JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1892.

\$1.50 and postage per year in a svance.

And she gave Rosalie some order at

the same time about a room upstairs.

So I found myself alone. I was in an

excited frame of mind. Not at all lone-

ly; but I couldn't play with the dolls

until my new friends' return; so I

roamed restlessly about the room, pausing near the fascinating work-

basket at last. At this moment I can

see just how it looked. The shining

bronze needlecase, the "racks" of

ments for the needle of that day-and

just on top was a large roll of tape.

Alas and alas for Maria's warnings, I

took it up, turned it around and around

and, yielding to some impulse, I can't

say what, I poked my finger through

I held the circle remaining in place

in my hand, fairly stiff with fright!

What had I done. And, poor baby that

I was, I picked up the wavy strip I had

pushed out and sat down on the floor,

winding and twisting and turning, try-

ing to put it back into the middle again

I believed I had done some irreparable

injury, and my tears fell faster and

faster while all Maria's taunts came

back! No-unless I got that tape

rolled in again, surely never would I

see my little playmates again! And oh,

the wretchedness of knowing for cer-

tain what Maria would say. Suddenly

I heard a step on the stairs and, cold

with fright, I sprang to my feet. To

this day I can't tell how it happened

that I made a bolt for a door to the left

of the window, opened it, and, seeing a

narrow flight of stairs, dashed up them,

still clinging to the unlucky tape! My

one thought was to bide until I got that

roll in place again; and up I went,

I knew later was the attic.

along a rather dark hall and into what

There, for a moment, I stood panting

and bewildered. There was light

enough from two or three windows,

and I have a large place, nearly full of

trunks, furniture, etc., some old, some

new. A tall secretary stood near one

of the windows and behind this I took

refuge, sitting down near the dusty

panes of glass and beginning once more,

but with very shaky little fingers, to

roll the strip of tape back in its

place. It wouldn't go, of course; and

so, wretched as only a little

child can be over a borrowed trouble

that seems to her young ignorance ter-

ribly real, I leaned my head against the

framework of the window sobbing and

erying my heart out! After such a love-

ly morning! And now never again

would I see my little friends! And

Maria would "nag" worse than ever-

and oh-oh-well, since that day sad

hours and real troubles have come into

my life, as they must into all who live

in the "field of trial;" but I question

if ever the future looked so miserable

as it did while I sat there with the

tangled tape in my little hands and felt

that all my new happiness was at an

end! But what a blessing it is that

children worn out with any worry or

excitement, fall into dreamless sleep!

A roll of carpeting was near by. With-

out being conscious of it, my head

drooped, and presently I was away off

I must tell you during the hour I slept

In a few moments after my flight up-

stairs the children came back. Nat-

urally a search for me followed; then

Rosalie and Mr. Roberts were called.

They decided I had gone home, and

Rosalie was sent flying over to bring

me back. Of course dear grandma was

altermed; and while I slumbered in

happy forgetfulness of my trouble a

search was going on in all directions

for the missing child. It was Addy, I

believe, who from the garden saw some

thing which looked as if it might be I in

the window of the attic; and so my first

conscious moment was awakening in

the afternoon to find half a dozen peo-

ple leaning over me, talking, laughing,

erving together; and I sat up bewildered,

"I didn't mean to do it!" and clutched

the tape. I felt sure I was to be brought

to task by all combined, especially as

Maria's steely glance was the first which

At this day, when anyone who re

"You didn't mean to do it." It has be

Well, of course I explained as well as

I could what had happened, holding up

the tape grimy with my tears and the

dust of the window; and just then no

one laughed. They saw the pathetic

side of it all, I suppose. Even Maria's

What comfort there was in the way I

was taken home. And when the next

day Mrs. Roberts ran across with a

real French doll for me, I felt as though

I could bear even to have Maria do her

harshest with the curling stick if 1

had my new treasure in my arms mean

"Do you know," I heard Mrs. Roberts

say to grandma, "this is a capital chance

to make it all up with Nell? I'll write

her to-night. I never understood why

Grandma was silent for a moment, her

knitting needle pressed against her low-

Nell was left a widow she wrote you,

asking your influence in securing a

position for her. You never an-

"I never heard a word of the kind!" she

exclaimed-and then the two older peo-

ple talked in lower tones; but later I

learned that my mother and Mrs. Rob-

erts had once been dear friends, but had

drifted apart; and through my "bor-

rowed trouble" I now rejoice to say

and I am telling you this bit of the past

in the library of the White House,

where my brother Dick-Addy's hus-

band-is the beloved and honored mas-

ter.-Lucy C. Lillie, in N. Y. Independe

OF A LITERARY NATURE,

THE proportion of Anglo-Saxon words

in the English Bible is ninety-seven per

The first Russian newspaper was

published in 1703. Peter the Great took

a personal part in its editorial com-

PROF. KUENEN, of Leyden, Holland,

died recently at the age of sixty-three.

