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BY JAMES G. HASSON,

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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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 latest style. 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.

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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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DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.: BELVERSON, PA., Nov. 27, '90.
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 he has not been lame. Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1891.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, took callous and swelled behind and above the hock joint, so the leg went here pronounced his lameness. Blood poison was feared 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 the time I started to 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 during heavy work all the season since. Just thought I would send you a few 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 SCHUYLER.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by any address on receipt of price, by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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oct10 90.1y.

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 $10.00 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 $8.00.

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$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 imported shoes costing from $5.00 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.

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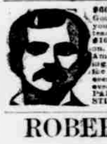

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AND MANUFACTURER OF and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE, Ebensburg, Pa.

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.

ONE YEAR AGO.

In field and wood the verdant grass was spring;
The orchard trees were pink and white with bloom;
The shy arbutus trailed in lowly beauty,
And filled the woodland with its rich perfume.
The robin built its nest among the branches,
Where whispering breezes murmured soft and low;
And earth seemed full of life and joy and gladness—
That happy day—but one short year ago.

We walked together where the winding river
Flashed back the brightness of the glowing sun;
And pledged a faith that should remain unbroken,
Through all the years, till life itself were done.
Our hearts grew tender with the pain of parting,
And from the violets nestling at our feet
Each plucked for each a purple, fragrant blossom—
Sweet souvenir till we again should meet.

To-day the grass is green upon the hillside;
The orchard revels in its wealth of bloom;
The river flashes in the morning sunshine,
And wild flowers breathe their delicate perfume.
But she who gave my world its light and beauty
Is gone; and on her grave with bitter woe,
I lay this bunch of tear-wet, purple blossoms,
In memory of that day, one year ago.

—Lucia M. Cayton, in Detroit Free Press.

MARRYING A TWIN.

And the Many Unpleasant Circumstances Resulting Therefrom.

Jack Damon met Mary Learey at a ball.

"By chance, the usual way."

He fell in love with her at once. Fortunately, his passion was returned, and as Jack and Mary both wisely believed "delays are dangerous," their wedding day came along just four weeks after their first meeting.

At the wedding Jack for the first time saw Sarah Learey, Mary's twin sister. The two girls were as much alike as two peas—both blondes with curling hair, soft, dangerous-looking blue eyes, exquisite mouths, and handsome figures. There was but one essential difference between them—Mary wore boots No. 2, and Sarah was so unfortunate as to wear No. 4, and a close fit at that.

When the girls got vexed with each other—and of course, being sisters, they were constantly falling out—Mary always twitted Sarah of her No. 4 shoes, and Sarah, by way of retaliation, accused Mary of putting India ink under her eyes to make them appear larger.

The two girls dressed exactly alike in the minutest particular; they had always done so, and now that Mary was to be married Sarah saw no reason why she should not have a white silk dress and veil as well as her sister, especially as she was to be first bridesmaid.

As soon as the ceremony was over and the kissing gone through with Jack gave his arm to his wife, as he thought, to lead her out to supper.

"My darling!" he whispered in her ear, "how much your sister looks like you! Only you are a thousand times more beautiful in my eyes!"

"Why Jack Damon! now you talk!" cried Sarah Learey. "What would Mary say to that?"

"Mary? Mary who, dearest?" asked Jack, pressing her hand.

"Why, your wife, of course!" said Sarah.

"My wife! I don't think I understand you, dear!" said Jack, beginning to feel a little mixed up in his head.

"Do you think I'm your wife?" asked Sarah.

"I should think so, from what Parson Smith just said."

Sarah giggled.

"Mary!" she called over her shoulder to the smiling-looking bride, who was following after with Tom Grimes, the groomsman. "Your husband here claims me for his wife!"

"You can have him, and welcome!" snapped Mary, "and he won't be likely to mistake you for anybody else, if once he gets sight of those number fours of yours."

"The Great Mogul!" cried Jack, turning round and surveying his pretty and angry wife. "Is this Mary, or the other one? Somebody please tell me which woman I am the husband of, for by Jupiter, I do not know myself!"

"Look at the ink under her eyes, and you'll always know her!" whispered Sarah, spitefully.

Jack dropped her arm and went back to Mary.

"My love, forgive me. You look so much alike! But you are a thousand times lovelier!"

