THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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☞To persons residing outside the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

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☞Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. 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.

VOLUME XV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1881. NUMBER 27.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors 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.

JULY 11, 1881.

B. & B.

WE ARE SELLING

Broken Lines Dress Goods
THAT ARE VERY DECIDED BARGAINS.

Note below a few inducements offered:

LINEN LAWNS!

4-4 Cotton and Pacific Lawns, 5 cents per yard up, owing to styles.

Lace Bantings at 10 cents, ¾ wood, in all colors.

NOVELTIES IN
IMPORTED DRESS GOODS,
At 15 cents, worth 50 cents.

100 Assorted Handsome Parasols at half price.

Extraordinary Bargains in Fans, Bolts and Bags.

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75c., $1.00, 1.25, $1.50 and up to $3.00 each.

Ladies', Misses and Children's
LAWN AND GINGHAM SUITS,
All to be closed out at a sacrifice.
All wool Cashmeres 25c. per yard.

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OPEN:

New Black Spanish Laces, New Laces of all kind. New Hamburgs. New Series Embroideries. New Nainsook Embroideries. New Lonsdale Bonds. New Flouncings, 25c. up. New White Goods. Large invoices Plaids and Colored Dress Silks received each week; also, Satins, Brocades, &c., this season our stock received with all the choicest colorings, including Bronze in various shades, now sought for, and very scarce.

SPECIAL VALUES IN
FANCY SUMMER SILKS!
New Black and Colored Cashmeres;
Choice Traveling Dress Goods,

BOGGS & BUHL,
118 & 120 Federal Street, Allegheny.

P. S.—New Skeleton Hoop Skirts and Bustles; Hosiery, Gloves, Buttons, New Beaded Passementeries and Fringes, Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Gents' Gossamer and Merino Underwear, Jean Drawers, Collars, Cuffs and Neckwear.

M'DONALD & CO.,
OF LORETTO, SELL

SUGARS at 8, 9, 10 and 11 cts. per lb.;
Green and Black Teas, 50, 60 and 75c. per lb.;
Green Coffee at 10 and 20 cts. per lb.;
Roasted Coffee at 16, 20 and 25c. per lb.;
Two boxes Blaking for 5 cents;
Two papers Baking Soda for 5 cents;
Two papers Pepper for 10 cents;
4 lbs. Barley or 4 lbs. Oat Meal for 25 cts.;
4 lbs. Hominy or 4 lbs. Split Peas for 25 cts.;
3 lbs. Rice or 3 lbs. Prunes for 25 cts.
Extra Large Size Bar Washing Soap for 25 cts.;
Molasses, 35c. per gal.; good 50 cts., 60c. per gal.;
Carbon Oil, 15 cts. per gal.;
Flour, $4.25 per sack; Salt, $1.40 per bbl.
Calicoes, 6, 7 and 8 cts. per yard;
Muslins, 6, 8 and 10 cts. per yard;
Ginghams, 8, 10 and 12c. per yard;
Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, 8, 10, 12½, 16, 20, 25c.
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Tickings, 12½, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per yard;
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Cigarettes, 3, 5 and 8 cts. each;
Corsets, 25, 50 and 75 cts. each;
Ladies' Gloves, 12, 16, 20 and 25 cts. per pair;
Ladies' Hose, 8, 10, 12½, 16 and 25c. per pair;
Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 5, 10, 15 and 20c. each.
Also, Lawns, Edgings, Embroideries, Crepes, &c.
BOOTS and SHOES.
Infants' Shoes, 25, 35 and 50 cts. per pair.
Children's Shoes, 50, 75 and $1.00 per pair.
Misses' Shoes, 75, $1.00 and $1.25 per pair.
Ladies' " Slippers, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00.
" " Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50.
Boys' Shoes, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.
Men's Shoes, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.25.
Men's Boots, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 per pair.
CLOTHING.
BOYS' FULL SUITS.....$3.50 to $10.00.
MEN'S " .....3.00 to 20.00.

We guarantee our prices on all kind of goods to be as low, if not lower, than the prevailing prices in Altoona. Merchants, we show prices. All we ask is a fair trial. Any goods sold by us which do not give satisfaction either in quality or price will be taken back and the money refunded, provided they are returned in good condition within ten (10) days.

