Cambria # Freeman, is Published Weekly at ENSBURG. - - - PENN'A BY JAMES G. HASSON,

inteed Circulation. - 1200.

erious residing outside of the county event will the above terms be de and those who don t consult their by paying in advance must not ex-ced on the same footing as those who fact be distinctly understood from for your paper before you stop it, if stop e None but scalawags do otherwise.— grainwag—life is too short.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

h Itteman. Uamunia

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"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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SWEET BELLS OF STRATEGRO.

Sweet bells of Stratford, telling slow

In summer alraming's golden glow,

My Shakespeare heard thee long ago.

He wandered in his brauted dream

Heard thee, and far his fancy sped

On that sad day when he was born

Through spectral caverns of the deed,

And sought-and sought in valu-to pierce

As now then menreest didst thou mourn

Through the long aisle of honeyed limes

To rest beneath the chambered chimes.

He beard thee not, nor cared to hear!

Another voice was in his car, And, freed from all the bonds of men,

Sweet bells of Stratford, tell, and be

A golden promise unto me Of that great hour when I shall know

DEAD MAIL MATTER.

An Interesting Circular Issued by

the Dead Letter Office.

Why Millions of Letters and Parcels Fail

to Reach Their Destination-Sugges-

tions That Should Be Observed

Over six million pieces of mail mat-

er are sent annually to the Dead Letter

Office by reason of incorrect, illegible,

insecure inclosing, whereby matter

mailed becomes separated from the en-

velope or wrapper, or the failure to be

called for or delivered to the person ad-

dressed. This is a daily average of

Of these the greater portion either

are not called for at the post-office to

which they are directed, or, in case of

free-delivery offices, the addresses can

known means is resorted to on the part

of the postal officials to effect delivery.

Matter sent to the Dead Letter Office,

which can not be delivered to the per-

In its treatment for the purpose of re-

turn to the sender, and if the name and

address of the sender be not shown or

can not be ascertained from the con-

tents, and it contains no valuable in-

Letters opened and found to contain

any inclosure of obvious value are en-

tered upon proper records, and, of such,

those which do not disclose sufficient

information to enable them to be re-

turned are filed, subject to reclamation

upon proper application and identifica-

Letters which contain no inclosure of

Packages and parcels are recorded.

and where they do not disclose the

name and address of the owner are

filed; if not called for or claimed with-

in two years they are disposed of at

public auction and the proceeds covered

A large proportion of the packages

and parcels sent to the Pead Letter Of-

fice fail to be restored to the owners

because of the absence on the wrappers

or inclosures of any thing to indicate

Information as to the character and

nature of the matter thus received at

the Dead Letter Office, and the condi-

tions and influences which occasion its

failure to reach the persons to whom

the senders designed it to go, may be of

interest, and the mere statement of it

carries with it suggestions which may

serve the public in its exercise of postal

During last year 451,000 letters were

either misdirected or insufficiently di-

rected, while 24,000 were not directed

at all. Of the latter many were from

business houses containing money,

drafts, stocks and important instruc-

tions. Many of these were doubtless

mailed by clarks. Ninety-eight thou-

sand were to domestic, Canadian or

Mexican addresses held for postage;

165,000 were to guests at hotels; 83,000

were parcels of merchandise, books,

clothing, needle-work, jewelry or other

valuable matter; and 28,000 contained

money amounting in all to \$48.642.

Postal notes to the value of \$5,300 in

sums under \$5 were found in 4,000

pieces; while drafts, checks, notes and

other commercial paper in the sum of

\$1,471,871 were found in 27,000 others.

