

Constipation tand transformed The re-

Fou quame \$1.00, or \$10 per dozen. here is no Whisky that has ever been sold There is no Whisky that has ever noon some not bet grown in bacer with the public so rank as mar old Exportantial the simple reason as that is a utterly important the simple reason if There will sever beeny let up in the purity and the Easter in any particular of the Pure Cali-brid and Fuel generics of \$2.00 per deset. In making up your or first please onchose P. G. Huney error or Drafts or Register your order. "One might list winter, while pursuing my way along one of the most obscure streets in Reston, I was aroused from the reverse in which I JOSEPH FREMING & SON

And evening's queen Mair, gentle Lama, climbs

Above the eastern hill, - Hele's Wi Stafford, in Onio Farmer.

FATHER AND SON.

was indulging by hearing light foot-

steps close tormy side. Turning quick-

ATale of Pride and Love in Real Life.

and his daughter and he calls the girl Betty "The same," said the stranger; "he

is the man I would see." Hoping the might bring relief to my new acquaintances, I readily con-

he would do it? Think you my William, who was once my joy and pride, would have the heart to triumph over me in my misery?"

"No, he would not," said a deep, earnest voice behind me, which made and forgiveness.-J. F. Trowbridge, ne start. in Yankee Blade. On looking around I saw the stranger I had admitted approaching the bedside. As the light fell upon his brow I beheld it was dark with agony. and there was a tear glistening in his

"To the bridge!" was the cry.

proud, stern, but generous spi it, the candor, beauty and single-hearted-The scattered Confederates rushed ness of the child, but above all, of the to the bridge to escape to the Georgia young man's nobleness of soul, and of side only to find it in flames! Some his spirit of true Christian benevolence had gotten over in safety and many went through as best they could, fight-

and claustly purgratives, the It is for monkow the The best remedy is Ayer's stind their effort firmes Bearing They are an admirable I and the edimer pill, and everywhere and the the production.

"Aver a Fully are highly and univer-ally indice of by the people about here. I make duly use of them in my points. "- Fig. L. Fowler, Bridge-

Jan. 25, 1682.--1v to commental Aver's Pills nieves "Fer several years Ayer's Pills have heat needing my family. We find them

Effective Remedy

or pendinetters and indigenion, and Issue Gronitary, Lawcoll, Minin.

"I but the d Aven's Pills, for lives during many their action." N. Y.

I colleged from constigation which FAULKNER & ALLAN, its destinate form that! The bound of the stoppage of the line bound of Ager's Pills effective $\mathcal{T} \rightarrow \mathbf{D}$. Barks, 1713 Chestnut St., Phil'a, Pa.

- A year's Pills for the past in includer them an in-it medicine. I know of unity for fiver troubles, - s found them a prompt product of the second se to propit, Conna of in a troubled with contlaws

- more inevitable with perfrin, hoping for pellot. J ans that they have served me as other medicity. I the control only after a d of their unrits." - Samuel the st. Busten, Mass.

Aver's Pills,

Dr. J. C. Ajer & Co., Lowell, Masr hald by all Dealers in Mulicius.

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nt purgatives your s or allow your chil-to take them, always this elegant phar-

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s all parts of the State on order. Nothin picked stock to be found in their stables,

ato palynce sollcites

-HARVEST-

The Fure Elight Year Old Expert Gurkerheim.

ly I beheld a young girl, apparently DRUCCISTS. not more than twelve years old, following as if she was anxious to speak PITTSBURG, CA. 112 MARKET STACOL of the Discound. to me, and when lobserved, by the

dim light-of-meighboring street lamp. that she was poorly clad, trembling. thin and pale. I asked her, in a tone of TheOnly Complete Book Published Now kindness, what she wanted.

'If you please," she replied, in a tone that was almost choked with obs, yet struck me as peculiarly soft and sliver-toned, "if you please, sir, will you go back with me just a little way and see my father, who is very alck 2 "What is the matter with your

A popular treatise upon the game and Tood Finite of North America, with "space in reference to liables and methods of capture, by C. Brown Goods, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Pisher-ies, With conservationstrate are an a magnifias. With numerouselinetrate and a finarrif-cent itentisphere plate of a be not insul in spine micros. The work is publish at a operclanae, Kayai Catavo. Oversee pages, from new plates, on handware pages, and elegan ify boand. Sent then on receipt of price, \$150. father?" I asked, feurful of being deceived.

"Oh, sir, if don't know," she answered, in the sam a tones as before. "but I fear he is goin g tox le."

