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THERE CO... S A TIME.

When surhing winds will shed the summer's And waft their sweetness into space. When locks are gray

As winter's day. And line of tailed red will say There comes a time when we grow old." From far across the shoreless ocean's breast

The dying sunlight faintly streams. While unseen barits are speeding o'er its And rosy hope is lost in dreams.

The day h th spanned And feebly trace o or sallow sand: There comes a time when we grow old." There comes a time when on the viewless

When Gulen's band is summoned to our To check the foe within the gate. Strict guard they keep. Yet in our sleep

A voice comes whispering o'er the deep: There comes a time when we grow old. Unbroken shades ne er traveled by the sun.

Where time's far-reaching stream shall never Or measure death's unbreathing reign. Forgetfulness

There comes a time when we grow old." There comes a time when watchers thro' the night In silence wait the coming day. When ghostly tapers give their trembling

And then how dark! But on the spar : That onward guides the phantom bark Where we shall never more grow old.

CONSOLATION.

A Bit of Friendly Sympathy That

peared to raily. He had become mor sheerful, and more ready for society said as much to Kitty, but she point ed out that there had been a relapse. In fact, she was emphatic on the ques-

"He's getting no good here at all," she said most positively. "Really, in his own interest, I must ask you to

"The girl has spoilt his life!" I cried angrily. Kitty looked at me for a moment, but said nothing. "I suppose you're right." I went on.

"He would be better in a livelier place."

"There is nothing to distract his thoughts here," I said. "You speak to him then?" asked Kitty. She was decidedly in earnest about it.

cately and tactfully," I suggested. delicacy.

stick, and smoking one of my cigars (I'm a judge of eigars) at a ruinous pace. When I joined him and linked my arm through his, he started. ter away from here? Come, you know what I mean. You're no great hand at

in great confusion. "I know all about it," said I, encouragingly. "I thought you'd get good out of the place, but it's clear you haven't; quite the contrary. You want to see new things and new people; and for-

"Upon my honor, you are a good chap." he exclaimed. "There's not another man in England that would have treated me as you have;" and he covered his eyes with his hand. "Oh. nonsense. It's nothing. I hope

turn. But it's no use, is it? It gets worse and worse." "I'll go," he said, with a sigh. "I won't stay a minute. After what you say, I couldn't. And, old chap, I don't know how to thank you. Many fellows would have taken the way I've

been going on badly; most would-Young men mustn't be judged too

harshly." "But you're a true friend. It makes me feel pretty bad, I can tell you,

Rob ' "Oh you'll soon forget it when you're on the move."

"I'll try. By Jove, I will!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "Do; it only needs a little resolution. Because, between ourselves, you

able. "Eh2" "In my opinion, Jack, you've had an escape. And you can take my word for it. Remember I know the lady pretty well." In fact, I'd met Clara Wilkinson a hundred times, and had a

her," he protested. "She's been all that's good and kind and-" "Of course, you say that," I interrupted, impatiently. "I suppose you're bound to, but it won't go down with me. If ever there was a heartless,

worthless jade-" "Bob!" he cried, starting away from me; but I was determined he should hear the truth.

young fellow on, deliberately, wickedly, never meaning anything except to her toils and then turn him adrift with a laugh-that's what she meant with you-Oh, I know her-no one better!" The unhappy young man turned pale

and his lips trembled. "Now you know the truth about her and I hope you'll proceed to put her mage out of your heart." I concluded. "I'd have staked my life on her!" he murmured. "She-she seemed so dif-

ferent. Bob, I couldn't help it, she never-"tou were only the victim," I interrupted, patting his shoulder.

"I-I shall go at once. I can't stay here. This revelation-you are telling me the truth, Bob?" "Honestly, to the best of my knowledge," I answered, firmly.

"Surprised, are you? Why, any of you the same thing."

this. When one's eyes are once opened-" and I ended with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Shake hands, old chap," he said. I shook hands. The poor fellow was a good deal moved, and I didn't wish to appear cold. "I shall go straight," he repeated.

