JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME XXVII.

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

SWEET AND TWENTY.

Sweet and twenty, and fair as the day;

Sweet and twenty, with eyes that shine,

And lissome curves that are rare and fine

On the tender mouth and the rounded cheek.

Plenty of lovers are bound this way.

Dimples that play at hide-and-seek

Never had maiden a lily-white hand

Never had maiden a foot more light

To dance a measure at morn or night

Sweet and twenty can row and ride.

Harness and drive and climb and fish:

Talk in English and French and German.

Which the sweetest, you'll not determine

And all who meet will of course adore her

Sweet and twenty has life before her

But what shall come to her after all-

Dumb stars that hide their secrets well.

SHE WAS HIS MODEL.

2nt Her Picture Was Called "The

Artist's Wife."

"Now," said Richard Lacy, with a

sigh which denoted intense joy, "my

An old frierd of his, who had made

great fame and some money as a novel-

ist, Edmund Shelton, to wit, had se-

lected him to illustrate an edition de

luxe of his famous novel, "Claire inge-

low," which you have no doubt read,

Here was the opportunity for which

Richard Lacy had been waiting ever

since he came to London, a youth of

the daytime, and earned his bread and

He managed to make about six hun-

dred dollars a year, one-third of which

studio in which he worked, and the

little bedroom attached in which he

lept. The purchase of materials ex-

hansted another third, and on the re-

maining two hundred dollars he lived.

Unless he could in some way arrest

the attention of the public he would

probably remain all his life an ill-paid

True, by some freak of fortune, one

of his pictures had once been exhibited.

at the Royal academy. But it had been

and it was reproduced in none of the il-

Instrated catalogues. Even now he

was in debt for its very gorgeous

A timid rat-tat at the door interrupt-

A tall young girl stood before him.

She was not exactly beautiful, but with

on or ist's instinct he at once noticed

the fine poise of her head and her shape-

ly hand. She was meanly dressed, and

"Good morning," he said, at length.

She nodded gravely and handed him a

ed his soliloquy. "Come in."

she hesitated.

"Model?"

skied," not a single critic noticed it.

but did not grow fat.

white work as he could get hold of.

seventeen, more than ten years ago.

and had offered very liberal terms.

-Harper's Bazar

Queen to reign, or to serve, a thrall?

Only the stars above can tell

chance has come at last!"

Over the rippling wavelets glide:

Make you many a dainty dish

Softer and queenlier to command.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

## NUMBER 33.

If nature deigns to charm the eye With flowers of every has Rejoicing, though at night they die, Why not be happy too? Why not-why not-

A thousand creatures frisk and fly nd seek, and spend, and woo: Shall we the common law deny? Why not be happy too? Why not-why not-Why not be happy too?

Squirrel and bee with rapture ply The arts their fathers knew; If these rejoice, way so may I Why not be happy too' Why not be happy too?

The heady brooks go laughing by. The birds sing in the blue. The very heavens exult, and cry: Why not be happy too? Why not-why not-

Why not be happy too -Dora Read Goodale, in Journal of Educa-

## MY WIFE'S LEGACY.

### Why We Didn't Get a New House and Furniture.

"I don't like to calculate upon such things," observed my wife, "but if Aunt Jane were to die, I should not be a bit surprised if she left us that oldfashioned set of silver that belonged to

my great-grandparents." Out of consideration for the printer, I will omit indications of the emphasis with which she usually spoke. If the reader will kindly consider every second word printed in small caps or italies, he will have some faint idea of her manner

of expressing herself. "It is a very handsome set," I returned, glancing about our modest dining-room, "and will hardly accord with our furniture."

"It wouldn't look at all well with that sideboard," returned my wife, promptly, "it's so very shabby-oh, of course, I mean the sideboard, not the salver."