He was one of the most eminent of the

THE story was told at the Whittier

celebration that when the poet asked a

farmer to whom he had lent a volume

of Plato how he liked it, "First rate,"

said the farmer. "I see he's got some

destructive school of Biblical critics.

position and in correcting proofs.

they met again, "forgot and forgave;"

"Well, Marian, I will tell you. When

er lip. Then she said, gravely:

ealls the time wishes to teaze me, they

in the land of Nod.

but called out:

will say:

come a family by-word.

sharp tongue was silent.

she felt hurt with me."

swered" -

ent.

cent. of the whole.

of my ideas."

what was going on below.

the center and-out ran the tape!

thread, the bobbins-all the imple

NUMBER 24.

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VOLUME XXVI.

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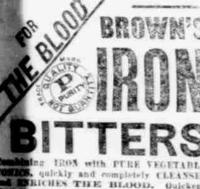
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en. The undersigned desires to inform the pub-lic that he has opened a shaving parlor on Cen-tre street, near the jail, where the barbering bu-fness in all its branches will be carried on in th JAMES H. GANT. uture. Everything neat and clean. Your patronage solicited.

There's a rusty old sword hanging up by the That a youth of the patriot army once wore; That once whirled 'neath a patriot maiden's The sword has grown dull with the wear of the And a cobweb alone on the spindle appears; But the blade it was blue and the wheel it was

IN A SUMMER GONE BY.

When Washington fought in a summer gone by. Sweet Betty sat turning the wheel in the sun, In a sad-colored gown, as demure as a nun, Then Hiram came in at the white wicket-gate by the layender-bed, to discover his fate he looked at the sky and she blushed rosy And she stooped for a sprig from the lavender-

For she knew very well by the light in his eye, Young Hiram came wooing the summer gone He spoke of the cot in the woodland's embrace, With windows that waited to frame her sweet

In a temple of roses, and where to the end Their lives and their pleasures would peacefully But swiftly she turned with her cheeks in a Why speak ye of peace or of pleasure-for While others go forth for our country to die:" Said the patriot maid in that summer gone by. There is bloodshed and famine abroad in the

Go get you a sword and treop to command. Tish year since the congress proclaimed we Go fight for the pose girdled cottage-and me! He count, with a sob swelling up in his throat, And the Evender-sprig she had dropped in his And she watched him from sight with a smile

Mid the roses and pinks of the summer gone No message, no letter, and deep lay the snow. "it will come, though," she said, "when the cro-

er, no message, and sunshine and rains

HAI severage of the roses to hedges and lanes. She sat at her wheel with the tears dropping And a lavender-sprig in the breast of her When they told her how bravely a soldier could And brought her his sword in a summer gone

And laid her pale lips in a kiss to the blade; And I die for his sake!" and she suddenly The bloodthirsty blade to her beautiful breast. Above it each night hangs a luminous star. nd the lavender grew in the garden-bed nigh,

THE ORACLE.

A Somber Prophecy and How It

-Minna Irving, in N. E. Magazine.

Was Verified. I have never believed much in fortune-telling, or palmistry, or anything of that kind; but when my two dear cousins, Amy and Dolly, who were devont believers, urged me to go with them to Fatima-Fatima was the last new prophetess-I could not refuse them. I felt that they, or one of them. had a right to know what there was to be known about my future, because I

was going to marry one of them. Both were delightful girls-Amy a lovely blonde, Dolly a sparkling brunette. Each had fifty thousand dollars, and each, I think I may say, was quite between them because I could not bear to gratify one at the expense of the other; and, in spite of their amiability, 1 had seen unmistakable signs of a little rivalry between them.

