you know the mater is longing to have you for her daughter! We're such a woefully ignorant family we need a little academical training."

Now there is no possible chance of an Adams again being "master" of Queerville academy, for Dorothy is now Cousin Jack's wife, and her name, of course, isn't Adams. - Boston Globe,

His Question Was A swered. standing beside him. And the latter the mother of the kid who is giving her his arm, and the wife of the old buck who has the honor of speaking with your excellency."-II Goivedi.

hotel which was but dimly lighted at each end by two small windows. Durdon't interfere with the gentleman.

Tenacity of Cedar. A remarkable curiosity, showing the durability of Washington cedar, is owned, it is claimed, by a man on the Austin ranch, on Lake Whatcom. . It is a cedar log two feet in diameter, over which, it is said, a spruce tree four feet in diameter has grown. Over the main root of this and directly over the log is all said to be perfectly sound.

A MODERN INVENTION. How It Came to the Rescue of

Mrs. Bascomb. The telephone rang briskly in Mrs.

and, stepping to it, she received this message from her husband: concluded to leave for New York this noon. The boy is on the way to the

Take care of yourself." Then he rung off, and Mrs. Bascomb went in search of the satchel, which she packed with a deft hand. She was a young woman, sensible, well balanced, and nothing ever disturbed or annoyed her to the extent of making her fidgety or nervous. Being in robust health, she hardly knew what nerves meant. She was self-reliant, but domestic, and absorbed in her home life, which comprised her world. She had perfect faith in her husband, or else pretended to have, and cheated herself comfortably with the delusion. And she never crossed

tended going to New York on the following day, and did not wonder or ponder over his change of plans. When the messenger came for the satchel she sent it carefully packed, just as she knew her husband wanted it. She added nothing to its usual contents, and subtracted nothing. Yes, stay. She did take out his seven-shooter.

mirror, in the back parior. "Howdy has one revolver with him. That will have to do him this trip. I like to have one handy in case I should

being a villain. The idea of needing firearms seemed so incongruous and In the afternoon she went up to her home to "borrow her sister," as she expressed it. But Miss Madgie had

gone away with some young friends, and was engaged to spend the night at the house of a schoolmate. So Mrs. Rascomb returned home alone Two men stood in the doorway of an

unused flights of office stairs and read an evening paper. They were much occupied in discussing one item among the personal news.

an assured fact. Mr. Howard Bascome drew sixteen thousand dollars from the M. & M. bank to-day, the investment of the branch company formed here, and will leave for New York to-morrow. A capital of eighty thousand dollars is assured." "Do y' see!" ejaculated the younger

and smaller of the two men. "Drew sixteen thousand dollars in spondulicks. Goes home with it in his vest pocket. blow me of he don't." "Maybe not, pard. S'posin' it's a

certified check?" "Then there'll be a reward offered to get it back-see?" "Jim, g'roun' to th' bank an' find out

which and whether it were," suggested the elder man. "Bank clussed," remarked Jim, sententiously. "S'pose it air. Did yer expect to send

his plan. He was gone an hour, but when he returned he was freighted with intelligence. "Bills," he chuckled, "five-hundred and one-thousand dollar bills-whew! An' he'll sleep with them about his

honorable pusson to-night-mebbe." "Does yer know the house?" asked the other man, after a spell of silence. "I don't, pard. But I've looked it up in the d'rectory, and it's as handy as a mitten on yer nose. Let's go and get somethin' wet to improve our minds. It's 'tween us this time-you outside,

The rascals, who, in appearance at least, might have passed for honest men, walked out of the doorway and parted company, to avoid the eagle eye of the police, which would have recognized in their duality a conspiracy against law and order.

"What is it, Kitty?" she asked,

rather gravely, because the girl was inclined to get flustrated easily. "Oh, mem, what was the name of the girl as lived here before I came?" she responded with a counter question.

