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100 Ladies it

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Pr Silas Lane while in the Rocky me

anins. For disenses of the blood, liver an idneys it is a positive cure. For constiputo and dearing up the complexion it diseases. Children like it. Everyonaless it. Lacce-size package, 50 centralisms it. Lacce-size package, 50 centralisms.

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A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been much that foe by a holy of this county. Discovers has been the cate of the county of the county of the county of the cars she should its severest tests, but her viegans were undermined and death seemed in the for three months she coupled linearly and could not sleep. She bought of use the of Dr. King's New Discovery for counting and was so much relieved on taking death of the county of t

-The tailor trade is a ill ing occupation

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE SAYS.

Hon. John Nealy, justice of the pear of expression of the House of Repres-tings from M relith, N. H., (as a welve years a terrible of ferer with rhea-ism, the save: I caunot obtain a

edicies which loss me as much good or support Bitters, and I think it is at menicies made.

-A "boll" on the stoye is worth two c

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Our Story's Short. We have at got the BIGGEST STOCK of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Notions, Boots and hoes, Tobacco, Cigars,

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REPAIRING Promptly done at lowest charge, and

Popular Store, Bank Street. Don't Forget the Place. Roofing and Spouting a special Al. Campbell, ty. Stove repairs furnished SIGN OF THE BIG WATCH, Bunk St Lehighton.

VOL. XVIII.. No 14

RHEUMATISM must be made to archand in hand. For Mere than Twenty-five Years,-A Com ploto Hecevery, - The Mouns Used. had Infammatory Rheumatism. For marry a par I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no retist. My stomach was ruined and out to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered for twenty-five years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. David Reinsedy's Favorite Hamedy, made at Bondout, N. Y., and what you lack for spring planting. ing roads and keeping them open. but we never heard of him bringing it back

I Am Now Well, hanks to this medicine. Dr. Knunedy's Favorita lemedy is my best friend. With it I am enabled to njoy a good night's rest. Also food, such as mest saloy a good mante, rest. Also food, such as meas and pastry, which I have been deprived of for years, showing that the Favorite Remedy has no equal for the cure of Indirection and Dyspecials as well. If any abould doubt this statement I will send the ready proof at once—Garrett Lansing, Troy, N. R. It is my pleasure and absolute duty toward those who are struckling for very life against the deadly

Diseases of the Kidneys to slid my testimony to the already weighty evidence of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. David Rennady's Favorite Remaily. My wife was a hopeless case, shandomd by the physicians. Dr. David Rennady's Favorite Remedy was reserted to; not because any hope was placed in it, but because nothing else remained. All means and medicines had been tested without small. The effect was little short of a mire-ole. At the second bottle aim and regalized strength, and continuing the treatment has fully recovered.—Jay Sweet, Albany, N. Y.

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\$1 per Lottle Six for \$1. Ry all drugglets

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N its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine. "I have used Aver's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night aweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Fectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

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"Several years ago I was severely III. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pentoral. After taking this medicine two or three mouths I was cared, and my health remains good to the present day "—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a presence home."

"Several years ago, on a passage home "Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were mon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandier, Junction, Va.

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Special and Particular Attention paid t

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Splints, Ringbone, Hoofbound

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Ca is bytelegraph and telephone promptly a att-n sed to Operations Skillfully Performed

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Attention, Builders!

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ectfully announces to the public that he had a NEW LIVERY STABLE, and that he rerestand to furnish Teams for Fundral didings or Business Trips on the abortest he and those liberal terms. Orders left at it

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DIRECTIONS—For a horse, tablespoonful, two or three times a week; when aick, 2 table spoonsful a day. For a Cow, 1 tenspoonful twice a week; when aick, twice a day. The same for Hogs. For Poultry mix with teed.

of the late Dr. H. O. Wilson, and is the ground article. Owners I above named animals should

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SAMUEL GRAVER'S

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alf and stores generally.