Forty-eight thousand contained paid

and canceled obligations, receipts and

miscellaneous papers. One hundred and

sixty-two thousand contained postage

Forty-two thousand were letters to

fictitious addresses and principally cor-

respondence relating to what is known as "green goods" or "saw dust" swin-

dles, many of them containing money

with orders for the purchase of those

fraudulent goods. Parties engaged in

such enterprises invariably use an as-

and business of such persons is discov-

ered by the postal authorities such mat-

ter addressed to them is declared "fleti-

Forty-two thousand contained photo-

graphs, 1,000 contained articles forbid-

den to be transmitted through the mails,

and 11,000 upon being opened were

found to contain lottery tickets, which,

under the terms of the law, are declared

Five hundred and thirty-one thou-

sand were letters, and 41,000 parcels of

printed matter, samples, etc., which

had been mailed in foreign countries to

post offices within the United States,

and failing of delivery were sent to the

Dead Lotter Office, and thence returned

to the postal administrations of their

respective countries of origin, un-

letters, and 47,000 were parcels, books,

samples of merchandise, etc., which had

addressed to foreign countries, and hav-

ing failed of delivery at their destina-

tion, were sent to to the Dead Letter

Office by foreign postal administrations.

Over 5,000,000 of the letters received

at the Dead Letter Office contained no

aclosure of obvious value, although

loubtless many of them were quite as

valuable and important to both sender

and addressee as thousands of other letters containing money, checks,

stamps, etc., and yet of this immense

number of letters over 3,000,000 bore

within either no definite or sufficient

address of the writer-in most cases no

address whatever-or there was no sig-

nature whereby the writer might be

identified or determined, without which

the Dead Letter Office could not make

Two hundred and five thousand were

en mailed within the United States

tions," and delivery withheld.

umed name, and when the character

obvious value are not recorded.

into the United States Treasury.

ownership thereof.

privileges.

closure, it must be destroyed.

not be found, notwithstanding every

over twenty thousand pieces.

ordeficient address, insufficient postage

by Everybody.

William Winter, in Harper's Weekly.

He knew the a wful secret then

The path whereon his poststeps go

And all my soul responds to thine.

As now I hear thee, even so

The secret of the universe.

VOLUME XXIV.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1890.

NUMBER 48.

On the Tidal Wave.

ADIES Vashington Street. New York, to beantiful illustrated "I radies" i* It is a novel, unique, and interest to every person of refinement. eipt of ten cents in stamps they will spaid a full set of their famous bousethey will also send a book contain's as of "The Mikado," and muscle as some, together with the cognis-

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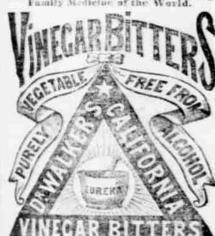
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TO SUM UP-It is the aim to make The Weekly Poer a welcome visitor to every fireside, an honest and initial guide in politics, and in all respects a readable, bright and newsy journal of which the subscriber as well as the publisher may take an honest pride.

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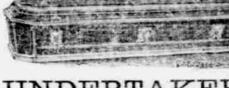
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part of the peak. My loneliness then began in earnest. Such days and nights as I put in! My only diversion was reading and taking observations. Every day at the customary bour I would try the telegraph instrument, hoping that communication migut possibly have been re-established. Every day the same disappointment. My great fear was that I should lose my reason. One night about three weeks after Harry's death I was wakened up by what

some wild animals. For a moment or

two the sound was lost. Then it re-

turned louder than ever. The next min-

ANGEL AND CHILD.

Beside a cradle for a space An angel paused, and bent to look, And seemed to see his own pure face As in the mirror of a brook.

Dear child, that so resemblest me," He sweetly said, "ah, come away! Together we shall happy be

Thou art too good on earth to stay. "There is no perfect bliss below, For even pleasure has its sting Each song of gladness chords of woe,

Each joy its sigh of suffering! "Oh, then, must trouble and must fear Impair the beauty of thy brow?
Must serrow dim with bitter tears Those eyes, where Heaven is shining now!

" No! No! The flowery firmament, The fields of glery for us wait; And saves thee from an earthly fate

"Let none wear mourning in thy home,

This day that bids thy spirit roam Let no face there show sorrow's sign:

Let no one deck the house for death, For when the soul is white as thine. The latest is the happiest breath? And speaking thus, the angel wide His snowy pinions waved and fled To where the pure for aye abide. Pour mother, see! Thy babe is dead!

