A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

'Twas a clipping from the paper Telling of some funny caper On the stage; So I read it every letter. Saying that I'd seen no better For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over With no purpose to discover What was there, But in smiling contemplation Of the humorist's creation, Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started And the smile from lips departed, For I saw, Printed there in uncut column, Notices of death, sad, solemn, Full of awe.

So, I thought come grief and pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure;
You may laugh
For some other one is wailing
For the tear is smile's unfailing
Other ha.f.
—Columbus Dispatch.

AVENGED.



FLL," quoth Grandmamma Villars, "is that the new gover-ness? I had exness? I had expected quite a different sort of person—so me one, you know, my dear, of age and experience."

She was a blooming, silver-haired old lady, dressed in black satin, with a snowy tulle chemisette, a cap like a white rose, and little, blue-veined hands; and as she stoodleaning against one of the wistaria-wrenthed columns of the piazza, she could see through the cool perspective of the parlors into a little library beyond, where a young girl's figure knelt on the floor, a wealth of jet-black hair streaming back over her shoulders and her face hidden in the cushions of the sofa. "She is seventeen, grandmamma," said her son, a stout, bald-headed member of society; "and how much experience do you suppose one requires to trach two little rebels of six and eight years old their catechism and multiplication table? I dere say she'll do very well."

"But, at all events," said Mrs. Villars with a true-hearted woman's quick sympathy, "she's miserable about some-ning—homesick, perhaps, poor child-and I must go right away and comfort

And the first thing Hildegarge Russell knew old Mrs. Villars' velvet-soft hand

knew old Mrs. Villars' velvet-soft hand was on her forehead.

"Child, child!" cooed the old lady, "don't lie sobbing here, but get up and let me brush out this long, beautiful hair of yours. "Are you really seventeen?" as that pale, statue-like face was turned toward her. "You don't look as old as that."

toward her. "You don't look as old as that."

"I was seventeen last month," said Hildegarde, mournfully, "and I am so, so wretched!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Grandmamma Villars, cheerly, "as if a girl of your age had any business to be wretched! We'll chirk you up here, or we'll know the reason why. Now, tell me, true and honest, what you were crying about?"

But Hildegarde, although she smiled faintly up through a chiaro of tears into Mrs. Villars' face, and covered her pretty old hands with penitential kisses, would confess no single word. She went about her duties as governess that same afternoon, however.

"Now that I have had my cry over, I

Now that I have had my cry over, I

noon, however.

"Now that I have had my cry over, I reel better," said she, softly.

she told Mrs. Villars that she was an orpian—that her father had been a rich Southern planter, who had never dremmed that his sole child and heiress would be obliged to avail herself of the accomplishments in which he had delighted, to earn her bread. Nor would it have been so, she simply added, if Uncle Geoffrey had not invested her money in a bubble concern, fondly hoping for quadrupled returns, and then bettered matters by blowing his own brains out. But when Estelle, Mrs. Villars' youngest daughter, came home from a visit to New York, Hildegarde opened her shy heart farther still to the rosy, sweetwoled, sympathetic girl:

"I thought he loved me for myselfalone," Hildegarde whispered to her new friend, "but when the news got abroad of Uncle Geoffrey's suidde, and my utter (beggary—on, Estelle, he went away without a word or a note! He left my heart to break by inches."

"Then he was a villian!" said Estelle "bu you love him still?"
Hildegarde's eyes fell before the clear azure ray of Estelle's glance.

"No—yes—I hardly know whether i do or not. Sometimes I think I hate him!"

"Tear him from the very outer vesti-

m!"
"Tear him from the very outer vestide of your heart, Hildegarde," counled Estelle, taking both the cold hands
her own. "He is not worthy of a
eam—a thought—a solitary fancy. Be-

dream—a thought—a solitary lancy. Selieve me, dearest, you have had a fortunate escape from being his wife!"

"Ah, Estelle, it is plain to see that you never had your beart wrecked!"

"No, and I never mean to. Dear Hii-

degarde, cheer up—all men are not like this southern lover of yours. You are a child yet, with a whole life-time of hap-

this southern lover of yours. You are a child yet, with a whole life-time of happiness before you."

