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The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

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Patricia rose quietly and glanced at her sister-in-law, and seeing her eyes closed said, softly; "She is resting, poor darling." Then she went out, leaving ber, as she thought, to a refreshing nap. "Of course," she said to herself, with a bright blush of happiness. "Of course, Hollis will purchase Miriam's home if she wishes to dispose of it, but we would rather

she would ime with us instead of going to And the little English girl glanced down on one dimpled hand, where a brilliant solitaire Mashed in silent affimative. Miriam opened her eyes slewly. Patricia had goze down-stairs, and she was alone. alone in the sweet June twilight, with the Lusicaf the clear, evening bells, chorusing the deep bass of the sea, floating tenderly, softly around her. The plaintive song of Robin Adair came up from below, and she knew the old man with his bagpipes was

making his rounds once more for "just wan ha"-penny, please." "Friendless and poor, perhaps sorrowful also," she murmured, maning over the window ledge. Yes; he was coming her way, and would Rop just beneath her window, as usual. Poor old fellow; he aped the dress of the Highlander and countless thought the music of his bagpipes equal to any of Scott's minstrel melodies. Well, he was a sorry-looking minstrel of the degenerate latter days, to say the least. There, what was that he was singing, in his rich Scotch brogue! Hark! the song

had changed, and "Where my bonnie love lies siceping" is what he essays in his quaint voice. She would go down and drop a penny in the wathered palm. "Why do you sing that sorrowful song, my friend?" questioned Miriam, opening the lower sash and recognizing in the dreamy light the picturesque garb of the aged man whom Arthur leved to hear sing. The song ceased, and caressing his bagpipes with loving touch he made answer: "Ah! lady fair, sair is me heart for the

"Then your love is dead as well as mine, said Miriam, with a tremor of he running through her words. The quick car of the man with the rustylooking bagpipes noted the quaver of tears in her voice, and a sudden mist came betwoen him and the world. "Yes, me durling is dead," he replied. "but the gude God's will be done; I'm not the wan to be unhappy, ma'am, for wan glorious day Dil cross over where the music s finer, and Pil find her there." He put his itrembling fingers once more on his pipes, dropped his head and began :

bonnie love gome out of me life."

And where my love lies sleeping J. B. Mullen, Agent, The angels keep watch and ward "Don't! dan't!" wailed Miriam, in a helpless tene, "you mean to comfort, no doubt, but you only wound afresh. I can not say with you that I am not unkappy, STEEL FENCE!



"SHE IS RESPECT, POOR DARLING." for I am so miserable, so desolate, so crushed! Here is money for your comfort, if there be any comfort in it; but donot sing that song for me again, please." She put a handful of shining silver pieces in the faded cap, sand bidding him "good night," shut the window down gently and went upstairs.

"Bagpipes belong to the Scotchman, il know," she said to Patty on the stairs, but they worry me to-night as much as if they were in the hands of unsophisticated Teddy McGlynn." But Patricia knewthat Miriam was trying to dissemble.

CHAPTER XII. As days slipped into months and years at the Hall, Sir Rupert Percival grew stead-Harder and harser to please, he often found an occasion for assuing the servants roundly for some trivial matter or imagin-

ary dereliction. In short, the servants began to think their master's mind had weakened sadir-since Miriam had gene. Often, quite often, they could hear him walking about the dark, gloomy corridors far into the night, and matter to himself of the absent daughter and of the dear, dead wife. Sometimes in his midnight marches they could hear him bemeaning the strange decree of cruel destiny that hung like a pall over Heatherleigh, and cursed his life with suck relentless fate. And in their hearts they speculated and wondered

where and how it would all and. The weeks dragged; each successive week being a perfect counterpart of the preceding. Even the chapel bolls in the listance sounded dirges for the sunny Sabbaths of menry old England, and the evening chimes came to the solemn doors like smothered means over the couck of some

The dwellers of the country side kept aloof from the Hall, as if some sort of dark necromancy held sway beneath its ancient gables; they shrank from the presence of its aggravated and perplexed master with common consent, and pitied the servants imprisoned under his iron rule. Occasionally the servants would steal

away across the fields to their sympathizing neighbors for a social chat and to air some new whim of their peculiar-minded master. But seldom did the servants' quarters at the Half behold a visitor or the overloved inmates entertain a caller, for a superstitions fear of something uncanny and unexplainable kept them away.

