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THE EAST OF THE NUGENTS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWEETHEARTA"

CHAPTER V. "Yes, I am coming, said Dolly, in anewer to Jasper on the following morning. A little later, the pair went down the road towards Culverton Royal, just as they had gone ten years before—just the same, Dolly thought; only there was such at lifference—along the sandy, dusty road, un-der the fierce glare of the sun, which shone down on Dolly's white dress and golden hair, as if it would fain turn her from her purpose. "Oh, I am so tired!" said Dolly plain-

tively, when they got about half way to "Can you keep up a little longer?" asked Jasper doubtfully, turning a face as white as Dolly's own towards her. "I must," she answered. "Jasper, what

is that in front-there?"-as the gleam of a yellow gown showed for a moment in the pening of the trees; for they were off the road then and in the meadows skirting the two parks. Does she slways wear yellow, Jasper ?"
"To suit her black hair. Black and yellow-his Satanic Majesty's own colors," answered Jasper hitterb

They plodded on a little farther in st-"Is it getting near the time!" she asked

"Ten minutes to eleven," he answered. "Are you almost done, little one? "Almost"-with a grap; "but I must She struggled on under the burning sun,

and at less they reached a hedge, from behind which they could no into the Cop-pice. Yes he was there leading against a tree with a cigar in his mouth. A latter pang went through Dolly's faithful heart when she saw the look of happiness on his face.

There she in," mid Jasper in a loud They saw Miss Pox outer the shade of the Coppies, with her open umbrella on her shoulder, and walk straight up to Lord Culverton. They just saw him lift his hat, and then the umbredla short the two from view. "Rissing her, I suppose," said Jasper cornfully, and putting Dolly's tectured

aght into plain language. A moment later the vellow robes moved a little and Lord Culverton's face came once more into view. He appeared to be aponking very gravely, and Miss Fox was stening with bent head, an pily me fact peeping out below the hem of her

"I am fainting?" said Dolly despaining-To ber horror, by drow a pistol from sis because and to de deliberate aim at the Earl. She tried to entel his arm; but an instant later a report rang out upon the still autums air and hard Culverton fell to the ground. Dolly sank hulf-asinting upon her knees; a second report was heard, and a doll third behind her told her that the second bullet had found its

mark as surely as the first. Then a great darkness closed in upon her, a sound of strange mises was above her and around her, and she knew no When she came to her senses, she was lying in the next field, her head pillowed

on the knee of a woman who had been at work among the corn, and who rushed forward on hearing the pixtol shots.— There were one or two harvest-laborers near, and Culverton was bending over her, with some water in a tin mug.
"I thought you were killed?" she said,
as well as her trembling lips could frame the words. "Was it all fancy ?"

"Not quite. I shall be all right direct-Prink some of this water, my dearhe answered. Dolly struggled up into a sitting posi-What made me faint? Why do you all

bok so distressed? Oh, I remember—dear Heaven, I remember—Jasper!" She rose to her feet; but Culverton caught her with his right hand and held "You must not go," he said firmly.

"Let me go" she cried, struggling to re-lease herself. "Oh, Miss Dolly dear," said the woman, "his arm is broke and you'll hart him?"
"Broken?" repeated Dolly, ceasing her struggles instantly. "Did Jasper do it?" Culverton did not speak; he was fast ing faint himself; and only his great ove for her kept him up.
"Is be dead?" she asked.

"Quite dead, dead, my darling. Shot through the brain," he answered. He let her go then, and leaved upon one of the men; for his strength was fast de-"Have some of this whisky, my lord," said one of the laborers, with rough kind-

Culverton took a long draught of the coarse raw spirit, and, though it burnt his mouth, it gave him sufficient strength to follow Dolly, who had gone in search of

It was a sad sight which they found -Dolly knelt beside her dead brother, her white gown all stained with the blood which had flown from Calverton's shattered arm; and near, transfixed with herror, stood Hermione Cave-Fox, the cause

"You must come away, Dolly," said the Earl. "You can do no good here."
Toily raised her eyes, first to him, and
then to Miss Fox, in mute agony; and the wretched woman shrieked out to her not

"Curse you?" repeated Dolly with the utmost calmness. "We Nugents curse to curse her. no one; but I think the last of them will be a curse to you forever. Look at him," she said, pointing to the fair young face turned up to the brilliant sky in the blank gaze of death—"look at him! There he hea, the last of an old name, slain by his own hand - your work! Oh, what had we ever done to you or yours that you should bring this dishoner upon us?" she cried, with pathetic reproach and an awful tearless agony in her blue eyes. "Oh, den't look at me. Look at him-your work— and yourse" turning suddenly to Lord

"Mine" he echoed. "Good Heavens, child, what was you saying f'
"She" pointing to Hermions—"gave your letter to him, and bade him to bring me here to see her most you, well knowengagement. Between you you have sc-complished your work well"-furning from them and smoothing Jasper's fair hair back from his face.

