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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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A

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The introduction of the Economy Clothing and Dry Goods House at Carrolltown, Pa., means a Sweeping Reduction in the sale of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, and Gents' Furnishing Goods. By the ordinary methods the retail dealer buys his stock from the manufacturer. Both must have their profits and by the time the goods reach the wearer they cost him almost as much again as the material and labor are really worth. The Economy Clothing and Dry Goods House proposes to break down this barrier between maker and consumer.

We propose to dispense with this system of double profits and to allow the public to buy direct from the maker at a very small margin above actual cost. This means Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes 25 per cent. lower than the usual rates. We recognize that we must cut prices exceedingly low in order to win your confidence and your patronage. We must do more than make promises—we must keep them.

NOTICE A FEW OF OUR PRICES.

Men's Fine Suits,	at $ 4.50, worth 7.00
Fine Black Suits,	at 8.00, worth $10.00
Fine Black Suits,	at 10.00, worth 13.00
Youths' Suits, from 14 to 19,	at 3.50, worth 6.50
Men's Pants	at 65 cents a pair.
Fine Black Suits,	at 12.00, worth 15.00
Fine Black Suits,	at 14.00, worth 20.00
Fine Overcoats,	at 5.00, worth 8.00
Fine Overcoats,	at 7.00, worth 10.00
Fine Overcoats,	at 9.00, worth 12.00
Fine Overcoats,	at 10.00, worth 14.00
Boys' Suits, from 4 to 15,	$1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25 $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50.
Boys' Knee Pants, from 4 to 14,	25c., 35c. and 50c.

Notice Our Prices on Dry Goods.

A full line of Henriettas in all colors,	45c.
Fine Black Henrietta,	60c., worth 90c.
Fine Black Henriet a,	75c., worth $1.10
Fine Black Henrietta,	$1.00, worth 1.25
Fine Cashmeres, in all colors,	22½c., worth 40c.
Fine Cashmeres, in all colors,	30c., worth 50c.
Fine All-Wool Cloth, in all colors,	35c., worth 60c.
Fine Gingham,	5c., worth 8c.
Fine Bleached Muslin,	8c., worth 10c.
Fine Unbleached Muslin,	6c., worth 8c.
Fine Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Flannel,	7c., worth 10c.
Fine Blue Calico,	6c., worth 8c.
A full line of Blankets,	75c. to $4 a pair.
A full line of Horse Blankets.	

We Will Now Offer You Great Bargains in Shoes.

Men's Fine Dress Shoes,	$1.25 to $3.00
Boys' Fine Dress Shoes,	.80 to 1.50
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Children's Fine Dress Shoes,	.20 to 1.50

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Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 1 yard wide,	25c. per yard.
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Fine Floor Oil Cloth, 2 yards wide,	50c. per yard.
Fine Table Oil Cloth, assorted,	20c. per yard.

☞We have also a fine line of Ladies' Coats from $4.00 up to $15.00, the finest fitting garments in the country, and they are 33 per cent. cheaper in price than any other store in Cambria county. A full line of Gloves, 50c. and upwards. Also a full line of Baby Coats and Caps. We will now give you a few prices on

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Fine Underwear from 25c. up to $1.00 for the best. Fine Over Shirts, Jersey or Cloth, from 40c. up to 1.25, the best. Fine Hats from 50c. to 1.50 for the best. Our 1.50 Hat is as good as any other Hat in the country for 2.50. We also have a fine line of Trunks—the Cheapest and Best you ever saw. Come one and all. We are always ready to show our goods.

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Next Door to Bank, CARROLLTOWN, PA.

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WISE MAN

reads that

OLD HONESTY CHEWING TOBACCO

is the best that is made, and at ONCE tries it, and saves money and secures more satisfaction than ever before. AVOID imitations. Insist on having the genuine. If your dealer hasn't it ask him to get it for you.

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$10.00 worth of lovely Music for Forty Cents, consisting of 100 pages full size Sheet Music of the most delightful, liveliest and most popular vocal and instrumental selections in the most elegant manner, including beautiful large size Portraits,

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF, $4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES, $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE, $2. $1.75 $1.25 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2 $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sold by

J. D. LUCAS & CO.

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Mountain House

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

THIS well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Lather, where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.

☞Ladies waited on at their residences.

JAMES H. GANT, Proprietor

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 11.