You have often seen women with mark lueness or paleness of face, vitiated a es, and a craving for unwholesome for Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. hese are signs of a disordered liver, a Bold by all Druggiets. Price At; six bottles, 06. is tratale in 1st be corrected or worse ilts are sure to follow. Husbands a there cannot afford to treat this maghtly. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite R ty, which dispets liver disease, costs amaick wives and dughters. You wait a very producte investment. O. W. SMYDER

-The general depth of the Sues canal venty-aix foot.

-In New York city last year there we (Honorary Graduate of Ontario Vet. College 3,486 deaths, and 14 400 marriages.

> Some Foolish People llow a cough to run maill it gets her of medicine. They often th, it will wear away, but in most of wears them away Could they be cost to try the successful medicine co emp's Balsam, which is sold on a peraround to cure, they would immedia the excellent effect after taking the time. Price 50s and \$1.00. Trial size from tal druggists.

-A good many people speak as the ass by who had better keep still unlhe can say more pleasant things,

The first modical writers claim that the suc-sectal remody for usual cattarrh, must be non-ritating, eas of applies lon, and one that wil-nach all the remote over and ulterated su-face. The history of the efficient to tra-cattarrh during the pass chilges as to almi-hat only one remoty as mat these conditions and that is Elva these a flaim. This pleasan amen's has mattered eatarrh as nothing else h ever done, and both physic and and patient restromposit this fact. The more discreasin-symptomeyield is it. people of Packerton and actinity that he has just spened a LIVERY STABLE on BRAVER St. where persons can be supplied with Good, Saf-eams either for Funetal, Wedding or for Han. g Purposes at very Lowest Rates. In conne-in therewith he has also in stock the very bea-rands of FLOTE and FRED, which he will it at Lowest Prices.

-The cold cow gives co d'comfort t er owner.

GROSS OBURLTY.

Parents too frequently permit their The undersigned is an working the DOLO TONE QUARRY, and is prepare to simply, a hortest notice and at L west Frices, person to desire with GOOD S.ONE for HULLIAN URFOSES, Call and in spect the Stones and part Prices before nurshading them. ildren to suffer from headache, fits, Si Vitus Dance, nervousness, etc., when the in be cured. Mrs. P. was cured of aieadache, dizzinem, dyspepsia, nervorostration of eighteen years standing, aftsilure of sixteen physicians; Mrs. K. ick headache for 35 years; Mrs. P. twenty to fifty fits a night; others from the icinity could be mentioned who have bee mred by that wonderful nerve food an sedicine-Dr. Miles' Nervine, which cor sine no morphine, opium or dangero frum. Free sample bottles may be had a Riery or Thomas' drug store.

-Did you ever try dry bran for packing

A beautiful young lady became so saily dis figured with plin des and blotches that it was toared she want die of grief. A friend recom manded Ayer's Saras arilla, which she took and was completely owned. Sine is now one of the fatrest of the fair,

-The climate in the Caucasus in founhe well sulted for the cultivation of the ta plant.

-A German parent has been taken on or a pincers of transporting sulphurs acid in a solid state.

Cattarrh originates in scrofulous tains lood's Saraapari la parifies the blood, and ios permantently cares catarch -Now protect those young frees, and

vines you set out fast sesson. -Horses generally prefer cold water but it should be clean and event, We have board many of our old friends as

that -alyation (MI cured bem of rheumatism, Those who have not tried it should do so. Our raggists sail it pay : w-mtp-five conts a bottle al-Why ruffer with a had gold when gos bettle of Dr. Hull's Cough Syrup will sure a cough of the the worst kind. Irr. Buil's Cough Syrup is said for

ab cents per bottle by all draggists in the United -in giving sait to puntry mix it No traces of unfair dealing were found upon her, and she was buried with a thoroughly with the food. -- See that your about are well sheltered great above on manner by Mr. Hanton from cold and strings.

