OUR CASTLE IN SPAIN.

The street's bleak and long, and the rain's blowing cold.
They eye me with pity, grown weary and old;
They fancy I'm out in the wind and rain.
Ah, no! I'm at home in our castle in Spain.

In the glow of the firelight you stand by me there.
It flickers and plays on your shadowy hair.
Outside, in the city, I seek you in vain,
But still you are found in our castle in Spain.

I hear not the roar of the traffic; I hear
Your accent so low, and so strange, and so clear—
The voice that could bid one forever to remain
With you in our castle—our castle in Spain.

That castle's so fair, so enchanted the ground,
The springtime abides in it all the year round.
There leaves never wither, as hopes never wane,
The lime-trees are bloom by our castle in Spain.

Yet the winds that blow o'er the whole earth renew,
And the stream 'neath its ramparts has flowed the world through,
And I read in your eye a love deeper than pain—
Love stronger than death, in our castle in Spain!

Wherever you wander, ah, you I love best!
When you from our refuge realities wrest,
I wonder if you are as glad to regain
Our fortress, our haven, our castle in Spain.

—May Kendall in New York Ledger.

BENEATH THE ROUGE

A woman sat at her dressing table, in front of the mirror, and dabbed cheeks that were livid with patches to pink color. Her maid folded and put away some drapery that had been flung down on the bed and watched her mistress furtively. Down stairs there were preparations for a big party, and the daylight shone on the silver and orchids on the dinner table much as it shone on the face of the master of the house, with the odd pucker of discontent between his brows, ready and waiting in the pretty drawing room. It shone on those obstinate blotches of color, which had to be renewed so often, in order to hide the wife's ashen skin.

Mrs. Marston had run away from her first husband and been the subject for a famous divorce case. The companion of her flight, Lewis Marston, had married her directly the divorce was made, and a certain less particular section of society consented to overlook her lack of morals so long as she had a good chef and gave amusing parties.

There was one child of her first marriage left in its father's care, and this little girl of ten summers was lying dangerously ill. The glass reflected eyes that were stained and wild. She pencilled a black line under the lower lid, and she thought as she did so:

"They ought at least to let me see her. To be turned away from the house was cruel, but Charles was always hard. He will never forgive, and then that other woman will be bending over her bed, will listen to her poor little weak voice, will nurse her and will make much of her, will take my place."

She blackened one eyebrow, and a tear fell splash on to one of the silver brushes.

"Only just to have seen her for one minute—crept in like a stranger and looked at her face. Three years ago! Only three years since she saw me, and yet they will have taught her to forget. My darling little girl, my own little girl! O God, help me!"

She began on the other eyebrow, but her hand shook.

"What a fright I shall look tonight! Marie, bring me all my diamonds. I can't do without them, my eyes look so dull. Bother this rouge; it won't stick on. There, I'll make it somehow."

She thought as the maid fastened a glittering tiara in her hair that if the child died that night she could have no means of bearing, and she suddenly started up and sat down at a writing table. She wrote to an old friend, a man who had stuck to her first husband and cut her dead when she passed him in the street, and the letter ran thus:

DEAR SIR JOHN—For pity's sake, let me know how Daisy is. I am half mad with anxiety. Please let the pain I am suffering excuse the liberty I take in troubling you.

DOROTHY MARSTON.

She sent the maid with the letter at once, with a command to find Sir John Deane and get an answer if possible. Then, with a walk like a queen, in a dress from Worth, with her bediamonded head and the roses on her cheeks, she descended to the drawing room to receive her guests.

"My dear, you're late," said her husband.

She had long ceased to expect any companionship or sympathy from him, so she answered carelessly:

"Am I? It doesn't matter, as no one has arrived."

"But it does matter"—he began, when the door opened to admit a guest.

There was a young guardsman with a fair face who thought Mrs. Marston a "good sort" and flirted with her desperately in an elementary fashion. There was a society doctor, with a plausible manner, gray hairs and keen enjoyment of the sympathy and interest of pretty women. He sat next a stout lady with a contented smile and placid blue eyes. She was Mrs. Marston's best friend and a little deaf. Most of the women were fast, and most of the men were horsy, and they all agreed at dinner that they had never seen their hostess looking so well.