WHEAT—No. 1 red, 57@58c; No. 2 red, 56@57c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow ear, new, 48@49; mixed ear, new, 46@47c; No. 2 yellow shelled, new 47@47½c.

OATS—No. 1 white, 37@37½c; No. 2 do., 36½@37c; extra No. 3 white, 35@35½c; mixed, 33@34c.

HAY—Choice timothy, $12.00@12.50; No. 1 timothy, $11.00@11.25; No. 2 timothy, $10.25@10.75; mixed clover and timothy, $10.50@11.00; packing, $7.00@7.50; No. 1 feeding prairie, $9.00@9.25; wagon hay, $14.00@15.00.

BUTTER—Elgin creamery, 26@27c; Ohio fancy creamery, 22@24c; fancy country roll, 17@18c; low grades and cooking, 10@12c.

CHEESE—Ohio finest new, 11½@11c; New York new, 11½@12c; limberger, fall make, 10c; Wisconsin Swiss, 13@13½c; Ohio Swiss, 11½@12c.

EGGS—Strictly fresh Pennsylvania and Ohio cases, 24@25c; storage, 17@19c; Southern and Western, 22@23c.

POULTRY—Large live chickens, 40@50c per pair; live chickens, small, 30@40c; spring chickens, 35@4 c; ducks, 50@60c per pair, as to size; dressed poultry, 9@10c per pound, turkeys, 12@13c per pound; ducks, 11@12c; spring chickens, 10@11c; live turkeys, 8@9c per pound; live geese, 75@$1.00 per pair.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Dec. 11.

CATTLE—Receipts fair for this week; the market is firm for all grades and sales easily made at strong last week's prices. Prime, $5.00@5.25; good, $4.75@4.95; good, butchers, $4.00@4.25; rough fat, $2.75@3.25; fair light steers, $3.40@3.60; light stockers, $2.75@3.25; good fat cows and heifers, $2.50@3.40; bulls, stags and bologna cows, $2.10@3.25; fresh cows and springers, $2.45@5; good feeders, $3.60@3.80.

HOGS—Receipts fair and market steady. Philadelphias, $4.50@4.55; best heavy Yorkers and good mixed, $4.45@4.50; common to fair Yorkers, $4.35@4.40; pigs, $4.10@4.25; roughs, $3.00@4.00.

SHEEP—Receipts 7 cars; market steady with prices unchanged from latter part of last week at the following quotations: Extra, $4.00@4.25; good, $3.80@3.75; fair, $3.65@3.90; common, 50c@$1.25; yearlings, $2.00@3.25; best lambs, $3.90@4.10; common to fair lambs, $2.15@3.80; veal calves, $5.00@5.90; heavy and thin calves, $2.00@3.00.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 11.

HOGS—Market slow at $3.45@4.50; receipts, 2,900 head; shipments, 2,800 head.

CATTLE—Market steady at $4.20@4.60; receipts, 300 head; shipments, 400 head.

SHEEP—Market slow at $1.00@3.50; receipts, 200 head; shipments, 1,000 head. Lambs barely steady at $2.00@3.35.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.

WHEAT—No. 2 red store and elevator, 64½@65c; afloat, 61¾@62c; f. o. b., 62½c; No. 1 northern, 65c delivered; No. 1 hard, 71½c delivered.

CORN—Spot market easy. No. 2, 56½c elevator, 57½c afloat, steamer mixed, 51c; No. 3, 49c.

OATS—Spot market dull. No. 2, 24½c; No. 2 delivered, 34½c; No. 3, 33½c; No. 2 white, 38½@39c; No. 3 white, 38c; track white, 37½@41c.

CATTLE—European cables quote American steers at 9½@10c per pound dressed weight; refrigerator beef, 7½@9½c. Exports today, 50 beeves, 2,200 sheep and 188 quarters of beef.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Market firm. Sheep, medium to fair, $2.00@3.00; lambs, inferior to good, $3.50@4.15.

HOGS—Market nominally weak.

Bagged Big Game.

READING, Pa., Dec. 12.—The police believe that they have captured big game in the persons of two men, who were recently arrested, with pistols and chloroform on their persons, on the charge of robbing Tax Collector Daniel Brancher of Albany township. They gave various aliases. The description of one tallies with that of James Jones, who is wanted in Texas for murder and for whose arrest there is a reward of $13,000. The other prisoner is believed to be Thomas Lewis, who is wanted for the murder of John McCaffrey, at Grand Rapids in 1892, and for whom a reward of $1,500 has been offered. A. P. Shockley, sheriff of Hamilton county, Tex., has telegraphed that he is coming on to identify Jones.

