THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
at Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND WELL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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To persons residing outside the county subscribe for a year will be charged 50 cents additional per year will be charged to cover postage.
To clubs of four will the above terms be delivered. Those who don't consult their interests by paying in advance must not think it is the same for all. The terms are as above, and they will be distinctly understood by all who read the paper.
Look at the date on your paper before you stop it. If you owe anything the paper but a trifle, it will always do so with us. Delay is a costly way—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers. Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Young America Clothing House

is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST
—OF—
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
—AT THE—
BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE
OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE
GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW
that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!
THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!
A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

Men's Good Working Suit for	$ 2.75	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for	$10.00
Men's Warm Suit for $8.50, that others sell for $12.00.		A Man's Warm Coat for	1.50
Men's Fine Suit for $12.00, that others sell for $20.00.	4.00	Men's Warm Winter Pants for	75c.
Men's Warm Suit for	5.00	Men's Good Dress Pants for	50c.
Men's Fine Dress Suit for	7.00	A Man's Good Hat for	38c.
Men's Fine Business Suits for	9.00	A Man's Good Hat for	25c.
Men's Best Suit for $15.00, that others sell for $20.00.	12.00	A Boy's Good Hat for	25c.
Men's Best Dress Suit for	18.00	A Child's Suit, from 3 to 12 years, (the child, not the suit,) for	2.25
Men's Good Pants for	2.50	A Boy's Good Suit, from 3 to 12 years, (the boy, not the suit,) for	3.00
Men's Good Overcoat for	5.00	A Man's Suit of Underclothing for	40c.
Men's Best Overcoat for	8.00		

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING
before you examine the above priced Goods at the
Young America Clothing House,
Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,
ALTOONA, PA.
Sept. 26, 1879.—1m.

PLAIN FACTS!
TO THE PEOPLE OF
CAMBRIA AND ADJOINING COUNTIES!

We hereby respectfully inform you all that we have just opened an immense and elegant stock of

Gents' and Youths' Hats and Caps,
Shirts, Overalls, Underwear,

SUCH AS, and a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, in the sale of which we intend to specialize a saving of fifty (twenty-five per cent.) on our dollar, which will very compensate anyone for fare and other incidental expenses in visiting Altoona. Besides the above, we have other lines of Goods which we will make it worth your while to come to Altoona to see, because we place, as this is SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

B. COHN & CO., Opposite New B'ld'g Colonade (1307 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

INFORM YOUR NEIGHBORS OF THE GOOD NEWS AND

FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS FACTS

PLAIN FACTS!

SIX CORD
ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
Paris, 1878
AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876,
As being "Very STRONG, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD."
TRY IT
S.F.T.
ESTABLISHED 1826.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING
SIMPLES SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON
MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.
STUART & BROTHERS, AGENTS, NEW YORK
MEDALS AWARDED
PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON.
SOFT FINISH

State Normal School
Indiana, Pa.
Opening, the best of the kind in the United States.
Accommodations for 300 Boarders.
School rooms are all on one floor.
Departments—Normal, Classical, Commercial and Music.
The Fall term of 13 weeks will open on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879.
Expenses as low as those of any other school offering equal advantages and accommodations.
For catalogues, address
JOHN H. FRENCH, LL. D., PRINCIPAL.
Sept. 26, 1879.—1y.

St. Aloysius' Academy,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.
Under the Care of the Sisters of Mercy.
This beautifully situated Academy and Boarding School for Young Ladies will open its Twelfth Scholastic Year on the 1st Monday of September, and continue uninterruptedly of the recent yellow fever epidemic, to hold the foremost place among the Female Schools of the country, and to merit the patronage and confidence of the public, and guardians, most desirable to parents and guardians.
The next session will consist of 5 months, only $150, including board, washing, mending and the languages form no additional charge.
For catalogues address
THE SISTERS OF THE ACADEMY.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN
—ON THE SUBJECT OF—
Cheap Groceries!
By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to
F. P. CONFER'S
MODEL GROCERY STORE!
1324 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,
And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in this city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but who and does sell at prices fully as cheap (some a little cheaper) than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what establishment they offer.
Be Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house.
F. P. CONFER.
Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

PAMPHLET for advertising, 100 pages, 10c. S. P. Rowell & Co., N. Y.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. $77 Outfit free. Shaw & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Assignee's Sale

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate!