McDONALD & CO.

Loretto, May 6, 1881-3m.

TO CARD COLLECTORS!

1st.—Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of your Grocer.

2d.—Ask him to give you a bill of it.

3d.—Mail us his bill and your full address.

4th.—We will mail you FREE seven beautiful and elegant cards, in six colors and gold, representing Shakspeare's 'Seven Ages of Man.'

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
116 South Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

☞DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is sold by S. BARGER & Bro., Ebensburg. [4-1. e.o.w.6m.]

STEEL BARB FENCE
WIRE.
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.

(CUT FULL SIZE.)

One Wire Pointed Costs but TEN CENTS per ROD.

Samples and Catalogues Sent Free.

OLIVER BROTHERS & PHILLIPS,
91, 92 & 93 WATER STREET,
114, 116 & 118 FIRST AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

[4-27.-6m.]

THE PEOPLE'S
SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON,

THE undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first-class tonsorial establishment in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mansion House, where he will be glad to welcome all who want to be shaved, have their hair cut, or desire any other attentions in his line. ☞Ladies' and children's hair cuttings made into curls and switches when desired.☜ Satisfaction rendered or no charge made. Please give me a call.

H. F. SCHAEFER.

Ebensburg, March 25, 1881-1y.

$20.00 SAVED! $20.00

$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1504 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., ALTOONA, PA., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as a reference.

J. McGRATH.

April 15, 1881.-tf.

D. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Green avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours: from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical treatment of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office at 1001 Twelfth street, in same building immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank. [April 22, 1881.-tf.

$66 a week to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address P. Garrett & Co., Augusta, Me.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cuticura
The Great SKIN CURE.
Itching and Scaly Diseases, Humors of the Scalp and Skin Permanently Cured.

RINGWORM.
Geo. W. Brown, 43 Marshall St., Providence, R. I., cured by Cuticura Remedies of a Ringworm Humor got at the barber's, which spread all over his ears, neck and face, and for six years resisted all kinds of treatment.

SKIN HUMOR.
F. H. Drake, Esq., agent for Harper & Brothers, Detroit, Mich., gives an astonishing account of his case (eczema rodent), which had been treated by a consultation of physicians without benefit, and which speedily yielded to the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally.

SCALD HEAD.
H. A. Raymond, Auditor F. W., J. & S. R. R., Jackson, Mich., was cured of Scald Head of nine years' duration by the Cuticura Remedies.

ECZEMA.
Hon. Wm. Taylor, Boston, Mass., permanently cured of a humor of the face and scalp (eczema) that had been treated unsuccessfully for twelve years by many of Boston's best physicians and most noted specialists, as well as European authorities.

MILK CRUST.
Mrs. Bowers, 146 Clinton St., Cincinnati, speaks of her sister's child, who was cured of milk crust which resisted all remedies for two years. Now a fine, healthy boy, with a beautiful head of hair.

FALLING HAIR.
Frank A. Bean, Steam Fire Engine 6, Boston, was cured of alopecia, or falling of the hair, by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which completely restored his hair when all said he would lose it.

Thomas Lee, 2278 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, afflicted with dandruff, which for twenty years had covered his scalp with scales one-quarter of an inch in thickness, was cured by Cuticura Remedies.

TREATMENT.
The CUTICURA TREATMENT consists in the internal use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures.

For Sunburn, Tan and Greasy Skin use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite toilet, bath and nursery sanative, fragrant with delicious flower odors and healing balsams.

CUTICURA
REMEDIES are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50 cts.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP (the queen of medicinal and toilet soaps), 25 cts. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15 cts. Principal depot, Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass.

☞All mailed free on receipt of price.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS
More continuous and powerful electric action is obtained from Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters than any $2 battery made. They are a speedy and certain cure for Pains and Weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Nervous Pains and Weaknesses, Shake, Chill and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass. [7-1.-1m.]