TRUE FLAG.



o render the place habitable.

lesirable in a well ordered community. old Capt. Chorley, its founder, had been seafaring man all his days. Wonderwhen the old dames of the neighborhood seld a tea drinking. It had never been, definitely settled whether his vessel was a slaver, or, worse yet, one of the few emaining piratical craft that still occasionally scoured the ocean. She came and went in secrecy; the sparse popula-tion on the northern end of Long Island at that period, the many little bays and harbors, and the different crafts constantly passing at that point, rendered evasion an easy matter. Whatever his business might be, he increased in wealth, ourchased a large tract of land and built the castle like structure on a jut of rocky ground overhanging the sea. Much and varied taste had been displayed on both exterior and interior, but now the win-dows had fallen in; the gray stone had begun to crumble in several places; orms had found their way through roofs and crevices, despoiling carved walnecoting, painted ceilings and curious furniture that might have been im

ported from every quarter of the globe. During one of his expeditions Capt. Chorley had married, and on his return a wife and child were added to the trees ures already stowed away in the prison like mansion. A few of the gentry called on Mrs. Chorley, but she did not seem disposed to be friendly with her neighbors. The fishermen's wives re

membered seeing her walk up and down the beach below the house, pale and si lent, leading a little boy who clung tim idly to her and never strayed off to play After awhile another son was added to the family, and this event was succeeded by Mrs. Chorley's death. The old, for bidding looking servant brought up the children until they were old enough to accompany their father to sea, as he seemed to desire this mode of existence even after he had acquired a fortune. At 25, Harold, the elder, married a tall. handsome Spanish West Indian, relin-

mer on his father's estate. Capt. Chorley's death occurred at sea of a malignant fever he had contracted it an unhealthy port. Throughout hi ilness he had raved continually of a vill and a casket locked up in the tower This had been built on the side overlook ng the bay, and being much higher than he house, it was said a light used to b placed in it whenever the captain was nished up one room as a private library and study, and on the return of the younger son with the sad tidings imme-diate search was made throughout this apartment for the document, but in vain. There was but little love between Mrs. Chorley and her brother-in-law, and when, after escritoires, heavy, cumber some cheets, and all manner of out of the way places had been hunted through she came down the stone steps one morn ing with a haughty, triumphant face holding up to the brothers a casket o edar wood, curiously bound with brass

whose luster was sadly tarnished, a bit ter, suspicious thought flashed up to She described with some degree of or

tentation the spot where she had found -an old closet quite distinct from the study. She also insisted upon the lawyer being called in before it was opened This was a Mr. Harton, a young attorney who had been in the village scarcely

Vincent Chorley sat in sullen alleno a strange presentiment of coming evi shivering through his whole frame. H was hardly surprised when he found his brother possessor of the house and farm and a generous income, beside which hi seemed a mere pittance. The ship was bequeathed to him, but it was old and unseaworthy; beside, Vincent had n greater love for a scafaring life than h brother. Consequently his disappoint ment was great, and high words passed between them. Mrs. Chorley's attempts at pacification were made with an evident desire of widening the breach, and the quarrel ended by an angry separa

Vincent sold his vessel, embarked is mercantile pursuits, married, and at his death bequeathed his heritage of hatred to his son. Harold died childless, and a year afterward Mrs. Chorley surprised every one by bostowing her hand upon Lawyer Harton, who was still poor, and several years her junior. The fortune had been left to her without a single restriction. A new house was built, two daughters added to the family circle, but it was rumored Mr. and Mrs. Harton die not lead a happy life. He certainly held some secret power over her, at which she chafed and grew mutinous, and at these seasons carried her head more loftily than ever, looking down upon him with

undisguised contempt. One morning she went out, and, not having returned by evening, her hus band went to seek her among the neigh hore, while two of the servants set forth to explore the old house. Ascending the tower they found her in the study, seated pefore a table in the attitude of writing Her eyes were staring into space with fixed, stony gaze; the pen had fallen from her hand; she was white and cold. Death had come for her to this solitude, and his summons was inexorable. On the paper lying before her were trased these words: "I, Juanita Chorley Har-ton, being in full possession of my senses, "I, Juanita Cherley Bardo hereby declare to all the world that"— But whatever scores also had on her soul went into eternity with her.

extensent, and Unorsey Cutts soon organ to have quite a respectable ghost of its

Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. February 15, 1890.

