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Cambria Freeman.

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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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7. You will like it.
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Ask for it. Insist on having it.
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We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

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Rates $1 to $2 per day.

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THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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Barber :-: Shop!

A first-class Barber Shop has been opened in the basement of Blair House where the barbering business in all its branches will be carried on in the future. The shop is in the hands of skilled artists who will give every attention to customers. Everything kept in good order. Your patronage solicited.
FRANK FEES, Proprietor.
1 30

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

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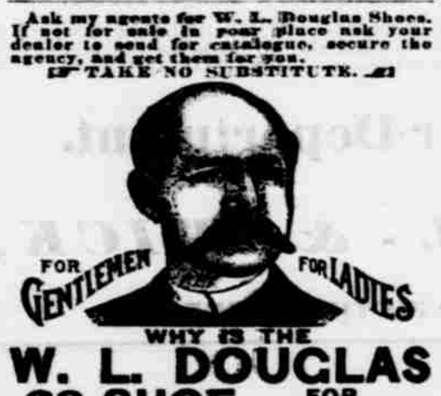
BELVERNON, Pa., Nov. 22, '88.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame.
Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, hock enlarged and swollen. The horsemen about here (we have no Veterinary Surgeon here) pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin or Thoroughpin, they all told me there was no cure for it, he became about useless, and I considered him almost worthless. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I could see very plainly great improvements immediately from its use, and before the bottle was used up I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle, and before it was used up my horse was cured and has been in the team doing heavy work all the season since last April, showing no more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours,
EUGENE DEWITT.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
oct18.90.ly.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



WHY IS THE
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS,
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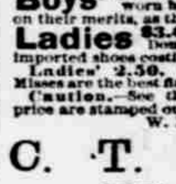

$3000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N. Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

ROBERT EVANS,

UNDERTAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,
Ebensburg, Pa.

A full line of Caskets always on hand.
Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.
Apr 30 86

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

THE FREEMAN is the largest paper in North-Cambria. Don't forget it.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

OUT OF THE SWIM.

His clothes hang on him in many a shred—
He is out of the swim;
He walks life's highway with sullen tread—
He is out of the swim.
He eats the dole that charity gives,
In the wilds of nature alone he lives,
He sleeps 'neath heaven's starry brim—
He is out of the swim.

Once he had honor and friends, but now
He is out of the swim.
Men coveted then his lordly bow—
He is out of the swim.
There are none so poor as to take his hand
And call him brother in all the land,
But they hasten to turn aside from him—
He is out of the swim.

He has nothing to hold him now to life—
He is out of the swim;
Neither friends nor fortune, child nor wife—
He is out of the swim.
There's nobody but himself to blame,
His heart is seared with remorse and shame;
Through his own mistake—not fortune's whim—
He is out of the swim.

The moonlight rests on a peaceful face—
He is out of the swim.
Dear God, forgive in Thy infinite grace!—
He is out of the swim—
Out of life's maddening roar and fret,
Out of temptations that so beset;
God, who made us, will care for him—
He is out of the swim.

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

Reflections of Weedon Bradshaw While on a Night Train.

It was the last of January and a Saturday night. A keen north wind was blowing down Broadway, filling the air with occasional flurries of snow, and night had long since come, though it was only six o'clock.

J. Weedon Bradshaw, attorney and counselor at law, stood on the steps of the building in which he had his office and buttoned his overcoat as he looked up and down the now deserted street.

For some thirty years he had done the same thing at the same hour every day, when he was not out of town on business—he never went away for pleasure. He was going out of town now, as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. Large and important business interests of a client called him to the northern part of the state, and it never occurred to him to delay twenty-four hours for what he considered a mere question of sentiment. Sundays were pretty much the same to him personally as any other day, except that they interrupted business.

True he had been wonderfully successful in life, but he would have told you it was entirely owing to his own efforts, and not through any intervention of Providence.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening he walked into a passenger car of the northward bound express in as great a state of irritation as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. He had neglected to engage a berth in the sleeper, and now found that he must make the best of a night in a chair. He settled himself with the expertness and deliberation born of age and experience. Then he took from his pocket documents bearing on the coming case and proceeded to read them.