WARRANTED SELTZER APERIENT

No one who is thoroughly regular in the bowels is half as liable to disease as he who is irregular. The latter may be attacked by contagious diseases, and so may the irregular, but he is not nearly as subject to outside influences. The use of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

secures regularity, and consequent immunity from sickness.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Smith's Pat. Blind and Shutter Bower.
Shutters can be placed 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 inches apart and held securely in either position. Agents wanted in every county. Can make big wages in Summer and Fall. The best and handsomest thing out. Sells at every house. Write for particulars. Samples by mail for 6 cents postage.
Address SMITH & CO.,
304 Master St., Philadelphia.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown, and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1.-tf.]

TO CONTRACTORS.—Sealed proposals for the erection of a two story School House, 45x25x22 feet, will be received by the Board of School Directors of South Fork, Cambria county, Pa., until Monday, August 1st, 1881, at 12 o'clock, noon. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Specifications for said building can be seen at the post-office, South Fork, until the day of letting. By order of the Board.

July 22, 1881.-2t. D. W. LUKE, Secretary.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cresson Springs Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 833 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, August 1st, 1881, at 12 o'clock, M. Election for President and Directors same day and place.

JAMES R. MCLURE, Secretary.

July 22, 1881.-2t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that George G. Robough, of Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., has made an assignment of his real and personal estate to John Schroth, in trust for the benefit of creditors. All persons indebted to the said Geo. G. Robough will make immediate payment to said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN SCHROTH, Assignee.

Wilmore, June 15, 1881.-6t.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER—GEO. GUDLEY, Ebensburg.—We have been authorized to announce that the above named member of the present Board of County Commissioners will be a candidate for renomination at the coming Democratic primary election, and if the nomination is once more conferred upon and his election follows he pledges himself to do his duty as faithfully and honestly in the future as he has endeavored to do it in the past.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—FRANCIS MULVEHILL, Ebensburg.—We are authorized to announce that Frances Mulvehill, of Ebensburg borough, will be a candidate for the office whose name, subject to Democratic rules, and if nominated and elected, he pledges himself to guard the interests of the taxpayers of the county to the best of his ability. [6-25.-tc.]

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—P. MORAN, Loretto.—We are authorized to announce that Patrick Moran, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules. If nominated and elected, he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity. [6-25.-tc.]

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street. Nov. 12, 1880.-tf.

I want ONE agent in every town to sell a valuable article. No money required until goods are sold. Address P. O. Box 1228, New York City.

PAMPHLET for advertisers. 100 pages, 25 cents. G. P. ROWELL & CO., N. Y.

JUST WHEN.

Just when the way is roughest, and the feet are bruised and torn,
And the back oppressed with burdens, so long and patiently borne,
We find that the path grows smoother, the mountains and hills recede,
And there is rest and refreshment to meet this hour of need.

Just when we feel the weakest in some dark and desolate hour,
When the spirit of evil assails and torments with relentless power;
Then suddenly strength is given and we who are lying low
Have risen to fresher triumphs—have again conquered the foe.

Though closer the shadows gather, and weary appears the way
That leadeth through clouds and darkness, where shineth the perfect day?
Though the vessel in which we're sailing bears close to a rocky coast,
We are sure of help when we need it—just when we need it most.

And so we have but to trust to our Heavenly Father's care,
Feeling our way in the darkness, by the light of faith and prayer;
For we know that His heart is tender toward all the children of men,
And our prayer will surely be answered, though we know neither how nor when.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

In the year 1875 I graduated, and began to practice medicine in a country town in Canada. It was a coal mining place, full of miners, and there were several doctors there before me; but I bought out another man's practice before ascertaining that he had none, so I had to try to work along as best I could.

In two years my patients had increased to a respectable number, but I was still a poor man, for I could not exact a heavy fee from people who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows in darkness, and sometimes in danger.

They were poor, and the doctor who attended them in case of illness was necessarily poor also. The valley in which the town was situated was a beautiful one; lovely farms lay in every direction, and aged elms rose beside the placid river and flowed thro' the midst of it—peace and plenty smiled on the beautiful scene, and happy men and women lived and died there without having ever seen the busy, turbulent world outside.

The superintendent of one of the mining companies lived near the cottage I had made my home, and he had an only child, a daughter, and as they say a poor man is never properly miserable till he falls in love I had to follow up my destiny by loving Lillie Hardwick.

