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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1893.

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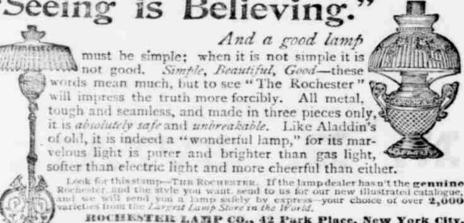
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1794.

FEES BROS.'

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From the ocean of dawn to the west,

Was the corn so rich and fair.

Rhanon Columbia's emblem.

The bountours, guiden corn ions ago, of the great sun's glow And the joy of the earth, 'twas born. From Superior's shore to Chill,

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

With its banners of green and tasseled sheen It sprame at the sun's behest; and by dew and shower, from its natal hour With honey and wine twas fed, ill the gods were fain to share with men The period feast outspread. For the rarest boon to the land they loved

Could find its like elsewhere. In their holiest temples the Incas Offered the heaven-sent maine rains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,

And its harvest came to the wandering tribes And Montegoma's festal bread

And, lavish as leaves and flowers, the sheaves Bring plenty and joy and rest. For they strew the plains and crowd the wains

The filly for France unfold; cotland her thistle bold; But the shield of the great republic The glory of the west,

The heart of the north may cheer And jasmine and magnetia.
The crest of the south adorn;

- Edna Dean Proctor, in Century.

JEREMIAH BOLTON.

Two Opinions of Him as Expressed by Hiram Stiggins.

"Is there a person living in this village by the name of Bolton, Jeremiah Bolton?" asked the stranger of Hiram Stiggins, who was sitting on the top rail "He doesn't live here," said Hiram,

a good deal of emphasis on the word. "I have a letter from him and he gave this place as his address."

We don't call Jerry's existence living, you know. He vegetates. And if you want to co,lect any money from him let me give you a pointer or two that Il savo you some trouble. You just go back where you came from and wait. till Jerry sends it. You'll get the each just as quick that way as by bothering him about it. Jerry's the allfiredest loafer in the hull country, and that's aving a good deal, for I know most of be folks in the neighborhood. I've lived here myself goin on twenty-four year. Some of 'em are spleeny enough. and these times a man has to be up and doin' of he wants to pay his debts, letalone gittin' eredit for makin' more, Times ain't what they used to be. 1 remember nineteen year ago this spring

"What is Mr. Bolton's business? He such a dum fool as to lend anythin to kon Ko ont and dig em. But I'm no Miss Bolton, you can't borrow nothin. I'll give you a basicet of potatoes, if paspet of botatoes. I says to her a worred of baltaw ade bias bus con spe come to our place with a baskel mostly. Only the other day Miss Boltutes, and on my vegetables, too ... rell you he don't live; he vege-"Then how does he manage to live?"

"-изцы оди the city. I remember twenty-one years the young folks all wantin' to clerk in Things ain't what they used to be will that a man had to work or starve we can't. Time was in this country as course he can hve without work and And dear to smarter man than the brow. I tell 'em down in the villag living by the sweat of somebody else foolishness, I call it. Tryin' to get a orporaise about lerry. Perpetual dum deacon there's no motion, perpetual or says it's perpetual motion, but I tell the fool thing or 'nuther, Deacon Swipes "Who? Jerry? Oh, Lord knows, Some "What does he tinker at, principally?"

don't appreciate him. There's my wife with a good, hard-workin' husband no accountin' fur 'em. Many a woman Jost like a woman, you know. There's truth about Jerry and she hears it. she flares up is when some one tells the out creature, and the only time ence to her. She's a faded, washed but that don't make no differ one creature on earth that does somethin' some day. She's the only a fool as derry, for she believes he'll do too good for him. But she's just as big wasn't for that woman. She's a sight petty would have starred long ago if it Trusts providence and his wife mostly. all trades and good at none, I tell him no good to any livin ereature. Jack of in' at some new fangled thing that ain't He's a Univerer, Jerry is. Allus workon his rent. He's just good for nuthin enough to be atrack I'd apply his wage that's flatterm' derry. He hain't sense in rent of he came to work, Still bose you'll rponthe I would take it out own the house he lives in and I supspea neact sponthe of payin no rent. dren and Jerry alive. As fer the rent. austin, too the village to level the chil-"Not by a long chalk. Needed the money, too, His wife was doin' the