Presently he found his mind wandering, a thing it had not done for years, and, putting up the papers, he turned to look out of the window. In spite of shading the glass with his hands nothing was to be seen, but an occasional light flashed into view and out again in an instant.

He drew back and sat idly looking before him till suddenly he became conscious that there was something, after all, to be seen in the window—his own reflection. He looked at himself with growing interest; it was the first time in many years he had had such protracted opportunity for study of the subject.

He felt as if the face opposite him belonged to some familiar stranger, met every day but never known. A man well advanced in life, nearing sixty, perhaps, looked back at him. Hair gray, getting a little thin now; aquiline nose; clear, shrewd-looking eyes, of no particular color, with innumerable fine wrinkles about the corners, as if from constant contraction to enable them the better to see through other men. The lips had narrowed almost to a line from long compression, and made the entire face look hard.

He had fought the world single-handed—the hard, selfish, crushing business world of a great city, and it had marked him as its own. He had wrung from it wealth, position, recognition of his ability by other men; but he had given in return youth, love, pleasure, all aspirations after better things. All those longings and hopes which prove the existence in us of some sparks of a higher nature. His very life he had given to become that most perfect mechanical production of the nineteenth century—entirely a business man.

The train slowed up at a station and a young couple got in. She was so bright and pretty and confiding, he so unceasingly attentive and protecting, the other passengers watched them with interest. The men smiled and the women sighed. They sat in front of Weedon Bradshaw, and something in the girl's face quickened his memory and sent his thoughts rushing back into the past.

He turned again to his window, but the past was with him and the face that looked back was no longer old and hard.

It was a boy's face, handsome, brave and honest, with faith in those clear eyes, and a promise of noble deeds. Other faces were there, too. A laughing, winsome pair of eyes peered at him for a moment, and then a gentle, sweet, old face smiled sadly at "her boy." He remembered her dreams for him; he realized for the first time how far he had fallen from her ideals.

Now he fully understood what she had once said to him: "Experience is sorrow. Only is life happy as we live it for others."

The face was a man's now; handsome still, but an eager look had come into the eyes, and the mouth was more firmly set. He was starting out into the world anxious for knowledge of it; determined to fight and conquer. Clearly the night he left home came back to him. She of the laughing eyes was with him, but they laughed no longer. Tears were brimming over and the little lips too tremulous for words. He held her hand and a mighty struggle went on within him. He knew what the tears meant and he longed to take her in his arms; but pride and caution whispered:

"Wait! You have the world before you."

And so he spoke no word, but left her. He had never really meant to give her up. He intended in the near future to go back for her; but, first, he was too poor to take the time, and afterward the business world claimed him as its slave—its slave when most he felt himself its master.

So the days passed by and he never went back.

Then he heard that another had won her, and for a moment J. Weedon Bradshaw admitted to himself that he had possibly made a mistake in life after all.

In course of time he married his partner's daughter. He paid her bills, treated her with respectful consideration, and when she died regretted the unfortunate circumstance. But her face had no place on the window. The youth of the past was crying to the man of to-day for reparation and would not be silenced.

"Why did you treat me so?" he cried. "Why did you stifle my love, teaching me this terrible, absolute indifference to everything good or bad? Why did you train me to think that money and what money could buy was the best in life and nothing else mattered? What have you given me in return for youth, love and liberty?"

And Weedon Bradshaw bowed his head in silence. Dead sea fruit.

Clearly he saw now, as in the light of noonday, the life he had missed. The life of love and higher aspiration, the abnegation of self that leads to the "larger heart the kindlier hand."

All this he saw, and groaned in spirit.

On through the night rushed the express; but side by side with it kept the phantom train filled with the ghosts of Weedon Bradshaw's past.

The young bride had gone to sleep with her head on her husband's shoulder and the other passengers were in various stages of unconsciousness.

Suddenly a violent, shuddering jerk throughout the train—a mighty crash and heaving, and then silence more terrible.