We went all together to Fatima's, and I took my stand before her, exactly equi-distant from a cousin on either hand-I was not going to give Fatima a lead if I could help it. The prophetess was a plain woman of about thirty, and she looked rather sour when I insisted on both the young ladies being present. However, she went to work and droned | thought. out some details of my past life, giving special attention to my smoking habits | to bits." -I knew I smelled of cigars-and my debts; which latter information she might just as well have kept to herself. At last she could not shirk the question of my matrimonial future any longer. She east puzzled glances, first at Amy, then at Dolly-both were looking at me with sweet affection. She turned to me; I gently took a hand of each and pressed it affectionately. Fatima sighed

and gave it up. "You are loved," she said in a deep tone, "by two beautiful women (the girls looked pleased); one is fair (Amy blushed), the other is dark (Dolly colored). You love both in a measure (I pressed the two hands), and" - Fatima

WITH BLACK DIAMOND ROOFING TO COVER THE SEX. WHY OO SO PAR PRING THE LAND OF YOUR BESTEY "Well, which is it to be?" I asked. She bent over my hand. "I see a double line, once broken. I see a wedding, and a death, and a wedding; and the time for all this is short. You will M. EHRET, JR., & Co., wed one; but let the other endure; the joy of the one will be destroyed with 423 Walnut Street. her life in a little space, and the other shall be satisfied. I have spoken. The charge is one dollar."

"But stop," I cried. "Which is to marry me first?" "The lines say naught as to that. One you will marry, and she must die; and the other follows." "But hang it! is there no way out of

She knitted her brows and looked again. "Aye, if you will; but that way lies a red hand-a hand dyed as though in blood. Ah, 'tis a woman causes it!' The girls shivered, and I hastily flung down the dollar and went out, considerably impressed, in spite of my skepticism, with the somber prophecy. My cousins were rather silent on the way home and met all my somewhat forced manner to me and not over-cordial to | most any man can the extremes in one another. I daresay this behavior | horses. Nine out of every ten men who was natural enough for if Fatima spoke true, one of them was doomed to early death, leaving her rival triumphant; and this doom was only to be averted if I committed a murder. Was I to murder one of them? Horrid thought! Before many days were over I wished heartily that we had never been to Fatima's. No more pleasant talks tete-a-

tete, now with Amy, now with Dolly! They both avoided me sedulously. On the other hand they began to show almost exaggerated affection for one an- that its possessor is a liberal, broadother; they were never apart, and treated one another with the most lov- arly. I guess I've cleared close onto ing, almost anxious friendship. In fact, I should have found my stay in | years that I've been running a store in the house very dull had not Mrs. Girdle- | Chicago, and half of that I owe to havstone, a pretty little widow with great | mg always made a point of reading hazel eyes and a mass of auburn curls, people by their noses. And what I've consoled me a little.

I soon found out the meaning of the to men."

girl's changed behavior. I was smoking in the study one morning, when I heard them talking in the

veranda outside. "My darling," Amy was saying, "why think any more of such nonsense? I know you love him. Accept my willing, willing sacrifice, and be happy with him; he loves you."

"My sweet Dolly, you are too, too generous. I think Fatima's story all nonsense, and, just for that reason, I cannot, will not, purchase happiness at the cost of your misery. I resign him-but what do I say? It is you he "I'm sure it's you, Dolly," resumed

Amy, "He's always looking at you. I wouldn't say so if I didn't believe it; and how you can pay any attention to that stuff, I don't know." "You're quite wrong, Amy. He all

but told me it was you. It's absurd of you to pretend not to know it." Something followed I did not hear; then the tone of the voices changed, and Amy said, with the sound of a choked "You're a horrid girl; you want me to

die, and then you'll marry B-B-Bob." "I thought you loved me," sobbed Dolly, in reply; "and now you're planning my death. I hate you, Amy." Lunch was a somber meal that day, The girls would speak neither to me

nor to one another; only Mrs. Girdlestone tried to keep up the conversation. It was just as bad all day; they snapped at one another and they snapped at the little widow, and, worst of all, they snapped at me until really the horrid thought that had struck me before would have seemed less horrid if only I could have relied on the efficiency of the bloodhounds of justice; but the police happened to arrest a murderer about then-he walked into the station. and that staved my fell imaginings. Besides, I should not have known which to murder any more than I had known which to marry.

In very low spirits, I started on a olitary walk next afternoon, thinking I would come to a definite conclusion. I arrived at no such thing. I knew they would both refuse me as matters stood, and, although justly incensed. I knew I should not have the nerve to take the alternative fate offered. The rain came down, and I turned to go home To my surprise, 1 met Mrs. Girdlestone. "Why have you ventured out such a

day as this?" "Oh, I had some shopping to do." "Could not I have done it for you?"