And in the magic of Estelle Villars' presence Hildegarde Russell grew less grave and sad—her dark eyes shone, now and then, with a light other than that of sorrow, and her bird-sweet voice sounded occasionally in a merry laugh. "She is very pretty," said the grandmana to Estelle. "I wonder now if Charley Hartell were to come here on a visit, if she mightn't fancy him? I know he'd fall in love with her the first thing—he always was wild after that Lalla Rookh style of beauty—and Charley has a fine property, and would make an excellent husband for any girl." "Oh, not yet, mamma!" cried Estelle, holding up both hands deprectatingly. "We must waita whole year yet; you haven't any idea how sore her poor little heart still is, after that cruel wound!"

"Nonsense!" said grandmama, energetically, polishing her spectacle glasses.

wound!"
"Nonsense!" said grandmama, energetically, polishing her spectacle glasses.
"When I was a girl—"
"When you were a girl, darling," interrupted Estelle, "you had a splendid lover, and a splendid husband, all to yourself, and so you can't judge in the least of poor, blighted Hildegarde! Please let me manage, mamma, if you please!"

Please let me manage, mamma, ir you please!"

Estelle and Hildegarde had a "conference" together on the jessamine-seented back piazza that very evening by moonlight.

"And he's really coming down here to see you?" said Hildegarde.

"Yes, he's really coming," said Estelle, demurely.

"And do you love him!"

"No, certainly not!" dissented the young lady, with some energy. "Do you

"No, certainly not!" dissented the young lady, with some energy, "Do you suppose I carry my heart on my sleeve

for every good-looking masculine claw to peck at?" "Is he handsome?" pursued Hilde

to peck at?"

"Is he handsome?" pursued Hildegarde.

"Yes, very."

"Dark or fair?"

"Fair, with very large blue eyes—a regular Apollo of aman."

"But do you think he cares for you Estelle? Come, be frank with me, that at least. I have told you everything."

"Well, yes; to tell you the honest truth, I do think he's rather smitten with me," said Estelle, with a slight laugh.

"And you can-laugh?" murmured Hildegarde, reproachfully.

"Why shouldn't I, child? Would you have me cry about it?" vivaciously demanded Estelle. "I can tell you I think it is very good fun to be a pretty girl with plenty of beaus. Time enough to sit down and shed tears over the total depravity of the world when I am a forsaken old maid."

"And that you will never be?" said Hildegarde, with an affectionte

saken old maid."
"And that you will never be?" said
Hildegarde, with an affectionate little
sqeeze of her friend's rose-leaf hand.
Estelle was more like her silver-haired

hamma in more respects than one.
"Nor you either, cara mia, if I can help it?"
"I! Ah!" sighed Hildegarde. "I am

"I! Ah!" sighed Hildegarde, "I am quite a diffarent personage!"

"We shall both be married on the same day, now see if we aren't!" merrily went on Estelle, "only your inamorata shall be fair and mine dark. You shall wear pink roses in your hair, and I will wear white, and if anyone presumes to say that you make a better looking bride thun I do—"

"Dear Estelle, don't!" pleaded Hildegarde. "Hush! there is some one coming up the walk!"

And like a startled fawn Hildegarde Rossell disappeared into her own room before Estelle could lift a hand to detain her.

her.

Col. Saybrooke courteously lifted his hat as he came up the broad graveled path in the moonlight.

"A day before you were expected?" said Estelle, carelessly—he would have given much to see the crimson flush of pleased consciousness which was not there—"but none the less welcome to Jeesamine Hill!"

He bowed low.

He bowed low.

"I hope I have not driven away your sister, Miss Villars."

"She is not my sister and she has the option of coming back again at any moment that she pieases. Shall we go in? The dew is, perhaps, a little chilly out of doors!"

doors!"
So ended Col. Saybrooke's hopes of a moonlight tete-a-tete with the pretty young helress! Yet he was not altogether discouraged as he walked back to the hotel after midnight. Girls are naturally capricious, and an experienced fisherman values his success the more highly in proportion as the pursuit is difficult.

