on the same footing as those who distinctly understood from

None but scalawage do otherwise.—

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1890.

NUMBER 47. Jon Princeton of all kinds nearly and expedi-out be not good for as advertisements.

Jon Princeton of all kinds nearly and expedi-ously executed at lowest prices. Bon't you large

HE PEOPLE'S STORE,

FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.

HE: PITTSBURG: EXPOSITION

Opens Wednesday, Sept. 3.

he Exposition excursion rates on all the railroads to Pittsburg will induce a of you to visit our city. The managers of the Pittsburg exposition are making to make itinteresting, entertaining and instructive, and in every way page of the thousands who will come to see it. our part by having a show there. It will be principally of CARPETS, represents one of the many departments in our large establishment, we a come and see our storerooms on Fifth Avenue, the largest and finest in the of every discription, in the new stiles; for Fall and Winter wear for Ladies, mildren, Shawls of all kinds, and the latest fashions in Ladies' and Misses

bepartment, with all the new and nobby styles of [Hats, and Bonnets Is ng in the way of Fall Underwear, 'Gloves, Hoslery and Trimmings as' well, inkets, Fiannels, Comforts, Table Linens, Sheetings and Housekeeping goods, upon piles of the best. You are invited to call and see our store whether purchase or net. No pushing or boring to buy, polite and courteous treat-

CAMPBELL & DICK.

NO MORE OF THIS!

"COLCHESTER" RUBBER GO.

offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with

the Rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester?

ADHESIVE COUNTERS"

ROBERT EVANS.

UNDERTAKER,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,

Ebensburg, Pa.

A full line of Caskets always on hand. The

Bodies Embalmed

WHEN REQUIRED.

LILLY

AGENCY.

FIRE INSURANCE AT COST. POLICIES

ISSUED IN GOOD RELIABLE COMPA-

NIES AT VERY LOWEST RATES.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS SOLD AND DRAFTS

ISSUED PAYABLE IN ALLIPARTS

OF EUROPE.

J. B. Mullen, Agent,

A SOLID

LILLY, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

STEEL FENCE!

FOR RESIDENCES, CHURCHES, CEMETERIES, FARMS

GARDENS, Gates, Arbers, Window Guards, Fire-proof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO

Hardware Mee keep It. Give name of this paper

GREAM : BALM CREAM BALM

Cleauses the

Vasai Passages

tlinys Pain ' Ad

Heals Sore Eyes

Restores the

cents in stamps they will set of their famous housesusend a book containir

UINEPTUS

id or fluid Price, 75 he Academic Pharmaceutic Co., LONDON AND NEW YORK. S WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK CITY.

also free from harmful drugs landsome Packages, Price 50 Cts.

loyal Pharmaceutic Co. ONDON AND NEW YORK, Cova main to the Royal Family. NEW YORK BRANCH: 80, 132, 134 Charlton St.

ROYAL PILLS. ALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BER THE BIG FOUR! WESSTER CORD.AL, | deficious } 50c. Enters POWDERS, 50 doses, 50c.

W Hitters, new style, | pleasant | \$1.00 W Bitters, old style, bitter faste. \$1.00 World's Great Blood Purifler Life Civing Principle. Temperance Bitters Known.



McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, ANUISCO AND NEW YORK.



enses of Tast and Smedl. Try the Cure. HAY-A particle is applied into each nestrils and is agreeable. Price to cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 50 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

LUMBER IS ADVANCING. AW-MILLS, STEAM ENGINES, SHINGLE MILLS, HAY PRESSES, &c.

Cea. P

If you want a First-class SAW MILL. debilitated. Address. . FOWLER, Mondus, Conn. BONANZA GAGENTS SAMPLES FREE

> AVERYBODY in Campria county should read the FREEMAN, Only \$150 per year.

A. B. FARQUAR, (Limited), York, Pa.

LIFE'S LAUDER.

And a double truth it teaches To the one who stops to heed. Hurrying the climber stumbles, Meets with hindrance if not harm;

Step by step we mount the ladder,"

Doth the Turkish proverbread;

- Better far ascend more slowly, Sure of foot and strong of arm.
- So in all life's efforts upward, We but time and trouble waste When we yield to anxious impulse— Nothing e'er is gained by haste.

