BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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A HUSBAND'S CROWN

Wall of the same if the davil had stood (as perchance he did at the elbow of Mr. Checketts, and istened to the low ripple of mocking him approvingly on the back, and saic "Brayo! my child! There is many a fiend couldn't do that better in Pandemoni-

When the secretary had vawned and stretched his wearied limbs several times while he emphatically cursed "old Day enport" for "fagging him out like this," he rose and went to a bureau, from ; drawer of which he took a small packer of papers and a large key. The paper he arranged upon the table singly, side by side with the key. "Here is an extremely dangerous hand of cards," he marmured. "But in a short vidle they will cease to exist. Then I shall feel secure."

Presently the door was opened noiseessly and Van Blarcom entered, closing after him with great care. "Are the blinds quite down?" inquired "Of course they are," replied Check-

"Then draw the chandelier lower and turn up the gas. We shall want fire if we don't want light. What's that?" "What ?" "That noise." "I did not hear mything. Come, Van

out cause. We are safe enough here SHEET, Y. "I suppose so. But ever since that inernal apparition in the haunted bower I have been on the tremble. I wonder chaf it was? We ought to have exunined the place thoroughly." "Why didn't you do so, then?"

larcom, you are getfing nervous with-

"Recause you ran away." "And you followed." "Well, we will not wrangle. We were pair of idiots. Effect of the sudden shock perhaps unnerved us. I have not reovered from it; that's a fact." "I have. Do you know what I think that ghost was?"

"An owl; nothing more." "Of course - no doubt - must have wen, said Van Blarcom, with a sigh of immense relief. "By Jingo! how strange we never thought of it at the time? Certainly; you have it. An owl! Ah, Van Blaze on felt as though he could

of gold for that brilliant suggestion. No are suffers more from superstitious terror "Let us come to business," remarked Che-ketts. Have you brought my humble imitation of other people's sig-

have presented his associate with a pursa-

natures that you have held so long?" "Yes: here it is."
"Thanks. Would you mind placing it upon the table to join the other links. There they lie; forming a chain strong enough to drag us to Sing Sing for ten

YEALS.

His companion winced. "Now," resumed Checketts, taking up the key and regarding it with an eye of affectionate criticism, "here is the clegant of steel that gave me access to the check-book. I had it made expressly, as you are aware by an artisan friend of mine a comming worker in metals—who will manufacture any interesting bit of mechanism from a wax model or other wise, and ask no questions, provided that his remuneration be prompt and satisfactory. From a sentimental point of view of gratitude for the service it has rendered I would fain keep it; but that, like most sentiments, would be unwise. Take it, and pitch it into the river tomorrow morning without fail. I have

no fear of you retaining it. Key, larewest Checketts paused for a moment with a indicrous assumption of sadness. Per-haps he really did regret the fate of the doomed key, in the same way as a burg-

ar might feel when compelled by circumstances to sacrifice a favorite jemmy. "These," he continued, placing his fat thumb upon the different documents spread on the table, as he referred to them severally—"these will give learning rouble. Here are certain memoranda ad correspondence through the instruof which a certain check was shed at Montreal. Here is an acknowlguent of a heavy sum due conditionly from you to me. And here is a later intribution, just brought by yourself,

Which shall we begin with first? have no choice." "Nor I either. Put them all together, nel burn them over the gas at the same

"An excellent idea. Suppose we do."
"Suppose we don't!" said a deep voice om the bookcase, as the doors of that massive piece of furniture were flung open, and a burly figure, followed by ree other ligures more or less formidable leaped upon the scene, "Suppose we a serve these papers for another pur-pose," the burly one went on, coolly weeping them from the table into his "Suppose we take a little legal nd judicialy advice upon the subject before we commit ourselves to any rash action. What do you say ? Agreeable? It would require the pencil of a Leech o give an adequate idea of the stupified mazement with which the two scomdrels regarded this undreamt-of invasion upon the privacy of their conference. They stood literally paralyzed with car and astonishment. The dilated eyes, the fallen jaws, the ashy has of Van Slarcom, were only to be equalled by ullar phenomena in the person of Checketts. The tremulous motion of