"That remark must be a favorite one with you, Jack Damon!" pouted the bride. "I've heard you make it once before to-night—to Sarah!"

"Oh, goodness gracious!" cried Jack, "what a mess I've got into! Forgive me, darling, and I'll never speak to another woman again! Never! Not even my washerwoman!"

And after considerable pleading, and great display of contrition on Jack's part, pardon was granted.

Two weeks afterward Tom Grimes and Sarah were married and, to make matters as bad as possible, Grimes and his wife, and Damon and his wife all went to live at the same boarding-house.

Scarcely a day passed but the extraordinary resemblance of the two sisters to each other got somebody into difficulty.

Messages were delivered to Sarah which were intended for Mary; secrets were told to Mary which were designed only for Sarah; the servants were always calling Mary Mrs. Grimes and Sarah Mrs. Damon.

Tom Grimes brought home a set of pearls one night for his wife. She was in the parlor when he came.

"Here, dear," said he, "I have brought you something as a Chriftmas gift, but I don't want your sister to know anything about it. She's so confoundedly jealous that there'd be a row forthwith. She wants a set of pearls herself, but just between you and me—don't say a word—she's getting too sallow to wear pearls!"

Of course it was Mrs. Damon whom Tom was addressing, and she sat silent with astonishment. She had thought Tom a very devoted husband, and here he was making love to her! She determined not to say anything, but as soon as Jack got home to tell him everything. Her poor sister! Tom ought to be severely punished. So she thanked Tom for the jewels, and Tom kissed her in spite of herself, and went off down town, feeling a little vexed at Sarah's want of enthusiasm over his costly present.

"Confound the women!" he said to himself; "a fellow never knows how to please 'em!"

When Jack came home Mary went to him at once with the pearls, and with tears in her eyes told him the whole story.

Jack was horrified. That Tom should be unfaithful was bad enough, but that Tom should be in love with his Mary was—prodigious!

He decided to labor with Tom in secret.

He took Tom aside that very night.

"Thomas," said he, "I want to have a little serious talk with you."

"Go ahead!" said Tom. "I own up that I did go a little too far. But then what is a fellow to do when such a temptation is put before him? Don't tell Sarah. By George! she'd be ferocious!"

"And who'd blame her?" said Jack, solemnly. "Didn't you promise to love and honor her, and none other, till death did you part?"

"I guess the thing did read about so, Jack."

"And yet here you are, only five months married, making love to another woman."

"What!" cried Tom, springing to his feet, and glaring at Jack like a tiger.

"You admitted it," said Jack, coldly.

"Admitted it! Whoever says I admitted that is a liar!"

"You said you had gone too far—"

"And so I did. I drank too much at Higgin's the other night, and, as for the matter of that, so did you, Jack, and you know it."

"But you gave my wife jewelry and you kissed her."

"I never, so help me Peter! Your wife? Why, good gracious! Jack Damon! Who'd ever think of kissing your wife when he could kiss mine as well? Don't be offended, Jack, but your wife is beginning to look old and sallow. I was telling Sarah so only a little while ago."

"The deuce you were! And Mary says you told her the same thing about Sarah!"

"Never! I trust I am not a fool!"

"Very well; we'll call up the women and see what they say," said Jack, in desperation.

The ladies were summoned.

"To which of you did Tom Grimes present a set of jewelry?" asked Jack.

"To me!" said Mary Damon.

"And you are my wife?" said Tom, looking doubtfully from one to the other.

"His wife!" shrieked Sarah. "Only hear him!"

"Jerusalem!" cried Tom, "what a muddle! If either of you women is my wife step forward."

Neither stirred.

Mary pointed to Sarah's feet.

"Tom Grimes, behold those feet. Have you dared with them long enough to recognize them? And you gave me jewelry and kissed me. And poor Sarah trusting you all the time."

Tom leaped forward and caught the weeping owner of the No. 4 feet in his arms.

"Thank Heaven that your feet are No. 4!" said he. "I wish they were No. 10, and then I might know my own wife when I saw her. Mrs. Damon, I mistook you for my wife, and hope you'll excuse me for intimating that you were getting sallow."

"Come, Mary," said Jack, "I guess we'll be going to our own room. Matters seem to be getting straightened out."

