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locomotive:

him yourself."

at the next station.'

from rail to rail.

into illimitable space.

moon's glad rays.

throttle.

"And the oiling went on.

ride on the engine?"'

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1887.

RIDING ON THE COWCATCHER-

Once Often Enough for That Style of Lo-

The St. Paul Globe gives the following

account of a ride on the coweatcher of a

"'I say, Miles, can't we go out and

"I don't know about that. Johnson,

the engineer, is a good fellow, and he's

almighty particular about that from pet of his. When we stop I'll go forward

and introduce you, and then you can ask

"The whistle, the moan and the

shrick of escaping and compressed steam

from the Westinghouse, the protest and

creaking of the slowing wheels tell of an

toned deity of the 'limited' and are in-

troduced to a self-poised, thoughtful-

looking man in a blouse, who is busy with an oil can about the machinery of

"A word of explanation from the con-

ductor and we are left to plead our

"Ride in the cab? Well, I don't

"Should we go back to the confident

"Hardly; and with a stlent but mutual

resolve to ride on the engine we steal up

under the headlight and plat tourselves

under the coweatcher. Each braces him-

sel for the perilous trip, and each ties an arm to one of the bars with a handker-

seems to spin backward under our fly-ing feet. The speed increases and the

great monster seems to make vast leaps

sation is that of being thrown violently

side a cliff frowns upward, while below the dancing waters shimmer in the

mouning of the mighty power by which we are propelled seems doubled.

and the sleeping trees nod a welcome,

and the prowlers of the night rush deep

frightened by the Cyclopean visitation.

er into their familier haunts, awed and

light from the reflector, and behind it

and responsibility the man at the lever,

"A yell as if of a million fiends rises

We get off, stretch our gramped legs.

and go to sleep, to awake hundreds of

miles away in the city of Ch cago.'

----

The Kentuckian's Plea.

a shiftless fellow of Mercer county, was

Wieliffe, now United States Attorney

here, then Circuit Judge. The trial was

Thou pson was prosecutive attorney, and

Phil Thompson Sr. and Colonel Thomas

C. Dell, now assistant United States At-

torney here, appeared for the d fense.

Collins had b on a soldier in the Federal Army, while every man on the

jury, the prosecuting altorney, circuit

clerk and the judge himself had fought

The witnesses were brought forward

and a plain case of theft was made out

against Collins. The only dependence

of the defense was the testimony of Col-

lin-'s daughter, Rose, who was to prove

well rounded figur., deep black eyes, a complexion in which the hues of health

sat beauteously enthroned, and black hair that swept unconfined almost to the

all it was worth, and Colonel Bell made

a touching plea, appealing to the sym-

pathles of the jury for a beautiful woman

in distress with all the power of lan-

guage he could summon. But the veter-

ans of Donelson and Shiloh were un-

out to mystify them, and raise a doubt

of the prisoner's guilt, and he, too,

finally began to appeal to their gallantry.

In the midst of a glowing sentence, however, he found the jury yawning, looking out of the window and wholly inatten-

Breaking off his pathos, the old lawyer

leaned back on the table a moment, eyed

the jury quizzically with a humorous

"Look here, gentlemen, this stealing

was done during the war, and you can't

do anything with a man for that. You,

Tom Mandyl," he continued, turning

and pointing to the foreman of the jury,

a strapping big Kentuckian; "don't you remember that sheep you stole in Pow-

ell's Valley? You can't convict Ed. Col-

jury, and a smile went round.
"And you, Dan Bond; you know that

horse you stole from Lord Alexander in

the spring of 1862? You can't send a

The smile broke into an open guffaw

As the old man took up the jury one

by one and recalled his shortcomings

the laughter became general and con-

of Morgan's worst horse thieves? What can he say against Collins? And you, Ed.

Butts; you remember that raid on that

old Yankee sympathizer in East Tenne-

see? And you can raise your voice against him? And his Honor on the

But the rest of the sentence was

The jury was out ten minutes and they

A Feather in Her Cap.

Every little while some or easks what

is a woman, a Chinese empress,

discoveries or inventions have ever been

made by women. Let none of us any

See-heig, who, somewhere about two

thousand eight hundred years before

Christ, first discovered and utilized the

Finding the fibres fine and strong, she

prosecuted her researches, learned how

to breed and rear the worms and initiat-

ed a new industry which her successors

Reflection.

" And see much beauty in it."