Silence for a moment's space only, however; then cries, questions, exclamations—a wild confusion of tongues.

The engine had jumped the track on a down grade and half dragged the baggage car with it; but the passenger coaches were only badly shaken. It would have been a terrible disaster but for the quickness and nerve of the engineer—he stopped the train in its own length, but his life was the price.

The crowd grew silent as they stood about the wreck and that motionless object now stretched upon the roadside.

They peered into each other's pale faces, scarcely visible by the flickering light of a few lanterns carried in nervous hands.

Thank God! they were all safe—but one man had given up his life for them.

"He did his duty nobly," they said, and then began to think how they could continue their journey.

It was not that they were unfeeling—only "practical;" there was nothing to be done and they were in a hurry.

Only Bradshaw remained standing by the body—he felt shaken, unnerved, strangely old. Those silent lips seemed bidding him stay. A voice was speaking to him through them unheeded by other ears: "Even as I am wilt thou be."—Charlotte Rogers, in Leslie's Newspaper.

WHISTLING FOR WIND.

The Supposed Origin of an Old Superstition of the Sea.

There is nothing so tedious, so aggravating to the sailor as a dead calm. Drift, drift, drift, day after day, the great burning sun overhead reflected by the waters until the eye becomes wearied with the eternal brightness. The sailor goes about his work listlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. He paces the poop with a quiet, nervous tread, "whistling for a wind."

He is scanning the horizon north, south, east and west, carefully noting every little patch of clouds and whistling with all of his soul for a wind. This is one of the old, old superstitions of the sailor, one of the beliefs which has been traced hither and thither, but never to the propitiation of the gods. It probably had its origin in the impatience of the mariner, who, while his vessel lay drifting idly in the "Zone of Calms," remembered with regret the hoarse moaning, shrieking and whistling of the winds in the more favored spots on the deep and involuntarily tried to imitate it. And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the whistling, for it must be remembered that the becalmed sailor does not whistle "Annie Laurie" or any of the popular songs of the day. The lonesome thrill of his monotonous "whistle" is a series of polyglot sounds that would set a magpie wild with envy. He does not aim at a rhythm, but ejects his puffs of air in long and short notes, now high, now low, like the sounds produced by the wind blowing through the ropes of the rigging.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENCE FOR MECHANICS.

IT has recently been found that certain fungoid growths have the power of removing gold from water containing it in suspension.

WHEN cast and malleable iron are used in the same structure a galvanic action is set up between them, and the malleable iron is corroded.

SEAWEED is now made into a tough paper, which takes the place of window glass. When colored the effect is similar to stained or painted glass.

TO OBVIATE the waste of steam in steam hammers an improvement has been introduced in fitting the hammers with two pistons of different diameters, compounding them, in fact.

GUM arabic, which was once universally used, has become very scarce and dear, and a substitute for it is being made from starch, which is subjected under pressure and at a high temperature to the action of sulphurous acid. The product, after neutralization, is soluble and extremely adhesive.

A NEW kind of metal is reported from Birmingham, Eng., which is said to be non-corrosive and will adhere to other metals of all kinds when properly applied. Its greatest use will probably be found in the marine engineering, for coating iron and steel for propellers to prevent their pitting.

A GUN to fire under water has been invented, and one for the United States ship Destroyer is in course of construction at Bethlehem, Pa. This experimental gun is to be thirty-five feet long, and will throw a projectile twenty-five feet in length, containing four hundred pounds of nitrogycerine, one thousand feet through the water.

A HUMAN FAILING.

Discussing the Different Things One Likes to Eat.

Among the many things that are hard to understand is the fancy entertained by so many people, that other people will be interested to hear at considerable length what they like to eat and what they do not like to eat. There seems to be nothing of very great interest to one's friends in the fact that one is passionately fond of cabbage and onions; and yet, next to the weather, the most frequent subject of conversation is probably the subject of eatables.

