Cambria Freeman
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON,
Guaranteed Circulation, - - - - - 1,200

Subscription Rates.

One copy, 1 year, cash in advance $1.50
do do if not paid within 3 months, 1.75
do do if not paid within 6 months, 2.00
do do if not paid within the year, 2.25

To persons residing outside of the county 25 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise.—Don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

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.

VOLUME XXVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1892. NUMBER 31.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers where favorable will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$1.50
1 inch, 3 months	2.50
1 inch, 6 months	3.50
1 inch, 1 year	5.00
2 inches, 6 months	6.00
2 inches, 1 year	10.00
3 inches, 6 months	8.00
3 inches, 1 year	12.00
¼ column, 6 months	20.00
½ column, 6 months	30.00
½ column, 1 year	35.00
1 column, 6 months	40.00
1 column, 1 year	75.00

Business items, first insertion, 10c. per line subsequent insertions, 5c. per line.

Administrator's and Executor's Notices	$2.50
Auditor's Notices	2.00
Stray and similar Notices	1.50

Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications to give or call attention to any matter of limited individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.

Book and Job Printing, of any kind, neatly and expeditiously executed at the lowest prices. Ass don't you forget it.

1118 Eleventh Ave. GANSMAN'S 1118 Eleventh Ave.

EIGHT DOLLARS.

$8.00 SIXTH ANNUAL SUIT SALE. $8.00

We again give the people of Altoona and vicinity an opportunity to buy a $12, $14 or $15 Suit for the sum of $8.00. We selected one thousand Suits to be sold regardless of cost!

$8.00. $8.00. $8.00.

The bargains we give you in this $8.00 sale are greater than ever before. $8.00 buys an All-Wool Eight Suit. $8.00 buys an All-Wool Cheviot Suit. $8.00 buys a Black Cheviot Suit. $8.00 buys an Elegant Cutaway Suit. $8.00 buys a Cassimere Suit $8.00 buys a nice Worsted Suit.

COME EARLY and avoid the rush for the Greatest Bargains ever offered in this city. Our line of Children's Suits has been greatly reduced in price and our selection is as complete as ever.

D. GANSMAN,

Largest Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher, 1118 Eleventh Ave., ALTOONA, PA.

M. R. DENNY, Salesman.

DIRT BREEDS VERMIN

Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO, it is well said, "The mouse is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep your house clean. All grocers keep it.

Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

"WANT A WAGON?"

We have wagons, buggies, surreys. High grade; as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

THE NEW WEBSTER
Successor of the Unabridged.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A GRAND INVESTMENT
For the Family, the School or the Library.

The work of revision occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editorial laborers having been employed, and over $300,000 expended before the first copy was printed.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

A Pamphlet of specimen pages, illustrations, testimonials, etc., sent free by the publishers.

Caution is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as photographic reprints of a comparatively worthless edition of Webster are being marketed under various names, often by misrepresentation.

GET THE BEST.

The International, which bears the imprint of

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. ROGERS, of Marion, Mass., says: "I prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for exercising the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

DR. R. M. DEPEELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of malaria and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

MR. WM. BYRNE, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."

MR. W. W. MORGAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with impure blood and eruption on my face—two bottles of Brown Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

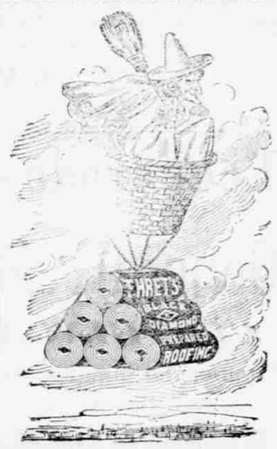
Mountain House
STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.

This well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Luther, where the business will be carried on in the latest SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty.

Ladies waited on at their residences.

JAMES H. GANT, Proprietor

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife; book free. Drs. GRATTAN & HUNT, No. 165 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.



WHITHER! O! WHITHER, OLD WOMAN, SO HIGH? WITH BLACK DIAMOND ROOFING TO COVER THE SKY. WHY GO SO FAR FROM THE LAND OF YOUR BIRTH? BECAUSE IT ALREADY COVERS THE EARTH.