Takes altogether life at Heatherleigh was other than enviable. Four years of this silent, aimless life at the Hall had gone the way of the sunsets, and once more the sad anniversary of Miriam's departure had

The inmates of the Hall had heard once from Miriam Percival Fairfax, and her husband, Arthur, had succeeded, so rumor had it, far beyond his most sanguine expectations, and now was a gentleman of wealth and much influence in the first circles of his city. But although the servants had ageneral time of rejoicing when the good news reached them, the aged father gave no sign of joy, or even gratification, over the very desirable good fortune. Yet, strange to say, he did not venture a

word of reprimand to check the flow of reoicing, nor seem "put out" with their cheer-Row off & Co., in Spruce St., New York

Know part of any proposed line of

Know part of the control of the and an exciamation of surprise burst involuntarily from their lips while they came together on the flagging as if by

commands more endurable. And it seemed, as old Peggy had said, that "the climax av his timper had been rached, praise the saints."

And now the fourth anniversary of the daughter's flight had dawned, and it had been quite a while since any news of her had been received at Heatherleigh. Peggy Clarkson, faithful old soul, had seen growing uneasy for some time, and had been praying to her patron saint "for news direcht from the young misthress," when there came a vague rumor floating about the country side that the health of Arthur Fairfax had failed. Doubtless from overwork, they said, when an abundance

was wasting at the flall. "There's no livin'sowl aware how supethe gintlemon will dirrap off and lave the muir childer comfortless," Peggy would say when a fresh rumor would reach them. But on this eventful day John had gone to the city on an errand for Sir Rapert. The austere mester had grown to trust John to transact many little affairs, which, although important enough, had become distasteful and rksome in his old days. It was a little transaction of this kind



SIR RUPERT BROKE WHE BADGE OF DEATH. able day. On his return he had sought Sir Rupert's apartments burriedly, and handed him a letter with a black seal.

His master was lying on a couch, near the window, in the cold, uncertain light of the autumn afternoon. He turned wearily over toward the shimmering sunlight, and stared at the suggestive seal of black; then John," Then with trembling fingers Sir Ru pert Percival broke the badge of death, and read the solitary line written in Miriam's fine, lady-like hand. Over and over the one single sentence he went, forgetful of John's presence. The servant would have gone down-stairs, as was his wont afterdelivering a message, but in this case his inquisitive auxiety overcame his manners, and he stood with hungry eyes fixed on the master's white, haggard-looking face, shrewdly guessing it was from the long-absent daugnter, and trying to divine the contents of the epistle." Presently the add man looked wearily,

sadly from the letter to the anxious face bending over him, and said, as if measuring each word by its sorrowful meaning: "He is dead-Fairfax is dead, and Miriam is a widow." Then he turned his white face away in the sharew of the curtain, and motioned to Johninis dismissal. "Mirum has written," said the tenderhearted John to the servants, as he wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. "Herhusband is dead; wes, Arthur Fairfax is

A moan escaped the lips of the little

group gathered about their lonely dinner at the close of this memorable day. "Poor Miriam," and John made another application of the handkerchief to hide the tears gathering in his honest eyes. "An' it's doed ye say he is! Oh! this wurruld is full of throuble. Dead, an' not pairson to comfort the misthress. Oh! Oi expected it." And Peggy bowed her gray head on the table and wept aloud. "Dead!" echoed Ancil, shaking his whitened locks as he kurcked the ashes out of his pipe against the broad, hospitable jamb, and came over and sat down by his "An' now the masther'll be afthur sendin' fur the heart-bhroken misthress an' repintin' ev his sine," ventured he further as a sort of comfort.