PERSONAL PARTICULARS.

THE will of the late Jose De Lavega, of Santa Cruz, Cal., contains a bequest of real estate in San Francisco valued at more than $500,000 as a sustaining fund for an asylum for the blind, dumb, lame, paralytics and aged people of both sexes.

WEMYSS REID, now Sir Wemyss Reid, the editor of the Speaker, who was for a long time editor of the Leeds Mercury, is one of the most conspicuous men in the liberal party. His biographies of Mr. Forster and of Lord Houghton are finely done, and his one novel, "Gladys Fane," has had a fair success.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is nearing the end of his active life, writes a London correspondent. He was born in 1818, and has outlived his generation. Tennyson, Carlyle, Newman, Dickens, Arnold, Kingsley, Maurice, all the great men of the century, who were his friends, are dead. Ruskin and Gladstone are the only great men who shared in the intellectual triumphs of the middle of the century.

WITH the possible exception of young Lionel Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of Lord Rothschild, there is not a single son of the male Barons Rothschild who is competent to take the place of his father in the firm. The sons of the Paris Rothschilds are both physically and mentally stunted, the result of too close intermarriage—a practice the object of which has been to keep the money in the family and to prevent the business secrets of the five-headed bank from leaking out. The total fortune of this great house is estimated as being over $2,000,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

TABLE NOVELTIES.

MANY of the handsome game sets have each plate decorated in a different design.

ROSE punch is frequently served in very small gold bowls designed for the purpose.

A NEW bonbon dish represents a faintly-tinted orchid, in pale violet hue, with gilt edges.

THE carafe is no longer fashionable and in its place has come the cut-glass ice pitcher.

AMONG the new fads are the exquisite porcelain spoons which are used for after coffee.

TRAYS and baskets of Royal Worcester ware are much liked for olives and salted almonds.

A KNIFE used for cutting brick ice-cream is of silver, with a broad blade tapering to a point.

TOAST racks, tinted in lavender, blue and pink, with graceful handles are very pretty for the table.

THE new platters for cold meats are perfectly flat, with a narrow, upright rim and garnished edge.

QUAINT-SHAPED dishes for salted almonds are in the form of a half almond in soft browns and yellows.

WHITE china trays decorated in sea shells and aquatic flowers and leaves are among the novelties for salads and watercress.

DAINTY little glasses, in the shape of tulips, with delicate silver tracery, are used to serve "frappe" in, a popular ice for afternoon teas.

—"That's a queer fancy of Smith's, putting six gates in his front fence." "Jerusalem, man! Don't you know he has half a dozen daughters, and all of them engaged."—Inter Ocean.

"BE STRONG."

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine,
Faint not when sorrows come
The summits of these hills of earth
Touch the blue sides of home.
So many burdened ones there are,
Close gathering by thy side;
Assist, encourage, comfort them,
These ever-deep sorrows hide.
What though thy trials may seem great,
Thy strength is known to God;
And pathways steep and ringed lead
To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine!
Live not for self alone;
But find in blessing other lives,
Completeness for thine own.
Seek every living, loving heart to feed;
Each saddened heart to cheer;
And where stern justice stands aloof,
In pity draw them near.
Kind loving words and helping hands,
Have won more souls for Heaven
Than all the dogmas and the creeds
By priests and sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine!
Look not on life's dark side;
For just beyond these gloomy hours,
With trust and duty allied,
Let hope like Summer's rainbow bright,
Gem all thy falling tears,
And let God's precious promises
Dispel thy anxious fears.
For every grief a balm comes;
For every toil a rest.
So hope—no fear, as perfect bear,
God doeth all things best.

—Alice M. Jones, in Womankind.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S WOOING.

BY SARAH H. GARDNER.

One of the prominent figures in our meeting house for many years was that of Uncle Joseph, for thus was he known by the young and old who frequented our religious gatherings.

He occupied the second seat in the men's gallery, and it was with him that the elder shook hands in sign that Friends should separate, when it seemed likely that the spirit would move no others to utter gentle words of blessing or stern warning against the tempter.