"Dolly, I never wrote to her in my life," "There is the letter," said Dolly, throwit contemptuently towards him

It fell at his feed, and one of the men il standing near, picked it up and hand-At that moment Hermione moved as if to leave them? but the man seized her

by the arm and forced her back quickly "Just stand you still, young woman" he said with scant politoness. "It seems to me as low you'll 'ave to answer for this

of cluries; and job to other folk beside uzzen." "Lot me go" she shricked. "Now stand you still," he repeated pacular than he had hatherto used-"ah'll

"Where did you get this letter!" inquired Lord Culverton termly at that mo-

He spake in a voice of the juries utterly forgotten, and Miss Fox shrank back as if she had received a

"Dost to 'ear?" asked the laborer, shaking her arm. "'Ow did'nt in coon by "t? Dang the hussey, is to govering to speak?" "You wrote it to her." put in Bolly

"I wrote this and another yesterday to ou," said Culverten tirmly. "I found I you," said Culverton tirraly. "I found I could not get over to Dean Ella yesterday morning; so I asked you to remain in this afternoon; afterwards I found I was froe this morning; so I wrote and asked you to meet me here at eleven-this very letter, in fact. I cent them over by Tom the groom, who told me he had given them to your maid; he told me too that you had got a new maid, and that he thought she was French; and I, knowing that you had a French maid coming, never for an instant doubted that you had got them eafely. Pray how did you get them?"—turning fiercely to Hermione. "Did you get the first one also?"

"Dost to 'ear!" repeated the laborer, with another shake. "Yes," she faltered. "I-met-himand I-I-asked---

"Get on," growled the laborer.
"I asked if that letter was for Miss Nugent, and I told him-I-L was her maid her new maid," she stammered, her teeth chattering with terror.
"She told Jasper," interposed Dolly drearily, "that you were going to marry

"I marry-that woman?" said Culverton proudly. "My darling, until she came up and spoke to me this morning, I have never once spoken to her since my mother

"She told him she had been to meet you yenterday morning."
"It is false. I was the whole morning with my lawyer. I was not out of the "There's t' Squire and t' constable a-

coming," said the woman anxiously. "Let me got" cried Miss Fox fiercely "Ay, ma fine bussey," quoth the York-shireman gruffly, "if ta gets quit of this business, thou'd best not to show the face i' Dean Ella village na more, er happen thou'll found tha sen i't' horse-pond. folk herenbout donnt wait to a jury to sattle owt; they meastly sattles for their-

'She'll be wanted to speak afore t' coroner," put in another.
"Sure—ly" returned the first crimly.
As the Spaire harried along the path, Dolly covered her face with her hands; and Culverton, his strength at last giving way completely, fell headlong to the ground in a swoon.

"Ah, yer hussey!" muttered the Yorkshireman between his teeth savagely "What is it?" eried the Source, "What does all this mean? Is Jasper hurt -Delly? Oh, morelful Heaven, he is not dead? My had is not dead?" Thou'd lest take by whom. We've sent to Conjugation for it disclor and a carrings, and we'll bring him whomm safe,

"Sure-ly!" echoed one or two rough Volume near "You don't mean that he's dead?" repeated the Spring incredulously. "My hel is not lead! I tell you be cannot be dead he asserted presidentity, kneeling down by his con's body and trying to arouse him. "Great Heaven, why are you all standing gaping like so many iduate? Can

"It's no good, Sprice," said the woman gently. "There is a built through his brain. He were dead when we get to be Get you lack to! Mistress, Squire; she'll has need of thee?