BY virtue of an alias order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., discharged of all liens, the following described real estate, to wit:

ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND

Situate in the East ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., beginning at a post on Centre street; thence east 264 feet to a post, corner of lot conveyed to George Wilson, now Thomas J. Davis; thence by an alley, north 60 feet, to a post on Crawford street; thence by said street, west 264 feet, to a post on Centre street; thence by said street, south 60 feet, to the place of beginning—having thereon erected a two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, FRAME STABLE, and OUTBUILDINGS. Also,

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

Situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., beginning at a post in the line of Thos. Griffith's land; thence by said line, south 48 perches, to a post; thence by land of John F. Tibbott, 64 perches, to a corner; thence by land formerly Evan D. Evans and Hugh Jones, dec'd, north 38 perches, to a post; thence by land of A. A. Barker, east 64 perches, to the place of beginning—containing **19 Acres** and **32 Perches**, be the same more or less; all of which are cleared and in a good condition. This piece of ground lies a short distance south of the borough line and is known as the "Harris Farm."

TERMS OF SALE.

One third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, to be secured by bond and mortgage, or judgment notes, of the purchaser.

ABEL LLOYD,
Assignee of Isaac Crawford.

Sept. 26, 1879—3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

Situate in Stonycreek township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Patrick Coney, James McGough, Wm. Sisney, and others, containing **90 Acres**, more or less, about 70 Acres being cleared, and having thereon erected a two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, a FRAME BANK BARN, and all the necessary outbuildings, all in good repair. There is an orchard of select fruit on said farm, containing about 300 apple trees, as well as peach, plum and cherry trees. There is also good water near the door, and a school house on the adjoining farm. This is one of the best farms in Stonycreek township.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

HENRY WALTERS,
Assignee of David Sisney.

Also, at the same time and place, I will offer for sale a lot of wheat, oats, corn and buckwheat by the bushel, and hay and straw by the ton. Terms of sale of personal property made known on the day of sale.

HENRY WALTERS, Assignee, &c.

Summerhill Twp., Sept. 26, 1879-3t.

Assignee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

BY virtue of an alias order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises, in the borough of Williamsburg, said county, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., discharged of all liens, the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain Piece of Ground

Situate in the said borough of Williamsburg, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the west by the street (Vine street being now known on both plot as Walnut street), adjoining Phillipsburg on the east, and lot of Jacob Kepner, formerly Lutz, on the south, on the north, known and town plot as lot number twenty (20), and having thereon erected a two story

Frame Dwelling House and Large Store Room.

Also, this is a desirable property for any one wishing to engage in the business of merchandising.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage, or judgment notes, of the purchaser.

ALVIN EVANS,
Assignee of P. J. Wolfskagle.

Sept. 26, 1879.—3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY.

BY virtue of a precept or order of sale, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, I will offer at public sale or outcry on the premises, on

Wednesday, October 22d, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described lot of ground, with the buildings, etc., thereon erected, to wit:

ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND

Situate in the Borough of Carrolltown, County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, fronting 50 feet on Main street, bounded on the north by lot of Joseph Zerfoss, on the south by lot of Mrs. Mary Kaylor, and extending back to Church street on the south, having thereon erected a two-story FRAME FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, with CABINET SHOP attached, a FRAME STABLE, &c., now in the occupancy of Adam J. Stoltz.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

JULIUS STICH,
Assignee of A. J. Stoltz.

Carrolltown, Sept. 26, 1879—4t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, at the house of Geo. Walters, in White township, on

SATURDAY, October 11th, 1879,

At 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, of which J. S. Waltrus died seized, to wit:

No. 1.—A THIRD OF A PARCEL OF LAND situate in the township of White, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Geo. Walters, Perry Tirrell, William H. Gates, and others, containing **145 Acres**, more or less, about 40 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story BRICK HOUSE and a FRAME BARN.

No. 2.—The one undivided third of a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in the township and county aforesaid, adjoining lands of Joel Gates, Nathan Gates, and others, containing **118 Acres**, more or less, about 30 Acres cleared, having thereon erected two *Log Houses* and a *Log Barn*.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bond of the purchaser.

JOHN C. GATES,
Administrator of J. S. Waltrus, dec'd.

Sept. 12, 1879.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County: In the matter of the account of L. A. Craver, Trustee to sell the real estate of Ludwig Craver, deceased.

