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THE HALF-CASTE.

AN OLD GOVERNESS'S TALE---FOUNDED ON FACT,

BY MISS MULOCK.

"We know what we are, but we know not what we may be," as my quaintly clever niece and name-child, Cassia, a great reader and quoter of Shakspeare, would say. And truly, who could have thought that I, a plain governess, should in my old age have become a writer. Yet I cannot invent a plot—I must write nothing but truth. Here I pause, recollecting painfully that in my first sentence I have sinned against truth by entitling Cassia my "niece and name-child," when, strictly speaking, she is neither the one nor the other. She is no blood-relation at all, and my own name happens to be Cassandra. I always disliked it heartily itil Mr. Sutherland called me -- But

forgot that I must explain a little.
Mr. Sutherland was—no, thank Heaven!-is, a very good man; a friend of my late father, and of the same business-an Indian merchant. When in my twenty-fifth year my dear father died, and we were ruined—a quiet way of expressing this, but in time one learns to speak so quietly of every pang—Mr. Sutherland was very kind to my mother and to me. I remember as mother and to me. I remember, as though it were yesterday, one day, when he sat with us in our little parlor, and hearing my mother calling me
"Cassie," said laughingly that I always
put him in mind of a certain Indian
spice. "In fact," he added, looking afectionately at my dear, gentle, little mother, and approvingly—yes, it was approvingly, at me—"in fact, I think we three sitting thus, with myself in the center, might be likened to myrrh, aloes, and cassia," One similitude was untrue; for he was not bitter but "sweet as summer." However, from that time he always called me Cassia. I rather like the name, and latterly it was very kind of him to—— There
I am forestalling my history again!
When I was twenty-five, as I said, I

first went out as governess. This plan was the result of many consultations between my mother and myself. found I could thereby earn a larger and more regular salary, part of which be-ing put by, would sometime enable me to live altogether with hard thing was my leaving home; but I ive altogether with my mother. h were her plannings and hopes for the future. As for my ownis idle to dwell upon things so long past. God knew best, and it all comes

to the same at the end of life. It was through Mr. Sutherland that I got my first situation. He wrote my mother a hurried letter, saying he had arranged for me to enter a family congerning whom he would explain before my departure. But something hindered his coming; it was a public meeting, I remember, for, though still a young man, he was held in much honor among the city merchants, and knew the affairs of India well, from early resdence there. Of course, having these duties to fulfill, it was natural he should not recollect my departure; so I started without seeing him, and with-out knowing more of my future abode than its name, and that of my employer. It was a Yorkshire village, and the gentleman whose family I was going to vas a Mr. Le Poer.

My long journey was dreary—God knows how dreary! in youth one suffers so much; and parting from my mother was any time a sufficient grief. In those days railways were not numerous, and I had to journey a good way by coach. About eleven at night I found myself at my destination. At the door a maid-servant appeared; no one else: it was scarcely to be expected by "the governess," This was a new and sad "coming home" to me. I was shown to my bedroom, hearing, as I passed the landing, much rustling of dresses and "squittling" away of little feet. (I ought to apologize for that odd expression, which I think I learned when I was quite a child, and used to go angling with my father and Mr. Sutherland. It means a scattering off in all directions, as a shoal of minnows do when you throw a pebble among them.) I asked if the family were gone to bed, and was informed "no;" so I arranged my dress and went down-stairs unconsciously reassured by the fact that the house was neither so large nor

had inclined me to expect. Who shall I say, miss?" asked the rather untidy servant, meeting me in the lobby, and staring with all her eyes, as if a stranger were some rare sight.

"Miss Pryor," I said, thinking regretfully that I should be henceforth that, and not "Cassia;" and seeing the maid still stared, I added, with an "I am the new governess." So under that double announcement