She was lovely, that is the only excuse I can offer for my rash devotion to her. I loved her the first time I ever saw her—it was one Sunday, at church.

She sat beside her father, and I thought of angels all the morning instead of listening to the sermon.

She wore a blue and white dress and something gauzy upon her head; her hair was nut-brown and rippled naturally, and her complexion pure as an infant's and fresh as a rose.

She had large, soft-brown eyes, with long, dark lashes, and the sweetest voice I ever heard.

After that Sunday I met her at one or two parties, but I did not dare to pay her any marked attention, for she was the only daughter of a rich man, and I was the poor, unknown doctor, struggling hard to make a living.

The summer wore away, and Lillie was still a bright star at which I fondly gazed but was also far beyond my reach.

I fancied she cared for me, and that kept love and hope alive, and at my present rate of progress I might, in about sixty years, amass sufficient of this world's goods to take a wife. Certainly the prospects were not cheering.

I attended a picnic one day, and had the happiness to be chosen Lillie's escort which filled me with delight, for we spent the afternoon together; she had a volume of poems with her, and I lay among the ferns at her feet in the hard wood grove where more energetic people were making a fire and preparing for supper, and read some of these poems aloud to her; they were short selections, and one of them I shall never forget. It was new to me and ran thus:

"He little knows
A woman's heart, who, when the cold wind blows
Doubtest will change. Though storms may rise,
And grief may dim and sorrow cloud her skies,
And hopeless hours, and sunless day come on,
And dark despair the gloomy future fill—
But, loving once, she loves through good or ill."

I raised my eyes to Lillie's face as she listened to the words, and her look delighted me.

"How true that is," she said, earnestly, then colored, at, I suppose, the expression I could not keep out of my face. If I only dared there and then to tell her how I loved her—but I had not the courage.

The picnic lived in my memory like one sunbeam on a dark day—a streak of golden light shining through gloom. I scarcely saw Lillie all winter, except occasionally at church, for I was too busy to be a regular attendant.

In the month of March a terrible day dawned over our peaceful valley. About 10 o'clock in the morning an explosion occurred in the mine of which Mr. Hardwick was superintendant.

All the men were in the mine when it took place, and as the fearful sound was heard, and the mine belched forth volumes of black smoke, crowds of waiting women and children flocked to the mouth of the hideous monster that had swallowed up their husbands and fathers

I was soon on the spot, for I knew there would be work for me when the burnt and mangled victims of the explosion were brought to light.

Volunteers were not wanting to go below and do what they could for the unfortunate beings imprisoned amid darkness and death. I offered myself, but Mr. Hardwick pushed me back, saying:

"No, doctor, stay where you are. You will be more needed when we come up. Stay here, I beg of you."

So speaking he stepped into the bucket with as many more as it would hold, and rapidly descended down the dark chasm through which the black smoke still rolled.

I stood in sad uncertainty as to what would come next, when I felt a light touch on the arm, and turning I found Lillie beside me.

She wore a light morning dress and slippers and was without a hat; her bosom rose and fell rapidly, for she had evidently lost no time in coming here.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried, clinging to my arm, "I have ran all the way and I am out of breath. Tell me where papa is?"

I looked at her flushed face and eager eyes; I noted the trembling of her hands, and the pink hot-house rose that nestled in her breast as if mocking her agony of fear.

"Miss Lillie, come back a little, your father was not in the mine at the time of the explosion; I have seen him since; he is safe."

"Oh, thank God—thank God!" she cried, tears starting to her sweet, brown eyes.

"Yes, come back, Miss Lillie, it is not good for you to inhale that smoke; come back!"

Something told me to get her away from the mouth of the pit, but it was hard to do. At length I left her trying to console an old woman whose three sons had gone down a few hours before, hale, hearty young men, and who might be blackened corpses for all she knew—burned and bruised past hope of recognition even by their mother.

As I returned to the shaft a dull, booming sound came suddenly from underground—the earth shook—a roar like the blast of a hundred cannons was heard, and huge masses of inky smoke rose above the fatal pit. A second explosion had taken place.