"We shall meet at Hurlingham tomorrow," whispered the guardsman.

He was a nice boy, and he defended Dorothy Marston when her own sex reviled her.

She thought, "To Hurlingham and Daisy perhaps dying." Aloud she said: "I'll come. I can drive you down, if you like. You had better lunch here."

"Charmed, of course," he murmured.

The man on her right asked her if she had won money on the Derby. She fancied she heard her name in the hull, and she wondered if he would return with any news as soon as [illegible]:

"I made a little. Lewis [illegible] unlucky. He insisted on backing beastly outsider."

Then she laughed, sipped her champagne and glanced at [illegible] half way down the table. A timid little woman at the other end caught the look and hated her for it. The recipient was the girl's husband.

"And now tell me some delightfully naughty scandal," Mrs. Marston said to the horsy man. "The latest and best you know."

"Mrs Graham?"

"Oh, she's an old story."

"Give you my honor—new edition"—

"Really! Go on."

"Warned off the bookstalls."

"Well, I'm not a bookstall."

As he paused she thought: "Marie can't have found Sir John. I wonder if they have a good nurse. They might have let me see her just for one moment. Children rarely take to a stepmother, but Daisy used to love every one."

"So Mrs. Graham has even overstepped the bounds of modernity," she said aloud.

"Taken the barrier in one stride."

"Bravo, I am always grateful to a woman who gives me something notorious to talk about."

And she thought: "I wonder if she suffers much. I wonder if she is conscious. They said, 'No better.' Could that mean she was worse? How all these people would chatter and whisper if they knew the situation tonight! Not one of them would be sorry—yes, Hilda would, poor, frightened, little woman, because her baby died, although I do flirt with her husband. And my baby—O God, how happy I was over Daisy! and now—it's my own fault for leaving her, but how could I know she was going to be ill?"

The room, with its brilliant lights, its sound of voices and its laughter, faded from sight. In imagination she was carried far away to the little bedroom next the nursery in the old house. She bent over Daisy, who slept and dreamed of mamma—the real mamma, not her new one—and she said to the cold, stern faces around her: "Have pity; let me kiss her once. I won't disturb her. I won't wake her." Perhaps they might consent and let her creep away, having seen her baby and kissed her, as in the old happy days.

She heard the guardsman ask her a question and replied at random:

"Yes, I am going to act as a Greek goddess. It's a queer kind of play, but one can do anything nowadays, and Lady Lane acted in it, so that makes the whole thing so eminently respectable. She died of dullness, poor old dowd. Her husband's a nice boy—he got me into the show."

She stretched out her hand and pulled an orchid to pieces, and the room faded from sight again.

She stood near the little bed. Daisy was awake and knew her. They weren't angry; they were kind; they let her hold her close, let her stay to nurse her, let her soothe her only as a mother, even the most degraded, can. Charles forgave for the baby's sake and let her stay just till she got well.

She pulled herself together and rose to leave the room. In all her dreams she never saw a sad picture, save that it was sad to see the child suffer. Of course she was certain to get well.

As the footman handed her the coffee when up stairs she asked carelessly:

"Has Marie returned?"

"An hour ago, mum," he said.

She started. "With no letter for me?"

"No, mum. She said not."

"All right. Mrs. Barker has changed her mind and will take some milk. Hand it to her, please."

So she couldn't hear that night. The notion made her reckless. Her fair, placid friend shouted some gossip in her ears as is the manner of deaf people. The gentlemen joined them, and a singer sat down at the piano. The song over, amid loud applause a footman opened the door to announce a gentleman. He had asked to see Mr. Marston alone, but the man had blundered, misunderstood him and announced him as one of the evening's guests.

"Sir John Deane."

The pointed, noisy wife of his old friend rose to greet him, and she knew why he was there as well as if he had spoken.