I appeared at the parlor-door. The

room was rather dark: there were two

so aristocratic as my very liberal salary

room was rather dark: there were two candles, but one had been extinguished, and was being hurriedly relighted as I entered. At first I saw nothing clearly: then I perceived a little pale lady sitting at one end of the table, and two half-grown up girls, dressed in "going-out-to-tea" costume, seated primly together on the sofa. There was a third; but she vanished out of one door as I entered the other. of one door as I entered the other. "Miss Pryor, I believe?" said a timid voice—so timid that I could hardly believe that it was a lady addressing her governess. I glanced at here she was a hittle woman with pale hair and light eyes — frightened-looking eyes — that just rose and fell in a minute. I said I was Miss Pryor, and concluded I addressed Mrs. Le Poer 1 She answered, "Yes, yes:" and held out, hesitatingly, a thin, cold, bird-like hand, which I took rather warmly than otherwise; for I felt really sorry for her evident ner-yousness. It seemed so strange for anybody to be afraid of me. "My daughters, Miss Prvor," she then said, in a louder tone. Whereupon the two girls rose, courtesied, blushed-seemingly more from awkwardness than modesty—and sat down again. I shook hards with both, trying to take the in-

one-a difficult matter, my position eeling much like that of a fly in an ice-"These are my pupils, then?" said I, cheerfully. "Which is Miss Zillah?" for I remembered Mr. Sutherland had mentioned that name in his letter, and its peculiarity naturally struck me. The mother and daughters looked rather blankly at each other; and the former said: "This is Miss Le Poer and Miss Matilda—Zillah is not in the

tiative, and make myself sociable and

'Oh, a third sister?" I observed. "No," rather pertly answered Miss Le Poer; "Zill is not our sister at all, but only a sort of distant relation of pa's, whom he is very kind to and maintains at his own expense, and who mends our stockings and brushes our hair of nights, and whom we are very

"Oh, indeed!" was all I said in reply to this running stream of very provincially-spoken and unpunctuated English. I was rather puzzled, too; for if

my memory was correct—and Igenerally remembered Mr. Sutherland's letters very clearly, probably because they were themselves so clear—he had particularly mentioned my future pupil, Zillah Le Poer, and no Miss Le Poer besides. I waited with some curiosity for the girl's reappearance; at last 1 ventured to say: "I should like to see Miss Zillah. I understood "-here I hesitated, but thought afterward that plain speech was best—"I understood from Mr. Sutherland that she was to be my

"Of course, of course," hastily said the lady, and I fancied she colored "Caroline, fetch your cons-Caroline sulkily went out, and shortly

returned, followed by a girl older than herself, though clad in childish, or rather servant fashion, with short petticoats, short sleeves, and a big brownsolland pinafore. "Zill wouldn't stay to be dressed," explained Caroline, in lond whisper to her mother, at which Mrs. Le Poer looked more nervous and uncomfortable than ever.

Meanwhile I observed my pupil. I had fancied the Zillah so carefully in-trusted to my care by Mr. Sutherland to be a grown young lady, who only wanted "inishing." I even thought she might be a beauty. With some sur-prise, I found her a half-caste girl with an olive complexion, full Hindoo lips, and eyes very black and bright. She was untidily dressed; which looked the worse, since she was almost a woman grown; though her dull, heavy face had the stopidity of an ultra-stu-pid child. I saw all this, for somehow —probably because I had heard of her before-I examined the girl rather closely. Zillah herself stared at memuch as if I had been a wild animal, and then put her finger in her mouth with a babyish air.

"How do you do, my dear?" said I, esperately, feeling that all four pair of family-eyes were upon me. 'I hope we shall be good friends soon." And I put out my hand.
At first the girl seen.ed not to under-

stand that I meant to shake hands with her. Then she irresolutely poked out her brown fingers, having first taken e precaution to wipe them on her parore. I made another remark or two about my being her governess, and her studying with her consins, at which she opened her large eyes with a dull amaze, but I never heard the sound of

o'clock. I thought it odd the girls should be kent up so late; and hegen at last to speculate whether I was to see Mr. Le Poer. My conjectures were soon set at rest by a loud pull at the door-bell, which made Mrs. Le Poer spring up from her chair, and Zillah vanish like lightning. The two others sat cowed, with their hands before and I myself felt none of the bravest. group the master of the house walked

"Hullo, Mrs. Le Poer! Cary! Zill, you fool! Confound it, where's the supper?" (I might have asked that, too, being very hungry.) "What the deuce are you all about?"