The Squire pose to his feet in silence, and Daily too moved. "What's the matter with Culverton-is he dead?" he asked in a blank, dazed kind

"I doubt is arm's broke," replied the woman; "lait ec's coming round now."
"Will nobody tell me how this has happened?" eried the Synire passionately, as 'alverton struggled up again, whereupon Jim Sykes acted as spokesman once more "Well, Squoire, thou es ta thank this hussey for t whole business. Stand still, wilts?"-as she made another effort to es-

The story was seen told; and at the end of it Culverton went into a dead faint again; the pain and the less of blood had

taken all the strength out of him. "There is the carriage in the lane," said the Squire in a strange hard voice. "Will you, bolly, and you, Mrs. Roberts, get Culverton to the House as soon as possible? No, not the Towers; take him to the House. I will stay here and bring my son home myself. As for that—we-man, I should be glad if you would take her out of my sight, Sykes. Perhaps you had better set her at liberty." "You'll be wanted for t' inquest," put in

the mustable. Her lips indvest, but ne sound came from "Speak cop," said Sykes roughly. "You know where to find me," she

So then they set her free, and the wretched woman went unsteadily back towards Dean Ella, the bright sunshine streaming down with brave radiance upon her golden yellow draperies as she staggered blindly along the fields and lusty roads.

The sun shone too upon the two ghastly faces in the carriage speeding towards the House; upon the Squire's set mouth and tearless eyes as he busied himself about his only son; upon that still, dead face without disfigurement save for that

idue mark upon the right temple. The villagers came hurrying in flocks to meet the sad procession as it wound through the village towards the great house—the men hushed and silent, the women weeping for sympathy for the tall fair man who had grown up amongst them, their true friend and more than Squire, but now walking beside his dead son's body, with the age of twenty years fallen upon him in the last hour.

At the Vicarage the mournful train paused, for the Vicar and his wife came arrying out, Mrs. Carrathers seizing the Spaire's hand. "Oh, Squire," she cried with a burst of tears-"oh, Squire!"

Can you come up with me?" he asked, with the same unnatural calmness as be-"Yes, marely." "Ay, the Mistress will has need of you," said a woman's voice behind. "Heaven In her! She come to me she did, when

isn't the likes o' me that can do nowt At the words the Squire turned round. "Is that you Susan Mills! You lost your lad, and perhaps you'll know best of any of us what words will comfort her.— As for me"—passing his hands across his eyes-"I cannot even - think!"

I lost my lad, and she stayed all day, she

did; and now she's i't' same bad 'erson --

CHAPTER VI. Three days had passed away, and prep-

arations were being made at the House for the inquest, which had been delayed in order that Lord Culverton might be Extrament. As yet the Earl had not left his bed; but when the hour fixed for the inquest approached, he appeared in the Squire's study leaning on his valet and looking

very wan and weak. The Squire who was leaning his head upon his lands, rose when he entered, and pulled a chair forward for him. "Sit here Culverton, until time to go in," he said kindly. "You look very ill. my boy. Will you have some wine: "The doctor for back it; but I am so hor-

"Never mind the doctors! Alphonse, go and get some port out of the dining-No" remembering that the jury were al-ready assembling there—"ask James for

When James came, the Squire told him oack Miss Nugent to come down-the Mistress was not needed as a witness. She came in prescutly, looking like a ghost in her black gown, and gave a cold hand in greeting to Culverton. "Could you go to mother for a moment?" she said to her father. "I am afraid for

The Squire went hastily out of the room, and Culverton turned tenderly towards

"You look so ill, my darling!" he said gently. "All this is so terrible for you! And the pear mother—is she very bul?"
"Very," said Dolly simply. "No, no;
don't kiss me"—putting up her hands to keep him away. "You must never do that again."

"Why " "I give you your freedom," she answered with a choking wob. "1-I cannot "Dolly, you don't think that I am to blame for this sad business?" he asked

repreachfully. "The blame is on our side," she answered with a vivid flush. "I cannot bring shame upon you."
Then the Squire returned, and Dolly had to be taken into the room, Cuiverton

following close behind them. His evidence He was sween, and deposed that during the morning of September twenty-ninth he was waiting in the Coppies when Miss Cave-Fox came up and stopped to speak

Here the solicitor watching the case on behalf of Miss Cave-Fox asked if he did not mean that he stopped to speak to her.
"It was Miss Cave Fox who stopped." answered Lord Culverton, haughtily. "I was leaning against the trunk of a tree,

aumoking. "You had made no appointment to meet Miss Cave-Fox there!" "Certainly not. I had made an appointment to meet Miss Nugent, who is engaged to marry me. We were to have

been married next week."

