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Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30,1889.

It appears that the distinguished Dr. Brown-Sequard, whose distinguished "Elixir of Life!" is making a sepsation the world over, is an American.

THE United States Fish Commission is stocking the Yellowstone Park with trout. To the Commission every grand disciple of Isaac Walton in the United States owes a debt of gratitude.

The whole people of California are on the case of the killing of ex-Judge Terry. The trouble seems to be increasing. The whole people will be on trial, and the final adjustment of the trial will determine the character of their civilization.

According to the best established statis tics of the crops we will raise this year several hundred million of bushels of corn and wheat more than we can eat. This ought to cause plenty and full stomachs all around, but in spite of it the chances are that there will be many hungry people this winter.

SECRETARY NOBLE must be a flinty-hearted man if he cannot love the loving Corporal Tanner. Tanner loves Noble to destraction. He says: "Noble is one of the most lovely of men." If Secretary Noble is not a hard-hearted man, he will, after such a declaration, make common cause with the loving Tanner

Pur this and that together. There is a connection between overfed Governments and underfed labor. We find in the tele-graphic news of the day adjacent paragraphs telling how the Administration was disporting itself at the sea-sides and on the mountain tops, and the miners are starying in Illinois.

The strange epidemics said to have broken out in various parts of the country will, upon investigation, probably resolve themselves just old-fashioned ailments, the phases of which have been aggravated by peculiar climatic conditions. The one rule this summer is to observe the laws of health and con-cientious cleanliness and

The floods of this summer have shown how great a protection against the inroads of water a row of willow trees may be. The engineer in charge of the Petomac river improvements says that where will lows were planted, the land was protect ed from washing, and practically no damage was done, while in the improved land, not so protected, there was a grea

What a grand system of laws and gov ernment we have, anyhow. One of the highest dignitaries of the Nation, even a Justice of the Supreme Court, whose life was endangered by the action of a brutal desperado, quietly submits to arrest on the strength of a justice's warrant, and meets the demands of the law just as the lowliest and most humble member of this great Nation could have done.

Sulliyan cannot escape punishment. except by forfeiting his bond and fleeing from the country, for there is no chance that the Supreme Court of Mississippi will reverse the lower court in his conviction and sentence. There is no State or Territory in the Union that would not give him up on a requisition from the Governor of Mississippi, and unless he forfeits his bail and leaves the country and becomes a fugitive from justice, he must return to a Mississippi prison. Mississippi has gone too far in the majesty of her law to permit him to escape.

NEITHER the warnings of physicians nor the enactment of laws to restrict their sale appears to reduce the consumption of the deadly cigarette, statistics going to show that the use of the dangerous article is decidedly upon the increase. It is stated by competent authority that there were manufactured during the year ended June 30, 1889, the enormous number of 2,151,515,360, cigarettes, an increase over the previous year of 288,789,160. Nearly all of these were consumed in the United States, and as the number of cigarette users is small compared with the aggregate of tobacco consumers, being almost wholly young men and boys, the average to each must be very great.

Since the success of the negotiations of the Government Commissioners with the various bands of Sioux Indians in inducing them to sell a large part of their reseryations to the Government the matter has dropped out of public notice in the East. It has not become uninteresting in the West, however. Here are 11,000,000 acres, some of which is as fine land as any in the world, to be thrown open for setement-an area larger than the State of Massachusetts-an area out of which farms for 70,000 families can be carvedan area much larger than that of Oklahoma and much of it better land. Intendma and much of it better land. Intending settlers are awaiting with great impatience for the treaty that has been signed flood.—Pittsburgh Leader.

by the requisite three-fourths of the Sioux to receive the ratification of Congress, and for the proclamation of the President de-claring the lands to be opened. It may be that this will not be done until next spring.

The efforts made by the people of other nations to increase the population of this country so that there will be a big show ing by the next census is displayed in the immigration statistics for the last year. Over half a million people have come to these shores in that time, and many are doubtless provided with comfortable homes that they are enabled to secure by the liberal land policy of the Government. The Germans have enlarged the population of the States and Territories than any other nationality during the past year, 109,624 of them having come here England and Wales stands second on the list, 83,132 men, women and children having come across the Atlantic from there to take up their abode in this land. Ireland stands third, with 73,238; Sweden and Norway fourth, with 72,915, and Italy has contributed 51,075 from its sunny clime. The total number of immigrants is 539,816 for the year ending with the first of July. It is to be hoped that they will all make good citizens and eventually aid in maintaining the welfare of the country.