The pearls found their rightful owner, but a little coolness sprang up between the two sisters, which resulted in Tom taking his wife to Chicago and Jack taking his wife to Bangor.

And now the resemblance of the sisters has ceased to be a source of annoyance.—Clara Augusta, in N. Y. Weekly.

MEN WELL-KNOWN.

THE prince of Wales' life is insured for $800,000.

COUNT D'ABRAZ, the French consul at New York, has a neat little salary of $11,000 a year.

THERE are over ten miles of pneumatic tubing in Wanamaker's Philadelphia store, requiring ninety-horse power to operate it.

BOTH of Henry Irving's sons have definitely decided to go upon the stage. The younger, Lawrence, had originally intended to enter the diplomatic service.

A. J. DREXEL heads the list of Philadelphia rich men with $25,000,000. The city has one hundred and sixty millionaires whose total holdings foot up over $400,000,000.

OSCAR WILDE recently startled society by dancing at a private reception attired in a long brown coat, fantastically fashioned, a heliotrope necktie, and yellow carnations in his buttonhole.

A NEW ENGLAND man is the legal adviser of the mikado of Japan. His name is Henry W. Denison, and he formerly resided in New Hampshire, though for twenty years or more his home has been in Japan.

REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE, who fell dead in the Presbyterian general assembly at Detroit, had $20,000 insurance on his life. His policy expired the day before his death and he renewed it by telegraph.

RAILWAY MATTERS.

IT keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The factories give employment to 1,100 men and boys.

AN Italian engineer has originated a system by which he proposes to utilize the power of trains running down grade. He has perfected a machine for compressing air as the train goes down grade, which can be used to actuate a motor at the will of the engineer, and be used to assist the locomotive on up grades.

THE largest locomotive ever made weighs nearly one hundred tons, and was recently turned out by the Baldwin locomotive works, Philadelphia. It has five pairs of driving wheels, the firebox is eleven feet long, and is guaranteed to haul seven hundred and sixty tons up a grade one hundred and five feet to the mile.

AN experiment has been made on a railroad between Rome and Frascati with a new combustible prepared from lignite, rich deposits of which have been found in Italy. Of the new fuel three hundred and sixty-seven kilograms did the work of three hundred kilograms of coal. It is thought the discovery will obviate the necessity of importing coal.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE DEVIL.

THE devil feels proud of the man who joins the church to make money.

THE man who belongs altogether to the devil is generally the last to find it out.

THE devil never gets a chance to loaf in a neighborhood where a good man lives.

THE devil has to work extra hard to get hold of the children who have good mothers.

EVERY time a sermon is heard without repentance the devil gives his fire another stir.

THE devil probably finds a good deal of satisfaction in watching the woman who loves to talk about her neighbors.

THE man who simply wants to be good enough to get to Heaven is not a man that the devil wastes any powder on.

THE devil is not much afraid of the preacher who measures a service to God by the amount of money in it for himself.

IT isn't likely that the devil feels much out of place in the company of a man who doesn't pay for his newspaper.

AS SOON as church members begin to give more money for missions than they do for cigars and tobacco the devil will begin to feel uneasy.

—Ram's Horn.

CAUGHT ON THE WING.

A TURKEY flew through a plate glass window five-eighths of an inch thick at Mansfield, O., but was not injured.

A TENNESSEE country newspaper has discovered that roaches can fly like grasshoppers, and can be seen late at night coming home to roost.

THERE is a mocking bird in Eatonton, Ga., that can talk and whistle "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut," and, in fact, any simple tune which anyone hums or whistles to it as an example.

A SWARM of bees entered the cab of a locomotive at Huntington, Pa., last week, drove the engineer and fireman out, and stopped travel on the road until the farmer owning the invaders appeared and effected their removal.

A WINDOW in the post office at Hannibal, Mo., was so clean that the glass must have been invisible to a quail. The bird flew through it with such velocity that it made a hole in it only a little larger than its body. The crash of glass directed attention to the incident, and the quail was found dead on the floor.

THE BIG BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE grade of the bridge roadway is 3¼ feet per 100 feet of length.

THE total length of the Brooklyn bridge is 6,537 feet. It is 135 feet above the river, computed from the middle of the span.

