

GOLDIE'S GUARDIAN.

It wasn't really her name, but every one called her Goldie because of the lovely yellow hair which was her chief beauty, though not her only one by any means.

Goldie Farne had as pretty and winsome a face as one would care to see, and therefore, quite naturally, her admirers were countless. Yet it was hard to predict upon which one of them Goldie would eventually bestow her wayward little heart, for she was even more thoughtless and capricious than pretty girls of 17 usually are.

She was still a mere child in the eyes of Leigh Ormiston, her guardian until the formal proposal of young Harry Thurston for her hand had aroused him one fine day, with a shock, to the realization of her 17 years.

A grave, surprised look swept across his handsome face—handsome despite its thirty-nine years and the few threads of silver in the dark, thick clustering locks above it.

"So you want to marry Goldie?" he said slowly, when he had taken in the full meaning of the young man's modest but touchingly earnest appeal. "Have you spoken to her on the subject and—been accepted?"

"I—well, no, sir, not quite that," returned Harry, hesitatingly, his heart sinking a little as he noted the constrained accents of Mr. Ormiston's voice, and the way those half sad and firmly cut lips were compressed under the thick dark mustache, while awaiting the answer to his question. "You see, Mr. Ormiston, Miss Goldie is such a wilful, tantalizing little elf that one can't get her to answer seriously, though I've tried often enough, I'm sure. But she told me, at last, that I must ask you about it, so I took her at her word and came. And I hope, sir"—beseechingly—"that if you don't disapprove of me—"

"Oh, I don't disapprove of you, Harry—not at all," interrupted Mr. Ormiston, in a pleasant voice, though the tense lines which the young man had fancied meant displeasure, still lingered about the strong, handsome mouth. "If my ward really wishes to marry she could hardly make a choice which would be more acceptable to me. You may tell her that, and"—He paused a moment, irresolutely; then glancing up into the eager brightening young face, hurriedly went on, "if you need a good word from me to aid your suit, you shall have it my boy."

"And I thought her but a child," he muttered, in a low, strained voice when once more alone. Yet she is 17, a woman with lovers already sighing at her feet. Seventeen! As old as she was when—Ah, heaven!—rushing abruptly, and pacing the floor with quick, uneven strides. "I pray that her accursed treachery is not inherited by her child—that she, my pretty Goldie, will never wantonly trifle with a man's true heart! He went to the window, and stood there for a long time, gazing absently out over the beautiful vista of cultured land and sparkling water which was all his own, and yet which had never brought him happiness or peace.

Far down at the foot of an avenue of maples he saw two figures walking side by side, and knew they were Goldie and her ardent young lover, Harry Thurston.

He found himself wondering, half moodily, if Harry had won the answer he coveted from those saucy lips. "Yes," he murmured, following out a train of silent thought almost unconsciously, "I would rather give her up to him than to any other, since I realize now that I must lose her soon. Dear, bright-haired little Goldie! I never knew until now how precious you have grown to me. It will be hard to give you up.

He turned away with a gloomy shadow on his face, as if something in the sight of these two youthful figures pained him, and, seating himself at his desk, sought distraction from his troubled thoughts in attending to some dry business correspondence which he firmly persuaded himself, could not be neglected a moment longer.

His pen was still busy over the task when an abrupt opening of the library door accommodated by a very pronounced rustling of feminine draperies caused him to pause and glance up, with a conscious start.

"Well, Goldie, he questioned, with a half smile, seeing who the intruder was, 'what's the trouble?'"

For there was an air of angry agitation about the graceful figure which, in half defiant pose, had paused just within the room. The fair, satiny cheeks were highly flushed and the blue eyes were blazing with excitement.

"The trouble?" she echoed, reproachfully. "Oh, guardy!" and her sweet, girlish tones trembled with indignation, "aren't you just ashamed of yourself? How could you tell Harry Thurston—the stupid fellow!—that he had your consent to marry me?"

"Why, Goldie, my dear!"—surprised at the girlish, but very genuine outburst of resentment—"I understood that it was your own wish. I thought you sent him here to ask me for it."