"I suppose, then, if such a thing were to happen, you would want a new side-

She nodded. "I saw a lovely one down town today; antique oak, beautifully carved. I do admire oak so much." "But the rest of the furniture is wal-

nut." I objected. "Walnut is altogether out of style," she said, with a disdainful glance at the chairs which we had once admired; "and a sideboard is so much the most expensive piece of furniture in a diningroom that it doesn't cost much more to

get a whole set than just that one piece. And even a walnut sideboard, new, would not look well with these chairs and this table." I said nothing and the tacit surrender was accepted by my wife. Thenceforth it was understood that if Aunt Jane

should bequeath us the silver, we were to purchase a new set of dining-room The next evening, as we were again at dinner, my wife remarked:

"I have been looking at carpets today, and saw one that just suits me; rich and subdued, you know."

"Carpets," I repeated, in some surprise. "I didn't know that there was one needed this season."

"Why, stupid," rejoined my wife, petulantly (the emphasis was all upon

the pet name), "did we not agree that the dining-room must be refurnished? And this carpet is so old and worn, of course it would not do with all new forniture." Again I acquiesced silently, and she

proceeded to make plans for meeting me the next day, to examine and choose the carpet and furniture to be purchased later on. Well, if my wife's relations left her handsome silver, I must, of course, provide things in keeping with it.

She met me according to appointment, and, having inspected the articles, gave me to understand that my taste was so execrable as not to merit a moment's consideration, and, annonneing her own choice, suggested

"And now let us go and look at the

wall papers." "Wall papers, I echoed. "Of course the room must be repapered if it is refurnished. As for the woodwork, I suppose there is no help for that; it will just have to be regrained. Can they make that natural

wood finish on wood that has been painted?" I stared aghast; that silver was going to cost me a pretty sum. But I was

helpiess, entirely so; my wife had made up her mind. That evening she was much elated at the prospect of being surrounded by such things as she had that day se-

lected. There was but one cloud on her horizon.

"The dining-room will be nicer than the parlors," she remarked, plaintively; "I'm afraid they will look shabby."

I said nothing, hoping that if she were not contradicted she would not pursue the subject further. Vain hope! She had fixed it in her own mind that silence gave consent, and when I came home the next evening had assumed that the parlors were to be newly fitted

"Don't you think," she said coaxingly, "that as long as the parlors and dining-room are to be torn up, and we are to have the painters and paperhangers here, we might as well have the whole house done? It would be very little more trouble, and then it will all look nice together, you know."

"It would be considerably more expensive," I remonstrated. "You might draw the money out of the building association," she suggested.

"Our savings in that institution are doomed." I said to myself. Aunt Jane lingered a long time. In

justice to my wife, I must admit she had become oblivious of the fact that all these improvements depended upon a legacy which could only be possessed

after the death of her venerable rela-A day or so after she had decided that the house was to be thoroughly renovated my wife said to me:

room.

pleased suprise.

not want, anyhow.

"I have been examining the parlor carpets, and find by using the best parts of both, and buying a wide border, I can get quite a new carpet for our bed-

"Can you, indeed!" I remarked with

There was one thing that she would

"Yes, and the carpet that is now on

it has in it enough good to cover the children's room, if I put the worn part under the bed. Oh maybe I'd better put that on the children's room," she added, reflectively, "and give that one to the children. Theirs gets such hard wear that an old one will not last any time."

Advertising Rates.

consideration of advertisers whose inserted at the following low rates:

linch, 8 months....
linch | year.....
linch | year.....
linches, 6 months....
linches, 1 year....
linches, 5 months

column, 6 months.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAM FERRMAN commends it to the favorable eration of advertisers whose favors will be

"As long as we don't have to buy a bedroom carpet," she remarked, insinuatingly, "don't you think we might have a new set of furniture?"

She burst into tears and called me a heartless monster. To pacify her I had to promise the furniture, together with a new silk and a sealskin, that the mistress of the house might be as fine as her dwelling.

few days afterwards, "to spend so much money on this old house. That's very handsome and expensive paper that we looked at, and to substitute an archway for the folding doors will cost "An archway!" I gasped.