Reflect on this," the mirror said,

As madame primped a minute; "I do," she signaled with her head;

- Texas Siftings.

longer be at a loss with a reply.

product of a silk worm.

delighted to foster.

drowned in a shout of laught r and up-

roar of applause that shook the build-

brought in a verdict of acquittal .-

beach if the truth were known-

"And there's my Phil. Wasn't be one

in one or two places, and haif a dozen

man to prison for stealing cattle."

men on the back seats stood up.

tinuous. Finally he said:

Louisville Times.

There was a general waking up of the

twinkle in his eye, and said:

Then old Phil Thompson laid himself

She was made to tell her story for

She was a beautiful woman, with a

in the court coule at Harrodsburg.

A few years after the war Ed. Collins,

The case came up before Judge J. C.

ers loom p in the distance. We are ap-

proaching a town, we are going to sto

ear, we are 'glad of it!'

indicted for stealing cattle.

Ed. Butts was circuit clerk.

for the Confederacy.

floor in long waves.

an alibi.

moved.

n all the well-won dignity

"Past green fichts and farm house

"We dive into a deep cut, and the

"We plunge through a gloomy forest

We round a sharp curve and the sen-

· We skirt the river's brink and on one

Now we are off, and the whole world

conductor and have him say: 'I told you so,' in response to our tale of de-

his impatient and panting fron horse.

We go forward with the brass-but-

approaching pause at a water tank.

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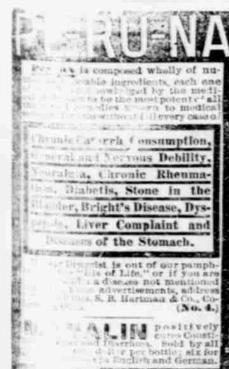
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M. D. KITTELL. Attorney-st. Law, EBENSBURG, PA.

#### Office Armory Bullding, opp. Court H ou se, SHERIFF'S SALES

By Virtue of Sundry Writs of Alies Fierri cariss and Vend. Espon. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Mansion House, in Johnstown, on Saturday the 4th day of June, 1887, at One o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, little and interest of William Custer, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land lying and ocing situated in Richland cownship, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a white walnut thence due west 41 perches to a chestnut oak, thence due west 41 perches to a post, thence by land now or late the property of D. P. Storm due west 120 perches to a maple, thence by land of Jacob Reighard due north 31 perches to a chestnut oak, thence by land of David King due east 40 perches to a spanish oak, thence due north 22 perches to a spanish oak, thence due north 23 perches to a spanish oak, thence due north 24 perches to a spanish oak, thence due north 25 perches to a spanish oak, thence due north 26 perches to a spanish oak, thence due north 26 perches to a spanish oak, thence by land of Patrick Keelan due east 101 perches to the place of beginning, containing 102 acres strict measure, having therein erected at we story plank house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of William Custer.

ALSO—All the right, title and interest of William Custer, of, in and to all that certain tract or parcel of land situated in Richland townshir, Cambria county Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: beginning at a wainut corner of Martin Custer, thence by land of Samuel Chenner south 88 degrees west 834 perches to stones, thence by land of Martin Custer, east 55 and — perches to the place of beginning, containing 21 acres and 100 perches. Taken in execution and to be soid at the suit of Samuel Cheam.

ALSO—All the right, title and interest of John Burket, of, in and to all that certain tot of ground situated in Cooperstals Borough, Cambria county lawing an alley BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS of Alice

ALSO-All the right, title and interest of Wil-ALSO—All the right, title and interest of William S. Patterson, of, in and to all that certain two lots of ground stuated in the Township of Stonyeresk, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, wir tronting on the Eedford Pike on the south, and running back to at alley on the north, adjoining lot of Cambria Iron Co. on the east, and — street on the west. Taken in execution and to be sold at the shit of Maria Wayland.

ALSO-All the right, title and interest of J. W. ighard, of, in and to all that certain piece or reel of ground situated in Jackson township, intiria county, Pa., bounded and der cameria county. Pa., bounded and described as tollows, vir. adjoining land of Cambria Iron Co. on the east and south on the west by land of Edward Horner and on the north by William Bowney, containing 80 acres more or less, about 30 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and frame barn, now in the occupan-cy of J. W. Reighard. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob Reighard.