As children we regarded Uncle Joseph in the light of a patriarch, although I now know that his years at the time of which I write had scarce reached the limit of a half century.

He was a comely man, straight and tall, his smooth-shaven face beaming with good nature, and his soft blue eyes lighted with sympathy, but he was not intellectual. Slow of movement and uncertain in expression, his hearers were often troubled to follow his excellent thought, and it was no uncommon thing for my parents to refer to his ministrations as being "labored." We had a conscientious, based perhaps upon accidental knowledge, that he was uncommonly well to do, and also that there was considerable feeling in the society that sarah Sidney, with her clear insight and facile speech, would be a fit life companion for the good man. But time wore on, and there seemed no likelihood of a realization of this desire.

I can remember one occasion when the subject really assumed the importance that is usually given to gossip, but it was so lovingly and conscientiously touched upon that I was greatly impressed.

My father and mother were in the way of inviting many friends to dine with them on monthly meeting day. Quarterly meeting brought even more persons from a distance, and among the children little unaccustomed duties were distributed. I was frequently desired to remain for a time in the front chamber and assist our women visitors in removing their wraps and adjusting the cap crowns that often met with disaster beneath the stiff bonnets. It was always a pleasurable duty, for friends never forget the young, and as each one grasped my little palm she did not neglect to speak an encouraging word to me.

On the occasion to which I have alluded meeting broke up somewhat later than usual. I hurried home, warmed my chilled fingers and ran up stairs, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth. I glanced about to see that the wood box was full, and looked out of the window, where my eye rested upon a short line of carriages all bent in the direction of our home. First came father and mother, grandfather and the three younger children, then a vehicle well known to me as that of Elias Chase from Derry Quarter, and thus I counted them out as they drew up beside the horse block.

I missed Sarah Sidney, who generally came with Theophilus Rabbin's family, and, having seen her placid face in its usual place on the seat beneath the gallery, fronting the meeting, I was at a loss to explain her absence. She was tenderly attached to mother, and I could not believe any light matter would take her to another's table.

A gentle voice called me to my duties. "Why, Katherine dear, thee must have been very spry to get home before us. I was pleased to see thy interest in the meeting to-day."

The good woman kissed me and thanked me for the little aid I was able to give in unpinning her shawl. Directly afterward, sweet Jane Spencer came tripping up the stairs. She was frequently spoken of as exhibiting "overmuch ardor" in all her good works, but we children loved the enthusiastic little woman.

"O Katherine, I am glad to make use of thy quick fingers. My cap strings are sadly awry. I have been most uncomfortable in them all through the meeting. Our breakfast was a trifle late this morning, and we had far to drive."

One and another arrived, each with a thought of me. "How thee grows, child," or: "Thy mother is blessed in her little helpers."

The room was well-nigh full, when some one asked the question that had been trembling on my lips:

"Where is Sarah Sidney?"

No one directly replied, but after a moment's reflection nearly all had a suggestion or a little interest in her to express.

"Methought her face bore traces of anxiety this morning. I trust she has met with no further financial disaster. Thee knows, Rhoda, she is benevolent to a surprising degree in one whose purse is not lengthy, and it is therefore a serious matter to be forced to curtail in her giving."

"Sarah is too true a follower of the Great Teacher to be long afflicted by the things of this world," replied an aged friend.

"Ah, Hannah dear," answered the first speaker, "thee has never had the bread and butter trouble, and therefore thee can hardly compass its misery."

I think we all felt the force of this argument, for Hannah was richly dowered. Presently Jane Spencer sighed: "I cannot help wishing that Uncle Joseph would recognize that the hand of the Lord is pointing him to Sarah Sidney."

"If such be the will of our Heavenly Father, I doubt not it will be revealed in due time," and Hannah spoke with great deliberation.

"That is quite true, and undoubtedly it is only those among us who are a trifle worldly minded that show a disposition to hasten these things." Jane Spencer was always very meek under reproof, and I felt glad that others sustained her desire that Uncle Joseph should be a little less deliberate in his action.

"I can hardly think that he realizes Sarah's worth," said a late comer.

"On the contrary," it was Rhoda Longstreet's voice, "I am sometimes inclined to believe that his doubt rests upon his own merit. If he were of the world's people I should say he was bashful. As it is, I call him slow in perceiving his adoption to any peculiar calling."