Send for illustrated circular to

M. EHRET, JR., & CO.,
423 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

1,300 BUSHELS OF POTATOES

G. W. BRAMBLE, Fair Lee, Kent Co., Md., says:

With 900 pounds of Powell's Green Bag Fertilizer for Potatoes, on 1½ acres of land, he raised 1,300 bushels smooth, good sized potatoes. When quantity of Fertilizer and quality of land is considered, this is largest crop of potatoes ever raised in the world. Why not raise big crops of potatoes? We can tell you how to do it, and how to prevent Potato Rot and Blight. Send 2 two-cent stamps for Book of 128 pages.

W. S. Powell & Co.,
Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Md.

F. X. FEES'
Shaving Parlor,
Centre Street, Near Jail.

The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has opened a shaving parlor on Centre street, near the jail, where the barbering business in all its branches will be carried on in the future. Everything neat and clean.

Your patronage solicited.

F. X. FEES.

ON THE ROAD.

Experiences of an Indomitable Advance Agent.

How an Unfortunate Company of Actors Struggled with Adversity—Uncertainties That Beset the Traveling Troupe.

When the bent of one's impulse is irresistibly stageward it is a waste of time and eloquence to warn that person against the heart-breaking uncertainties of a stage career. It is not asserted that grief and disaster are inevitable results of theatrical undertakings, but they most assuredly are the lot of a large majority of traveling companies. The following unembellished narrative of actual experience shows what difficulties are encountered by the peripatetic actor:

Two seasons ago, after a prolonged struggle for existence, a well-known repertoire company took a blind leader south in the hope of retrieving their fortunes and playing the season out. It was, however, but a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, as the third week found them at Little Rock practically strapped. Money and credit were exhausted and all advertising material was used up. In this extremity the agent was given carte blanche to go ahead and do what he could to keep the company moving. Arkansas was a stranger to him and he proceeded to interview, in rapid succession, the theater managers, railroad men, hotel proprietors, bill posters, attaches of theaters and, so on, in the faint hope of digging up a mascot.

He finally gave it up and settled on the very ancient town of Arkadelphia, where to move the company from Little Rock. The management secured enough money to get him there. The next point was to obtain paper to bill with. An interview with the lithographer and general factotum of the Capitol theater disclosed the fact that he had for years been in the habit of saving a dozen or more lithographs of every star who played in the theater. Mr. Agent's persuasive tongue easily won him to give up three lithographs of each kind, making a total of about three hundred. Gleefully returning to his abode the agent trimmed off all printed matter, both top and bottom, from the lithographs and, with the blessings and prayers of the well-nigh stranded players, proceeded on his way to Arkadelphia.

With the assistance of a few stray and apparently lost inhabitants of the place, he finally located the "opera house." It was a sight! A very plain, cheap wooden structure when built—probably thirty years before—time had dealt hardly with it. Covered with moss, it leaned towards a great west and somehow suggested in its general appearance that it was holding its breath in a last rally to blow up the ship and collapse entirely. The little, narrow entrance door leading to the steep and primitive stairway was locked, and the agent rushed into the office of the town and finally located the marshal. He was informed that Mrs. Blank owned the "opera house" and lived out of town about two miles. After jollying the marshal and promising him several "comps" for his influence and assistance in negotiating for the "opera house" they started on foot to seek the owner—a vehicle being out of the question, as money was now to the agent but a memory. Arriving at the house the colored attendant ushered them into the parlor, where, after almost an hour's wait, the lady appeared. A three-cornered talk now ensued, as the lady would not do business directly, but through the marshal. The agent talked to the marshal, the marshal to the lady, and so on back to the agent. After an hour's confab the opera house was secured on the following extremely liberal terms—for the owner: Rent, including light, heat and one stage assistant, twenty dollars, payable to the marshal before the curtain rose. This was exclusive of all licenses, which amounted—state, county and town, including collection fees—to eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents, also payable before the curtain went up.

A little leg-weary, the agent returned to town and dashed into the one printing office where, to his further hindrance and dismay, he found the editor and his entire staff, consisting of one person—the devil—busily engaged in working the hand-press running off the weekly edition. The promise of three dollars, payable before the curtain rose, stopped the press and the editor, the devil, and the agent got their heads together in devising a stunning date-line which, after many trials, they succeeded in setting up and running off. It announced a grand production of "Our Boys," by the same company of twenty artists playing that week at the Capitol theater, Little Rock. A half-column local followed from the agent's pen, the editor obligingly setting it up and, lifting a patent medicine ad. out of the form on the press, he inserted it in its stead and ran it in the remainder of the edition.