"Well, to-morrow morning will do." "No. To-night-the next train. And you-you must stay here?" "Of course I stay here," I answered, staring in my turn.

"It's bad for me, old chap," he said, laying a hand on my shoulder, "but, by Jove, what it must be for you!" "For me?" I exclaimed. "What d'ye

mean?" "That woman!" he gasped. "And how you keep it up! One would think to see you-well, well, its brave. It would kill me in a month. It's brave. that's what it is!"

"What in the world are you talking about? I haven't spoken to her for three years. "Except before strangers? Good

"Not at all. I haven't-" meet her!" "She here? Bosh!"

I turned round-and beheld my wife! With a gasp I fell back a step. Jack tore past Kitty and vanished through the open windows of the drawing room.

Kitty. I could say nothing.

"I hope you were gentle with him. Bob. He's a nice boy, though he's a particularly silly one. He meant no harm. Hob."

"Was-was-was he--?" [stam mered. "What the dickens does it mean?

"Wello" "That you've got rather a nice wife. Bob," she whispered. "Did you say anything about me. Bobon

I looked at her for a moment. "Heavens!" I cried, and rushed into the house. That young man would co-- oh, Lord!

"Mr. Vincent, sir, has just jumped into the dog-cart, sir-it was at the door by your orders-and driven off like mad. He said he was summoned

to London, sir!" I sank down in a chair. Presently Kitty came in. She was laughing. "Oh, dear" she said; "and I thought you were so nice and considerate in

Then I told her the opinion of her and of our domestic happiness which Jack Vincent was carrying away with him. That sobered her; and we began to send telegrams. But the young ruffian (he may break his heart next time, and welcome!) had gone straight to the club.

better?" I know what they mean .-Black and White.

Getting at the Facts. Witness I am.

company per thousand feet to manufacture gas."

"That, sir, is a matter of no concern to you and has nothing to do with "I insist upon knowing."

"I prefer not to answer, sir." (To the court) "Your honor, it is absolutely necessary to get the fig-

sand feet?" "I haven't any idea. I have nothing to do with the business affairs of the company, sir, except to draw my regu-

He Didn't Get It.

lar quarterly dividend of five per

cent."-Chicago Tribune.

peared:

kitchen door he thought of course a woman would open it, and he was ready for her. His spirit underwent a change, however, when the door opened and a strapping big man ap-

"What are you doing here?" asked the man, without any preliminary po-"Nothing," replied the tramp, humbly.

"Nothing." "What do you mean by banging on the door that way?" "Nothing."

"What do you want?" "Nothing." "Well, you don't get it," exclaimed the big man merrily, and he gave the

tramp a booting that lifted him out to the gate in two jumps.-Detroit Free "Billy" McGarrahan's Epitaph. Old "Billy" McGarrahan, who for

years urged a claim against the government without success, and who died in Washington a month or so ago, lies buried in the "strangers' division" of Mount Olivet cemetery. Some of his friends have joined in the erection of a tombstone over the grave, on which are carved the words: "Better Days," which was always the toast he gave on social occasions.

Some day, somehow " The hour is dead

When I looked into loving eyes And kissed the whispering lips that said These words to me. And if the ties Then made are broken: If the breast Then whem with life, is pulseless now, I still will think that God knows best. And that we will meet some day, somenow

Until that time I still will know That whereso'er in Heavenly care That pure and radiant soul may go. My thoughts may follow. Everywhere I'll hear that voice so low and sweet. Just as I seem to hear it now; I li hear the fall of fairy feet.

I'll hear the words: "Some day, somehow Upon the mantelpiece I see The picture of a fair, sweet face, And, though the lips are scaled, to me They speak with more than tender grace. I question not the mystic spell; But hark! how clear the accents now!