Another incident occurred to give it still greater notoriety. Allingham Chorley, the only survivor of the family, a tall, fine looking young man, came into the neighborhood and demanded the privilege of searching the old stone house.
Without directly accusing any one, he boldly declared his grandfather's will Chorley Cliffs had had never been found or else destroyed. a tenant at last. For the first day Mr. Harton followed An invalid lady his steps like a shadow, much as be with an only dreaded to enter the hated mansion. A daughter desired evening some sharp words passed be a seaside resi-tween them, and whether it was a predence for the meditated assault or an accident of the summer, and moment could not be clearly made out. hearing of this but Mr. Harton was precipitated over secluded man-sion, applied by letter. As her in a small boat. He immediately made references were satisfactory, and the rent offered him from the cliff with intent to murder in advance, Mr. him. At first the young man laughed, Harton congratulated himself on his and declared with cool audacity that Mr. good fortune, and sent some workman | Harton had plunged into the bay himself; but when he saw matters assum It was a crazy, rambling, dilapidated, ing a serious aspect, and a warrant is moss grown affair, not bearing on its rest that odor of shnctity considered the wiser course. Mr. Harton seemed esirable in a well ordered community.

adversary. No one cared to live in the old house 'ul legends were still related about him so it had gone on falling to ruin. For several seasons Mr. Harton had advertised it for a summer residence, but with no success; consequently he was delighted to find a tenant now.

The work of renovating went on rapidly. By the first of May a sufficient number of rooms were in order, and Mrs. Bertrand, her daughter and servant came to take possession. Mr. Harton brought his eldest child over to call upon the ladies. Miss Harton was tall, haughty and very mature looking for 17. The union of races in this case had not in creased the power of beauty. With her mother's dark complexion, Miss Harton inherited her father's steely gray oven and brown hair; her features were regu lar, yet lacked warmth and spirit but her figure was undeniably fine. She looked five years older than Dora Bertrand, who was her senior by a few months. The young people did not as-similate very readily; indeed, Dora was almost frightened by her guest's state and demeaner.

"I am very glad we shall not live here always," she said to her mother, after the visitors had gone. "I am sure, if indies, I shall find very few pleasant acquaintances. And, somehow, I cannot like Mr. Harton a bit, although he is so

mixious for our comfort."
"Do not judge too soon," responded
Mrs. Bertrand. "There is another sister or us to see; she may be different."

And different she certainly was. They net her when they went to return the call; her sister being absent, she was compelled to play the hostess. She was a brunette, and though possessing neither he fine figure or regular features of the ider, more than made up the lack by er vivacity and gay good humor. Mrs. Bertrand was really glad, for Dora's ake, that they had found so companonable a young lady, and warmly in-vited her to make herself no stranger at

Olive Horton was no less delighted with the prospect of so pleasant a friend Not, indeed, that she suffered from loneiness, for she was welcome at many a ireside where Mr. Harton and Clara would not have deigned to show themelves. Yet among the people who isited the house Olive found few to her iking, and both father and sister frowned lown any attempt on her part to estab

ish a circle of her own. As Mrs. Bertrand found it impossible o procure a piano in the neighborhood and judged it too great a distance to hey expected to spend in the country he accepted Mr. Harton's proposal that Dora should come over daily and pracice with Olive; and this led to a com elete intimacy. Olive resembled her ather and sister as little in character as n person. Cool, calculating, suspiciou and stealthy, Mr. Harton seemed ever on the lookout lest some one should gain an idvantage over him; while Olive was rank, free and careless to a fault. There was note trace of pride or haughtiness in her, and many of the village people who shrank from her sister brightened into smiles when her merry face