he one's knees kept time to the chatterng of the secretary's teeth. The heir of the former stood on end ke the fibre on the head of a pith doll hen it is subjected to an electric curultivated with untold pains, and the equent application of "patent fluids," st their spiral briskness, and hung dank on I straight over his clammy brow. You ever saw such a picture of miserable error as the criminals presented when heir bloodshot glances fell upon Richard Payenport, Reginald Governe, the detect-

ive, and his assistant officer, "The game is over," said Bing, 'so you may as well throw up the sponge grace-fully. Darley Crowe, alias John Check-etts, and Gerald Van Blarcom I arrest

both of you on the charge of forgery and conspiracy. Checketts was the first to recover his faculties of speech and motion, which he nmediately employed to throw himself

at the feet of his master. "It's not me," he gurgled; "I was only a tool. Van Blarcom incited me to act with him. He hatched the plot. He is the real swindler, not me. I'll turn evi-dence against him. I'll tell all about it. I'll do anything. Search him! search him!" he screamed. "You'll find the key of your safe in his pocket now. That's proof that I didn't forge the check. Prosecute him for it, and let me appear

as witness. Do let me appear as witness, good, kind Mr. Davenport."
"Get up, you benst!" said the merchant, sparning his prostrate secretary with his oot. We forgive the old man that ebultion of scorn, seeing that we should very kely have done the same thing under circumstances.

A saiden movement on the part of

Van Blarcom now caught the watchful eyes of Bing. "The door, Henrick!" he cried to his

ssistant. For once the clever detective made a mistake. He should have said "The windows!" Van Blarcom darted to the nearest, raised the Venetian blind, flung up the over sart, and disappeared into the darkness ... nont before a hand could be raised to prevent him. Bing rushed after him just in time to

rom his grasp. "Where is he? He hasn't fallen!" exclaimed the baffled Bing, foaming with rage at what looked very like the escape "There he is, on the vine outside-I ee him!"c ried Reginald, who had likewise flown in pursuit. "Good God! he will be killed. The vine is breaking

seize a heel, which, of course, slipped

away I As he spoke a tearing, wrenching sound was heard, twigs snapped, branches bent and broke-a hourse cry burst upon the still night air - a heavy thud sent a dull echo from the terrace below. "He is down!" said the detective and Reginald in the same breath. They were right. He was down, in-

leed. He was dead! At first no one exactly realized what had happened. The catastrophe had been so undreamt of, so sudden, so com-A rush was made for the terrace by Mr. Davenport, Reginald, and Bing, who were joined on their way thither by several startled servants, aroused to the fact that something unusual was occuring, ourglars being, of course, the prominent idea, an impression which had the effect of causing them to shine more brilliantly

in the rear than in advance guard.

"Rem for a doctor, some of you!" cried Mr. Davenport, as they disentangled the contorted, motionless form of Gerald Van Blarcom from the mass of leaves and branches that covered it,
"Yes, I suppose it will be better to do
so, for form's sake," observed the detective quietly. "What do you mean? You do not

think he is beyond the reach of hope?
"I do though. If he didn't beg for veness for his sins on his way from the window to the ground, he has lost his last chance of uttering a prayer in this world. "I am aimid you are right," whispered

Regin.dd, rising from his examination of the dead man, "His heart do s not give the faintest sign of a throb." house, and place him in the first room where there is a sofa. Perhaps the vital spark is not entirely extinct," said Mr.

There was something so dreadful in standing before this shattered ruin of his enemy that the old man experienced a thrill of compassion. A few moments ago his rage against him was larning like furnace seven times heated. He would have chosed him with unrelenting merciless steps to any doom of disgrace or misery. But now the king of terrors arose, black and awini, between them, hurling him back, snatching reveng- from his grasp, and forcing him to remember with a shudder those words of dread and irresistible power-"Vengeance is mine I will repay.

When the doctor made his appearance, his inspection of the body was of the briciest. He simply litted the head once or twice, and immediately delivered himself of a verdict which set all doubts at rest for evermore." "Neck broken."