Tis trusting love's "some day, somehow

Tis not the language of farewell

And so I fondly hope twill be Not now, but some time; after life Is finished and eternity Dawns on the soul. The toll and strife Of time once ended, then comes rest Such as we do not dream of now; And then will come to me the best Of all, my love, some day, somehow - Minneapolis Journal.

MANDY JANE PENSTOCK. A Tale of Love and Love Charms

in Pennsylvania.

One time when I was up in Pennsylvania Hemlock belt I was going from Overman's Hook to the Barley Run Cross Forks when I heard some one whistle off to one side of the road. Looking in that direction I saw a man peering cautiously from behind a big hemlock tree. He motioned for me to stop, and I did.

"Say," said the man in a suppressed voice, "kin ye see fur behind ye, down the road?"

The road was straight behind me for a mile, and I could see that far, I told the man. "As nigh as we kin make out that hain't nothin' that looks like a tall woman in a red calliker dress an' a green sunboanet nowheres betwixt

you an' as fur as ye kin see, is tha?" isked the man "No," said I, "there isn't."

"Ye hain't color blind, be ye?" I wasn't. "Then a woman in a red calliker dress an' a green sun bonnet wouldn't be liable to look to you like one in a yaller dress an' a blue sun bonnet,

"Tha ham't no raisin' o' dust nowheres that looks as if it mowt be riz by a woman in a red calliker dress an' a green sun bonnet comin' this way pooty fast is tha?" The road was entirely free from any-

She wouldn't.

thing of that sort. "Ye hain't noways nigh-sighted, be Quite the contrary.

Then if the was a raisin' o' dust etch as that, not more'n a hundred ard down the road, ye wouldn't be Lable to take it fer a haystack a mile away, would ye?" Entirely out of the question. The man came out from behind the

tree, and with a big sigh of relief sat down on a stump. "'Cause, ye see I'm a leetle anxious." he said, "fer if ye'd seen a woman with a red calliker dress and a green sunbonnet comin', or a-raisin' o' dust that looked as if it mowt be riz by a woman with a red calliker dress and a green sunbonnet, that'd a ben 'Mandy

the woods." "What's the matter with 'Mandy Jane?" I asked. The man mopped his face with his leeve and fanned himself with his hat

Jane Penstock, an' I'd a had to take to

"Did ye ever have have a hankerin' fer a gal that didn't seem to keer to hanker fer ve?" I didn't know that I ever had.

"Jis' keep yer eye on the road, Cap." said the man, "an' if ye see any of them signs o' Mandy Jane jis whistle, will ye?" I said I would. "Then I'll tell ye sumpin'. If ever

ye take a shine to a gal an' she won't hanker, take a hoot owl's gizzard, dry it, an' grind it inter a powder. Then, unbeknownst to the gal, git some of it in her lemonade or sumpin' 'fore she drinks it, an' ve've list as good as made four shillin' for the squire, for she can't never say 'No' agin when ye ast her if she'll be yourn. Tha' hain't no red an' geeen loomin up yit twixt you an' the horizon, nor no shakin' o' dust that mowt have red an' green inside of it, is tha?" "Not yet."

"If ye'd ever know'd Sallie Magompers, over to the Hook, ye'd a hankered, I'll bet ve! I took to hankerin' fer sailie more'n a year ago, but tha didn't seem to be no use. Sallie's jest turnin' twenty, now, and mebbe she hain't a caution fer pootiness! Pictur's hain't nowheres 'longside o' her. But somehow she fit shy o' me. So one day I says to myself: 'All right, my lady! If it's got to be left to hoot-owls.' I says, 'hoot-owls it'll be,' an' I went a gunnin' fer hoot-owls. But hoot-owls hain't so durn thick in these here woods, an' I gunned, an' I gunned fer pooty nigh a year 'fore I draw'd bead on one, an' you bet I was more'n tickled when I tumbled him offen his roost!

