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

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT!

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Per year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞Do not ask us to put your paper before you stop it. If you do so, you will be charged for it until you do so. None but scalawags do this—don't be a scalawag—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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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose invoices will be inserted at the following low rates:

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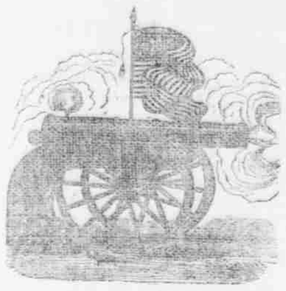
JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



For Barkers Another Big Boom!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,

THE BOOM IS DOWNWARD

INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

SPECIAL LOW PRICES
TO SUIT THE TIMES!

In addition to all else we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we should lose money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,
Men's Heavy Shoes,
And MISSES', YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

to close them out, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the fall stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!

These goods are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special prices we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES

than any house engaged in the same business. We are counsel of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes when you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which all should be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than they are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only purpose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,

which has already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our store the place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably be within your reach to have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO,
SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,

which we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to these extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have the largest, most select and certainly the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!

Boys, Youths and men are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wearing apparel for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at any other establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

V. S. Barker & Brother,
EBENSBURG, PA.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SPRING GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

Notwithstanding our looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of a change for the better, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Among my stock may be found a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, and all Goods, &c., &c.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which is one of the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

As my business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional warehouse, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and bargains, I am still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially those from the country, to whom the highest price in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their teams. Thanking all my past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

A welcome is now extended by the proprietor to every resident of the PENNSYLVANIA to call and examine his goods, which for variety, quality and cheapness, will bear the unenviable palm, which any person, who positively is cured by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is because I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and I find it better to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other no-school in Cambria County may wish for this, however, but more and see for yourselves.

Carrolltown, May 21, 1880.—tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.

AN OHIO REPUBLICAN'S TRIBUTE.

Ohio newspapers are publishing this poem, which they say was written by Mr. George T. Townsend, Chairman of the Trumbull County Republican Central Committee, and first published on April 21, 1873, in the *Western Reserve Chronicle*, a staunch Republican newspaper:

Ah! Jamie, lad, sic' news I hear,
Sic' Democratic taunt an' sneer—
They en' thee names that grate the ear,
Like villain, thief,
Whilst down my heard tear chases tear,
Wi' very grief.

In days gone by, wi' muckle pride,
Wi' holy speech an' pious stride,
I've seen ye rank it, side by side,
Wi' godly men;
An' fame was peddlin', far an' wide,
Your praises then.

An' when upo' the battle-field,
Your kintra's sword ye deign'd to wield,
Wha' expecting hatter'd shield
And broken spear,
Ere ye an inch o' gr'und wad yield
For love or fear.

An' when, again, wi' loud huzzas,
We sent ye off to mak' our laws,
An' show yourself i' Congress ha's,
We tho't, I'sooth,
Ye was as firm as granite wa's
For Right an' Truth.

Like Atlas, wi' his pond'rous load,
Thro' legislative ha's ye strode,
While, seeming, on your shoulders broad,
The nation lay;
An' weel an' wise stood at your nod,
To go or stay.

But when ye tried wi' a' ye might
To make resolution's thunders right,
An' nooks deserving hatters tight,
Ye sought to clear,
We saw things in a different light
Awa' up here.

An' then, again, we'd cause to fear
That golden monster, Mobilier;
That gulf'd so mony, there and here,
Like any possess'd,
Till doubts arose, if ye was clear,
Or like the rest.

But when we saw the treasury door,
An' jist about the shinin' ore,
Wi, horse-leech greed, demandin' more,
Ye could no stop;
But grip'd the gold an' drap'd your pow'r—
A wosin' swap.

Ah! Jamie, 'twas a luckless day
When ye made up your min' to stray,
Frae honest paths so far away,
An' clutch wi' greed
That cursed retrospective pay,
Like ane in need.

Now tak' a frien's advice, keep calm,
Gie the right side of Uncle Sam,
An' ask a mission to Siam,
Or some sic' corner,
Absence frae hame may prove a balm
For wounds of honor.

She fare ye weel, the Lord be wi' you,
An' truckle comfort may be gie you,
An' free the greed o' Mammon free you;
An' i' the en',
Frae Satan's clutches safely see you.
Amen! Amen!

"HANCOCK AND IRISH."

GARFIELD'S RECORD ON THE SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND QUESTION.