"Wonldn't Jerry work?" .. - DAY TERM TSDATER ir I rememper sixteen hear ago ias cull them. Labor makit, is more like work there is to do. Labor savin', the chinery we get on a farm the more it used to be. Seems as of the more main hayin' nowadays. "Tain't like what bay-a man can get anything he there me with the hayin-offered him good seurce, I come over to get Jerry to hely the village-and men were mighty munof mires sun man 1-1searin tent will be comin' to an end, sure, Why, honest work, you look out fer the judg-When you see Jerry Bolton tackle born loader, Jerry is. Yes, sir. World? bruntak confid test oft ni not obam on ness to live, Beats me what such men never had. I tell him he's got no bust "derive He min't got no business-

is a moenanie, isn't no?" the Bolton family.' Then she up and eries, and my wife she says: 'Well, that's neither here nor there.' Some women don't know when they're well off, and other women can't bear to hear the truth. I went down to Jerry's and give him a piece of my mind. Had to do it to somebody or bust, for my wife's a plain-spoken woman, and then a man shouldn't be a tyrant in his own fam-

ily. Well, Jerry he jest looks at me an' says nothin'. I believe the man's crazy. He didn't seem to hear a word I said, but jest looked past a person as if some one had hit him with a club. He'll go to a insane hospital yet, and be kept at the county's expense-his family, too. Hanged of I can see the sense of lettin' a man like that have a family. I remember years ago when-yes, the first nouse you come to, right on the edge of the village. No, it ain't much of a house; more of a shanty, as you say, but

TEN YEARS LATER. Hiram holds forth to a crowd of

it's a mighty sight bigger'n any rent I

ever get fur it. Good-by, stranger."

listeners on the veranda of the village "Know Mr. Bolton? Well, I should rather say I did. I can remember the time when Jeremiah Bolton didn't have a second shirt, had doubts about the first shirt, to his back. Job's turkey wasn't in it with Jerry-I allus used to call him Jerry an' he used to call me Hiram. There warn't no misters between us them days. Some of you boys think yourselves smart, but there's none of you could hold a candle to Jeremiah Bolton. No, sir. Last 'lection, when there was talk of running Jerry for guvnor, I knowed Jerry wouldn't take no nomination. What did he care about being guvnor? Why, Jerry Bolton could buy the hull state of he wanted to." "Most of the governors have to do

that," said a bystander. "Well, Jerry ain't that kind of man. Fact is, they don't build men like Mr. Bolton nowadays. Why, I remember eleven years ago, before Jerry took out his patent, an' he was feelin' kind o' discouraged, I says to him: 'Never you mind, Jerry, your time's a-comin'. You'll be able to buy out the county some of these days.' Why, there wasn't a man in this town believed in Jerry but me. There was old Deacon Swipes, him that's dead and gone. He used to say to me: 'Hiram, I can't imagine what the devil you see in that wuthless coot. Jerry Bolton,' The deacon used to swear just a little, 'cause he'd been a lumberman once, and a man has to swear when he's bringin' down a raft. but he never knew he swore, and nobody liked to tell him, and him a dea-

"What did you say to the deacon "Oh, I says to him: 'Dencon, you're all right at seein' anything that's right under your nose, but you're no good at

con. Why, the preacher, he used to-

dealin' with the future." "The preacher attended to futurity, I auppose,"

"Jest so, jess so. But the deacon count never see why I took such trouble with Jerry, but I knowed he wasn't no common kind of a man. He had a way of lookin' past you and of not hearin' what a person was sayin' to him

"Lacky man!" "Exactly. He was always a-studyin' and a-studyin' in his mind. We used to talk about his patent, and, though he never'd tell what he was figurin on. you could tell which way his mind was turned. "Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'great inventions, like the air brake and the telegraph and the standard oil company, they's only thought out once in a life time. It takes a big man to invent them sort of things, and I'm only a small man, Hiram.' He was always a modest man, was Jerry."