### SHERIFF'S SALES

VIRTUE of Sundry Writs of Plu Fierri Facian Dissued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, and to me directed there will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court Mouse in Eb-ensburg, on Monday, the 6th day of June 1887, at o'clock r. M., the following Real Esta All the right, title and interest of Esq., and Francis Wagner, Executor s of said John

No. 1,-Of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the Borough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, Pa., fronting to toet on Economy, Street, and extending back 129 feet to an alley adjoining tot of Frederick Hart, on the southwest and lot of John Wagner, dee'd an the northeast. No. 2.—Also—Of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the Borough of Chest Springs Cambria county, Pa., fronting 50 teet on Economy street, and extending back 120 feet to an alley adjoining other lot of John Wagner, de, ceared, on the northeast. the northeast.

No. 3 .- Also-Of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the Borough of Chost Springs Cambria county. Pa., fronting 60 feet on Economy street, and extending back 120 feet to an ning an alley on the southwest and lot of John Fogle on the northeast. No. 4 .- Also-Of, in and to all that certain

No. 4.—ALSO—US, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the Borough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, Ps., tronting 60 feet on Colombia street and extending back 120 feet to an alley adjoining an alley on the southwest and lot of Mrs. Sophia Hurd on the northeast, having thereon erected a two story frame house, frame stable and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Jonathan Douglass. Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of John Wagner dee'd with notice to the said executor's of decesiont. No. 5 .- Also-All the right, title and interes

of John Wagner, dec'd and TERRE TENANT of Lis and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the Herough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, that is to my - fronting on Washington street or the north-west 60 feet, thence extending back at right an-gies 12s feet on the northeast to an alley on the coutheast, then along said alley 60 feet to line of lot of the said Fredrick Hart on the southwest. or 120 feet to the place of beginning, being one full sized lot as laid out in an extension of said Borough and known as lot No. 12., having thereon No. 6.—Also—Of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Borough of Chest Springs, Cambria county, Fa. fronting 240-fect on Tariff street, adjoining property of Aman-da C. Conrad, Samuel Camp and others, containing about one acre.

No. 7. -Atso-All the right, title and interest of John Wagner, dec'd, and of James Littinger, trank transact, of, in and to 2 certain lots of ground situated in the Horongh of Chest Springs, Cambrin county, Pa. fronting 180 feet on Washington street, extending back 120 feet adjoining other lots of James Littinger on the east, and lot of Margaret Treater on the west.

No. 8 .- Also-All the right, title and interest of John Wagner, dec'd, and of Amanda C. Con-red and Thaddius Conrad her husband Tunne TENANT, of, in and to that certain piece or lot of libbett and Alvin Evans, admr's of Thomas .

Liond, decrased, ALSO-All the right, title and interest of Mich. ael Higgins, of, in and to all that certain piece or lot of ground situated in Gallitzin Borough, Cam-bria county, Pa., hounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post at the southeast corner of cemetery lot and alley, thence south 55 degrees and 25 menutes west 127 feet to a post, thence north 50 degrees and 10 minutes west 170 4-10 feet to a post at corner of lot of Patrick Cuyle, along land of Isavid Watt, thence porth 30 degrees and 50 minutes and 15 thence porth 30 degrees and inutes east 148 leet to a post, on line of Sam-Mowery's land, along lot of Patrick Coyle's and, thence south is degrees and 45 minutes cas land, there south is degrees and 45 minutes east to a post 111 3-10 feet to cometery lot, along lot of Samuel Mowery thence south 34 degrees and 5 minutes west 57 feet to a post along cometery lot, thence south 38 degrees 5 minutes cast 165 feet to a post, the place of beginning, conlaining 97 square perches of land. Taken in execution and and to be sold at the suit of Annie O'Neili and University Neili.

ALSO-All the right, title and interest of Will iam Cole, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Carroll township, Cum-bria county, Fa., bounded 2nd described as fol-lows: Adjoining lands of James Cain on the north, land of Casper Well on the south, land of William Shriverser. william J. Ruck.

William J. Ruck.

William J. Buck. ALSO-All the right, title and interest of Geo.

W. Figure 1. Eliza Jane Flenner and Philip F.

UNEQUALLED IN Figure, of, in and to all that certain piece or par-cel of land situated in Adam's township, Cambria county, Fa., hounded and described as follows, viz: Adjoining lands of William Penred on the cast, George Lamb on the west, land of William Custer on the north, and by land of others on the routh, containing 50 acres more or less, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of George W. Flenner, Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Alfred Ashten, Edg., and others.