"Gals that kin hanker an' won't hanker must be made to hanker!' I says, an' I hung the hoot-owl's gizzard

up to dry. "One o' these days, when I hear that Mandy Jane Penstock has passed over Jurdan, I'm goin' back to the Hook an' jest as like as not thump the life outen Sam Brazee. Sam an' me worked on the same loggin' job, an' after I bagged the owl I says to him one day:

"Sam,' I says, 'me an' you won't bunk in together much longer,' I says. " 'How's that?' says Sam. "'I'm goin'ter marry Sallie Magompers next week.' I says.

" No! says Sam, 'Sallie's give in, has " 'Not yit,' I says, 'but'she's goin' ter. I ve powdered a hoot-owl's gizzard, says. Jis' shoot yer eye down the road agin, Cap. If tha's anything mussin' of it up that mowt put ye in mind o' the inklin' I've giv ve o' 'Mandy Jane, gimme the wink an' I'll scoot." The road was still clear.

"Sam looked s'prised a little when I told him 'bout havin' the owl's gizzard love powder, an' pooty soon he says: "'Well,' he says, 'I'm goin'ter take Sallie to the picnic to-morrow, an' I s'pose that'll be the last time I kin

gallavant her anywheres, 'cordin' to that,' he says. " That's what it will, Sammy!" I

in' on her mind that she's goin'ter do picnic an' I was there with my hootowl's gizzard all ready. Sallie kitan' Sallie:

"Come over an' I'll treat ye,' I says. 'Come git some lemonade,' I says. "An' they come along, an' I bought the lemonade, an' when Sallie wasn't lookin' I tumbled the owl's gizzard love powder inter her glass.

"Positive." "Nor nigh-sighted?"

"Not a bit." "Ye don't see no more colors on the lan'scape, yet, than ye'd natur'ly spect orto be there, do ye?" 'No."

"An' the dust hain't actin' in a way

that mowt fool ye into thinkin' it was only a hurricane a-comin'?" "No."

Jane gulp that lemonade an' owl's gizzard I give one cold shake an' started fer home to pack my trunk. This was only visterday. When I came out ag'in there was 'Mandy Jane. "'Asa,' says she, 'arter all these years, says she, 'an' to think that you'm to be the one,' says she. 1111

row at half-past nine!' says she. "Say, Cap! I tumbled back in the house an' slammed the door an' went upstairs an' hid under the bed. Early this mornin' I crawled out an' snuck outen the house an' jist laid myself out an' dug fer liberty. As I raised the hill I turned an' looked back. There was 'Mandy Jane comin' on my trail like the words afire! She's comin' vit! She's only stopped fer wind. Has

she hove in sight vit?" "Not vet." "Then I'll take to the woods an' mebbe won't see no t'backer for a month, Cap, unless you gimme that plug o' your'n; an' when 'Mandy Jane

But I hadn't time to wait to hear what I was to tell 'Mandy Jane and drove on toward Barley Run Cross Forks.-N. Y. Sun.

OPEN TO ENGAGEMENT.

A Horrible Example of the Effects of Idleness. "Mister," said the greasy wayfarer at the back door, plaintively, "can't you do somethin' fur a pore man?" "My friend," replied the man of the

house, "I am a poor man myself." "I don't s'pose you know what it is work?"

"The trouble with me," said the pilgrim, wiping his perspiring brow with the remains of what had once been a handkerchief, "is nerves. I can't do heavy work. If you was to ask me to hoe in the garden to pay fur my breakfus' I couldn't do it. I won't deceive you, mister. I just couldn't do it. But I'm willin' to do light work. I won't stand back fur no man alive when it comes to light work. An' if you've got any easy job that I can do

"I have told you, my friend," interrupted the man of the house, "that I am a poor man. I sympathize with you, but I am not able to do anything to help you, and I certainly don't know of any light work you could do. I am a lecturer and I make only a bare

living." "Would you mind tellin' me what you lecture about?" "No. The subject of the lecture I am delivering this season is 'The Industrial Crisis.""

