

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1887.

Ballade of the Penitents.
The path is ever steep, and the wind is ever cold,
And the clouds are ever black, and the rain is ever cold.

THE WIDOWS ADONIS.

Fitzgerald Brandon was one of the lucky mortals treated with maternal partiality by that fickle deity, Fortune.

His wealth, besides, was a splendidly handsome young man, and he was not only one of the luckiest, but also one of the most admired of mortals.

But little Fitz seemed reluctant to do the matrimonial fetters; he was not at all reluctant to do the matrimonial fetters; he was not at all reluctant to do the matrimonial fetters.

Every time that he saw Mrs. Desmond, he felt that he was looking into a pair of eyes that were full of love and devotion.

"What a beautiful woman," he thought, "and how she looks at me! As if she were looking into my soul."

The rivalry of the two widows did not abate as the days went on; Fitz was seldom to be seen without one or the other.

financial feet again, for it would have enabled him to bid defiance to the creditors.

"To Richmond!" echoed the other, "to Richmond! I shall certainly go, and I shall certainly go."

But when the lady had departed, the humble companion performed a sort of pious duty.

"Ah, my dear Cousin Clementina," she said, "I have been thinking of you very much lately."

For some minutes the young lady sat on the sofa, her eyes fixed on the picture of her dear friend.

During the next few days Miss Grey's manner was as demure as ever while in the presence of her patroness.

of carrying off the Brandon Sweepstakes. The evening came at last.

"I suppose he thinks as Clementina is masked people won't," thought the disconcerted widow, as she watched the pair.

"My friendship, much you care for that, inflated as you are by it."

"Just what I say, Minna, there is treachery somewhere. Some one is playing me, playing me, a cruel trick."

"Determined to find out who has betrayed me," she thought, "I will go to the end of the earth."

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"A sister's affection," she said, "is a sister's affection, and I shall certainly go, and I shall certainly go."

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It was a frontier post, two families called by "The General." But Miss Mary, the Colonel's daughter, all thought was the loveliest creature on earth.

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the grizzled old Sergeant Major himself in charge of the escort. "I am Mrs. Colonel Martin," said the General, loftily.

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TURKISH BEGGARS. Generally the eye first rests upon the beggar, who is seen in the street.

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NEWS IN BRIEF. Boston police claim to have routed every opinion joint in that city.

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