appeared at the doorway. Mrs. Bertrand was not at all surprised is she saw the girls rushing in eagerly, one afternoon, their faces flushed with rapid walking, and heard Dora exclaim: "O, mainma, Olive has the key to the She says almost every one believes it's talk with Mrs. Bertrand about ghosts. haunted;" and Dora gave a gay, bird-

like laugh. "I'm so glad you are not afraid of shoots, Mrs. Bertrand," Olive said, crossing the room to kiss her. "It's so nice to have you and Dora live in this old house; but no one would ever come before, they were all so afraid of its being

"A very foolish belief, my dear," re turned Mrs. Bertrand, in that placid tone which most people use to iterate old truths that few trouble themselves to ex-

"Come, Dara," and Olive led the way They crossed the wide hall and entere a small passage. The tower, although joined to the main building, was qu esparate from it interiorly. There were nore rooms in the house than Mrs. Bersrand cared to use, so nothing had been aid about the tower further than that Mr. Harton had informed her it was cept as a sort of store room for to More than once Dors had evinced a restless curiosity concerning it; and Jane, the domestic, had specu iated considerably about the ghost, and wondered why Mr. Harton kept the remises so closely looked.

The two girls had to use their utmost

trength to turn the key, and as the door lowly opened it displayed a wide stone taircass thick with dust, ever which cated a few filmy bars of sun rom a window higher up. The damp, nusty odor and strange allence awed hem a little, but quickly recovering this first landing a door opened into a room, and a narrow flight of stairs beside it ran up to the root of stairs beaids it ran up to the next story, which was much smaller, and from thence to a third, which was contracted into a mere charactery. The windows in all the trait had made so deep an impression on stories were deep set and narrow, full of her mind. colverbs, and the punes of glass broken in many places. Some ald chests, dilap-idated chairs, and several pieces of antiquated furniture were showed around, while the so called study contained many chricaltes which inight have been sarly the next morning. Dors was real-

mold as to be scarcely distinguistable. The girls ran to every window for a riew of the surrounding prospect, and vainly tried to find a way through the roof to the cupola with which the tower was crowned. It was evident, from the steps leading to it, that it had once been used. Failing in this they returned to

the study. "Here was where they found my moth-



Here was where they found my mother. Dors shivered a little as the pictur sented itself to her mind. All the ong summer day Mrs. Chorley had sat there, never heeding the sunshine or the darkness of purple twilight slowly deep-ening into night. Dora had seen her portrait, and the vivid, girlish imagination conjured her up again, until she could almost seem to see her. More to break the spell of terror that was creeping over her than gain any real information, Dora said:

"Was she not writing something?"
"Yes," replied Olive. "Old Penis, who used to live with mother when she was Mrs. Chorley, and was afterwards our nurse, came over that night to search for her. Papa was very angry, and dis-charged her when she said mother meant to make known some secret about the will."

for Olive, Dora had always experienced

a leaning that way.
"Oh, it couldn't be," replied Olive.
"Grandfather said they would find his will in the tower, and even uncle, who

stiffed, they came to the pictures, old in the direction of the tower. With oil paintings that, though much injured by time and want of care, still preserved in bed, and strove to catch another token abode. If I had been aware of your re-

Both were portraits of young men, the

eyes and an abundance of black, curling mair. The other was much fairer, with hair of a rich chestnut, and laughing eyes of a most indescribable hue. The whole face wore a frank, generous expression, a happy lightheartodness that won Dora in an instant. "I believe I like Mr. Vincent Chorley's

the better," she said. "Oh, I do, a great deal. And old Persis, who saw his son, said they were exactly alike. You know Mr. Allingham came after mother's death. Clara and 1

papar "Certainly. Poor fellow, I suppose he was very angry. I wonder what has become of him. It is seven years since he was here." Dora could not keep her sympathies

from straying to the outcast. She had not stall recovered from her first dislike to Mr. Harton, and it seemed to her so much more natural and right that a de-scendant of the family should inherit its privileges in preference to those who could claim only the merest shadow of relationship. Yet she could not express these thoughts to her friend, and so the conversation soon turned to other themes. tower, and we are going up to explore it. and presently they went down to have a