"If there's anything I dote on," said Mrs. Chubb, "it's a nice leg of mutton with a butter gravy and capers. And I like—"

"But," says Mrs. Scragg, breaking in, "is there anything more horrid than pickled tripe? I can't bear it."

"My favorite sauce," Mrs. Chubb continues, "is fried apple sauce; and scalloped apples I can't get enough of."

"Laws!" exclaims Mrs. Scragg. "you don't say so! No kind of fruit agrees with me. And I don't see how anybody can eat those miserable things they call olives."

So they go on for an hour. "Well, I must be going," says Mrs. Scragg, rising at last. "We've had a real pleasant time!"

Throughout the whole interview Mrs. Chubb has been talking about the things she likes, and Mrs. Scragg has been talking about the things she does not like. Each one has been following her own temperament; and while she has not been at all interested in what the other has said she has been greatly interested in what she herself has said

This principle of compromise is generally the basis of these little conversations about food.

"How would it do," said one man to another, when, on a long railway journey, their conversation had lagged, "to tell each other what we like to eat, and divide the time?"

"Capital!" said the other. "You tell me for ten minutes what you like best, and then I'll call time on you, and tell you what I like."

"And then I begin again in ten minutes more?"

"Certainly."

It was agreed, and for a mortal hour the two men related to each other the smallest details of their very dissimilar food-likings, in ten minute speeches. At the end of that time the porter passed through the car and announced that dinner was ready in the dining car.

"Good!" exclaimed one. "I'm so hungry I could eat anything."

"So could I," said the other. Then they went in and ate exactly the same things, which were practically the same that both had eaten the day before.—Youth's Companion.

UNHORNED CATTLE.

The "Muley Cow" Simply a Freak of Nature.

Everyone is familiar with the animal which, in the country districts of America, is called the "muley cow," or as it is sometimes spelled, the "mooly cow." She is an animal without horns. Generally she has not lost them, but has never had them. She has the reputation of being a very good milch cow, but particularly ill-natured.

Though at least one "muley cow" may be found in most large herds, in a great part of the country, and though polled cattle, as hornless cattle are also called, are sometimes exhibited at fairs, it has never, probably, occurred to anyone until lately that a race of hornless cattle ought to be bred or developed on account of a greater economy in raising and nourishing them.

Such a notion, however, has been broached by an American cattle-raiser. He maintains that, in raising young horned cattle, and, for that matter, in keeping grown-up cattle, a considerable share of the nutriment given them goes to their horns.

The same gentleman argues that the horns of domestic cattle are a relic of barbarism—a survival of a means of defense associated with a wild life, and are now not only no longer needed, but positively mischievous. The horned bullies of a herd get more and the weaker ones less than their share of the fodder.

But how are the horns to be got rid of? Regularly cutting off the horns of young cattle will not prevent subsequent generations of young cattle from developing horns as they grow to maturity, any more than the shaving of men's beards for many generations makes men beardless.

There is a way, however, in which it could be done. A certain proportion of cattle turn out to be hornless. If only such cattle were used to breed from, undoubtedly a great proportion of their offspring would be hornless, and in the course of time a race of unhorned cattle would be produced—among which, however, individuals with horns would probably be even more common than hornless cattle are now.

Domestication has undoubtedly reduced the size of cattle's horns considerably. Under domestication, the horns are much less used, and consequently are inferior; but they are not got rid of altogether except in rare cases, and then seemingly only by a freak of nature.—Youth's Companion.

The President's Trip.

Attention is called by the New York Herald to the fact that throughout all the president's journey around the circle of ten thousand miles his train pursued its prearranged schedule, passing from one line of railroad to another and from state to state without so much as five minutes delay from any cause whatever. It met with no accident, and over all the long route the presidential party were enabled to enjoy their habitual routine of life, sleeping, eating, bathing, reading, writing and talking with as little discomfort as if they had been seated in the white house, with the added comfort of not being annoyed by office-seekers. This feature of the journey is a remarkable tribute to American railway management. It could not be repeated in any other country in the world.