Screams from the women rent the air, and above them all ringing out I heard the voice of Lillie Hardwick clear as a bell:

"Oh, papa, papa!"

My heart stood still; a crowd of men gathered round me, another party going down to help the dying men below.

No one tried to stop me now; but I could not go without one word to Lillie. If I went to my death let her at least know know how I love her. She was by my side and I caught her hands in mine.

"Lillie, I will try to save your father—if I cannot I will die with him."

"Oh, thank you," she said, looking straight into my face. "Come up alive—for my sake!"

With these words ringing in my ears I jumped on the lift and was soon spinning downward into the vault of darkness and despair. The air was thick with noisome vapors, and we could distinguish nothing at first; but after a while our lantern revealed huge masses of coal thrown out of place, imprisoning men in living tombs, for without fresh air life could not be sustained.

On every side the mine had been rent and torn, and instead of the wide passages where the men worked all was blocked up with debris, and large shafts of wood used to stay up the mine lay torn and twisted, proving the fury of the power that destroyed them.

We gazed at each other in mute despair—then seizing any implement that came to hand and began to work with a will. I never knew I could handle a pick before, but I certainly made good progress, and succeeded in bursting open a lead, one of the most important in the mine.

"Here!" I shouted, as I found a number of men piled together. "Come and help me out with them. Some of them at least are alive."

By the yellow light of the lantern I recognized the party that had gone down to the rescue. Lillie's father first. He was insensible, but still breathed; his arm was doubled under him and broken; what other injuries he had sustained I could not tell.

He was placed in the lift and I took my place beside him; as many of the other men as the lift would accomodate were laid there and we were soon on our way to light and life.

The first face I saw on gaining daylight was Lillie's, in fact I saw it as I gazed upward anxiously; it shone white and pure above the dark abyss of woe from which we ascended like a star of hope.

When we came into the light and she saw her father lying in my arms as I knelt to support him, she proved her courage by neither screaming or fainting. She assisted me to lift him out and place him upon a litter which had been provided.

I examined him now and found that in addition to the broken arm, Mr. Hardwick had sustained other injuries, none of them necessarily fatal, still placing his life in great danger. I attended to his wounds and had him removed to his house, which was fortunately near. Then I returned to the mine. Ah! that woeful day! as the sun set that night there were sorrow and weeping in almost every humble home in the town.

I lost no time and the other doctors were also kept busy. I visited Lillie's father every two hours and administered such remedies as I thought was needful. I asked Mrs. Hardwick if she wished another doctor, but she answered:

"Oh, no. You saved my husband's life and I have every confidence in your skill. Let the other doctors attend to the rest of the poor men."

We had all of us enough to do that day and many days after.

No more explosions followed, but all the wounded men were not rescued at once. Some of them were buried among the loose masses of coal, and had to be dug out.

Many who were given up for lost were brought up alive after all hope had been abandoned. But the valley was full of sorrow and grief, too painful to dwell upon.

I attended Mr. Hardwick through the long illness that followed, and with the help of God brought him back to health and strength as the hawthorn was in bloom, and the robins began their spring songs among the old elms.

I saw Lillie daily, and her sweet face became dearer to me every time I met her. She found time to visit among those on whom the hand of God had been laid, speaking words of comfort and healing. A true womanly woman—such as are given to bring men nearer to God than aught else can do.

It was a beautiful balmy evening when I paid my last professional visit to her home—the perfume of spring violets in the air and the dewy mist of early nightfall lay over the valley.

I found Lillie sitting alone on the sidesteps of the porch, her lacework lying in her lap.

"It is too dark to work, doctor," she said, pleasantly. "I am taking advantage of the lazy hour. I like to sit here and enjoy the perfume of my violets—you know I have a perfect mania for flowers. Do you remember I wore a hot-house rose that morning—that terrible morning! I do not think I shall ever love roses again—their scent brings it all back to me. One can hardly imagine associating anything terrible with the perfume of a rose, but I do."

I sat beside her and spoke all sorts of subjects except the one nearest my heart—that I had not the courage to mention.

I paid my visit to Mr. Hardwick and told him it was unnecessary for me to see him again in my professional capacity

"Come all the same, my dear fellow come as a friend," he said, pressing my hand cordially.