Then his evidence was continued.— Whilst speaking to Miss Cave-Fox he heard the report of a pistol, and felt himself wounded in the arm; heard no second report; but, when he came to his senses, he found Mr. Jasper Nugent lying on his face. They turned him over but he was quite dead. Miss Nugent was also there. but had hinted.

"You said 'we' turned him over," interposed the solicitor. "Cortainly. Several men and a woman "And you did not hear the second shot?"

"I have already told you so," said the

Then Miss Cave-Fox was sworn, and gave nearly the same testimony as Lord verton; and at last it was poor little Dolly's turn to advance to the table. Her father rose and put his arm round her; and Culverton, also rising, though with some difficulty, took her hand in his.

She tried to draw it away, but be held it Then the Coroner, seeing how fright-ened and ill she was after she had been sworn, asked her very kindly to tell the jury everything that had happened on the morning of the twenty-ninth. Her story took some time to tell. Little by little, they extracted the whole facts of the case

from her, even as to the treachery con-"Who has the letter?" asked one of the "It is here," answered Cuiverton, re-

leasing Dolly's hand that he might take the letter from his pocket. The letter was then read, a murmur of sympathy for the shrinking girl and her noble lover rising from every one in the room except Miss Cave-Fox, who tried to

"You will be good enough to remain," said the Coroner severely, looking at her over his glasses. "You wrote that letter, Lord Colverton!" he asked.

"To Miss Nugent?" "To Miss Nugett." "Thank you. I think we need not de-

tain Miss Nugent leager. The Squire and Colverton took Dolly back to the study, where, for the first time since the dreadful tragedy had happened her pent-up feelings found the relief of tears. The Squire left her with Culver-ton, believing that he could be-t comfort her, and went back to the dining-room to

The wine which had been brought in for the Earl was still on the table, and as soon as the door had closed behind the Squire, Culverton poured out a glassful and carried it to Dolly. "Drink this, my dearest," he said im-

"I don't want it," she answered leaning her head back wearily against the high back of her chair "I know that;" but you must drink it," he urged. "Conc. Dolly, you are keeping me standing, and I am very tired. She started and flushed, but took the glass from him immediately. Good child" he said approvingly, pouring out a glass for himself.

"Culverton," said Dolly suddenly, as she put her glass down, "I meant what I "About what?" "That I cannot marry you. I cannot really. I should never be happy!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Oh, yes! You will think differently in a few weeks, when the horror of all this has worn away a little," he answered soothingly: "Indeed no," she said ea-nestly, "I

have been so proud of my name, so proud of my family; but I never thought shame would fall upon us. Oh, think of poor "I do think of him answered Culverton gravely, "poor fellow! No shame her up-

"He tried to kill you," said Dolly in a pained tone, "He would have murdered you if I had not made his hand tremble." He thought I was faise, and he had the old Negent bleed strong in him," re plied Colverton. "So far from thinking any shame of him, I honor him for that; the only part that I can regret came afterwards.

"I cannot do it," she persisted, "I can-

not bring upon you the shame of marrying the sister of a would-be murderer and a suicide. Oh, Jasper, Jasper, why did you do it?" She broke off with wild sobs "Do you think I do not remember my father who broke his promised word, asked Culverton gravely "my own fa-ther, who broke Bolly Nugent's heart! My child, who could class poor Jasper's momentary chivalrons madness with lan

Sense no crarel and deliberate as the

The law would, perhaps, consider it

of honor, Dolly, could have but one "The Culverton's and the Nugents." said Dolly, with an effort, care fated not to marry-can you not see that i"

"I cannot incleed." "But I can," she said wearily. "And listen! What is that i"—as the tramp of many feet sounded in the ball. "They are leaving-it is all over," answered Culverton. "What is their decision?" she asked

nervously. "Oh, Bertis, I am afraid to "They can give but one verdict," he

.

sald reassuringly. "They would never give the other against the Nugents." Dollyshivered, but did not speak; and an instant later her father entered. She shrank back in her large chair, with her face hidden in her hands; but Culverton, looking up, saw that the Squire's face was almost bright; the great bitterness in his heart however betrayed itself in his tone.

e Stephen's time, and I am the last of the Nugent's; but I have had a blow this day which will soon do away with the Nugent family altogether." Dolly's tears broke forth again, and, Culverton's face turned a shade paler.