THE KICKING NEXT YEAR.

Not much kicking will be done this year, as this year's election in Pennsylvania will go by default. Next year when Governor and Legislature will be chosen, the labor and prohibition vote will buckle down for a square fight and knockout. They will then strike with effect. All sensational stories about this year's election in relation to Labor and Prohibition voters knifing Boyer and de nounceing him to defeat is bosh. The Labor and Prohibition voters are not worrying this year, and it is not likely that Boyer will be knocked out. No Democrat has given assurance that he would accept the nomination for Treasurer except Bigler, and if he is nominated, it will be a

voluntary of the party.

Does Hanging Prevent Murder.

While the four condemned murderers in New York were preparing their wretch ed minds to meet death on the scaffold or Friday morning, one of the most cold blooded murders known in the annals of crime took place in Brooklyn, at 3 o'clock Thursday. A nineteen year old tough named McElvane, had a great ambition to shine as a cracksman, and together with two companions planed to rob C. W. Luca, who kept a small grocery at the corner of Jay and High streets. Luca and his family lived over the store. The trio arriving at his place, McElvane took off his shoes and crept into the bed room. Luca who was a very large man was awakened, and McElvane deliberately pulled a dirk and stabbed him to death. He made his escape, but after going about five blocks ran into the arms of a police-man. The New York papers demand a speedy trial and prompt execution of the criminal.

Fitty Wool Failures in Eight Months.
President William Whitman and Secretary S. N. D. North, of the National As sociation of Wool Manufacturers, have issued a call for an extraordinary meeting of the Association in Boston on September 17th, to consider the present unhappy condition of affairs as demonstrated by the numerous recent failures. The call mentions for consideration three special features-the necessity for unity of action among those whose interests are effected by the wool tariff, the equitable adjustment of the schedule, and a basis which shall adapt itself to the present in-

the Wood Reporter, just issued, commenting on the call, says the result of the meeting is awaited with interest and uncertainty, and adds that the results of the tariff revision of 1883, under the lead-ership of the National Association or ersinp of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers howaver well in-tended, has been the cause of the distress to me wool industry of the United States. Since January 1st, there have been fifty failures.

oona Sunday Graphic News :

W. H. Hildebrand, of Johnstown, is spending his vacation in this city.

Miss Etta Miller, of Johnstown,

spending a season with friends in this city for the benefit of her health, being a Mr. and Mrs. John Bowser, of Johns

town, are in the city among friends on a visit. They were among those who los everything except their lives, and only escaped after great suffering.

Miss Mand Lazinger, of Johnstown who has been rusticating at Bedford for the past month, is spunding a few days in this city on her homeward trip. While here she is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Walter Bell, of Third avenue and Twelfth street

Dr. Benjamin Lee, of Philadelphia President of the State Board of Health paid a visit to Altoona on Tuesday last. In company with the Mayor and several others, he examined the system of sewage, condition of streets and alleys, and the sanitary condition of the Pennsylvania Railroad shops. The result of his visit will be looked for with interest by our citizens. If the State authorities take the matter in hand they will speedily solve the problem that has vexed our peo-ple so long.

In Aid of the Johnstown Ball Club. The Allegheny Athletics, champions of Allegheny Athletics, champions of Allegheny county, will play a game at Recreation Park September 6, with the Johnstown club, for the benefit of the latter team, which lost its \$2,500 grounds Superstance do signal of a hereby should fellow as good all the meeting highes the span's own solorest upon it were, and it faded not at the lift of nights

Rhes was the secret! A simple-fished.

I will make you smalle when ones-pof kinds,
bucked by the tendor finger of system.

I million Diescome were all aglow;
to many, se many, and buffely
they covered the fulls with a manute or light,
and the wild bee hummed and the glad be
fermed.

f over the sea we two were bound,

What port, deer child, would we choose for a

Vo would sail, and sail still at leak we found

Life fairy land of a million flowers:

iet, darling, we'd find, if as home we stayed,

Y many small joys our pleasaurse are inade,

fore near than we think, very close at hand,

de the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—Edith M. Thom

REVENGED.



am going to have two guests at Elmdale the day after tomor-row," remarks Mrs. Radcliffe, carclessly, one morning to the old husband who

one morning to the old husband who adores her, and who is fully thirty years her senior.