-From the French, by George Horton, in Chi-

WINTER ON PIKE'S PEAK.

A United States Signal - Service Man's Thrilling Tale.

I had been in the signal service but little over a year, says a writer in the New York Sun, when I was sent to Pike's Peak, which is considered by the men in the service as the most disagreeable station in the whole country. In summer it is not so bad, when there are numerous visitors up every day ·from Colorado Springs and the weather is comparatively pleasant. But from the middle of October until about the middle of April it is very different. Then it is almost impossible to get either up or down the mountains, and the only communication with the outcharge of the station in summer and two in winter. My duties were to begin with the winter season. I reached the station the first day of October, where I found my companion for the winter awaiting me. . His name was Harry Sands. He was a good-looking, bright, jovial fellow from somewhere down in Maine. He was fully six feet tall, with a physique that seemed to bid defiance to fatigue and exposure. If any one had told me then that he would be the first to succumb to the rigors of that terrible winter I should have laughed at the idea, for I was at that time by no means robust and unaccustomed to hard-

ships of any kind. The station is located just a little below the extreme top of the peak. It is a low, one-story log building about twenty feet square. Around it on three sides is stacked at that season, almost as high as the cabin itself, the supply of wood for the winter. To keep the roof from being blown off rocks are laid upon it in different places, and two immense chains are strung across and fastened to the ground at either side. The interior is divided into two rooms by a ough board partition. In the larger one the men eat, sleep and do their

work. The other is used as a store-The weather did not begin to get very old that year until about December t It kept getting colder and colder until me morning between Christmas and New Year's the thermometer registered sixty degrees below zero-a spirit thermometer, of course. It was so cold that in spite of all we could do the water would freeze an inch or more in the cabin every night. So high was the wind and blinding the snow-storms that often for a week at a time we were unable to go cutside to take observations. One morning the latter part of January Harry got up looking very pale. He would not eat any breakfast, and before dinner-time he was back in bed again, complaining of a terrible headache. By evening he was in a raging fever. So delirious did he become that at times it was as much as I could do to hold him in bed. I gave him such medicine as I thought he needed; and many an hour I spent poring over the book of instructions accompanying the chest in search of a proper remedy. But nothing I gave him seemed to do him any good. One day early in February I went outside to remove some sticks of wood the

wind had blown against the door. I left Harry sleeping soundly, and, I thought, nore naturally than at any time during his sickness. Returning a few minutes later, I found him sitting in front of the telegraph instrument with his hand pon the key. But the effort had eviently been too much for him; his head lay upon his chest, and he was trembling all over with weakness. I had hardly got him back to bed when he began to nk rapidly, and in less than half an our he was dead. As soon as I had recovered a little from the shock I started telegraph the news to Colorado Springs. I gave the customary signal apon the key, but received no answer; repeated it, still no answer. I thought it very strange. I knew the operator at Colorado Springs was always in his office at that hour. Again and again I tried, but with no better success. I made a careful examination of the instrument, the batteries and all connected with it, but could find nothing wrong. Then came the awful thought: "The wire was down or broken somewhere in the mountains." It was not long before I was compelled to admit that such must be the case. Burying my face in my hands, I wept like a

The next morning I wrapped up Harry's body in a couple of blankets and buried it a few yards from the cabin, among the rocks in a protected sounded like the distant howling of

ute I remembered one of the men in the service telling me when he heard I was going to Pike's Peak to look out for the coyotes. Coyotes are somewhat smaller than the ordinary wolf, and are called by many people barking wolves, owing to the peculiar nature of their cries. I had never heard them before. My

opinion was that the keen-nosed brutes had scented Harry's body, and had come to devour it. Instead of stopping at the place where Harry was buried, they made a bee-line for the cabin. A series of most diabolical yells announced their arrival. Then I heard something thump, thump against the cabin door. The door was a strong oak one, and, I felt confident, would resist any effort they could make. However, to make it doubly secure I pushed two great heavy government chests against it. Suddenly their howls ceased. Breathlessly l awaited developments. So long did the silence continue that I began to think that they had taken their departure. But