Stephen's time," he said passionately

"We've been here at Deane Ella since

"What is their verdict, Squire!" he "Insanity, sir, and we've been here at Deane Ella since Stephen's time?"
"But Squire, you would not surely have wished any other decision?" remonstrated

"I don't know what I wish," answered the Sonire, leaning his arms on the chimney-shelf and hiding his face. "I'm a broken-down old man, with a taint of nucluess upon him." "Nonsense," returned Culverton promptly-"only the taint of such mainess as makes heress what in Stephen's time

would have been called chivalry." "I think, Dolly," said the Squire forlornly, "when all this is over, we will go away somewhere where no one will know us and our story." "My dear Squire," put in Culverton

bastily. "Where no one will know that I am a poor broken-down old man, the last of his race, whose son lies in his dishonored grave, a would-be murderer and a suicide, , as twelve Deane Ella men, to spare our feelings expressed it, temporarily insane.'
Good Heaven' Insane! There mover
was a Nugent before who came within a
mile of insanity" said the Squire fiercely.
"Yes, that was their verdict—suicide while suffering from temporary insanity and they finished up by expressing their utter disgust at Miss Cave Fox's conduct throughout the affair, and a strong recommendation to Lord Culverton to take steps to punish her for the theft of the letter -

As if that would do any good!"
"None at all." began the Earl. "Why, what is that?" as a woman's scream sounded through the quiet house. The Squire threw open the door and strode out to see what was the cause of that ear-piercing shrick of terror. "I dare not go, I tell you!" screamed a

terrified voice. They will tear me to "Well, you can't stop here," said a man's rough voice-"it isn't reasonable to ex-

"What is this!" asked the Squire, ap-The side door stood wide open, held so by James. The lawyer who had watched the case for Miss Cave-Fox, and the constable, with one country policeman, were endeavoring to personale her- the two constables with but scant politoness-to

leave the house. It was not surprising that she was afraid to go, for the garden dear stead open, and without was waiting a crowd of illagers, who, judging from their augry, determined faces, were determined not to let ber pass quietly through their midst. They were quite silent, out of respect for he dead man within; but now and then a hoarse whisper suggested the horse-pend in a way which made the miserable wo-man shrink back behind the policeman in a dire agony of fright.

"They will tear me into piecea!" she "Like enough," returned the constable unsummethetically. "I will see you home," said the Squire coldly. "You have not done well by us, madam; but the Nugents have never

been wanting in courtesy towards a woman. Give me my hat, James." As the Squire appeared at the garden door, the subdued murmur from the crowd rose into a low but angry mar. "Let us pass," said the Squire impera-

For a moment there was no sign of obedience; the hard, determined, ferocious expression which anger had given to many of their faces did not fade, and one

"Give the hussey up to us, Squoire, an' happen we'll teach her to keep out o' Dean Ella for t' future." "Don't you think," asked the Squire reproachfully, "that I have enough to bear ust now, without having to leave my souse to protect a woman from you?" They made way for him then, and the pair passed through their ranks—the tall sorrow-stricken man and the guilty, terri-

fied woman. The Squire saw her safely to her own gate, and, lifting his hat in all due courtesy, he said gravely-"Let me advise you to leave this neigh-

borhood at once. I cannot answer for the further forbearance of my people."

Then he turned and left her, the woman who had brought such hitter misery and shame to him and his, who had laid the first blot of dishonor upon the hitherto untarnished name of Nugent, through whom, struck down in the bey-day youth, the last of the Nugents lay dead under the roof of his ancestors, slain by

his own hand. "I couldn't have brought myself to do that," exclaimed Culverton, as the Squire and Hermione left the house. "Nor 1, my lord," responded James, "but then the Squire is different to other

They would have killed her,"caid Dolly in an awe-struck voice. "The Deane Ella people are all fond of us, and they would have killed her." "And serve her right too," muttered

James vindictively.
"'Do unto others," she said gently "Aye, but in he same book is writ, an eye for an eye," retorted James; "and that's the principle that Deane Ella folk "That is not the Squire's way, James,"

answered Dolly mondiy. [To be Continued.] An Old-Fushtened Saying. This expression is a corruption of an

old-fushioned saying that originated in the early days of this country. As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; and as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns, on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beantifully blue, they seem full of giee, and join in s chorns, "Honk, honk, honk!"

