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OF JEWELRY always on hand.
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and new for yourself before purchase
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
CARL RIVINIUS,
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1893-4.

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TAKE YOUR GRAIN TO THE
OLD SHENKLE MILL
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FULL ROLLER PROCESS
For the Manufacture of Flour has been put in the Old Shenkle
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FIRST CLASS WORK.
Bring in your Grain and give us a trial. Each man's grain is
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Cures thousands annually of Liver Com-
plaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspep-
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1000 testimonials on file.

BEREAVED.

I cannot think him dead. It is too strange:
It seems to me as if I were yesterday
I held him here and he was as alive as I.
I wonder how he could have slipped away.
That could not need him. Lord, so much
My tender child, that knew no stain of sin:
That had so many lambs within Thy fold—
So many souls to whom Thy love was kind:
Woe! I, my head sinks down upon my breast,
To meet the one that once was pilloved
there.
I sorely wish to meet a springing form,
And only clasp the empty, empty air!
Lies his footstep all about the house,
Dear Lord, did not your hand just now grow
sad.
Ever and anon you take my little one to me:
—Aloisius Preston, in Good Housekeeping.

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"I am dazed, steel-skipped,
grumpy, stingingly cold, Mrs. Martin,
peering out between her velvet cur-
tains, drew back with a little shiver.

"I wish," she said to herself, in re-
ference to Mrs. Martin's cousin, "that
she had mentioned over what road and
at what hour she would arrive, and I'd
have the carriage meet her."

But the afternoon, toward noon, to
afternoon, toward evening, and still
Clarissa Martin did not put in an ap-
pearance. From feeling absolute ex-
haustion, Mrs. Martin began to regard
the situation with amusement.

"How disappointed my guests will be
if she fails to materialize! I shall tell
them it is truly a version of 'Hamlet,'
with Hamlet left out."

At five o'clock the curtains were
drawn in the beautiful, imposing home
of Philip Martin. Within electric
lights shone with white brilliance, and
grates of burnished metal held beds of
red fires. In the long amber draw-
ing-room the guests assembled.

Six tinkled out from a hidden clock.
The faintest of ripples in the water
creaked was that dinner should not
be kept waiting. So, after privately
giving directions to the footman and
housekeeper, she apologized for the ab-
sence of the expected guest, and let
the way to the dining-room.

But hardly was the soup-tureen un-
covered in the dining-room, when the
tinkling of a bell behind the door
announced an arrival. The footman
opened the door to a tall, stout young
woman with very red cheeks and snap-
ping black eyes. She wore a plain
dress, a pink hat, and had two
green parrots confronting each other
antagonistically, and a voluminous
veil of red gauze.

"Is this Mrs. P. Martin's house?"

"On being assured that it was, she
turned her head and shifted down the
steps to the backman:

"All right. Bring up that three
trunks."

"That three trunks" having been duly
brought up, the backman paid, and the
housekeeper summoned, the newcomer
was informed of the message of her
hostess.

"If you please, miss, Mrs. Martin
says, as she is having a few friends to
dinner, she will be pleased if you dress
and come down, if you do not feel too
fatigued."

"Mercy, no! I ain't tired. I'll be
ready in a jiffy."

The trunk was carried to the lux-
urious room prepared for Mrs. Martin's
cousin, and from its depths the visitor
quickly drew her most festive attire.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she re-
garded her complete toilet in the
mirror, "long as they be, judging by
the house, I guess this'll fetch them."

She was not mistaken. She created
a sensation when she entered the din-
ing-room. Mrs. Martin and her guests
glanced up as the door opened, to be-
hold a buxom woman of thirty-two or
three, clad in a gown of blue, bright,
slender, elaborately trimmed with
silk of the variety known as "blonde."
Mrs. Martin, in one swift glance,
took in the latest guest, from her
frizzled hair to her red hands and
slender fingers. She felt a little faint
as she rose to meet her. She held out her
slender fingers.