THE weight of each anchor plate on the bridge is twenty-three tons; the height of the towers above the roadway is 159 feet.

THE New York end of the Brooklyn bridge proper is founded on bed-rock; the Brooklyn end of the bridge proper rests on clay.

THE Brooklyn terminus of the bridge is 68 feet above high tide. The foundation of the Brooklyn tower is 45 feet below high water. The foundation of the New York tower is 78 feet below high water.

THERE are 85,000 yards of cubic masonry in the two ends of the bridge. The distance between the New York anchorage and the Brooklyn anchorage is 3,454 feet. The weight of the span is 7,000 tons.

FACTS FROM DISTANT LANDS.

IN British India 28,000,000 acres are cultivated by irrigation.

AUSTRALIA is the largest tea consuming country in proportion to its population.

NINE hundred and fifty submarine telegraph cables are now in operation, most of them in Europe; their total length is over 89,000 miles.

THE lowest temperature ever recorded anywhere was noted by Gorochow, December 30, 1871, at Werchojansk, Siberia — 81 degrees Fahr., or 113 degrees of frost.

A VAST "banyan" tree covering between 6 and 7 acres has been discovered on the tiny Lord Howe Island, 300 miles from Port Macquarie, in Australia. It is surpassed in size only by the greatest of those in India.

BEFORE THE COURTS.

TWO BOYS are held for trial in New York upon the charge of stealing three cents.

A MAN has been arrested at Gate City, Wash., for stealing a sawmill and carting it twenty miles.

THE county jail at Somerville, N. J., was entered by burglars the other night and a pocketbook stolen.

A SUIT about a calf in Texas has resulted in wiping out all the parties involved except the calf. One of the litigants shot the other and the sheriff shot the survivor in trying to arrest him. The calf was valued at six dollars.

A LANSING (Mich.) man applied for a warrant against himself for assault and battery. He said he had been in a fight, and he wanted to get himself convicted and fined, because the fellow he licked wouldn't be able to attend to the case for some time, and he wanted it off his mind.

FOR some imaginary offense a woman of Philadelphia sought to get even with her neighbors by scattering ashes and shaking carpets over their washing. Not only this, but she frequently amused herself by firing off a shotgun in the middle of the night. The neighbors complained to the courts, and the offending female was obliged to contribute seventy-five dollars towards the support of the city.

Planting by Lamplight.

In the vineyards of Fresno county, Cal., hundred of men may be seen planting grapevines at night by lantern light. The vineyard lands seem to be infested with a multitude of huge fireflies, which are darting and moving in every direction. It is claimed that the setting of the stakes can be done much more easily and accurately by the aid of lanterns than in broad daylight, that more work is accomplished by the men in the same number of hours, and that a large amount of time is saved. One set of men work from nine o'clock in the evening until six o'clock in the morning, when they are relieved by another relay.

ON THE UP GRADE.

Up in the early mornin' when the sun begins to peep
Above the gray horizon, and I rise up from my sleep,
And go out to do the feedin' and milk and other chores
(And the air's so cool and spicy when a body's out of doors),
I always like to listen to the puffin' that is made
By the locomotive engine a climbin' up the grade.

'Tis a picture worth a painter, the hazy morning's glow,
The lazy, drifting clouds above, the dewy grass below;
The screechin' of the whistle and the smoke a driftin' back
Above the string of box cars and fadin' down the track,
An' the wakin' birds all joinin' in this mornin' serenade
By that puffin', chuffin' engine a climbin' up the grade.

How it's like our lives, for sometimes it seems all up-hill work,
An' our loads keep gittin' heavy and we feel inclined to shirk;
An' if we keep on pullin' until we reached the top,
There's still a weary piece of track before we get to stop,
But we go down track a whizzin' and think our fortune's made,
When our air castles are broken and we strike another grade.

But you want to keep on climbin' and never goin' back,
And remember up the incline is a piece of level track,
An' when you've done your journey you will look back on the road
An' think of the obstructions and trials you've overthrowed.
And you'll thank your perseverance when you see how it has paid
To keep on pullin', chuffin' and a climbin' up the grade.

—Walter Wakeman, in Inter Ocean.

THE DOG DID IT.

How Rex Played a Part in His Master's Romance.