"An' he won't nayther" blazed Peggy, angrily, and suddenly forgetting to sob as expected of Sir Rupert. "Niver! whin he let the young gintleman wurruk hisself nto the grave, and niver a welcome loine ould he sind - not even to her.' As usual, Ancil subsided with his notions of charity and deroted himself to his dinner. while Peggy enlarged on the doings of the past and wandered off into the future, with very severe opinions concerning her mas-

She was the raling faction in the west wing, and when any one of its inmates ex-pressed the hope, or belief, that Sir Rupert would send for Miniam, or may be go her himself, "seeing she was in mourning so soon again," Peggy would shake her capruffles into confusion dire in her authority. Her negatives usually silenced all hopeful expectation as with the spell of a seer, capped with her Elbernian climax of iniver a bit will the haythunish masthur go to the childer; he wad done forningt the may of puir stubborn maneness."

And uncharitable as Peggy seemed, she was, nevertheless, right in her assertions, for not a word of conditione or pity did Sir Eupert send to his bereaved daughter, neither did he express any sympathy he might have felt for ber in her sore be-

But Peggy, good old soul, sent a letter brimful of comfort and loving sympathy to the sonely-hearted Miriam, "unbeknowin to the masthur," for, as she confided to John, who smuggled the missive in with the mail of the Hall, "he needn't think as how the whole wurruld is goin' to walk in the loikes of his mane footstheps." And so the long letter of condolence indicted to Miriam by the faithful Peggy was sent, and all the servants promised to keep i secret from the master. They never forgot his commands of four years ago, to never mention Miriam's name in his hearing, not to appear concerned in her welfare for fear of his wrath. These orders they had never brokes, with the exception of the time when they heard of Arthur Fairfax having gained in wealth and position. In keeping their thoughts far from the master's ken they had "grown wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

Some weeks after the cuckeo had sounded its note along the sunny heages and told the pleasant story that spring had come, there fell another memorable day to the Al' winter long the inmates of Heather-

leigh had lived in utter seclusion from the merry outside world and catered patiently to the whims of Sir Rupert. And when the snows vanished from park and lawn, and the dry alder leaves whirled sorrowfully into odd corners at sight of budding life, and the dark-budded elms bowed gent ly to the great English lyy which had been clutching with maked arms at the weather stained facade and dreary dormer windows in their wealth of bursting new life, there came a break in the routine. Up the long silent avenue came, winding slowly as if in fear of intrusion, a close carriage. Sir Rupert was in his own apart, ments, and the servants were lolling listlessly about the grounds, when the sound of wheels came to their ears. They started up with beating hearts as the welcome break in the monotony dawned on them-

magic, and gazed at the carriage and into each other's faces in an inquiring, mystified

When the carriage stopped at the front entrance a lady dressed in deep mourning alighted, and leading a bright little child slewly along over the flags, she came toward them. And when quite near she threw back her black vail revealing a very sad, but familiar face. It was Miriam; Miriam, the lost-lost daughter.

"Oh, blissed Vargin, an' it's none other than the young misthress, the swate little leddy herself. An' she's a bringin' the angel of a darlin' b'y with her." And the excited tragical old housekeeper rushed toward Miriam, with the overjoyed group in

Sir Rupert looked from his window. He had wakened from his drowsy, listless dreaming he so much indulged in, and heard the unusual stir below. And, hurrying to the pane, he was just in time to see and hear the tumultuous greeting of the servants. It was some minutes, however, before he could make out who it was that had come and raised such an unearthly hubbub among the generally well-behaved inmates of the hall.

bent kindly on her.

tary upward gaze.

my independence to-day

Neverton

bellious child in its nurse's arms.

Miriam read the innermost thoughts of

"You are startled, taken aback, Clarkson,

by my heartless coolness after my long ab-sence; but think a moment, Peggy; what

have I lost here, beside my sainted mother?