"Indeed, no," she answered, with a mgh and a blush. "Or one of the servants?" "No; servants chatter so."

"It's a secret, then?" Well, yes, it is-from you, anyhow, Mr. Thompson." "Ind you get what you wanted?"

"Yes; I have it here." I noticed she was earrying a fairsized pareel wrapped in tissue paper.

"Oh, let me take it for you?" 'Will you be very careful? I don't know what I should do if it came to

grief." I promised to guard it like my life. and we walked on. Presently the rain topped, the sun came out, and we ngthened our walk. She was very kind and sympathetic, and at last I ready to marry me. I only hesitated | told her the whole story. Nothing could be nicer than the way she spoke, and I became quite engrossed in our conversation. It lasted up to the very door, and we paused in front of the house, while she stopped to say a last word, pressing my hand and telling me

"how grieved, how very -" At this point a butcher-boy came along, carrying a basket. The boy ran against Mrs. Girdlestone's parcel. There was a sound of breaking glass. I dropped the thing, but not before my hand was covered with blood-as I

"Oh, oh, oh!" I cried; "my hand's cut The widow looked at it.

"I must stanch the blood!" I cried. Nonsense, Mr. Thompson. It's not blood; it's-it's-well, it's my hairwash!" and she blushed very becom-

'Hair-wash!" "Yes," she murmured; "my hair is-" "Woman, don't hesitate at such a omentm "Well, pale red; and that dries a

vely auburn." Her hair might have been blue for all cared. She was a charming woman, and had rescued me from a fearful temptation and one of my cousins from an early death. I proposed to her on

the spot. Then I went in and told my cousins. They leaped up and rushed into one another's arms, exclaiming, in furious

tones: "The old cat!" We were married in a month. I have no word to say against my wife; only it s a fact that she had nothing but one thousand dollars a year, which ceased on re-marriage. Each of the girls had, as I said, fifty thousand dollars.

So my visit to Fatima cost me exetly fifty thousand and one dollars. I think the law should be impartially dministered, and all such persons put prison.-St. James' Gazette.

JUDGE A MAN BY HIS NOSE.

The Way a Chleago Merchant Estimates Character. "That was an interesting and true little item that the Tribune reprinted rom some horsebreeder's paper telling the character and disposition of a horse by his nose," said an old State street merchant; "but let me tell you that I can pick out a stingy, small-minded attempts at making fun of Fatima with | man or one that is liberal, big-minded. coldness; both were distant in their 1 etc., quicker by a glance at noses than have a concave nose, and particularly if it's small, are stingy or intensely selfish and narrow-minded and mean, and it wouldn't be necessary for you to have

> cially in a business way, in order to find it out. "When you see a large or good-sized nose that is convex in build, and especially if it has more or less of an intimation of the Roman school about it-as architects would say-you can depend minded fellow, and usually, too, scholone million dollars during the twenty said applies to women just as much as

but precious little to do with 'em, espe-

A Leaf from the Memories of Early Childhood.

I could not have been more than five years old at the time, and I was spendng a fortnight with my grandmother. I liked to be there. She was an undemonstrative but most tender-hearted old lady; and I have been told since that I was her pet among the twenty children who called her "Grandma." But there were no young people for me to play with. Our only small neighbors were wild, noisy, ill-bred children; and I was forbidden even to talk over the fence to them. The elderly servant who took charge of me was constantly "nagging" me on this subject. "Don't you speak to those Kissams, Louie," she would say, sharply; or, "I see you near the Kissam's fence, and I mean to tell your grandma." All this made me very miserable, and I think dear old granny found it out; for one day, in the twilight hour, when it was her sweet custom to let me sit with her in the "Black-walnut parlor," as the quaint room fronting the road was called, she took me on her lap and said, in a cheery tone:

see that white house across the street? It has been closed all summer, you know, because the family are away; but there are three nice little children for