This was the first that I had heard of such a thing. But my wife sailed right on, unheeding my exclamation. "And then those lovely carpets cut

"Yes, it is a shame," I replied, hardly crediting my senses. Not all had been lost, though much had been in danger.

sure you would agree with me that it would be wiser for us to find a house that suits us better, and buy right away. Real estate is cheap now, they say, there is so much in the market." Sac tried to put on a knowing look: if she nad known half as much about that subject as about managing me. I

should have felt impressed. As it was, I objected weakly. "My dear, I don't know where in the world I could get the money to buy a

nothing daunted. Thinking cunningly to turn her own weapon on herself, I retorted: "But if real estate is a drug on the

market I do not want to sell." There are those shares of stock, could you not seil them?" "But that stock is going up daily; if I

wait six months I can get double what it would bring now; or hold it and draw a big interest on my investment." "Well, what else are you going to do? You said yourself that we must have a larger and better house."

Thereupon I mentally bade a regetful farewell to the stock, and the money which I had expected to make by holding it.

My wife occupied her leisure time for the next three weeks in looking for a residence which should be in all respects suitable for the furniture we were going to buy. What she would desire next 1 could not guess, unless she should become thoroughly dissatisfied with me.

At the end of the period mentioned 1 came home one evening to find her in

"Aunt Jane's dead," she sobbed: "the poor old lady died this morning. I have just come from her house.

. As Aunt Jane had been at the point of death for the past six months, I was hardly surprised to hear this bit of news. I did my best to comfort my wife, however, and comported myself like a dutiful nephew-in-law at the mournful ceremonies following the

When I returned home the day after the funeral, my wife met me at the door, her face flushed, her eyes blazing. "What do you suppose that old erank:

has done?" "What old crank?" . "Aunt Jane." "I'm sure I don't know, but you must

remember, my dear"-"Oh, I know she's dead. She wouldn't give her things away under any circumstances. She has left me \$100 in cash and that dear old silver to my I could hardly hide a smile, but I

managed to say: "What a pity! "He'll sell it, and spend every cent

Then the blaze in her eyes was

quenched by a flood of tears. I did my best to soothe her, but my efforts were useless. I assured her that

"I don't want it!" she declared; "I can keep your building association money and stock, too. So there, now!"

After that I did not try to assuage

As the Vankee Pronounced It.

Cunning in the use of language to give false impression is a Yankee trick celebrated in song and story. Many instances of its use come to light in the testimony given in courts. An illustration of such dishonest craftiness is related by a Maine gentleman. A man came to him wanting him to buy a share in a country lottery in which the principal prize was a horse. "I'll take one," he said, "if you'll warrant me I shall draw the horse." "Oh, yes," said the seller, glibly pocketing the cash. "I'll warrant you to get the horse." The horse went in another direction. and the ticket holder, meeting the seller said, jokingly: "I thought you warranted me to draw that horse." "Oh, no," said the other, shrewdly, "I

Reld a Good Hand.

I was traveling not long ago in America when I met a man who used to be coroner in a town out west, who told me the following card story. Said he: "I was once sitting down to a game of cards with a Texas man, a half-breed Indian, and a fellow named Dick Jimson. The ante was five dollars, and there was no limit. There was five hundred dollars on the cloth, and when we 'showed down' the half-breed held a 'straight,' Dick Jimson held an ace and three kings, the Texas man held four aces, and-" "Good heavens!" I interrupted, "and what did you hold?" "Well," he said slowly, "bein' as I was the coroner at the time, I held an inquest on the Texas man."-London

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1893.

I can see the barn roof standing as it leaned to meet the grass--Its form is dumly pointed in memory's looking-That sloping roof of shingles, with its mossy coat of gray, Which formed the playground for our fun on I was built just by the orchard, and the caves

drooped down so low That they almost touched the grass-tops, where daise thesomes blow And an apple-tree was growing where you came down with a whiri. To yield a spicy lancheon to each hungry boy

THE OLD BARN ROOF.

Oh: better than the coasting on a big toboggan Was the eestasy of sitting on that barn roof for After crawling slowly upward to the sharplypointed peak— To hold on—by the edges—while you play at hide

and seek. And then-with fun and frolle-as you loosed your wary clasp. To feel the sliding—gliding—and to give a happs grasp. As you found yourself drawn downward, with increasing motion bound, For a rapid roll through clover, on the softly

> -Alice Crary, in Wide Awake NAT LASK'S PARROT.