"Her name? Sarah something, I cannot remember just now-why?" "Oh, there was a young man here looking for his sister, but her name was Annie Donovan. He said he hadn't seen her in ten years, and she was grown up now, and he talked butch-

tears till your eyes, ma'am, to hev heard bim.' "Kitty, I wouldn't gossip with strange men if I were you. It isn't safe. He probably was a tramp, and all that story about his sister was just made up out of whole cloth. What else did he want?"

"Nothing, ma'am, and I didn't let him inside the kitchen door. He warn't no tramp, an' I'm sure he were tellin' the truth." Mrs. Bascomb did not prolong the argument, but busied herself until bed-

time with some household duties, which were really in the line of pleas were at home.

"I must send father's message to Howard," she soliloquized, and seating herself at the pretty little desk which had been one of her wedding presents she wrote a postal card. After giving the business message from her father she added one for herself. When the card was addressed she went to the window and looked out, wondering why she had not thought to write it earlier in another cedar tree three feet in diam- the evening. There was a mail box eter. The trees, including the log, are diagonally across the street on the corner.

"I'll just run across and mail it. I'll leave the door open-it won't take a moment."

Taking a wrap from the hat-tree in the hall she threw it about her, saw that no one was passing and slipped out. It took her only a moment to drop that eard in the box and run back to the house. The door was ajar as she

bed in the back parlor. There were portieres between the rooms, but these were drawn back and hung limp on

either side. The "bed" was a large handsome bookcase, with brie-a-brae on its top shelf. Mrs. Baseomb let it down and admired it from all sides. It took up all the space between the walls, except just room enough for her to pass to the little table under the mirror, where Howard's revolver lay. She now pushed this further back and laid her watch and chain-her wedding present from her father-her diamond graduation ring, her diamond engagemeat ring and her purse, which she took out of the pocket of her dress, on the table in a shining heap.

"I wonder if he married the tall, thin one, or the short, homely one," she said to herself, and, going out into the parlor, picked up the book again, and was soon deep in the plot. A noise roused her. Slie looked at the folding doors leading into the hall.

"It's the new folding-bed getting used to being open," she thought, conscious of a slight exhilaration in the region of her heart. Then she glanced at a mirror, in which she saw the fulllength figure of a man standing back of the portieres.

I have heard it said, or read somewhere, that every man is ready to protect a woman from every other man except himself. At that moment Lottiger standing ready to devour her. Her next surprise was at his manner of

"Good evening, ma'am," and he stepped from the portiere and stood before her. "You needn't be frightened, I ain't goin' to hurt you." "What do you want?" Her voice did not even tremble.

"I want the money yer husband brought home that he's goin' to take to New York to-morrow.

noon. She had risen from her chair and started forward to reach the revolver. But she could not outwit the disappointed and enraged burglar. He sprang to intercept her, and struck his foot against the folding bed.

throwing himself across it in his attempt to retain his balance. There was a grinding, whirring sound and a complete d.sappearance of one of the principals in this affair.

hurrying home was accosted from the lower window of a house he was passing in the residence portion of the city. 'Sir, oh, si !" He stopped, for it was a woman's

roice, pitched at an alarm key. "Will you please find the policeman on this beat and send him here in-"Can I be of any assistance?"

"No. It's a burglar, and I have him safe.

The policeman arrived, and with him the passer-by she had accosted, whose services were not required, however. The policeman went to the telephone and summoned belp. Meanwhile he took up a position where earlier in the evening the folding bed had stood. It was now shut up and looked merely a massive bookease again.

When the patrol wagon arrived this bookcase became an object of immediate interest. One blue-coated official was stationed on either side and two at the foot. Mrs. Bascomb and the now distance.

before.

It came down on the run, and there, limp and half-smothered, was the trapped burglar, his forehead cut and bleeding from a chance incision as the bed had shut up with him in an explosive embrace.