"Hancock and Irish would have had a better show," says one of our Garfield contemporaries. Acting upon the suggestion, an energetic Democratic truth seeker has been looking into the record of the Republican nominee on the Irish question, and the investigation proves most fruitful. We do not believe there lives in all the land a single Irishman who has in his heart a single spark of love for the dear old Emerald Isle, or hopes to enjoy liberty in the land of his adoption, who can extend his support to the cause of a man who has officially placed himself upon the record as destitute of sympathy for Ireland. On the 8th of March, 1867, at the first session of the Fortieth Congress, the following proceedings were had in the house [See volume 77, *Congressional Globe*, pages 23-26:] Mr. Wood, Democrat, from New York, asked unanimous consent to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That this house extends its sympathy to the people of Ireland in their pending struggle for constitutional liberty. If the despotic governments of Europe shall be allowed to establish monarchical institutions in America, so should the United States foster and promote the extension of Republican institutions in Europe.

Mr. Broomall (Radical)—I object.

Mr. Wood—I move to suspend the rules to enable me to offer the resolution.

Mr. Eldridge—Upon that motion I demand the yeas and nays.

Mr. Stevens (Thaddeus)—Would it be in order to move to refer this resolution to a committee?

The Speaker—It would not. The motion is to suspend the rules to enable the resolution to be considered.

The question was taken, and there were yeas, 104; nays, 14; not voting, 42. Among those fourteen negative votes—all Radicals but one—appears the name of James A. Garfield.

In order to prevent a vote on the resolution the following step was taken:

Mr. Banks—I now move that the resolution of the gentleman from New York be referred to the committee on foreign affairs when appointed.

Upon the call of the yeas and nays Mr. James A. Garfield voted in the affirmative. Out of the ninety-seven votes thus cast to prevent a consideration of the question, every vote, except one, was Radical. Of the forty votes cast in opposition to referring the resolution to a committee, thirty votes were Democratic and ten Radical.

On the 27th of March, 1867, Mr. Banks, from the committee on foreign affairs, reported the following resolution [p. 392, same volume of the *Globe*:]

Resolved, That this house extend its sympathy to the people of Ireland and of Canada in all their just efforts to maintain the independence of states, to elevate the people, and to extend and perpetuate the principles of liberty.

Whereupon Mr. Washburne—Radical, of Wisconsin—offered an amendment discouraging Fenianism, which was lost; Mr. Garfield not voting.

The resolution offered by Mr. Banks was passed without a call for the yeas and nays, and that notwithstanding the eloquent protest of Messrs. Wood and Eldridge, Democrats, who were opposed to the evasiveness of the resolution.

It would be well for every Irish voter to read the remarks of these gentlemen, as they appear on pages 393 and 394 of the *Globe*. They will no longer be in a position of doubt as to whether their friends are to be found in the Republican ranks. KILLARNEY.

Washington, D. C., July 12.

THE New York *Tribune* describes General Garfield as "the hero of Chickamauga." It is not very clear whether the *Tribune* means that we should have been beaten worse or not so badly if General Garfield had not been present on that melancholy occasion. In point of fact General Garfield's name is not mentioned in any official report or history of the battle which was issued before Gen. Garfield's nomination, except in an entirely incidental manner, or in the orders signed by himself as chief of staff to Rosecrans. General Rosecrans himself, it is interesting to remark, is in favor of the election of General Hancock, and not of the election of the hero of Chickamauga.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall, handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone:

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming, and has invited herself here without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

"She will reach here this afternoon. Wilbur, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said, gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother. "You have not seen her for fourteen years. I never visited the detestable old farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness while we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and I cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome among her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thought, it would have been—"Fred is so odd! Just like his father." But she only said—

"I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that all her other children were like herself. "Every one a 'Greer' except Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the blood of "Gorham, pere," was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer beauty was a cold, hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded—did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son who was "all Gorham" was proud to the core with the pride that knows no false shame; that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing—she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilber's, he had no fashionable affectations and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him coarse and rough, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all. But outside the home, where a great show of wealth was made by many private economies Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting house, thus becoming self-supporting. Darling Wilber had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she seemed proud and cold in manner was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham; and Lucilla, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of "Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner."

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt, straightforward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself away from any suspicion of fortune hunting—that only drooped and mourned thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock Fred was at the station, waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little, old-fashioned figure she was, in her quaint black bonnet and large-figured shawl. But Fred knew her kind old face at once, though he had not seen her since he was twelve years old.

