

ADVERSE FATES.

"I am listening to you," said Annella, bending her blond little head and Mario felt that her slender hand trembled in his.

Who was Annella? The beautiful widow of Count Giummi had found her one day, pale, desolate and exhausted, beside a dead woman in a squalid, dark room. That dead woman was the aunt of the countess and the mother of Annella, and the poverty which surrounded her was the sole inheritance of the fair young girl.

Countess Giummi, rich, admired and courted by the fine flower of aristocratic salons, lived upon vanity and coquetry. But in spite of that she had a morsel of heart, and poor Annella's little white face had the power to draw two beautiful tears, more lustrous than pearls, from her great, black, enchanting eyes. If the baron, the viscount or the marquis could have seen those two pearls, surely they would have loved her even more than they did—so compassionate and tender did she seem amid the triumphs of her happy youth.

That same evening Annella reposed in a soft bed, under a counterpane of pink silk, while at the balcony window, that she had left partly open, the moon peered in and laid a tint of pallor upon the rose red divans of the elegant little room.

Two years passed after that first tranquil sleep. Annella's beauty, which early privations and sorrows had almost withered in the bud, bloomed again as if by magic. It was a pleasure to see the radiant girl; a slender little person, but with perfect curves of outline, the bust full, the throat of admirable softness, and the little head—oh, that dainty little head was like an artist's thought! Like a golden wave, the curling hair, which she wore unbound and floating, rippled down her shoulders; her eyes laughed with the color of the clear heavens under arching, delicate eyebrows that were black against the whiteness of her forehead and gave a resolute expression to her beautiful countenance. Her small, rosy mouth was always smiling; it was but a languid smile and tinged with an expression of melancholy or bitterness.

Now, after having sketched Annella's graceful figure, it seems strange not to be able to give it a background of bright colors. We know how much a brilliant setting adds to a gem, and certainly the Countess Giummi's beauty gained greatly by the luxury and richness of her dress and surroundings. A fashionable dressmaker, an artist in his line, dressed her with Parisian taste; a skillful young woman, who was maid and confidante together, combed the wealth of her dark hair that touched the floor of her dark room; she shapely person, stuffs, colors, flowers and jewels. From their hands the countess issued a true goddess of love, and her shrine gleaming with silks, marbles, silver and crystal increased the enchantment and rendered her marvelous to the eyes of visitors.

Poor Annella! so simple in her little muslin gown; so timid in that rich house, not her own, how could she contend for the palm with that superb queen? And it is no new thing that the bright rays of the moon dim the placid light of the quiet stars. So the hundred gentlemen that flocked into those gilded rooms had eyes only for the beautiful countess, and if they deigned to bestow a passing word or look on the timid girl, that was merely an act of homage to the reigning lady, homage that showed their admiration for her charity to a dependent. They all knew, and from her own mouth, too, the countess had taken the forsaken orphan to this beautiful home and changed her sorrow to happiness.

But was Annella really happy? Her young heart thirsted for love. In her childhood she had been the one treasure of her poor mother, and though she had often lacked bread, air and sunlight, caresses were never wanting. She knew the sweetness of a kiss into which she transfused all a loving soul; she knew the dual life, the breath mingled with another breath from a breast palpitating with tenderness. Yes, her mother's love had taught her all these things, and taught them to her in poverty. Then came fine times, abundance of everything, new amusements every day and every hour, noisy gaieties and the luxury of carriages and dinners. But strange to say, amid all this laughter of life, her heart was narrowed, closed. She indeed no longer suffered from hunger, cold or fear of worse misfortunes; but henceforth she had no one to love her, nor a simple object to call forth her own love, though she felt an overpowering need to bestow on some one all her warm, impetioned soul.

At first she had tried for this exchange of affection with her cousin, the magnificent countess. Alas! she had found her kind, courteous, generous, but frivolous, full of herself and her attractions, and incapable not only of feeling love, but even of comprehending it.