other day, "the contradictions of women. I know a girl who was plucky enough to go out on a Dakota ranch to rescue a brother who was going to the dogs out there. She rode forty miles one night to a border town, and went straight into a saloon where she knew she would find him, fearless and resolute. When that game girl came back home and was about to be married she was so shy and timid that she wouldn't let a person be asked to the church to see the ceremony, 'If I look in and find anybody there,' she told her father, 'I won't go in,' and he knew she wouldn't-so there was no one there

What Could Do It. To wound a man's pride has often

-Wife-'Come, let us go home. It is eleven o'clock, and you know you didn't come home till one this morning." Husband-"That's just it. You surely can't expect me to come home twice in one day?"-Fliegende Blatter. NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then there comes a day AtM all of life's appointed way Is bathed in golden light: When roses hide no thorus beneath

When love has no alloy.

And zephyrs full of perfume breathe From out the hitis of joy The present is a fleeting thingpast will live for aye. And all its store of treasures bring Forever and a day. And softer shall the echoes come

From time's receding shore,

Each day will glean a pleasure from The days that are no t Oh. memories of such, awaket And glad the weary now: A wreath of recollections make To crown the dreamer's brow-Bring back the golden sheaves

The laughter of the leaves -Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

"I wouldn't marry her, if I were

counsel, spoken or implied. They all admitted her graces of person, heart and mind. But the undeniable fact of her jealousy remained. "A jealous woman." his aunt assured

"A jealous wife," declared his nearest friend, will make you wish you had taken my advice, which is that the immortal Weller gave to his son. 'Don't marry a vidder,' he said. Tio hang yourself first, an' you'll be glad on it arterward." I am presumptuous enough to paraphrase that: 'Go hang' yourself before you marry a jealous woman, and you'll be glad on it arterward!"

When was a man or a woman in love ever apt to listen to anything so disagreeable as common sense? And he was in love, honestly, sincerely and passionately. So he married Norine Hale, and was most ridiculously happy for two years. Their life together wes simply ideal. His few faults be corrected. If faults she had, they remained undiscovered by him. One day he summoned courage to tell her the remarks that had been made concerning her jealous disposition.

shining eyes. "I do love loyalty," she replied, sim-

ous if it were not for the burglary. opinion of Norine, was a decided blot in the exquisitely neat little room, where some of their pleasantest hours

"Harold," she said to him one evening, as she leaned over his chair, and smoothed back his dark locks caressingly with her pretty white tingers. "I really shall tidy up that desk one of these days. The litter of dusty papers, books and pipes is postively disgrace-

"Don't-for mercy's sake, dearest! I know now where to put my hand on everything I want-don't!" But the fear that she might do so induced him to lock his desk, and keep it locked thereafter. Norine noticed

one of those tiresome documents of yours from another, is a mystery to A certain blue, starlit March night they went upstairs, leaving the cozy apartment in dainty order. During

bolt uprig. t in bed. "Hark!" she breathed. "Listen. Harold! Both listened intently,

cracking on the window pane. Go to Reassured, she did as bidden, but, on being aroused early by the servant's ery of dismay, she hastened down to find the lower rooms in a state of extreme confusion. Drawers had been pulled out, the desk of the master forced open, and papers were scat-

tered broadcast in an evident search for valuables. "My ruby ring," cried Mrs. Groves. "I left it on the mantel last night. And my watch was in the Chinese cabinet where I put my pocketbook. Send for the police, Harold! They have all

"I shall go," cried Groves. And he started off on a run

staring around in bewilderment. Then, mechanically, she began to arrange the disordered apartment. She picked up the pieces of a shattered vase, threw them in the grate, straightened a twisted drapery, lifted some scattered sheets of paper, laid them on the leaf of her husband's forced desk, and suddenly retreated a step, turning very white. Open before her, having evidently been wrenched wide, in the hope of finding money, was a square morocco box. In the box was a bundle of letters, and a photograph. The letters were in a woman's hand, and the smiling, pictured face, was that of Norine's dearest friend.