"My dear!" whispered the wife, beseechingly, as she met him at the door, and seemed pointing to me. Certainly I could not have believed that the voice I just heard belonged to the gentleman who had now entered. The gentleman, I repeat; for I never saw one who more thoroughly looked the character. He was about fifty, very handsome, very well dressed-his whole mien bespeaking that stately, gracious courtliness which now, except in rare instances, belongs to a past age. Bowing, he examined me curiously, with a look that somehow or other made me uncomfortable. He seemed viewing over my feminine attractions as a horse lealer does the points of a new bargain, But soon the interest of the look died away. I knew he considered me as all others did—a very plain and shy young woman, perhaps lady-like (I believe I was that, for I heard of some one saying

so), but nothing more. "I have the pleasure of meeting Miss Pryor?" said he, in an ultra-bland tone, which, after his first coarse manner, would have positively startled me, had I not noticed that the two are often combined in the same individual. (I always distrust a man who speaks in a very mild, measured, womanish

I mentioned the name of his friend, Mr. Sutherland. "Oh, I recollect," said he stiffly; "Mr. Sutherland informed you that—that " He evidently wished to find out exactly what I knew of himself and

his family. Now, it being always my habit to speak the plain truth. I saw no reason why I should not gratify him; so I stated the simple facts of our friend's letter to my mother—that he had found for me a situation in the family of a Mr. Le Poer, and had particularly charged me with completing the education of Miss Zillah Le Poer.

"Oh!" said Mr. Le Poer, "Were those all your instructions, my dear Miss Pryor?" he added, insinuatanswered that I knew no more, having missed seeing Mr. Sutherland

before I came away. Then you come quite a stranger into my family? I hope you have received the hearty welcome a stranger receive, and I trust you will soon cease to merit that name." So saying, he graciously touched the tips of my fingers, and in mellifluous tones ordered supper, gently reproaching his wife for having delayed that meal. "You know, my dear, it was a pity to wait for me; und Miss Pryor must be needing re-

Indeed I was being literally famished. The meal was ordinary enough—mere bread, butter and cheese; but Mr. Le-Poer did the honors with most gentle-manly courtesy. I thought, never did a poor governess meet with such attention! The girls did not sup with us; the; had taken the earliest opportunity of disappearing; nor was the half-caste cousin again visible. We had soon lone eating-that is, Mrs. Le Peer and ; for the gentleman seemed so indifferent to the very moderate attractions of his table, that from this fact, and from a certain reduess of his eyes, I could not help suspecting be had well supped before. Still, that did not prevent his asking for wine; and having politely drank with me, he composed himself to have a little confidential talk while he finished the decan-

"Miss Pryor, do you correspond with Mr. Sutherland?'
The abruptness of his question startled me. I felt my cheeks tingling as I
answered most truthfully, "No." 'Still, you are a dear and valued friend of his, he tells me?" I felt glad, so glad that I forgot to make the due answer about Mr. Suth-erland's being "very kind." My host had probably gained the in-

municative on his part. "I ought, my dear young lady, to explain a few things concerning your pupils, which have been thus accidently omitted by my friend, Mr. Sutherland, who could not better have acceded to my request than by sending a lady like yourself to instruct my family." Here he bowed, and I bowed. We did a great deal in that way of dumb civility, as it saved him trouble and me words. "My daughters you have seen. They are, I believe, tolerably well informed for

such mere children." I wondered if I had rightly judged them at thirteen and fourteen. "My only trouble, Miss Pryor, is concerning my niece." Here I looked surprised, not suspecting Zillah to be so near a relative. "I call her niece through habit, and for the sake of her father, my poor deceased brother." continued Mr. Le Poer, with a lengthened and martyr-like visage; 'but in truth she has no legal claim to belong to my family. My brother—sad fellow always-Indian life not overcrupulous ties between natives and Europeans: in fact, my dear Miss Pry-or, Zillah's mother—You under-

Ignorant as I was, I did dimly understand, colored deeply, and was si-lent. In the unpleasant pause which ensued, I noticed that Mrs. Le Poer had let her knitting fall, and sat gazing on her husband with a blank, horrified look, until he called her to order by an impressive "A little more wine, my dear!" Her head sank with an alarmed gesture, and her lord and master con-tinued addressing me: "Of course this explanation is in strict confidence. Regard for my brother's memory induces me to keep the secret, and to bring up this girl exactly as my ownexcept," he added, recollecting himself, with a slight, indeed a necessary difference. Therefore you will educate them all alike; at least so far as Zillah's small capacity allows. I believe, he smiled sareastically, "her mod "her modicum of intellect is not greater than generally belongs to her mother's race. She would make an excellent ayah and that