By this time the entire household was aroused. Kate and Edith came downstairs trembling to make inquiries. The former was prepared for a deconnect of some kind, for she was, of course, to a great extent in the detective's confidence, He had revealed to her that this night was to witness the execution of ms iga-that he was about to strike a blow t their cunning enemies which would render them powerless, and bring upon them a punishment too long deterre ithat on the morrow her beloved husband would be set free, unsulfied in name and

honor. The exact means by which all this was to be brought about she did not know. Bing was very secretive in his nature, and never confided his ultimate plans to anyone if he could avoid it. He told Kate to leave that part of the busi-ness in his hands, for her share in the difficult task was ended, and he advised her to retire early and endeavour to get a few hours' rest, of which he saw, poor

girl, she was greatly in need. She obeyed him, as she had done all through in the smallest matters. sleep was out of the question; and when the noise and confusion consequent upon the events just described had somewhat subsided, she could contain her burning anxiety no longer. So, rousing Edith, who had fallen into a slight doze, they crept forth from their chamber together

nervously-hand in hand. They came upon Reginald and Bing engaged in a whispered consultation. "What is the matter?" inquired Kate, "Hush!" said Reginald, "We thought you might come down, so we stoo! hear to intercept you. There has been an ac-

cident, and your presence can do no "It is all right, so far as we are concerned," said the detective, with a reas-suring glance. "We have trapped our birds one of them, at least and the other trapped himself very effectually.

To-morrow, as I told you, Mr. Lawrence will be iree." "Thank God!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands fervently. "But what is the accident you spoke of, Reginald?"

"Better tell her," said Bing, "or I will, f you like. Well, miss — madam, I should say-the worst of the two precious scoundrels we came to capture has escancel the claws of human justice." How? Mr. Van Blarcom?"

"You have guessed correctly. He is the worst. When he found how neatly we had bluffed him he made a desperat : attempt to get away through the window. But fortune did not favor him very far. The old vine he clung to broke away,

and he came to the ground with a crash."
"And he was hurt?"
"No; he could not have suffered very much, except from the first shock of the fall. He was killed on the spot." Neither Kate nor Edith could suppress the cry — half-horror, half-pitty — that sprang to their lips. They, too, in that moment, could forgive the wretched man whose wickedness had well-nigh encompassed their utter ruin and that of all

they cherished and held dear. Oh! Death, thou great levelle earthly destinies, before whose tremendous stroke all our enmity, and passion, and resentment must be swallowed up for ever-surely thy victories are not all covered by the grave? Thou canst dig a tomb in the hearts of the living, and bid the sweet flower of Pardon bloom upon the ashes of bygone injuries, however

"And now I'll be off and attend to the safe keeping of the prisoner I have succeeded in securing. I am atraid Mr. John Checketts won't pass such a comfortable night as he anticipated. The police station is rather a dreary lodging for a gentleman accustomed to joilier

With these words Mr. Bing retired. 2 "Had you not petter see Mr. wavensort now, and explain your relationthip?" inquired Reginald of Kate.

"I think not," she snawered reflective. "I would rather Lawrence spoke the first words of reconciliation to his father. ntil they have met, and peace between hem is restored, let us keep silence.' "You will not forget to say a good word for me and Reginald, in the fulness of your power," whispered Elith, shyly.
"Never fear!" Kate smiled back at her. "I will plead your cause with the enthusiasm of an apostile and the deter-

mination of a tyrant. CHAPTER X. Worth bears the same relation so wealth as the The evidence against Checketts was so onclusive that when the crestfallen knave was charged at the police court in

the morning the judge at once commit-ted him for trial. We may add that a few weeks later a ary, mainly composed of commercial en, feeling scant mercy for a forger, found him guilty in two minutes without leaving the box, and a stern judge sentenced him to a long term of imprison-

The secretary now passes from our view like a black shadow in a galanty show. He has gone suddenly and com-pletely. He will not again appear before the spectators of the drama. Very soon our little theatre itself will be dismounted. We shall pack up the "properties," shoulder the posts, and walk away to look out for a likely "pitch"

in a fresh neighborhood. Perhaps some among our present audience may come across us again at the other end of the town, and recognise the same familiar puppets dressed up in a new fashion, dancing to the same old pipe as it whistles another tune. Lawrence was, of course, imme-liately released. He was met in the first mo-ment of his regained liberty by Kate, Reginald, and Edith. How forely he strained his brave little wife to his heart and covered her fair face with kisses' How earnestly he clasped his friend by

"Thank you, old boy. Thank you!" How unutterably sweet to him was the affectionate embrace of his gentle sister! What a delicious sensation it was to move again in the air of perfect freedom-not only from the four dreary walls where he had been confined during the remand but more than all from the oppressive weight of immending and unmerited disgrace! The hard flag-stones upon which he trod seemed to possess the elasticity

the hand as he said, in a voice of emo

"It is the separation from you, my darling, that was the worst to bear," marmured in Kate's ear. "The thought of your misery has, at times, nearly briven me mad. I could not have borne it much longer - I could not!"