—Magistrate (to prisoner): "You are found guilty of meeting the plaintiff in a lonely street, knocking him down, and robbing him of everything except a valuable gold watch which he had with him. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Had he a gold watch with him at the time?" Magistrate: "Certainly." Prisoner—"Then I put in a plea of insanity."—From the French.

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I doan' like de noise, er de marchin' ob de boys—
An' I 'low I doan' s'pose I evah will—
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
An' ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Sumpin' whispahed in my eah 'bout my little volunteah,
An' sade he nevah will come back no mo'.

I's thinkin' mos' to-day ob how he marched away,
Wid de bright sun a-climbin' up de sky;
Marched out an' down de street to de drum's wild beat,
An' den how dey fotched 'im home to die.
Oh, de sad, moanful way missus bowed her head to pray,
When Gabe said: "Hit's gittin' mighty still,
But I'll rise an' jine de boys when I heah de cannon's noise,
Er de soun' ob de bugle on de hill!"

Dar's a spot mighty deah to dis ole darky heah
Whar de sunshine am peekin' frough de palms,
Wid his hands 'pon his breast dar my soldier's gone to rest
Jes peacefully a-sleepin' in de calms.
An' de drum's wild beat er de tread ob marchin' feet
I know cain't disturb 'im now until
De Lo'd gibs command, den I know he'll rise an' stan'
At de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'peahs as ef I seen de ole plantation green,
An' sometimes I reckon dat I heah
De reg'ment pass by, an I 'low I hear a cry
Like de moan ob my little volunteah,
An' de sobbin' on de day po' ole missus kneeled to pray.
An' sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin hear de tread ob feet, to de drum's wild beat,
An' de soun' ob de bugle on de hill.

—Bow Hackley, in Century.

FOR GOOD REASONS.

Why Sarah and Ira Were Never Married.

The story of how nearly Sarah Hochstetler came to marry Ira Tincher in 1871 has grown to be a part of the history of Oregon county, Mo. Ira is still a comparatively young man, and Sarah is still well on the sunny side of fifty, but Jim Burnes, whom she did marry, has been under the gravel and rocks that cover his forty-acre farm for these ten years or more. Sarah Burnes still lives on the farm, but in spite of the fact that she is husbandless and yet under fifty, she will never become the wife of Ira Tincher, though for years these two loved and swore a devotion that should have its ending even beyond the grave, if then.

Old Jim Burnes lived near Alton, in the center of the county, and young Ira worked for him. Burnes was fifty-three and Tincher was twenty-two. They had been together a year, when the young man surprised his employer by telling him that he was soon to marry Sarah Hochsteler, who made her home with "the folks," a few miles from the Howell county line, on the West Plains road.

"Goin' ter marry Sary!" exclaimed old Burnes. "Why, Iry, she's older'n you be, an' weddin's er that sort allus turns out bad."

The old man looked severely at his young "hand," and Ira looked at the ground. Burnes was gray and bewhiskered, but his form was as straight as a hickory sapling. His rough hands were tucked under his trousers and he stood with arms akimbo, eying the youth who stood before him.

"An' besides," went on old Burnes, "I've been keepin' comp'ny with Sary m'self fer more'n two years, an' she's jist right fer er man like me. I've gotter farm, an' I'm old ernuff, an—an' ter tell ther truth, an' not shock yer nerves too much, Iry, I kinder reckon she likes me."

"What!" exclaimed the young farm hand, "you an' my Sary!"

He stopped and buried his face in his hands.

"Thar, boy," resumed old Burnes, softly, "don't fuss. Ez I said, Sary is er year older'n you, an' she's on'y been er foolin'. Sary thinks you as on'y her boy, an' she kaint he'p her lookin' up ter me, yer know. My land an'—"

Ira slipped away while the old man talked. True enough, he thought to himself, he was only a boy. He put his hand to his face. There was no beard there—only little bunches of short, straggling hairs around his chin and up toward his ears. He kept walking for an hour, not thinking where he was going—only thinking of Sary and her pretty ways—her clean, homespun dresses and her merry laugh. Then he stopped.