"That was because he was so much in your company." "Well, anyhow he used to say that what he wanted to invent would be some little thing that everybody would want to have and couldn't do without once they had it, and that wouldn't cost much, and wouldn't last long, and yet would pay fifty per cent, to the maker of it. 'Hiram,' he used to say to me, 'if soap wasn't invented, that's what I would like to invent and get a patent on." He never could have lived, of it hadn't been for me. Lived in a house I owned at that time, and most they got to eat come off my farm. I never bothered him about no rent nor pay, and when he was troubled about it I used to slap him on the back and say:

'You wait till your ship comes in.' ' "Didn't he pay the mortgage on your farm. Hiram?" "Well, that's neither here nor there. That's a private matter 'twixt him and me. Besides, it was like this: I put that mortgage on, to get the money for

"Why, it was in the papers that the man from New York put up the cash." "Now young man, you keep your shirt on, and don't be too smart. I didn't need to use no money for that, because I brought Jerry the man from New York. 'Twas me introduced 'em. The man from New York made a good enough thing out of it, and he can thank me for it, not that he's ever done

"But Jerry was grateful." "You bet he was. And he didn't want to hurt my feelings nuther. His wife she came to my wife with the papers that Jerry had bought up and she says to my wife: 'Hiram was good to us. when we was poor, and so you give him these 'ere papers for a present.' Then Jerry's wife, thinkin' of the hard times, I suppose, she breaks down and cries, and my wife she keeps her company, and them two women had a good cry

"Over your goodness, Hiram, I sup-"Well, that's neither here nor there. Jerry knows who backed him up when it was hard sleddin' fur him, and now, by gum, he's rich enough to buy us all out and never feel it, and has a big house in New York. I allus said that's what he would come to, and ef the deacon was afive, he'd tell you the same

ALL-AROUND FARM TALKS. A SHARP, bright plow turns a clean furrow and saves oats and horseflesh. MANURE from well-fed animals, the manure being kept under cover, should contain all the elements of plant food.

A FARMER plainly shows he does not

thing."-Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free

Press.

care to improve his practices or better his condition when he claims he has no time to read. Nor only should an account be kept with the farm, but with each crop, You will then know where you derived

the largest profit. WHILE the milk is warmer than the surrounding air it should be left uncovered, but when colder it may with advantage be covered.

HIS ROOMMATE.

How He Ruined an Honest Young Lawyer's Reputation.

I am a plain, honest lawyer, and, be-

fore a certain young man moved into my double office, my reputation was spotless. He moved in for the ostensible purpose of sharing the expense of rent. He was a nice-looking young man and had a fair exterior. The day following his arrangement with me he moved in. That is, he appeared in person. Otherwise he did not have much to move. But poverty is no crime and I took a fancy to him on account of his principles. It is so pleasant to meet some one nowadays with principles. He had plenty of them and t did me good to listen to him. "A lawyer," he would say, "has no right to defend a criminal when he is guilty, and, although I did not agree with him, I respected his extreme virtues, and congratulated myself upon having such a righteous roommate. There was a marked peculiarity about our being in the same office together. People said that we resembled each other personal appearance, which I construed as a compliment to me.

He worked up a good business at once, for only a week after he entered the office he had a case. Other cases followed, and at the same time singularly enough my practice decreased. When the first month's rent was due he hit me on the back in his hearty, familiar fashion and said: "You pay this month, old man, and I will next." As that was fair I did so. One day when alone in the office I was pondering upon the vicissitudes of fate and the scarcity of fees when a man rushed into the office in an unceremonious manner and stood glaring at me. Rejoiced over what seemed to be the immediate prospect of a client in pursuit of a dishonest partner or a wife who had eloped, I assumed a soft, insinuating smile and politely waved him to a chair. My courtecus invitation was declined and the man, taking a step nearer, exclaimed: 'Scoundrel!

I presumed that he was referring to some one who had injured him and from whom he desired redress in the courts. "Come, come, my dear sir, you must not give way in this manner," I said. "Calm yourself, I beg of you."

"Ah, you dare jest?" he cried. "But you shall settle with me, sir. Do you know Maggie Klien?" It chanced that I did know the young woman, who lived in our neighbor

hood. I responded in the affirmative, and added something about her being a very charming girl. "And now, sir," I said tart!y, "will you tell me who you He drew himself up as though about to impart startling information. "I am

before you came along and alienated her affections from me." "Alienated her affections."