And now, Sept. 8, 1879, on motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., the said court appointed Chas. L. Dick an Auditor to hear and decide upon exception and report distribution.

J. G. LAKE, Clerk O. C.

I will sit for the purpose of the above recited appointment, at the office of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., in the borough of Ebensburg, on *Thursday, October 23, 1879*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., where and when all parties interested or may claim a share of the fund are hereby notified to come in and prove their claims, or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

CHAS. L. DICK, Auditor.

Sept. 19, 1879.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Luke Durbin, Administrator of Patrick Dunegan, late of Cresson township, deceased.

And now, Sept. 8th, 1879, on motion of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., A. V. Barker appointed Auditor to report distribution, etc. Extract from the records.

J. G. LAKE, Clerk O. C.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, Oct. 24th, 1879*, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

A. V. BARKER, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1879.—3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN ELDER, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of John Elder, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them in legal shape for settlement.

JAMES RYDER,
GEORGE GALLAGHER, } Executors.

Sept. 12, 1879—6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MARY HOBART, deceased.

Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Hobart, late of Chest Springs borough, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

T. O'LEARY, Executor.

Chest Springs, Sept. 5, 1879—6t.

A MASQUERADE.

"She is far from fascinating," declared Lucia, as she and her sister discussed the events of the day, a few weeks after Miss Lovell's appearance at the Orchard Farm. "An aquiline nose is a defect in any woman's face; it looks strong minded."

"And that black silk dress of hers has been turned, too. I saw the old stitches," yawned Essie. "What do you think of her singing?"

"Guy seems to hang upon her numbers."

"She's a novelty."

Fascinating or otherwise, the gentlemen at the house seemed to rally about Miss Lovell to the no small discomfiture of the Misses Thornton. Her very indifference lent a charm; and even the turned silk failed to disgust them, or the fact that she was suspected of earning her own living. There was a picnic to the recesses of the Pine Woods one day, when other expedients for killing time had been nearly exhausted, planned and carried out by Miss Lucia and her sister.

"And where is our charming Miss Lovell?" asked Duchene, an attache of one of the legations, whom Lucia had contrived to attach to her party.

"I don't know," returned Lucia.

"Is not Miss Lovell here?" demanded Guy, "and why is she not?"

"Don't annihilate us, Guy! What is Hecuba to you?"

"I will return for Miss Lovell," said Duchene, not comprehending the situation.

"I will fetch her myself," threatened Guy, hurrying away. But he did not return. Miss Lovell had no mind to accept an invitation at the eleventh hour; she was busy sketching. Would she not give him a lesson in the art? And whether or no, there he stayed beside her till the sunset dyed the sea with the hues of a shell. No end of banter followed when the party returned from the woods.

"This is the way Mr. Thornton does his picnicking?" questioned Duchene. "Don't you know," addressing Miss Lovell, "that they used to burn women for witchcraft?"

"Neither did the men escape."

"These Thorntons are a proud family," he pursued. "They think themselves the cream of society and the rest of the world but skim-milk."

"And I represent bonny-clabber, perhaps."

"They are a haughty race; whoever is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth is beneath notice—except for amusement."

"You seem to have studied the Thortons."

"They interest me with their contempt for work: I wonder nobody asks if the mall that lay in the house that Jack built was not furnished by their grandfather's brewery."

"You are too bitter, Mr. Duchene—bitter as beer. And Mr. Thornton, does he share their contempt?"

"I have not heard; but he is a Thornton."

"Miss Lucia thinks your lecture is long. She is in doubt about the text. I believe you engaged her for this waltz?" They were having some informal dancing in the parlors that night.

One evening in August, Miss Lovell, having spent a dull day in-doors, threw open her blinds, and felt it a waste of the season to remain under a roof. The universe seemed too narrow to hold her, and throwing on a cloak which enveloped her, folding a black veil across her yellow hair, and fastening the hood of her wrap beneath her chin, she stole out. Presently, as she sat in the shadow of a great rock, a boat put in, and Duchene helped Miss Lucia ashore and strolled away, while Guy planted an oar in the sand, and Essie crouched beside him.

"You will take cold," said Guy. "We must go in."

"You wouldn't be in such haste if I were Miss Lovell. I don't know where you get your plebian tastes, everybody is laughing at your devotion."

"Let those laugh who win," returned Guy. "*Le roi s'amuse.*"

Miss Lovell had left her seat at mention of her name, and loitered along the beach, stooping to gather a shell or bit of some wreck as she went.