"She said she liked me an' she said she'd marry me in ther summer, an' she never said nothin' erbout old Jim. But he's er deacon in ther church, an' he wouldn't lie erbout it—an' Sary, *she* never got er 'ligion, an' so she's been er foolin' me."

That was Ira's way of looking at it. He studied the whole situation over and over that afternoon. In the evening he went back to the Burnes cabin down in the valley, and after he had done the chores he went to old Jim and asked for his money.

"There's er leetle comin', I reckon," he said, "an' I'm goin' down inter Arkinsaw."

"Goin' ter quit?" asked old Burnes, carelessly. "Well, sorry yer kaint stay fer ther weddin', but hyars yer money, an' I hope yer'll have luck."

He paid his hand in shin-plasters—he only owed him four dollars—wages for a month—and Ira put on his hat, and gathering up the few things he had, walked out of the little cabin. He left old Burnes seated in front of the rough log fireplace, squirting tobacco juice against the dying embers, close to which the calloused soles of his bare feet were being toasted. The old fellow did not look up until he was sure that Ira must be gone. Then he rose, and putting on his cowhide boots, prepared to leave the place.

"Thet war easy," he murmured. "Now, ef he don't go over ter Sary's to find out erbout it, I kin tell ther gal most anything. He'll jest erbout go thar ter say good-by ter her—yes, he'll do it, sure—sure he'll do it. Yes, I'll go an' beat him thar."

Old Burnes hastened into his best coat, and grasping a stout stick, went out. He slipped a yoke over his oxen, and in a moment was in the West Plains road, urging the slow animals westward. It was after eight o'clock when he came in sight of the Hochstetler home. The folks had not gone to bed, for there was a light visible through the open door and through the chinks in the cabin wall. He stopped the oxen and jumping nimbly from his old trap, stepped inside. Sarah was there and she voiced an exclamation upon seeing the old man.

"Why, Uncle Jim," she cried, "what's brought you over here? Iry ain't hurt?"

"Well, Sary," responded the old fellow, "no, not thet, but it's erbout Iry that I came here ternight. I reckon as it ain't pleasant news I bring yer, but ter be short an' sweet erbout it, Iry's run off an' gone ter Arkansaw, ter marry er widder down erbout Mountain Home."

The girl looked at old Burnes sternly for a moment and then came over to his side.

"Are yer tellin' me ther truth?" she asked earnestly. "Not er foolin', Uncle Jim?"

"Hones' facks," was old Burnes' response, "an' I hopes yer'll not take it hard."

Sarah had spirit.

"Take it hard?" she echoed. "Wall, I guess not. I thorter heap er Iry, an' he said he never'd love nobody else. He war goin' ter marry me purty soon, an' he said he'd come ter-night ter fix up things. See," and Sarah stood back a foot or so, "here's the dress an' fixin's I got, an' I put 'em on ter-night for Iry ter pass on."

The girl's eyes were filling with tears as she talked, and old Burnes almost felt mean enough to sink out of sight through the dirt floor. Sarah dashed the teardrops away and tried to smile to show how little she cared, but it was such an effort that she turned back into the dark to hide her face from the searching eye of the old mountaineer.

Young Tincher had not forgotten his engagement, but he didn't have the heart to keep it. He struggled with himself for an hour after he left old Burnes, walking through the woods toward the home of the Hochstetlers. At length he resolved to at least say good-by to Sarah.

"It kaint do no harm," he muttered, "an' I wanter do it."

He walked fast, but it was late when he got within sight of the home of the girl he loved. He saw a light there, and it rather surprised him.

"Funny," he muttered, "but 'taint much funnier 'n what old Jim told me ter-day. Keepin' comp'ny fer two years with Sary! Oh, the hussy!"

Ira stood in the darkness outside of the cabin. It was a still night in the spring, and despite the trifling fires that were still kept up, the door remained wide open. Ira peeped in. Sarah had a visitor—old Burnes! The young farmhand's heart almost stood still. How pretty Sarah was. She had on a dress that he had never seen before, and Ira thought her nearer an angel than he thought angels themselves could be. He sighed—almost so loud that the inmates of the house could hear him. Then he put his hand to his face and felt the straggling bits of beard. Tears came into his eyes, and he walked away.