His wife, a sweet, motherly woman, seconded the invitation, and I bade them all good-night. Lillie sat on the steps, though. I had seen her flitting about the house while I talked with her father; as I passed out she held out her hand to me, saying:

"Here is something for you, doctor. No, do not look at it until you are at home."

Without another word she vanished, leaving in my hand a small, white package. As soon as I was in my surgery I opened the paper; there lay the rose my love wore on her bosom on the day of the explosion, and on the paper, in her own handwriting, the words of the poem I read to her under the maple trees.

It was late, but I did not sleep until I saw Lillie again and heard from her own sweet lips that she loved me. Her parents consented to our marriage, and we are happy. The perfume of roses has for me no horrible associations.

GRANDFATHER'S TALK.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS—PEOPLE OF THE "SHABBY GENTEEL ORDER"—A WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

I am afraid there are a great many parents who do not realize the extent of the responsibility that rests on their shoulders, who do not feel, as they should, that not only their own but their children's salvation is in their keeping.

That this is the case is evident from the way in which many parents manage their children. They deliberately encompass their ruin temporally and spiritually. They have no care but of what the world will say or think, or what the world does, and their management of their offspring is shaped in accord with the rule of "the world" which has neither heart nor soul or principle. With them religion, manual work, and honest bearing are classed in the same category which is labeled "unfashionable," and they bring up their children, or perhaps, they allow them to grow up scoffers at religion, idlers, and, therefore, parasites on society's body, and hypocrites under all circumstances.

Such parents may carry with them through life some of the religious feeling of their youth, and may make a deathbed repentance, but think you that they will have but their own failings to answer for? Perhaps it is not for me to say, but *I know* that if in business a clerk is given a certain trust to perform, and he fails in its performance, it is the rule of business that he shall be punished. And when one is charged with the care of an immortal soul, and neglects to give it the proper care, what should be the punishment?

These thoughts were suggested to me by reading the following extract from the East St. Louis (Ill.) *Herald*:

A correspondent, among other sensible remarks gets off the following sharp and timely hit in the direction of people of the shabby genteel order.

"Industry is certainly as good a habit for girls as for boys. Idleness is just as bad a vice in girls and women as in boys and men. Yet parents go on bringing up girls in idleness, and think that useful employment is beneath them. This is so common and fashionable that even girls who are obliged to do something for a living are often ashamed of it, and their parents, as silly as they, are ashamed of it also. The boy is always asked what he intends to do when he is a man. Nobody asks the girl what she intends to do."

It is simply a shame and disgrace for a poor man to bring up two or three grown daughters in folly and idleness—to "beat" dry goods and millinery stores out of their wares, to enable empty-headed girls to flaunt their gewgaws in the face of sensible and right-thinking girls, with honest fathers and mothers. The curse of the American people of the shabby genteel order is, that they entertain the too common idea they must live in foolish style and two cent splendor, and that they will not live in the station where God has pleased to place them. These shabby genteel folks, with whom the country is grevious ly afflicted, will persist in rearing their daughters in meretricious, indolence and dollar store magnificence, seem to be unaware that the result is misery. It is wrong to encourage boys in idleness and folly, and the same remark is equally true as regards girls. Poverty and false pride are ruinous companions, and should not be tolerated by heads of households in very moderate circumstances. Better a beef-shank and calico dresses, with honest contentment, than plum cake and silk dresses, overshadowed by debt and the contempt of honest neighbors.

PRECOCIOUS JUVENILES.—The San Francisco *Post* recently offered prizes for the brightest sayings of children. It received many contributions. I select the following: "At the family party papa was airing his knowledge of the Interior at Washington, and spoke of the complications in the affairs of some of its bureaus. Rudolfo, Jr., seized upon some of the expressions, and suddenly said: "Pa, I think if that bureau's affairs are so muddled as ma's bureau affairs are, they can't get 'em straight in a year. Why, there's face-flours, and curls and liver pads, and—" Rudolfo, Jr., proceeded not further. A little boy (aged four) who had been left at home, while his mother made some calls, said to her on her return, "Mamma, I prayed while you was gone."