"We will never, never again be parted,

Lawrence," she whispered back. "Our great trouble has been bitter indeed, but it has been brief. Oh, we shall understand far better the value of our happiness now, my husband, my love! "Look here," said Reginald from the rear, "you two naturally desire to be together, and as Edie and I feel, in conse-

quence, most awkwardly in the way, we will take the liberty of walking ourselves off for the present. Where shall we meet "At Davenport Lodge," replied Kate, glancing shyly at Lawrence.
"Never!" exclaimed her husband,
sternly, as a dark look flitted across his

face. "Do you think I would..."
"Yes, dear," she interrupted, gently. "I feel you would -I am sure you would -I know you will, when you have heart what I have to tell you. Let us hail conder cab and speak of this as we go "I cannot -cannot go there," repeated

Lawrence. "Well, when are we to see you?" inquired Reginald again, as they shook hands at the door of the vehicle. "This evening, at Davenport Lodge," answered Kate, firmly. Lawrence said nothing, but he looked

As they drove on, Kate took his hand and softly kissed it. "For my sake, then, dearest," she said. "Lawrence, I believe your father's heart is breaking. He has done us a grievous wrong, but his sufferings have been cruel-intense."

"He deserves them all." "Doubtless; but we must not keep the wounds open-we must heal them. It is ours to pardon, ours to comfort. have so much joy of our own that we can well afford to scatter some it around us, and, first of all, over him. We must lorgive him, not with the lips only, but from the heart."
"A hard duty."

"But a holy one, Lawrence. Bo nobles Let love triumph over enmity." "You are Love," he answered, tenderly, "and Love shall gain the victory." "You forgive him?" she said, suiffing up through tears, as her head recined on his breast.

"Yes, my dear one." "Freely unconditionally-as I do?" "I will try." "And you will go and see him-to-

"Will not to-morrow do as well?" "No, to-day. Say you will!" "So be it, then, sweet tyrant of my heart. What is there I would not do if only you asked me!"
"I know one thing," she said, srebly.
"What may that be, you puss!"

"Defer our honeymoon for another week, and-His mustache, in close proximity to her lips, prevented the remainder of the sentence from becoming audible. And

here it will be well if we follow the polite example previously set by Reginald and Edith and "take ourselves off." Four hours that day Richard Davenport wandered restless y about his house and grounds, plunged in the deepest melancholy, and haunted by the bitterest

reflections.

Edith had returned, accompanied only by Reginald Gwynne. The old man had cherished a vague hope that the message of humility which he had sent by his daughter would induce Lawrence to come back with them. Now he dreaded that his son's affection was lost to him forever. That he deserved to lose it he was fully conscious, but the gnawing pain at his heart was only increased by the knowledge. There remained now only one thing to be done. He must seek Lawrence out, fling himself at his feet, and crave for pardon. How was the haughty spirit fallen and the proud nature crushed when he decided to do this! And yet he had so determined. ing at last to explate his errors on any altar, however lowly, if the sacrifice might only be accepted. That was all he hoped, all he prayed for, to clasp his son

in his arms and say-"Lawrence, I have sinned. Pity and forgive me."
Not very late in the afternoon Lawrence arrived at the Lodge with Kate upon his arm, and they were received joyfully by Edith and Reginald. Richard Davenport had shut himself up in the library, by way of a change, perhaps, and was not aware of their presence under his roof. "I will go in and see him alone," said Lawrence. "And Kate, when you hear me call you come in to us."
"I will wait near," she answered. "But, Lawrence, remember, no reproaches, no

crael words, no unkind memories,"

"No, dear"

'Promise me, promise me-not one l" "Not one. For your sake, wifey, not

"Go, my noble boy! carry peace to that poor, sorrowful old man who, whatever may have been his faults, is still cour father-and mine." Lawrence answered her with a glance f generous meaning as he turned the handle, entered the room, and closed the door softly behind him.