"Old Jim told the truth," he murmered. "I ain't old ernuff ner good ernuff for sech as Sary, an' he is. I war fooled, thet's all."

Old Burnes was not long in convincing Sarah that she ought to marry him and before June had come with her wealth of sunshine and roses and songs of birds, the circuit rider was stopped by the deacon, and the two were married. Sarah went to the little cabin that old Burnes had lived in since his first wife died, long before, and for several months made it an earthly Heaven for the old man.

Something brought young Tincher back to Oregon before the year was over, and he went to see old Burnes and Sarah. Jim was not at home, but Sarah gave her old flame an unexpectedly warm welcome. They talked for an hour or so and one thing brought on another until Ira asked Sarah—he just couldn't help it—why she gave him up. The whole thing was out in ten minutes, and Ira went away. He had an ugly look in his eye and his sullenness alarmed Sarah. Old Burnes was home an hour later and his wife told him that Ira had been there. The old man did not say a word, but when Sarah was through with her story, he got his old gun and carefully reloaded both barrels and gave the hammer an oiling. Sarah shivered and went nervously about preparing the supper. With every breath she admonished old Burnes not to be rash, but her husband was mum. It was nearly sundown when the brush parted and Ira Tincher, with a gun across his shoulder, stepped into the cleared place. The old man did not say a word, but stepping to the door, raised his weapon and fired at the approaching figure. Ira did not stop, but as quick as a flash returned the shot.

Old Burnes did not speak. His gun fell and a second later he followed it. He had a bullet in his heart.

Ira gave himself up and pleaded self-defense. It was a long fight, and the young farmhand's neck was saved, but he got ninety-nine years.

The only reason that he never became the husband of Sarah Burnes, nee Hochstetler, is that Sarah lives in Oregon county, on the sunny side of fifty, while Ira is spending his days within the gray walls of a state penitentiary.—Homer Bassford, in Detroit Free Press.

The Capitol Dome, Washington.

The capitol dome at Washington is the only considerable dome of iron in the world, says the St. Louis Republic. It is a vast hollow sphere weighing 8,000,300 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or almost the weight of 70,000 full grown persons, or about equal to 1,000 ladened coal cars of four tons each, which, if strung out one behind the other, would occupy a mile and a half of track. On the very top of the dome the allegorical figure "America," weighing 13,985 pounds, lifts its proud head high in air. The pressure of this dome and figure upon the piers and pillars is 14,477 pounds to the square foot. It would, however, require a pressure of 755,286 pounds to the square foot to crush the supports of the dome. The cost of this immense dome was little short of $1,000,000.

A Curious Fact.

It is a curious fact that water pipes under the ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is, that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice-cream freezer, the pipe is chilled, enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

FISHY YARNS.

ALTRINCHAM, on the question of how long animals can live without food, states that a cat was accidentally built in a haystack, and was there for nineteen days, when it came out alive.

A COVINGTON (Ga.) liveryman has a dog which, besides carrying packages for his master, goes foraging for useful articles. He trotted into a store recently, picked up a fine currycomb and hurried to the stables with it.

THE Dallas (Tex.) News says that a few days ago a babe alive and well was found perched on some drift wood sailing placidly toward the gulf, twenty miles down the river. The waif was rescued by some fishermen and restored to its parents.

THERE is a man who lives entirely on a Georgia train. He goes every night to the sleeper, pays his one dollar and fifty cents and gets in the berth and sleeps through to Augusta. Next night he goes back to Atlanta. He has plenty of money and never has anything to say to the conductor or anybody else.

TWO HUNTERS near Reading, Pa., stole a bear's cub the other day and were pursued by the mother. After running until they were almost exhausted they stopped, and the man with the cub, taking it by the hind legs, attacked the mother. He beat her across the nose with her offspring so hard that she finally fled, leaving the hunters with the cub, which was dead.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

LAST year the fire insurance companies doing business in Ohio received for premiums $7,172,287 and only paid out for losses $3,945,469, or the losses were only 55 per cent. of the premiums.