"You are aunt?" he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face and caught a quick, gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," she said. "How like you are to your father."

"I am Fred," he answered.

"Dear heart! How you have grown! Is your mother here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the bandbox, the great bulging cotton umbrella, and put them in the carriage. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long journey, and sympathized with the "Ruination of every mortal stitch I've got on, dear, with the dust and smoke."

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide farm where Sabina lived.

"You see," she said, "I made up my mind this year I would come to see you all once more before I died. I have tried it before now, dear, but something or mither allers hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot o' babies last time John brought you to see me."

"Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilber is the only one older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear, I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children."

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand, I think she would have returned to the station in the same carriage she came, so wounded and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right before all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hands of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, and promising another if she was very attentive, he himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often that the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shameful acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother; but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheeks of the worldly woman.

It was not a very busy season, and finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairymaid, and a city necktie for Bob, the hired man, were purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunty herself, and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid the promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park and took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they had thought "this queer old party is some rich relative, Gorham is so attentive," and had delighted Sabina by their deferential attention.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she gave her admirers. A great lump came in Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the little old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham—Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty. After they came down the steps, Miss Caldwell said—

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but will be pleased, if Miss Gorham will dine with me, to have you call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

"He is a very prince of men," she thought, "and I will give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul! she has such eyes as my dear old grandmother has."

Then she won Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed. Then she drove her home and bro't her in the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret and knew that he had won her love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying with her no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Sabina's farmhouse; and Fred did not know it until he came too, after she was gone, and had his share of listening to loving commendations of one he loved. He wore the necktie and made himself so much at home, that Sabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both and lose you!" she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered, and so consoled her.

But alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady—and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips, or the blue eyes closed forever. But the will the old lady left gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham"—the farm and farmhouse. It was apparently no great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old fashioned treasures she touched, all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy, flourishing town around the site of the old farm. Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles large sums of money—the rents of stately buildings.

"Made his money, sir, by speculation," you will be told, if you inquire as to his source of income. "Fortunate purchases of ground before the town was thought of."

But I tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

ABDUCTING A CALF.—Recently two of Mr. Duffy's neighbors determined to abduct a pet calf belonging to that gentleman and Mr. Duffy became aware of their scheme. Therefore he quietly removed the calf from the box stall in which it was confined and in place of it introduced a goat of the Wm. gender and of a very vicious disposition. He also fixed a spring on the door of the stall, that would cause it to close unless held open and he also attached to the door a spring-lock that would fasten, and could only be unfastened from the outside. Then he went to bed but not to sleep. It was at the witching hour of midnight that the two marauders entered Mr. Duffy's barn. They had examined the premises the day before and knew exactly where to go. Each of them carried a carried a dark lantern. They entered the stall and the door closed behind them. Everything was still. One of them opened the slide to his lantern. Then there was a clatter of hoofs and the man with the lantern found himself piled up in a corner, very much surprised. He thought it was the queerest calf he ever had met. Then the other man opened the slide to his lantern to see what the matter was and the next instant the breath went out of him with a "yah" that made the listening Duffy laugh all over. Then all was still again except the faint profanity of the men, and finally the man who was hit first recovered enough to paw around and find his lantern. It was extinguished, but he got out a match and lighted it again. Then he turned the bull's eye toward the goat and he went into the corner again. The goat's blood then being aroused, he didn't wait for further lights, but began to butt around promiscuously, and the robbers concluded it was time to get out. But that didn't prove so easily done. Then they began to yell for help and Mr. Duffy could tell when the goat hit them because instead of yelling "help!" they cried: "O!" and after he had laughed till his sides ached, he went and let them out on condition that they wouldn't try to carry off the goat, and when they stepped out of the barn, he jumped and stamped and yelled that the goat was after them and they screamed "murder" and ran three miles down the road before they stopped for breath. Duffy still keeps the calf.—*Boston Post.*

WHAT CUPID SAID.

Said Cupid to me, "Come hither and see
The lady in ringlets as bright, boy,"
Said I, with a nod to the knowing young god,
"She puts them in paper at night, boy."
"But," said Cupid to me, "did you ever see
On any girl's cheek such a red bloom?"
Said I, "Half a score, but don't mention it more,
She's a small pot of rouge in her bed-room."
"But," said he, "if you've taste, there's a beautiful waist,
The dover of my mother all haunt it."
"He does a good trade, her corsets that made,
I can give you his card if you want it."
"Ah," said Cupid, "I see you're too clever for me,
And are heart-whole where others have bled so;"
And he fingered a dart by the feathery part,
And he winked his blue eyes as he said so.
Then he bade me good-bye, but said, "Gaze in her eye,
What a love-light of beauty there's in it!"
I could scarce turn to look, when an arrow he took,
And pierced through my heart in a minute;
And he cried to the fair, as he flew through the air,
"Nor in stays, paint, nor powder love's dart fe—
A glance or a smile has more power to beguile,
For nature more potent than art is."