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## RUSSIAN CURE

H

THE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Manion, IND., Aug. 12, 1886.
My wife was so afflicted with Rheu
natism in her shoulder and arm tha matism in her shoulder and arm that she could do nothing for herself, and could not sleep in bed, but had to be bolstered up in a rocking chair. Physicians prescribed, many patent medicines were used, but the pain still got worse. I sent for the Russian Rheumatism Owre, under a cloud of doubts. It was used according to directions for one week, and my wife was cured. It was one of those agree able surprises that you need once in a lifetime. It is now over four months since the cure was effected, and she can wash, iron, hoe in the garden, and do all kinds of work as well as ever, and has no symptoms of the old discase. We have no hesitancy in recommending the cure to all similiar afflicted, as Safe and Sure.

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OUTWARD BOUND. stood-or rather sat-before him I sit and watch the ships go out

honor."

Across the widening sea; How one by one, in shimmering sun, They sail away from me. I know not to what lands they sail, Nor what the freight they bear; I only know they outward go, While all the winds are fair.

Beyond the low horizon line Where my short sight must fail, Some other eyes a watch will keep, Where'er the ships may sail; By night, by day, or near, or far, O'er narrow seas or wide, These follow still, at love's sweet will,

Whatever may betide. So round the world the ships all sail, To dreary lands or fair; So with them go, for weal or woe, Some dear ones everywhere. How will there speed each lagging keel,

Or watch will keep, o'er surges deep, If there a grave be made! O human love, so tried, so true, That knows not mete nor bound, But follows with unwearied watch Our daily changing round!

When homeward it is laid;

O Love divine, O Love supreme, What matter where I sail, So I but know, where'er I go, Thy watch will never fail? -[Anson D. F. Randelph.

#### ----ANNIE'S LUCKY ERROR.

It was but the Monday previous, at Mrs. Moore's, that George Berkley, after dancing with me twice in succession, had asked me if he might have the pleasure of escorting me to the theatre the next evening.
"I should be very happy." But instead of sailing off with him in all the glory of my spring attire, I was obliged

to tell him, when he called for me, looking so handsome, too: "I regret it extremely, but papa wishes me to wait a year or two yet before I go out with gentlemen; he thinks me rather I dare say my papa's conscience must

have smote him, or else my doleful looks troubled him, for as we were finishing dessert, he said : " Annie, if you would like to go to the theatre to-night, run upstairs and get ready. I will take you." "After all," said I, as I mounted the stairs, "I can wear my beautiful bonnet; and perhaps he may be there-who Ere another hour I was absorbed in

the misery of poor Effle Deans. I turned my head to wipe away the starting tear, when lo! but a little distance from me, sat George Berkley, with that odious Marion Raymond! My tears remained frozen to my evelids, and the woes of Jennie and Effic vanished in thin air. When the play was over, I rose with the invincible determination to adjure his acquaintance at once and for ever. As for her-detestable creature! The tears so blinded my eyes. I could scarcely follow papa through the crowd. He dropped my arm a moment to find the carriage, and I stood chilly and old in the damp night air, till I heard

his impatient tone: "Come, Annie, quick!"
I darted forward, sprang through the open door, which closed rapidly, and nway we whirled Leaning back among the cushions, I let my pride and grief have full sway. There was a sufficiently sensation in my throat that caused me to lower the window by my side, when a gruff voice exclatmed:

Good heavens, Maria! what do you want any more cold air in here for? I am nearly frozen now!" Merciful heavens! who was that? Where was I? Surely that was not papa's voice. At this moment a ray from a passing

gaslight shone upon the opposite seat, and to my horror and dismay, instead of the gray hair and placed brow of papa, was a mass of very black hair, a heavy moustache, a keen black eye, and a most formidable countenance. I was just about essaying one desperate shriek-"Papa! papa!"-when my amiable co-a-res spoke again:
"Maria, what makes you so sulky? I hope, the next time you go to the theatre

you'll go with one of your beaux - Eiridge, for instance. You'd be sweet enough for him, I dare say. Maria, are you a sleep?"

I held my breath in agony.

Who could be be? He surely could

not have murdered papa and stolen his carriage. But this bloodthin ty idea was abandoned as soon as formed, when, suddenly, clear as the noonday, it became apparent. I, in my blindhess, had sprung into the wrong carriage! And "Maria!" Could it be? Yes; she had foubtless been left on the pavement as the vehicle rolled away.

The rain by this time was falling so

heavily that the idea of exposing myself to its influence was extremely disagreeable—especially as I roflected it was near twelve o'clock, and I had not the most remote idea of where I was. Poor papa-what would be think had become of me?