He murmured some excuse and drew her husband out of the room.

The whole place swam before her eyes. She was struck numb. Only sublime pity could have forced him to visit her again. Daisy dead! She had read it in the trouble in his face. Daisy dead, dead! Her own little baby cold and dead, and she not there to hold her in her arms, to kiss her just once more, to weep over her, to—

Her friend was speaking. She struggled back to consciousness, to hear her say in her loud, blatant voice: "Fancy Sir John coming to visit you again, Dolly! What a triumph for you tonight has been."

The whole roomful of people heard, and they looked at Mrs. Marston. She smiled faintly; the color in her cheeks did not vary, nor were her eyes dim, but her lips, for some strange reason, had turned blue, and her voice when she answered had a ghastly sound:

"How funny you are, dear! 'What a triumph,' did you say? 'What a triumph tonight has been!'"

The guests left of her one by one and left her there face to face with her triumph alone.—Sketch.

The Telephone In Korea.

In his work, "Korea," Mr. Henry Savage Landor tells a tale of the telephone. Some months before he arrived in Seoul a foreigner had visited the king, soliciting orders for installations of telephones. The king, being much astonished and pleased at the wonderful invention, immediately, at great expense, instituted connecting by telephone the rooms of the queen dowager with the royal office. Many hours a day were afterwards spent by his majesty and his spouse listening at their end of the telephone, and a watchman was kept all night to prevent anyone the queen dowager should wish from her eternal sleep. But one night a strange sound, or a murmur, was heard. The king was disgusted, and the telephone was condemned as a fraud by his majesty of Cho sen.

THE FRENCH WILL REMAIN.

Recent Statistics Upset the Calculations of German and English Prophets.

It would be a misfortune for the world if the French people were to disappear from it. We have heard for a good while of the small birth rate in France, under which the births per year were less numerous than the deaths, and we have seen computations by statisticians that if this disproportion between the births and deaths were kept up for a certain period of years there would not be a Frenchman on the face of the earth at the end of that period. We would have been sad over this prospect if we had believed it could ever be realized, for the world would be flatter than it is if the French were not in it. A crowd of Germans or Englishmen or even Irishmen could never make up for the lost French.

We are happy to be able to relieve any apprehension which may have been created by the statisticians. France herself, ever ready for any emergency, has come to the relief of the world. The French government has just issued the population returns of 1893 (we ought to have those of 1894 by this time), and they are joyful. There was an excess of births over deaths in the year 1893, not a heavy excess, but still encouraging. The number of French in France at the end of the year was greater by 7,146 than at the beginning. The record looks all the better when we compare it with that of the previous three years, during which the births fell 80,000 behind the deaths. It is a record which gives evidence that the tide has turned, and, if last year was as good a year as the previous one, the growth of population must be such as to knock out all the computations of the pessimistic statisticians, most of whom, by the way, are either Germans or Englishmen.

It is first rate news for France. The army must be kept up. It is good news for the world. We could not afford to lose the French. How dull old Europe would be without French politics and playwriters and presidents and artists and novelists and women, without French esprit or pensee or clan or fatigue or other things that belong almost exclusively to France!

France and the French are great. The Germans, English, Italians, West Africans and others had better not indulge in any hope of the disappearance of the French.—New York Sun.

AN ABSURD OLD LAW.

It Stood In the Way of the Recovery of the Body of One of the Elbe Victims.

Dickens, who so often studied with delighted interest the applications of English law to particular cases, would have found a subject worthy of his grimmest humor in the fact, cabled the other day from London, that when the master of a fishing smack, cruising near where the Elbe went down, saw floating in the water a dead body, which was doubtless that of a victim of the great disaster, he made no effort to rescue it from the waves and carry it ashore for identification and burial.