Maggie's best fellow, or at least I was

"You! The corner grocer told me all about it; how you used to meet Maggie every night near his store and take her to the theater and other places. Maggie was contented enough until you came along, and then I began to see a change that I couldn't account for until the grocer told me about you, and now I am going to wipe the floor with

I started to argue the matter with him in my most persuasive professional style, but he resorted to the tactics of the ring and proceeded to carry out literally his last statement. My sensations the next few moments were those of a man falling from a balloon or going through a thrashing machine. When I recovered he had departed; my coat was torn; a chair was broken; pens, papers and books were scattered here and there, and the office looked as though it had been struck with a cyclone. "Upon my word," I thought, raising myself on my elbow in the corner of the room, "a strange visitor!" When my roommate came in he expressed the greatest sympathy, and so genuine were his words of consolation that I seized his hand gratefully and said: "Thanks, dear boy, thanks! You are a friend indeed."

After that mishaps came thick and fast. I seemed to be a special mark for the cruel shafts of fate. One day a gentleman whom I had never seen before came into the office and accused me of having cheated him at a game of poker. His claim was that I had two aces in my sleeve. Now, as I never play poker. nor gambled in my life, this was remarkably strange. I told him that the festive game had no attractions for me, and he stared at me in amazement. He admitted that he was rather "under the shadow of the vine" the night before, but that his perceptions were perfectly clear, and that I had beyond a doubt swindled him in a gentleman's game out of one hundred and fifty-seven dollars, wnich I had better return at once. I retorted that I did not know a flush from a full and I had never, sat in a jack-pot in my life, at which he looked unutterable scorn. "Then you refuse to return your illgotten gains?" he asked.

"I certainly do." "Very well; you will hear from me." And I did. The story got around that I played a crooked game of poker, and,

although I carried myself with the searing of a man who is innocent, I ould see that I was regarded with suspicion. Even the young lady whose company I was keeping at the time apparently knew something, for one night she said with a twinkle in her eye: "Do you play poker, 'Tom?" Of course I denied that I did, at which she looked grave, and added: "Pshaw! What's the use in denying it? Why, do you know, I-I play sometimes myself." Naturally I expressed my horror at

this confession and told her that I hoped she would reform and that I did not approve of young girls playing cards. Then she actually winked. "Oh, you are too good," she remarked. "Say, how do you do it?" "What?" "Keep those eards up your sleeve?

Please tell me. The girls have been winning all my spending money basely and I want revenge. Show me the trick, Tom, and I'll marry you next June." I responded indignantly and told her that I was a member of the Anti-Poker society. She said "Bosh," and when I got up to leave she refused to permit me to cull from her sweet lips the customary parting salute. The misguided young woman actually

thought that I was trying to conceal my iniquities from her. But there was worse to follow. A few nights later when I called she greeted me with marked coolness. This I attributed to mere feminine caprice and so chatted away in a happy manner about various matters to which she listened with a sarcastic smile upon her adorable face. But I was accustomed to doing most of the talking and she the listening, so that her persistent silence did not seem at all remarkable. Among other topics I broached was a description of a temperance meeting I had attended a few nights before. I am a teetotaler in every sense of the word and I stated

her pretty mouth assumed an expression of scorn. "Oh, you hypocrite!" she cried. "My darling!" I cried, in amazement. "Don't call me your darling!" she retorted, with flashing eyes. "I've had a talk with papa and he says everything

proudly that I had been elected secre-

tary of the new organization. Then

must be off. "Everything off?" "Yes, our engagement. He saw you last night. He said that you"-sob-"were standing on the street corner"sob-"with your hat in your hand"sob-"holding the lamp post with the other"-sob-"and singing about"-sob "'We won't go home till morning'"-

I started in amazement. "My dear Lucinda, there is some horrid mistake. Last night I attended a meeting at our

Sunday school and-" Here she wiped away the tears and assumed her indignant attitude once more. "Don't make me hate you," she said. "Why don't you confess andwell, I know boys will be boys, and, if you said you would never do it again, why, perhaps, I might overlook this

one fault and-and forgive you-" I sprang to my feet in anger. "I have been slandered and-' "Is that your reply?" she asked, frigidly.

"Then there is nothing more to be With that she took the ring from her pretty finger and handed it to me.

"It is."

"Good evening, sir." was over? Those visions of a neat little home were lost forever. The next morning when my roommate presented himself I fancied that he looked tired and sleepy. He explained this by saying that he had been up all night with , bad headache. He noticed my inclancholy appearance, and, when I told him all about it, he again offered his sympathy and remarked in a jocular manner: "Never mind, my boy. There are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught." I told him there was only one Lucinda, but he shrugged his thoulders. He then went out to attend a case in court, and I seated myself in a disconsolate manner in my easy chair in the inner office. I had slept little to speak of the night before and nature asserted itself in spite of my heartache. I dozod off. After a time I was aroused by voices in the outer office and heard a woman ask for me.