Poor thing!" I thought, not inclined to despise her even after this painful information; how could I, when—now that fairly nonplussed me! What made the girl an object of interest to Mr. Sutherland? and why did he mention her as Miss Zillah Le Poer when she could legally have no right to the name? I should, in my straightforward way, have asked the question, but Mr. Le-Poer's manner showed that he wished no more conversation. He hinted something about my fatigue, and the advisability of retiring; nay, even light ed my candle for me, and dismissed his wife and myself with an air so pleasant and gracious, that I thought I had scarcely ever seen such a perfect gen-

Mrs. Le Poer preceded me up-stairs to my room, bade me good-night, asked, timidly, but kindly, if all was to my liking, and if I would take anything more—seemed balf-inclined to say something else, and then, hearing her husband's voice, instantaneously dis-

I was at last alone. I sat thinking over this strange evening-so strange that it kept my thoughts from immediately flying where I had supposed they HING BY COURTS tions there came a knock at the door and on my answering it, a voice spoke without, in a dull, sullen tone, and an accent slightly foreign and broken—"Please do you want to be called tomorrow, and will you have any hot water

I opened the door at once to Zillah. "Is it you, dear? Come in and say good-night to me." The girl entered with the air and manner of a servant except for a cer-tain desperate sullenness. I took her hand, and thanked her for coming to see after my comforts. She looked thoroughly astonished; but as I went on talking, began to watch me with more interest. Once she even smiled, which threw a soft expression over her mouth. I cannot tell what reason had-whether from a mere impulse o kindness, with which my own state of desolation had something to do, or whether I compelled myself from a sense of duty to take all means of making a good first impression on the girl's feelings-but when I bade Zillah goodnight I leaned forward, and just touched her brown cheek with mine-French fashion; for I could not really

kiss anybody except for love. I never saw a creature so utterly amazed! She might never have received that token of affection since her irth. She muttered a few unintelligible words—I fancy they were in Hin-dostance—flung herself before me, Eastern fashion, and my poor hand was kissed passionately, weepingly, as the beloved ladies' hands are in novels and romances. Ah! my hand was never kissed save by this poor child! All passed in a moment, and I had

hardly recovered my first surprise when Zillah was gone. I sat a liftle while, feeling as strange as if I had suddenly become the heroine of a fairy tale; then caught a vision of my own known self, with my pale, fired face, and sad-colored gown. It soon brought me back to the realities of life, and to the fact that I was now two hundred miles away from my mother and from-London.

I had not been three weeks resident in the Le Poer family, before I discovered that if out of the domestic mysteries into which I became gradually in-itiated I could create any fairy tale, it would certainly be that of "Cinderella;" but my poor Cinderella had all the troubles of her prototype without any of the graces either of mind or person It is a great mistake to suppose that every victim of tyranny must of necessity be an angel. On most minds op pression has exactly the opposite effect It dulls the faculties, stupefies the instinctive sense of right, and makes the most awful havoc among the natural affections. I was often forced to doubt whether Mr. Le Poer was very far wrong when he called Zillah by his fa-vorite name of the "ugly little devil." There was something quite demoniac in her black eyes at times. She was lazy too—full of the languor of her native clime. Neither threats nor punishments could rouse her into the slightest activity. The only person to whom she paid the least attention was Mrs. Le Poer, who alone never ill-used her Poor lady! she was too broken-spirited to ill-use anybody; but she never praised. I do not think Zillah had heard the common civility, "Thank you," until I came into the house; since, when I uttered it, she seemed scarcely to believe her ears. When she scarcely to believe her ears. When she joined us in the school-room I found the girl was very ignorant. Her youngest cousin was far before her even in the commonest knowledge; and, as in all cases of deadened infellect, it cost her incalculable trouble to learn the simplest things. I took infinite pains with her, aye, and felt in her a strong interest-ten times stronger than in the other two; yet for weeks she seemed scarcely to have advanced at all. How-ever, it must be taken into account that she was rarely suffered to remain with me half the school-hours without being summoned to some menial duty or other; and the one maid-servant bestowed on me many black looks, as being the cause why she herself had some times to do a morning's household work