I have not misused any paternal confidence

nor crushed any fatherly affection, having

never been the recipient of that much to

be-desired blessing. Surely I have lost

nothing and can nove the less miserable for

"I have ferfeited my right to Heather leigh,

t is tree, but with me that is a minor mat-

"If father will not receive us, baby and I,

because of the name we bear why, all recon-

ciliation is at an end at once, as I shall not

beg foreiveness for imaginary sins and to please Sir Rupert's love of authority.

The shapely hand covered with its black

glove clenched itself in defiance, and the

hot blood of vexation and inherent dislike

surged up to the smooth white brow and

burned in roses on either cheek. A silence

no words for reply in the face of such an

The irate father still stood silently re-

impassioned outburst, because of its truth

garding his children while leaning on the

column for aid. Nos a muscle of his face

moved, but he was thinking, nevertheiess.

A sweet, pleading face of one long since

deat seemed to come before him and pe-

titset in its old, tender way for reconcilia

daughter out there, by her presence, drew

existed between them. If she, his daugh

ter Miriam, would only call across the years

pulse her again; the spirit would be

doings will sit much harder on father

But Miriam did not call.

good-bye "

as of the grave fell over them as at

poor, simple-hearted Peggy in that memen-

CHAPTER XIII. Drawing aside the heavy curtain he silently watched the animated group below.

A wondering expression taking the place of the usual sullen demeanor was soon supplanted by one of recognition. Then a piezsed, happy light so foreign to him dawned in those hard, cruel gray eyes as they rested on the crape-ciad figure of Miriam and then on the fair child now in ber arms.

And doubtless, the angel of lave, poising white wings above the gray-haired father, was waiting to catch the first syllable of endearing forgiveness; but the light died out in his face, and no word of affection had escaped the thin lips, although they worked convulsively in their struggle against the better prompting. In a moment more the victory in favor of cruel hardness of heart had been won, and the uncompromising lines settled back around the firm month, and the spirit of his accursed ancestor swayed Sir Rupert with its evil

Hurrying down the long flight of starrs as Tast as his aged limbs would carry him, he reached the great hall door just before the daughter essayed to cress the flagged pavement in front.

Miriam looked up and saw her father standing there; but oh! how changed, how frail and white-haired he had grown sincesince. Ah! well, how careworn his face, but-ne was still angry. Her heart sank like lead at sight of the storn, repulsive look on his countenance, but she said in a wistful, piteous way: "There is father." the giad light of recognition which had leaped to her sweet eyes and had tinged the fine face with a little flush of happy light died out suddenly, leaving it paler by coutrast, for no answering gladness of heart reflected in response on the paternal brow. "Begone! begone!" he shouted, as Miri-

am made a move toward him. "Don't come near me unless you beg my pardon, my forgiveness; unless you can do that, don't His angry face was startling and pitiful in the extreme to see, framed in by the ong, white, silken locks that swept his

He was clinging to a pillar now, as she grazed at him, with his left hand and arm, and waving his children imperiously off Miriam put down the wondering child on the paved walk and stretched out her arms

toward her father impulsively, while a strange light crept into her proud face. "Father!" cried she, deprecatingly. The agell face, despite its angry expression, had touched a long-silent tender chord of affecttion in the heart of the woman so sadly estranged from paternal love, and with conflicting emotions she uttored the endearing For a moment Sir Rupent's face lost the

hard lines; it was evident a long-silent chord of his heart was also souched, and he



PERSONE! BEGOER!" HE SHOUTED. turned away, hiding his head behind a column, lest any should see the conflict waging between love and pride. Miriam made a step forward hoping-she could hardly have told for what. Her footfall aroused Sir Rupert, and with a desperateness born of Satan he fell back on the evil in his soul, ever sufficient to the emergency, and faced the group once more. Mirlam passed; was there reconciliation beaming on that paternal face! No. "Don't come near me; don't call me that,"

he cried, vehemently; "don't call me His voice falled him, and he clung to the column nearest him for support, looking the defiance he could not utter from sheer ex-