I flung my arms around grandma's eek and hugged her for very joy! And dl that evening, and after I was in bed even, I kept picturing the delight of having those children to play with, perhaps to visit, to show my dollis to, without any fear of warnings or rebuke from Maria. Early the next day we saw the family arrive. Two carriage loads, and a great van full of furniture, trunks, etc., and the windows of the large beautiful house were flung open and there was a general pir of cheerful activity. The same afternoon Mrs. the children's mother rev beautiful young woman, dressed in the height of that day's fashion-large crinoline, a flounced blue and white muslin and flowing sleeves, and her bright brown hair was looped in what they called "Madonna" braids, I could have gazed at her torever. And when she said: "Oh, is this Nell's little girl?" and took me on her lap regardless of her crisp muslins and kissed me, and said I must come the very next day

to see the children, the conquest was Well, my anxiety for the "next day" to come kept me awake long beyond the hour Maria was always telling me no "good little girl ever asked to sit up," and in the morning I bore with unheard of patience her rasping way of curling my hair. I used to dread that ordeal. Maria's hands were like outmeggraters, and she twisted and turned my head about as she curled the hair over a stick as though I was trying to be rebellious; and every little while the stick wouldn't come through the curl she made it so tight! While this per-

some mischief." Tears Maria did not see sprang into my eyes. No one had ever made me feel myself such a disagreeable child! I wondered if Mrs. Roberts would dislike me so much. But very soon grandma came into the room and told Maria it was time she took me across the road, adding, in her kindest way: "I know my little girl will be good, and I am

sure she will be very happy." Maria sniffed when we were alone again, and, as we crossed the road, expressed her disapprobation by jerking me from time to time, and telling me to "walk straighter" or "keep my-hands

still," or "not try to act so silly." placed, others having been there since Mrs. Robert's childhood, but all my atfriends at once-that is, directly the door had closed on Maria; and by the

Children of to-day cannot appreciate

thing. I think it must have been nearly noon when Mrs. Roberts came in to say the children's uncle from Danbury was downstairs.

LOUIE'S TRIALS.

"I think my little girl is tired of old people; isn't she? Well, now, do you to-morrow they are coming home, and on to play with."

formance was going on she gave me various warnings for the day's behavior. "I'll tell you just one thing," she yound up with: "don't you dare meddle with a thing you see. They've brought beautiful things from Europe, and you'll never be let over there again for a minute," (here the stick was dragged out of a curl; but I bore it silently) "it you so much as hurt one single bit of anything. You meddle, meddle, meddle the 'hull time; and if I'd been your grandma I'd never hev let you go there at all. She'd ought to know you'll do

At last I was within the door of the fine house-in a wide hall full of statmary, pietures, etc.; some not as yet tention was centered on the staircase, down which three rosy little girls in white dresses, with long carls flying, and an air of delightful freedom, came rushing to welcome me. And we were time they had taken me upstairs to a big, sunshiny nursery, where a French bonne in white cap and large apron sat sewing, we knew each other's names and had decided first to "play dolls."

what a genuine French doll with a tronsseau was to the American child of that period. When I saw the three dolls belonging to Dora, Addy and Nell their wonderful clothes like a "real person's"-their hats, shoes, dresses, underwear-their trunks with lids-all the outfit of a lady of fashion-I nearly screamed with delight! And what a morning we had! We sat on the floor and played house; we made several days of it in order to put the dolls into their dainty beds, to take them up and wash and dress them. We walked them up and down the balcony in order to put their out-of-door garments on. They called on each other; they gave parties; they sat down to dinner at the most delightful little table with real food in the dishes, which the good-natured French nurse procured; and they fell ill and had to have a doctor (Nell in her brother's hat and coat), and altogether created for me a paradise. While we played, Rosalie, the bonne, sat in the window sewing, looking on at us goodnaturedly, and now and then speaking in French to the children. She had a high workbasket at her side, full of all kinds of sawing material; and the only time she was cross was when Addy wanted to "rummage" it for some

"They will only be gone a few minutes, Louie, dear," she said, sweetly; "you won't mind."

THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind, And, before he has taken his but off, Calls out for "some bread and some jam"

Who is it that which he lead by As he works at some tangle of twine That will send his kite un into claudland Why, of course, it's that brother of mine

Has always a hole in his coat, A button to sew on in a hurry, A sail to be made for a bout? Who is it that heeps in my basket And expects, and started, there to find them?