Olive staid to ten, and shortly after luck a servant was sent for. When Jane was making all safe for the night she came to the little parlor, where Dora sat reading alone, as her mother always retired early, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Dora, the tower door is The young girl sprang up half terrified the first instant, then, laughing away her

fear, said: I thought it was fast, and that she had taken the key with her." "But you won't think of sleeping without first having that shut? Come, let us

go lock it.' 'I do believe you are afraid, Jane. We have lived here two months, and no ghost has made its appearance. Did you suppose it was fastened up in the tower? "Don't laugh, Miss Dora. I'm not so sure, after all, there isn't something of sort. I don't see how that woman could rest in her grave with such a burion on her mind. I should not be at all surprised to see her come walking down stairs some day with the true will in her

"Hush, Jane. Mamma says it is wrong to pay so much attention to gossip. Ol-ive's mother couldn't have forged a will. and Mr. Harton, you know, had been in the village only a short time. Probably it's all right. You'll have to turn this key, though; the look is rusted. There, good night, ghost."

The next day Olive came over to announce that she was going to travel with her father and sister, and would prob-

had half a mind to stay at home, she would not listen a moment to such a

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'Let me bring you the key of the ower," Dora said, when they had kissed good-by for the third or fourth time. You left it last night," "Oh, no matter; I'll bequeath it to you for a few weeks, and if you see the ghost

don't fail to tell me." Dora promised. She found herself very lonesome in the days that first followed Olive's departure. She took her walk regularly over to Mr. Harton's for her music, but it was dull work. Frequently she would pause in her playing and study the picture that hung above the piano—the likeness of the Spanish woman when she was Mrs. Chorley. There was a later portrait of her, but this first interested Dora most. The resolute, haughty eyes: the lips set together with a firmness that indicated great power, and the strange unconquerableness written on every feature. Gazing

at her, it was impossible not to dream over her story. The woman who supplied Mrs. Bertrand with butter and garden vegetables was a daughter-in-law of the old woman who had been Mrs. Chorley's servant so long. Since her quarrel with Mr. Harton Perais had been especially bitter against all the family save Miss Olive, whom she loved tenderly. Jane, being a newcomer in the place, and rather disposed for gos sip, was quite a godsend to her. On her part Jane retailed her information to Dora, who soon understood the family istory perfectly well.

Persis declared Mrs. Chorley had never been the same woman after her second marriage, and that she felt assured Mr. Harton had managed to entangle her in some villainy, or he could never have ruled her so completely. "You should a seen how she carried her head in Mr. Chorley's time," the old woman would generally conclude with.

It appeared singular to Dora that Mr. Harton should wish to remain in a place where he was regarded with so much suspicion when he had ample means to enable him to live elsewhere. As Mrs. Bertrand preferred the quiet of her room much of the time, Dora was left to her meant to make known some secret about the will."

"Buppose some day another will should be found?" the true will, Dora was on the point of adding, for Jane inclined to the belief with which old Persis had tinctured the neighborhood; and in spite of her love the neighborhood; and in spite of her love there pleased her greatly. there pleased her greatly.

It was a bright night with a full moon. Dora had lain awake a long while, listening to the ticking of the clock, the regu-lar breathing of her mother, and the was so very angry, could not disprove it. lar breathing of her mother, and the If he had found it instead of mother I heavier respiration of Jane. The sleepsuppose he wouldn't have said a word, ing apartments were on the side toward Only Persis says he loved Uncle Vincent the tower, nearly all the rooms being on the better, and it is strange he should one floor, as the house itself was low. give him so little and leave all the rest to his other son. There are portraits of them here in this old closet; let us take a now she could not refrain from going look at them."