His date-lines secured, the agent hustled to his hotel and, with the aid of a borrowed bottle of mucilage, attached the dates to the lithographs, and then, supplying himself with stickers, tacks and a small hammer, he proceeded to lithograph the town "out of sight." Never, even when Barnum advertised the place for Little Rock, had Arkadelphia been so extensively or highly billed. The main street looked like a rainbow—a rather straight rainbow—but still about the only thing it resembled. Darkness had now set in, and the very tired agent sought his couch.

At seven o'clock next morning he was again at work, as he built a dozen three-sheets and four big stands of paper in his possession and, as it was root hog or die in Arkadelphia with his attraction, he determined to put it all up. By the issuing of two more 'comps' he secured one side of the leading drug store—the side being built of cinoboards, very old and warped. No bill-poster was to be had and the agent, after much explanation, made a bargain with the one restaurant man of the town to make four meals at the rate of two bits per meal, payable in tickets at their full value. No suitable brush was to be found and an old broom was finally pressed into service. Next two small boys were hired on a promise of a ticket apiece and, mounting a stepladder, the indefatigable agent bespattered himself from head to foot in putting up the paper. It was hard work, and, before night, his back was nearly broken. He had the doubtful honor, however, of being followed about by nearly the entire colored population of the town, who gaped in admiring wonder at the gaudily-colored paper and the agent's ingenuity in utilizing the old broom.

The paper up, the reserved seat sale was arranged and the town "dodgered" with small bills. This brought on another night. The next morning was passed by the agent in bed, as he was almost paralyzed with weariness. Arising at noon he proceeded to talk shop—the only method now left him to further excite the populace. He talked all afternoon, rapidly and incessantly, to anyone and everyone who would listen to him, until, at night, he ran across the leader of the town band, with whom he made a dicker to have the band play in front of the opera house in consideration of their being admitted free and one extra ticket apiece. The following day at noon the company was due, and at eleven o'clock the agent reached the depot, a mile out of town, and, seated in the midst of a wilderness of cotton bales, waited. By the time the train was due his thoughts were suicidal, as, after mentally summing up the company's expenses in the town and comparing the sum with the probable business, he could see nothing but overwhelming disaster for the doomed players. On the other hand rose the uncertainty of their coming, as he had left them playing to very small houses and the chances were that they could not raise money enough to leave Little Rock. However, to his unspeakable relief, the train finally pulled in with two members of the organization saluting him through the windows. His doleful misgivings were partly realized when but eight members of the company stepped off the train. They explained that "Our Boys" could be done with eight people and, as a clincher, they added that no more of the company could have come anyway, as getting the eight there had been a pinch. Proceeding up to and striking the main street the company were greeted by the extensive and gaudy billing—the most novel their eyes ever rested upon. Mantell, Davenport, Barrett, Rose Coghlan, McCullough, "Alvin Joslin," Julia Marlowe, Sothern, Annie Ward Tiffany, Scanlan, Mary Anderson, O'Neill, Boone, Robson, Rhea, Sully, and a host of others equally well known, stared them in the face from every point of vantage—all to appear in "Our Boys" that evening. The sale at seven o'clock amounted to six dollars and a half with passes at fifty cents and one dollar.

Proceeding after an early supper, to the temple of last resort, the company arranged the stage and assisted the Pooh-Bah of the theater to light up. This was a simple affair, as foot-lights, side-lights and all other lights consisted of tallow candles. The manager and agent took their stand at the head of the ancient stairway and awaited the public's pleasure. Two rickety chairs and an old dry goods box comprised the box office. The discordant tooting of the band without distracted any sad or apprehensive thoughts they might have entertained as to the immediate future, and at 8:30 forty-four dollars had accumulated—just about enough to square all debts of the agent's contracting in the town outside of board bills and return trip to Little Rock. As they were obliged to go ahead the manager disappeared back upon the stage and preceded the entertainment by appearing in front of the curtain and diplomatically explaining how it happened that twenty artists were billed and but eight would appear. After thoroughly mystifying and muddling the audience he retired, made up and "Our Boys" was presented.

