

Advertisement for various goods and services, including a list of names and addresses such as 'SOMERSET, PA.' and 'NEW YORK, N.Y.'.

THE LINK OF GOLD.  
The day after her drive with Mrs. Blount...

LOOK MERE!  
When you come to JOHNSTOWN, do not fail to call on the...

PEOPLE'S STORE!!  
NO. 3 MORRIS ST.  
TO MAKE YOUR PURCHASES!

GENERAL STORE!!  
GIVE US A CALL!  
ALBERT TRENT, Manager.

WALTER ANDERSON,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE.

SOMERSE COUNTY BANK!  
ESTABLISHED 1877.  
CHARLES J. HARRISON,  
CASHIER AND MANAGER.

DIAMOND HOTEL,  
STOYSTOWN, PENNA.  
PURE FERMENTED WINE,  
FOR SALE

FOR SALE  
\$66  
72 1/2 WEEK, 62 1/2 day at home daily.

Mr. Blount took boarders in the summer being a thrifty man...

She started a little and gave a quick sigh as she came suddenly upon a little grave...

It was a beautiful morning in June two women were driving along a lonely road which wound by the sea...

"How beautiful!" she said; "and yet how lonely and desolate. Does any one live there, Mrs. Blount?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Mrs. Granger lives there, but she's crazy. Nobody visits her, and she visits nobody."

"How sad!" said the young woman. "What a shame that she should be in such a spot at this with no sound save that of the breaking of waves to disturb the silence..."

"Oh, I don't know that she's what you ought to call downright mad," was the answer; "but she's eccentric, peculiar, that's sure. You see, ten years ago she came down here with her husband and two children to pass the summer..."

Arden's death in the daily paper and knowing that his limited salary was the sole support of his family...

"I believe you said it was a matter of business which kept you out until past 11 o'clock last evening. Mr. Breezy," said Mrs. Breezy...

"There was so much to attend to," continued Mrs. Breezy, "that you could not blame your friend for wishing you to remain a few hours, longer, and you were really sorry to have him to finish up the matter..."

"You never see lady in other words," said Mrs. Breezy. "I don't think, Mr. Breezy, I do your ideal, an I not, Mr. Breezy?"

"I have found neither consolation nor comfort in religion," the other answered. "I cannot believe as you do, that I shall meet my loved ones in a better land. Why were they taken from me?"

"Believe me, God is ever good. When He loveth He chasteneth," said Mrs. Arden, softly; and then she went on to speak of the comfort of the promises held out to those who mourn...

"Not mine?" she said in a despairing, wailing voice. "Not mine! mine is dead! dead! Even her spirit can never come back to me!"

"Oh, folks did so at first," replied Mrs. Blount. "She'd no lack of company. 'Bout everybody in the village called and tried to show her that her trouble was all for the best, and was meant to turn her trilled heart to heaven..."

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