Here a new thought flashed across me-possibly that unknown Maria had taken my carriage, as I had hers; if so, papa would bring her back and recover me. As I arrived at this comforting conclusion, the carriage stopped. My companion gave me an energetic

push, exciniming: "Come, Maria, wake up! We're home." And jumping out, I mechanically ac-cepted his offered hand, and stepped out in the blinding rain. The carriage quickly rolled away, and I hurried up the steps of what appeared to be a fine structure.

I found myself in a handsome lofty hall, with frescoed walls and inhed pavement—made discernible by a dimiy burning light, held by a marble nymph that stood in a niche of the He locked and barred the heavy double

doors, and while thus engaged, the thought occurred to me-it was evident my height and general appearance resembled the absent Maria; by keeping my face turned I might avoid notice till he went up-stairs. I would remain in the hall until day-

break, then hie away home. "Well, sis," said my companion, "were you dreaming so intently that you have not awakened yet? I hope for the eredit of the family you are not a somnambulist. I yawned sleepily by way of reply, and initeringly pretended to follow him up the stairs. With three bounds he had

vanished. "Now," thought I, as I silently retraced my steps to a large ball-chair, and seated myself with immense satisfaction, "If there are no ghosts or goblins in this enchanted realm, I shall be very morning. Good heavens! what's

The gas which had been undisturbed.

now burned brightly, and looking up I saw the retreating figure of my quondam companion, minus coat and boots, and heard his footfall coming down what appenred to be a back stairway. He entered a room at the further extremity of the hall, and soon reappeared with a book in his hand.
"Doubtless," thought I, "he will return the same way, so I won't get frightened."
But no! his light firm step came steadily along; and in another moment,

with gleaming eyes and pale visage, I He staggered back as though he saw a vision, and glared at me in blank astonishment, faintly ejaculating: " Gracious Heavens, what is that?"

I tried to speak, but could only stam-"I, indeed, sir-I-I could not help it. It was a-a mistake!" and burst into a violent flood of tears. "In the name of Niobe!" said he, advancing, "who are you? Don't be so agitated, miss, but please to explain to what I am indebted for this unparalleled

But I could not explain, for my sobs were bursting forth with redoubled "I entreat you to be composed," his tone softening considerably; "there is no occasion for such distress. If you are in trouble, miss, and I can relieve you, I shall be happy to do so." "Indeed, sir," said I, striving to re-

gain my self-possession, "I am very sorry, but I mistook your carriage for my father's, and did not perceive it till I neard you speak; and then I was so frightened." And here I cried again. "Poor little thing!" ejaculated he in an undertone; then aloud: "Don't

feel so badly; it is only a little blun-

der that can easily be rectified in the morning." "Oh," said I eagerly, "then you be-lieve me, and don't think me an im-He threw back his head and laughed, while the white teeth gleamed under his moustache; then said gravely "I don't think you look like an im-

postor; although-let me see, are you sure you don't want the speens?"
"Sir," I returned with much dignity, "my father's name is Morton. We live "Excuse me, Miss Morton, for my presumption; and now, if you will allow

me to suggest, my sister's room is un-occupied, and I think you had better rest there till morning. If you wish, I will call my mother to attend you." "No-no! I beg you will not-I would rather stay here; and as soon as day dawns, I will return home, for I know papa will be almost crazy about "And," said he musingly, "if I wake

mother, I suppose she will be almost erazy about Maria; although I ap-prehend she has made the same mistake as yourself, for I saw her turn from her friends the moment before you entered the carriage. I am afraid papas and brothers don't make very galant escorts else this awkward affair would not have happened. " Indeed!" exclaimed I, rather piqued. " papa left me but an Instant to find the carriage, and then called me, but I so

"And," returned he, "Maria stopped a moment to speak to some friends and I, being a little out of patience sprang in ahead of her; -but I am very egligent. Allow me to present you to Mr. Graham Thornton." Here he made a low bow.

pose the rain and darkness blinde

As I bowed in reply, I looked keenly at him, and found that my first impres-sions were erroneous. He was handsome-very handsome, and possessed that calm dignity and quiet manliness that always fit a true gentleman like a garment. Very different, thought I from the babyish namby-pambyism of that odious George Berkley. He had been scrutinising me as closely

as I him, and now said : You look rather pale, Miss Morton, and I infer you don't feel any the better for your night's adventure. Without waiting a reply he strode down the hall. Presently he returned, bearing a silver waiter, laden with cake During our repast he asked my opin-

ion of his conduct in the carriage, and said he had been annoyed at the theatre that evening. I could not but smile to think how nearly our feelings were allied. Scarcely had we finished when through the deadened sound of the rain, I heard a carriage driven at a furious