Discomfited, Annella had looked about her, and amid that array of faces, coats and decorations that made a circle around her beautiful cousin she had sought and sought. An odd girl! She had actually found those polished gentlemen empty and un sympathetic, although finely clad and unexceptionable from top to toe. How could she have dared to raise even her thoughts to the sights on which they moved? Which of them would have deigned to descend to her, a poor little orphan, sheltered by the pity of her cousin?

Thus set apart and averse to all flatteries, she led her own life, amid the festivities and the constant noise and confusion of the house.

But one evening she discovered among the crowd a newcomer—blond and handsome like herself, and like herself sad, timid and embarrassed. At once secret sympathy attracted her toward young Mario. It seemed to her that she might be able to comfort him with her words, for surely he cherished a deep sorrow in his heart, since his fine face never brightened with lively color, and

his eyes often glistened as if with restrained tears.

He welcomed sympathy so eagerly that it appeared as if he sought her, as if he came solely for her sake. And they soon talked freely together. After their first meeting, which was full of embarrassment to both of them, they passed all the reception evenings of the splendid countess together. Annella always awaited him with indescribable emotion, and when she saw him appearing in the doorway, diffident and shy, all her life was concentrated in her heart, that beat, beat as if it would burst its bonds. Then with studied carelessness he wandered through the rooms until he succeeded in placing himself at her side, from whence he did not stir until the last guests were about to leave.

Mario had told the story of his life—his poor life of discomfort and isolation. He, too, was an orphan, brought up by strangers who had speculated upon his talent. By force of study and effort he had at last made for himself a position that had enabled him to demand his liberty in exchange for a monthly payment. Never, poor soul, had he tasted the sweetness of mutual love.

Annella, in her secret heart, rejoiced at all this. For would it not be her privilege to give him the delights that he had never experienced, her task to make him forget the bitterness of so many years, and to reward him for all his sufferings? At night how many dreams of this kind peopled the virginal little room of the young girl, and in fancy she saw herself already an adored wife, clasped to the gentle and noble breast of her beloved Mario.

One thing, however, preoccupied her mind. When she met Mario for the first time a cloud of sadness had veiled his attractive countenance, a sadness behind which she had perceived a deeply wounded heart. Of that wound Mario had never spoken to her, but the cloud had not passed away, notwithstanding the love that Annella breathed toward him from her eyes, her smile, her entire personality. And then, too, there was something else that she would have wished—and always vainly—the final outburst of Mario's love. He loved her—oh! she was sure of that—but why did he not tell her so? Of course, natural timidity—the fear of troubling her simple life. He was so noble, her Mario! But finally he must explain himself. Oh! and she would not stammer in giving him a favorable answer; such a yes would escape her lips—and then what mutual joy, what warmth in their future talks! Then she would be obliged to tell it to her cousin, and the kind countess would willingly consent. But why did he not speak to her?

One evening when they were alone in the shadow of the little yellow drawing room Mario suddenly let himself go, seized her trembling hand and murmured to her, "I will—I must speak to you—at last!"

And Annella, bending her fair head and almost suffocated with emotion, replied, "I am listening to you!"

"Dear Annella," Mario began, "have you never asked yourself why I first came to this house?"

"How should I? Chance perhaps," murmured Annella, hardly able to contain her joy, while her heart cried out the answer, "For me, for me alone!"

"It was not a chance, no—I came here conquered, led by passion alone. I loved and was wild with pain before I set foot inside the house," declared Mario.

Annella trembled, not daring to interrupt him, but she would have liked to fling herself upon his neck without letting him finish, and to say to him amid a world of kisses, "Here is joy for you!"

But he continued, "I loved, and today I love more than then; I suffered, and today I suffer more than ever."

The girl started and looked, wild-eyed, at his face. Why did he speak of suffering? Had he not understood her great love? Or was he feigning, perhaps, in order to hear her confess it?

"Dear girl," and here Mario caressed her hand, "you indeed have comforted me, you have helped me to bear my grief; but now my anguish has reached the last degree—I know that my love will never be returned."

"No, no; you mistake!" Annella involuntarily interrupted, bending toward him.

"I mistake?" he exclaimed, with hope beaming in his glance. "Why do you say so? Do you know who it is that I love?"

And Annella, shamefaced and confused, stammered, "I imagine."