"That was right, my dear. What did you say?"

"I said: 'God, please make mamma a lady that likes to stay at home."

"Maud's mother had punished her, and next day Aunt Ella came and was met at the door by Maud. Aunt Ella: 'How is mamma Maud?' Maud: 'Mamma is well, but she acts like a stepmother.'

"My little son, Carlos, two years old, was not feeling very well, so he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased. Finally, he went so far as to empty the contents of my work basket. I told him, 'it he did that again I would punish him.' In a few minutes he returned, and repeated the offence. I then gave him a whipping. He ran into the next room jumped on the bed, and lay there screaming at the top of his voice. After awhile he became quiet, and I stepped to the door and said: "Is mammy's little boy sorry he was naughty?' He came creeping towards me, saying: 'I'm sorry, mamma.' It being something unusual to see him penitent, I thought I would encourage him: so I began petting him, and said: 'Poor little Carlos is sorry, ain't you?' He answered defiantly: 'Yes, I'm sorry you 'bused me!'"

Is has been observed that turtles cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Isles, near Jamaica, a distance of 450 miles, with an accuracy superior to the chart and compass of human skill, for it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitude in hazy weather have steered entirely by the noise of the turtles in swimming. The object of their voyage, as in the case of migration of birds, is for the purpose of laying their eggs in a spot peculiarly favorable.

INDIRECT EVIDENCE.

STRANGE TALE OF SUSPICIONS SHROUDING FACTS—THE ROMANTIC LOVE OF AN OHIO MAIDEN.

"Never condemn a person of circumstantial evidence, it is unreliable, even when the circumstances seem to fit into each other like a couple of cog wheels," said John T. Morris, who is an experienced detective of Springfield, Ohio.

"Give us the story, Uncle John."

"Not long ago there resided in Franklin county a wealthy old maid, Miss Sabina Smith. By inheritance she was the possessor of a large farm, on which was an old-fashioned, though comfortable, dwelling house. She was reputed to have a good square bank account,

"How old is she?"

"Well, on the shady side of 80, but she had a weakness, like all old maids, not for kittens, poodles or canaries, but for children.—She had raised several orphan girls, who are now well settled in life. In 1865 she adopted a six-year-old, black-eyed girl, bright as a button, named Mollie McCann, whose father had fallen in battle fighting for his flag and country, while her mother, crazed with grief, pined and faded away. Mollie soon learned to love her new mother, and from a prattling maid in short clothes and pinafores she in due time bloomed forth into a gushing school girl, and at 18 was the belle of every rustic gathering—the pretty Miss Mollie McCann, over whom the boys revel while the girls envied. To all her admirers she turned a deaf ear, and with a pretty toss of the head, and a merry twinkle of her roguish eye, bade them 'be off, and not bother her.' ".

"Miss Smith was sensible; knew that Mollie would probably marry and have a home of her own some day, so she neither discouraged her fondness for society nor larped upon the miseries of wedded life in the maiden's ear, but when she came back from the State Fair at Columbus in 1878, and told her adopted mother about the young gentleman that she had met, his attentions and good qualities, Miss Smith was not pleased, nor did she hesitate to frown her displeasure and advise her ward to turn a willing ear to the many suitors of the neighborhood, instead of seeking in far-off fields that which was nearer home.

"But Mollie, like many another, was struck on a traveling man, and she carried on a secret correspondence with him thro' a lady friend for a long time, until at last they were engaged.

Miss Smith and Mollie were the sole occupants of the house. The bedrooms were four in number, two of which were used as spare rooms, one being occupied by Miss Smith and containing two beds, Mollie occupying the one and Miss Smith the other.—The fourth bedroom was called Mollie's, but was only used by her when a lady friend was visiting her. In one of these spare bedrooms was an old-fashioned bureau and book case combined, the top drawer of which could be converted into a desk. The back part of this drawer was fitted up with small drawers. One of these small drawers had from time immemorial been used as a money drawer.—In the summer of 1879 the sum of $135 was missed from the drawer; in the summer of 1880 $200 more mysteriously disappeared, together with a quantity of gold coins which had been in the family for over a century.—On the 28th day of last May Miss Smith loaned to a neighbor $500, giving him her check and he signing a note in her favor. Sickness prevented him from presenting the check at the bank at Columbus, and learning that Miss Smith was going to the city on the 30th, he requested her to get it cashed. She did so and returned with Mollie about dark on that day, having the money all in $100 bills.