"What old witch is that?" asked Essie as she passed them.

"It looks like a fisherman gathering drift to boil her pot;" but having decoyed Essie in doors, he flew back to the sand.

"The step betrays the goddess," overtaking her.

I hoped to pass for a fisherman."

"You! To complete the disguise, let me take you in my boat."

"With all my heart. *Le roi s'amuse,*" she reflected; "but he allows another to share his amusement." And directly they were floating through a drift of stars, mingling jest and sentiment; slipping past the lighthouse, beyond the spits of sand, with breakers creaming about them, till the beach lights were but sparks against the darkness, past stretches of meadows, and the lonesome wharves of the town. "Mr. Thornton," she cried, waking from the spell, as steeples and chimneys stood revealed "what is this?"

"This is Bagdad. Our boat has been propelled by afrites. I am the necromancer who has annihilated time and space. Shall we keep on up the river, and join the caravan for Aleppo and Damascus?"

"Do let us return; it must be so late. There are no lights in your Bagdad."

"The Caliph prohibits them after 9 p. m. Besides, gas and kerosene haven't come to light yet. My dear Miss Lovell, the tide is against and the wind is not with us. Even a necromancer may err. You have made it dangerously pleasant. I did not dream of the hour. Halloo, there!" he shouted, under the bow of a brig. "I will give any man his price who will help me row back to the beach." And presently two stout sailors swung themselves into the boat. When Miss Lovell and Mr. Thornton walked up to the Orchard Farm, the sun was rising.

"Oh, Guy," cried Essie, coming forward, "we have been so alarmed! The servant said your room had not been occupied, and—"

"You were beginning to wonder if black would become you, eh?"

"*Le roi s'amuse,*" she said significantly. Guy's brow darkened.

"You are mistaken," he returned.

Miss Lovell had a nervous headache, and did not appear again till twilight.

"It has been the longest day in the year," he said, "in spite of the calendar."

"You were up so early."

"You are down so late. Come unto these yellow sands." A dense fog was blowing in shore. "Speaking of love, Miss Lovell," he said, after a dozen topics had been lightly touched and abandoned, "do you think it is of such a slow growth that if one should confess he loved you after a few weeks' intimacy you would doubt him?"

"I don't know."

"Miss Lovell, will you take me for better or worse?"

"Mr. Thornton!"

"You *do* love me, you do care for me," boldly; and Guy's arm was about to inclose her, his lids were bent to her cheek, when a voice out of the fog asked, "Is it private theatricals? Have we intruded behind the scenes?" as Lucia and Duchene drew nearer. "Cousin Guy, there are letters for you and a telegram at the house;" and while he went for the mail in the convoy of his cousin and her escort, Miss Lovell escaped to her room. The telegram proved an urgent summons, and Guy was obliged to leave by the earliest stage next morning. As Miss Lovell, unaware of this fact, was asleep at that hour, he slipped a note of explanation and asservation under her door as he passed down; but the wind blowing through her open window swept it back into the hall, and when Essie tripped by to breakfast it lay in her path. "Miss Lovell," she read, "and Cousin Guy's handwriting," and she carried it to her room, lighted a taper and let it shrivel in the flame. That evening, as Miss Lovell lingered on the veranda, Miss Essie brushed by her and turned, "You are not, perhaps, aware," she said, in an undertone, "that Mr. Thornton is already engaged—has been engaged for years. He has not told you of course—what man ever tells such things when he amuses himself?"

"Yes?" rejoined Miss Lovell, "and I am engaged to marry myself—since some time."

"A *bonne bouche* to write Guy," tho't Essie; "I will put it in a postscript as an afterthought." It was not strange if Miss Lovell became sadly disturbed at Guy's departure without a word, and at his subsequent silence. She could not question his cousins; and as day after day passed without a syllable in explanation, she decided that he had been merely passing the time, as people will at the beach; that it was no true affection, but a will-o-the-wisp which she had mistaken for a reality. Guy, in his turn, was both hurt and angry that she paid no heed to his farewell note; but he had no time to upbraid her, and then come Essie's postscript.