Often I puzzled myself in seeing how strangely incompatible was Zillah's po-sition with Mr. Sutherland's expressed thought I would write and explain all to him; but I did not like. Nor did I tell my mother half the desugrements and odd things belonging to this family—coasidering that such reticence even toward her nearest kindred is every governess's duty. In all domes-tic circles there must be a little Eleusinia, the secrets of which chance ob-servers should strictly keep. More than once I determined to take advantage of the very polite and socia-

terms which Mr. Le Poer and myself were on, to speak to him on the subject, and argue that his benevolence in adopting his brother's unfortunate child might not suffer by being testified in a more complete and gracious form. But he was so little at home—and no wonder, for the miserably dull, seclud-ed and painfully-economical way in which they lived could have little charms for a man of fashion and talent, or at least the remains of such, which he evidently was. And so agreeable as he could be! His conversation at meals—the only time I ever saw him-was a positive relief from the dull blank, broken only by the girls' squab-bles and their mother's faint remonstrances and complaints. But whenever, by dint of great courage, I contrived to bring Zillah's name on the tapis, he always so adroitly crept out of the subwithout pointedly changing it. that afterward I used to wonder how I had contrived to forget my purpose,

and leave matters as they were.

The next scheme I tried was one which, in many family jars and family bitternesses among which my calling has placed me. I have found to answer amazingly well. It is my maxim that 'a wrong is seldom a one-sided wrong;' and when you cannot amend one party the next best thing is to try the other. Likewise, I always had a doctrine that it is only those who have the instinct and the sins of servitude who will re-main hopelessly oppressed. I deter-mined to try if there was anything in Zillah's mind or disposition that could be awakened, so as to render her worthy of a higher position than that she had held. And as my firm belief is, that everything and everybody in time rise or sink to their own proper level, so I felt convinced that if there were any natural superiority in Zillah, all the tyranny in the world would not keep her the pitiable Cinderella of such ordi-

nary people as the Le Poers.

I began my system by teaching her, not in public, where she was exposed to the silent but not less apparent contempt of her cousins, but at night in my own room after all the house had retired. I made this hour as little like lessons as possible, by letting her sit and work with me, or brush my hair, instructing her orally the while. As much as her reserve permitted, I bred her into conversation on every indifferent subject. All I wanted was to get at the girl's heart.

One day I was lecturing her in a oniet way on the subject concerning which she was the first young woman that needed lecturing—care over her personal appearance. She certainly was the most slovenly girl I ever saw. Poor thing! she had many excuses; for, though the whole family dressed shabbily, and, worse-tawdrlly, her clothes were the meanest of all. Still, nothing but positive rags can excuse a weman lab that the coarsest frock was no apol-ogy for untidy hair, that the most unsant work did not exclude the bility of making face and hands clean after it was over.

'Look at yours, my dear," said I mce, taking the reluctant fingers and spreading them out on mine. Then I saw what I have often noticed in the Hindoo race, how delicate shape of her hands, even despite her hard servant's work. I told her so; for a creature so crushed there was little car of exciting vanity, and I made it a point to praise her every good quality, ersonal or mental. Zilinh looked pleased. "My hands are like my mother's, who was very handsome, and a Parsee.

"Do you remember her?"
"A little, not much; and chiefly her hands which were covered with rings. One, a great diamond, was worth, she told me, ever so many hundred rupees It was lost once and my mother cried. I saw it a good while after on my father's finger when he was dying," ued she carelessly, and afterward added mysteriously, "I think he stole it," "Hush, child! hush! It is wrong to speak so of a dead father," cried I,

"Is it? Well, I'll not do it if it vexes you, Miss Pryor This seemed her only consciousne of right and wrong—pleasing or dis-pleasing me. It argued well for her being guided by the affections. I asked her again about her father; somehow with a fermine pretidice, natural though scarcely right, I felt a delicacy in mentioning the mother. But she was the only parent of whom Zillah would speak. "I hardly know," "I can't remember," "I don't care," were all the answers my questions

"You saw your father when he was dying?" I persisted. "What did he say "I don't remember, except that I was like my mother. All the rest was mere swearing, as uncle swears at me now. But uncle did not do it then."