The little group on the flags were silent and almost terror-stricken at the fury of the old man. "I have gone far enough, it seems," said Miriam, after a long silence, in a choking voice. Then in an undertone she continued

talking; partly to herself and partly to the white-faced group around her: "Father will not forgive me unless I beg for the boon, and that, of course, I suar never do. I had thought to come back to Heatherleigh if Sir Rupert cared to have me do so, and had fondly dreamt of making his remaining days pleasant, if I could But to beg admittance to the accursed doors that never had but frowns for me is more than a child of the Percivals will ever do I shall never grovel in the dust for loverather the batred."

A wave of proud, cold defiance swept her pale face for a moment and the fine eyes kindled with an angry, insulted expression. The child, frightened at the loud tone and angry imprecations and gestures of his irate grandfather, sought his mother's eyes with a troubled look on its dimpled face. only to see a sternness there that chilled his trusting heart with childish terror. Hiding his perturbed, frightened eyes in the folds of his mother's gown he was ready to cry.

"You swate little darlint." mosned Per gy, kneeting down beside him. "An' ye's ion't know at all how mane the wurrule kin be whin it tries, me pet; an' its yer haythunish gran'fayther that moight be so proud of ye if the divil hadn't such a therible hold of his hard old heart." The child turned quickly, seeming to un-

derstand by intuition that a great wave of sympathetic love was setting in toward him and in a trice he had thrown his dimpled arms around the neck of the demonstrative Peggy. Putting his fair, baby cheek up lovingly against that of the housekeeper, he began cooing and caressing her old face in the appreciative love of his tender little Peggy's warm soul could stand no more,

and, clasping the fatherless innocent to her great heart, she burst into tears. "Never mind, Peggy." Miriam said in tender, soothing tone, putting her hand on the gray hairs of the bowed "We all know just how it is, except crusty, miserable individuals being spirited baby," she continued in a low, confidential tone, in order that Sir Rupert, who still



stretching their magnificent lengths across

the way. "Drive to Oak Lawn," she said to the solemn-looking lad in front, who had felt a great lump in his throat through it all, and was ready to mingle his tears with those of "the sorrowful lady inside" at the word. Then she leaned back against the cushions and covered her tear-stained face with the crape of the heavy vail she wore. A sadder company never gathered in the

servants' quarters beneath the frowning gables of Heatherleigh than assembled there that evening after Mirlam's coming and sorrowful going.

The old housekeeper was angry with her-self, and called on venerable St. Peter to witness if she would "iver knale to the loikes of him again;" no! "not to save her sowl from purgatory wud she ask a thing." Ancil smoked his pipe in the chimney cor-uer, grave and thoughtful, while the rest by goblins, and milder persons sent to the peace in their stead, and may bewell, may be-

transformed during the last few hours in the solitude of his lonely rooms into a passive, mild-mannered gentleman, whom to serve would be his soul's delight hence-"James, you may replenish the coals and

otwithstanding it is spring-time." tion and atoning love. And a strange mist obscured his vision; somehow the womaniy his send toward her in spite of an he could do. Oh! God, that this chasm of bitterness erly ending this delightful illusion.

to him again, and reach out her arms in that yearning way why, he could not recrushed, and peace would aroud white-winged over Heatherleigh. "I must be going now," she said. "I had promised myself a semewhat different greetwand over his lucky crown for all time. ing from Heatherleigh's shadowy doors, why, I hardly know, but never mind, that is is eyes and leaned back with a sigh. all over now. I fear, however, this day's than it will on me. Good-bye, Peggy; goodbye, Ancil, James, and all; an affectionate