Another letter arrived for Guy in the same mail—a letter from the woman to whom he had been engaged for years:

"MY DEAR MR. THORNTON" (it ran) —"Your last letter was received in May. I returned from Europe early in June, but did not notify you, because I have been revolving a certain matter in my mind, and find that it will be impossible for us to fulfill the engagement which was brought about by our parents. It is out of the question that you who knew me as a mere child seven years ago—have you met me once in that time?—can love me. You used to say that my straight nose was my only beauty, and I was thrown out from a carriage when I scared and it is now an aquiline feature—not bad for an aquiline, either. I am confident you would sacrifice yourself rather than to disobey the dead, who have mortaged us to each other, so to speak; and I feel obliged to take the initiative and declare our engagement null and void. I have gifted myself with a husband and have several pupils; and during the enjoyment of my grandfather's estate I have saved enough for a rainy day. Do not attempt to see me or to change my resolve, which is unchangeable. Sincerely,

"JULIETTE L. CAVENDISH."

Guy had not been a deliberate villain in this transaction. Miss Lovell had won his heart before he dreamed of danger; and as for Juliette Cavendish, she was a hobbledehoy school-girl of thirteen when he saw her seven years before—shy, nervous and awkward, with ellocks of tow-colored hair. Her grandfather and Guy's father had been sworn friends, in spite of the disparity in years; and it had been their hobby to unite the family fortunes. If Guy and Juliette failed to marry they forfeited their inheritance. Happily for Guy, he had received a legacy from his mother's family unencumbered by ugly conditions; but he had always supposed he should carry out his father's will and marry Miss Cavendish finally, and they had kept up an irregular correspondence during her sojourn in Europe.

"A strange affair," he thought. "Can she have fallen in love? I feel to blame as if I ought to have taken pains to love her. A snarl always ensues when the dead dictate to the living." At least he was free to marry Miss Lovell; but had not Miss Essie just notified him of a long engagement? He hastened to write Miss Lovell a letter full of bitter reproaches and angry love; but she had bidden adieu to the Orchard Farm before it arrived there, and had left no address, having abandoned hope at the same date; and the poor love-letter, with all its angry protestations, was laid on the shelf, and Guy was obliged to own in his heart that he had been deceived and misled. At about this time he began to wonder what manner of woman Miss Cavendish might be; if she had really a lover; and if not, what had prompted the sacrifice. What but a noble sincerity? After all, why should he hesitate to fulfill his father's will, and unite the fortunes of Cavendish and Thornton? Might she not be taught to love him? He was wise enough to know that his account with love was not closed because one woman had proved untrue. As she had given no address, he called first upon her lawyer as the most likely person to know her whereabouts.

"Miss Cavendish," said the gentleman, "was at the seashore quite lately, by the doctor's orders—a slight difficulty of the throat. Had some crotchet about earning her daily bread, and has been practicing her voice too steadily. Women who can afford to be idle are always hankering for a vocation. Her relatives made such an ado about a Cavendish working that she has cut adrift from them. They made her life a burden. You'd better call in the evening; she has pupils all day. She's in earnest about not marrying, perhaps you know? Perhaps she'll change her mind when she sees you," laughed Mr. Small. "Oh, by-the-way," he called after Guy, "I'm growing absent minded—it's age; don't grow old, sir; it's a bad habit. To spare the feelings of her high and mighty relatives, Miss Cavendish has assumed her mother's maiden name, Lovell—ask for Miss Juliette Lovell."

"Miss Lovell?" gasped Guy. "What does she mean by keeping up such a masquerade with me?"

"You had better go and ask her."

And Guy obeyed.

"I was at the beach for my health." Miss Cavendish explained, later, after some preliminaries had passed. "I could not afford to lose my voice, but I never dreamed of meeting you there. Afterwards I thought perhaps you might grow to like me, if nobody obliged you to do so. I had taken my mother's name, not to deceive you, but because my father's family felt annoyed when I entered the ranks of the laborers. I must either marry you or work. When you asked me to take you for better or worse, I was afraid it was pity instead of love because people were cool to me after our journey to Bagdad, and I hadn't time to confess my secret. I went down next morning to surprise you with it, but you had left without a word. I supposed you had been amusing yourself, as your cousins said; that you could never have loved me under any circumstances; and then I decided you should never know that Miss Lovell was Miss Cavendish, disguised by seven years of Europe and an aquiline noise. So I wrote that letter of dismissal, if you please."

"And, after all, we lose our hearts and keep our commandments, my dear Juliette! What will Cousin Essie say when she hears that Miss Lovell and I have been destined for each other from the beginning."—*Harper's Bazar.*

How a Candidate for Governor of Missouri Conducts his Canvass.