"Yes, my dear Ophelia?" is the amiable answer, whilst Mr. Radeliffe stirs the coffee his wife the arrows you say so. I was on the verge, ny dear, of proposing some such social intraction, and pray whom have you it upon?

Ophelia Radeliffe's handsome dark year are studying the table-cloth now, and there is the tiniest little fragment of smile at either corner of her mouth as heanswers ambiguously:

"A lady and a gentleman."

"Indeed," responds Mr. Radeliffe, with an assumption of interest which he reality possesses for little except his preen-houses and his vegetable-garden: whom have you selected, my love? hat is, do I know them?"

"You have met the lady, I am sure, is Miss Eloise Bistow, and the gen-

whom have you selected, my love?
nat is, do I know them?"

You have met the lady, I am sure.

Is Miss Eloise Bristow, and the genman is Mr. Parker Folsom."

Mr. Radellife considers this response
a moment, and then up go his graymatched eyebrows in unmistakable asmishment. "My dear, you must be
sking some mistake. I have heard
as any very hard things about both
hese people. I remember your being
sary angry indeed, at Eloise Bristow,
the before your marriage, for—for—"

Can't you recollect why?" interrupte
rs. Rydellife, in smiling interrogative,
this was my reason for being angry;
olse chose to spread abroad certain reorts about me when I was poor little
helphella Shelton, which, whether they
are true or false, concealed behind
hem the design of preventing our marlage. You were rensible enough not to
elieve the gossip, and so she was desated." But, have you forgotten her, Ophelia?

thought not.

Mrs. Radeliffe's face is very calm and centle in its expression. "Pshaw! my lear Radeliffe, what is the use of cherish-

lear Radeliffe, what is the use of cherishing grudges?"

"True, Ophelia! And this Parker Folsom? You used to dislike him, I well remember. What was it by-the-bye that he did to offend?"

"Oh, it was two years before I met you, and during the year that I lived in Philadelphia with Aunt Fannie. Ah, Iusband mine, what a memory you wave!" I'm getting old, Ophelia."

"I'm getting old, Ophelia."
"Nonsense. You're as young as I."
"Thanks for the delicious compliment. I waft a kiss to you across the breakfast table. Now, tell me what it was that your Philadelphia friend did."
"He set a very dear friend of mine, a hirs. Farren, against me, by telling her that I was trying to make her husband sail in love with me. He never knew that I had found the truth out before I lort Philadelphia, but I had."
"And you are going to have these two people, both of whom I know that you hate, up at Eimdale?" murmurs Mr. Radelliffe, lifting both hands in mock intensity of amazement. "I never could inderstand some of your whims, Ophesia; they are quite beyond me. By-line bye, do these forthcoming guests know sach other?"
"No; I doubt if they have ever heard sach other's name. Parker Folsom has always lived in Philadelphia, you know, and Eloise in New York. Mr. Folsom is on here now for a month or so, I have lately heard from Mary Waidron, an old Philadelphia friend. He is herefor business reasons—trying, Mary writes, to save a little from the wreck of his fortune."

"Ah!he has, then, met with severe esses? I knew he was rich—or, rather, remember your telling me so."
"He has lost next to everything, they ay, by the failure of Rushit & Stam-

mer."
A little vilence follows. Presently Mr. Radellife looks up from his coffee with the least suggestion of a sly twinkie in his pleasant eye.

this Miss Eloise Bristow? Is she—ahem

"Not at all A church-mouse is in

Five or six days after the above con-ersation Mrs. Raddiffe's guests arrived t Elmdale. Each of them is bewildered with invitation, and each takes it as a sign of peace and good-will.
"Now that she is Mrs. Algernon Rad-

"Now that she is Mrs. cliffe," Eloise Brixtow tells herself, "she feels that she can afford to pardon the "She has heard that I have lost my

"she has heard that I have lost my money," muses Farker Folsom, "and she concludes to show herself magnanimous and all that. Well, like truly wonderful what strange things happen. I thought that woman detested me."