Story of a kemarkable Man and a Remarkable Bird.

waiting ground.

"Ever hear of Nat Lask's parrot?" sked Jim Gordon, of Little Rock Never was such a remarkable parrot. I don't think. But then, Nat Lask was omewhat of a remarkable man. He was an old Arkansas and Mississippi river boatsman. He used to run be tween Little Rock and New Orleans in the good old times before the war. He owned twenty niggers once, and they all got their freedom just because Nat was such a remarkable man. There was a good many niggers running away about that time, and making their run for good. Nat gave it out that he'd like to see any of his get away. For every one that got away, he said, he'd set another free. Less than a week after that one of Nat's best niggers turned up missing, and he couldn't be ound. Over the border, sure. The runaway's wife belonged to Nat. " 'Suse,' said Nat, 'd'ye know whar

Joe is? "Yes, massa. "Wall then, you jes' go long an' jine

"So he kept his word and set one slave free because another had succeeded in running away, and he showed what a remarkable man he was by setting free the wife of the fugitive. And Not wouldn't take back his offer either, and his niggers kept running away. and he kept setting others free to match 'em, until he hadn't one left. "Don't make no diff'nce,' Nat used to say. 'Nobody didn' 'bleege me to

et my niggers free. "Just about the time the war broke out Nat was in New Orleans taking on cargo. On the levee one day he was passing an old woman who was selling arrots, when one of the birds yelled

" Damn fool!" "That fetched Nat up standing, and ie asked the woman which parrot had diressed him in such familiar tones.

"He knows me,' said Nat, 'but I swar never knowed him!" "Nat didn't have to wait for the old woman to tell him which parrot it was, for the bird yelled out its compliments to him again on the spot, and Nat was Look for this stamp-The Rochester. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine so tickled with the parrot that he ought it. He was so taken up with is new companion that he paid no atntion to anything else all the way mck on the trip to Little Rock. When ie arrived there he gave up his bout. "Goin' to quit boatin', he said. 'It'll take all my time now on to 'tend to this

And if he didn't quit, right there and then, I hope to holler! He tied unself up to that parrot and had no time for anything or anybody. Then the war began to stir things up, and

one day Nat said: "Thar's goin' ter be the deuce ter pay round hyah 'fore long, an' I take to the

"He was good as his word. He took

his gun and his parrot, went 'way back into the wilderness along Big Mammelee creek and put up a snug log cabin. And it was there that the parcot came out strong. The woods were full of game-wild turkey, deer, bear, panther. The creek held plenty of wild ducks and geese. Nat trained the parrot to hunt. The bird got so he could give all the calls and cries of the wild turkey better than the wild turkey could itself, and he never missed get ting the right call or cry in at just the right time. He found out that a lost fawn, or a fawn hidden by its mother. could summon its mother or some o'her deer quickly to where it was by a plaintive bleating, and the parrot got on to that bleat only too quick. He imitated the unearthly screech of the panther so ably that Nat used to say it was nothing out of the common for Bobby-that was the parrot's nameto call as many as a dozen big fellows around the cabin of an evening and set them all to fighting at once. Bobby couldn't only do the quack of a duck or the gabble of a goose to perfection, but he could manipulate those cries so that you would think he was a whole flock of ducks or geese. So, if there were ducks or geese flying over, it was no trick at all for Bobby to let himself loose just as if it was a dozen or so fowl jabbering together, and a flying flock, hearing him going on, would say to themselves: 'These ducks must have struck good luck down there in the

creek. Let's drop down and get a piece of it.' And when they had dropped down near enough Nat, hid in the bushes, would tumble a half dozen or so before they could get on to the way they were fooled. Bobby liked to hunt wild turkeys best. If there was a turkey within hearing of him, it couldn't resist that seductive call of his, and when it came within gunshot and Nat put a ball in it, Bobby became a very fiend in his gloatng over its death struggles. He would fly around the poor bird and laugh and yell like a demon. But if Nat happened to miss the turkey after Robby had called it up, then maybe he would get fits. The parrot would fill the woods with language that Nat used to say made him sit down and wait for the shower of fire and brimstone that be felt sure must be sent down on them for that bird's wickedness. And he'd ag-tiffice on High street in room formerly or fly at Nat and pull his hair out in Hanzast | bunches, and make vicious grabs at his