"The house was all securely locked down stairs and Miss Smith deposited the $500 in the secretary drawer, closed the drawer, locking it and placing the key in the bureau drawer beneath. She then locked the room containing the bureau and placed the key under some quilts that lay in a wardrobe in her bedroom. Before retiring she locked her bedroom door and she and Mollie retired for the night in separate beds in the same room. The next morning, April 1st, the neighbor who had borrowed the money, having a long journey to perform, during which he expected to make a payment on some land he had purchased, called as early as 5 o'clock, before Miss Smith and Mollie had arisen.

"Awakening Miss Smith, she took her key from the wardrobe, unlocked the bed-room, then taking the bureau drawer key from the under drawer of the secretary, opened this to find the money gone. She went down stairs; everything was locked and bolted as she had left it the night before."

"Who took that money?"

"That was the question that confronted me. There was no sign of a burglary; no lock forced; windows and doors all right.—No one else in the house but Miss Smith and Mollie. Of course, I at once examined the girl. She talked freely; said she always had a presentiment that the money would be stolen—in fact, had a presentiment that night, but feared to tell the old lady for fear of alarming her. I soon learned that Mollie had a key which fitted the bedroom containing the bureau, hence my suspicions were strengthened that Mollie had arisen in the night, either unlocked the door with her own key or taken the one in the wardrobe, and secuning the money, hid it either in or out of the house without awakening the old lady. I finally told Mollie that I should have to search her and make a thorough examination of the house.

"'Well, she naively remarked, 'If you do find money about the house it won't prove that I stole it, will it?'"

"'It will be prima facie evidence.' I said.

"I locked her up in her bedroom, and began a thorough search; bandboxes pried into, bureau drawers pulled out, cupboards ransacked, and finally went through her own room. Under the carpet under her bed I found in a compact wad twelve one hundred dollar bills. Now, the total amount known to be missing was only $1,045.—Where had the $155 come from? Where had the gold coins gone to? Was the bureau drawer paying interest on its deposit?

"'Now I've got you, Mollie,' said I as I confronted her.

"Mollie fainted.

"A bottle of camphor and a little cold water brought her speedily to, yet she sturdily proclaimed her innocence.

"I didn't take Miss Smith's money; no, I did not,' she convulsively exclaimed between her sobs.

"Miss Smith would not allow me to take her to jail, where I reasoned confinement would soon compel her to confess.

"My work, however, was but partially done, for the gold coins had not turned up.

"I determined that those coins must be in the house, and resolved upon a thorough search from cellar to garret. The cellar disclosed nothing, and at last I stumbled upon a small stairway leading to the garret, the door of which was a common trap-door, securely fastened by a padlock, to which was attached three links of a chain.

"'Give me the key,' I said to Miss Smith, 'to that trap-door up in the attic.'

"Oh, no use of looking there, the keys have been lost for over five years, and no one has ever been up there since.'

There were cobwebs on the door, but I noticed that over the crack of the door's edge they seemed to have been broken away, caused by the door having been recently opened. With an ax I speedily got the door open and saw large footsteps in the dust.—By the aid of a lamp I followed the course of the tracks over the boards which lay across the shaky rafters, to the farthest part of the garret, where, over an old cross-beam, hung a pair of old fashioned saddle-bags.—The dust on the bags had been recently disturbed. In one of the pockets I found the five one-hundred dollar bills which disappeared on the night of the 30th of May, the $355 that was missed in the summer of 1879, the $290 that was lost in 1880, and, better than all, the rare old gold coins upon which Miss Smith set such a store as an heirloom. I found the money, but I found $1200 too much. The mystery deepened. I resolved upon one thing and that was that Mollie must know something about the money that was hid under the carpet beneath her bed. I talked kindly to her, told her that Miss Smith's money had all been found, and urged her to tell me how the $1200 came under the carpet of her bed