The guests find every hospitality awaiting them on the charming estate of Elimdale.

Elmdale.

"You have a most exquisite home here," Parker Folson tells his hostess, whilst they are left alone together for a few moments, on the night of his arrival.

"Yes? Do you really think so?" is the sweet answer, "I'm so glad everything pleases you. And how about your fellow-guest, Miss Bristow? Is not she lovely?"

"I never specially admired brunettes," is Parker Foisom's reply, with a covert glance at the flaxen tresses of Mrs. Radeliffe. The lady laughs.

The rady laughs.

'Ah, it deesn't much matter, I fancy, whether one be blond or brunette, if one has immense wealth."

''Immense wealth? And is Mice Bristow—"

"Wearing? Oh, enormously—one of the greatest heirosses I know of." "Indeed," Pariser Folsom responds, be-ginning suddenly to stroke his dark, silky mustache with considerable en-

orgy.

Not long afterward Mrs. Badeliffe is alone with Miss Bristow.

"My dear Eloise," she begins, "you are looking so well! By-the-bye, Ma. Wisom paid you a complimant."

A slight flush tingee Eloise Bristow's sheek.

A slight hush tinges Eloise Bristow's sheek.

"Really! What was it?"

"He said you were pretty."

"He is very kind," Eloise snewers, a little disappointedly.

She is pretty, and knows it very well, having been told so again and again.

Mrs. Radeliffe taps her reprovingly with a costly ivory fan.

"My dear girl, you should not undergute such a compliment from a millionaire like Parker Folsom."

Eloise's glossy dark syebrows suddenly lift themselves.

"A millionaire, Mrs. Badeliffe?"

"Yes. Oh, his wealth is immense. I thought you knew it."

"No, I have not heard."

"Well, that is not strange when one remembers. He is a Philadelphian, you know."

Five days pass. During this time

remembers. He is a Philadelphian, you know."
Five days pass. During this time Farker Folsom and Eloise Bristow are much together. Each soon discovers in the other a charm which lies wholly apart from that which first brought them together in such close mutual attraction; but it is doubtful whether, except for certain spurious intelligence imparted by Mrs. Radeliffe, either of these two young persons would have had sufficient interest in the other's acquaintance to have made the dolightful discovery which has now resulted for both. Eloise Bristow has always told herself that she means to respect and honor the man whom she marries; but she has also repeatedly told herself that wealth, or at least an independent competence, must belong to this same favored individual.

As for Parker Folsom finding himself stringed of realty all ble covered.

for Parker Folsom finding him-As for Parker Folsom finding himself stripped of nearly all his former possessions, at an age when to begin a business life is to alter habits of iddiness and ease that have almost become a part of the man's nature, he, on his side, has more than once assured his inner self, since the crash of his pecuniary misfortune occurred, that to marry for money, would be the most completely sensible course of action he could possibly enter upon.

course of action he could possibly enter upon.

It is no wonder, then, that this man and this woman, each well favored in looks, each soundly educated, and with abilities above the average, coming together as they de with a mutual aim toward making a good impression, should, after first satisfying all worldly considerations, soon discover that there is such a thing as marrying for money and at the same time devotedly loving the object of that crafty maneuver.

Yes, Eloise Bristow and Parker Folsom are thoroughly in love with each other at the end of a week's time. More than once, whilst thinking of how superbly her revengeful scheme has succeeded, Mrs. Raddiffe's eyes flash with malicious triumph.

nalicious triumph.
At last Parker Folsom tells himself
that he is foolish not to avow his lovo,
bince Eloise has given more than a
single marked sign, by which, if he eannot read the exact truth, he has, at

not read the exact truth, he has, at least, had reason to guess it.

One day, whilst passing the library door, he catches the gleam of a pink muslin morning dress.

"It is she," he mentalty murmurs, "and provided she is alone I shall not leave her until I have declared the truth."

Eloise proves to be alone. Parker colsom seats himself at her side, and in

Folsom seats himself at her side, and in a few moments he has spoken words that bring the rich color glowingly to the girl's cheeks and make her eye sparkle with brilliant fire. He finished with these humble words:
"I have no right to address you as I am doing; for, oh, Eloise, even should you consent to become my wife, the world would call me litthe else than a scheming fortune hunter."