"He is not in," was the reply of my roommate, and I was about to step out when a few words that followed arrested my attention and I remained where I was, listening: "If you have come on legal business, madam, I will answer your purpose just as well. I am authorized to act for him. I am his partner as you see by my name on the door.' His words filled me with amazement. "Be seated, madam, and state your case." The visitordid so and he listened with the greatest complacency, offering a suggestion here and there and occasionally asking a question. When she had finished, he remarked: "I think you have a good ease." In this I knew he was wrong. The case was a bad one and no conscientious lawyer would have touched it.

"Then would you advise me to take the matter to the courts?" she asked. "I would. It would be foolish to settle."

When she was about to leave she

asked: "What are your charges?" "Twenty-five dollars retainer fee and fifty more if we win." She took out her purse and gave him the money. "You are really to be congratulated, madam, that you found me in instead of my partner," he continued. "He is one of those scrupulous lawyers who always lose their eases. Now I always win because I am full of re-

sources. Ha, ha! I am just smart enough to dodge all technicalities. That partner of mine is such a conscientious idiot that I think I shall have to break with him. I hate to do it, for the poor fellow would not make a living if 1-" Here I broke in upon them. The scene that followed beggared description, as writers say, and so I will not describe it. Now I understood why my practice had decreased. It also flashed across my mind that all my trouble lately was in some way connected with him. We looked alike-and I saw everything! For a month I had been paying the penalty of his misdeeds. I had been vigorously handled by Maggie's best fellow on his account; it was he whom the father of my Lucinda had seen holding up the lamp post; the principal figure in the gentlemanly game of poker had been this exemplary young man. I rushed into the outer office, and, after a vigorous scene, this young man took his departure and I have never heard of him since. It was six months, however, before I again won the regards of Lucinda. I have an office all to myself. Even now people are running there with bills contracted by him and somehow they look upon me as his partner in crime. Omaha

A Loud Prayer. A good man who lives in a thinly settled locality has the misfortune to be extremely deaf. His voice is remarkably loud in his devotions, and it is reported that his morning prayer can be heard for half a mile. A neighbor, not long since, having occasion to visit his house in the morning, found its owner at prayer, and, not wishing to interrupt. he waited outside. The tones of the voice within grew louder and louder. Each sentence was spoken with more vehemence than the preceding, until the prayer ended with a prolonged shout of 'Amen!" The visitor was about to knock, when the sound of the wife's voice arrested him. With a skill born of practice, she almost rivaled the tones of her spouse as she shouted: "Well, I guess you've drove all the rabbits out o' the swamp this morning!"

THE OUTDOORS GIRL. The belle of the ballroom captivetes The youths who cluster round. Fragile and fair and pale is she. Too dainty to touch the ground.

She il dance for hours without a rest In the ballroom's dizzy whirl, But she's far too fragile and fair for me. Herrah for the Outdoors Girl! Her skin is browned and the blood shows

In a healthy, glowing flush, She doesn't care for the pale delights She loves the helds, the flowers, the woods.

And the joyous songs of birds To her the joy of living seems A pleasure too deep for words She fences, rides on horse or wheel, Plays tenuts and walks and drives he lives as much in a week as the belle

Of the ball in a dozen lives. Her head doesn't ache in the afternoon, And her appetite never fails: She's bright and cheery and full of life, -And a stranger to aches and alls. She's plump and rosy and sweet and round,

A picture of perfect health: She boasts a freedom from aches and pains That is better far thun wealth. Her eyes are clear and her skin is fair. Though her crimps do get out of curl, And she is the hope of the world to-day. Hurrah for the Outdoors Girl! -Brandon Banner.

Ethel Harcourt's Story and the

IN LATER YEARS

Reward It Brought. Ethel Harcourt sat on a sunny south veranda, idly looking out on a typical

southern California landscape in early spring. The Cuyamaca was still white with the lately fallen snow, and rugged El Cajon showed to advantage in the foreground. The lower slopes and the valleys were green, occasional patches of yellow showing where the violet, now past its prime, or the poppy, in all its richness, found a congenial home.