Arriving at the hotel after the performance a council of war was held. Their total cash consisted of not quite seven dollars—this total being made up from their slight pocket change and the few dollars remaining of the door receipts of the night. They had, after breakfast next morning, when they hoped to leave for Little Rock, an eight dollar board bill to meet. Then came the difficulty of railroad fares. Not much, to be sure, but they had it not. At this gloomy hour the agent, suddenly recovering from a brown study, darted from the room and shortly returned bringing with him the marshal, to whom, in the presence of the entire company, he appealed in a long and affecting speech relating to their pecuniary standing.

The marshal never weakened until the agent pathetically referred to the ladies of the company, three in number; when he produced one-half of the rent money—ten dollars—and gave it to the agent on behalf of the company, goodnaturedly undertaking to see the matter explained to the owner. Next morning at about 10:30 o'clock the company, after paying all indebtedness, departed for Little Rock, where their tale of woe was soon told to the remainder of the now stranded players. A week passed and the town knew them no more. "Inside pockets" were delved into, and this took away the ladies and about one-third of the men the first day—some going home and others to the various dramatic agencies in New York and Chicago. A half dozen more kept the wires hot in appeals to friends and relatives, and in a couple of days one-half the others had disappeared. By pawning jewelry all but three of the company managed to get away. What became of the three? They may be there yet.—Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Dance Hall.

Passengers of the Southern Pacific railway complained that the waiting room at the Santa Clara station was closed always. The officials investigated and discovered that the station agent, an enterprising young man, had a flourishing dancing academy in full blast in the waiting room. He had a piano in the ladies' waiting room and had been giving dancing lessons in the afternoons and evenings. To have outsiders in the room at night have interfered with his profits, so he kept the doors locked. That passengers had to wait where to sit down didn't worry the agent. The officials closed the dancing school very suddenly, but had not the heart to discharge Allen.

The Diamond Beetle.

One variety of beetle is called the "Diamond Beetle," because it is covered with minute points which reflect the light. They are employed for trimming dresses, and sometimes a particularly fine one is kept alive and allowed to wander over the corsage of the wearer, secured by a slender chain.

FRED MORTON'S PLUCK.

How a Lad Met and Overcame Adversity.

Few boys would have undertaken what Fred Morton did at his father's death. He quietly assumed the management of the farm, and the support of his widowed mother and little sister.

The husband and father had gone forth one March morning in health and strength and an hour later had been brought back lifeless. The tree he was felling had in some way caught and crushed him beneath its weight.

It was with a sad heart that the mother returned with her fatherless children from the grave to the seclusion of her modest home. She had no relatives; there was no one to whom she could rightfully turn for sympathy and help. Long after Fred had gone to his room, and Lettie, the five-year-old pet of the household, had lost her childish sorrow in slumber, she sat before the sitting-room fire thinking that dark as the present was the future looked still darker to her.

Ten years before Edwin Morton had come there with his wife and boy, paying down one thousand dollars towards the farm, and giving a mortgage for the balance—a paltry sum, as it seemed to him then, of five hundred dollars. He had felt sure that three years, or four at most, would see the farm all his own. But it had been the old story. There had been sickness; the seasons had not always been favorable; unexpected expenses had come, and unexpected losses. The neighbors declared that Edwin Morton, though a great worker, did not have the faculty of getting ahead. And it was certain that the ten years had come and gone, and now he had gone, and not a dollar of the mortgage was paid. Moreover, the interest would be due in a few weeks, and Mrs. Morton could think of no way to pay it. She was confident also that the account at the village grocery would prove to be against them, and there might be several smaller accounts still unsettled. So far as she could estimate, it would take three hundred dollars to meet her husband's indebtedness outside of the mortgage on the farm. Her own health was poor, and she could not do more than her household duties. Fred, it was true, though but sixteen years old, was strong and willing, and could earn something, but to the mother, in that hour of darkness and sorrow, that something seemed almost nothing.

However, if the farm could be sold for its real value, and all the debts paid, there would still be something left for herself and the children. But how could she leave the roof that had so long sheltered her, and had been so dear to her husband?