NEW JERSEY is one of the eleven states in which the postal service is self-sustaining. The latest figures show that last year the surplus revenue of New Jersey's post offices was $202,268.78.

GOLD coin is shipped abroad in five-gallon, iron-bound oaken kegs. Each keg holds ten bags and each bag contains $5,000, so that the value of a keg is $50,000. Gold from the other side usually comes in boxes.

THE great treasury vault at Washington covers more than a quarter of an acre and is twelve feet deep. Recently there was $90,000,000 in silver stored there—an amount that weighed 4,000 tons and would load 175 freight cars.

THE fire losses in May throughout the union amounted to $22,085,740, of which $7,272,000 was caused by forest fires. For the first five months of this year the losses aggregate $69,000,000 against $44,000,000 for the same period last year.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

A FAR GREATER HERO.—Visitor (to dime museum exhibit)—"Are you the man who eats glass?" Exhibit—"No; I'm the man who eats the biscuit that my wife bakes."—Epoch.

"BUT will your wife believe you?" asked Rounder, as he escorted Brown home early in the morning. "Will she?" replied Brown, joyously. "Of course she will. We've only been married a week."—N. Y. Recorder.

EDITH (soliloquizing)—"I'm so glad he proposes by letter. No fuss—no helping him on—and plenty of time to run down to papa's office and look him up in Bradstreet's before I give him an answer."—N. Y. Continent.

THE Old, Old Story Revised.—Bashful Young man—"Ahem — Sally — ahem—" Sally (encouragingly)—"Well, George?" B. Y. M.—"Sally, do you s'pose your ma would be willin' to be my mother-in-law?"—N. Y. Continent.

BELOW PAR.—Kingley—"Don't you at times lose confidence in yourself and feel utterly weak, as if in fact you weren't worth a continental?" Bingo—"Yes, I felt so the other day when my wife showed me her dressmaker's bill."—Clothier and Furnisher.

TRANSPIRING ABROAD.

A NUMBER of Parisian ladies recently applied hair bleach to their looks with the intention of turning them red, but only succeeded in producing a beautiful shade of green.

DIAMONDS have been found in British Guiana, where a gold mine owner recently collected 638 stones. An expert in London declared 633 of the specimens to be diamonds of the purest water.

A COLLISION between a ship and an omnibus is something rare; but one is just reported from Hamburg. The bus was crossing a bridge and the vessel poked her jib-boom into it but nobody was hurt.

THE reduction of postage between India and England is thus announced by a Kulu branch postmaster: "Sir, Europe postage, she is degraded, she is two annas six pie, registration fee she stands two annas, she intact."

THE latest novelty in ferns used in London is one simulating a rose. When closed it looks like a bud. When open it resembles a full blown rose, and, as it is scented with the perfume of that flower, the illusion is complete.

LITERARY SMALL TALK.

BILL ARP, the Georgia humorist, has nine children.

POET WHITTIER begins to feel that the labors of life are virtually over. His fast-failing sight is shutting him off from literary work.

"PIERRE LOTI," the new French immortal, is not the effeminate epicurean one might expect from his writings. A Paris letter describes him as short, squat and burly, turned forty, and looking the bluff, hearty tar that he is.

FRANCOIS COPPEE, the French author, is fond of cats that surround his desk and nibble at his pen when he writes. Renan has a magnificent Angora cat of which he is extravagantly fond and in honor of which Taine composed a sonnet.

DR. LORIMER meditates starting an enterprise in or near Boston as a rival to the Chautauqua movement. It is to be called the Temple Educational union. Bible study, literature, science, and social and political economy will be included in his system.

THE queen of Roumania has undertaken to write on the subject of Bucharest for a great illustrated work on the capitals of the world, which is now being prepared in Paris. This is probably the first time that a queen has described her capital for the public. Vienna will be treated by Mme Adam and Tokio by Judith Gautier.