SAVED BY LOVE.

The workroom of the jewelry manufactory of Jacobs & Co., at Attleboro, was just being closed. The tired girls were finishing their day's work, while their thoughts had already preceded time, and were anticipating the delights of the evening's pleasures of rest.—Pretty, well-dressed girls they were, too, when their large work aprons were removed, graceful and lady-like; not one whit less so that they had to earn their own living.

Jessie Clifford was somewhat behind hand in her work, and the girls had nearly all gone when she had completed it. She arose hurriedly, threw aside her apron and went into the little dressing room from which the last girl was emerging, who said:

"Why, Jessie, how late you are! I am afraid some person will have to wait tonight."

"Oh, I shall be ready in a moment!" Jessie said, ignoring the last part of the remark.

She washed her hands hurriedly, then threw on her short, light sack, and looked for her hat in its accustomed place, but it was not there. A little wave of impatience arose within her as she searched for it hastily and found it laid very carefully away under the lounge.

"It's that mischievous Maude Raymond," thought she, as she put it on before the glass. "She thinks it annoys me to keep Milton Kent waiting. She don't know——"

The door of the workroom closed with a loud, decided bang. Her heart gave a great leap, and she rushed across the room, shook the door and called loudly. But the boy who had closed it, thinking that all had gone, was already at the foot of the stairs, having descended two steps at a time, his thoughts full of some fun he had on hand. Jessie realized, with a heart-sickening sensation, that she was locked in for the night. She went to the windows with vague hopes of escape, but there were none facing the open street.—They looked down on a vacant lot and a close narrow court, between tall brick buildings. There was no chance of making any one hear, and she knew she would have to keep a lonely night vigil.

But Jessie was not a coward by any means, and besides had cultivated a philosophical spirit of making the best of everything. So, thinking "No real harm can come to me here," she went back slowly to the little dressing-room. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," she thought, as she removed her hat and sat down on the lounge. "Milton Kent will think I went out the side entrance to avoid him, and I am glad of it, for I want to discourage his attentions. I know he is as good as he can be, but he isn't to my fancy; perhaps I might have cared for him if——"

And then the handsome face of Gilbert Knight came before her mental vision, and the remembrance of his dark, passionate eyes, his tender kisses and his words of love thrilled her pulse with a bounding of true affection.

The twilight shadows deepened, the tall building shut out the last rays of the departing sun, and the objects in the room became more and more indistinct. She began to feel a loneliness creep over her, but fought against it, and paced the floor slowly, determined to be brave.

The shadows grew still darker and the stars came out. She could see them twinkling in the soft, clear evening sky above the towering buildings. And with pleasant thoughts for company, and wishing that the author of them was beside her, she passed into dreamland.

Hark! what was that sound? She started up with the perspiration standing on her forehead. She had heard the window next the dressing room lifted, and in a moment more steps on the floor. Listening with painful intentness, her heart throbbing so loudly that she feared it would betray her proximity, she heard that there were two. They walked past the door of the dressing room, and Jessie quaked with the fear of discovery. But, under cover of the darkness she remained unmolested; and it was evident also that the work room was not the goal of their ambition.

"We've done the thing neatly so far," said one voice. "If we can only finish as well as we have begun, we shall be lucky."

"Hush!" said the other in a lower tone. "What if we should be discovered before the job is done?"

"No danger of that," the first said. There is no one within hearing distance, Knight. I came here in the role of a book agent the other day, and took the position of the rooms."

The sound of the second voice had struck her with a painful suspicion of familiarity, and now that name! What did it mean? Could it be possible that he was her lover? Was she not mistaken in the voice?

He spoke again:

"After all there are worse robberies committed every day under the guise of business transactions than we are meditating. Old Jacobs has been a miser all his life, and cheated people out of thousands. It's no more than fair to take some of his ill-gotten gains."

No, she was not mistaken. There was no doubt of that voice. It had a characteristic ring that could not be mistaken. Something darker than night's shadow settled upon her mind. She remained in her position as if tied hand and foot.