She held tight to a chair-back, to keep from falling. Her temples throbbed. A hot flush drove the palfor from her checks. The buzz in her ears was deafening. She put out her hand, took up one of the letters, read it through. It was just such a loveletter as any refined, affectionate girl Dearest," and ended "Your loving Annie." It bore the date of the year previous to Norine's marriage. She took up another folded sheet, opened, glanced through it. A brief, sad little note it was.

It is good-by we must say-we who love each other so: But not good-by forever. We must keep on believing in each other, and hopin, for ultimate happiness together. It shall surebordering on the Lichten Sec.

precious metals and stones is being organized at St. Petersburg by the Russian Technical society. The date of opening has not yet been arranged. Oxe of the principal special features of the International exhibition to be held in Paris in 1900 is to be a reproduction, in the most realistic fashion,

The first Egyptian National Exhibi-

opened by the khedive at Alexandria on April 22. The exhibition is a very fine one of great and varied interest,

HEADACHE

When children suffer with headache, or one clse for that

DIGISTIVE AILMENTS, KOPFALINE



"NO MORE DOCTORS FOR ME! ald I was consumptive, sent me to

us sell it as a standard artin form of Pills or For the ours of Kidney Complaints, on freely answers letters of

Lysia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Harpooner's Story. list, tests loose, purple blotches all the converte second rotten. Take it are second rotten. Take it are second rotten. All our cases are blotched destroyed, but the advance described by the second at a case of a second rotten. We recovered

ight you ought to know o tel sent you the facts. S. Africa, Marchi, 1888. we years, during which time wa

Ayer's Sarsaparilla enoughly effective blood purifier, the Medical realizates the potents of the pote

FOR ARTISTIC

WANTED Energetic men to sell our choice and complete our choice and complete satisfy and commission paid weekly. Paying and permanent position guaranteed and success assured to good men Special inducements to beginners. Experience not necessary. Exclusive territory and your own choice of same given. Do not deavy but anoty to Buddles at & Price sales

There comes a time when golden-hearted

Will yield to twilight's chill embrace.

for wears hand

Is heard the boding tone of fate: equally "abable in Constipation, curing and pre-venting this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bewels. Even if they only

> Form barriers roun to dark domain Hath come to bless, And pallid lips shall ne'er confess

And hope and hearts alike decay.

Minnie F. Murpay la chicago Post.

Was Expensive. It was Kitty who first surgested to me that our prescription was not working well. As soon as she spoke I was bound to admit it. I had thought that Jack would easily get over his unfortunate attachment; I expected that, after a few quiet weeks with us, he would forget Clara Wilkinson and her disgraceful treatment of him. She was, in my opinion, a worthless girl, and I grieved to see him take the affair so seriously. And just at first he had ap-

send him away."

"Of course he would, you dear old stupid," said Kitty. I did not see that I had been stupid.

"A woman does these things so deli-"Oh, I couldn't think of it. Robert," said Kitty, blushing. I admired her He was walking up and down the gravel walk, hitting at my flowers (of which I am rather proud) with his

"Jack," said I, "wouldn't you be beta secret." "I-I-" he began stammering, and

get this-" I paused for a word and ended, "this unhappy mistake of vours.

I'm always ready to do my friends a

"Oh, we made allowance for you.

know, you oughtn't to be inconsol-

perfectly definite opinion about her. "Oh, you mustn't say a word against

"If ever a woman," I pursued, "led a

"How awful!" said he.

the fellows at the club could have told "Awfui!" he murmured, gazing at "Come, come," said I, "it's possible to make too much of such a trouble as

Suddenly he held out his hand.

He sighed heavily.

heavens! "Hush! here she comes! I-I can't

"Well, was he reasonable?" asked

"Only," said Kitty, coming close up to me, "that he's quite forgotten Clara Wilkinson, and-"

and tell all the club that my wife and "Jack, Jack, Jack, you young fool!" velled. The butler appeared.

pretending not to see it!" And the silly little woman went off into a fit of

When I go there now they ask me, sympathetically, if matters are "any

Attorney-You are the president of the Dazzling Sun Gas company, are you not? "Now, sir, for the purpose of getting at the exact facts in this case I am compelled to ask you what it costs the

The Court-The witness will answer the question. "Now, then. I will ask you again, sir. How much does the manufacture of gas cost the company by the thou-

When the tramp banged away at the

"What's that under your coat?"