After pulling out several articles and making such a dust they were almost sound, as if it came through walls, and not return in several days." relation to me, and it always makes pape | trifling attention. So she composed herangry. Yet I cannot help feeling sorry self to sleep again, but the incident recurred to her in the morning, and im-mediately after breakfast she set out to a fright?"

elder dark, stern, with piercing, jetty explore the tower, her heart beating with quite a new emotion. The neighborhood was extremely quiet and at this point quite thickly settled, at it was hardly possible any one would at tempt to enter such an old place where

no valuables were kept. She ascended the steps slowly, and or eaching the second floor took a compre hensive survey. The study looked as usual; not a thing had been disturbed. luising her eyes they rested on a win dow overlooking the main house. The went back to school immediately, so we did not see him."

"Did he really try to murder your the floor, which was strewn with numer-

oue fragments. Her first impulse was to fly down stairs and give the alarm; then she reflected a moment. Might not the wind-but no, there had been scarcely a breath the preceding night, certainly not snough to dislodge the window frame. She drew a chair to the wall, and climb ing up, took hold of it. Yes, it was loose. There seemed traces of a recent disarrangement - finger marks in the just and the disturbance of moths and spiders that had built homes for themselves in the corners. The window had evidently fallen out; this was the noise she had heard in the night. If it had lain there on the floor she would not have felt a whit disturbed, but it must have been put back by human agency. What could any one hope to gain after

effecting such an entrance?

Dora knew it would not do to needless ly disturb her mother and Jane. They were comfortably situated; the quiet and retirement satisfied Mrs. Bertrand completely, and her health had improved visibly since her coming to Chorley Cliffs. It would be unfortunate to leave it just now, and impossible to stay uness the mystery was solved, or shared with some one. Jane would make a poor confidant; indeed, no persuasions could nduce her to enter the tower, so she would be of no assistance in case of a search. Oh, if Olive were only here! And then Dora thought her wise would be to go down stairs and lock the tower door, leaving the old place alone with its secret. So she rose and went slowly toward the door, and then gathering courage, peeped in the closet, which was partially opened. No pallid ghost or burly form of midnight burglar met her view; only the bright, cheerful face of Vincent Chorley, that seemed ready to banter her out of her fears. For many moments she stood trresolute, then made a hasty examination of the place. It was not possible for any one to be concealed there. What if she were mistaken, after all? Perhaps Olive might have taken the window out, and the noise in the night might have proceeded from some other cause. She went cautionaly around the study-it was quite reassuring to

Then she entered the passage, and coneldered whether she should go down or up. It would be an advantage to satisfy salf thoroughly; then she would not be in momentary fear of causing her any positive mental decision, she began to mount the steps slowly, and on reaching the top drew a long breath of sat-infaction. The morning sun poured through the eastern window in golden floods—the whole place was full of filmy

How Dora Bertrand first became aware the was not the only instate of the place, I say hardly tell. It was a waste fre-

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almost imperceptible, then it grew into a fear, and next a reality. Spellbound by terror, her own respiration seemed almost to stop, while every instant the other's breathing became more regular and distinct. The intruder was certainly asleep. There was but one place shielded from her observation—the quaint carved wooden settle, whose high back was towards her. It seemed hours before she could command sufficient strength to take another step, so slowly passed these dull moments of terror. At length the point was reached, and she sawsomething real and physical, but not the generally received idea of a house-