Miss Harcourt listened to the wild songs of the birds, and underneath the gay melody there ran a minor strain, like some half forgotten song which is recalled by an old association.

Her mind glanced swiftly over the last ten years in her California home. Her mother's illness and death, her father's loss, not only of wife, but of fortune. Their retirement to this loneranch among the hills. "Yes, aid to herself, "the gay, unreflecting girlhood in New England seemed like something in another age. Not a feeling, not a hope, not a desire in common with that young creature." thought with a smile, as one might think of another, that in those years she was fair to look upon. The clear, bright eyes, the softly rounded checks, the mass of rebellious hair which tungled and curled in spite of her plaits. Why did those years, especially those months spent at the Atlantic View, come back with such vividness? Suddenly she was seized with an overpowering desire to write. Not the beauty of the landscape, not the nameless proluctions of the soil, not the present. but the past made her pen fly swiftly. she felt as if impelled by a power from without, and described the first romance, with its sad little ending. which she experienced that summer at Atlantic View.

The years rolled back on either side and she saw clearly as a woman what she failed to understand as a child-like girl. As she wrote she found herself making Arthur Lindley one of the main figures and herself the other. The tall, impetuous young fellow, free, rich, handsome. He was courted by many. and admired by all. How, then, did it happen that he should have shown such eager delight in her society, flushing with pleasure when she appeared and attending her like her shadow? The young Ethel was led to believe in the sincerity of the lad, when he told her frankly that there was no girl to be compared with her, not one. No one was so true, so honest, so unaffected. What a series of scrapes the boy did get into, to be sure, and how he confided them all to her and asked her advice, for he had no mother and no sisters. "But I don't want you for my sister," he had said, with a twinkle in

his blue eyes. Those long mornings on the beach, when the bathers made merry and the lookers-on lined the sands, those afternoons of idle swinging in a hammock till the long shadows made a game of tennis a possibility; those soft evenings, when the cottages looked like fairy places and the band played dreamy music in the park; they all floated through the halls of memory.

Ethel Harcourt wrote spontaneously. She saw, with the perception of mature years, the tangled web in which her girlish feet were caught. She remembered the days when there crept into and between the comradeship an alien note. How or when it began she could not tell, but her instinct warned her of the approaching danger. Arthur Lindley no longer came with his outbursts and confidences. He seemed to be watching her, to be weighing and comparing her words, holding her at a hostile distance. There was nothing which could have been told, no one word or sentence which separated them, only a growing atmosphere of distrust on one side, and maiden shyness and reserve on the other. At last there came an outbreak from him; bitter, unkind words and mysterious allusions Ethel tried to have him explain himself, but it had no effect. She had treated him shabbily, he, who had been her best friend. No one could bear such things, and he would not bear them any longer. There could be no explanation; no, he would not hear one word, but would bid her "good morning." After this they would meet as

Ethel was a girl who held her head very high, and she would not for a moment have young Lindley think that she missed his faithfulness. It was very easy to accept Mrs. Hearst's view of the matter, and drift into intimate companionship with her nephew. Al Hearst, a young man whom Ethel had always shrank from, but who was now a gift from fate. She saw now how easily she was entangled, how the appearances were against her, and how she lent herself to her own misery For it was misery for a few days. She could bear her own bitterness and regret, out to see Arthur grow careless in dress, to bear him talk and laugh loudly, to be told of his frantic attentions to some of the leaders of the fast set, all these made her heart ache. And the season came to its end with a glitter of fireworks, and the crowds parted, each family to its own home. The Harcourts came to California the following winter

and the little play was never finished. All this, and more, went to make up the story. She touched it here and there with her artist fingers, and the pathetic little tale was written in words which went to the heart. At the end

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Caw-

per tree near. This was life; not those feverish, faroff days, but this quiet growth and unfolding of her true nature. A widening of the sympathies, a deeper insight, an humbler estimate of her powers and a greater possibility of enjoyment.

she stopped, pen in hand, and listened

to the chatter of the gay-breasted

blackbird which was perched on a pep-

It was morning in a hotel office in San Diego. The stout clerk was bending laboriously over the register, putting in a fancy heading at the top of a new page. The black porter and his aids were hurrying about, gathering up valises, wraps kodaks and umbrellas, and trying to get off those unfortunates who were to leave on the early train. The few business men who boarded in the house came out from the breakfast room with a mild air of importance, as befits the well when surrounded by the sick. One by one the invalids, in all stages of lung and throat trouble, made their way across the great sun veranda. Most of them were attended by a member of the family, but a solitary man occasionally stalked or sauntered on his way toward breakfast. Two men, who happened to be sitting near each other, laid down their papers at the same moment, and the elder remarked:

"It's a fine day." "Yes, very nice weather," assented the other.