times, which, luckily, were rare. Nat used to lie down on his face and let Bobby peg away and pull at him until his frenzy passed over. Nat knew when that was by the bird perching somewhere near and easing himself ar by simply yelling: 'Dama fool!' Then Nat would get up and start for home Bobby would fly to his usual place or Nat's shoulder, where he would at in tervals yell in Nat's ear: 'Damn fool!

eyes and face. At these unfortunate

knew he deserved all that Bobby gave him at such times. There wasn't any thing too ban for a man who missed his "Whenever Nat would take his gun o go out hunting, Bobby would each

his head on one side and say:

Nat never jawed back. He said that he

" Turkey." "If Nat would say: 'No,' Bobby would

" 'Quack, quack?" "If Nat replied in the negative, Bobby would make the peculiar bleating sound of the fawn interrogatively. If Nat said he wasn't going after deer, Bobby would say, decisively: "B'ar!

"Turkey, ducks or geese, deer and bear were all the game Nat hunted, and Bobby knew if it wasn't any of the first three he was going out after it must of course be bear. But he always wanted to know what the hunt was to be before he started. He was of no particular use in a bear hunt. "'I jes' take him 'long to do the swar-

in',' Nat use to say. "But Bobby always went out for bear with the greatest enthusiasm, and once he was of actual service. Nat had started a bear, and it went into a thick swamp a short distance, where no man or dog could get. Whether Bobby saw the bear or not, or whether he had a stroke of genius, all at once he flew from Nat's shoulder into the swamp. Such a hairraising collection of yells and exple tives as he tumbled around in that swamp no living thing had ever heard before. Bobby was evidently directing them straight at the bear, for the frightened animal came tearing out of the swamp with a smash and a crash that a hurricane couldn't have made. Nat said the bear's eyes hung out, its terror was so great. Nat downed the bear with a couple of rifle balls, and out of the swamp came a couple of terror-stricken cubs, with Bobby yelling and cussing right behind them. Nat aptured the two cubs alive and took them home, against the vehement protests of Bobby, who yelled his favorite minion of Nat in the latter's car all the way in. Nat showed great fondness for the cubs, but they were a perpetual thorn in Bobby's side. He was wildly jenious of them, and gave both them and Nat continual fits. Nat kept the cube in the cabin, and one night, after he'd ha! them about a week, h was awakened by a noise. He heard Bobby swearing like a pirate and the culs whining. Nat listened, and by by he heard the cabin door opened. That was an easy matter to do, for nothing fastened it, and it swung on a teather hinge. When the door opened and let the moonlight in, Nat saw that t was Bobby who had pulled it open with his bill. Nat lay still to see what the parrot would do, and what did he do but drive both of those cubs out. nipping them with his bill, and talking to them worse than any canal mule driver ever talked to his mules. Bobby not only drove the cubs out of the cabin, but he escorted them some distance into the woods, and they under-

stood well enough that they were to shortly," Lacy said; "may I ask what keep on going. Bobby came back to your terms are?" the cabin chuckling like a little fiend, She stated them. They were ridicuand closed the door and went to sleep. ously low. The whole proceeding had increased "Perhaps you can call to-morrow, and Nat's veneration for the parrot so much I could then say whether you would be that he said he could no more have in-

A few days after that Nat took down his gun to go out hunting. "Turkey? said Bobby. "'No,' said Nat. 'We're goin' atter

top of his voice. "No, no! No, no!" "He remembered the trials and tribulations that had come to him through his last bear hunt, and he wanted no more bear in his. And he wouldn't go bear bunting, and never could be in-

duced to go again. "Nat and Bob lived that hermit life on the Big Mammelee for more than twenty years. Then one day Nat came into Little Rock, alone and disconso late. Bobby was dead-accidentally shot by Nat himself. I don't know what ever became of Nat, but he was a remarkable man. And there never was such a remarkable parrot as Bobby."-N. Y. Sun.