Instead he sailed past and away from the doleful bit of flotsam as quickly as circumstances would permit, not, as one might suppose, because he was a particularly hard hearted and cold blooded mariner, but because "recently, after landing a body, he had been forced to pay the funeral expenses." Curious as that experience had been and delightfully illustrative as it was of "crowner's quest" wisdom, the captain had no inclination to repeat it. One lesson had been enough to teach him the great principle that common sense cannot be allowed to interfere with consistency in the enforcement of a parliamentary act, and what in comparison with that is the continued agonized uncertainty of some German wife or mother?—New York Times.

A $10,000 Bachelor Dance.

Of course everybody is talking about the Hitchcock-Bulkley dance.

It is said to have cost those young bachelors about $10,000, and, as there were only about 200 people present, each person had to absorb about $50 worth of pleasure and refreshment.

It was announced that every one could order what he or she chose for supper. It was not surprising then to see terrapin and canvasback ducks washed down with rare old clarets and champagnes costing $8 a bottle.

Some of the dudes either deliberately or stupidly misunderstood the carte blanche idea of supper, and, when the waiters came to them for orders, asked for new dress suits or diamond scarf-pins.

I should think that one dance like this on such an elaborate scale would last society for a long time.

Like everything else remarkable, Aladdin's marvelous lamp gets tiresome when swung around too promiscuously.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

Worked at Greeley's Elbow.

Uncle Joshua Barstow, undoubtedly the oldest active compositor in the country, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in Norwich, Conn., recently. His eye is undimmed by age, and he reads readily without glasses. Uncle Joshua was one of Horace Greeley's most intimate friends. He set type at Mr Greeley's elbow all through the Harrison and Tyler campaign, and recalls with pride the many times the two raced to the copy hook for a particularly "fat" take. At the recent G. A. R. encampment Uncle Joshua was the second oldest veteran in line.—New York Herald.

Wine Cheaper Than Water.

A Greek journal states that so great is the quantity of wine now in stock on the island of Cyprus that last year's crop remains a glut on the market, and if we are to believe further accounts wine there has become cheaper than water. In the village of Tschakistra a merchant who was having a house built is said to have provided the masons with wine instead of water to mix with the mortar.—Public Opinion.

Wanted!

People to know that C. M. Lette is the leading Contract Painter and Paper Hanger north of Johnstown. Best of references furnished.—69t2

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. C. W. Hodgkins.

STATEMENT OF AUDITORS

—OF—

PATTON BOROUGH

—FROM—

November 20, 1893, to March 11th, 1895.

Receipts.

From A. J. Jackson, Burgess, Fines and Licenses	$ 43 00
" Magee Ave. sewer account	500 00
" F. B. Barker, Co. Tr. Liquor Licenses	656 00
" Issue Borough Bonds	1300 00
" W. J. Donnelly, Burgess, fines and licenses	74 05
" R. Somerville, Attorney, Boro. boardwalks acct.	27 80
" Carroll Twp., Balance due Boro. acct. road fund, 1893	18 27
" Jas. Mellon, J. P., fines	12 25
" " " Coll. on Tax Dup., 1894	839 59
" Bal. due Treasurer	56 58
Total	$ 3227 63

Expenditures.

Orders paid acct. street work	$ 2465 06
" " " lumber street work	359 47
" " " grading iron bridge, Magee Ave.	441 21
" " " sewer pipe Boro. uses	216 32
" " " sewer pipe, Magee Ave.	290 31
" " " work on Magee Ave. sewer	364 17
" " " Police services	672 61
" " " Borough Clerk	94 00
" " " Oil for street lamps	42 49
" " " Printing and Pub. Ordinances	125 98
" " " Building and furnishing council chamber and lockup	248 12
" " " 1st payment on Boro lot	66 67
" " " R. L. Goff, Engineer and map of Boro.	89 41
" " " R. D. Swope Boro. Attorney	80 50
" " " One year rent 11 fire water plugs	110 00
" " " Fire hose	150 75
" " " Fees paid Treasurer School Board	22 00
" " " Fees paid W. J. Donnelly School Fund	3 15
" " " Donation acct. hose cart	50 00
" " " Interest on Bonds and Boro. Orders	156 00
" " " Boro. Seal	3 25
" " " Patrick Orr, Bill Rend	1 25
" " " John Yahner, Bill Rend	12 38
" " " J. A. Mellon, Bill Rend	5 14
" " " E. A. Mellon, Mdse.	9 85
" " " D. C. Dale, "	22 26
" " " J. H. McCormick Board of Health	1 00
" " " Pardons, Digest and Express	13 50
" " " Police twisters, one pair	1 00
" " " Load of coal	1 00
" " " Recording Borough Charter	6 80
" " " Treasurer's commission, 2½ per cent	151 89
Total	$ 6227 63