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, never could mistake them. And the tolks on the earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under peculiari favorable circumstances for this or that enterprise, for them to say: "Everything is lovely, and the goose bonks high!"-(St. Nicho as.

He Ought to go Abroad. The Kausas City Ti as says that Col. Jacob T. Child, the new minister to Siam, never played but one game of draw poker, and then drew upon himself the just scorn of posterity by calling a 60-cent pot on four kings!

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must be paid for as advertisements.

Jos Painvien of all kinds nearly and expeditously executed at lowest prices. Den's you forget

THE STORM BAGLE.

When quiet broads throughout the bine, Nor breathes the wood, nor lisps the wave, He aides away from Engrid view, Asiesp, adresm, in some lone cave. But when great storms their fury vent, And roat and wreak their pow'r,

The hero thus. When Peace presides,
Obscure, unknown, he lives his days;
Then trumpets was. Behold, he rides
Of battles king, and crawned with burst
-iCharles G. Bianden in Chicago Current,

He sours into the firmamout, The genius of the hour.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR

The evening light fell very tenderly on two girlish faces, showing how very unlike they were, yet both so very lovely. Beatrix Lane with his requisitows locks," and fresh young face, on which the sun and wind had left a healthy color, made a very preety picture, standing at the gate, her brown over sparking with life, her red lips smiling, her dimpled bands full of golden-headed datelea.

Her companion—the fair city consinwho was spending the summer at the farm -was strikingly unlike the country-bredgirl, to whose eyes she looked so very fair From the crown of her golden-crowned head to the toe of her dainty boot, lone Lawsen was perfect, in a delicate, blonde way. Her bair was the purest gold, her eyes the most heavenly blue, her checks the daintiest rose leaf tint, her lips the purest crimson, her form willowy reed, her every movement grace itself.

And yet there was a certain light in the dark eyes of Beatrix which the blue ones of her cousin lacked. A certain unconscious sweetness on her red Ups, for which one would look valuey on those of the fair, composed ones of fone. Different in garb, different in appear-

ance, different in training, she stood chat ting at the gate as the last red flushes of the setting sun fell tenderly upon them. "You like your new neighbor. Reatrix?" Ione asked, without the slighest ripple of interest in her cuitivated tones, although her blue eyes turned, for the briefest possible space, to the face of the farmer's daughter, over which a faint flush flitted "He is so courteous, so kind and friend-

ly," Beatrix answered; "how could we do otherwise? And he is so handsome! I never saw so noble a face, losse." The fair beauty smiled as she pinced a white resebud in her golden hair; and the smile somehow made Bestrix uncomfort-

"Handsomet Yes, in a proud, haughty way?" Ione said, evenly, 'but do not lose your heart there, my little cousin, unless you would wear the willow; that of Leon Vincent has not been his own for nearly three venus." A deep sourlet mounted to the brown of

Bestria, but instantly receded, while her brown eyes took an unusually proud light as she lifted them to the face of her Thunks for the warning, bowever unnecessary," she said "but I did not know, when I introduced you to him last pight.

that Loop Vincent was not a stranger to

WOIL. The city-bred girl gave a low, musical laugh: "No," she said, quietly; you did not know, did not divam that I rejected him three years ago " "Rejected him" in incredulous sur-

prise, but with a sodden pallor on the pretty, girlish check "Yes; you see he was only a barrister then, without any too many briefs no money to speak of, and nobely could foresee that his much and cousin would both die within turee years and leave him maswilling to become the wife of a poor man, I rejected him; now things are very dif-

ferent." "How you must have leved him?" Heatrix exclaimed, with the frony, we give him up because he was poor! Was not the love of such & man as Leon Vincent worth more to you than gold?"
Again, the low, slow laugh, soft and sweet as a strain of music, floated forth on

the evening air. "You foolish child." Ione said lightly. "As if the love of any man were of much account as the position be can offer one. You will see these things more clearly as you grow older But I warn you, let no hope of yours fold itself about

your handsome neighbor be to mine . "They may take who have the power. And they may keep who can Beatrix laughed wickedly. "I don't think I'll be found among your rivals, my fair