"I sent him here simply to get rid of him—that's all," she pouted, almost tearfully. "I didn't think, guardy, that you would let me marry him, or—any one else, even if I wanted to. I thought you would tell him I was too young, or that you'd get mad, or something, and so I thought I was safe in sending him to you. He was so persistent! The others I disposed of myself, but—"

"The others!" Leigh Ormiston turned in his chair and looked squarely into the pretty excited face as he sternly echoed those two words.

"Goldie," he went on in the same tone of grave displeasure—a tone which she had never before heard from his lips, in all the ten years of his tattered care of her—"Goldie these are strange words—a strange revelation from you whom I deemed so pure and artless. Can it be that you have already stooped to baseness from whose taint I would have shielded you with my heart's blood?—the baseness of the coquette, the soulless, despicable flirt? Like your mother—"

"Guardy?" Goldie sprang forward suddenly, her slender form quivering with anger, her golden head crested with the pride of a young queen, her blue eyes flashing a very lightning of defiance.

But in the same instant her mood changed with the swiftness of a thought. It was such a rare thing to hear her mother spoken of at all by her guardian, that a great longing sprang up within her breast to hear what he had to say.

"Guardy," she exclaimed, a passionate eagerness in her fair young face, from which all the anger had suddenly died out, "I wish you'd tell me something about my mother. What were you going to say?"

"Nothing, child—nothing. She was fair and lovely, the very image of what you are to-day—that's all," answered, hastily, a troubled shadow settling over the strong and darkly handsome face.

But he had checked himself too late. Goldie's deepest feelings had been stirred and she would not be put off.

"I would rather never speak of it," Goldie, he said, sadly, yielding at last to her entreaties. "To me it must ever be a painful remembrance. Yet if it may serve to warn you from the weakness—or the sin—which spoiled my life, perhaps I ought to tell you."

It was a sad story, touchingly though briefly told, and one of the commonest stories in the world. It was merely that of a man's heart broken; his first, best and holiest love deliberately won and then wantonly betrayed by a beautiful coquette, who, at the end had laughed his passionate love and faith to scorn and wedded his bitterest rival before the month was out.

When Leigh Ormiston ended the brief recital, whose broken, husky sentences revealed to her such a world of unsuspected suffering in his life, the warm, bright tears stood in Goldie's blue eyes, and she bent and touched the hand resting upon the arm of his chair with quivering lips.

"And it was my own mother who did all that: who broke your heart and spoiled all your life?" she murmured softly. "Yet when she and papa died and left me alone in the world you took me and cared for me as if I had been your own. Oh, guardy, how good you have been to me—how generous and noble! How can I ever repay you?"

"Simply by being a good true hearted woman—always—Goldie," he answered gently.

"I will," she responded earnestly. And then, with some of the old sauciness chasing the shadows from her bright face: "But indeed, guardy," she exclaimed artlessly, "I never thought of flirting. If Harry Thurston and the rest of them would fall in love with me, why, it was my fault. I'm sure I told them in plain English that I didn't care a sixpence for them."

"You don't know your heart yet, little one," he answered, looking down upon her with his beautiful, kindly smile; some day you will. But, Goldie, this day has taught me how surely you possess the dangerous gift of winning the hearts of others. Whenever you are tempted to trifle with the power, child, remember the little story I have told you, and be merciful," he added with impressive seriousness.

And Goldie, hitherto as bright and thoughtless as a butterfly, in her own pretty room, sobbed out the long hours of that sunny afternoon in vain remorse for her beautiful dead mother's sin.

Three years glided swiftly by, and often they bring wondrously eventful changes. To Goldie they had brought travel, society, homage, and a deep knowledge of her own gift of fascination never dreamed of at 17. Yet she was still Goldie Farne.

She was looking indescribably bewitching that evening in the great flower show, in the most exquisite of toilets with a perfect "dream" in the way of French bonnets resting daintily above the silky frizzes of her wonderful golden hair—so very bewitching, in fact, that her guardian had to exercise all his skill in strategy to draw her away from her crowd of admirers, where she might rest a little in peaceful solitude.

"Yes," said a languid, dusky voice at two elegant young fellows sauntered down one of the flowery aisles. "Miss Farne is a beautiful woman—no mistake about that; but, hang me, old chappie, if I can just make her out! With her beauty, wealth and brilliancy, she might break hearts by the hundreds, yet you never hear her charged with anything of the sort. Different from the rest of her sex, by Jove!"