# JOKES AT THE FAIR.

IN MIDWAY PLAISANCE.-"I suppose you hear a greater number of tongues

fair? Your fortune doesn't seem to be doing you much good, old man," "Why, my dear boy, the governor left me only three million. If I went I would want to stay a week at any rate."-Truth. SAFE DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR-Chicago Man-"There goes the Inckiest man in the city." Boston Man -"Suc cessful in speculation, ch?" Chicago

sir; but you and the lady have been air for ten feet in each direction."-

you crop. DECAYING organic matter in the soil gives warmth.

and-you aren't very heavy." was necessary for Mary to sit four times a week instead of three.

on this couch?

of months. the man discovered to his surprise that in all domains of knowledge outside

Then he said he would like to paint

art, the woman was his equal. It was remarkable that their discussions never ended with the sittings. Richard said that perhaps if he took more exercise he might have less headache, and so he fell into the habit of escorting her to her rooms. And even at her door he remembered many things

## often have them. But I think I will sit town a bit-"

than any-" Guard-"No. sir, the Woman's building is right over in that direction!"-Inter-Ocean. HANDICAPPED. -"Not going to the

Man-"Speculation nothing! He has no relations and not a friend in the

world." Judge. ATTHE FAIR. - Attendant-"Two dollars, please." Visitor - "What? 1 haven't been buying a thing!" "No. standing here just twenty minutes breathing, and I've a mortgage on the

DIFFERENT kinds of grasses do not do well in meadows. Eveny kind of food is relished by

impoverishes the average farmer. lays the foundation for future develop-

Lime salt and plaster are auxiliary CLOVER aids materially to keep down

Consider your market as well as

some kind of stock.

# FARM NOTES.

fertilizers. the weeds.

It is the raising of poor crops that TAKING good care of young stock

### ikely to suit me." terfered than he could have inter-When Richard Lacy had had three upted a preacher in a funeral sermon.

sittings with Mary Blackwood he began to wonder how in the world he would have got on without her. Not only had she read "Claire Ingelow," but she seemed thoroughly to understand the somewhat deficult character of Claire. She was ever ready "Bobby bristled up, and yelled at the

ept very occasionally.

with useful suggestions. He admitted to himself that she really inspired his He looked forward with eagerness to her visi s. Not that they were particularly lively affairs. Miss Blackwood

spoke only as occasion demanded, and Lacy was not one of those artists who can talk and work simultaneously One day when she came he was almost prostrated by a more than usually severe headache, a complaint from which he frequently suffered. In the

middle of the morning's work she suddenly jumped up. "Why, Mr. Lacy, you are ill, ' she "Only one of my headaches," he said. faintly and wearily. "You know, I

Then he fainted. When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying on the only couch which the studio boasted, while Mary Blackwood stood over him with a bottle of smelling salts.

"Where do you keep the tea?" she asked, with a smile. "I must make a cup at once." Years afterwards he remembered the quiet joy with which he watched her

uick, graceful movements as she set about preparing that tea. "By the way," Lacy said, as he contentedly sipped the tea, "how came I

"I carried you there," said Mary, with

suspicion of red in her cheeks. "Oh-er-I see!" "I nursed my mother for three years before she died, and I know what to do; From that time they were no longer artist and model, but close friends. Richard suddenly discovered that it

her portrait as "Clare Ingelow" for the academy, which would open in a couple It was about this time that Richard found that he could talk an i work as well. They discussed everything; and -Washington Star.

tending to throw it, said: "I'll throw my cap at the worst among you." Immediately every woman in the congrethat he wanted to say. gation ducked her head.