Oh, it's father!" said I, springing As Mr. Thornton quickly unbarred the doors, in walked papa, accompanied by a young lady. "My darling!" cried he, "how could you run away from old papa?" Mr. Thornton was busily engaged questioning his sister as to how and when she discovered her error

"Why, Graham," said she, "it was all owing to your sulkiness. If I had not known how cross you were in the theatre, probably I should have gone as quietly home with Mr. Morton as ins hughter did with you." Do tell us how it was!" cried we both "It isn't worth telling. Is it, Mr. Papa laughed till the water stood in

"Just as you please, Miss Thornton," replied he. "If you don't wish it, torture sha'u't draw it from me." Of course, our curiosity was now excited to the highest pitch, and brother insisted on an explanation. There is not so much to tell you need be so anxious to hear it," said Miss Thornton. "When Emma Wilson stopped me on the payement, she told me she! oing to be married next week to Mr. fourtee, and she has only known him three weeks; then she wished me to be bridesmaid, and requested me to invite you to take me with them on their

bridal tour. "All this news so startled me that I had jumped into the carriage and ridden some distance before I fully realized

"Then I wondered whether or not you would take me, and the more I thought of it, the more I wished to go, knowing you felt rather cross, I thought I would coax you a little; I-I-Papa interposed with a merry twinkle

If Miss Thornton will allow me. I will finish, and tell my part of the story. In the theatre, I saw my little girl was not very happy; so, when we were re-turning, I thought silence would be the best cure, and left her to her own reflections. "We had nearly reach the bridge when she moved nearer to me, and-and

he put both arms around my neck and kissed my cheek !" Amid our laughter, papa continued: "I drew her to me, and said: "Well, Annie dear, how do you feel now?' For an answer, I was greeted with the most terrific shrick I ever heard, and she made frantic aftempts to open the door,"

Here our loud and continued laughter

wakened the sleeping inmates, and a voice inquired: "What is all this fuss about?" "Oh, mother!" said Mr. Thornton, "do come down! I have something rich to tell you; and call father, too!" Papa interposed and said we had tre passed on their hospitality already too

So we withdrew, but not before our cards were given, and promises made of future friendship As Maria and I exchanged a kiss, I noticed that we were nearly the same height and size, and dressed in almost the same manner.

I will be generous and confess she is a little bit prettier than I. One pleasant evening, not long since, I sat in the dim moonlight, listening to low-breathed words from my lover, Mr. Thorton, when the aim quiet was disturbed by a violent ring at the bell.

We both listened intently, and I heard the tones of George Berkley inquiring of the servant if Miss Morton was at My companion drew me still closer to his heart, and pressed a quiet kiss upon my lips, as John answered at the door : Yes, sir, Miss Annie's at home; but

#### 'AN OBSCURE HEROINE.

she is engaged."

A Scene in the Slums; One Bright Spot of Purity. You pass through a hideous London slum; the oil lamps flare and flicker in the wind, the hourse hawkers shrick, the ragged children cry -hr lly, and from the putile houses come the confused babble of laughter and cursing and the rank

wafts of nerld smoke. Blowzy women, draggled women, brazen women, drunken women, pass you; ugly male nightbirds seowl at you with savage eyes; foul mouthed young giris-mere children, alas !- salute you with impudent confidence, and the night is full of rank odors and bleared

lights. You enter a narrow alley, watching carefully the manceuvres of the skulking creatures who slouch around with humped shoulders and evil gaze. door opens and you are in the midst of a strange assemblage. A bevy of women gather around some long tables and watch you with dull curiosity. Here is one who is pinched with hunger; her thin fingers are knotty at the joints, her hair is wofully scanty, and she looks beaten, bloodless, sorrowful. Here is a bold crea ure who meets your look with a hard brutal stare; she has heard the chimes at midnight. Here is a specimen of the ordinary dirty, garrulous trollop so freely produced in the wilderness of London. Here is a mere female animal, a creature without soul, who

sits callou-ly glowering at vacancy. A coarse laugh sounds out harshly, and then a quiet voice with the tone of a mellow bed soars along the low room, and instantly the disorder is stilled. You move to the head of the room, and you are greeted by a white-haired woman dressed in black. Her eye is like steel, her lips are composed, her forehead is very placid and her manners are

the manners of a great lady. She is fit to mo e in any assembly in the world, and her dignity would draw the eyes of men and women wherever she went. Beautiful she has been, and the exquisite remains of her fairness remind you of some splendid building grown gray with stress of years. she speaks you hear that indefinable accent which is attained only by those who live among ultra-refined people from their earliest years. A lady this of the

of a queen, yet she puts you at ease instantly, and falls into conversation with polished grace. Witty she is in a subtle way, and her wit is so strangely blended with pathos as to present a unique product of intellectual chemistry. She knows the world, and can flish out an occasional speech worthy of the salon rather than of this dingy shed; but the ruling aspect of her

