

IMPORTANT NEWS TO ALL WHOM IT DOES CONCERN

QUOTA ON LAST SATURDAY THE

GOODYEAR & DIFFENBACH'S (BABER'S BLOCK)

Call and See for Yourself

Ladies Dress Goods

THE CHEAPEST IN THE COUNTY

MORNING GOODS

Gentlemen Wear

Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses

Free Exhibition Geo. L. Atkins

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS

TAKE NOTICE

New Spring Stock

Alfred Wilberger's DRUG STORE

Indigo Blue

READING RAILROAD Summer Arrangement

FLORENCE Sewing Machine

FIT'S FITS! FITS!

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES

ROLAND

A MADMAN'S CONFESSION

From my youth upward I had ever been a passionate admirer of beauty.

My room was full of sketches, paintings and engravings of heads, interspersed with bits of sculpture.

I carried my ideas of beauty even into my wardrobe.

I was partly right. I was vain—I was egotistical.

I wrote one letter, full of mere commonplaces, to Isabella, and she answered it.

I looked around among my female acquaintances to find one who answered my expectations of beauty.

My father had a large painting upon the subject of "Christ blessing the little children."

By some strange coincidence, Bella was the exact image of one of the little girls in the painting.

There was something angelic about Isabella Courtney, even in those childish days.

I was wilful and passionate, and many a time when my father had denied me some extravagant wish, and I was raging about the house like a young demon.

How happy she looked as she lay in my arms, her head resting upon my breast, and those saintly eyes looking into mine.

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A MADMAN'S CONFESSION

And so we grew up together, and we went to a fashionable boarding school, and then to college.

I lost my father. It was a heavy blow to me.

Three months passed away, and Isabella grew strong and radiant as before.

How glad the old housekeeper was to see her.

I went. No word of love had passed between us.

I was absent five years. I plunged madly into all sorts of pleasure.

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