And the other lesson taught us

By the saying is as plain-

Can not of his purpose full.

hough by single rounds we clamber, We the ladder's top shall gain. Fear not then, nor faint nor falter, As life's steeps you seek to scale He who constant climbs, though slowly,

WATCH CHARMS.

-Rev. P. B. Strong, in Golden Days.

Intertaining Stories Sometimes Suggested by Them.

Though of Little Intrinsic Value They Serve as Reminders of Interesting Incidents in the Lives of Their Wearers.

If a man could get all the stories suggested by watch charms worn in the city, he would have a book of narratives bigger than the Doomsday Book in London. Many a man who would disdain any thing like weakness in personal adornment will wear a watch charm from one year's end to the next when there is no possible excuse for it beyond some legend of which he alone is the possessor. One of the conductors on the Pennsylvania road wears a miniature lantern with a red glass, and gold wire frame, in the center of which is a bit of phosphorescent light that glows brightly however dark the night may be. But a lantern in such a place is not especially remarked, for many many men on the road wear them in one style or another. The story about this particular one would never come out if we waited for

the conductor to tell it himself. But it has a story. Years ago, when this same conductor brakeman was really expected to attend to the brakes even on a passenger train, there was a collision and four men in the sleeper were killed. That was serious enough, but it would have been vastly worse had it not been for the fact that this man, then in a more humble position, heard the train coming behind nim, clearly out of her time, snatched a red lantern and ran back there to give the warning. The engineer of the trespassing train saw him just in time to turn off the steam and put on the orakes, but he could not prevent the accident. Right at the prow of his engine, when the wreckers came to the place, lay a rich man who had long been an invalid, and who considered himself ndebted to the brakeman for his life He made him a present of the little lantern, and now each Christmas he sends to the vigilant trainman, who has since risen to the ranks of the conductors, a present which marks in some measure the gratitude even a suffering man can feel for one who has saved his

A Board of Trade man, not often left on the wrong side of the market, wears a little gold grain of corn at the end of a pensile swing of his watch chain. It ommemorates the fact that in a memorable squeeze which occurred some years ago he had a sudden inspiration that it would be a good time to sell at the very instant when all the men on the floor seemed raving crazy to buy. fle unloaded all the corn he had on hand, and the very next turn of the dial showed a notable falling off. Things grew worse very rapidly, and before the INSURANCE & STEAMSHIP day was done the corn pit was simply one crowd of howling, losing speculators. It seemed that none of them had been able to save a dollar, and this one man was nearly alone in the fortunate

inspiration that had saved him thou-

sands of dollars.

One of the best known men around the city hall wears a cluster of bear's claws as his talisman. He never talks about them, but when some one who knows he was once a Californian directs the conversation for him this man can tell of some very thrilling experiences in the Sierra Nevadas, not the least interesting of which is an encounter with a bear one morning when bimself and wife were alone in the camp, and when nothing but good luck and the courage of the woman in the case would have averted disaster for all of them. He lived to see the brute laid out cold and stiff in death, and then he drifted into a delirium that lasted for weeks. When he regained his strength he found the bear's skin tanned and spread upon his ude bed in lieu of better covering from the bitter cold of the mountains. He ay there in his weakness and worked away at the claws till he had taken all of them from their proper resting place, and when he recovered he had a watch charm made of them. He wears it yet, and is proud to say that he has never since been compelled to work for himself. From the day he reached the mines he has been called upon to serve the public in some capacity or another. and so long as that good fortune attends him he will never give up his

bear's claws. One man, now at the head of a big -ELY'S - CATARRH baking establishment, has a commonlooking bullet swung to his chain. Some people think it is a homely sort of a thing to wear, and he does not quarrel with them; but if you ask him for the reason of such a strange fancy he will tell you it is because he owes all his good fortune he ever had in life to that lead bullet. Years ago, when he was a driver and hired to deliver bread for the firm that he has since bought out and made bigger than the founder ever believed it could be made, he was going his rounds, delivering bread, when he came to the home of a patron who lived away upstairs in a dark court Right at the door of the patron was another door which led to a dwelling that had long been vacant. The bread boy wearily climbed the stairs, and was just about to deposit the regular order of bread on the table prepared for it the night before, when the door to the ad-joining home was thrown open, and a man poked a pistol straight out and fired. The bread boy tumbied from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and when he reached the foot he heard the angry voice of the girl in the house he served scoring roundly the man in the newer domicile, who had fired the shot "What did you mean-shooting at him?" demanded the girl. "He is the