You feel as if you were in the presence

face and the essential tones of her voice, are those of one to whom the affairs of the world are of small moment. She masters the evil assemblage in front of her, and the b idest slut that ever disgraced her sex is reverential to ward the grave, kind lady whose will dominates ail. As you talk, she tells you of her work. This refuge is open every night for the homeless, and her duty is to help those who are poor, to heal those who are sick, to rai loving merciful words and deeds those who are fallen. None are too base for this lovely, all embracing charity; and as she sits there she seems like the

Spirit of Goodness made flesh. Romances in pienty she can tell, and she does so with soft matter-of-fact sweetness. Every form of human wretchedness is known to her, and her eyes are fixed day by day on lights of Does she ever leave that fearful quarter? Never! Think of that, O discontented pulling fold! This fady who was once beautiful, rich, couried, has given up all for the sake of working beneficently in the weary world, and the passes her days in an appalling London slum. Lords and ladies o' her own class see her, but they remain only for a little time; she stays at her post with still constancy, and bears the squalor, the ennui, the leathsome sights and sounds the recital of wringing records of misery.

She is content even to forego her name, and her very identity has perished from the brained world that once knew her. "I am Sisser Zillah," she says, with her courtly smale, and that is all. Here is on- who is on honor to London, to England, to the human race, toiling obscurely in a place where even men of the better class hardly dare venture. -[Family Herald.

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They Never Do. On one of the telephone circuits in the western part of the city, where four subscribers use the same line, one of them was called up the other day by a second on a matter of business. "You say you paid \$2 per yard?" queried the first. "No, I don't say exactly."

"But my wife wants to know. Give me the exact figures." "I will the first time I see you." " But why not now?" "Because Mrs. L., who is on the line. is always listening at her telephone to hear what the rest of us say, and my wife doesn't want her to know.

Oh, that's it. I thought you might be afraid of Mrs. B. That's one of her tricks, too, though I guess both of 'em are away to-day. Good-bye." "Hold on there!" called a voice as the trumpets were about to be lowered. "I am Mrs. L and I want to tell both of you men that you state a deliberate falsehood when you say I listen! You are no gentlemen, and my husband shall

make you apologize!" "And hold on some more!" called a second voice. "I am Mrs. B. and any one who says I listen to other people's talk has got to prove it in court! up your minds to hear from me." Four trumpets were carefully lowered from four ears and hung up on four telephone boxes, and deep silence broods o'er the land .- [Detroit Free Press.

#### Good Advice.

If a man comes along and wants you to take stock in a company forming to to recover the sum of \$5,000 000 suns in some British ship off our coast in 1814, don't be in a hurry to part with your dollars. "The British Minister at Washington

has looked all these things up, and he reports that no wreck can be found which had over \$10,000 aboard, and there were very few of them.

Better put your money into speckled turnips .- Deiroit Free Press.

Ministering On Business Principles.

Cobb county, Georgia, has an energetic colored preacher who makes each member of his flock responsible for a definite amount of his salary, and when they have no money to give him he makes them work on his farm until they pay off their debt. By this means, despite their color, his flock has no black

sheep.

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### ALTERITED. How They Exercise.

A well-known lawyer and an insurance agent went into one of the pymnastums yesterday to take their usual round with the gloves for exercise, and as they pecied off the lawyer remarked:

is constantly increasing?"
"Oh, yes," was the reply as the agent drew on the gloves. "The increase is all the better for being slow. I presume you saw that article in the Insurance

shook hands and put up their dukes. "It is but natural to expect a revival of business next year." "I look for it!" remarked the agent

as he got in a right-hander on the law-yer's nose. "The iron, coal and lumber interest- give signs of picking up." "As goes iron so goes business," said the lawyer as he planted one in the stomach and another in the jaw and got away from the counter. "I notice that the number of commercial fallures is grad-

know. I'll think about it and tell you "That of itself will soon restore pub-

lic confidence, as I look at it," said the lawyer as he made a feint for the stomach and landed a right-hander on the "I also hope for a better under-tand-