Dr. Edgar Mansfield was the son of a wealthy widow living on the beautiful Hudson a short ride north of New York city.

On returning from a journey in Europe he brought home with him a magnificent St. Bernard dog.

Rex soon became as well known to the surrounding residents of Fair View as the oldest inhabitant, and the school children delighted to gather on the lawn before Mrs. Mansfield's fine mansion to play with him.

Rex was kept about the house, seldom accompanying his master, and never following him on his professional visits.

One evening Dr. Mansfield came home weary after a long afternoon's drive, and while he was taking off his coat in the hall his mother came from the sitting-room and startled him by saying:

"Edgar, I fear I have bad news for you."

He kissed her and asked:

"What is it, mother?"

"Rex has not been seen about the place since the middle of the afternoon. All the people have been down in the village and all about searching for him, but they cannot find him," said Mrs. Mansfield, anxiously.

"Oh! he has followed some of the children home. He is very fond of children. Don't let that bother you; he will turn up all right to-morrow, or we shall hear of him. Rex is a dog that it would be hard to steal and hide," said the doctor.

But the morning came without bringing the dog, and the day passed without any news of him.

Anyone who has ever had an animal for a pet and playmate can imagine Dr. Mansfield's feelings over his loss.

After some weeks, during which the doctor spent twice as much money in trying to get Rex back as he had paid for him, he made up his mind to give up the search and never again to own a dog that might excite cupidity.

Nearly two months after this, Dr. Mansfield had to go to Irvington on business; and while he walking along the eastern suburbs of that charming village he was surprised to see, on the opposite side of the way, Rex, walking contentedly beside one of the most beautiful girls his eyes had ever rested on.

His first impulse was to cross over, call Rex by name, and ask the young lady where she got that dog, but a second's deliberation told him that such a course would be indelicate on his part and embarrassing to Rex's new mistress.

When the young lady had passed on, evidently without seeing the young man on the opposite side of the way, the doctor turned back, determined to find out who she was.

Without being observed, he saw the lady, with the St. Bernard still close at her side, enter a gate, from which a hard drive led up to one of the finest mansions in the place.

While he was wondering if he should go in and learn who were the occupants of the house his eye fell on the name "Bellaire," cut in the keystone of the arched gate.

Of the gentlemen whom he had come over to see Dr. Mansfield made inquiries as to the people who lived at Bellaire, though he did not state his purpose in asking.

"Bellaire?" repeated the friend. "Why, I thought everybody in Westchester county knew about the palace which the wealthy Californian, James T. Masters, built here last year. But I forgot that you have been in college or abroad since his coming."

"Has he any children?" asked the doctor, with affected carelessness.

"Yes, Miss Laura Masters. She is a beauty, and the youngest swells hereabouts and from New York have been prostrating themselves at her feet for the last year."

Here the subject dropped, but the doctor's interest in Rex was not lessened, while there was added to it very natural curiosity to know more about the beautiful girl.

When he got home that night he said to his mother:

"I have found Rex."

"Where?" she cried.

"Over at Irvington."

"And why did you not bring him back with you?"

"Well, he seems very happy where he is," laughed the doctor.

And then he went on and told all he had learned.

He was not surprised that his mother should show more interest in the dog than in the young lady; but, as he had unbounded faith in her tact and judgment, he said:

"That is the case, mother. Now, if you were in my place what would you do?"

"Do?" repeated Mrs. Mansfield. "Why, I should go and demand my property, no matter how young and rich and pretty the person was in whose possession I knew it to be."

"Your advice accords with my own opinion," said the doctor, "and I shall act on it to-morrow afternoon."

The next afternoon he drove over to Irvington again, and, leaving his horse at his friend's, he walked up to Bellaire.

He asked the footman who answered his ring if Mr. Masters was in, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he said:

"Please take him my card and say I shall detain him only a few minutes."

He was ushered into the reception-room, and within a few minutes a rugged, gray haired man put in an appearance and announced himself as "Mr. Masters."

"I come on a delicate errand, Mr. Masters," said the doctor, with the feeling of a man eager to be soon through with an unpleasant duty. "About two months ago I lost a valuable St. Bernard, which I brought home with me on my return from Europe last fall. Yesterday, in passing your place, I was very sure I saw the animal, and I reasoned that, if you owned him, you must have obtained him from some person who did not."