A moment after these last words are uttered Eloise Bristow leaps to her feet.

"A fortune hunter!" she bursts forth ndignantly. "I—I do not understand or. Mr. Folsom, unless you mean what on say for cruel satire!"

"Satire? Why, of course I do not. The sets are plain enough. My fortune is own a mere wreck of what it once was, nd you are immensely wealthy."

A bitter, bleak sort of laugh leaves close Bristow's lips.

loise Bristow's lips.
"Did Mrs. Radeliffe tell you that—that was immensely wealthy?" she quesons, excitedly.
"Yes."

"Yes."
Eloise sinks back into her seat. Fixing her eyes on Parker Folsom's face, which has become very pale, like her own, she now continues: "And Mrs. Radeliffe hold me the same thing regarding you."
A slight pause. Suddenly she asks: "Have you ever thought, in past times, that Mrs. Radeliffe had any dislike toward you."

Folsom's answer then come omptly enough:
"Yes; I used to believe that she hated

Eloise laughs again, though less bit-

Eloise laughs again, thoughterly than before.

"And I feel that she hated me all along, now. This is her revenge."

Those four words exercise a strange effect upon the man who hears them. He seats himself at her side. He fixes upon her face a pair of eyes that glow

strangely.
"Eloise Bristow," he begins, with solemn, determined voice. "the story of ny wealth is what first attracted you toward me; but now that you know me, is there not any feeling in your heart wholly apart from all this?"

ward me; but now that you know me, is there not any feeling in your heart wholly apart from all this?"

Eloise makes no anawer. She lowers her eyes and begins to tremble. The man at her side draws nearer, nearer.

"Eloise, I love you well enough to die for you—yes, even in these queer, prosaic times of ours. And if this be the case, surely I love you well enough to work for you? What is your answer, darling? Lift up your head, and speak it out bravely. When Mrs. Radeliffe next meets us, shall she laugh to herself in malignant delight, and silendly mumur: My revenge is accomplished? or shall she grind her handsome teeth in secret rage, whist looking on our happiness, and be forced to confess that we have conquered her with the very weapons she sought to use against us, turning her revenge into that which may be our lifelong future joy—and such joy. Eloise, as no money can purchase?"

There is a momentary silence, whilst Eloise sits motionless, with eyes still lowered; and then, an instant later, she has fung herself upon his breast, and hidden her passionately tearful face against his slouder. He needs no other answer.—N. Y. News.

Senator Sherman's favorite game is backgammon, at which he is an expert.

TRESCOPER OF THE PLAN

Whe knows not conscience, how, nos stiques of the heroisse, the shell be mine your generally smokes a signretical.

The villata.

is the aged peasant short of highest, ad out of doors by what the villain meth-always seems just at the point of death? The heroine's father.

FLIRIATION.



ROUBLE you, dees it, this cough? Ah! at night it is worse so much worse— the dreadful, nights spent in wishing it

the dreadful, hights spent in wishing it was morning! For, you see, I never sleep now—it seems to me I never sleep! that sounds strange, don's it? Nevertheless, it is a fact.

Oh, I know perfectly well what I am saying. The doctor asked you this if I wandered any through the day. I heard him, though he spoke so low, and you nodeded your head—just a little, but I saw you. It was my mind he meant. I couldn't speak just then, I was so weak from that long fit of coughing; but I am stronger now, and can tell you it was all a mistake. He will see in a few days how I shall improve. I feel better to night than I have for months.

I want to talk to you. It is three weeks since you came, and I have not felt strong enough to say much until today. There are many things I want you to know. I am going to tell you all about that dreadful night.

Don't start so, Nelle, You've heard people's stories about the affair; you must hear mine now. I am going to tell you how dreadfully wicked I was, though I didn't mean to be; you know that don't you? I grow so fightened, thinking about it all night long! Sometimes I shink they will never forgive me. That is what makes me ery out so.

You saked me last night if I wanted anything, but I could only shake my head. If I could have spoken, I should have asked you then: 'Do you think they will, Nellie? do you think they will. Yellie? de 'you think they will.'

l'iease raise the pillows a little; there

Figure raise the pillows a little; there—thank you.