"Been here long?"

"Nearly two months." "Don't get tired of it?"

"Yes, a little, sometimes." "Board as good as this most of the

"I think so." "S'pose you're here for your health?" "Yes, my lungs are weak. Excuse me, I see the mail is in," and the tall

bearded man walked slowly tow. 1 the "Here's your mail, Mr. Lindley," said the clerk, handing him several lotters a paper and a magazine. He retreated a quiet corner in the office, glancea mickly through his letters, read the paper and took up the magazine. He came absorbed, he looked around for a moment to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and he read on again. Was he losing his senses? Surely, he knew that seaside resort, those tiny cottages and-what would come next? His own words, his foolish, pig-headed obstinacy! And how she, that proud little creature, understood it all. Could she ever forgive him? Was it too much to expect, too much to hope for? He laid it down with a long sigh and gave himself up to the memories of those sweet and better days. What a schemer that Al Hearst was! He was ashamed to confess how easily he became a prey to the wily fellow-that is, he was ashamed a dozen years ago, but not now. Where could Ethel Harcourt be? Were they not in the state, the whole family? Would she forgive him if he found her? He would write to Fothergill and get the address of the author of "In Summer Days." What a waste of time in the years since they met!

"And to think that while I was writing it you were only twenty miles away," said Miss Harcourt, her quiet face lighted by a happy smile. "I was compelled to take a chapter from my own life just at that moment, and it would have been almost impossible either to have checked the impulse to write or to have altered my incidents in any way."

"Miss Harcourt-Ethel-I can never undo the past, those words, those unworthy suspicions, but if I may I will make amends for them in the future.

May I try?" Ethel Harcourt found it difficult to raise her eyes to meet the earnest gaze of her old friend. She felt the mounting color flush her usually pale cheeks, but as simply as a child she laid her hands in his. 'After a long conversation, more interesting to themselves than to anyone else, Ethel said:

"You will promise me never to let coldness or doubt part us again. Come to me when my words or my actions cannot be explained, tell me frankly, instead of bearing it in silence."

"My darling," said Lindley, "I give you my solemn promise that it shall be as you have said And in the coming years there shall fall no shadow between us, for between two who are truly made one there is no room for shadows."-Mary Peabody Sawyer, in Boston Budget.

THE MUSICAL WORLD. Among the world's greatest flute

players is the duke of Oporto, brother of the king of Portugal. A DICTIONARY of British musicians is now being compiled which the editors are finding a hard matter to keep within two thousand pages.

SAINT-SAENS has put the finishing

touches on his new opera, "Phryne," which is immediately to be placed in rehearsal at the Paris opera comique. THE sounding board of pianos, the most important part of the instrument. is made of American spruce and is as

carefully chosen as the wood for a HANS VON BULOW, the great pianist, who has always been very eccentric. is now insane, and it is feared that he will never recover his reason. He is a fine Greek scholar as well as a remark-

able musician. THERE will be no Wagnerian performances at Baircuth this year. A Wagner festival on a grand scale will be held there in 1894, however, when "Parsifal," "Tannhacuser" and "Lohengrin" will be given.

A Wonderful Piece of Carving. One of the greatest works of Henry Vorbruggen is the carved pulpit of the

grand parochial church at Brussels. The whole design is an allegorical scene. At the base are Adam and Eve. life size, expelling the angel, while grim death himself may be seen hovering in the rear. The first pair bear upon their shoulders a hollow globe, the cavity being the place where the preacher stands while delivering his sermons. From the globe rises a tree sustaining a canopy, which in turn supports two figures, one of an angel and the other a female representing Truth. Above all this is the Virgin and the infant Jesus crushing the serpent's head with a cross.

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Was made of its sucred meal Carrow their cherished fields; but ours Are broad as the continent's breast

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shall bear a stalk of the tasseled corn, Of all our wealth the best. The arbutus and the goldenrod And the mountain laurel for Maryland Its royal clusters rear:

ut the wide republic's emblem Is the bounteous, golden corn!