SUME DAY.

"Mandy Jane Penstock mowt a ben a stunner when she was a gal, fer all I know, but I don't jis' recomember when that was. She'll hef to think back a good ways if she recomembers it herself. But, leavin' out bone an' sinner, an' a pooty sharp nose, 'Mandy Jane don't cut much of a figger nowadays. She's consid'able sot in her ways, though, an' when she has sump-

she's goin'ter do it or things'll rumble. "Sam Brazee he took Sallie to the tened consida'ble to Sam, an' it made me squirm to see her, I tell ye, but I says to myself: 'All right, my lady!' I says. 'But wait till the hoot-owl sings to ve! I says. Bimeby I says to Sam

"'Oh!' she says. 'Yonder's 'Mandy Jane Penstock!" she says. "Mandy

must have a treat, too!' she says. 'So she cails 'Mandy Jane over, an' I orders a glass fer her. Now see what what Sallie done. She hands the glass that had the owl's gizzard in it over to 'Mandy Jane herself, an' 'fore I could stop her, 'Mandy Jane had gulped it down, love powder an' all! You're sure ye hain't color blind, Cap?"

"It'll go hard with Sam Brazee if it ever gits safe fer me to go back to the Hook ag'in! Soon as I see 'Mandy

an' you'll go to the squire's. To-mor-

ketches up with ye if ye'll only jist

to go all over the country huntin' "No."

comfortable like, so as to stimulate my appetite 'thout weak'nin' my Derves-"

"Mister." said the caller, eagerly, "don't you want a feller to travel with you as a horrible example of the effects of idleness?"-Chicago Tribune. The Inconsistent Sex. "Queer." said a man thoughtfully the

besides the family."

been found to be the most dangerous thing one can do. The feeling of the greater part of humanity is represented he the renty of a Gascon officer to Charles VII., who asked if anything could detach him from the king's service. "No, sire-not even the offer of three kingdoms like yours; but, yes, sire-one single affront." - Youth's Companion.

Why She Never Doubts Her Husband's Love.

That was the gist of his friend's him, "can make any man miserable."

But Harold Groves had only laughed.

She looked up at him with grave,

And it may be he would never have discovered at all that Norine was jeal-Harold Groves was a lawyer. He transacted much of his business at home, and had in his study a large desk, in which he kept papers of importance, deeds and memoranda relating to the affairs of his clients. The desk looked sadly untidy, and, in the

He gave her a glance of alarm.

it and laughed. "At least you have shut the disorder out of sight," she avowed, gayly. "My threat was efficacious to that extent. Indeed, dear, how you can ever tell

the night Norine was awakened by what sounded like a click. She sat

"It is a very cold night," he said, at length. "You merely heard the frost sleep, love."

been stolen!"

For several minutes Norine stood

"My dear." it ran, "fate has been hard to us.

ly come. Your desolute Hark! There were footsteps-voices! The young wife hastily replaced the

letters, drew back from the desk. The next instant Harold, accompanied by policemen and detectives, was in the room. He went directly to Norine.

"My love," he said, "what a shock this has given you! You are white as

a ghost. She thrust his gentle hand away. "I am very well," she said. And all the time she was going over and over in her mind the datails of her husband's acquaintance with Annie Hubbard. He had known her from childhood-long before he met Novine. She recollected his telling her they had gone to dancing school together: but she had never dreamed that he was in love with Annie, or she with him. Now she knew that it was so, since he treasured her letters, her picture. She understood why he had

all the time. That fact was patent and plain. All day long she went around like & woman in a dream. She was very pale, and her lips were rigidly set. Her changed appearance and demeanor her husband attributed to the fright she had had. And the whole time one terrible thought was beating itself in upon her brain. "You leve them both.