"You did not mention the train," she
apologized.

"Oh, law! that didn't matter!" de-
clared the other, giving her an ex-
plorative kiss. "This ain't such a big
difference as it was easy to fool my way.
I just let a backman to drive me to P.
Martin's, and here I am!"

There she was, indeed, and very

MR. MARTIN'S COUSIN.

How a Delayed Train Caused an
Embarrassment.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Martin, mis-
chievously, "you will be falling in love
with Cousin Clarissa at first sight."
She was regarding Percy Carr with an
eye as she spoke, and smiling at him ap-
provingly.

"I would find it easy to fall in love
with any relative of yours, Mrs. Mar-
tin."

"Ah, listen to his flattery!" she said,
appealing to the others gathered around
her low, sparkling tea-table that par-
ticular winter afternoon. "It is very
evident he is meditating an extract
for another cup of tea. But, seriously,
is he not my cousin at all—but my
husband's. I have never seen her."

"Yes, poor darling," assented Mrs.
Martin. She knew that it was from
those particularly gloomy places that her
wealth came, and that her husband
should make occasional visits of super-
vision to them was to be properly de-
plored.

"Is she young?" questioned Mrs.
Thurston.

"She was a charming widow whose
beauty," suggested that of a
very full-blown rose. Her car-
riage gown of violet cloth was trimmed
with gold passementerie and fur. She
rattled her fan and looked at any one
who might attract the languid
attention of Percy Carr.

"I really know little about her. You
see, I never contemplated the possibil-
ity of her marrying or recognizing our
existence by a visit. I think she is
young. I believe she is pretty. I have
the impression she is cultured. I know
she is wealthy."

"That final statement will cover a
multitude of sins," murmured Ralph
Summers. "How long must we pine
for a glimpse of her face?"

"Her mother," said Mrs. Martin, "was
Wednesday morning. You may all come
to dinner Wednesday evening, and be
present."

"I am dazed, steel-skipped,
grumpy, stingingly cold, Mrs. Martin,
peering out between her velvet cur-
tains, drew back with a little shiver.

"I wish," she said to herself, in re-
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FEMININE SMOKERS.

A Practice That is Growing in Fa-
vor with the Fair Sex.

Royal Russian Women Who are Very
Fond of Their Cigarettes. Peculiar
Custom of Kalmuck Mothers
—Smoking Infants.

A brisk controversy has been going
on about cigarette-smoking women in
the columns of the North American
Review and other periodicals, and
those who broke lanes for and against
were women. Mrs. Lynn Lynton,
whose novels are read here as fash-
ions so extensively and who has made
gusto, is quoted as leading the non-
smoking against the lady smokers. Is it
true that she calls the cigarette when in
a lady's mouth the emblem of revolt?
If so, she is not up to date, so far as
continental practices go. The cigare-
tte has not yet found its way with
after-dinner coffee into the official
drawing-room, but it soon will. At all
the houses setting up to style it is
served at intimate dinners and
small but lively dinners.

Nobody is shocked at ladies smoking
not merely on cigarettes, but on ten or
three. A minister of Queen Christina
says that highly respectable and re-
spected royal lady is an inveterate and a
veteran smoker. She got in the habit of
smoking a cigarette when she was
queen of the Habsburgs, in 1809, when
she was getting married. Her cousin,
Archduchess Mathilde, who was en-
gaged to marry King Humbert when he was
prince of Savoy, lost her life owing to
her fondness for cigarettes. She was
forbidden by her father, Archduke
Albert, to smoke, but none the less
she smoked, and she died of cancer of
the throat, as she was smoking when
she was on the balcony she saw him enter
the courtyard on which she was looking
down. She was wearing a white dress,
wearing a white dress, whipped the
cigarette out of her mouth and hid it
behind her back. It came in contact
with the mustache, and she was in a
moment enveloped in