bread man, and he has as good a right

to come here as you have." The householder had never killed a man in his life, but he thought this early morning visitor could mean no good, and he shot at him. He was as badly frightened as was the bread boy when he found out the true state of af fairs, and came down to apologize. The girl, rather too thinly clad for the street, came down also and assured herself that her favorite bread man was in no wise the worse for the shot, though he had the bullet in his pocket, where it had lodged after passing through his coat. He won the lady, and she won a husband who might never have noticed her had it not been for the bullet that she thought had closed his career. So he wears the battered leaden thing, and every time he sees it he thinks how

fortunate he was to get shot for a burg-

lar and get saved for a friend in one and the same moment. One of the tugboat captains, who earns his employers a pretty penny every year, wears a rake—a regular farmer's rake on his watch-guard. It seems a little out of place on so nautical a waistcoat, but it is there, and if you want him to he will tell you a story about it. He will tell you a much better and a longer story than this, but the facts are about the same. When he was a younger man than he is to-day, he was only an ordinary hand on the tugboat-for he has followed that business for the past fifteen years-he started with his craft one stormy night to tow in a large steamer that was lying in the lake and that had been disabled. There was a high wind on, and for some reason or another the tug refused to obey her rudder, a thing that tugs very seldom do. Whon they came near enough the steamer they tried to turn and get a line, but the little vessel refused to do any thing of the kind and went jamb up against the bow of the bigger craft. She was slewed around so suddenly that every man aboard the tug, excepting the engineer, was thrown into the lake. This particular fellow managed to fall right between the vessels, and as he rose from his involuntary bath he saw the tug and the tow coming together, with him between them. He saw no earthly chance to escape and had about do no what little that the end was come, when he saw a rake reached down to him from the lower deck of the steamer. He grasped it without asking any questions, and just as the two vessels crashed against each ether he was landed safe on the bigger boat. He scrambled to his feet and saw that his rescuer was a young woman, not often seen on the lower deck of vessels, but who explained that she had been thrown down the stairway when the tog first struck. She looked over the side and saw the man in the water, and reached for him with the first thing that came in her hand. Then she saw the necessity of lifting him out of the water, and was frightened by the very gravity of the case nto lifting him clear to berself and giving him a chance to clamber on the oat. Did he marry her? Well, no. You see, she was already the wife of one of the passengers; but he thanked her with all an honest man's heart, and

he can offer her a home if it should ever happen that she wants one. A member of the city council wears a nugget of gold in his chain. It was taken by his father from the "chimney diggings" in the days of gold mining up

got a rake made of gold and hung it to

his watch charm. Then he went to

finally risen to a place where he says

work again harder than ever, and has

at Mount Shasta, Cal. "The old man knocked it out the very first thing he done when he went to work in the morning," says the legislator, "and it was the only dime he made at the business all the time he was there. And it is the only thing any of his family ever made outside of a saloon in the world. That's why I wear it, and it's why I won't part with it. See?" -Chicago Herald.

WIGS FOR EACH DAY. How a Hairless Gentleman Deceives His

Intimate Friends. "So you do not believe that Mr. Hwears a wig?" he asked. "Certainly not."

"Where's your proof?" "Look at his hair-smooth, glossy and

natural." "Very good wigs are made nowadays. "Well, did you ever see a wig grow?"

"Not exactly." "His does, if it's a wig." "Are you sure of it?" "Of course I am, that is, sure that his hair is his own, for I have seen him on the day when he has had his hair cut. I have seen it growday by day intil it needed cutting. In fact, his hair is wonderfully vigorous. Hardly a day passes that I do not see H-, and once I remarked to him how rapid his

hair grew. "'Do you think it's too long?" he sald. "'Well, yes, I do, a little,' I an-

"'I'll get it cut this afternoon," h "The next morning I met him, and his hair was cut and trimmed almost too closely. Where in the world did you get the idea that he were a wig?" "My dear young innocent," was the reply, "wigs are so skillfully made now that one can't detect them. H--- has wig for every day in the month. When he wants to have his hair cut he puts on his shortest wig. The next day e puts on a longer one, and so on, step

and begins all over again. Seeing is not believing."-N. Y Tribune.