"There is certainly such a dog as you speak of here," said Mr. Masters, "but he was given to my daughter, who is much attached to the splendid creature, by a young gentleman from Fair View, who is a frequent visitor here.'"

Then the old gentleman rose and went hurriedly out, returning in a short time with the young lady, who seemed to the doctor even more beautiful than when he had seen her on the street.

Mr. Masters introduced the doctor to his daughter, and immediately told the object of his visit.

"The dog could not have been stolen," said the blushing girl; "for Mr. Harry Collins gave him to me, and said he had himself imported him for that purpose."

The doctor knew that Harry Collins was a worthless scapegrace and his own lifelong enemy.

"It is quite possible that I have been mistaken," said the doctor, somewhat confused, but now more sure of his ground than ever, for Collins was his next neighbor; "but if you will kindly let me see the dog, I can tell."

Laura went into the hall, and, in response to her musical call the splendid creature came bounding in and began to fawn upon her, and to lick her dainty hands.

But in an instant he became aware of another presence.

"Rex!" said the doctor.

With a bark of joy the noble brute rushed at his master, and, putting both paws on his shoulder, began to lick his face as if crazed with delight.

Then, when he had satisfied Mr. Masters and his daughter that he had found his rightful master, he ran first to one and then to the other of them, as if eager to show that they held second place in his canine heart.

"You are certainly right, Dr. Mansfield," said the old gentleman, "the dog is yours, and I cannot retain him."

On hearing this, tears filled Laura's beautiful eyes, and she turned away to hide her grief.

The doctor saw her emotion, and with a gallant bow, he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Masters, but Rex seems happy here. The fear that the fine fellow had fallen into unkind hands annoyed me, but now that I know he will be well cared for, I beg you to accept him with my compliments."

"To make a long story short," as the old-fashioned story tellers have it, Laura Masters, with her father's consent, became the undisputed owner of Rex.

When the doctor left that evening, Mr. Masters gave him a pressing invitation to call again, "to see us as well as the dog," he said, in conclusion.

From that day on Harry Collins never visited Bellaire, and as soon as it became known that he had presented to a young lady a dog stolen by himself he fled the country.

The doctor accepted the invitation, but, though he felt grateful to Rex for having been the means, we may be sure that he was not the attraction.

A year after Edgar Mansfield's first visit to Bellaire, Laura Masters became his wife. And the old gentleman said, when the marriage ceremony was over:

"The dog did it, and I shall get him a collar of gold."—Saturday Night.

Wire Finer Than Hair.

We are at work just now on some pretty small wire. It is 1-500th of an inch in diameter—finer than the hair on your head, a great deal, said a manufacturer to a Globe-Democrat reporter. Ordinary fine wire is drawn through steel plates, but that wouldn't do for this work, because if the hole wore away ever so little it would make the wire larger, and that would spoil the job. Instead, it is drawn through what is practically a hole in a diamond, to which of course there is no wear. These diamond plates are made by a woman in New York, who has a monopoly of the art in this country. The wire is then run through machinery, which winds it spirally with a layer of silk thread that is .0015 of an inch in thickness—even finer than the wire, you see. This wire is used in making the receiving instruments of ocean cables, the galvanometers used in testing cables and measuring insulation of covered wires.

"Grape Fruit."

"Grape fruit" is a citrous fruit, closely resembling, and by some said to be identical with, the shaddock, named from the growth of the fruit in clusters. Its production in this country is chiefly confined to Florida. The tree is larger and handsomer than that of other fruits of its class. The fruit is large, frequently five inches in diameter, has a smooth, light-yellow skin, ripens later than the orange and is found in the northern markets from December to May. It has medicinal properties, and when well ripened is by many people considered superior to the orange. The bitter membrane that divides the pulp should be removed before the latter is eaten or the pulp should be scooped out from it. There are several varieties, and the number is enlarged by importations. The grape fruit is known also as the pomelo, pompelmouse and by other names.

SUNDRY FREAKS.

THE name of a Philadelphia debutante is Miss Sybil Pine-Coffin.

A MAN in Kansas glories in the possession of a calf that weighs only six pounds and has to be placed on a box in order to reach the "maternal fountain."