I was mistaken, I soon heard them upon the roof. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment at this change in their tacties I heard one of the rocks that held down the roof roll off to the ground. Terror-stricken, I jumped to my feet, believing nothing now would keep them out. If they could roll off one of those rocks the boards of the roof would be nothing them. I picked up a gun that hung upon the wall, and raised it toward the roof. Soon I saw ne of the boards begin to move; but a little at first, then more and more until the starlight was plainly visible through the crack. Then it was suddenly wrenched from its place, and a dark obect appeared in the aperture. I fired. The same moment I was dashed violently to the floor by something heavy comng from the direction of the roof. The next thing I remembered was finding myself lying upon the bed. To my surprise I saw the cabin door was open, and

the sunlight streaming in. I started to get up, but fell back exhausted. Wondering what could be the matter, I made another attempt. As I did so my heart almost stood still at the sight of a man standing in the doorway. Could I be, dreaming? I rubbed my eyes trembparently divining my thoughts, said: "Don't be afeared; it ain't no ghost, but it might have been if you'd shot me that night, as you tried to."

"Shot you?" I gasped. "Yes, shot me," repeated the man; 'and if I hadn't thrown you to the floor when I did you'd a shot me the second

"But the coyotes?" I asked. "Coyotes," repeated the man in amazement; "what do you mean?" I told him my story. He laughed heartlly.

"It warn't no coyotes or nothin' as you heard. It war me and the other ellows a-hollerin'. You see, we busted both our lamps, and we were a-hollerin for you to make some light so we could see where the cabin war. You see, you war clean out of your head with the fever, and you magined all them things." He then told me that I had been lying ill with a fever ever since that night, some three weeks in all, and that I had been delirious the whole time. While he was still talking two

other men came into the cabin. "That's a nice way to be a-treatin' people as is sent to your rescue," spoke up one of them. "And after bein nearly frozen to death on the way,' added the other one.

"My rescue? What do you mean?" inquired, not a little puzzled. "Ain't your name Harry?" asked the

first speaker. "No." I said, "It isn't." They all looked at one another strangely. Then the same man said Why, on the 5th day of February a telegram came from a man up here a-sayin' that the fellow as war a-stayin' with him had got lost, and hisself war

a-dvin'." "February 5," ' thought. "It was the day Harry died." In a moment I saw through it all. Harry's business at the telegraph instrument that morning was explained. Getting awake while I was taking away the wood from the door, and not seeing me, he had thought in his delirium I was lost; hence his mes sage to Colorado Springs. It is still a matter of wonder to the people out there how the rescuing party ever got up the mountain. It was a feat never attempt ed, much less accomplished, at that sea

son of the year. Some time afterward I met the man who had told me about the coyotes. He laughed heartily when I related my experience. He said what he had meant by coyotes were the fleas that fairly swarmed up there at certain seasons of the year. They were so big and bit so hard that the men in the service nicknamed them "coyotes."

Obliterating the Lines.

No thoughtful person can fait to see aw the lines are being obliterated and ow men are taking up the work of ween and nomen that of men, and both ecceding, because work itself has been reed into broader lines by the com and influence of society and humanity Vomen lawyers want to be known as awyers, not women. Wemen doctors want to be known as skillful physicians. not as women; and the weman writer . nds out her work under male nomen clature that it may be judged upon its merits and not handicapped by the estimente that the followers of tradition and the inheritors of prejudice always put upon work signed by a woman's name.

Origin of Bird Song. The origin of bird song is described by an English writer as follows: "Bird song originated in a cry produced by hodily contortion. This cry was develchild. The prospect certainly was a oped by use in times of danger. It then terrible one. The probability was I | became a warning-note that was elaborshould be cut off from all communica- ated into a call-note. This note was retion with the world for two full months | peated by males in varied tone and pitch and several influences tended to make it a reproduction of surrounding nersistent sounds. The call-notes were repeated by the males to the females, and in this manner arbitrary phrases were constructed. Further efforts on the part of the males induced greater variety, which took the form of imitation of other sounds."