That will be the natural result of this year's strikes and disasters, said the lawyer as he ducked to avoid punishment. "Arbitration is the true pa-

"I've always held to that, but it's hard to make some men see it, you know! panted the agent as he forced his man to the ropes and gave him an upper-cut which made his head rattle. "Well, let us replice that things are no worse than they are," and the lawyer railies, sailes in two-handed, and

#### ---Badly Left-Handed.

Two friends were at a musical concert. One of them remarked : The violinist, I see, is left-hand-

we fly with the speed of the wind and the roar of a cyclone, while ever before Yes, I see, but not very badly, I us, calm and steady, gleam- the path of that there are decrees in left-har ness "Of course I do." his eye on the line and his hand at the

dler seems to get along very well, at on the air, the bell clangs, electric towleast he acts all right. Tell you what's and us the Minneapolis man howls in my with his right hand." " What! climb abourd, take a parting night-cap

for everything. Why, he couldn't sleep with his right hand." "You are toolish. "No. I'm st ting a fact." "Couldn't eat nor sleep with his right

"Diln't have a right hand .- [Merchant Traveler. ----A Reminder of Come.

him in his own language." Brown (who has travelled): "Stuff! Nonsensel' Jones: "Don't you think so, then?" Brown: "No, sir, I don't. I'll tell you why. I was in Kamschatka once. Hadn't heard a word of English for nine weeks. Met a man who looked like & Yankee. He spoke to me. He was a

The Cattle and Dairy Interest. T. D. Curtis, of Syracuse, says there Last year 60,000,000 pounds of imi-

### Tonsorial Item.

A prematurely bald young man who is very vain about his personal appearance, asked a New York barber: "Have you got any stuff that will make hair grow on my head?" "I should say so-just you try my Elixir and in less than a month you will look like one of the monkeys in Cen-

Landlady (at breakfast, throwing down morning paper): "I think them everlasting jokes in the papers on boarding house butter are about worn out." Grigsby (with great snavity): "Ah, madam, you can well afford to smile at them when your butter has so vigorously outlived them all."-[Judge,

#### A "Tayri ble Martyr," "And how is your husband to-day,

Mrs. Carmichael?" queried the minister on his rounds of the wife of one of his · Well, puir Jack, he's no sae well the day. Ye see he's a tayribble martyr to delirium trimmins-something the same as the rheumatism."

"Ma, if it isn't healthy to sleep between feathers, what makes geese and chickens and turkeys do it? Does Dod make em." -[Judge. Sure Cure. "I consider him a bold, arrogant man." 'Yes, I know he is now, but he won't

"And why not, I should like to

himself from tusines after his fortune made, said the other day: "One accuses me of having the thirst of the gold. A the conv. r., I have the gold of the thirst. -[From the French.

#### M king A lowances.

be very long."

know?"

Fond Mother: "Are you not someone is naturally venture-

# BRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorant sideration of advertisers. - se favors will be in serted at the following low rates:

"I suppose that business in your line

"Just read it," said the lawyer as they

ually decreasing." Business men are doing business on a more careful basis," replied the agent as he sent in a chin-blow which fell

ing be ween employers and employees

next year," continued the agent as he Bucca.

knecked the agent flat on his back in the corner, after which they put on their coats and departed on their several ways.

should think."

Badly? Why, you don't mean to say "I didn't know that." 'It's a fact, nevertheless. This fid-

a fire: I knew a man once who was so builty left-handed that he couldn't est "It's a fact. He used his left hand

hand? "That's what I said."

Jones: "How delightful it must be to a traveler in a foreign land to be approached by a person who addresses

Yankee. First English words I'd heard for over two months. Made me so mad I kicked him clean into the river." Jones: "You don't say so! Why what in the world did he say?

Brown; "Said, 'Hullo, old man, I'm broke. Lend me \$10, will you?"-[Somerville Journal.

are 16,000,000 cows in the United States. The money value of their yearly product is \$1,000,000,000, and the total cost of the land and plant necessary for their support \$3,800,000,000. tation butter were sold from a capital of \$2,000,000. This is hurting the dairy interests.

A Greater Age.

Tatty's Good Logic. They were discussing whether feather beds were healthy to sleep on when Tatty came into the argument with:

"He is to be married next week .- [Chicago Ledger. ---A Wide Difference. A merchant of wine, ready to retire

what monished at my girl's singing?"

Profes or: "I must confess I am-but some."- Life.