So, Clever Jim, you are at it again! Here you are," said one of the policemen, as he snapped the bracelets on his wrist. "Your pal's not in it this time," as he handed him over to two of the force.

method of getting into the house. It is quite safe to infer that Mrs. Bascomb never resorted again to that very common practice of ladies who mail late letters of leaving the house door ajar. And the folding bed will remain a bookcase to the end of its days, unless it should again be used as a burglar trap. -Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free

There is a mourners' corner in one of the cloakrooms of the national house of representatives and another in the senate cloakroom, where the disappointed and disgruntled congregate to express their dissatisfaction with the existing order of things. There, it is averred statesmen gather to sit with the corpses

The Wailing Place of Congress.

The Women of Ancient Egypt. There is every evidence to prove that the ancient Egyptian women were highly regarded and that a kind of higher education prevailed among them. They transacted business, bequeathed property and acted as regents. Some one has remarked that they must have been good home-makers, for the portraits and statues of Egyptian men represent them with a happy, goodnatured expression.

tain Lonsdale.

She was the daughter of the trumpet major and the darling of the troop. Every one loved Phyllis Rayne. From the age of five she had been quartered with her father with the

toward the object of interest.

official tones, dismounting beside the girl. "The colonel would be glad of an answer to-morrow." The adjutant rode reluctantly away

dark eyes were humid. A quiver of disappointment parted her lips. "Only that," she said beneath her breath. "Only my services! And I thought-"

What she thought was never uttered; ier father came to the door of the oungalow. "Capt. Lonsdale is waiting inside to

speak with you. I've given him my word, dearie, although it will be like lrawing an eye-tooth to part with my little girl."

As her father stepped outside Phyl flashed an angry glance at the cap-"How dare you? I forbade you to appeal to my father."

"Faint heart never won fair lady yet. I dare anything for the chance of winning you. I will have you, Phyl. "Why do you hate me?" the captain continued, querulously. "I love you. 1

am willing to make you my wife, although you're not-"A lady," she interpolated quietly. A violin was lying on the table; the girl took it up, with the bow, fingering the instrument absently. Her mother had been of gentle birth; the insult his words implied stung keenly.

"You are so beautiful!" he cried, moving nearer. The refrain went on jerkily from the violin; there was a suggestion of scorn in her action.

"Phyl! Have you no pity? Are you as hard as your face is tender? Is there anyone else?" The captain laid his hand on the arm moving the bow. "Is there, Phyl?" "You are hurting me, Capt. Lons-

away from her wrist. "See; the impress of my cruel fingers. Poor little He bent his head suddenly, pressing his lins to the delicate flesh. Askadow fell across them as a figure stood in the open doorway. The girl's voice re-

"What a soft little arm it is!" he

said, drawing the loose blue sleeve

lieved the silence by a commonplace: "Good evening, colonel." Capt. Lonsdale made a hurried desarture, saluting his superior officer, who remained in the doorway.

"May I come in?" "Don't put that down. I can talk to you while you play." The colonel leaned against the wall, watching Phyl as she rested her chin

again on the violin.

"I can't!" she cried, with a hysterical little laugh. "I think-I think you tanke me nervous." "Never mind," he said, gravely, taking the instrument from her hands "I have heard of your music. Who taught you?"

The colonel smiled; the smile made his stern, ugly face almost handsome. The colonel was a widower with one child. People said his marriage had

"My father. I'm proud of dad."

"You had my letter?" he asked as they moved out under the veranda. "Yes." "Are you willing?" A moment's hesitancy, in which the colonel scanned the girl's face eagerly.

"Yes; I will go with you, colonel."

"Thank you. Little Jack will be so

glad. There is no woman in the cantonment he takes to but you." The colonel was going to the hills for the hot mouths. "I understand. It will be my first

situation."