The Jok Came True. A bon mot, to which fate has since aded an ironical comment, has been attributed to the ex-Emperor of Brazil On being shown one of those mechanisal wonders which always interested him more than the cares of government. a wheel that made we know not how many revolutions in the minute. "Why," said the memarch, "it actually beats our South American republies."

MORNING. There is no dew upon the lawn, The sun shines bright to-day The clouds of eve are passed away.

And all the night's chilling vapors gone. From out the pleasant orchard grove The voice of singing birds arise; I looked, and lo! before my eyes The whole wide world did blaze with love. A voice of sweetest music came, I trow in Heaven it had its birth; It was not as the sounds of earth-

 And wrapped my spirit as with flame. Oh soul, methought it cried, awake! No longer nurse the peevish night Of blind unfaith; of secret hate, Still trust in providence, not fate; See, see, the outward sun shines bright, Awake, oh soul, the mern doth break. Awake to nobleethoughts of life.

Awake to deeper faith in man; Be good, be true, be beautiful, Be one with love, and detiful In all. Thy life is but a span; For him no crown, to whom no strife. So with that gentle voice methought New life through all my soul did move New hopes arose, old fears were quelled, The darkness of the night dispelled, And I did burn anew to prove The lesson which that voice had taught. -Ernest N. Minkles, in Inter Ocean

MYSTERY OF A DREAM Was It a Vision That Brought Jasper to His Senses?

I am about to write the story of the one great mystery of my life. I have told the story to many people, but, with one exception, they have all looked very incredulous. Many shook their heads, and not a few acted as if they thought me a trifle demented. There is one, however, who is now sitting near the table at which I am writing, that believes my story implicitly. Indeed, Ediena, my darling wife, knows full well that the story which I am

about to write is true. I can not tell when the knowledge that I loved Ediena Wyldmere was first revealed to me. We were children together, and as we grew older we seemed like brother and sister. Even then she was all the world to me, and how dear I was to her, her own sweet lips have told me more than a hundred times. Our joys and sorrows were shared together. As happy, thoughtless children, we remped and laughed, and many a time we mingled our tears in childish grief. As the years rolled away, our affection for each other grew

steadily stronger and deeper. At nineteen Ediena was as fair and pure as the most spotless thing under the sun. I almost worshiped her then, but I was still young and no thoughts of marriage had entered my head. So beautiful a mailen could not long avoid attracting admiring suitors, and among those who flocked around her was one Cyril Slaythorne, the tall, proud, aristocratic master of Staythorne Hall, which had been left him at the death of his

wealthy father. I do not deny that I soon grew jealous of many of these fawning and flattering suitors, and of Cyrll Staythorne in particular. Most beautiful young ladies are naturally a trifle inclined to be flirts, and Ediena Wyldmere was no exception. Not but that she loved me as truly and dearly as ever, but never had I made a serious declaration of my passion, and for a time she enjoyed the attention bestowed upon her by those who had been smitten by her rare charms of grace and sweetnesss.

I was poor, a carpenter's son, and this fact alone in the eyes of her parents disqualified me as a son-in-law. Our Saviour was a carpenter's son, but this fact has not caused the calling to be leemed more lofty than it was nineteen hundred years ago. Ediena's parents were on the outlook for a "good mutch" for their daughter, and they looked with favor upon Cyril Staythorne. They were too wise to come out openly and request Ediena to have nothing further to do with the poor carpenter's son, but in divers ways they did every thing they could to separate us and to install

Staythorne in her favor. I shall never forget the feeling of race and despair that seized me as one day I saw Ediena pass, seated in Cyril Staythorne's handsome carriage, with Staythorne himself by her side. I can not describe our next meeting. How much I was to blame for what followed I now know, but I then thought I had just cause for what I did. Hot words were uttered, and for the first time we

parted in anger. The next day I left the quiet New England town where twenty-one years of my life had been spent. A passenger train here me away out into the world. away from the hateful spot that I had always known as home, where so many happy days had been spent with the one from whom I thought fate had separated me forever.