"Thee may be right," responded Jane Spencer, and I was struck with the note of merry-making that accompanied her words. "If so, I can only wish that somebody would give him a hint, for I really believe that Sarah has perceived their true relationship, and that her spirit is troubled since no sign is given unto her."

"Ah," interrupted Hannah, "shall we never learn that God does not wish us to call upon Him for signs?"

Now it had chanced, although none of those present were at that time conscious of it, that Sarah Sidney had given up her seat in a friend's carriage to a person who was suffering from a weak limb, and had walked briskly along the frozen road toward our house.

Uncle Joseph, too, had chosen to leave his vehicle at home, and, seeing in the distance a familiar, plump little figure, he made haste to overtake her.

For a few moments they talked together of the lesser things of life. Then they fell into a silence which was at last broken by Uncle Joseph's voice:

"My mind has dwelt much to-day upon the Bible teaching of the relation of Ruth and Boaz."

I am sure that the throbbing heart beneath the white muslin kerchief of Sarah Sidney must have bounded a little at this. He went on:

"Has thee ever thought it over and applied the test to our own lives?"

It was certainly not strange that the good woman hesitated before she answered:

"If thee means to ask whether it has been shown to me that I am chosen of the Lord to be thy companion, I will admit that it has; but, Joseph, thee is not an old man, nor am I a young hand maiden."

Uncle Joseph stopped short in his walk, and, catching a frightened look upon the honest face beside him, he gravely said:

"It was not upon that relation that my mind ran. I thought rather of the increased duty in this day and generation which belongs to the husbandman and his gleaners, or, in other words, the responsibility of him upon whom the benefits of this world have been showered, and the loud call ever sounding in my ear to extend help to those who need; and it has been whispered to me that thy material goods have been slipped from thee, and—and I wished many times that I might make bold to offer my aid."

Can one marvel if a feeling of faintness crept over the gentle Sarah, or that a beseeching look set the seal upon the awful stillness that followed. Uncle Joseph's voice sounded strange in her ear. She feared she should fall, but as the tones grew clearer something else impressed her.

"Sarah, thee has a more receptive spirit than my own. I have sometimes longed to see aright in regard to the formation of a closer bond with thee, and I rejoice that through my ill-chosen speech thee has been led to point the way."

He took her trembling hand between his own, and smiled down upon the sweet, but tearful face; then her lips opened, the pain went forever out of her heart, and she whispered only:

"Dear Joseph."

But her trial was not quite over. We were already summoned to the dining-room when Uncle Joseph and Sarah Sidney entered the door together. I glanced about me, and was tried not to see the lines about her large, dark eyes, the dragged hardness that marred the sweetness of her mouth. He knew instinctively that her heart and her love were as fresh as the first day they were given to him, but for the life of him he could not repress a guilty thankfulness that she was—only an old friend.

By and by he rose to go, but held her hand long in taking leave.

"Now that we have met again, Olivia, we must not lose sight of one another. When may I come and see you?"

She looked into his eyes and a happy smile curved the corners of her lips.

"Whenever you please, Angus. Will you come to-morrow?"

And he bowed low and left her behind the glowing lamp, her heart beating high in her bosom with the surety that to-morrow he would speak and ask her to be his wife.

Lady Arlington's voice roused her.

"Olivia, come out of your hiding-place at once. I want you to come to Harlingham next Saturday. Will you?"

Olivia smiled a "yes," thinking what would any plans matter now. After to-morrow her life would be Angus' to do with as he would. Most likely he would want her to go to some quiet river place, where they could be alone.

In happy, dreamful silence she drifted across the great drawing-room toward the group gathered about Lady Arlington, who was chatting volubly to half a dozen women at once.

"What did you think of Mira Bertram's hair? She changes the color every month, I declare. Lady Susan was quite angry about it; but then, you know, she thinks it quite indecent to touch up at all. I was so awfully vexed, by the way, that Lady Ferrers couldn't come. She's quite pretty, and her gowns—all fresh, of course, for she's only a bride—are so very smart."

"Lady Ferrers! Is Sir Angus married?"

Olivia Abinger did not know whether she or another asked the question. She only waited for the answer.

"Oh, yes; six weeks ago. She's such a dear little thing, and so nice. Her father's place matches with his own in Scotland."