"What do you mean?" "You have asked me to go to Simla as companion or nurse to your child. You have forgotten to mention one thing-the salary." The colonel bit his lip. Was she joking? Phyl was looking fixedly at the flowers planted near the mango trees. Had she seriously misconstrued his let-

ter wherein he had asked her to accom-

pany him with her father on their leave of absence for the sake of little Jack? "Do you want a salary?" he asked, bluntly. "It is usual, is it not?"

"I believe so." At that moment an ayah, leading a child, came across the compound. A few minutes later Phyl watched the colonel, with little Jack clinging to his hand, cross the parade ground. The child's white frock became a speck in the distance before a sob broke from the girl's throat.

That night a wager was made by Capt Lonsdale among a few of his boon companions. "I'll swim two miles against stream up the Goomtee on the day 'Our Dar-

ling' marries any man but myself." "Done!" cried half a dozen voices. Standing outside his bungalow early one morning, the colonel, with Capt Lonsdale, watched Phyl romping with his child. She had lifted the boy on to her shoulder, and, with arms upraised to steady her tiny burden, ran

You will be alone until to-night he said. "Capt. Lonsdale has arranged a longer expedition. Shall you be frightened?" "Frightened? No! What is there to fear?" she answered, brightly.

toward them.

"Nothing. The servants are within call. I have forbidden them to leave the bung alow in our absence." The trumpet major, riding behind the celonel, ventured a cont remark:

"His wife! Did you say his wife, "Aye, colonel. I've promised her to Capt. Lonsdale, if he can win her." "And-and Phyllis?"

I column, i year.

Business items, first insertion, loc, per line subsequent insertions, 5c, per line.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices. \$2.50 and itor's Notices. 2.50 Stray and similar Notices. 2.50 Stray and similar Notices. 2.50 are lessolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Frinting of all kinds neatly and executously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it.

The captain joined them and the party rode on Phyl stood at the door of the bungalow, a cloud on her face.

Advertising Rates.

MRIA FREEMAN commends it to the is vorable consideration of advertisers whose tavors will be inserted at the following low rates:

linch, 3 times.... linch, 5 months... linch, 6 months... linch 1 year.....

2 inches 6 months.
2 inches, 1 year
3 inches 6 months
3 inches 6 months
4 column 6 months
5 column 6 months

The large and reliable circulation of the Caw-

75.00

"I hate him! I hate him!" she muttered. Toward midday the boy grew tired and fretful. Phyl, carrying him to her own bungalow, laid him-on a heap of rugs in the corner. Once little Jack started up with a frightened cry, and to soothe him she sang an Indian Iuliaby, continuing the weird tune upon her

violin at the boy's request. Suddenly some indefinable instinct caused the girl to look over her shoulder, her hand tightening on the violin. Between her and the sleeping child was a large snake. He had uncoiled himself to nearly his full length and risen upon his tail with elevated head and glittering eyes. It was the dread-

ed cobra. As Phyl gazed at the reptile, conclusions rapidly formed. The snake had been attracted by the music; it was evident by the darting forward of the cruel forked tongue that the faseina-

With an almost imperceptible movement the girl drew her bow across the catgut. For an instant a palpable change came over the cobra; his eyes rested upon her with softened brightness. The charm that held the snake at bay was in her hands!

more the reptile was spellbound. Phyl's back ached, her fingers felt cramped; a feeling of dizziness was overcoming her. If the exhaustion supervened the charm would be broken. To rouse herself Phyl rose to her feet, continuing the melody to which the snake's head was swaying rhythmic-

A string flew asunder beneath the bow. The three strings now beneath grated harshly upon her ear.

telly.

open door and back again at the sleeping child. The violin was slipping from her swollen hand. With an effort born of utter despair she broke into a song as the sound of the fallen instrument startled the cobra. Gradually her eyes grew dim; her head sank lower and lower until it

touched her bosom. She became conscions that her voice was only weakly crooning. There was a rushing sound in her ears as of many waters, and above it all rose a childish cry, clear "Daddy! Daddy!" Then it became quite dark.