I sought and obtained employment in a great city, the crowded streets and hurrying rush of which seemed very strange and unnatural to me. tried to forget my old home and Ediena, but I soon found it impossible to do so. Strive as I might to tear her image from my bosom, her fair, sweet, face was almost always before me. Sternly I fought against the power that seemed to be drawing me back to her. Many a night did I awaken and sit bolt upright in the darkness of my little room, with her plaintive cry sounding in my ears: "Oh, Jasper, come back to me!"

It always seemed very real but I reasoned myself into thinking that it was all imagination. I now know that many, many times she uttered that very

One day an accident happened to me. I was passing along beneath the spot where repairs were being made on a building when a falling board struck me senseless. I was picked up and carried to a hospital, but when I recovered consciousness I did my own name. My mind did not seem deranged, I could remember events and people, but I could not recall the name of a single person whom I knew. They told me that I had been severely injured and that doubtless as I improved my memory would serve me bet-

For several days I lay there, gradually growing better physically, but in no way improving mentally. Try as I might, I could not recall names. I remembered my home, Ediena, Cyril Staythorne, every thing; but I could not speak the name of a single place or person, although scores of times 1 seemed on the point of doing so. Finally, I had so far recovered that I was informed that on the following day

I was to be discharged from the

hospital. The last night of my stay in the hospital arrived, and at a very early hour I sought my couch and was soon

fast asleep. I am not naturally a dreamer, but am a very sound sleeper. It did not seem that I dreamed that night, but suddenly I found myself in a familiar spot. It was night, and a thunder-storm was rapidly coming on. The black heavens were seamed with fire, and deep thunder roared like an enraged monster. I was standing on the old bridge which spanned a winding stream not far from my boyhood home. Suddenly a flash of lightning showed mo Ediena hurrying

along the bridge. Starled and amazed that she should be there at such a time, I was about to make my presence known, when another flash showed a second person on the bridge. Plainly I saw his dark, mustached, evilly-handsome face, and plainly I heard Ediena's cry of surprise and fear as he confronted her midway on the trestle. Then through the darkness floated his triumphant exclama-

"Ah-ah! Ediena Wyldmere, I have you now! Twice I have asked you to be my wife, only to meet with refusal and scorn. To-night I swear you shall consent to marry me, or you meet your death in the waters of Crooked river!" Then came another flash of light that showed my darling struggling in his vile clasp. To my ears came a cry that

stirred every drop of blood in my veins: "Oh, Jasper! Save me! save me!" In an instant I leaped forward and tore her from his arms; at the same time I dealt him a terrific blow that sent him reeling against the ralling of the bridge. The rotten guard gave way. and flinging up his arms, with the look of unutterable horror on his face plainly revealed by the vivid glare, he utered one wild ery and plunged downward into the dark water. Ediena uttered one joyful cry:

"Jasper! Jasper!" Then she sank unconscious at my feet. From that moment I knew no more until I awoke in the morning to find myself in the hospital. And in the morning my memory was fully restored to its natural condition. I found that I knew my own name and the names of my friends. That day I left the hos-

I remained in the city a week, and during the entire time my strange dream-if dream it was-worried me constantly. Was Ediena in trouble? Did she need my protection?