A young man of six or eight and twenty, in a careless but graceful posi-tion, one arm under his head for a pillow, the other drooping over the edge of the settle, and displaying a firm white hand that would not have shamed a lady. His hair and beard were of a sunny brown, the upper part of his broad forehead clear and fair as a girl's, but the rest of his face many shades darker, the fervent color of the sun's tropical touch. It was a handsome, manly countenance, and losing her fear she began to consider where she had see

it before. A pleasant, familiar face, one on which she could place the smile, and remember precisely how the eyes would look when the drooping lids were raised. Where could she have seen it? She had no fear of it now, and longed impatiently for him to awake. He seemed in no hurry, though; but presently the sun rays began to steal over his face, and then he stretched, yawned and began slowly to open his eyes. They did not rest on Dora Bertrand for some moments, however, and then he sat upright suddenly, as if he had received an el tric shock, his face growing perceptibly paler every instant. She stood quite

still, unable to speak or fly.
"Are you Olive Harton?" he asked, as ength, in a constrained tone. "No." She remembered, then, how she had come to know the face so well and added, "But you are Allingham

Chorley." "I cannot deny it," he . I, with a aughty gesture, "and I may be confessing to friend-or foe." There was a silence of some seconds

then he began: "How did you come here this morn "I live in the house;" and Dora longed to add something more assuring, yet

scarcely knew what to say. "Indeed!" he said, in a surprised tone 'I thought the house was empty. I did not know Mr. Harton would dare to let it;" and there was a perceptible sneer on his lip and in his voice.

"We came here in May," Dora added. "I was here in March and heard then it had never been tenanted. Mr. Harton is home, of course?"
"No, the family are all away and will

a tolerable likeness.

"This was Mr. Harold Chorley," said
Olive, "and that Uncle Vincent. I don't
know why I call him so; he was no real
relation to me, and it always makes pape have disturbed or alarmed you. May I

Dora could not but smile at thus finding herself on familiar terms with a person who a short half hour ago was the object of her deepest solicitude and fear. As if interpreting the smile, he held out his hand frankly, and said, in deep, honest tones that carried faith with them:
"Let us be friends. I need a friend bere sadly, for I am an unwilling alien

in the house of my fathers. I will prove to you some day that I am not utterly Dora took the proffered hand. He seemed so little like a stranger that in a few moments she found herself relating not only the event that had disturbed her midnight quiet, but many incidents concerning the Hartons; and be in turn, when he found she knew the episode of his supposed attempt on Mr. Harton's life, related what had befallen him since. He had spent five years at the west, in a mercantile house, and two in Europe. Now the business had passed into other hands on account of the death of his em-ployer, and finding a lull in his hitherto ousy life, he had determined to come to Chorley Cliffs, and if possible make a

thorough search for the lost will. "On my return from Europe last March I came out here for a few hours, and satisfied myself a little as to matters concerning the house. I concluded my safest course would be to gain the tower unknown to any one. Its reputation of being haunted might favor me a little, I thought. I reached the next town below here in time to obtain my supper, and shortly afterward started to walk hither. The night was so beautiful that I loitered on the way, consequently I did not arrive here until the lights were out, and not dreaming of the place being inhabited, proceeded at once to gain entrance. I tried two of the doors below, and found them fastened, as I supposed I should; then I mounted the roof, and finding the woodwork of the window partially de-cayed, with the sid of my knife soon forced an entrance. I should have been more careful had I supposed the noise would alarm any one. And now, what is my sentence to be for thus feloniously ntering your residence? Please be a

little merciful. "It was not my house," returned Dora, with a smile, "so I may be lenient. But do you really hope to find the will?" "My father died in the positive belief

there was a will hidden away somewhere His brother's wife found here in a closet in the room below, a place he had searched through vainly. felt well convinced she must first have put it there. Mr. Harton acted very susciously, I think, after his wife's death. He was not at all willing for me to enter the tower. Now, if he felt really satisfied as to my grandfather's will, why should be object to any search I might like to make? My present purpose is to penetrate every conceivable nook or pos-sible hiding place—that is, if I can gain your mother's permission to stay here awhile,"

Dora remained talking until she heard Jane's voice calling her to her morning's duties. Promising to arrange for an interview between Mr. Chorley and her mother, she ran down, received a small scolding from the impatient Jane, who wondered what she could find in that old ghost tower to interest her so much assisted Jane with the dinner, finding no time for the conversation she had promto spend the afternoon with a pick wold.