There are scenes so solemn that even he story-teller shrinks from intruding ipon them. There are gaps in most his tories that should remain sacred, silent, unprofaned. The door that shut out even Kate and Edith, and Reginald, must include us also. Tears such as loubtless flowed at that first painful peeting between the repentant father and the injured son require no witness

of earth. After the lapse of what seemed an age the three anxious watchers in an adoining chamber, Kate heard her name softly called by Lawrence, and advanced to the library, where he admit-

She saw Richard Davenport standing n the centre of the room, pale, but con posed. An expression of subdued glad-ness irradiated his face, causing the mouth she had once thought somewhat ard to grow tender, and the eyes she and hitherto seen veiled in sternest cloom to listen with the light of some he's great joy springing up within him. As Kate looked upon him she knew that her husband had kept his word, and that the reconciliation was complete.

The old man stepped forward to meet her, and, taking both her bands in his, gazed at her with a strange mingling of earnestness, timidity, and affection. "So you are Lawrence's wife!" it length. "Can you find a little place ur heart for one who, by errors, well-nigh ampardonable, brought such heavy trouble upon your earliest wedded

"Do not let us speak of the past," she replied. "Have we not each of as been the victim of a wicked plot?" Kiss me, father; ki-s me, and forget it all." He embraced her fondly, and pressed his lips to her check several times.

"Brave, beautiful girl." he exclaimed. "How can I ever be grateful to you as

"By not thinking me an impostor," she smiled, for coming to your house as Miss Raymond instead of Kate Davenport. I holly to blame in that matter. t was the detective who organized the cheme, and I placed myself entirely under his guidance, believing in his wisdom and experience

"You did right, my dear. You did more than right. You did more than right. You showed wonderful courage mil devotion, without which ruin must save overtaken me like an awful tempost. I have just heard the whole story from Lawrence, and I need hardly tell you with what astonishment I listened. My admiration, and, let me say, my love or you is boundless. If I could only do something to prove my gratitude! But

that is impossible. "Not at all, paper. I have a great favor to ask of you. I came in here prepared to cry 'A boon—a boon! "Name it, my child. Nothing you may ask me will I refuse, 'even to half my kingdom,' " he said, gayly.

"That is exactly what I am about to require of you; but not for myself. One half is already secured to me" (she indicated Lawrence with a playful wave of her hand), and I am perfectly satisfied with my share. I now wish you to dispose of the other half according to my will and pleasure. Of course, you will understand that I speak of dear Edith "

"Yes; and what of her?" "I want you to give her away." "trive her away? To whom?" "To the man she loves-to the man who loves her."

"And he is-" "Lieutenant Gwynne." Our warmhearted, faithful friend, Reginald."
"I gnessed as much," laughed Daven-port. "In my dark days I had a hazy suspicion that a liking had grown up be-tween the two; but I had no idea it had taken such deep root already. You want to seize the bull by the horas-to strike while the iron's hot-to hit a poor fellow when he's down. That's it-eh?" "We do," said Kate with demure "We are selfish. We desire to enlarge the circle of our bliss so that it may take us all within its bounds, inclu-

ding yourself." Well, where are they ?" he cried rubbing his hands, gleefully. "Bring them in! I'll give them a lecture-I'll serve them out for all their sly tricks - I'll show them what it is to try and get over an old father in this way-I'll part them for ever, and ever, and ever. Bring them in?"

Kat: flew to the door. "Edith - Reginald!" she cried. The young lovers entered immediately, being, as we may suppose, not a hundred miles away, by preconcerted arrange-ment with Kate, the conspirator. Now, sir, said Davenport, addressing the lieutenant with a comical zir, something between a smile and a frownseems to me, sir, that you have been making love to my daughter without my knowledge or consent. What have you to say for yourself?" "simply this, Mr. Davenport, that I

love her as my life. You might trust her to a richer and, maybe, a better man than I am; but not to one to whom she can be more dear." "I suppose I nast believe that your excus is greater than your fault?"
"It is indeed, sir."