As a final result, one night I boarded a swift train, and in the morning I stood by my darling's bedside. She was just recovering from a brief but severe illness. As she clung to my hand and shed tears of joy, she sobbed reproach-"Oh, Jasper! Why did you leave me

there on that bridge after rescuing me from Cyril Staythorne's hands?" "What do you mean?" I hoarsely gasped, scarcely able to credit my ears. Then she described a scene just as I had witnessed and taken part in in my dream. She finally said: "I was over to Mabel Gray's, where I intended to spend the night, when the

thunder-sterm came up. I don't know why I did it, but I resolved to return home, and I started out despite the protests of both Mabel and her mother. I met Staythorne on the bridge. He seized me in his vile grasp and I called for help. Then you came and snatched me from his hands, at the same time hurling him off the bridge. I caught one glimpse of your face as it was revealed by the lightning, and then I fainted. When I recovered consciousness it was raining and I was alone on

the bridge,' "And Cyril Staythorne?" I asked. "Was found the following day floating a corpse on Crooked river." My story ends here. I have already told you that Ediena is my wife. I can not explain the mystery of my dream. I can only write the question that I have

asked myself a thousand times: Was it a dream?-William G. Patten, in Yankee Blade.

YOUNG ITALIAN WOMEN. Their Peculiar Ideas as to Marriage and

In the middle classes, fine dressing out of doors has to be combined with an ability (real or supposed) for keeping house. Fond mammas regale young men with stories of their daughters prowess in cooking in a manner worthy of Goldsmith's "Mrs. Primrose," and have even been known to set the hopeful young women to sweeping and cleaning as soon as the expected ring was I was going anywhere that I might get | heard at the door, in order that the hesitating aspirant might be brought to a declaration by the sight of the girl's capacity as a menial servant. Under these circumstances marriage becomes simply an escape from intolerable

dreariness. The idea of choosing a husband to whom she can prove a faithful wife rarely enters the Italian girl's head. She must be married that she may be free. Some man of her acquaintance thinks she makes a good figure in the society he frequents, finds that her dowry is sufficiently large, and tired of "living" or desirous of settling down proposes for her hand. The young wife, if she belongs to the upper classes, finds herself suddenly in the possession of unbounded liberty. Her chief duty is to act as a sort of clothes peg, that the world may praise her husband's liberality. She can now go out alone, and having little to do at home spends most of her time calling, premenading and gosaipping .- St. James' Gazette.

A Sort of Sixth Senso. A species of sixth sense has been observed in some deaf people-that of the appreciation of vibration. In one case described, a woman who was so deaf that she could hear slightly with only blow on a table, or a footstep. She described the effect by saying, not that she could hear the blow. but that she could feel it. In another case of a woman who was entirely deaf, her attention could be arrested instantly by a slight blow on the floor or a table, so slight that bystanders would not notice it. This faculty is explained by the efforts of nature to supply a compensation for a lost faculty

Electricity in Lion-Taming.

The use of electricity is offered to the lion-tamer in the form of a light wand with an insulating grip from the hand. connected by a flexible wire with a battery of which the power can be varried at will. An experiment with this form of applied science has been successfully tried.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Camment forgram or mercall to the sverable con-sidered ion of advertisers, whose savors will beinserted at the following low rates: 1 year....... Sustness items, first insertion 10c, per line; each or acciety, and communications designed to cold after tion to easy matter of ismitted or individual interce-must be paid for as advertisements. Jos i minime of all kinds neatly and expedi-ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forge

These facts teach that envelopes should always be plainly and explicitly directed, and that no letter or package should be maifed without the address of the sender plainly given both outside

and inside. When an indefinite address is necessarily given it is more apt to prove sufficient if the business or employment of

the person is added. . Those who are transiently at a certain place should be addressed as "transient," and upon leaving a place it is always advisable to ask to have one's mail forwarded to the next stop-

ping place. The name and address of the sender, either printed or written, should be placed upon the upper left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper of all matter

mailed. Letters and all other matter mailed, so marked with the name and address of the sender, that should fail to be called for or delivered to the person addressed, and upon which full letter rates of postage has been paid are not sent to the Dead Letter Office, but are returnable to the sender directly-

without additional charge, and with the reason of non-delivery indorsed thereon. Packages and all matter mailed at less than letter rates of postage, should, in addition to the name and address of the sender upon the envelope or wrapper, bear in connection therewith a request for its return in the event of nondelivery, in which ease it is also returnable directly to the sender from the post-office addressed, charged with return postage at the rate required for the