## During one of these walks Mary remarked that the portrait was nearly

completed. "Of course you will call it 'Claire Ingelow'?" she said. "Yes, I suppose I must," was the reply, "but I could suggest at least two

better titles. "Indeed! And may I ask what they "Well, one is 'The dearest girl in the world,' and the other, 'Portrait of the

artist's wife."" She was silent. It was dark, and the road was deserted. His arm crept round her waist. She looked up, and her lips met his, descending to meet

And so it was arranged. The picture, being at last finished, was dispatched with much trembling. Richard said it ought to be accepted, the subject was so fine. Mary said it ought to be accepted, the handling was so musterly. They were both right. The eagerly expected and much prized varnishing ticket duly arrived. but attacks of headache had lately besome more frequent and more severe,

and on the eventful day he was incapable of movement. The doctor cross-examined him closely and then said: "I think your best course is to consult an oculist."

"I can see perfectly well," Lacy said, with some astonishment. "I know you can now," the doctor answered; "but I feel convinced that your headaches proceed from weakness of

Richard's brow became clammy. He said nothing about it to Mary and went privily to a great specialist in Harley "You must have absolute rest for two

or three years," said the great man.

"But I can't-I must live!"

poor eyes a rest, dear," she said.

He was a struggling artist, who "If you don't rest you will be blind painted pictures (which never sold) in before you are thirty-five." With great difficulty be gathered sufcheese at night by designing for the ficient courage to tell Mary. She restationery trade, and such black-andmained silent a little. "Then, of course, you must give your

"But how?" went for the rent of the gaunt, bare "Well, you will have the money for the 'Claire Ingelow' drawings, and perhaps the picture will sell. Some one sure to buy it. "The money for the drawings won't

> known artists never sell. "Well, I can earn a little." She was determined to keep cheerful for his sake. He closed her mouth with "No!" he said. "I shall give myself six months' holiday; that is all I can

rast six months, and pictures by un-

afford. And then I must begin again and take my chance. Perhaps the doctors are mistaken. They often are." "Yes, very often," echoed Mary. It was the day of the private view. and Lacy sat in his studio wondering if any among the brilliant crowd at Burlington house had east a passing glance at his picture. Toward dusk a

telegram came, reply paid. "What is name and address," it ranof lady who sat for Claire Ingelow? Mark Ffolliott, Redford row." Now, every one knew Mark Ffolliott. He was the solicitor, and acted for half he aristocracy. What could it mean? Lacy telegraphed back the required

card. "Mary Blackwood" was the name information. He went to see Mary next morning. Evidently she was a beginner at the "Richard, dear," she began almost ousiness. The old hands never called mmediately, "I know I am a brazen on him, for they knew his means would minx, but I think we ought to get marjot allow him to engage a model, exried at once. Then I can keep an eye on you to see that you don't work." "Well, I may be wanting a model "Don't joke, old girl!" he said, with a

tremor in his voice. "I've been thinking, and I've made up my mind that I ought to release you, as there is no prospect now of my being able to keep even myself, to say nothing of a fam-"What if I refused to be released?" "I must insist on it."

breach of promise. Mary went softly up to him. Then she showed him a letter which she had that morning received from Mr. Mark Ffolliott, of Bedford row. It set forth, with the usual legal formality of phrase, how the writer, catching sight of Mr. Lacy's picture at the academy, had been astonished at the likeness which it bore to a Miss Norris, who, twenty years since, had sev eral times visited his office in company

"Then I shall sue you for damages for

with her uncle, Sir James Norris, who was an old client of his; that Sir James Norris had died about a year ago, intestate; that it had been discovered that the deceased left no relations except his niece, and that the latter had married a gentleman named Blackwood and subsequently died, leaving a daughter; that Mr. Ffolliott had hitherto been unable to trace the issue of this marriage; and, finally, that he was convinced that the original of "Claire In gelow" must be the daughter of Mrs. Blackwood and heiress to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a coun-

"Mary," Richard said, "accept my congratulations! But, of course, a girl with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and an ancestral hall won't throw herself away on a penniless artist." "Won't she?" was the reply.

Richard Lacy puts A. R. A. after his name now and paints portraits for five thousand dollars apiece. But Mary always tells the children that the best portrait their father ever did was that of "Claire Ingelow."-Boston Globe. Insuring a Cool Summer.