cousin; But I must go in; manima will want me to help her." And leaving the golden haired city beauty to wait for Leon Vincent at the gate he was approaching along the highway with careless, swinging strides, as she had observed she went up the carbs har heart throbbing, her cheeks burning. He had been amusing himself then, in the six months during which he had been her neighbor and so constant a visitor at the farm. And he low words-so tender and soft, that had not her foolish heart besting they were his way of passing, new and then, an idle hour! And all the time he was thinking of the blue eyes and

golden hair of her cousin! "I am glad she told me." she thought angrily. "I have built hopes that shame me now on his seeming regard. I have amused him by my credulity, my folly! But Oh, I could have loved him so could have held his love as more than the grown of a king. Ab, how foolish I am." Yet when Leon Vincent went up the pretty walk half an hour later, accompanied by the fair, dainty blonds, Heatrix greated him with a smile so frankly careless so unconstructed, that none would ever dream that she held him higher than a careless friend. But she soon made an excuss to leave him with her cousin, and did not appear again until she met him la the hall as she was leaving; and lone was with him, her white hand on his arm, her beautiful lips full of smiles, as she told her cousin she would walk with Mr.

Vincent to the gate. And so matters continued until at length Beatrly made no excusa, but kept entirely alouf when the young man came to the farm, leaving bim wholly to lone, who seemed to claim bim as her own, and even spoke of bim to her cousin, by his first name, in a calm tone of proprie

torship. It was four weeks since that evening, when the two girls had stood at the gate, watching the setting sun, and talking of Leon Vincent; and lone was in the house, trying a piece of music she had received from the city that morning, and which she intended to sing when he came; for it was an accepted thing that he should some to the farm overy evening. and that she should entertain him. The sweet voice, lifted in song reachel. Beatrix as she stood among her roses at

consints principle too lare with the whole fervor of -r heart she had learned to leve Leen \ moont A quick step on the roadway; a low

suddenly stieneed lips, and a sol light in his bonny blue eyes, on the awe I face of She drew aside as he pushed the gate open, and, entering paneed at her side. "Good evening," she said, in times made firm and clear by the sound that came to her-the soft, sweet singing of any

Sting you tonight; I faink she expense

"It will pain me very much to disappoint Miss Lawsen," the young man said, his tones slightly asreastle, but I have ome to night to have an interview with you; may," as she drew from him to surprise, not immixed with indignation, 'mag, tny darling, you shall hear what I have come to say; you have aroided me tong enough, and left me so completely to the tender mercles of your counts that she worst be keartly fired of me; as least, I am tired of such treatment and went to know why you are so annions to fly at my approach. Is it that my face is disagreeand to you, my presence a trial or, what is it. Heatrial I am meany of being

of what i speak-for the austrement of a firt, exculng after evening." How strangely you talk-for a lever?" Reatrix exclaimed, trembling a little, but trying to be cains, I am going in Why do you lingur here when lone is waiting

left for the amusement of-parton me,

dear, since she is your cousts, but I know

"Because" -and he took her hands to a class from which she could not free them -because I want to tell you somethingtell you how dear you are to ma, now ft is your brewn eyes that lure me here, not the blue ones of your cousin, to tell you that I want such live from you as you can give, or I come no mure to the farm! Nay, I vow cover again to put faith to the smile of a weman. Beatrix, I am waiting. Can you love ma, 'dear, or was I deceiving myself when I fascied you cared for me? I have been mistaken ence, three years ago, when I laid my heart at a woman's feet, and she rejected it because I could give her nothing mere. Tell me I am not to drain the same bitter cup to night, Bestrix. Ch. my love, say

you do care for mer-"I do," came a lew, soft whisper, and Beatrix found herself clasped instantly in the young man's arms and held vior to his bosom. "My darling," he whispered softly; "my brown-eyed, warm-hearted darling! I will make you very happy! very, very happy!"

"I have not been year happy of late,"

Bestrix said, smiling up at aim is the

moonlight, her brown head on his breast, "Why did you seem to care so much fer my cousin? It was cruel of you-to me, to "To you, my sweet?" stooping to kine the ripe lips tenderly. "I watched for a single sign by which I could know you cared. At the very first the faree would have been over. But you were careless and smiling seeming very well content to

resign me to your wain. There were times when I fancie. on were ruther glad to get free of my so .y." "I would not stra gle for your love," the girl said proudly. But I loved you at the time, and very much against my