"And what does my little Edith say? Come hither, child, and breathe a word in your father's ear." Edith placed her arms around her father's neck, and drew his face close down to her blushing cheek. "Oh! that's it, is it?" he said, in reply

to her whisper, "Then there is nothing leit for me but to turn you both, neck and crop, out of the house, with an old slipper flying after you-at the proper time, I mean. Here, Gwynne, take her, and be as happy as you can. She has positively had the assurance to admit to me that she loves you! I confess myself defeated all around and glory in the fact. They say marriages are made in heaven, and in that case a mere wealth-accumulating machine like myself may consider it fortunate it his gold is employed to no worse purpose than to set off gems of Heaven's own selection."

The First Young Girl Cremated.

The first young girl to be cremated in America was nineteen-year-old Alida Weissleder, the daughter of the Superintendent of the Brush Electric Light Company, in Cincinnati. Her body was burned recently at the crematory in that city. The corpse, wrapped in white alum linen, with white and yellow roses on the breast, was slid into the retort by two attendants, who at once retired, and in the stillness that followed the mourners could hear the puff and sizzle of the gases of the body as the heat devoured it. After on hour the blue flames stopped circling about the boly, and a long white streak was seen where it had been. These ashes, when gathered up, weighed less than a pound. They were returned to the parents, and will be preserved in an urn. It was the ninth incineration a the crematory. .. --

NUMBER 11.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

History of King Kalakaua's Disposed Prime Minister.

The Nomadic Life of Walter M. Gibson,-His Career as Coachman and Scholar in

the South .- His Travels. An interesting sketch of the remantie and checkered career of Walter M. Gibon, King Kalakana's deposed Prime Minister, comes from Anderson, S. C.,

where he spent many years of his early life. The facts in this story have been gathered from several old citizens of Auerson, who knew Gibson as a boy nearly iity years ago, and with whom he roved the hills of the Blue Ridge in pursuit of game that has long since disappeared to the deeper fastnesses of the great mount-

About 1839 Mr. William Van Wyck, a wealthy planter of Anders in County, was married to Miss Macerick, and the young ouple started to New York on a bridal trip. In New York Mr. Van Wyck advertised for a driver to take his couch back to South Carolina, and among the applicants who came in answer to the advertisement was young Walter M. Gilbson, then a more boy, but already had he gathered enough experience and knowledge of the world to form the basis for a respectable dime novel. Of Gibson's evious to this time nothing definite was known, but it was said that he was of foreign birth, and that he had already been in prison in timere, but had esaped by the aid of the keeper's daughthat he had returned to New York, for he had previously spent some time there.

A SCHOLARLY COACHMAN,

Gibson saw the advertisement of Mr. Van Wyck, and, being out of funds, and also to gratify his roving, remantic spirit, he applied and was accepted. Gibson drove the horses from New York to Norfolk, Va., where his employer, who had come by a different route, joined him with his wife, and were driven from Norfolk to Pendieton, S. C. While on the read Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck were carrying on conversations in French and German, until Gibson told them that if they wished him not to understand them they must use some other language. This led to inquiry, and Mr. Van Wyck discovered that his boy coachman was a scholar, and, though a coachman, he was treated as one. A white s resut wa time, and Mr. Van Wyck's driver excited a good deal of attention, especially as he always had a book with hun, and rould spend his time reading while those he drove were visiting. That Gilson was strongly attached to his employer and his family is seen in the reversed way he speaks of them in a book written after escape from the Dutch in Samatra. In this book, written in the prison of Welterreden, he makes the following remarks on his boyhood in South Carolina The region of country in which I dwelt, the upland border of the State, is a chosen spot of nature to fester the ardor of young thoughts of novel and lofty enterprise. There are no groupings of earth and woods and streams that offer wilder and richer pictures than can be seen along the windings of the Keowee, so deeply tringed with borders of laurel and muscadine; on the Wild Wolf Creek, from the mighty beetling crags of table rock, in the sweet Valle Jacossee, on Horseshoe Chauga, famed in Kennedy's romance, and then beyond