sorry for an excuse to forego the expedition. The trumpet major's statement had filled him with fear. At the trumpet major's bungalow the horse came to a sudden standstill, his

ears set back and quivering in every A voice singing gayly reached the colonel; the air seemed filled with its laughter. He smiled sadly, then grimly. How happy she was! While he-The song was coming to an end; it grew fainter and fainter. Dismounting, he moved nearer to the open door

through the crimson mist shone out his son's bright hair and the white face In the next his hand was upon his

sword and a cry went up as the girl tottered forward and his weapon fell upon the cobra. The colonel's arm dropped heavily to his side as his sword clanged to the ground, his eyes distended with hor-

At his feet was the prostrate form of Phyl. In one swift giance he noted the violin with its broken strings and the girl's stiffened hands. The whole truth flashed upon him in the instant. With a great sob he raised her in his arms, kissing the still face passion-

Jack was standing beside him, his baby face full of awe. "Go away, Jack," he said, hoarsely, as Phyl's white lids moved and a breath escaped her lips.

The colonel roused himself. Little

"Daddy!"

the corner. "Phyllis! Phyl!" As she met his eyes the terror slowly died out of her own. A deep flush erept into her face and faded. "Phyl," he said again, "look at me,

given back to me. All my life I shall be grateful; all my life, dear." The eyes of the woman were raised

Phyl! Don't turn away. Oh, my love,"

he cried, "my heart's love! You are

"Who is that woman, Lonsdale, riding with the colonel?" "Don't you know? Ah, you were ordered to another station before the dreadful news reached Lucknow."

"What news?" "Of the colonel's unfortunate attachment. He married the daughter of our trumpet major."

"What, Phyllis Rayne? Phew!" "Is that Phyl, little Phyl, the darling

AT MONTE CARLO.

THE net profits of the Monte Carlo gambling house for the past year have been \$2,300,000.

got into satisfactory negotiations. THE Monte Carlo gaming-tables are losing some of their attractiveness for visitors, and the attendance has evi-

that made Friday a day of ill-luck will doubtless be glad to learn that it was on Friday that "Monte Carlo" Wells

"They make a handsome couple-my girl and the captain. He'll have cause year. to be proud of his wife-eh, colonel?"

at the Monaco gaming tables.

BY JAMES & HASSON,

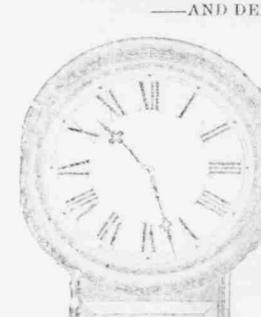
is you must None but scalawage do other don't be a scalawage-life is too short.

1118

CANSMAN'S

For the past six years we have given the general public the greatest value bey ever revelved in Clothing by our Scot Sult Sale, but this our Seventh Augmal 88.00 Suit Sale supercedes all our past efforts in giving the people a money aving sule and the greatest Sult of Clothes on earth for 88.00.

---PRACTICAL---WATCHMAKER& JEWELER,



Watches, Clocks Silverware, Musical Instruments

OLD RELIABLE ' ÆTNA" And other First Class Companies. T. W. DICK.

OLD HARTFORD

1794.

Nor grief nor trouble borrow; There cometh peace, the storm will cease-

Brave brother, art thou weary,

"Don't be foolish, please. Where did you come from?" "Originally? a merciful Providence

kept aloof from your giddy party on the boat, and at Rockland there were so many tears shed and such sad farewells said that I really could not in trude. I took my chair after the train "Yes."

now, dear. I couldn't help feeling jubilant; weren't you a just bit sorry "Why, Cousin Jack, how can you? If I weren't sorry I'd be the most miserable creature alive. What has not "Confound it! I say, Dorothy, that

about the academy?"