wishes. I wanted to be indifferent." "Thank you . I am so grateful to you for such unwillingness to care for me. But I'm glad you had to, whether you would or not." with a low amused laugh; "for your cousin-she is very fair to look upon, but there is more to be desired than a fair face, a sweet voice and a graceful form arrayed in tasteful finery. My darling, your beautiful constn has ne more hear than a hummingbird, and when love and gold are in the balance with her love ever weighs more than a feather. I fell in love with her dainty face three years ago. But you need nover be jealous of her on that account my pet To-day I regard her as a beautiful pleture no more and a tress of your brown hair is

more to use than anything close on earth. Now, kiss me, my darling." As he lifted his head a moment later be half started, for a vision of white-robed beauty stood before him, fair and dainty enough for a dream of a poet; a girl with waving, golden hair, eyes tike spring wtolets, and dainty, crimson lips, arrayed in shimmering, Seating white, her cheek just now as colorles.

"Ah Miss Lawsen," he said quietig,

while Bestrix drew from his ombrace

with a start, you are in time to offer me congratulations; I am to be your cousing hope the idea is a pleasant one to you?" "Very pleasant, indeed," Ions managed to say, in calm, measured tones, that had a hint of wavering, "and I give you my very best wishes." Then she turned and went allowly along the bloom-lined walk, her white draperies floating about her, her fair beauty a dowes many women had envied ber; and yet, on

the unchanging leve of Leon Vincent -(Philadelphia Call

her life lay a sense of loss, of dreary deco-

lation, of which she had not dreamed one

month before when she so proudly claimed

WOMEN'S PENSIONS. What Widows of Our Ex-Prostdense, Major Generals and Others Becelve. The pension of \$9,000 a year that was voted to Mrs. Ramounk is the inrgest paid

to the widow of any soldier except hirs. Grant, who receives the \$5,000 a year, granted to all the widows of Presidents. Ars. Polk, Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Garfield. The widow of General and Excension Shifelds receives the next largest amount, \$1,000 a year, granted her by a special act of Congress in 1879. The mother of General McPherson receives \$50 a month, and the amount is also path the without of twenty-six deceased generals of the late war, Hinckleman, Richardson, Walllace, Plummer, Stevens, Baker, Whippele Summer, Bidwell, Norris Berry, Lovel, Anderson, Caphy, Thomas, Heintziemn, Finley, Mitchell, Casey, Taylor, Rossentt, Custer, French, Rumsey and Warren The widows of Admirals Wood, Reynolds Hoff, Davis, Winslow, Paulding, Redgers, Spotts and Goldbore and of Commodores Gallagher, Fralley, McCaulley, McCaver and Guest, of the navy, receive a similar possion, as do the whire's of Colonels Harris, Dulany and Twiggs,

of the marine corps. The only widow of a civilian drawing a pension is Mrs. A. B. Mescham, whose husband was chief of the Modor Pears Commission and was crippled for life to the massacre of 187h, when Gearral Capby was killed. She received a pension of \$50 a month, granted by Congress in assu. By the way, I notice in the report of disallowances in the accounts of the bursing officers recently sent to the Senate by Comptrollars Durham and Maynard, the latter is overhaufling the accounts of Mr. Meacham, probably without the knowledge that he is dead. He was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon from 1870 until the Modeo massacre, and Comptroller Maynard, in looking over his dishursements, less found. \$1,700 to be due the government from

him on technicalties Two Wenithy Actresses. Mary Anderson is computed to be worth

\$300,000, which is said to be safely invessed.

the gates, and her young heart was very beary with consulated yearning and shares, both in England and America. A wounded into for the had received her small portion of it is in American Issaels. in real estate, gas struke and railway shares, both in Engla d and America. A She extects to clear this year \$150,000. But out Mary is not to fich as her sister professional Lotta, who, as a suite, lives frugatly and is eminently bestmentitles; wealthiest woman on the stage. Her dollars are estimated as totaling up to conelderable more than a clear million. Most of the mounty in held to the name of her mother, Mrs. 1 rabtree, whophas been her daughter's business manager ever eince she appeared on the stage. Letta has suntained only one - letta moderary loss. A man she was council to time at the bottom of it. She let him have Fro. 000 to speculate with He is at the whole of

merry wheating and the object of per She claims to be, and prebably is, the thoughts stood before her, looking, with consin whom he here, you will and form in the parton," she can hanch no be of it, and Lettn's hand and heart at the did not pass on; "she has a new song to a norse time

THE PARTY OF FARLER'S HAIR BALSAM



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