of America, were the scenes of my early

faraloo in the Cucralice, in the rich

beauty of the leaping Equid silver of Tallula and Toccos, and this as a post of

will and lovely vales and frowning peaks

and shining streams, in this Switzerland

dreaming. HIS LILE IN ANDERSON COUNTY. Gibson remained in Anderson County for about ten years, and during that time he taught in the family of his employer for about three years. He afterward married a daughter of Mr. Jessie Lewis, of the Sandy Springs neighborhood. He speaks very for lly of his love for this fair, gentle girl, whom he welded "long 'ere I was a man." After his marriage he taught school both in Anderson and Pendleton, but teaching was not to his taste. He longed for adventure, and spent much of his time wandering over hills searching for the silver mines of the Indians. He found some silver, but not

After his wife died he ran a boat for a short time on the Savannah River, 115 wife bore him three children, two sans and a daughter, and died about 1848, and now lies buried in the old Lewis family burying grand near the old homestead Gibson always visits his wife's grave

when he returns to America. There was some difference of opinion regarding the character of the man, though the great majority of the people thought very highly of him. He left South Carolina in 1850, leaving his chil-

What he did for the next few years is ancertain, as he, in his books, tells one tale, and many others are told elsewhere At all events, he followed his inclina tions, and became a free-trader in his lit tle vessel, which was originally intendefor one of the ships in the Missionary Centralian navy.

- CAPTURED BY THE DUTCH.

It was at this time that he was captured by the Dutch on Sumatra and imprisoned in Welterreden. His escape from the prison was in itself a romance. He was almost worshiped by the Natives. There was a woman who did a great deal to assist him in his escape. The plot was laid and a vessel ready. He had been fornished with a woman's dress, and, shaving off his beard and changing his costume, he managed to pass the guards and escape. This was in 1850.

He returned immediately to Anderson, but remained only about six mouths. During this visit the citizens of Pendleton held a meeting and expressed their sympathy with him, and passed resolutions asking Colonel J. L. Orr, just elected to Congress, to take the matter in hand and recover damages from the Dutch. The matter was afterward dropped. Taking his children with him, he set out for Salt Lake City. He remained there several years, and was there during the civil war. From Salt Lake he went to the Sandwich Islands, and his history from that time is well known to the newspaper reader.

Mr. Gibson has been back once to his

old home since he became Prime Minister. That was about 1877, and he delivered a lecture in the Masonic Hall, which nearly induced all the young men to go out there to raise sheep, but the next day he blasted his own hopes by letting it out that there was leprosy there. So he did not carry off any of the boys, Mr. Gibson has many warm friends and sympathizers in Anderson County, and he is connected by marriage with many of its best prople. He has a sister who is now keeping to the porous said rocks or oil sauds. a candy store on Broadway, New York.

/ How to Get a Crowded House. First actor-"I am going to have my

benefit next saturday night." Second actor-"You are?"
"Yes, but I'm pazzled to know how I'm going to fill the house. "That is easy enough done."

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Jos PRINTING of all kinds neatly and expedit ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget

Justice Untempered With Mercy.

The sudden influx of people into California and their distribution throughou that wide sweep of territory compassed within the placer mines, called into equisition an army of supply trains, tools, for the sustenance and use of the gold-seekers. The mines in the foothills were accessible to freight wagons, while to the flats, gulches and canons in the far off mountain fastness s packtrains toiled up the sinuous trails, leading from perpetual summer below to eternal snows above. Even yet there seems to ring in our ears the familiar "hepah, mulah!" of the muleteers, as they arged their patient and heavilyaden animals along tortuous archivities. In 1851-52 Marysville was the great distributive point from whence radiated the supplies for that vast mining region embraced between the Yuba and the Feather rivers. The wholesale cambbshments of that embryo city did not have storage enpasts for a title of the sup-plies arriving by boot, and the conse-quence was that hundreds of tons of the nore substantial articles of merchandise was corded up out of doors with at hest but canvass coverings to protect it from the weather. The Babel of cominsion around these supplies during the daytime, incident to loading freightwagons and pack-trains, reminded one of the scenes described by travelers as ettending the arrival or departure of those monster merchant carayans at Alexandria. Under cover of this confu-