She finished in a softened, subdued tone as she gave her hand to each in parting. "She is a Percival to the very center of her proud soul," murmured John to his fellows, almost gladly. Somehow he felt happy to find that Sir Rupert could be withstood and ignored in his commands of

submission, and that, too, by one of his own Miriam took her little son in horarms and called across the intervening space in a clear, unhesitating tome: "Good-bye, father-a long good-bye! Little Arthur, following his mother's example, stretched out his little arms toward

the frail, tottering form in the doorway and piped in clear, bird-like tones: "Doodbue to 'oo, dood-bye; lon' dood-bye!" When his children's voices floated mele diously to him in these sweet yet sad, sad words, Sir Rupert made no reply But what his thoughts were, who could say? Silent and wordless he stood, gazing after the retreating forms of his hapless children; his beautiful, bereaved daughter and the innocent little grandchild, with its long, bright curis flying in the sweet spring wind. Would be ever see them again! He did not know. Oh! yes, he felt that he did know; he was certain that he never would. Peggy broke in on his sorrowful reverie

by throwing berself at his feet and wailing: "Oh! masthur, masthur, call her back. Oh! masthur, do, Oi beg!" She had rushed forward and knelt at his side on the steps, forgetful of the angry demonstrations she had just witnessed. She was only thinking that she must lose, forever, perhaps, her beloved Miriam. And, in her despair, she feared nothing of word or deed from Sir Rupert.

But instead of replying with a torrent of invectives showered on her devoted head, as all the dumbfounded servants expected, Sir Rupert turned away from the kneeling housekeeper with a gesture of weariness, vouchsafing not a word in response to he appeal. A moment of hesitancy, and he went in, shutting the door softly after him; then, slowly and painfully, he went sadly up to his rooms and their solitude. There was a strange mistiness about the stair ways and a deeper shadow in the corridors as he passed to his apartments. The very shades of death seemed to gather around him as he turned the door-handle

CHAPTER XIV. The heart-sick and mystified servants stood speechlessly looking after the carriage until the trees of the winding aveaue shut it from their tearful vision. A bird, high up in the budding branches, broke forth mto rapturous song as the carriage passed slowly in the flickering light d woven shadows beneath. Miriam put a very white face out of the

carriage side and took a farewell inventory of the scene. An air of neglect had begun to tell on the once handsome drive; dead twigs were scattered about, heaps of brown leaves ensconced themselves at the foot of the row of stately elms, while the fugitives drifted about over the greening sward. Here and there, however, an early spring flower lifted its smiling face along the unused way, and the bird still sang on.

"Ah! well, sing on, little harbinger of bright hours and fair weather." murmured diriam, with white lips and brimming eyes. The brave, daring spirit of a few minutes previous had been supplanted now by the womanly impulses of her heart. "Good-bye, good-bye!" came in sad ac-

outer gate, spanned by two bronze lions, livided up their opinions in biessings and urses, according to their individual views. That evening when James stole softly up o the master's apartments with a tray of mpting delicacies which Maria, the cook, had prepared for Sir Rupert's late dinner, he while she wished she might put "a wee sit of suthin in it," he found his master so changed; silent and taciturn as of late, to

NUMBER 7. e sure, but with such a gentleness of tone and manner as he had never witnessed in a Percival during all his faithful years at the Hall. The bewildered butler rubbed his astonished eyes to see if he were really awake. He had read in old legends of



GOOD-BYE, FATHER: A LONG GOOD-BYE.

But no; it was really Sir Rupert, but

wheel my chair a little nearer the grate, if you please; it seems rather cool in here What a long, friendly speech, and to a servant at that! And he had said "pleaseif you please!" Such a surprise from such a source almost turned the brain of the dumbfounded butter. He never obeyed orders more readity in his life, and he almost held his breath for fear the spell might be breken and the austere old master might be dropped again before the fire, thus bit-The coals glowed anew in the grate, the

asychair glided noiselessly to the most heerful corner, where the light shot little ruddy gleams through the shadows, and happy-hearted James felt as if some good fairy had condescended to wave her magic "New bring the lights, James," and the ach-changed master of Heatherleigh shut When Sir Rupert dismissed the mystifled butler kindly for the evening, awed and bewildered beyond expression, he rushed in among his fellows and reported the miraculous change in the master as soon as pos-

[To be Continued.] THE CHALDREN'S BOOKS.