But they passed along, and she heard them working with the lock of the door which had closed upon her so unkindly. For a few moments there was a dull, rasping sound, and she knew that they had succeeded in opening it and were passing down stairs. There were two more doors to open before they could gain an entrance into the store below. She arose to her feet and listening intently, she could hear the first one below yielding to their hands.

She felt as if she must follow them. She did not care whether or not she was discovered. When they had opened the last door and were within the front store, she followed noiselessly—she had removed her shoes—and stood in the shadow watching their movements, as by the light of a dark lantern they proceeded to open the safe which, they judged, contained the most valuable jewels.

As Jessie stood there motionless and pale, there was no feeling of scorn for him. The wound was too deep for that. But there was a pathetic despair in the depths of the eyes which only a few hours before had been full of tender love light for him, and a dreadful pain at the heart, and an infinite sadness, to find that her idol, whom she had set up for worship so much higher than his fellows, was made of baser clay than ordinary men.

By the light which he held she could discover his face dimly. Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she went forward to him as he bent over the safe he had opened. Both had their backs toward her. Without a word she laid her hand upon his arm. At the touch, so quick and unexpected, he started as if he had been shot, and flashed the light quickly in her face. With a low cry of surprise, he met the pathetic sadness of Jessie's eyes.

His companion rose hastily from his kneeling position, exclaiming, "What does this mean?" as he saw the strange, dazed look upon Knight's face, and saw, too, that the girl was no stranger to him.

"O, Gilbert! Gilbert! Can this be possible?" Jessie said, with a pitiful wail in her voice that would have moved a heart of adamant.

He stood dumb before her. Had she reproached him, he could have retorted angrily; but he had no word to meet the look in the fair, sad face upturned to his, which he had kissed so often just to see it flush and brighten under the powerful magnetism which had been the ruin of more than one woman before he had saw Jessie.

It was a scene for a painter. The bolted and barred windows showing in the dim light; the confused, shamed expression on Knight's face; the pained, grieved expression on Jessie's, and the angry disappointment on the other. At length, without a word, Knight took the jewels he had secreted about his person and flung them down.

"You can do as you like, Kris," he said. "I wash my hands of the affair. It is the last time I shall undertake such a thing.—Jessie, you despise me, of course, and I deserve it. But I shall remember you always as the best and dearest girl I ever knew. Good by. Come, Kris, let us get out of this scrape as soon as we can."

They left empty-handed, as they had come, and made their escape as they had effected their entrance, by an ingenious communication with a tall building that rose only a few feet from the work room.

Jessie groped her way back up stairs to the little dressing-room, and sitting down again upon the lounge, burst into a passion of tears. It had been a sad awakening from her sweet love-dream, for Jessie's ideal had been good, and manly, and honorable, and the real had fallen so far, far below it!

She began to realize that she must conceal the fact that she had been there all night, for of course she would be questioned, and she shrank from answering them. So in the morning she contrived to make it appear that she had come in with the other girls, and then later she went out and ate a warm breakfast, or rather tried to force it down, to cure the fainting sensation that came over her.

Great was the surprise of all, the next morning, to find the doors open, and greater still was the surprise to find the safes open, and yet no jewels missing.

Meanwhile, in his room, Gilbert Knight was writing this note:

MISS CLIFFORD: I dare not call you dear Jessie, as my heart dictates, because I know myself unworthy. I have cared for you—let me confess it—as I have cared for many others, but I never realized until last night that you were one woman of a thousand. Something in the tender womanliness that never uttered a reproach to the wretch that dared to contaminate her with his touch went to my heart. You see I am not altogether hardened. If I did not feel the vast gulf there is between us I would go to you now and beg your forgiveness. As it is, I have the grace to stay away. Some time when I have redeemed myself, may I come back?

And Jessie received the letter and cried over it, then laid it away and waited.

Milton Kent tried in vain to win a place in her heart. She knew he never could be guilty of the deed from which she had saved the man she loved, but she could not transfer her affections to him. Her heart yearned over that other, and she waited.

At the end of two years he came back and found her patient and somewhat sad, but with the old lovelight kindling in her eyes at sight of him.

"I have lived an honest, upright life before God and man since I left," he said humbly. "Jessie, will you be my wife? Can you forgive and forget?"

For all answers she reached out her arms toward him, and was held in close embrace.