Who is it that tiptoes about softly. Whenever I'm sick or in pain-And is every minute forgetting

To be just us will us he can, Is always most terribly noisy My brother, of course-be's the man-

Who belt I'd ruther have by me When in need of a true, honest friend, Who is it that I shall mass addy When his beclical less come to end? And when he is for from the old home,

And I long for a glimpse of sunshine, Whom, then, do you think I shall send for Why, of course, for that trather of mine. -Arnes L. Pratt, in Good Housekeeping

Adam Holcomb was dead at lasthim. He had no eldldren, for he had by an early disappointment which had warped his nature, and made him lend a solitary and selfish life, given up to

Adam Holcomb was dead, and as vet no one knew what disposition he had

made of his money Three days after the funeral, the next-of-kin and possible heirs were collected in the office of the lawyer, who was the custodian of the will and private papers of the deceased. They was not a large one. There were but three, and these three may be briefly

described. First-came James Holcomb, a nephew of the descased, a vain, selfish, worldly man, all his thoughts centered upon himself and his own family who had never been known to give a penny for

any charitable purpose. Next came Harvey Holeamb, a consinof the last-named, and about the same age. He was tall, thin and angelar, He belonged to the legal procession, in which he had managed to pick up considerable money, though his reputation was none of the best. He was considered tricky, willing to undertake any cause, however disreputable, for money. He was married and had a family, for whom he provided in a grudging manner. He. too, had nourished sanguine hopes of finding himself much better off after his uncle's

shouth. Last came a young man, presenting a strong contrast to the other two. He was of light complexion, brown hair, clear blue eyes, and an attractive face. He was barely twenty-five years of age. very plainly dressed, and with a modest manner which prepossessed one in his favor. He was the son of old Adam Holcomb's youngest sister, who had married a poor minister, and her son. Alfred Graves, was studying medicine, for which he had a decided predilection. But he had been cramped by narrow means, and was even now feaching in a country school, hoping to obtain enough by this means to pay for his college course. He had applied to each of his two relatives present for a small temporary loan, to help him complete his studies, but without effect. He had

been curtly refused by both. He had come here to-day, as a matter of form, without the slightest expectation of benefiting by the will of his late relative. He had known him but slightly, and never received any encouragement upon which he could build a tope. Yet if he could but receive a legacy of even three hundred dollars, he thought, it would help him materially. That was the amount which he had vainly sought to borrow of the merchant and lawyer, now present with him at the reading of Adam Holcomb's

inted?" usked James Holcomb. "I have heard it estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"That is a large sum. I hope he has not been unjust enough to squander any of it on charitable societies." "I hope not. That would be a great piece of injustice to his relations."

make of his property, did he?"
"Not he! He was a close man, very," said the other. "I once tried to worm something out of him, but didn't get much satisfaction."

"He said that he thought of endowing an asylum for fools and lunatics, and that I could tell whether I was likely to be benefited by his so doing." "Ho! ho!" laughed James, shaking his capacious sides; "he got you there,

"It was a foolish piece of impertinence. However, everybody knows what the old man was, and I let it pass. If it had been anyone else, I would have given them as good as they sent." "But you were afraid it would spoil

man was quietly seated. "Oh, he'll get nothing," said the merchant, contemptuously. "He belongs to a beggarly stock, and a beggar he'll remain to the end of his days. Going

what doubtful. He wanted to borrow three hundred dollars of me the other

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Who is it that, when I am weary.

No one clac but that brother of mine.

And whistling some head-splitting strain? Who is it that, when he is trying

ADAM HOLCOMB'S WILL.

A Deed of Kindness and What Came of It.

dead after seventy years of moneygetting, and the grave had closed over led a single life, induced, so it was said, though nothing was certainly known, Manuson alone.

last will and testament. The merchant and lawyer conversed while waiting for Squire Brief. "Have you any idea, consin, how

much the old gentleman had accumuwas the reply.

"He never dropped anything to you about the disposition he intended to

"What did he say?"

"I don't see it." said the lawyer sourly "You don't appreciate the joke, eh?"

' As to that, I have no idea. There is no question that we ought to be joint heirs. "True," returned James, "That would give one hundred and twenty-

five thousand apiece. That would satisfy me." "How about Alfred's chances?" queried the lawyer, glancing sharply to that part of the office where the young

to be a doctor, I hear." "Well, I wish him joy of his profession, if he ever gets in it, which is some-

"And of me. Did you let him have it?" "Not I. I've enough to do with my money without giving it away. Of course he'd never have repaid it."

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"No. I suppose not. The coolness of some people is refreshing. "Well, I take it for granted old Adam was much too shrewd to lavish any of his money on such a fellow."