How to Select Reading Matter for the Young Folks. A very grave matter indeed has become the quality of the reading furnished to our young people. In families where newspapers enter freely, even the casual reader who takes them up and glances them over carelessly can not fall to get a knowledge of the world that if it does no harm does no good either. There are families, indeed, where the children are allowed certain columns of a single paper only, but such prohibition is often as dangerous as its opposite. A notion prevails in many minds that the young must have reading furnished to them where the subject has been written down to their comprehension, forgetting that all our growth comes from struggle upward, and that it is really a great deal better after the taste for reading has been once formed to have the book or the subject just

one degree advanced beyond the moment's taste or fancy. Much of the formation of taste in this matter devolves upon the mother, the aunt, the elder sister; and if they see to it that models of purity and wholesomeness are presented and observed, rather than those which are debilitating to the mental fiber, and thus noxious, a habit will be formed that in time will instinctively reject all that is not distinctively ennobling, and does not feed the better portion of the mind and nature. Puerilities are much in vogue to-day; but their influence is vicious because it is weakening, and in so much degrading. Children can be trained to care as much for one of Parkman's histories, with all its tale of daring and doing, as for any paper-covered story of a cowboy's adventures; as much for the Midsummer Night's Dream, with its wit and poetry and pathos and music, as for any tawdry story in which boy and girl love has part; as much for the sounding sentences of the Old Testament and of Ossian as for any senseless fingle; and while they will derive now as much pleasure from one as from the other, and eventually more, the better kind will give pleasure on a loftler plane, and will cause the mind to reach up instead of down. It is high time that the heads of families looked into this subject in some measure, especially since the eager mind of childhood must be fed, and will deyour whatever comes in its way if nothing is furnished it with design. Such oversight is not so easy a task that it can be despised as too trivial to be undertaken, for in the myriad of publications for children and those just escaping childhood it is a serious effort to keep au courant; and so doubtful is the character of many of them, if not as to intention, yet as injurious quality without intention, that in the supervision one has to become acquainted with a mass of rubbish in order to eliminate it, and finds it a work of time and thought not always | deal of boisterousness and a deal more

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporation or society, a .1 communications designed to cast effection to any matter of ismited or individual interesmust be paid for as advertisements.

Jos Primtina of all kinds neatly and expediously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forgott. BORING A CANNON. Work That Requires Considerable Care

Business items, first insertion 10e, per line; each

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam BRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable con-

and Unlimited Patience. At last the cannon is turned down, and is ready to be bored inside. In this operation it must be bored so straight and true that the boring tool, entering at the exact center of the small end of the cannon, will come out precisely at the center of the large end, seventeen feet away. Those of you who have tried to bore a straight hole lengthwise through even a short bit of wood will know that this work requires not a little skill and care.

When any of you boys have a job of boring to do at your work-bench, you make fast the article to be bored and turn the boring tool. It is just the other way in boring a cannon. The boring tool or "bit" is held firm and motionless, while the great mass of steel to be bored turns around. This plan is found to insure steadiness of the "bit." It would be almost impossible to make this bit firm and solid enough to do its difficult work, and yet free to turn around in the cannon. So if you had been at the side of this gun-lathe when the work was begun you would have seen that the bit was motionless-except for a slow ad-

vance into the gun. The bit attends strictly to business, and steadily bores its way through the steel. Most of you have been to the country and have seen a pig "rooting" in the ground. Imagine, then, a pig to be standing still and the ground to be slowly passing under the pig's snout and being "rooted," and you will have a case much like that of the bit and the cannon. In fact, the boring tool is called a "hog-nosed" bit, and it roots up that cannon as if it enjoyed the operation. No long, graceful curls come from this boring, but small, crisp shavings that are removed as fast as they accumulate in order that the boring tool's work shall not be interfered with. The bit is going into the steel at the rate of threeeighths of an inch for every turn of the cannon, and it is making a round hole almost large enough for a boy to put his head in five and three-quarters inches in diameter. As the round hole grows deeper, the heavy bar, on which the bit steadily, moved by a number of wheels. and screws that form part of the lathe.