The earnest manner of the brokenhearted girlimade may asha med of having doubted ther at first, and I resolved to comply with her request. I was in just the mood for some advent-

ure where there was an opportun ; of accomplishing an object of benevolence, and I willingly followed my timid, serrowini little guide back to her home.

it is palateable to the mate. It can be refied apon to dure, and it cures The girl led mo into a small and somewhat dilapillated house, and invited me to ascend a small acd narrow staircase. At the head of the stairs I heard her groping about antil her hand touched the latch of a door. antical preparation. which sheepenad. asking me, in a low OYSPEPSIA, the soft by druggest voice, to follow her into the room.

I did so, and found myself in an humble apartment, where scrupulous neatness seemed struggling against absolute want. "The dim light of a flickering lamp which stood on a small table near the door revealed to me the acanty furniture, which I found to confist of a few diality, the table already mentioned, and, among other articles of minor importance, a bed in the most setired part of the room. .

The girl stopped alang before mo and pointed to the bail -"Come this way, sir. if you please,"

she whispered; "incresis father." As she turned to approach the bed-

side of the sufferer to apprize him of my presence I silestly ibrushed away a tene which the sight of her gridworn, pallid checks and oyes red with XCUISIODS MISSOUR much sreeping caused to start through my epselids. .

My youthful guide bent-over the sick man anti. laying her check close to his. while her arms encircled his neck. whispered something in his ear. A moment after she arose, and placing a chair stathe bedside, begged me to approach ...

* Seating myself in the chair she placed for me. I took the hand of the invalid, and gazed for the first time full upon his face. I shall never forget the spectacle. Although much emaciated, his features betrayed the spirit of pride in the midst of poverty. of resolution in adversity, and of the stern endurance during his moments of agony, which dwelt within his breast.

I was about to address him, when he cut me short by speaking first. .

ucted him up the stairs and into th apartment I had left.

On approaching the bedside, I found that Mr. Farley had fallen asieep during my absonce from the room. "Lettase sit here." said the stranger. quietly seating himself at the foot of ove. the bed and shading his brow, which I observed betrayed some emotion, "mand do not tell the old man I am pillow.

here. It is the girl I would see, and J will wait here until she returns." Scarcely was the stranger seated when, as Lapproached the bedside, the

invalid awelce. "You must know," said he, continuing the subject of his history in a manner which showed that his slumber had been light, "you must know that I have not always been in the condition of poverty in which you now see me. Lwas once in excellent circumstances, and enjoyed a high standing in society."

"How did you become reduced?" I asked. "By a series of misfortunes, of

which I need not tell you. By degrees I lost, antil I became quite fortuncless-quite friendless. "Is the girl who brought me here

your only child?" I inquired. "Ah! it is of that I would speak, sighed the sick man, pressing my

hand. "I had another child-acon-"And is he dead?" "No-but he is dead to me. I lost king through my pride-my worse than

"Where is he now?" 'Alas! I knew not!" "Has he deserted you?"

"No-1 drove him from my door. Is was in my days of pride and influence thm I disowned him and cast him off penziless."

The old man pressed his feeble hand upor his brow, as if to still its throbbing, and closed his eyes with a suppressed groan.

"Idoved my son," he continueti, after a pause-"I was proud of him. too, but even he could not change the firmages of my will. It is that which has estranged us." "In what manner?"

"Cap you not guess? Had you known William you would have discovered before this. His generous soul, so-unlike my own, was totally free from the family pride and prejudice to which I owe my ruin. He had no idea of the saristocracy of wealth, and when he found among the laboring classes a maiden whom he thought might make him happy, he cared not dor her humble condition, but resolved to win her heart and hand.

"And you opposed him?"

"Firmly-Witterly-blindly opposed him!" exclaimed, the old man. **He was a major, and I could not enforce my commands, but I threatened, little thinking my threats were vain. I told him in a moment of calmness that the hour which saw him united to the poor girl jae was wooing saw him no longer my son. But his soul, like mine, was above compulsion; and, unlike mine, it scorned the allurements of wealth + He believed that toil and poverty were honorable, and that worth was oftener found with them than with luxery and riches. He trusted that he had found a priceless jewei in the person of the humble girl he loved, and he boldly and unhesitatingly offered her his hand. although he knew I would disinherit

"Who spoke? What voice was that?" demanded the invalid, turning on his

I made way for the stranger, and he drew near the bed. He bent over the form of the old man, and their eyes met.

"It was I who spoke," said the stranger, in hurried, husky tones; "in was my voice." The old man stared at him wildly.

"And who are you?" he demanded. "Do you not know me?" murmured the other. "O God! that it should come to this-that I am forgotten by my father!

"William! my son William!" sobbed the invalid. "Oh, my injured-my noble and forgiving boy!"

The old man's voice was choked by sobs as with his feeble arms he drew his son more closely to his bosom. I turned away to dash aside the tears which came unbidden to my eyes, dimming my sight; and when I looked again. near a minute after, I beheld the father and son still locked in each other's arms. As I contemplated that silent, heartfelt embrace I felt my eyes fill again and my bosom heave with sympathy.