Liabilities.

Balance Due Treasury	$ 56 58
Orders Outstanding	906 01
Bonds Outstanding	6300 00
Total	$ 7262 59

Resources.

Bal. uncollected on Tax Dup. 1894	$ 681 35
" order paid Short 2nd time	5 62
Total	$ 686 97

We, the undersigned, Auditors of the Borough of Patton, certify that we have examined the above accounts and vouchers for the same and find the above statement to be correct and true.

Witness: Our hands this the 11th day of March, 1895.

WILL L. THOMPSON,
H. OTIS WINSLOW,
F. H. KINKEAD,
} Auditors.

Two Papers For

Only $1.50

THE COURIER is pleased to announce its clubbing arangements with

The Pittsburg Post

the great home newspaper of Pennsylvania, and to persons who want the best daily or semi-weekly paper published in the city, we recommend The Post.

The DAILY POST,

a large eight-page paper, and THE COURIER one year each for $3.00. The price of The Post alone is $3.00. Send us your order at once and get seven papers a week for the price you formerly paid for one.

The SUNDAY POST,

twenty pages every Sunday, containing as much reading as any of the monthly magazine, and THE COURIER one year each for only $2.25.

The Semi-Weekly Post,

and THE COURIER one year each for only $1.50. Just think of it, The Post twice a week, and your county paper for the price of one. Write us for sample copies.

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ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

GALLITZIN, PA.

Solicitor for German National B. & L. association.

WM. DAVIS,—

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

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Mellon Avenue, PATTON, PA.

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IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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P. P. Young & Bro.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FRESH MEAT

OF ALL KINDS.

Bologna, Lard, Etc.

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Patton, Pa.

First Nation'l Bank

OF PATTON.

Patton, Cambria Co., Pa.

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Accounts of Corporations, Firms, Individuals and Banks received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safe and conservative banking.

Steamship tickets for sale for all the leading lines, Foreign Drafts payable in the principal cities of the Old World.

All correspondence will have our prompt and personal attention.

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WE OR OUR DEALERS can sell you machines cheaper than you can get elsewhere. The NEW HOME is our best, but we make cheaper machines, such as the OLIMAX, IDEAL, and other High Arm Full Sized Family Sewing Machines for $15.00 and up. Call on our agent or write us direct for your trade, and if prices, terms and square dealing will win, we have it. We challenge the world to produce a BETTER $50.00 Sewing Machine for $50.00, or a better $20.00 Sewing Machine for $20.00. Sold only from us, or our Agents.

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ORANGE, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL. DALLAS, TEXAS. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

B. R. & P. Time Table.

The Short Line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester Niagara Falls, and points in the upper Oil Region.

On and after Nov. 25, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek Station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

8.50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, and Rochester, connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3 for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry, and Erie.

7.50 a. m.—Accommodation—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run, and Punxsutawney.

10.27 a. m.—Accommodation from Bradford, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, and intermediate stations, for DuBois and Punxsutawney.

2.20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carrion, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, and Bradford.

5.10 p. m.—Mail—For DuBois, Skyles, Big Run, Punxsutawney, and Walston.

Trains Arrive—7.00 a. m. accommodation from Punxsutawney. 8.5 a. m., Mail, from Walston and Punxsutawney; 1.10 p. m., accommodation from Punxsutawney; 6.10 p. m., Mail from Buffalo and Rochester.

C. & M. Division.

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