by step, as his hair grows. Finally his

that is, he goes back to the short wig

hair gots too long and he has it cut-

George Washington Relies. Mr. Thomas Gresham has left at th Americas Recorder office a couple of relies that have been handed down for 200 years. One was a small hatchet, resembling the one George Washington lidn't use, that was given him by hi nother, who died sixteen years ago at the age of eighty-six. It was given her by her grandmother when she was quite young. The other is a pint flask that is known to be over one hundred years old, as it has been in his father's family that long. It is a unper-looking, short round flask, with the face of George Washington blown in the sides. He will now give these relies to his children.

Rather Ambiguous. "I see by your sign that you are a dis pensing druggist." "Yes, sir." "What do you dispense with?" "With accuracy, sir."

"I was afraid you did."

ONLY ONE KIND WORD. Twas a little thing, only one kind word, In the hurry and bustle of every day,

But the heart was touched and the soul was And a rainbow of hope spanned the darkened

Twas a world-worn man with a weight of woe, Who was groping along, in the crowded street, When he heard a voice that was soft and low: And a word that was warm, and passing

And the sluggish life in his veins moved fast, And the light in his eye was the olden light-Twas the one kind word, he had met and

passed—
"Twas the blue in the sky, where the stars shine bright. Twas a sinning girl, with a reckless air, Who was one of a throng on a sunny day, and her painted cheek and her stony stare

But a greeting came, and a kindly word, With a message of grace to the erring one, and the centered depths of her nature stirre Till she turned from the wrong, and the good

Were the signs of a soul on its downward

-Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean. "THE WORM."

An Interesting Story of the One That Turned.

Shakespeare says something about worms, or it may be gnats or beetles, turning if you tread on them too severely. The safest plan is never to tread on a worm-not even on the last new subaltern from home, with his buttons hardly out of their tissue paper, and the red of sappy English beef in his cheeks. This is the story of the worm that turned. For the sake of brevity we will call Henry Augustus Ramsay Faizanne "The Worm," although he was an exceedingly pretty boy, without a hair on his face, and with a waist like a girl's, when he came out to the Second 'Shikarris' and was made unhappy in several ways. The "Shikurris" are a high-caste regiment, and you must be able to do things well-play a banjo, or ride more than little, or sing or act-to

get on with them. The Wown did nothing except fall off his pony and knock chips out of gate posts with his trap. Even that became monotonous after a time. He objected to whist, cut the cloth at billiards, sang out of tune, kept very much to himself, and wrote to his mamma and sisters at home. Four of these things were vices which the "Shikarris" objected to and set themselves to eradicate. Every one knows how subalterns are, by brother subalterns, softened and not permitted to be ferocious. It is good and wholeome, and does no one any harm unless tempers are lost, and then there is

The "Shikarris" shikarred The Worm very much, and he bore every thing without winking. He was so good and so anxious to learn, and flushed so pink that his education was cut short, and he was left to his own devices by every one except the senior subaltern, who continned to make life a burden to The Worm. The senior subaltern meant no harm, but his chaff was coarse and he didn't quite understand where to stop. He had been waiting too long for his company, and that always sours a man. Also he was in love, which made him

One day after he had borrowed The Worm's trap for a lady who had never existed, had used it himself all the afternoon, had sent a note to The Worm purporting to come from the lady, and was telling the mess all about it. The Worm rose in his place and said, in his quiet, lady-like voice: That was a very pretty sell, but I'll lay you a month's pay to a month's pay when you get your step that I work a sell on you that you'll remember for the rest of your days, and the regiment after you when you're dead or broke." The Worm wasn't angry in the least, and the rest of the mess shouted. Then the senior subaltern looked at The Worm from the boots upward and down again, and said: "Done, Baby." The Worm took the rest of the mess to witness that the bet had been taken, and retired into a book with a sweet smile.

Two months passed, and the senior subaltern still educated The Worm, who began to move about a little more as the hot weather came on. I have said that the senior subaltern was in love. The curious thing is that a girl was in love with the senior subaltern. Though the Colonel said awful things, and the Majors snorted, and married Captains looked unutterable wisdom, and the juniors scoffed, those two were engaged.