While Colonel Allen was discussing national finances on the hotel piazza Colonel Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circulated among the crowd. He wore a delicate white-duck suit, blue necktie and patent-leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all female eyes on the premises. Colonel Tom, with an eye to business, began ogling the babies.

"O, you sweet little darling," said Colonel Tom, addressing a fuzzy, popeyed child that lolled lazily in its mother's arms under one of the trees; "how old is it, ma'am?"

"Four months, sir," said the fond mother.

"A little girl, hey?" said Colonel Tom.

"No, a boy," replied the mother.

"Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely I detect the strong, manly features of a boy," the Colonel hastened to say. "Please, may I kiss the little cherub?"

Colonel Tom shut his eyes and exploded an osculatory sound on the fuzzy face, and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry.

"He is such a beautiful child," murmured Colonel Tom, "such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, such a wealth of complexion, such a sweet, tranquil expression."

"La me, you don't really think so, do you?" simpered the flattered mother.

"I never saw a sweeter little cherub," said Colonel Tom; "I believe I'll have to kiss him again."

Having gone through a second osculatory martyrdom, Colonel Tom assumed a seraphic look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart—and got right down to business.

"I'm a candidate for Governor," said he, "and nothing would give me greater joy than to feel assured that I had the support of the father of the sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw!"

The flattered mother gave up the fuzzy boy with profuse apologies about its not being well-dressed, etc.; hoped it would not trouble the gentleman, etc.; glad to know he admired it so much, etc.

The fuzzy baby writhed and squirmed and grew red in the face, and wrinkled itself all up, and then lay calm and composed in Colonel Tom's strong right arm.

"The little precious!" cried Colonel Tom. "You'll tell his father how much I thought of his little cherub, won't you, ma'am? And you'll tell him I'm a candidate for Governor, eh, ma'am?"

The poor woman's face dropped and big salt tears came into her eyes.

"O, sir," she said, "you don't know what you ask. My poor husband died two months ago."

There was a far-off look in Col. Tom Crittenden's golden-glinted eyes as he gently but firmly dumped that fuzzy baby on the bereaved woman's lap and walked straight back to the platform and replaced himself on a bench.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The first Chinamen arrived in San Francisco in 1847, and lost no time in joining the throng of gold-hunters who had gone into the mountains. He found enough of the yellow dross to delight his almond-shaped eyes, and stir a fever in his Mongolian blood. The year following, he wrote to some friends in the Flowery Kingdom of his auriferous luck, and the excitement was as great as it could be among the reposeful Celestials. They began coming to our shores, and in three years some 4,000 had entered the Golden Gate, of which more than one-half tarried in the California metropolis. Then the first Six Companies was organized, with a view to controlling the immigration of their countrymen and making it profitable to those of their number who had already settled in the new land. In less than ten years the Chinese population had appropriated an area of some thirty acres of that city, a good part of which had been originally devoted to fine residences, churches and hotels. That quarter, now known as Chinatown, contains at present about 30,000 Mongolians, or nearly one-fifth of the whole number in the United States. Of these, only some 2,000 are women, or one to fifteen men, a disproportion that has put a premium on Chinese women, and produced a condition of society entirely phenomenal in the Republic. The denizens of Chinatown are not remarkable for versatility, at least so far as their callings are indicative. More than 15,000 are servants, cigar-makers, or sewers of clothing, and many are laundrymen.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ICE CREAM.—Ices and sherbets for table use were not perfected till towards the middle of the seventeenth century by the Italians. In 1660 Procope Cultelli came and established himself at Paris, rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, opposite the old Comedia Francaise. He sold iced fruits, ice creams flavored with coffee, chocolate, vanilla, etc. The usage began to spread in Paris and the provinces, and limonadiers and traiteurs used to put on their doors—*Ici on glace.* Vatel, the father of the culinary artists, introduced it on the table of the victor of Rocroi. It was the day when Conde recieved Louis XIV at Chantilly. The supper was laid on twenty-five tables. Towards the end of the feast an egg, apparently newly laid, but of different colors, some red, some green, some yellow appeared. The astonishment was general, but the delight was equally general when it was found this egg was an ice.—*The Parisian.*

STORIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

DANIEL DREW, SUBSTITUTE, CATTLE DRIVER, STOCK SPECULATOR, METHODIST AND BANKRUPT.