Hildegarde Russell opened the door of her room as Estelle passed, singing along the corridor with a night-lamp in her

hand.
"Estelle!" she whispered.
"Are you not asleep yet. Hildegarde?"
"No. Come in for a mante!"
The hand with which a drew Estelle Villars in was chill and damp—her take was strangely pallid in the flickering spire of light.
"Estelle it is her"

Estelle, it is he!"

"Who!"
"Col. Saybrooke?"
"Of course it is Col. Saybrooke," said Estelle, sitting down on the sofa beside her friend. "I told you so before,

didn't I?"

"You never told me his name. Estelle, it was Leslie Saybrooke who loved and wooed and deserted me!"
Estelle Villars sat silently looking into Hildegarde's white, agitated face.

"Can this be possible!" she exclaimed, half-aloud.

"Can this be possible!" she exclaimed, half-aloud.

"Dear Estelle," pleaded Hildegarde, "do not listen to his love. Oh, if I could tell you the strange feelings that came over me as I sat here listening to the honey-sweettones of his cruel voice! He lis false and wicked and treacherous—the man who has willfully broken one girl's heart can never make a good husband to another! Estelle, Estelle! promise me that you will never be his wife!"

"I promise you," said Estelle, quietly; and now go to bed and seek the reposeyou need so sadly, you poor startled child!"

"But I need not see him tomorrow?"

child?"
"But I need not see him tomorrow?"
"Not unless you choose."
Col. Leslie Saybrooke spent the beautiful month of July scorehing his moth-like wings around the flame of Estelie Villars' beauty; and when the August moon hung its slender crescent of gold in the violet west he asked her to be his wife!
"Wy dear Col. Saybyrooke" said Estelie Col. Saybyrooke" said Estelie Col. Saybyrooke spent the beautiful month of July scorehing his moth-like wings around the flame of Estelie Villars' beautiful month of July scorehing his moth-like wings around the sawbyrooke spent saybyrooke spent sayby

"My dear Col. Saybrooke," said Estelle, demurely, "did you never hear the charming old balted:

"Tes well to be merry and wise,
It's well to be honest and true,
It's well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new!"
"I don't know what you mean, Miss
Villars," said the colonel, opening his
handsome blue eyes somewhat wider
than usual.

than usual.
"Don't you," said Estelle. "Perhaps
you may understand me better, then,
when I remind you of a certain old engagement of yours to Miss Hildegarde
Russell, of Charleston, South Carolina."
The colonel turned mahogany color,

peeted.

"Oh, that affair!" he said, smoothly.

"I never cared two straws for the girl."

"Then let me tell you," said Estelle, with rising color and sparkling eyes, "that you are a villain, Col. Leslie Saybrooke, and there are two reasons why I do not marry you! One is that I would never give my hand to any man on the escutcheon of whose honor lay a blight like your base desertion of poor Hildegarde Russell; the other is that 'I never cared two straws for you!"

And she made him a low courtesy and glided out of the room.

"Orimes which the law cannot punish, eh?" she said to herself. "Then there is all the more reason that we women should not allow them to go unavenged."

To the years which followed. Estelle's "Oh, that affair!" he said, smoothly.

venged."

In the years which followed, Estelle's playful prophecy was fulfilled. She and Hildegarde were married on the same day with red and white roses in their hair—married to good and leal husbands; and Leslie Saybrooke is now a brokendown gamester, haunting the various southern cities, each in its turn.—N. Y. News.

American Locomotives in China American Locomotives in China. In a report from the British consul at Tientsin we notice that the North China railway, which was completed last summer, is now open for traffic. He says it is eighty-five miles long and cost on an ayerage about \$22,000 per mile. One engine came from the United States; the others are English built on the American plan. The American engine cost twenty per cent. more than the others, but stands at the head for actual performance, it being admitted that the detaffs of the working parts are better than the English. HOW IT WORKED.

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dec19-1y

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Son, 304 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should sead the above carefully.

billimend Brand, in red me, fallic boxes, eached with blue ribbon. At Druggelsta, Accept no other, All pile in passe a dangerous counterfelt. Send 4c, (stamp) for particulars and "Heller fur Ladies," in out 1401E who have used them. Name Paper, as ster Chemical Co., Madison.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, 'Oh, it will wear away," but in mos cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine

"Good morning, Jack! why I haven't seen you for a month past. What in the world is the matter with you? You seem to have renewed your youth."