Goldie Farne and her guardian, standing in the shadow behind a great Japanese flower-screen, heard the idle gossip, and exchanged a quiet smile.

"A reputation to be proud of," Goldie, said Leigh Ormiston, with a low half-laugh. Then, with a deepening glow in his fine dark eyes: "And no lover among them all has lured your heart from your old guardian yet! Thank Heaven for that, Goldie! The thought of losing you grows harder and harder to bear with every year."

"There is no present necessity for thinking of it," she retorted archly, smiling up into his eyes. "Why must you talk of losing me, guardy?"

"Because your host of lovers will not let me keep you always, little one. Ah! Goldie!"

He broke off huskily and turned away, a yearning inexpressible sadness in every line of the strong, tender resolute face. But the two gossips had not passed entirely beyond them as they had supposed.

"It would be the richest joke of the season, 'pon honor," said one, as they again drew near, "if she ends by marrying her guardian, after all, and leaving all the rest of us out in the cold. He's perfectly devoted to her happiness, and a dused handsome fellow, too, if he is old enough to be her father, and—"

But they had passed on again, and Leigh Ormiston could only turn and look at the girl beside him, his eyes glowing and his lips white and tense with an emotion which he was silently struggling to repress.

But she laid her little hand gently upon his arm, with a look and smile which their was no mistaking. "I would never have dared to tell you," he breathed with an impassioned thrill in his low accents; "but—you heard it, Goldie?"

"Yes, guardy—Leigh," she whispered, with a tender smile, "and I only wonder you did not guess it for yourself long ago."—Clyde Raymond.

"MAKE ME." He took my hand. He did not even say "Be mine, for I have loved you many a day." He only pressed it in his lovingly; He looked into my eyes and said, "Make me." A mist came over mine; I could not see, and he repeated, "What you will, make me." "Last night I had a dream that I was dead, and you were there, love, bending over my head. You held my soul, and weeping saw its stain; Your tears fell on it; it was pure again. "Can you not do it? I will follow you until I feel that I am formed anew. "Drop down upon my eyes another tear; Beckon me onward, and I will not fear. "Oh, take my hand. Lead me your path along; Without you I am weak, but with you strong. "Love me as you love heaven, and I shall be Worthy to dwell there with you. Oh, make me!" —George Holmes.

SHE TOUCHED THE CLOUDS. A Chicago Girl's Exploit in Manitowish Cheered by the Young Men.

"I would like to touch a cloud with my parasol." She was young and strong, and for the first time in her life of 16 years was in the mountains. She stood on the long, wide veranda of the hotel at Manitowish and looked up at the white smoky clouds curling about the lower mountain peaks with the eager, puzzled, questioning eyes of a young, impulsive girl. To the left and in front of her the swelling, almost precipitous slopes were bright in the sunlight. To her right the low clouds were boiling down the mountain side, shutting out the view of Cameron's come and sailing along at a level that looked squarely against the lower cone of Hiawatha mountain. Around this they moved like a sailing vessel feeling its way along a dangerous coast. Then they floated off with the wind into the space between the intervening peaks and touched even the top of the high hills in front of the hotel. It seemed as though she could, in a short walk reach a point where she could, in fact, touch the clouds with her parasol.

The score of people sitting on the broad porch of the hotel watched the young girl as she climbed straight up the hill in front, and watched her as she took the mountain trail that led her through the light white clouds sailing along probably 1,500 feet above them, for the people at the hotel were at an elevation some 200 or 300 feet higher than the summit of Mt. Washington, and the incline toward elevations 7,000, 8,000, and 9,000 feet began not 100 yards away. With their glasses they could see the girl as she stooped half enfolded in the whitish vapor. Then, after another interval, they could see her beyond, as she half emerged above the line of these floating clouds. So clear was the atmosphere that the cheers of the young men across the glen at an elevation somewhat lower than the one reached by the girl could be heard by her and those in the hotel.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Couple of Queer Graves. Down in southern Indiana the other day I went with some newspaper friends at New Albany out for a drive over some of the prettiest country in the world. We went to the "Knobs," the highest point in that part of the state. In the distance rolled the yellow Ohio, and away beyond, through the smoky autumn mists, lay that fair and much-sung land—the blue grass region of Kentucky. They told some local history, and I'll give it to you here, for it is full of a quaint romance. There, on top of the highest hill, was the grave of an ancient Hoosier. "In them parts" he had lived and worked (and doubtless loved) and chewed tobacco and finally died. He did not do much—here in the vale. The world never heard of him, ma'hap, till now; but he was still great—in eccentricity. He made them promise—in fact, put it in his will—that when he died they should bury him on top of that hill, for it was the nearest place to heaven in all the country round about; as near, he said, as he ever expected to get. So they buried him there, close under the laughing blue.