"Well," continued Mario bitterly, "if you know whom I love you will have seen for some time that she not only loves me, but she would never imagine that one so low would dare to lift his eyes to her."

What! Was he going mad? Why did he talk of descending? And the girl, profoundly troubled, asked him quickly, "Shel! Who?"

"Your cousin, the countess, of course."

"Do you love her? Her?" And Annella could say no more. She felt a chill like ice through her veins, a ringing in her ears; she saw sparks, shadows, before her eyes—then nothing.

When she came to herself she was upon her bed, with the beautiful countess bending a little unweary over her.

"Oh, what was the matter?" asked the countess; "have you quarreled this evening?"

"With whom?" said Annella, not yet quite herself.

"With Mario, with your impetioned Mario, who, I hope, will decide to ask me for your hand."

"Ah!" exclaimed the poor girl, "Mario loves only you."

"Me!" replied the countess, with a naughty mien. "What a stupid man!" And she went to the mirror to arrange the corsage of the scarlet gown that set off the marble whiteness of her perfect shoulders.

Annella buried her face in the pillow, and drenched it with scalding tears.—Translated from the Italian of Ermia Bazzocchi, for Short Stories, by E. C. Brown.

Sunstroke Stops the Wedding of 75 and 25.

A marriage was interrupted Thursday night by the groom becoming suddenly overcome with the heat and he had to be taken to his hotel, where he has been confined to his bed ever since.

The groom in question is Mr. W. S. Fowler who boards at the Enterprise hotel. Until a short while ago he conducted a livery stable on East Market street, but retired about a year ago with a comfortable fortune. Mr. Fowler is a widower, seventy-five years old, and has several grown children. A short while ago he met Miss Lillie Townsend, a young woman twenty-five years of age, who is employed by J. Bacon & Sons at the glove counter.

The courtship did not last long till the engagement was announced. Mr. Fowler's children, it seems, objected strongly to the marriage and did everything in their power to break off the match. They were unsuccessful, however, and June 15, the day set for the marriage, arrived. The wedding was to take place where Miss Townsend has boarded for several years. Everything was in readiness at the time appointed—the guests, the minister and the happy couple.

Just before the time for the ceremony Mr. Fowler became very faint and would have fallen but for the support of one of the guests. He soon lost consciousness and was taken to the Enterprise hotel in a carriage, where he was put to bed and the doctor summoned. His condition was found not to be serious, but he was suffering from a slight case of sunstroke.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Imprisoned Genius.

Alberto Lopez, who was taken to Yuma recently to serve a two years' term for burglary gave his personal effects to his friends about the jail. Deputy Barry was presented with a facsimile of the Episcopal church made out of pasteboard. Lopez could see the church from one of the most perfectly. He borrowed a knife from Deputy Sheridan with which he cut up the pasteboard, and then made paste from flour with which to stick the pieces together. It is a piece of workmanship to be proud of. The greatest production of Lopez while confined in jail here is a reproduction of the magnificent Merchants' exchange building in Guadalajara. The entire affair is constructed of paper. On the inside of the building are the stairways, etc., each perfect in its construction. The prisoner must be possessed of a memory much stronger than most men are, to remember every detail of that large structure for a number of years. However much genius the man possessed, he has made bad use of it.—Phoenix Herald.

Troublesome Seals.

The salmon fishermen down the river and bay are having trouble this spring from the seals, as usual. These pests are multiplying rather than decreasing and are causing great losses to the weirs. While the seals of the arctic regions have the reputation of being slow, stupid animals, hunters killing them with clubs, those on the Maine coast are the sharpest game to be found. They will go in and out of the salmon weirs, either by force or strategy, and eat all the fish they want. They are very hard to get a shot at, and when hit sink to the bottom, the carcass thus being lost to the gunner. One fisherman remarked on a recent Saturday that there was a small fortune in store for the man who would invent a trap that would catch seals and hold them. The bounty upon them doesn't seem to do a bit of good.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

No Buyer for Raleigh's Youghall House.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Irish home in Youghall, County Cork, which belonged to the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, M. P., was put up for sale by Messrs. E. & H. Lumley, in the Auction mart, Tokenhouse yard. The house is a fine specimen of Elizabethan architecture. It was there that Sir Walter smoked the first pipe of tobacco in Ireland and received an unexpected bath from a faithful servant maid, who, on seeing the blue smoke emerging from her master's mouth and curling around his head, thought Sir Walter was falling a victim to spontaneous combustion and threw a pail of cold water over him to extinguish the conflagration. Only £1,250 was bid for the property, which was accordingly bought in by the auctioneer, who said he could not think of selling a historical mansion like it for such a figure.—London Telegraph.