"Oh, my son!" murmured the invalid, at length, "what good angel has brought you ther? I am no longer what I once was, but a humble, miserable wretch. Adversity has taught me a deep and holy lesson; and it is now with joy, and not with pain. that I ask you to forgive me-"

"Father! father"' interrupted the young man, in a voice of agony, "speak not of the past! Let us forgive and forget! Both of us may have been in fault, but the days of our estrangement are past now; we are father and son once more!"

"God bless you! oh, my child!" murmured the old man. "God bless you!" mistakes."-Philadelphia Inquirer. "I am come," resumed William, "to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you." "The debt of gratitude?"

"Yes; for what does not a son owe to his father-especially to such a father as you were once to me? My mother was taken away when I was goung and Hetty but an infant; but you filled her place. You educated me-you did every thing in your power to make me happy. Now I am come to repay the debt as freely. I have a dear and happy home in New York, to which 1 will remove you and Herty as soon as you are able to leave your bed. Till then, I will see that who are made comfortable here. Oh, I thank Heaven for putting it into my heart to come back to Boston and search you out!"

The old man strove to reply to these the ground: then he cuts off the heaviwords of kindness, but could not speak for soliting. He wept like a child. My simulation during this interview was painful. It was a relief to hear

footsteps ascending the stairs, and to see little Hetty enter the moment after. . Seeing two strangers in the room

with her father, she started back surprised, for she was far from recognizof only one industrious little fellow. ing her brother. The old man saw her and called her to his side.

William uttered not a word, but stood regarding her in silence. "My child," said the old man, +'do ---the sputtering timbers.

LESSONS FROM BASE-BALL. A Preacher Finds Material in the Game

you are bound to have fair play.

SQUIRRELS AND CONES.

Obtains Its Food.

creature.

for a Pulpit Discourse. Rev. Forrest E. Dager, of Holy Trinia boy, scarce eighteen years of age. ty R. E. Church, preached recently a He was lost from his company and sermon upon the "Moral Lessons on found himself a stranger among Base-Ball," taking his Lat from strangers, but the gray uniform he Eccles, xi., 9. The sermon is one of a wore called a kind word from a strapseries that Mr. Dager is delivering ping Texan who, like him, was a upon the amusements of youth, and refugee, but had fortunately escaped contained many unique parallels on on horseback, and had succeeded in the National game. He declared that bringing another horse with him, the game on general principles was a which he led. good thing, and said:

"Want to ride?" said the Texan, "We can not afford to ignore any adding hurriedly: "Better git up; thing that has taken such a universal we ain't got no time to spare! hold upon the lives of our young men No sooner said than done, and over

the road leading from Columbus as base-ball, and there are many lessons to be learned from it. First, the toward Greenville, in Meriwether umpire: the most important person County, the little Lieutenant and the about a game is the umpire. Great sturdy Texan jogged along together in difficulties are experienced in securing the darkness of the night.

competent umpires, and there are not The Texan was on his way to Macon, over half a dozen in the whole country. where he hoped to join friends, and From this we can draw the inference, Lieutenant Howell was on his way if a man is not competent to settle dishome to Atlanta, and he wanted to get putes arising between man and man there by the most direct route, which he certainly is not to settle those beaccounted for his not accepting the generous offer of his companion to tween God and man. In the great game of life with God as the umpire, 'keep your horse and come on with me to Macon." They separated after a day's ride together, one continuing "A second feature is the need of skilled and temperate players. All the north toward Atlanta, and the other big clubs have found it necessary to have leading a riderless horse toward

Macon. men who have had long practice, and who are willing to abstain from strong On the second day after the fight at drink. This is also necessary to make Girard Lieutenant Howell found himself near Waverly Hall, in Harris a success of the great game of life. What one error may cost! It can be County.

safely said that the great majority of The sun was sinking over the mountall games were lost by one or two ains, which rise in that section as if errors. So it is that one misstep in by some error of nature, and the travlife may mean everlasting defeat. eler, almost exhausted, was wonder-Another thing urged is the great need ing where he would rest for the night. of sinking individuality in obtaining The road hugged a mountain stream, and a bend brought in full view a mill success in general team work. The best results in the church are obtained cozily nestled on its banks, while in this way. Finally, the enthusiasm across the road was one of those oldtime Southern mansions, of immacuwhen the home club wins and the silence when it makes an error. So it late white, with broad piazzas, and possessing an air of hospitality which ought to be in life. We should always be ready to render praise for good seemed to say, "come in." Several works and refrain from criticism for ladies were about the yard, two in deep mourning, as soon appeared, for husbands who had gone to the war never to return. The gray coat at the gate attracted their eyes and opened The Clever Way in Which the Chickaree their hearts. "Come in," they said, "we will do the best we can for you. Dr. R. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, says that the chicka-You are hungry. We have but little ree, or red squirrel, lives largely upon left, but what we have we will share." the seeds of the black and white Soon the traveler's story was told.

spruce. His method of operation is The party were seated on the broad ingenious, as would be expected of piazza overlooking the mill, and the such a wide-awake and enterprising chirping of the crickets, the monotonous hum of the water playing The cones grow principally at the with the mill-wheel, and the noise of a tops of the spruce trees, and the gentle wind toying with the limbs of largest and the finest are always to be the towering oaks, lent an air of found there. The chickaree selects a tree distinguished either for its steepsolemnity to the occasion.