"Trust bina for that." The young man was engaged in reading a volume he had taken up, and did not hear this conversation.

It was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Brief. Both the merchant and the hawyar greated him with deference and cordiality, as a man whose words might bring them prosperity or disappointment. Alfred Graves rose in a quiet. gentlemenly manner, and bowed with the courtesy which was liabitual to bilin.

"Gentlemen," the attorney said, "I hold in my hand the will of your late relative. I will at once proceed to read

Of course his words commanded instant attention. All bent forward to After the usual formula, came the follawibe:Itaa

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, lames Holeomb, the sum of five thousand dollars to be held in trest for his "To my topliew, thenry Holcomb, I drawise also the own of fire thousand Andlors, to be hold in trust, for his while

dren, to whose sole use the lacome shall amanally, be applied. To key only remaining mephew, Alfred Craves, I give the sum of two thousand dollars to be appropriated to

his own use as he may see fit. "I set aside the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to establish a public Henry in my mather town, one quarter to be appropriated to the erection of a suitable bellding and the remainder to constitute a fund, of which the income only thall be employed for the purchase

of books. Here the notary unden pause. The merchant and lawyer sat with looks of they made no attempt to conscal. "He had no right to defraud his rela-

tives in this way," muttered James. "It is a miserable imposition," said Henry Histoomb, "to put us off with such a niggrardly sum." "For my part, I am squite satisfied,"

more than I expected." "Oh, you is will be a great thing for n beggar like you," said James, sarens-"I has not a beggar," returned the young man, proudly

said the young man. "I have received

now somewhat inform, I true to need my nephews will be willing to take home. and treat indulgently for the sake of the master to whom he was attached." "That's cool!" ejsculated James "As for me. 1 don't choose to be bothered

"Gentlemen," said the havyer, "I

have not finished reading the will.
"My faithful old doe: Scions, who is

uncle has given you a legacy, are you not willing to incur this slight care and expense? "I must absolutely refuse. Mrs. Holcomb does not like dogs, nor I. Moreover, my uncle has treated me too

scurvily for me to inconvenience cay-

"But," said the lawyer, "since your-

self much on his account." "Then, will you take him" ashed the solicitor, turning to the lawyer. "Not I," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "The dog may starve for aught I care." "And you, sir?" turning to Alfred

Graves "I will assume the charge of Scipio," said Alfred Graves. "It is a slight acknowledgment for my uncle's legacy." "You may find him troublesome.

"That will make no difference, While he lives, he shall be comfortably cared "What a model nephew?" said the merchant, sareastically

"Good young man!" said the other

"Gentlemen," said the attorney, "I

relative, with a sneer.

will now read the codicil." The two older men looked at each other in surprise, which changed into rage and dismay as they listened. "To that one of my nephews who shall agree to take charge of my dog, being yet unacquainted with this provision of my will. I bequeath the resi-

due of my property, amounting, as near as I can estimate, to one hundred thousand dollars." "You knew of this!" exclaimed the elder men, turning wrathful faces towards Alfred Graves.

"Not a word," said the young man. "I am as much astonished as you can "No one knew of it except myself." said the attorney. "I congratulate you, Mr. Graves, on your large accession of

"I receive it gratefully. I trust I

shall make a good use of it," said the young man. "I hope now to repay my parents for the sacrifices they have made in my be-"If I had but known," said the mer-

chant, with bitter regret. "I have thrown away a fortune. "And I," chimed in the lawyer, rue-But there was no help for it. The deed was done. The two disappointed men left the house, feeling anything but grateful to the uncle who they per-

suaded themselves had cruelly wronged But there was a modest little home that was made glad by the news of Alfred's good fortune, and in his hands the money has brought a blessing with , for it has been made a fountain of good deeds and charitable influences .-Home Queen.

Queer Oyster Boats. Bug-eyes, the characteristic eraft of

the Chesapeake, have crept down to the North Carolina coast, where they are used by oystermen. The bug-eye is a long, narrow boat, sharpened at both ends and marvelously swift and stanch. Sometimes it is made like a canoe, of tree trunks hollowed and clamped together side by side. Cambridge, Md., has a formidable fleet of bug-eyes engaged in oyster eatching, some of them being large boats capable of carrying a considerable cargo. Their masts are absurdly rakish; so much so, indeed, that the stranger, on first seeing a bugeye, can scarcely believe that the masts are set at their proper angle.