"Well Phil, I have. Don't you remember the last time I saw you, how miserable I was? Sick and blue, and in that sort of mood a man gets sometimes when he feels the most noble thing in life is to go straight to the devil."

"Not so bad as that, I hope; at all events you didn't go that way, you are looking far too happy and hearty."

"Thank goodness, no! or rather, thank Vinegar Bitters. Do you remember that day I saw you last, when you recommended that remedy to me so persistently, and I was first vexed and then half convinced."

I remember it perfectly, and you needn't say another word upon the subject; your looks tell me that you took the medicine."

"No doubt of it: everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but

medicine."

"No doubt of it: everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but I must really tell you all about it. I got the old style, as you recommended, and didn't mind the bitter taste at all. I finished the bottle in about two weeks, and was greatly improved, so much so that I determined to change off and try the new style.

new style.
"Well, how did you like it?" "Well, how did you like it?"

"You told me your wife preferred th
new style, I believe; well, I must say I agre
with her. I like the old style very much
but the new is a finer, smoother, more ex
pensive preparation." etc., 50 cents quart up. Goods shipped to all parts of the U.S., carefully packed. No extra charge for packages. Send trial order. Write for complete Catalogue and

with her. I like the old style very much but the new is a finer, smoother, more expensive preparation."

"I believe it is; in fact, I have heard so, and I wonder the McDonald Drug Company sell it for the same price they do the old style, because it is really a very costly preparation."

"Well, that dosn't concern us. Who was it said that people fancied themselves pious sometimes when they were only billous? No matter! I was only going to say that I believe people often seem wicked when it is only their liver, or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body so out of order they couldn't be good if they tried."

"And if all the miserable dyspepsia, and victims of billousness, headache and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to would only take Vinegar Bitters, what a happy world this would be!"

"I should recommend the new style."

"I should recommend the new style."

"Well, they can pay their money and take their choice, for both kinds work admirably."



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For longer than twenty-six years the Company's Store has been the Leading Mercantile House in Johnstown, and its rapid growth is unprecedented. From a small beginning it has developed into a concern of massive proportions, carrying immense stocks of every variety of goods and employing in all its departments more than one hundred men. It has always been the aim of the proprietors to supply their customers with the very best goods in the market, at the lowest possible prices, and they have reason to be proud of having made their guaranty indisputable.

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The stock of Groceries, Provisions, Etc., is unsurpassed in quality, and is always fresh, being turned once every month. Only the very finest Teas, Sugars, Spices, Hair to its Y-sulfail Color. Prevents late on the Hair to its Y-sulfail Color. Prevents late on the Hair to its Y-sulfail Color. Prevents late on the Grocery to the Common Earthenware to the finest Porcelain and China Ware than sasortment is complete. An open stairway leads from the Grocery to the Vegethale Department, where every variety of Seasonable Produce and Green Groceries is kept, including Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Oysters, Fish, Etc. In the rear of the Grocery are the Hardware and Tobacco Departments, and the buyer is assured that he will be offered the very best goods at the lowest prices.

The Tailor Shop occupies several rooms in the second and third stories of the building—entrance from the river side. The Cloth Room is well stocked with Cloths, Cassimeres, Cheviots, Etc., and also a fine assortment of the celebrated Woodyale Woolens, which are without a rival in the market. Clothing will be made to order promptly and in Fashionable style. Inferior trimmings are never used, and satisfacture in the contraction of the contraction o tion is guaranteed in every instance.

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This Department is located just east of the Main Store Building, and is one of the best regulated Markets in the country. Particular attention is paid to the selection of every animal that is killed, from a lamb to a bullock. The slaughtery is a model of neatness, is supplied with all the modern improvements, and while the Steaks and Roasts are always tender and true, an air of mystery does not surround the Sausages, Puddings, Etc., in the preparation of which the greatest possible care is exercised. Venison and all kinds of Game are kept in season.

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