There is another queer grave in the neighborhood. We did not go to it, but the yarn was just as good. There were once two old steamboat captains on the Ohio who were mortal enemies all through life. When one of them saw his end approaching he asked that, when he died, his friends would bury him on the banks of the Ohio, so that when his other man's steamer went past his spirit might utter a curse on it. So they hollowed him out a hole in the solid rock of the cliff, and there he lies to-day, a standing menace to the craft of the man he hated. I am not sure, but I think the other old captain has since been gathered to his fathers. Some one should place them side by side, and let them fight it out on the other shore.—Cor. Journalist.

A Street Urchin's Funny Frank. Newsboys have as quick an eye for the ridiculous side of things as anybody, and quicker than a good many of their stolid, indifferent customers. So two young ladies discovered over on Michigan avenue the other day. They were out driving in a fashionable dog cart, but on this occasion did not have Jeems up behind. A bright and ragged newsboy, who will some day be an actor or a merchant, perceived his opportunity and quickly improved it. Jumping up to the footman's seat he perched there in comic simulation of the absent Jeems. The young ladies, all unconscious of the ludicrous aspect their outfit had taken on, drove along chatting merrily. Soon they were vexed to observe that pedestrians on either side of the thoroughfare gazed curiously at them and grinned broadly. Too proud to stop and make an investigation, or to turn their heads, because some rude men chose to make sport of them, they drove on in agony until a gray coated boulevard policeman rushed to their rescue. They declare that henceforth they will exchange fewer confidences and take less enjoyment in their chat rather than drive out in the dog cart without having Jeems in his proper place.—Chicago Herald.

His Petition Was Granted. About a month ago Whalobone Howler, who is a young man of 23, was fined \$1,700 for bringing a pair of brass knuckles into the meeting in his pocket. A petition signed by eighty members of the club, praying for his release from the fine, was now presented. It was figured that it would take him 1,700 years to pay the fine and interest, and the prospect had so appalled him that he was sick abed. It had been ascertained beyond a doubt that he had found the weapon on the street and supposed it to be an abductor's official badge. "Under such circumstances I will remit the fine," said the president, "but don't let it happen again. Let us now degenerate."—Detroit Free Press.

Tunnel Making in Russia. Russia is going to have a railroad tunnel three miles long, at a cost of \$3,500,000. She has 15,000 miles of railway, but her only tunnel is 700 yards long. More great works of this kind are contemplated, and as Russian engineers are ignorant of tunnel making, there is a demand for foreign skill.—Frank Leslie's.

—THE VERDICT UNANIMOUS.—W. D. Sult, Druggist, Biju, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham H. Re, Druggist, Belleville, Ill., affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have attested their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at J. Zeller & Son.

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ESTRAY. Two steers, one red and the other black, about two years old; piece of light ear and notch under the left. Also, one better, red and white, marked same as above, and about three years old. The steers were seen near the spring, and have wandered away. Any one giving the undersigned information as to their whereabouts will be suitably rewarded. MICHAEL CONFER, Howard, Centre Co., Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County to make distribution of the balance in the hands of Hon. A. O. Furst, executor of the estate of J. W. Mann, deceased, among those legally entitled to the same, will meet the parties interested at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, the 27th day of December, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same, or be debarred from coming in, on said day. E. M. BLANCHARD, Auditor.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—There came to the residence of the undersigned on the John Homan farm near Pine Grove Mills, Pa., on or about the 20th of October, 1886, the following described cattle: 1 roan heifer, about two years old, white on the back and belly, to mark, also, one white bull, with a little red about the head and neck, about one year old. The owner or owners are notified to call and prove property, or pay all charges for keeping and advertising, otherwise they will be sold according to law. G. F. MILLER, 46-31 Pine Grove, Centre Co., Pa.

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