There are sounds of the pattering ness and density of its upper part, or of horses' hoofs! for its leaning to one side, as either of

In another minute the bend is these characteristics makes it certain rounded and two horsemen, magnifithat the cones, if detached, will fail to cently equipped and in full uniform of Federal cavalry, hastily dismounted ly laden twigs and lets them drop. at the gate of the mansion!

This is done with an impatient rapid-"The Yankces! The Yankces!" ity. Should a person be sitting quietcreamed the ladies, in consternation. ly under a tree while one of these busy little creatures is at work at the top. The riders had promptly "covered" the young officer with their revolvers, he would see the bunches of cones and, advancing toward the house, one come tumbling down in such quick sucof them in Captain's uniform, said: cession that he might suppose half a

"Have no fear, ladies; we will not dozen squirrels were at work, instead harm you." Then, turning to Lieutenant Howell, the speaker continued These bunches seldom lodge in the branches below, but if the squirrel on "You surrender?"

his way down notices one of them ar-"I must; I am unarmed."

"You are a rebel?"

tle and as kind to the ladies as any ng fire and picking their way throu man could be. He would say to them in assuring them that their fright was Among the last to pass the bridge was unnecessary: 'Madam, these men Second Lieutenant Charley Howell, of Company C. First Georgia Regiment-

shall do nothing that your own soldiers would not do. You will oblige us with something to eat, and I trust you will not consider it plunder on our part. It is one of the exigencies of war.

ever saw," said Mr. Howell in speak-

ing of him. "He was a hard fighter,

and always kept in front of his men.

Whenever we stopped on the march at

houses along the road he was as gen-

At this time the Federals held Macon -it was the week that Lee surrendered-and a thousand Confederate prisoners were under goard in a large notton warehouse in that city. Captain Louthan joined his command in Macon, and his single prisoner foll into the warehouse with the other prisoners. A day and a night he staved there, almost suffocated, poorly fed, and scarcely cared for ct all. On the second day Captain Louthan, an officer of the day, saw him through one of the warshouse windows, near which ho was standing, and exclaimed: "Why, I forget about you. You

must get out of that?" The Captain elbowed his way through the jam of prisoners and telling him to "come along," led the prisoner out and carried him to his tent on the bank of the Ocmulgee.

"You will stay here," he said, "an." with the promise that you will remember that you are my prisoner and will report here three times a day at meals, I will relieve you of guard."

On the third day the Captain remarking that the "trouble was about over," asked his prisoner if he would accept a parole. "I can get it for you, and you can go home and Heaven prosper you.

And thus it was that Lieutenant Howell finished his war experience and returned to Atlanta.

And now for the after war part of the story!

Naturally, Mr. Howell, no longer Lieutenant, has often wondered what became of the brave Federal Captain to whose kindness he was so much ir, debted.

Four years ago, while on a trip through the West, he concluded to go to the meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic at Minacapolis, hoping to find some trace of him there. But he could hear nothing.

Several weeks ago, in casual conversation with Mr. Ira M. Swartz, with Captain Jacobs in charge of the work on our new army post, something about the story was mentioned.

"I think I can find him," said Mr. Swartz, and find him he did, at Dunkirk, O., to which place Mr. Howell, at once wrote him. A reply came as. follows:

"I received your letter some time ago; was glad to hear from you. I recollect the time that I was out scouting and picked you up. I am truly glad that you found me out and wrote to me, * * * I would like to come down to your place and see you and visit some of the battle fields. I would also like to attend a counting of Wheeler and Forest's cavalry. The has two years of the war the principal fighting we did was with them. I do not belong to the Grand Army of the Republic, as I live about ave miles from town, and it is too far for me toattend the meetings. 1 send copy of the Kentor Democrat with your letter to me. My political aith is Democratic. Hoping to hear from you

soon, I remain, yours truly, "J. W. LOUTHAN, Dunkirk, Q." A letter has already gone inviting Captain Louthan to come down .- Atlanta Constitution.

-Defendant's lawyer - "if your honor please, I would like to ask a recess for ten minutes. A maiden aunt of the defendant has died and left him \$500,000. 1 wish to consult with my