Olivia Abinger did not cry out or faint, though the shattering of her dream and the breaking of her heart were beyond all mortal agony. She said: "Good night," and drove in a frowsy four-wheeler to her shabby lodgings.

Still silent, still enduring, she went upstairs to her little sitting-room; but when she had lit the gas it flared upon a face marked by the anguish of a life time.

She stood by the table, her hands hanging at her sides, her eyes, which could not weep, staring before her.

"Married! rich! happy! White I, who have hoped and longed and loved, am—"

She flung her white arms above her head, and a great cry rent her throat—a cry of all a woman's pent-up passion, of all a heart's bitter disappointment.

"It is too much," she cried aloud to the shabby walls and cheap furniture; "I cannot bear it. To-night I have dreamed of other things. I cannot go back to the old ways. My heart is dead within me—dead."

She paused; a gray shadow stole over her drawn face, a somber fire burned in her eyes. For a moment she disappeared into her bedroom, then returned to where the gas flared. She looked about her and, with the careful method of a poor woman, picked up her cloak from the floor and folded it away on a chair. Then she lowered the gas to the blue and flung open the window.

"I want my soul to be free to go to him if it can," she murmured, leaning out over the street. "This will unloose my bonds—and bring me peace and rest, and, perhaps, a little sigh of regret from him."

With cold white fingers, that yet did not tremble at their task, she drew the stopper from a tiny phial she held in her hand. A thick, sweet odor as of almond flowers floated through the room. It dominated the faint perfume that breathed from Olivia's gown and fair hair, and even tainted with its insidious savor the outer air. With dilated nostrils she caught the subtle scent and smiled a little. "Peace—and regret—and remembrance," she sighed, then raising her hand to her lips, with one movement of her slender throat she swallowed the few drops of liquid contained in the small blue bottle. Her hand dropped heavily on the window-sill and her fingers relaxed.

The tinkle of fallen glass rose from the pavement below.

She fell upon her knees before the open window and raised her ashen face to the star-lit heavens.

Her fingers twitched in agony above her bursting heart; her pale lips struggled to cry but once to the man who, for the second time, had plunged her into the darkness of despair.

But only a whisper came from her burning throat and poor, twisted mouth.

"Angus—my love—pray for me—remember me sometime."

Her head fell forward on the window-sill.

They found her dead at dawn. Most people said she couldn't bear poverty.

But one man sometimes wonders if there was not another reason for her suicide.—Pick-Me-Up.

DASHED HOPES.

In the dim corners of Lady Arlington's big drawing-room in Grosvenor place rose-shaded lamps were casting a tender glow, but near the three tall windows and in the center of the room there was still sufficient daylight to illuminate the faces and frocks of the guests who were assembled for dinner.

Lady Arlington, clad in shimmering white satin and wonderful pink pearls, flitted like a spirit from group to group; now greeting a fresh arrival, now pairing off her friends.

"Lady Susan, Lord Marrable will take you down. He's awfully dull, I know, but Bertie Fancourt is your other side. Sir Charles, you're destined to the tender mercies of Dolly Lansdown. Take care of yourself; she's a dreadful little flirt, and boasts of her victims. Ah! Olivia, I'm delighted to see you. Col. Egerton, take care of my friend, Mrs. Abinger, for a few moments till her cavalier turns up. What a nuisance your sex is, colonel. Here we are, twenty-three hungry souls, all waiting for one tiresome man. Olivia, my dear, if in five minutes he does not turn up I'm afraid you'll have to go downstairs alone."

And with a gay little laugh Lady Arlington turned away.

Mrs. Abinger smiled after her retreating figure, and Col. Egerton, catching sight of her slightly-curled mouth, thought she had the sweetest lips he had ever seen, and so thinking, he looked the closer.

He saw a slender woman, with a shapely head set upon a round, white throat. The low-cut bodice of her plain black gown clasped a slight waist and made a fitting framework for her dimpled shoulders. Her big black fan seemed all too heavy for her tiny wrists and small pink-tipped fingers. In the fast-fading light he could scarcely distinguish her features, but he noticed that her hair was soft and fair, and that her eyes were large and just a little sad.

The gallant colonel was still wondering what kind of a voice so charming a woman could have, when the door was flung wide and a tall man strode into the room. Lady Arlington heaved an audible sigh of relief, waved rather than spoke an introduction between Mrs. Abinger and the newcomer, and then, like a multi-colored snake, her guests rustled down the wide white staircase to dinner.