The following extracts are from New York papers:

For forty years Daniel Drew was the most grotesque figure in Wall street. He was in middle life when he gave the "boys" his first "pints" on "sheers." When a raw country lad he began to drive cattle from his native village to the New York market, and subsequently opened a stock-yard, kept a tavern and made a fortune in the steamboat business. Shrewd and illiterate, reckless and timid, good-natured and unscrupulous, sometimes generous and always treacherous, he made from five to fifteen millions out of friend and foe, only to lose them all and die a bankrupt. If Hogarth could have lived in Wall st., during the past forty years, "Uncle Dan'l," with seamed face and twinkling eyes, with the stealthy tread of a cat and the bland air of a country deacon, would have been the centre figure in his cartoons.

He was in his seventeenth year—the same age at which Cornelius Vanderbilt borrowed $100 of his mother, bought a boat and began to ferry marketmen from Staten Island to the Battery. Daniel Drew did not borrow his small capital; he earned it by enlisting as a substitute in the State militia, which had been called into service. The regiment was called to Fort Gansevoort, on the Hudson river opposite New York. About three months after his enlistment hostilities ceased between the United States and Great Britain, and the regiment was mustered out.

"I want my substitute money, mother," said he, one morning after his return to the farm. "I am going to buy cattle and sell them in New York."

"Are you sure you will not lose money by it?" Mrs. Drew was as sagacious and cautious as the mother whom Commodore Vanderbilt delighted to honor all his life long.

"I am sure I shall make money."

He did make money from the start, but he had to work terribly hard for it. He was in the saddle day and night, purchasing cattle in Putnam and Dutchess counties and driving them to the city after nightfall. He was an excellent judge of cattle and a shrewd buyer. When his competitors began to multiply and cut down his profits he enlarged his field of operations by making Ohio a base of supply. He needed capital, and he had no securities to offer for loans. He went to Henry Astor, John Jacob Astor's brother, the Fulton Market butcher, who had recently retired from business. "I'll take the risk," said the capitalist, after the plan had been unfolded. It seemed to be a foolhardy, crack-brained scheme. It took nearly sixty days to drive cattle from Ohio across the Allegheny mountains to New York. Out of a drove of 800 head, 200 or 300 would frequently be lost on the way in the forests and mountain fastnesses. Cattle, however, were exceedingly cheap in the Ohio valley, and Drew's profits were so large that he was able in a few years to repay the borrowed money and to extend his operations to Kentucky and Illinois. He is said to have been the first man to drive cattle over the Allegheny mountains.

A newspaper correspondent who visited him soon after the bankruptcy proceedings were announced, found him exceedingly communicative. "I had been wonderfully blessed in money-making," he remarked. "I got to be a millionaire afore I know'd it, hardly. I was always pretty lucky till lately and I didn't think I could ever lose very extensively. I was ambitious to make a great fortune like Vanderbilt and I tried every way I knew, but got caught at last. Besides that, I like the excitement of making money and giving it away. I have given a good deal of money away and am glad of it. So much has been saved anyhow. Wall street was a great place for money making and I couldn't give up the business when I ought to have done so. Now I see plainly what ought to have been done. I ought to have left this street eight or ten years ago and paid up what I owed. When I gave $100,000 to this institution and that I ought to have paid the money. And I ought to have provided for my children by giving them enough to have made 'em rich for life. Instead of that I gave my notes and only paid the interest on 'em, thinking I could do better with the principal myself. One of the hardest things I've had to bear has been the fact that I couldn't continue to pay the interest on the notes I gave to the schools and churches."

During the last year or two Mr. Drew spent considerable part of his time in the city. Mr. Drew was, perhaps, the oldest looking man on Wall street. His eyes never lost their fire, but his face was seamed and scraggy. Some of the veterans say that he used to drive down to his office in a one-horse chaise, looking for all the world like a country minister. He dressed plainly, if not shabbily. His wardrobe is valued in the bankruptcy schedule at $100, exclusive of a great sealskin overcoat, worth $150. Even as a millionaire he had the tastes and habits of a drover. His airy, sedate manner seldom varied. Stock speculators were "the boys," and the victim who came to him for "pints on some sheers" was "my son." He talked with a nasal twang, like a countryman. "Stop speckerlatin', don't tech Erie with no margin," was the consoling remark which, if rumor may be trusted, he made to some Methodist brethren who had taken "pints" and