The senior subaltern was so pleased with getting his company and his acceptance at the same time, that he forgot to bother The Worm. The girl was a pretty girl, and had money of her own. She does not come into this story at all.

One night, at the beginning of the not weather, all the mess except The Worm, who had gone to his room to write home letters, were sitting on the platform outside the mess-house. The band had finished playing, but no one wanted to go in. And the Captains' wives were there also. The folly of a man in love is unlimited. The senior subaltern had been holding forth on the merits of the girl he was engaged to, and the ladies were purring approval, while the men yawned, when there was a rustle of skirts in the dark, and a tired, faint voice lifted itself:

"Where's my husband?" I do not wish in the least to reflect on the morality of the "Shikarris," but it is on record that four men jumped up as if they were shot. Three of them were married men. Perhaps they were afraid that their wives had come from home unbeknownst. The fourth said that he had acted on the impulse of the moment. He explained this afterward.

Then the voice cried: "O, Lionel!" Lionel was the senior subaltern's name. A woman came into the little circle of light by the candles on the peg table, stretching out her arms to the dark where the senior subaltern was, and sobbing. We rose to our feet, feeling that things were going to happen, and ready to believe the worst. In this bad. small world of ours one knows so little of the life of the next man, which, after all, is entirely his own concern, that one is not surprised when the crash

Any thing might turn up any day for any one. Perhaps the senior subaltern had been trapped in his youth. Men are crippled that way occasionally. We didn't know; we wanted to hear, and the Captains' wives were as anxious as we. If he had been trapped he was to be excused, for the woman from no-

where, in the dusty shoes and gray traveling dress, was very lovely, with black hair and great eyes full of tears. She was tall, with a fine figure, and her voice had a running sob in it pitiful to hear. As soon as the senior subaltern stood up she threw her arms around his neck and called him "my darling," and said she could not bear waiting alone in England, and his letters were so short

Wereman.

This did not sound quite like a lady's way of speaking. It was too demonstrative. Things seemed black indeed, and the Captains' wives peered under their eyebrows at the senior subaltern, and the Colonel's face set like the day of judg-

and cold, and she was his to the end of

the world, and would he forgive her?

ment framed in gray bristles, and no one spoke for awhile. Next the Colonel said, very shortly: "Well, sir?" and the woman sobbed afresh. The senior subaltern was half choked with the arms around his neck, but he gasped out: "It's false! I never

had a wife in my life!" "Well," said the Colonel, "come into the mess. We must sift this clear somehow," and he sighed to himself, for he believed in his "Shikarris," did the

Colonel. We trooped into the ante-room, under the full lights, and there we saw how beautiful the woman was. She stood up in the middle of us all, sometimes chok ing with crying, then hard and proud and then holding out her arms to the senior subaltern. She told us how the senior subaltern had married her when he was home on leave eighteen months before; and she seemed to know all that we knew, and more too, of his peo ple and his past life. He was white and ashy gray, trying now and again to break into the torrent of her words

and we, noting how levely she was and

what a criminal he looked, esteemed him a beast of the worst kind. We felt sorry for him, though. I shall never forget the indictment of the senior subaltern by his wife, nor will he. It was so sudden, rushing out of the dark unannounced into our dull lives. The Captains' wives stood back, but their eyes were alight, and you could see that they had already convicted and sentenced the senior sub-The Colonel seemed five years older. One Major was shading his eyes with his hand and watching the woman from underneath it. Another was thewing his mustache and amiling uletly, as if he were witnessing a play.

Full in the open space, in the center. by the whist tables, the senior subiltern's terrier was hunting for fleas. premember all this as clearly as hough a photograph were in my hand. remember the look of horror on the enior subaltern's face. It was rather Ike seeing a man hanged, but much nore interesting. Finally the woman wound up by saying that the senior subaltern carried a double F. M. in tattoo on his left shoulder. We all knew that, and to our innocent minds it seemed to clinch the matter. But one of the bachelor Majors said, very politely: "I presume that your marriage certificate

would be more to the purpose." That roused the woman. She stood up and sneered at the senior subaltern for a cur, and abused the Major and the Colonel and all the rest. Then she wept, and then she pulled a paper from her breast, saying, imperially: "Take that! and let my husband-my lawful husband-read it aloud if he dare!" There was a hush, and the men looked

into each other's eyes as the senior subaltern came forward in a dazed and dizzy way and took the paper. We were wondering, as we stared, whether there was any thing against any one of us that might turn up later on. The senior subaltern's throat was dry; but, as he ran his eyes over the paper, he broke out into a hoarse cackle of relief. and said to the woman: "You young blackguard!"