He had been seeking office, but was

"I say," he exclaimed to an old ac-

quaintance whom he met on his journey to the depot, "you people aren't worrying about your ice supply this summer, are you?" "The subject has given us some both-

now on his homeward way.

er," was the reply.

"It's unnecessary."

"Do you think so?"

"Of course I do. You noticed how late spring was, didn't you?" "Yes. "Well, you can't keep office-seekers out of Washington, and you can depend on getting a cold wave every time one of them strikes the executive mansion."

They Were All Guilty. In preaching against the sin of flirtation a French priest grew quite warm in charging the female members of his congregation with the offense. Suddenly he took off his skull cap, and, pre-

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHY. Why not be happy too?

"True."

"No!" savagely.

"It does seem a shame," she said a something-

up to fit these small rooms, too?"

"I am so glad that you think so," returned my wife, briskly. "I was so

larger and better house." "You could sell this," she replied,

second cousin, John Scott!"

on liquor and eigars."

if her cousin sold the silver we would won't have it! I won't get a single new thing in the house or a new dress or that sealskin or anything. I'll just stay here with things as they are, and John Scott can keep his silver, and you

her grief. I was afraid that consolation might cost more than I could pay. -Waverley.

did not say warrant, but want. I said I wanted you to get the horse, and I did."-Bangor Commercial.

Figuro.

# ---PRACTICAL--WATCHMAKER& JEWELER, ---AND DEALER IN----

Watches, Clocks \_\_\_JEWELRY,---Silverware, Musical Instruments Optical Goods.

CARL RIVINIUS,

Sole Agent Gelebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders. ARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND

of JEWELRY always on hand. My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed ame and see for yourself before purchas ng elswhere. ALL WORK GUARANTERD ...

CARL RIVINIUS. PLANT IN THE PARTY BORREST CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY. Elensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

"WANT A WAGON?" We have wagons, buggles, surreys. High grade; as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized

manufacture can produce. Built on bonor by men of life

esperiences Hunesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specially. We want to know you, Write us. Costs your nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binglamaton, N. Y. "BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

"Seeing is Believing." And a good lamp
must be simple; when it is not simple it is
not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these 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 unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its mar-velous light is purer and brighter than gas light,

softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 the Largest Lamp Store in the Warid.

CATARRH

COLDINHEAD

HAY FEVER D

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City. \* "The Rochester." Elvis Cream Balm HAY-FEVER

COLD"HEAD EXEREGIANS SUC ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. SUC

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. 120 tinvo said to consumers for 20 years, No. 119 Road Wagon WHOLESALE PRICES. No. 41. Wagon, \$43. Mills Wagons, British Wagons and Road Carts.

ZW. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND. Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLOR OLD RELIABLE ' ÆTNA' CENTRE STREET, EBENEBURG. VINC. HARE CUPTING AND WIRE INSURANCE CONY, if done in the newfest and most r. Clear Fowds a specialty will reside to get their majories.

JAMES H. GANT, Proprietor CASSIDAY'S EBENSBURG.

Described Job Printings It so, give the H. C. CHOPER, M. D., Physician SONANDA TOAGENTS SAMPLES FREE

Tell-known Shaving Partor is located on ert near the County Init has re-independent remembed, papered, every medicin envenience, and an. The understaned desires to inform the pub-Chartery modern a pseudone, and postured, papered to the purpose of the particles, heartest, and best shops in Main street, near the post office where barbering main it is in charge of composition to it is no charge of composition at its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.

Your patronage solicited.

KOREKT CASSIDAY,

EST be undersigned desires to inform the purpose. The charter of the chart they have opened a shaving par or on Main street, near the post office where the particle will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.

Your patronage solicited.

FEES BROS.

EO. A. SCOTT, New York City pany.

Policies written at short notice in the

T. W. DICK,

OLD HARTFORD

GENT FOR THE

1794.

FEES BROS.

Main Street, Near Post Office

PHYSICIAN AND STEGRON, EBENSBURG,

Ehensburg July 91, 1882.