You stand in their sunshine. Move out Toward evening she left the house, walked to a drug store, entered, asked for a certain powder, at once caressing

She went home. Harold was out. She sat down and wrote him z few "You necused me of being jeulous." she wrote. I don't think I was I know I am. I

the desired sense of unconsciousness creeping upon her. It was almost eleven o'clock when Harold, who had been on a wild good chase after the burglars, reached his

own door. A voice out of the shadows

moment. You did me a good turn last year, when I was miles deep in that lawsuit, and couldn't pay you. I think I've done you one now. Your was came into my drug store to night. She didn't know me, but I knew her. She asked for morphine an amount that would be a fatal dose. She looked wild and strange. I gave her a harryless sedative powder. I may have been mistaken in regard to her evident latention, but I don't think so."

late next morning when Norine lifted "Well, you lazy girl!" cried a de 3. familiar voice, "I'm tired waiting breakfast for you. I never knew you to sieep so late. I hear they've caught our intruders. I hope so-although they didn't get very much. I suppose they thought they had a great find when they broke open the locked boxwhich Dave Harding gave me to keep for him, when his folks broke up the engagement between him and Annie Hubbard, and sent him out west. However, in a letter I got from him only this morning, he writes me that the course of true love is running smoothly again, and that he is coming back

in N. Y. Weekly.

SOMETHING FUNNY.

sick. Were your Jaggs- Never, un-

less I went too near the water in a

"In crossing the ocean I was terribly

grinss." ble about his wife's mannish ways."

Dumley-"Goes in for athleties, ch?"

"No; but she won't learn to build a

CERTIC-"No. this play will never be

popular, never." Writer - "What's

wrong?" Critic-"Too interesting; it

will keep people from talking, don't

VOR See? Manna-"Robbie, don't eat that candy or you will have toothische." Rob-

A RED-SKINNED fraud is being exhibited at the Antwerp exhibition as "Sitting Bull." The genuine old chief, it will be remembered, went to the happy hunting grounds many moons since. Ax exhibition of gold ores and of

of the famous palace of the Alhambra.

and is pronounced a big success.

locked his desk. He had married her for her money -loving Annie Hubbard

and deadly The clerk looked at her curiously she fancied, as he gave her the package and her change.

have read Annie's betters to you. If I had dreamed before I married you that you cared for each other. I would have done then what I an about to do now. It seemed a long time before the drug took effect, but at last she felt

spoke to him. "Mr. Groves, I've been waiting for you. I'm Jim Dipand." "Oh, yes-of course. Wait, and I'll get this door open." No I only wish to speak to you a

"My God?" murmurel Groves "Thank you, Jim," he said then. He let himself in, went quietly unstairs, noiselessly entered the room. Norine lay asleep; the note she had written was on a small table beside the bed. He took up the sheet-read the few calm, desperate words. Then he dropped the note on the floor between the table and the bed. It was

to marry Annie next month. Make haste, dear. The chops wif be like leather." He left the room. She looked wildly around for her note, picked it cp. "The draught from the window must have blown it off the table. Was ever anything so fortunate? But how did

that young druggist nappen to make

such a mistake? Oh! I have been

wicked-wicked! Forgive me, dear

God, my jealousy, my rash attempt,

both dark sins! I will never again

doubt your love, nor his!" And, in the sweet humility of her happiness, she never did. - he te Cleary,

Mrs. Slimmins-"You don't look like yourself in that hat. Is it different from your other;" Mr. Slimmins-"Yes; I've paid for it." "Darren feels terribly uncomforta-

bie-"I don't care. I'll make nurse tell. me an awful ghost story, and I won't know my tooth aches. - Inter Ocean. EXHIBITIONS AND FAIRS.

THE site for the exhibition of 1896 in

Berlin has been selected, the grounds

covering one hundred and fifty acres

tion of Art and Industry ever held was