But the woman had fled through a door, and on the paper was written: "This is to certify that I, The Worm, have paid in full my debts to the senior subaltern, and further, that the senior subaltern is my debtor, by agreement on the 23d of February, as by the mess attested, to the extent of one month's Captain's pay, in the lawful currency of the Indian Empire."

Then a deputation set off for The Worm's quarters, and found bim, betwixt and between, unlacing his stays, with the hat, wig, serge dress, etc., on the bed. He came over as he was, and the "Shikarris" shouted until the ganners' mess sent over to know if they might have a share of the fun. I think we were all, except the Colonel and the senior subaltern, a little disappointed that the scandal had come to nothing But that is human nature. There could be no two words about The Worm's acting. It leaned as near to a nasty tragedy as any thing this side of

joke can. When most of the subalterns set upon him with sofa cushions to find out why he had not said that acting was his strong point, he answered, very quietly: "I don't think you ever asked me. used to act at home with my sisters. But no acting with girls could account for The Worm's display that night. Personally, I think it was in bad taste, besides being dangerous There is no use in playing with fire, even for fun.

The "Shikarris" made him president of the regimental dramatic club, and when the senior subaltern paid up his debt, which he did at once, The Worm sank the money in scenery and dresses. He is a good Worm, and the "Shikarris" are proud of him. The only drawback is that he has been christened "Mrs Senior Subaltern," and as there are now two Mrs. Senior Subalterns in the station, this is sometimes confusing to strangers.-Rudyard Kipling, in The Woman's Journal.

The Great Napoleon's Heart.

May 6, 1821, Dr. Automachi, assisted by Themas Carswell, proceeded to make psy on the body of Napoleon I. at Longwood. The post-mortem was interrupted by the darkness of the evening. When going to continue the autopsy next morning the physicians found that the Emperor's heart had been almost entirely devoured by rats. A fresh lamb's heart was taken and placed in the dead man's thorax. Thus the body of Napoleon, which has reposed under the dome of the Invalides since 1840, contains the heart of an animal instead of that of the hero of Austerlitz-

-Nellie-"Strange that Ethel should marry beneath her." Clara - "Why, George is a splendid fellow." Nellie-"Yes, I know that, but he is so much shorter than Ethel."-Boston Herald.

TOUJOURS ROL

"It is the time to love," he said, "For gladsome spring is here The boots are swelling orbibead; Euch bird sings to its dear, O, maiden sweet! the spring's fair prime Serely is Lore's chosen time." And she answered, shyly, low; "I know not; if may be so."

"It is the time to love." he said: "For in these summer bowers, With green leaves dancing overhead, Love buth no fitter hours Sweet maiden, in these golden days Love with us more fandly strays." On her cheek the rose flush burned; In Love's fables you are learned."

'It is the time to love." he said; "Autumn at the gute doth stand, Red leaves rustling overhead. Grape and out within his hand. Think you Love draws not more near?" Love, 'tis said, bath many a wile."

"It is the time to love," he said. For though the grain is sear, At 1 leafters branches overhead Subject the winter dreat. Though snow wreaths twine, O, maider

Bath Love ever bours more meet?" Silent the Phile Love laughed low, Fitting arrows to his bow: "Spring is glad and summer sweet, Sun nor storm may stay my feet. Let me whisper, youth to thee,

"MY JOHN"

A Story of Prairie Fires and Parental Forgiveness.

"I think it is smoke." "And I think you are wrong." The first speaker was a young woman with a sweet face, expressive of much silent resoluteness and great self-control. The second speaker was an old man, whose faded brown eyes had a

startled look as if suspecting that people were about to bring him trouble, or else asserting that they had already The old man was known among the ranchmen as old John Blasland. He owned a great ranch. The young woman was called Hannah. "I don't know what her t'other name is," the old man would have told a questioner. "She came from the East somewhere, wanted to help my housekeeper, Mrs. Tuthorly, and I didn't care. That's all I know about it. I don't care what her she wants; they all want something.

name is. I am a leetle 'spishus of what It was the mystery enwrapping Hannah like an atmosphere, and it was the old man's suspicion of her motives and purposes, that made her presence an annoyance to him in spite of any words to the contrary. When he now had told her that any sign of smoke about the prairie-region was a mistake, she simply replied: "If young John were here, he could tell us."