IN the public schools of Portland, Me., are two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively ten and twelve years, no relation at all, both of whom are as bald as the traditional billiard ball, and each of whom wears a wig.

THOMAS COOPER and wife, who live near Flowery Branch, Ga., have four daughters. All except one married widows' sons, all of their husbands being named William, and all of them the youngest of the family, and all married on the third Sunday in the month.

A RAT with only three legs was caught last week by a son of J. E. Andrews, on his farm near Perry, Ga. In no other way was the rodent deformed, and the absence of the fourth leg in no way decreased its power of locomotion. The third leg was in the middle of the under part of the body, and not where the hind legs usually are.

NOTABLE FOREIGN EVENTS.

TWELVE persons died from injuries in the football season in England, which is just over.

A REMARKABLE freak originated in Bohemia is a two-headed maiden, joined at the waist, having four arms.

An interesting case will be tried at Antwerp in a short time. Two diamond merchants, by the use of aniline, have been in the habit of "bleeching" diamonds of poor quality.

Everything went well so long as he made kings only, but when he tried the production of high priests he committed archæological errors that led to his detection.

A MANUFACTURER of ancient Egyptian mummies has been severely sentenced by the courts of Alexandria. He made his articles with carefully prepared asses' skins, and had a good trade.

AN Englishman has invented an apparatus through which he declares he can see the soul leave the body. He arranges lenses that so magnify the particles of dust in the air that their disturbance by anything passing upward can be detected.

REMARKS BY LITTLE TOTS.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Maidie, as a bright-winged insect passed the door, "here goes a flutter-by!"

LITTLE DOT—"Papa, I mus' have a new dress to play in." Papa—"What is the matter with that one?" Little Dot—"It's all worn out 'cept th' button holes."

MAMMA—"Why, what ails you, Charlie?" Charlie—"Oh! oh! I'd just as lief the bees'd walk on me, if it hurts when they sit down."—Demorest's Monthly.

FIGURATIVE ZOOLOGY.—Little Harold for the first time saw a tame rabbit twitching its lips as it munched a cabbage leaf. "Oh, look, mamma!" he cried. "The rabbit's winking at me with its nose."—Kate Field's Washington.

FLOSSIE is a little girl whose ideas of creation are yet crude, but she is very curious. "Is all of us made out of dust, mamma?" she asked, the other day. "Yes, Flossie." "Little babies, too?" "Yes." Flossie was silent for a moment. "Mamma," she said, "Heaven must be a dreadful dusty place."

REMARKABLE YOUNGSTERS.

A BOY in Washington state caught fifty-four wild pigeons with one swoop of his net.

BALTIMORE claims to have a boy of fifteen who can speak eleven languages.

THE youngest traveling salesman in Illinois is in the employ of a drug house at Quincy. He is thirteen.

A LITTLE boy of Gordon, Ga., was recently promoted to the head of his class by the teacher for his originality in spelling the word cat—q-u-a-t-t-e.

A KANSAS boy earned a nice Bible by committing 1,000 verses to memory, and then he traded his Bible for a shotgun, and he accidentally shot his aunt in the leg.

A LITTLE boy from North East, Md., while visiting his grandmother in Chester, fell asleep on the floor and rolled under the bed. Before he reappeared the police were scouring the town for a missing boy.

They Understand Human Nature.

One reason why sharpers succeed so well in preying upon country folks who come to the city seems to be that the strangers do not know how to say no. They feel alone and unsupported and they lose their nerve, so that they may be led to do many foolish things which they would not do at home. This is well illustrated at the ferry houses. Little street Arabs stand at the crossings in front of the ferries and accost the strangers who have valises, saying: "Let me carry that for you, sir?" The smartest of them do not solicit at all, but rush up and seize the strangers' bags, even using a little force. It is noticeable that in at least half such cases the countrymen let the boys have their way. They are able to carry their own burdens, and really want to do so, but they seem to grow helpless with the first whiff of the city atmosphere.—N. Y. Sun.

Buried Towns.

The sand-laden winds from the Lake Michigan shores have wiped out the town of Singapore, near Saugatuck, Mich. Every house except one has been completely covered up, and the family in this lone house has now been compelled to move into the second floor, the