"NO SETH," said Mrs. Spicer, as she settled herself back in the rocking chair on the hotel piazza, "you needn't lie to me about going down stairs after a match, for the windows are open and I can easily pick your bald head out from the other wretches in the pool-room. Last night you went at 8 o'clock to get your boots blacked, and, although your feet are large enough, heaven knows, I don't believe it took you till 11.30 to get your boots polished, for that was the time you put them outside the chamber door and then fell against it and woke up the children." Here some callers who had driven over from Auburndale came up the steps and Spicer slid out under the fire of greetings and was heard shortly after confide to a friend that he "wished that blamed billiard marker wouldn't leave the blinds open and give the boys away to the whole house."

QUITE a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down at Galveston wharf recently, when a boy of about twelve fell off, and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Moses. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Moses for the heroism he had displayed. "Is dat boy your son?" asked the sympathetic spectator. "No, buss, but he mout jes as well have been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

WOMAN'S presence conquers even animals. The most vicious horse can be driven with one hand by the young man who has a girl by his side.

Remarkable Discovery of a Murder.

The following account of a murder which was committed in Bermuda in the autumn of 1878 is by the Attorney General of the islands, Mr. S. Brownlow Gray:

"In the autumn of 1878 a man committed a terrible crime in Somerset, which was for some time involved in deep mystery. His wife, a handsome and decent mulatto woman, disappeared suddenly and entirely from sight, after going home from church on Sunday, October 20. Suspicion immediately fell upon the husband, a clever young fellow of about thirty, but no trace of the missing woman was left behind, and there seemed a strong probability that the crime would remain undetected. On Sunday, however, October 27, a week after the woman had disappeared, some Somerville boatmen looking out toward the sea, as is their custom, were struck by observing in the Long Bay Channel, the surface of which was ruffled by a slight breeze, a long streak of calm, such as, to use their own illustration, a cask of oil usually diffuses around it when in the water. The feverish anxiety about the missing woman suggested some strange connection between this singular calm and the disappearance. Two or three days after—why not sooner? I cannot tell you—her brother and three other men went out to the spot where it was observed, and from which it had not disappeared since Sunday, and with a series of fish hooks ranged along a line dragged the bottom of the channel, but at first without success. Shifting the position of the boat, they dragged a little further to windward, and presently the line was caught. With water glasses the men discovered that they had caught it in a skeleton which was held down by some heavy weight. They pulled on the line; something suddenly gave way, and up came the skeleton of the trunk, pelvis, and legs of a human body, from which almost every vestige of flesh had disappeared, but which, from the minute fragments remaining, and the terrible stench, had evidently not lain long in the water. The husband was a fisherman, and Long Bay Channel was a favorite fishing ground, and he calculated, truly enough, that the fish would very soon destroy all means of identification; but it never entered into his head that as they did so their ravages, combined with the process of decomposition, would set free the matter which was to write the traces of his crime on the surface of the water. The case seems to be an exceedingly interesting one; the calm is not mentioned in any book on medical jurisprudence that I have, and the doctors seem not to have had experience of such an occurrence. A diver went down and found a stone with a rope attached, by which the body had been held down, and also portions of the scalp and of the skin of the sole of the foot, and of clothing, by means of which the body was identified. The husband was found guilty and executed."

THE BUMBLE BEE.

Did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble-bee? An insect weighing no more than the tenth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it. The stinger of the bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy cloth pants backed by merino drawers, and into the flesh. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparison, he could drive it through seven saw-mills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and in compensation she gave this stinger as a weapon of attack and defence. If the bee had no weapon, ants, beetles and bugs could cuff him around as they pleased; but, as it is, he is the boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble-bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't sit down over half an hour without feeling that some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself, he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around and go about his business; but if welcomed with a blow between the eyes, he is going to be revenged if he breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eyes when he stings, and you have only to look a bee square in the face to see when he is feeling around, and when he means fourteen per cent. per annum.

The bumble-bee is a favorite resort of the bumble-bee, but you can find him almost everywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh, like a frog; and having no beak in which to carry straw he cannot nest in a tree like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass and under the roots of an old stump, or among a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young, and gives them printed instructions as to the difference between stinging six-inch stove pipes and runaway boys. The knowledge of old bees is powerful. They know where the schoolhouse is. They know when the school is out. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's son weeding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner, or need of an afternoon nap. As a rule they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up their cows at daylight will find the bumble-bee out of bed, and ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sundown he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in, and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to make any outcry over the accident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering terrible agony. After the doctor had dressed his wounds, he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his arms about her neck, and said: "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back, and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face, she found him dead and beyond all pain and suffering.

TOM