I must not lose sight of the shavings. the little ones that come from the inside and the long, spirally-twisted ones that are turned from the outside of the cannon. A military-looking man, standing near the lathe, does not lose sight of these shavings or trimmings either. This man's business is to carefully inspect the borings and trimmings. That s what he is paid to do. Uncle Sam pays him and expects him to earn his salary. The cannon is being made for Uncle Sam and he intends to find out all its qualities, whether good or bad. So the man eyes the borings carofully Now, if with a plane or your knife-blade. you will cut a thin shaving from a bit of yood, it will show any little flaw existing in the wood from which it was sliced. The tiniest knot-hole or crack will show n the shaving much more plainly than n the wood itself. So it is with a connon's shaving. It is a dreadful tell-tale,

and the fault-finding man beside the gun knows this perfectly well. He examines the spiral turning or the little piece of boring and finds no evidence of a flaw or crack. The long spiral strip is as smooth as glass and as glossy as your sister's curls.

Into the solid steel the hog-noved bit roots its way until it is in so far that a little electric light must bear it company o show the workmen how matters are progressing in the heart of the cannon. After eighteen days of steady boring the bit lets daylight into the bore of the cannon by emerging at the other (or larger) end, seventeen feet away .- St. Nicholas.

____ STARTLING GLUTTONY.

Hogs in Human Shape Discovered in Various Parts of the World. The Hottentots, Bushmen and savage South African races generally are enormous gluttons. Ten of them, says

Barrow, ate in my presence the whole of an ox all but the hind legs in three days, and the three Boesmans that accompanied my wagon devoured a sheep on one occasion in less than twentyfour hours. In cold climates such feats as these would only be trifles, and Parry and Ross have recorded cases that, were they not well attested, would pass belief. Sir Edward Parry once tried the capacity of an Esquimau scarcely fully grown, and this interesting young savage contrived, in twenty-four hours, to devour four pounds four ounces of the raw, hard-frozen flesh of a sea-horse. the same quantity of it boiled, one pound twelve ounces of bread and bread-dust, a pint and a quarter of rich gravy soup, a tumbler of strong grog, three wine-glasses of raw spirit and nine pints of water. Sir John Ross, indeed, believed that the daily rations of an Esquimau were twenty pounds of flesh and blubber, but, in extenuation of so enormous a consumption as this, the severity of the climate must be taken into account. Captain Cochrane, on the authority of the Russian Admiral Saritcheff, tells how one of the Yakuts had consumed the hind quarter of a large ox in twentyfour hours, together with twenty pounds of fat and a proportionate quantity of melted butter. As the man had already gorged himself in this disgusting fashion it hardly seemed possible that he would be able to consume any more, but the worthy Russian Admiral, to test him, gave the savage a thick porridge of rice boiled with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds. The glutton sat down to this abundant banquet, although he had just partaken of breakfast, and, without stirring from the spot or showing any sign of inconvenience, got through the whole. Captain Cochrane adds that a good large calf, weighing two hundred just make a meal for four or five Yakuts, and that he has seen three of them consume a whole reindeer at one meal. The feats of English working-men, on their annual club feast day, would surpass belief; a leg of mutton has not been found too much for one man. Dr. Darwin, the father of Charles Darwin, had the reputation of being a glutton, and is reported to have called a goose-a favorite Salop dish-an inconvenient one, as being too much for one and not enough for two .-Cornhill Magazine.

-The Journal of Education says that Little Lord Fauntleroy has made more little boys graceful than all the schools combined. He "has done away with a awkwardness."

are the doctors' prescriptions have in of ne avail." -C. F. Calhoun, J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. re \$1; siz bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.