I never meant it, Nellie, never. I didn't think—that was all. But I have had time enough for that since; and when I get well, how I will try to make up for it! It won't be too late! You don't really believe Arthur Richmond is dead, do you? Not really dead! Why, the fast time I saw him, he was No, no; I am not tiring myself. I breathe easier than I've done for weeks; and just notice how clear my voice sounds!

No, no; I am not tiring myself. I breathe easier than I've done for weeks; and just notice how clear my voice sounds!

If I had meant to make trouble between them it would have been different; but I didn't. Oh! I never dreamed of such a thing—how could people say so? Mrs. Avery was too slok to leave her room; it was for her health they came to the Springs; and, of course, it was tedious for him. He was fond of society, and I tried to make it pleasant for him—that was all.

Yes, yes, that's true—that he liked me, and I knew it; but, of course, I supposed it was in an innocent way. I walked with him a good deal. He was the lineat dancer in the hotel, and I enjoyed waltzing with him so much! You see, it was only a pleasant filication. I knew they talked about us, but I don't mind that. Women always hate me somehow. I've got used to it.

Don't look so shooked, Nell. I don't mean all women, of course; but those whose brothers or lovers ever speak to me. "Nothing but a flirt!" That's pretty hard, isn't it, Nell? When I saw they were silly enough to be jealous, I liked to experiment a little—it amused me; but now, lying here and thinking it over, it doesn t seem very funny. You will see how different I shall be when I get well.

I am glad my hair is cut off, my beautiful hair. I used to be so proud of it! They hated that, too, and ever since John Avery said—— No matter; I will tell you that by-and-by. Do you remember that old fortune-teller we met when we went to the fort leat year? "Too much gold hair, too little good heart. A life too short—too long." How I laughed at her? It made her so angry! Then she wound a curl round her linger and pulled it hard.

"Better do that!" she growled, touching her shreat and scowling at me.

ight to know that she

ought to know that she—"
He only hear the first part of the sentence—I was thankful the rest escaped him—and his eyes olazed.
"So," he inattered, "they pretend to sit in judgment on me, do they? Fools! let u-show them;" and at the very first notes of the band we were whirling down the room.

notes of the band we were whirling down the room.
What a waltz that was! My very last, Nellie; only think! I shall never want to dance again when I get well.
My comb had loosened, and the heavy ourls were falling over my face. We stopped dancing to cross over to one of the little rooms opposite. I gave him my fan and gloves to hold, while I turned to the glass to arrange my hair. I was out of breath—nervous, too, a little—and I could not fasten it up easily. Then I caught sight of him in the mirror. fe was looking at me over my shoulder, nis breath coming hard, and a scowl on his flushed face.

I turned rough short. "Why difficult look at me so?" I oried cet.

The threw the fin clear across the room. B was become into bits; then be aught my hele in his hands, and knowed it over and over. Don't look away, hele don't help so held to be a superior of the room of the superior of

and sobe to strange my so.

and before the last words fairly passed his lips, he threat me from him and staggered back, for there—oh, Nellie, there is the doorway stood his wife—his wife, liellie, who had head every word!

I see her every night, just as she booked then, in a white wrapper, white checks like a corpse, only with little red spots in them, and eyes like coals of fire. She had not been down stairs before for days and days.

"Give me back my husband!"

That was all she said, in a feelie, moaning sort of voice. She had stretched out her hands to me, but they fell, the coor went out of her checks and there was a little stream of blood staining her wite dress.

John Avery gathered her up in his arms.

conor went out of her cheeks and there was a little stream of blood staining her wilte dress.

John Avery gathered her up in his arms her if she had been a baby. She had sainted, some one said, for several had seen her gliding down the stairs and had gathered near the door.

No, no, don't you trouble me. Why can't you sit still and listen? I feel well enough—not tired a bit. You see, I am getting well so fast. If you would only be patient and let me talk.

Some one came to me after a few moments, for I had been left standing in the room. It was Arthur Richmond. He just put a shawl around me, and led me out on to the plazza into the cool air. I hardly knew it for I was stunned. I felt numb all over, but after a while I seemed to zet my senses back, and I thanked him for being so thoughtful of me. "It was generous of you," I said, "for I've treated you very badly, Arthur." "Hush!" he said; "it's a selfish generosity. I can't have you talked about, for you're too precious to me. Oh. hild, you've hurt me cruelly, but I ought to have saved you from this!" and his arms were close about me.