Telephone from Paris to Bordeaux.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the new telephone line between Paris and Bordeaux was opened. Complimentary messages were exchanged between the presidents of the chambers of commerce of both cities, and the minister of commerce, and the mayor of Bordeaux. The telephone works exceedingly well, every word being clearly heard. Before concluding the Elysee telephone was hitched on and a complimentary message sent through from Bordeaux to President Carnot, to which he replied in suitable terms.—Galignani Messenger.

Snow in June, but None in Winter.

Persons returning from the hills report that a foot of snow fell Wednesday. It extended down within 2,000 feet of the plains. A shower of "round" snow fell in the vineyards between Fresno and the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, where no snow fell at any time last winter.—Fresno Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

W. C. Crawford is now, at the age of eighty-six, living in destitution at Alvarado, Tex. He is the sole survivor of the band of patriots who signed the declaration of Texas independence at Washington, on the Brazos river, March 2, 1836.

During a masked ball at Covent Garden theater thieves made off with valuable diamonds and jewelry which they are said to have cut from the ladies' dresses.

An Uncanny Monster.

The people residing along Palmetto creek, South Carolina, as well as those for miles back in the "slashes," are highly excited over the appearance of a strange and uncouth creature in that vicinity. The beast is described as being a creature that far outdoes the nightmare ideas of the mythologists. It is equally at home in the water, on the land or among the tall trees of the neighborhood, where it has been most frequently seen. The general contour of the head reminds one of some gigantic serpent with this exception: The "snout" terminates in a bulbous, monkey faced knot, which much resembles the physiognomy of some gigantic ape. From the neck down, with the exception of some fin shaped flippers, which extend from the arms to the waist, the creature resembles a man, only that the toes and fingers are armed with claws from two to six inches long.

Tracks made by the beast in the soft mud around Hemis lake have been taken to Donner's Grove, where they are kept on exhibition in a druggist's showcase. Those who have seen the horrid thing face to face say that it is a full nine feet in height, which could hardly be believed only for the fact that the tracks mentioned above are within a small fraction of fifteen inches in length. Fishermen who surprised the monster sitting silently on a mass of driftwood declared that its back looked like an alligator's, and that it had a caudal termination a yard long, which forked like the tail of a fish.—St. Louis Republic.

Little Short of Murder.

The neighbors around a certain corner of Ash street were alarmed on Monday night by low moans issuing from a closely curtained carriage that stood on the corner. A driver sat upon the seat. One of the neighbors came out and approached the team to ask what was the matter. Before he reached the corner the driver caught sight of him, and whipping up the horses drove rapidly off. The folks were doubly alarmed, and after a good deal of exciting talk asked a policeman to call at the house on the corner and ascertain who was hurt, or if any mystery was in the moans. He talked with an excited woman who came to the door, and also with a man who wiped his eyes with a handkerchief, while the neighbors stood across the street in suspicious silence. The officer came over the street and told them that the old family dog, the hero of dozens and dozens of fights and of 28 years, had been carried off to die by a bullet. The dog evidently understood his fate, for he began to moan and moan as soon as they took him from the house.—Lewiston Journal.

Exhibitors for the World's Fair.

Two well known Swedish scientists, M.M. Bjorling and Kallstenius, arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, yesterday. They are commissioned by the geographical and geological societies of Stockholm to explore the shores of Smith's sound, in the Arctic regions, to collect specimens of the flora and fauna of the district and to take astronomical observations. They will hire a schooner in St. John's for their voyage, from which they expect to return in September. Information has been received that a party of Americans is coming to explore Labrador and visit the Great falls, which were discovered last year. Another American party leaves here soon in order to transport for the World's fair at Chicago three villages of different tribes of Eskimos, with all their belongings, and also a village of Indians inhabiting the mountainous districts in the interior of Labrador.—Newfoundland Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

A Ball of Fire on a Housetop.