There was a momentary dragging of silken trains under chairs and a general settling down before the last arrival turned to scan the woman at his side, whom in the swift transit from the drawing-room to the dining-room he had only vaguely concluded was slight, and pretty, and fair-haired.

"Olivia! You?" His tone of astonishment was too loud for good breeding, but the chat about the table was lively, and no one heard his voice save, indeed, Mrs. Abinger.

"Yes, it is I. I knew you the moment you entered, though the room was almost dark."

"And yet we've not met for so many years," he said; then, with the gallant after-thought of a man of the world, he added: "Not that you look one day older than when—"

She flung the sentence for him: "We parted."

There was a sigh in her voice and a touch of pure sentiment in her sad eyes as she spoke, and recalled, as women love to do, the agony of that hour, fifteen years ago, which had torn her from Angus Ferrers' arms.

She had been so young then—little more than a child—but her whole soul had been given to her boyish lover, and the parental edict which had sent Angus to India and herself to a wretched marriage had nearly broken her heart.

But the dream of the past was dispelled by him who had recalled it.

"And you married?" he said.

"Yes; I was obliged. Mr. Abinger was rich in those days, and he bought me."

"In those days! Is he not so now?"

"He died two years ago, a pauper."

Mrs. Abinger spoke quietly. She had lived so long with the tragedy of existence that it had lost its most poignant thrills, and had degenerated into a gray monotony of misery.

No so Sir Angus Ferrers. A look of unutterable pity crept into his eyes, a note of intense sympathy into his voice.

"And you are—"

"A widow, and a pauper, too."

She made a little gesture with her small, white hands; a gesture that invited inspection of her poor gown, of her lack of jewels—and that told more plainly than could a thousand words of genteel poverty and want.

"My poor Olivia," he said, and as she glanced at him she saw tears on his eye-lashes.

Lady Arlington grumbled next day to her husband of Mrs. Abinger's dullness and Sir Angus Ferrers' silence. But that long dinner was, in truth, nothing but a dream to the man and woman who had parted with such passionate tears fifteen years ago, and had met once again so unexpectedly.

Yet, though both dreamed, their visions were so different. He, rich, titled, still in the prime of manhood, was absorbed in the dead past. If he had been firm, if he had married Olivia, how much unhappiness he might have saved her, how much peace it would have brought to himself.

And Olivia dreamed only of a future with the man whose image had been ever in her heart, of a time of love and joy, and freedom from sordid money troubles, and shabby frocks and semi-genteel lodgings. And so, except when now and then they exchanged some conventional phrase, there was silence between the two who had so much to say.

After dinner it seemed perfectly natural to Olivia Abinger that Sir Angus Ferrers should seek her, and, indeed, she had chosen a quiet corner behind one of the tall, rose-shaded lamps for their conversation.

It was she who talked the most; telling him of her great trials and disappointments, dwelling on them with the insistence of one who is drifting towards happier things. He sat and listened, and as he listened looked; and as he looked was conscious of a vague thankfulness that he, still a young man, was bound by no chain to the woman who sat before him. He

THE REASON WHY.

LUNAR halos are sometimes large and sometimes small, because they are formed at different heights in the air.

THE glow-worm has a brush attached to its tail, because it is necessary to show its light that the back be kept clean.

DECAYING wood and putrefying fish look luminous in the dark, because they are really undergoing a slow combustion.

IRON bedsteads are safe during a thunderstorm, because, being good conductors, they keep the electricity from the body.

SILVER tarnishes when exposed to the light, because of the actinic or chemical property possessed by the rays of the sun.

A BURNING gas jet is unhealthy in a bed chamber, because one gas light gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two sleepers.

WHITE clothing is cool, because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm, because it absorbs both heat and light.

THE eyeball is white because the blood vessels that feed its substance are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

It is about thirty miles across town in London, and for that entire distance there is said to be an unbroken line of residences and stores.

Across London.

From Lockjaw.

Death from tetanus was infrequent during the civil war, only two wounded soldiers in one thousand dying from it. In the Crimean war the ration was fifty-seven to one thousand.

—If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it; toil is the law.—Ruskin.

—"Your cousin is wedded to charity, is she not?" "Oh! no; she has only promised to be a sister to it."