suspecting the larceny. But to my narrative; In the early spring of 1852 there were number af as mining at the lower end of Long Far, on the Yuba, on what was then known as Island Bar. Our little colony of bachelors lived in a row of cauvass shanties, each mess doing its own cooking. As it was a half mile to the nearest provision store, and as delivery wagons was not then in vogue, the packing home of our supplies was no inconsiderable task. Under these circumstances it was not strange that we should velcome the arrival in camp of a wagon laden with a general assortment of provisions. Its proprietor cheerily inquired whether we were in need of any pro-visions, and announced his intention of visiting our camp once or twice a week

sion it was possible for tons of freight to

e spirited away without the owner

Here was opposition; and upon being made acquainted with his prices we found them so far below the prices we had been paving that we at once threw off the galling yoke of monopoly and voted that provision peddler a public benefactor.

Tanner, for that was his name, for months regularly brought supplies to our doors, and at prices which made the ocal mer hants curse the day he first cast a shadow on that bar. But he needed not to care either for their curses or blessings as he experienced no difficulty in selling load after load of his provis-ions to the miners. Aside from the couvenionics of having our supplies brought to our doors, we experienced other benefits and advantages, for upon taking his departure. Tanner never failed to say, "Well, boys, what can I do for any of your at Marysville?" And however trivial the matter entrasted to him, he would attend to it to the letter, and refuse any compen-

sation for his trouble. We had come to look for the return of genial, obliging Tanner with almost the certainty of the rising of the sun. But at last he failed us! The sun rose and set on the day of his appointed coming, and at night the question in our little camp was: "What can be the matter

with Tanner ?" The next day we heard all about what was the "matter" with Tanner! He had been arrested in Marysville upon a charge of stealing provisions and other

miners' supplies by the wagon load! In those primitive days of California there was a Statute which sanctioned the inflicting of the death penalty for grand lare-ny, if the trial jury so elected in its verdict. That the law would be enforced in its full rigor in Tanner's case, seemed to us hardly probable. But the jury that tried laim thought differently, and rendered a verdict closing with the ominous words: "Guilty of grand larceny, punishable with death."

The doomed man's afformey fought bravely for the nie of his client. The case was appealed from the Court of Sessions to the District Court, and from thene-to the Supreme Court. By these proceedings the prisoner only gained re-spite of about two months.

On a bright saviny July morn the condemned man opened his eyes to behold the light of his last earthly day. The slanting rays of that day's sun, sinking to rest behind the western mountains, kissed a new raised mound, marked by a board upon which was inscribed, "George Tan-Since the event narrated, over thirty

years have been added to recorded time;

and, of the present generation, there may be those who will question that the deaths penalty was ever infleted in California, by judicial decree, for the crime of larceny. If there are any such, we, in vindication of the accuracy of our narrative, refer them to "The People vs. Tanner," second volume of California Supreme Court Reports. SAN CASSIDAY.

Formation of Coal.

According to Professor Lesky, the buried hed of vegetation which has become what is now known and used sa the Pittsburg coal bed, twelve feet thick, must have originally been as many as 150 feet in depth, it having been compressed to its present size, as the coal bed, by the action of hea and the pressure of the strata or layers of sand which were deposited upon it at different times after it was covered with water. As this coal bed is far above the oil sands, it is not thought that the bed of vegetation which it now represents furnished the oil and gas now being found, but that they have been formed from other beds, buried below the oil sands, and which may have been of even greater depth or thickness than this one, pressed down by the tremendous weight of the hundreds and thousands of feet of sand, gravel, etc., which now form the rock strata above them, and heated from below by the internal heat of the earth to a very high degree, these beds of vegetation would, as a result of such forces, be changed in part into oil and gas, which would escape upward to where it is now found, the parts not so changed remaining and being the aged into beds of coal. It is supposed that in this way the gas has been produced, and possibly is still being produced, from beds of vegetation buried below the oil sands, and that it has found its way in company with oil, parhaps, up

A Very Natural Mistake.

Uncle Mos, entering the house of Judge Pennybunker, was astounded at hearing a parrot exclaim : Li Take o) your hat !"

He complied at once, ejaculating with chattering teeth: "Scuse me, boss; 'fore God, I mistuck ye for a bird, I did, suah."—Tooss

建筑是是这种的大型。