A rather vulgar personage, who had been created a marquis a few months previous to our story, managed to get nimself invited to a court ball. The new fledged marquis could not contain himself for joy, and exhaled prona satisfaction at every pore. Casting an Olympian glance around the room, he chanced to spy among the ladies the tall, angular figure of an elderly matron, with compressed lips, as though afraid of wasting her breath. and as lean as a lath. She was leaning on the arm of a young gentleman. "Who is that nanny-goat" said the noble lord to a gentleman who was replied with a knowing smile: "That nanny-goat is the ambassadress of

A Sharp Reproof. Once, when canvassing Hampshire, Lord Palmerston held a meeting at a ing the noble lord's speech, he was frequently interupted by cries of "No! no!" proceeding from a little fat man in one of the windows. There were lealls to bring him forward, but Lord Palmerston promptly said: "Pray, Let him remain the window. Providence has denied him any intellectual light; it would be hard, indeed, to deprive him of the light of heaven!"

Howard Bascomb's pleasant home, "Hello! Is that you, Lottie? I've house for my grip. You know what I'll need for a week or ten days' absence. Get your sister to stay with you for company. Good-by, dear, s'long.

any bridges until she came to them. She knew that her husband had in-

every chamber of which was loaded, and laid it on the table under the

need it." She smiled and smiled again without

It was this: "The Rubber Horseshoe company i

in yer card to the cashier, or the president? Get aroun' an' interview th' janitor. Represent yerself as Mister Bascomb's confidential bizness man, carn't ver?" Jim started off at once without waiting to give his "pard" any outline of

me in-savey?"

When Mrs. Bascomb returned from her visit it was dark. She had staid to supper, and as the girl opened the door she saw that she was somewhat

fully about her. It would bring the

ures to her womanly nature. Then she saw that the house was locked up, sent Kitty to bed, and went into her front parlor, which was lighted and eozy, just as if the master of the house

had left it; no one was on the street, but in that one moment-It was past midnight. Mrs. Bascomb was reading a very interesting novel. She was surprised when the clock struck the haif hour, and laid her book down. Not that she felt sleepy, but she had just determined that she would sleep downstairs in the new folding-

They were locked, she knew. Then she turned her eyes toward the back parlor.

"I don't know what money you mean, but my husband is on his way to New York now. He left to-day at

On that same night a belated citizen

awakened Kitty were detailed at a little "Now!" said the sergeant, and he manipulated the case as Mrs. Bascomb had shown him how to do a moment

"That's him!" said Kitty. "That's the man that was lookin' for a girl as he said was his sister. Oh, the vill-He was taken away, tried and convicted and sent up for five years, but he never opened his mouth as to his

of their dead hopes and ambitions, and each place is known locally as a chamber of sighs. A joke or a good story is never heard there.

DARLING OF THE TROOP.

How She Lost a Wager for Cap-

regiment. "'Our darling' has grown into a beauty," observed the adjutant, cheerily, as he rode past the group of men

"A letter for you," he said, in more

as Phyl broke the seal of the missive After reading the contents the girl's

tion had ceased with the music.

Again the Indian Iullaby broke the silence, the refrain sounding strangely weird in its repeated cadence. Once

Phyl's trembling fingers vibrated weakly; the discordance of their tones With gasping sob she glanced at the

When a few miles on the road that morning the colonel's horse had stumbled, slightly injuring its knees, and the rider determined to return, not

of the bungalow and looked into the shadow of the room. For one brief instant the colonel's eyes seemed filled with blood and

ror upon the severed parts of the

The colonel carried her to the rugs in

"I love you! I love you! I love you!"

The subaltern screwed up his eyes, glancing sideways at Capt. Lonsdale. of the troop? I remember her now; you were 'sweet' on her yourself, old fellow. By the way, Lonsdale, I never heard of your two-mile swim up the Goomtee. Suppose you funked it?"-Chicago Post.

A SYNDICATE has been formed to work the gambling bonanza at Monte Carlo if the prince of Monaco can be

dently diminished during the past Believers in the old superstition

made his first great winning of \$50,000