"So Mr. Le Poer was present."
"Yes; and the ugly, horrible-looking man they said was my father, talked to him in whispers, and mucle took me or his knee and called me 'My dear.' He never did so afterward. I asked her one more question—"How long was this ago?" and she said, "Sev-eral years; she did not recollect how

I talked to her no more that night, but hade her go to rest. In fact my mind was so full of her that I was glad She went, lazily and stupidly as ever Only at the door she possed. "You won't tell what I've been savies, Miss Pryor?—You'll not mentioning other before them? I did once, and they laughed and made game of her, uncle and all. They did—they—" She stopped, literally foaming at the mouth with rage.

"Come in again; do, my poor child," said I, gently approaching. But she shut the door hurriedly, and ran downstairs to the kitchen, where she slept with her dire enemy, yet sole compan-ion, the servant-maid. Six menths after coming to the Le-Poers' I began heartily to wish for some of my salary, not that I had any doubt of it—Mr. Sutherland had said it was

safe and sure-but I wanted some replenishment of my wardrobe, and besides it was near my mother's birthday, when I always took care she had some nice useful gift. It quite puzzled me to think what little luxury she wanted, for she wrote me word Mr. Sutherland brought her so many. "He was just like a son to her," she said— One day, when disconsolately exam-

ining my last pair of boots-the "wee boots," that for a foolish reason I had, were one of my few feminine vanities -I took courage to go dewn-stairs and ask Mr. Le Poer "if he could make it

convenient." &c., &c.
"My dear Miss Pryor," said he, with
most gentlemanly empressement, "if I
had thought—indeed you should have
asked me before. Let me see, you have been here six months, and our stipulat-I thought he hesitated on account of

the delicacy some gentlemen feel in business-dealings with a lady, indeed I supposed it was from that cause he had never spoken to me on money matters.
However, I felt no such delicacy, but
answered plainly: "My salary, Mr.
Sutherland said, was to be one hundred guineas a year." TO BE CONTINUED.

--

BEAR bravely up against misfortune,

MISTAKES IN LANGUAGE. An Interesting Lesson in Grammar and Rhetoric.

Mary E. Vandyne in Good Chees. "My dear nephews and nieces, you charming inhabitants of glass houses, don't throw any more stones." "Why, Uncle Phil, you don't mean to

say that we speak incorrectly !" Uncle Phil shoved his spectacles up to to the middle of his forehead, and proceed-"It's all very well for you self-sufficient graduates of colleges and seminaries to find fault when Uncle Joshua wants the

well-bucket 'h'isted,' when Debby 'renses' the clothes. Aunt Maria 'ketches' cold, Coachman John 'doctors' Dobbin's 'huff,' Pete feeds the 'creeturs,' the cook biles the cramberries,' Bridget asks for 'jolup,' Farmer Grey 'reckons' its 'ruther cold for plantin' but concludes to 'resk' "Now, Uncle Phil, you know we were not talking about such mistakes. It was when Annie Hughes asked the clerk for

'these kind of gloves,' and then informed us that Dr. Burton always preached 'extem-porc,' that May and I began to wonder how people who pretended to be educated could be guilty of such blund-"That's nothing, girls,"-this from Jack, a graduate of Harvard,-"I asked

one of the teacher's at the High School, this morning, if he ever played base ball, and he said he 'used to could.' Fancy Uncle Phil looked severely down upon

the group of critics assembled in front of the fire "So you really think, young people, that you are exempt from the weakness of misusing the English language. What will you say if I call attention to no less than six mistakes made by you three, in

this room this morning." "Try it, Uncle, try it. We haven't been studying rhetoric and grammar this last four years for nothing. Remember, you are to find six mistakes made by the three of us within three hours.' Ahem

utter unconscionsness, since you entered

Uncle Phil indulged in something that was almost but not quite a wink, as he looked at Jack. We'll begin with you, Jack, 1st. This last four years." "Oh! that's too mean." "Is it? Then I won't call attention to

"You mean, Uncle, that Jack should have said 'these last four years,' and 'us "I do, my dear. And I also have in vonne Isav who criticis friend's way of asking for gloves, and that, when she kanded me an orange,

the three of us. 7

asked me to 'cut it in half.' "I should have said, in halves " "Yes, or 'in two,' One can scarcely cut a thing in one half."