The faded brown eyes began to flash. The husky voice trembled with petu-lance. "Young John!" he snarled. "J guess if old John don't know, you won't pick up any information from that young

It might have seemed as if he were angry with "young John." No-with the young woman who mentioned his

"I know, I know?" he silently said, as he turned away. "She cares more for young John than old John. Too much going on between those young people. Next thing there will be a marriage. I don't want hor meddlin' with that young man."

This other young person, like Hannah, came from the East, bad proved very acceptable to the old ranchman, and was a great favorite with him. The ranchmen in the neighborhood, to distinguish the two, called one Old John and the other Young John. People sometimes thought they were father and son. No, there was a son at the East who had offended his father, and had been forbidden to come or even to write to him. The old man wondered sometimes whether he did not trace familiar features in this young adventurer from the East. Any fancied resemblance was not pleasant to the old ranchman. He drove it from his thoughts as he would drive a cloud of mosquitoes from his house.

And Hannah, she still lingered back of the barn, watching that smoky stain on the blue of the sky. It was Sunday morning. The great prairie was always still and always secluded, though in reality any thing but shut in. It had such an openness to the wide, wide sky: There was no semblance of fence or wall in any direction until, in the west, one saw a fold of bluish color along the prairie's rim. That meant the Rocky Mountains.

"I think it is growing!" she murmured. "That smoke-cloud is rolling up bigger. What if it should come this way, and sweep over the ranch! And yet he does not think it is smoke. I wish John were here! When will be come? He said he would be home on his pony early this morning and go with us to church."

"Hannah!" It was old John calling. "Come! Mrs. Tutherly says if we are a-goin' to church, we ought to be gittin' ready. Come! Watchin' that sky won't git you ready!" Hannah made no reply. It was of no

use to notice all his fault-finding or any of it. She had shown rare self-control her steadfast silence. She now turned and went into the house, while the old ranchman shuffled feebly to the barn and began to harness the herse into the wagon. "I have horses in abundance, but they

are all off with the men watchin' the

cattle," he murmared, "and so, Jim, you must pull us to church. Humph! I s'pose she will say we can't go-that there is a fire out on the prairie. Nonsense! If my John was here, he could tell about that smoke!" He dropped the harness as if handling the coils of a snake. What had be said? "My John!" That was the name lso of the offending son in the East. The father never knowingly mentioned

this form of name, "My John." Laft-

ing the harness again, he now arrayed Jim in it. "What do I smell?" he asked. Young John would have told him "Smoke," but he was not willing to smell any thing of the kind In the meantime Hannah had given occasional glances at the suspicious northern sky. From a window she chanced to look toward the east. In alarm, astonishment, terror, shedropped a bonnet whose green trimming would

apple tree's emerald foliage sets off its pinkish white blossoms. "Oh-Oh-Oh! I did not look that Texis Siftings.

have set off her fair face even as an

way at all, and here it is right upon us!

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-mus Freeman commencial to the freeze the stderation of advertiscin, where favors will bein-serted at the following low rates:

Business items, first insertion 100, per line ; each

5 months

The wind must have shifted," she ex-Over at the right was a large, towering cloud of a dun brown color, with ragged, filmy edges, compact in the center and of a deeper hae there, as If its beart were a scowl and a menace, signaling that its mission was ruin. "Sir, sir-r-ri" she stammered as she

met old John. "The fire will soon be upon us! Young John is not here. Help me harness Jim into the plow!" "W-w-what?" he stammered in reply,

so dazed that he was like one palsystricken. Hannah flew out of the house and, quickly unbarnessing Jim, attached bim to the plow. Fat Mrs. Tutherly was better in an emergency than one would have supposed. She now came up bravely, like an old-fashioned Dutch

cuiser at a critical moment in the battle bour. "You drive the horse, Mrs. Tutherly, and I'll hold the plow, and we will make a furrow all about the buildings. Oh, if Mr. Blasland would just help and burn