During a severe electrical storm this evening the Crescent oil refinery was struck by lightning and caught fire, but the blaze was extinguished without much damage. The house of Ferdinand Kreiner was struck by a ball of electric fire, which exploded with tremendous force. A fire alarm was turned in, but the electrical display burned itself out without even setting fire to the house. Eyewitnesses say it was the most remarkable sight they ever witnessed. An enormous electric globe of fire lodged against the peak of the house, where it hung, burning and spitting flashes of fire until exhausted. Every inmate of the place was more or less severely shocked, the air being heavily charged. All watches and clocks on the premises were stopped and other electrical phenomena occurred.—Bradford Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bed Demolished, Occupants Unharmed.

A strange freak of a bolt of lightning occurred at Jeannette during the heavy storm last evening. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kristman reside in a small tenement house close to the Catholic church. They were in bed and asleep when the storm began to rage. Suddenly their bed was torn from beneath them and reduced to splinters. A bolt of lightning had struck the house and passed through the wall into the room occupied by them. The couple were not hurt.—Pittsburg Post.

Again the Willipus-Wallapus!

A couple of dardies raised considerable excitement Saturday night by declaring that they had seen the gycatus, willipus-wallapus, or whatever it is that has been prowling around here for two or three weeks past. A big crowd turned out armed with guns, sticks, axes, etc., but after a thorough search failed to locate the varmint.—Turin Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

A wire netting fence 500 miles long is one of the late Australian wonders. The fence separates the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, and its object is to keep the rabbits out of the latter country.

A recent order for books sent by Mr. Gladstone to a London dealer embraced works ranging in character from a volume of Eton verse to treatises on solar physics and myths.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Game of Living Whist.

Since the living chess game played in various pastoral festivities some years ago, and the representation of the same game in one of the comic operas, there has been nothing more charming than the game of "living whist," which has been one of the features of the Masonic bazaar, held in the grounds of the Royal Dublin society, at Ball's Bridge, near Dublin, for the purpose of procuring funds for the Masonic orphanage. Lord Plunket, archbishop of Dublin, inau-



gured the bazaar. The most attractive feature of the entertainment was a game of "living whist," in which the cards were represented by the Masonic orphans, who had been previously drilled to absolute perfection. Here is a description of the game: To represent the card table a large cloth is stretched on the floor, at the sides of which the four players only take their seats. To the sounding of a bugle call the living cards enter in procession, the kings and queens all attended by their knaves and aces, and guarded by the smaller cards. After the four suits have taken up position the court cards begin a stately dance, in which the smaller cards join. Then the music changes, becoming more lively. It grows quicker and quicker by degrees, until the whole pack gets apparently into disorder—to represent "a shuffle." The trumpet sounds again and the cards open out, disclosing in the center a little blindfold page, who "cuts" the pack with his wand.

Then the "deal" commences. The page leads the trump card to its place, and the other cards move around to quick music, arranging themselves in four lines, one on each side of the table. Another bugle call and the cards step around, face the players, step off the table and sort themselves into suits. Each player in turn now calls out his card, which turns about and moves into the middle of the table to a dance measure, and so to the end of the trick. The winning player now calls the winning card, who, accompanied by the partner's card, takes captive the other two, walking them off to the corner of the table where the tricks are placed. After all the tricks have been played and score called, at a bugle call the winning tricks form fours and march round the table in column, the beaten tricks, with downcast heads, following. Then the corner electric "candles" go out, and all is over.—New York Recorder.

A Seaside Holiday.

The picture herewith given represents a scene which is very common on the seashore at this season. There are many nice places along the Atlantic coast where the boys and girls go with their guardians, sometimes to stay weeks and sometimes only for a day. The chil-



dren's greatest delight is to bathe in the surf, and when they can find a large flat rock, where the water is not too deep at low tide, they have great fun diving and jumping off into the water.