What else did I say F' "Well: Whose dress was to be trimmed 'lengthways' instead of 'lengthwise ! Who discovered that it was very cold last 'Feb'uary,' and not last 'February?' Of whose class at Sunday-school did I hear that 'every one was to have their and not his or her reward ?"

"Stop, Uncle. That is three for me, and of the six mistakes you have only left one for May. "Perhaps I haven't made any."

Uncle Phil smiled. "Where did you go this morning, May ! "To the depot,"

"Ah! Do you know that depot is a French word, and means simply storehouse, or place of deposit, and has nothing whatever to do with a structure for the shelter of passengers, built at points where a railroad train stops. You never hear the wore depot used in any such connection in England. Our language supplies the word 'Station,' or 'Station-house,' and only a very cultivated (?) American who prefers a foreign language he doesn't understand to his own bettersupplied tongne, would ever replace it by a French word that is entirely a misno-

"I wonder how many more mistakes are current among us, Uncle Phil ?" "I won't call your attention to any more to-day. Think over these, and I'll see how many more I find you guilty of some other time."

A Pup - pup - lexed Pup - pup - Pas-

senger. "S-s-say," said the passenger with an impediment, making a frantic clutch at the evasive elbow of the brakeman, and then rising and pursuing him down the alsle, "s-s-say, I wa-wa-wa-want to get off at Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup"-

"Pepperell!" shouted the brakeman, opening the door, "Pepperell!" "No, no, not Pup-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup pup-purell, but Pup-pup-pup-pup-Point of Pup-pup-pup-pup-Pines." Then," said the brakemen, "you'll

have to take all them pups into the bag-

gage-car and get off at Hollis. You're on the wrong train." But the pup-pup-pup-passenger was so mad he went on to Guarhaway six miles further,-Burdette.

He Was Restless,

"Now, you, Bobby, come back here and set in this seat this minute; do you hear me 7" "Bobby, come away from that water cup this minute. Mind now."

Bobby, stop teasing your little sister

you naughty boy. I've a mind to spank

"Bobby, set down there in that seat, If you don't I'll give you a trouncing."
"Bobby, stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for." "Bobby, take your head in out of that window this minute. You'll fall out and be killed, and if you do Pil spank you within an inch of your life."-Chicago

A Leetle Too Previous. " Are there"-ejaculated Mr. Henpeck. as he stepped into the back door of his residence yesterday noon. His wife, who was dishing up the dinner, dropped her cooking-fork on the kitchen table and exclaimed "Joseph, don't you ever let me hear

you use that expression again. The idea of saying 'ah there?' to a poor woman who is just making a slave of herself for your sake." "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Henpeck ; "I simply wanted to ask, are there any potatoes in the house for breakfast to-

Some Men Never Will Learn, "Congratulate me," exclaimed Mr. Brenty to Old Man Jenks, coming into his office one morning. "What for?" asked the old man,

"I was married last week." "Second time, I believe ?"

Herald.

morrow ?"

Yes.

"Well, well; some men never will learn anything, it seems to me. I'm sorry for you." Commercial Traveler.

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trny and similar Notices

Where the Remains of Washington, Jefferson, Mouroe, Tyler, Liucoln, and Others Lie.

The Presidents of the United States who are dead are nearly all buried in the neighborhood of the homes which they occupied. Washington's tomb at Mount. Vernon, is known to all the world. John Adams and John Quincy Adams He beneath the Unitarian Church at Quincy, Mass. The coffins are of lead, placed incases hewn from solid blocks of granite. Their wives are buried with them. John Adams died on the same day with Jefferson, a strange coincidence itself, but stranger still, it was on the Fourth of July, 1826, just a half century after the Declaration of Independence which they had joined in making. Jefferson, like his compatriots, was buried in his family burying ground, at his home in Monticelle. He had written on the fly-leaf of an old account book his wishes concerning is. "Choose," his memorandum said, "some unfrequented vale in the park, where there is no sound to break the stiliness but a brook that bubbling winds among the woods. Let it be among ancient and venerable oaks, interspersed with some gloomy evergreens. Appropriate one-half to the use of my family, and the other to strangers, servants, etc. Let the exit look upon a small and distant part of the filne Mountains." These directions were substantially carried out. A little inclosure containing some thirty graves, stands amid the woods on the road that leads from Charlottsville to Monticello, and a granite obelisk, much clipped by relic hunters, marks the grave