Nellie, I never meant he should love me—not so much—and I was frightened awfully, for I knew Arthur Richmond, but he was so strong, so passiona e, so—
Do stop sewing, Nelle; it makes me.

You didn't know Arthur Richmond, but he was so strong, so passionale, so—Do stop sewing, Noille; it makes me nervous to see your hand fly so fast. I am a little tired, but I must flaish my story. You must hear it all now. I hink when I've told you it won't trouble me so, not so much, and I may go to sisep tonight. If I only could! I struggled away from him.

"Don't, don't." I cried, and that was all I could say.

"What do you mean, Allee?" he said, eatching one of my hands again.

I raised the other to show him my diamond ring fashing on my finger. I thought he would understand, but he didn't.

"I am engaged to Col. Masury," I man-

wildn't.

"I am engaged to Col. Masury," I managed to say. "I am to be nurried in three months."

Oh, Nellie, it's one of the things that baunt me—that face! When hers goes away for an instant, his comes. In the darkness I see them all the plainer. It must be the fever; don't you think so, Nellie?

must be the fever; don't you think so, Neilie?

He didn't say anything—not a word. I was crying hard, but I tried to tell him how sorry I was, and begged him to forgive me. I tried to make him speak, he cas so still, and looked at me so.

He never supposed you considered it anything but a plessant filrtation. I said, in my desperation. Then I hid my face in my hands, for I could not bear nis eyes, and in another moment he was gone.

isce in my hands, for I could not bear niseyes, and in another moment he was gone.

Please raise me again—the pillows—there, that will do. I am so tired, I must tell the rest quick. If I could only breathe easler—If it wasn't for the pain in my chest—and—

What was I telling you about—John Avery? No, I remember now—Arthur Richmond. I never saw him again; In never saw either of them again. But I shall. Nellie, of course I shall; and I shall tell Mrs. Avery how it all happened. She will see I did not mean to do it; and Arthur Richmond, he must have forgiven me by this time, for he saw how badly I feit.

Oh. Nellie, asy something! Don't sit and look like that! I know what you are thinking about. You heard that frightful story about Arthur Richmond, and you believe it—you think it's true. Why. Nellie, it isn't—I tell you it can't ice. Don't I know?

They said I had driven him wild; that he never in h's life touched liquor until those last two weeks; that they found him the next day, shot. Oh, such shocking things as they said! But I didn't believe them. He would die, they said, no hope for him; and then I screamed and screamed.

Oh, Nellie, if it hadn't been for this sickness, the burning fever and the cough! I took cold that night, I suppose, It seemed to me I was all on five of I set in the open window and whee it began to rain I didn't shut it.

I could have explained everything, if I had only had a chance; then they

I could have explained everything, if I ould have explained only had a chance; there only had a chance; there idn't have blamed me so addrestood. It was nad only had a chance; then they wouldn't have blamed me so—they wouldn't have understood. It was bad enough, but I was not so wicked as they said—I mean, I didn't intend to be—I didn't think, that was all.

Wait a minute! Strange that my breath troubles me so at times. There is such a weight on my chest.

Wait a minute! Strange that my breath troubles me so at times. There is such a weight on my chest.

If I could only get one word from Col. Masury, Neille. I know how it is—ne has heard those terrible stories, too. Those friends of his told him, and that is why he never comes or writes. It is cruel, cruel, when I want him so? Why I love him—don't you know I de? And he ought to believe me; he used to. When I love faith in you, I shall lose faith in God!? That was what he said when he put this ring on my linger. See how easily it stips round.

Why, Neille, you are crying. Don't you see I am getting better every day? Look at my hands; they are not so blue and thin as they were a week ago. You see, I must get weil, I've got so much to do; but if I can't find Arthur—if Col. Masury won't forgive me—oh, Neilie!

Time for my medicine, did you say? I don't want it, igdon't need it, Nelle. I feel so much better. It has—has grown dark, fast. I think I can go to sleep. How late is it? There are some queer, queer words in my head. I thought I could tell you—I—Nellie!—N. Y. News.

One of the richest men in Boston is

One of the richest men in Boston is Nathaniel Theyer, whose estate amounts to: \$15,500,000. He is a young man of Sac ability and the best of habits.