The man in the boat is a guard whose duty it is to be ever on the watch to go to the assistance of any one who becomes exhausted or is otherwise placed in danger. The guards have many lives.

Fifteen Today.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you, And carefully put you away; You can't tell how much I shall miss you, But then I am fifteen today.

And you, not so very much younger— Have you nothing at parting to say? Are you sorry our fun is all over, And that I am fifteen today?

What walks we have had through the clover; What rides on the top of the hay; What feasting in grandmother's garret! And now I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly, With its eyes open wide, and as blue As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute; I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop, dolly! what am I thinking? Why cannot I give you away? There's a poor little girl I love dearly, And she's only ten years today.

How happy your bright face would make her! She never had playthings like you, With all your fine dresses and trinkets. Yes, dolly, that's just what I'd do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying. "What nonsense, child!" grandma would say. Good-by, my sweet dolly, I'm half sorry That I am fifteen, dear, today.

Mary A. Denison in Harper's Young People.

An Interesting Trick.

Here is an interesting experiment for the young folks: If two threads are fixed to the edges of cardboard disks they can be rapidly rotated, so that the two sides are alternately seen in rapid succession. If a broad black band is drawn on one side and a similar one is drawn at right angles to it on the opposite side, on rotating the disk the appearance of a cross is seen. If on one side a bird and on the other a cage is drawn, when the disk is rapidly rotated the bird appears in the cage, etc.—New York Mail and Express.

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We will offer our entire stock, which is the largest in this region, at prices that will astonish you. Call early if you are looking for bargains as this sale will last

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During this time we will sell goods at prices lower than were ever before heard of.

In the Dry Goods department you can buy:

Handsome dress gingham-print calicoes, 6 cents per yard; reduced from 10 cents.

Apron gingham will be sold at 5 cents per yard. All the leading shades in double-width cashmere, which was sold at 15 cents is now going at 10 cents per yard.

As handsome an assortment of Scotch and zephyr dress gingham as you have ever seen, which we sold at 20 cents, will now go at 12½ cents per yard.

Sockwood, best sheeting, we will sell at 17½ cents per yard, reducing it from 25 cents.

Fifty different shades of Bedford cord, Manchester chevron and Henrietta cloth, which were sold at 45 cents, will now go at 25 cents per yard.

Hosiery department quotes the following:

Men's seamless socks, 5 cents per pair.

Boys' outing cloth waists, 15 cents each.

Men's outing cloth shirts, 20 cents each.

Ladies' ribbed summer vests, 4 for 25 cents.

Ladies' chemise, 25 cents.

We have just received an elegant line of ladies' shirt waists and will sell them from 35 cents upward.

Shoe department makes the following announcement:

We have just received a large consignment from the East, and have not yet had time to quote prices. But we will say that they will go at prices on which we defy competition. Call and examine them.

Clothing prices are marked as follows:

We are selling boys' 40-cent knee pants at 25 cents.

Men's \$1.25 pants are now going at 75 cents per pair.

Boys' blouse suits, 50 cents.

Men's \$6.00 suits reduced to \$3.00.

Men's Custom-made \$9.00 wood-brown cassimere suits reduced to \$5.00.

Men's absolutely fast-color blue suits at \$6.50; reduced from \$10.00.

We have lowest marks on all goods in our lines of

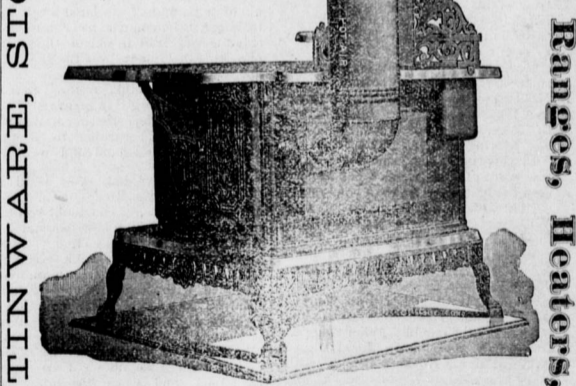
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