In the same part of Virginia, in a small inclosure near his bome in Montpelier, lies the successor of Jefferson, James Madison, fourth President. Beside him are buried his wife, who died in 1849, surviving him almost thirty years, and two nephews. The other Virginia Presidents. Monroe and Tyler-lie within a few feet of each other in the fine cometery of Holwood, at Richmond. Mouroe's death, ike those of John Adams and Jefferson, fell upon the Fourth of July. He, too, in 1831, five years after his great predecessors and elders, marked the nation's birthday by his close. He died in New York, a poor man, and his remains were entombed there until in 1838 the Legislature of Virginia removed them to Hollywood and placed them in a substantial vault, marked by a Gothic temple on a foundation of Virginia granits. Tyler's grave, near by, is scarcely marked at all; a little mound with a magnolia tree at

of the ex President.

the head is pointed out as the snot The three Tennessee Presidents were buried at their homes. Jackson at his Hermitage, near Nashville, his wife beside him. A massive monument of Tennessee granite marks the place. Polk is buried in Nashville at the old family homestead. He survived Jackson only four years, dying in 1869. The grave is handsomely enclosed, and a block twelve feet square by twelve feet in height bears the inscription. Andrew Johnson's graveis at Greenville on a spot selected by himself. His three sons have erceted a handsome monument of marble on a base of granite. It bears numerous patriotic emblesos, a flag, an eagle, a scroll of the Constitution, etc., while the inscription declares: "His faith in the people never

wavered. Martin Van Buren lles in the village cemetery at Kinderhook, N. Y., in a family lot, his resting place marked by a modest granite shaft. He died in the summer of 1853, when the civil war was at its height. His successor, Harrison, was buried at his old home at North Bend, on the Chio, a few miles below Cincinnati. An unfenced mound, over a family vault, formerly neglected, but more recently carefully kept, marks the spot.

The dust of Zachary Taylor is now buried in the cemetery at Frankford, Ky., after several removals. Millard Filmore's grave is at Forrest Lawn Cemetery. Buffalo, and that of Pierce in the old cemetery at Concord, N. H. Buchanau is buried at Woodward Hill Cemetery. The most magnificent of all the memorials to the dead Presidents is that over the resting place of Lincoln, in the Cak

Ridge Cemetery at Springfield, Itl. It.

was dedicated in 1874, and cost \$250,000. Garfield is buried in Lake View Cemetery, at Cleveland, where a grand mausoleum has been erected is his honor. Of the eighteen dead Presidents, two only lie in the same place. Two were buried in Massachusetts, two in New York, five in Virginia, three in Tennessee, two in Ohio, and one each in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Illinois. Eight lie in private grounds, or family

Adamses at Quincy. MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

burial places, as in the case of the

A new industry in the Southern forests is the utilization of the needles of the long-leaved pine-Pinns palustris. The leaves are soaked in a bath to remove the glazing, then "crinkled" for stuffing cushions and other upholstering purposes They are specially valuable on shipboard and other places where furniture is in danger of being infested with insects. The turpentine which remains in the leaves makes a most inhospitable abode for these annoying insects.

Miss Adele Field, in a communication made to the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, reports that the common earth worm, after its head has been cut off, has the power of regenerating the whole of the dismembered portion. She recounts her experiment with such minuteness of detail as seems to show that error in her conclusions was impossible. In the year 1723 there was only 364 post-

offices in the United States, and so light were the duties of the Postmaster-General regarded, that President Washington was opposed to giving him a seat in the Cabinet. Now there are nearly fifty thousand Postoffices, and the annual revenue has swelled from \$55,000 to \$15,000,000. A brick factory chimney at Salem,

ninety feet high and only six and a half feet in diameter, has been moved with the aid of six men and two horses, 100 feet and safely deposited upon a new foundation. The Scientific American says this is one of the most difficult transfers of heavy structures yet attempted. The annual income of Vanderbilt is about ten tons of solid gold. That of the

average laboring man is about two pounds, out of which he has to live and support his family. Yale College is not on the banks of the Connecticut River. It was moved from Saybrook, on the Connecticut, to New

Haven, forty miles away, more than 100 The Mayor of Helena, M. T., is a barber,

and after enjoying a "shave" at his worshipful hands, a visiter went out, "to look for an Alderman to black his boots."