the grass on the prairie side of the furrow!" Hannah was more deferential in her tyle of address than was the housekeeper. The latter was plain and poremptory. "Here, here, old John! Come and help!" she screamed; in the same

brreath giving the order: "Git up there lively, Jim! Up with you, git-t-t!" She resumed her command to the ranchman: "Burn the grass all outside the furrer! Quick, sir, quick! We will all be burnt to a cluder if you don't fly

round! Git up there, sim! Faster, old After this last equivocal order, the the housekeeper, rosy and puffing, skillfully steered Jim down the east side or the lem-house. Hannah guided the plow, the muscles swelling in her firm, shapely lands and along her bared brown wrist. Her eyes glanced downward to see that the plowshare was running right, and then they were lifted to the beavens. Those deep eyes of blue were filled with prayer's reverent sup-

plication. "God help us. God help as!" she murmured. Behind the plow tottered the old ranchman, kindling the grass outside the furrow, and leaving a rapidly widening space of black, fire-rayaged ground between the ranch buildings and that awful conflagration driving over

the prairie. "Now the north side!" said Hannah. 'The east side is of the most conse-

quence. Ready!" "Git up-up-up, Jim! Come on, old John!" screamed Mrs. Tutherly, The smoke was now all about them, but Hannah would say: "The east side is safe! Thank God!" and press stubborn-

But where was young John? More than once Hannah had prayed: "God keep him!" Had he been overtaken by that awful fire, scorched, suffocated, burnt to death? He was somewhere out on the prairie. His borse was swift: His pluck was great. He know the prairie; but there was that terrible engine of flame, without wheels, yet olling on, the horrible dragon of fire, without wings, yetsteadily flying! Who

ould escape all this? The north side had been forrowed and burnt over, when Hannah caught the quick beat of horse's hoofs, and on came beautiful brown Betty, bringing ber

master, young John! "Thank God!" he shouted as he leaped from Betty's steaming back, kissed Hannah, and then seizing the plow-handles, cried: "Leave this west side and go for the south side! Quick! Run, Hannah, fast, and be firing the

grass up in the southeastern corner!" There was a crouching form that soon appeared, a torch in his wrinkled hand. His face was blackened by the sect of be burnt prairie. "He don't see me! He don't notice me. He kissed her. I've been scorched and singed. They don't notice me," muttered old John.

They did notice him when the work of saving had been completed, when our of a wide, blackened waste rose up the minjured bulldings, safe behind that long, protecting furrow. They found him lying insensible at one exposed corner, an expired torch in his hand. The heat, the excitement of the unusual effort at his age, had overcome im. They carried him to his bed. What did be murmur at last?

"Nobody cares for me here," he moaned. "Send for my John!" "Your son?" asked young John. The sufferer bent his head in assent. "Nobody cares for me here," he then nurmured again. "Send for him!"

"We will: but we care for you, grandoa." said Hannah. "We are your John's hildren.' "W-w-what?" asked the old man, the faded brown eyes opening wide in as-

tonishment "Yes, grandpa," said young John 'Hannah and I - we - we are brother and sister; and-and-we thought if we

came, sometime it would come about that we could tell you, and you would hear us, and you would be reconcised to father and be willing to see him, and-The old man here broke in with a cry. that came out of a heart once more ten der and sincere: "Thank God! Bless. you, bless you, and send for my John!" "My John" came, and the coming

Edward A. Rand, in Golden Rule. Awful and Lawful.

wrought wenders in the eld father.

A Windsor Looks (Conn.) little girl, just old enough to enter the infanteless at the Sunday-school, was ambitious to repeat a text of Scripture as the older ones did at the concert excreises. Tohumor her ambition and make reasonably certain that she would succeed, the mother selected the brief text; "it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day," and taught her until she rehearsed it several times correctly. When the supreme moment arrived, however, the ator electrified her audience and mortified her mother with the proposition that "It is awful to do good on the Subbath day."

Matrimonial Item

"I am very sorry that I did not get acquainted with you until I became a widower," remarked Mr. Smith to his second wife.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the partner of his joys. "Nothing, except that I would rather you had been my first wife," replied the

fond husband, carelessly. "Why do you wish that I had been your first wife?" I at "Because then some other woman would be my second wife, darling."-