lass of matter to which it belongs. If it be borne in mind that only such unclaimed and undelivered letters and other matter prepaid at full letter rates of postage as do not bear the name and address of the sender, and such other matter mailed at less than letter rates of postage as does not bear a request for its return, is required to be sent to the Dead-Letter Office, the importance of the suggestions in respect to placing the name and address of the sender, etc., on all master mailed, is apparent. All matter mullable at less than letter rates of postage must be so wrapped or inclosed that it can be readily exam at the mailing office, without destroying the wrapper; otherwise it is subject

to letter postage. Much of the package and parcel matter received at the Dead Letter Office is that which has been deposited for malling sealed and closed gainst inspection and prepaid at less than letter rate; being unmailable in such condition, and the name and adiress of the sender not appearing upon the cover, whereby it might be returned for correction and proper com-

pliance with postal conditions, it necessarily is sent to the Dead Letter Office. In mailing packages addressed to foreign countries, care should be taken to ascertain whether they are prohibited from transmission to the country of destination, or ean only be forwarded when the postage is fully prepaid at foreign letter rates-five cents

Only bona fide trade samples are transmissible at reduced rates of post-

Persons desiring to mail matter other than letters to foreign countries should consult their postmasters, who, being provided with the postal laws and regulations, are enabled to give proper information respecting conditions, etc., etc., of mailing to foreign countries. All valuable matter to be sent by

mail should be registered. It will thus

receive such protection as it is not always possible to give to matter sent in the ordinary malls. Money should be ent by money order or registered letter. Proprietors of hotels should omit the cturn request from envelopes supplied ratuitously to their guests; and guests ising envolopes furnished by hotels. should be careful to designate what dis-

posal should be made of letters sent by them in case of non-delivery. In sending packages and parcelscooks, pamphlets and other articlesby mail, the address should be placed on the article inclosed as well as on the

KILLED TWENTY MEN.

A Westerner's Defense of His Cialm "There goes a man who has killed his twentieth man," said a guest at Hurst's to a St Louis Republic reporter. The man alluded to was of medium height and stout build, with raven black bair and mustache. He had a black eye which flashed with a strange light whenever their owner became excited or interested. "His name is Cal Fairbanks," continued the reporter's informant, "and ne was formerly a resident of St. Louis. About tifteen years ago he went to Colorado, and near Paeblo struck a mine which had been deserted. The mine, however, had been proved up, and Mr. Fairbanks bought it for a trifling sum. went to work open it, and it soon developed that it was a rich more. He went to Denver, placed his mine on the market under the name of Little Jennio and sold his interests for an independout fortune. But while he was developing this mine he had serious trouble. A man who was a favorite in the mining camp drew a gun on Mr. Fairbanks one day, but the man from St. Louis was quick and he shot first. As a re-sale the camp favorite dropped dead. This killing created a good deal of county against Fairbanks, and before by had finished developing his claim be killed. nineteen men. All this occurred in about a year. I believe Fairbanks himself was shot twice, but meither of the bullets inflicted wounds which might be called serious. To day he is in the prime of life, and by shrowd speculation has managed to accumulate a fortune He is a bachelor of steady habits and is a woman hater."

The late Beverly Tucker was a genuine F. F. V. He was handsome, popular and the best story teller in Washington. He was a great friend of Stephen A. Douglas, and one day, when Tucker was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, the Little Giant overtook him, threw his arm around his absolder and exclaimed: "Hev, old boy, I love you!" "But, will you always love mo?" asked Tucker. "If I don't, may I be damued, What do you want me to do? Say what you will, and I'll remember it." "Well," said Tucker, "when you get to be President, all I want you to do for me Is to choose some public place like this, put your arm around my nock just as you are doing now, call mo 'liev,' and tell me you love me." The terrgain can made, and it wasn't the Little-Ciants fault that it wasn't carried out.