Meanwhile Fred, who had gone to his room, had not gone to sleep. He had always been a quiet, thoughtful boy, wise in many things beyond his years. He sat down by the window and thought over the sad events of the last few days. It all seemed so strange, so unreal, to him. It was so hard to realize that he was fatherless. But at length his thoughts turned from himself to his mother and little sister, and he felt that he must care for them. He understood all about the debt on the farm. He knew there were other bills, including those incurred by his father's death, that must be paid soon.

After thinking for some minutes he knelt by his bedside and asked God to show him what to do. When he arose and prepared for bed a new look in his eyes told of a purpose already born in his soul.

The next morning Fred was up early, and when Mrs. Morton entered the kitchen the fire was burning brightly, the coffee was made, and the chores at the barn were done. The youth greeted his mother tenderly, and hastened with a quiet determination in every action to assist her in the morning duties.

A week passed. Fred had busied himself about the farm and going to the village as errands required. One day he entered the house and said:

"Mother, Mr. Ford has got home. I saw him at the village to-day. He spoke to me about father's death, and said he would call here to-morrow."

This Mr. Ford was an old friend of the family, and held the mortgage on the farm. A few days before Mr. Morton's death he had gone to New York on a business trip. It had been Mrs. Morton's intention to call upon him as soon as she learned of his return, and consult with him concerning her husband's affairs.

The next day, when Mr. Ford called, Fred was repairing a fence, so Mrs. Morton received him alone. She told him of her hopes and fears, and then spoke of the one plan that seemed to be open to her. He was silent a few minutes, and then replied:

"Certainly, Mrs. Morton, this can be done. What does Fred think about it?"

"I have not mentioned it to him yet. I could not bear to speak to him about it, he loves the farm so."

"How old is he?"

"Sixteen."

"I would speak to him about it at once," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "Such a boy can be a great help, if he chooses."

Fred was called in. He listened as Mr. Ford explained his mother's project, and then said quietly:

"I think Mr. Ford, there is no need of selling the farm, if you are in no hurry for the money father owed you."

"My dear boy," instantly replied the good man, "you know I have no idea of hurrying you about any money that may be due me. I regret that I cannot afford to give you every dollar of it. The principal, however, can remain just as it is, and the interest can be paid when it is convenient to you."

"Then," continued Fred, "I see no reason, mother, why we cannot stay here on the farm. I have thought it all over, and I am sure we can manage to get along. I found in father's desk a list of the persons he owed, and when in the village the other day I asked them how much money was due them. I find that, including the interest due Mr. Ford, we owe, outside the mortgage, three hundred and twenty dollars. Now, mother, let us sell all the cows but Brownie, and part of the sheep, and pay these outside bills. We will keep Jennie, the horse, and all the hens. We shall have hay to sell, if our stock is reduced, and in this way we can meet our other expenses. I know, mother, it will be a good deal for me to undertake, but I am anxious to try it. And," he added, lowering his voice, "don't you think father would be glad to have us stay here?"

Tears filled Mrs. Morton's eyes at these words, while Mr. Ford said, in husky tones:

"The boy is right, Mrs. Morton; the boy is right. I advise you to stay here. It won't take long to find a market for the sheep and cows. Leave all these things to me; I'll make the proper arrangements, and see that everything is settled to suit you."

After Mr. Ford had gone the mother and son talked long and earnestly together. As Mrs. Morton listened to Fred's plans for the summer she was more and more surprised at the maturity of thought and spirit of determination he displayed.

"I am confident, mother," he said, "that I can take care of you and Lottie. Of course I must give up school, except in the winter, but I hope to read and study some with you. I shall undertake on the farm only what I feel sure that I can carry through with a little help."

Though Mrs. Morton had some misgivings as to the result of the undertaking, she was glad to let Fred do as he wished. It would delay the giving up of the farm, if nothing more, and since all the debts except the mortgage could be paid, she was herself disposed to remain. Had she known that her son hoped to pay off the mortgage in a few years her misgivings would have been greater still. The weeks that followed were busy ones to Fred. Wood for the summer was cut up, and the fences about the farm were repaired. With the coming of settled weather he prepared to plant.

Mr. Ford looked in on Fred every week or two, and frequently sent his man and team to do heavy work. It would be a long story to tell of the trials and triumphs of the summer. Of course there were discouragements. Once Lettie was very sick, and the mother and son were well-nigh exhausted by care and anxiety. But there were blessings also. Mrs. Morton's health was unusually good. The season was a promising one. The hay crop was excellent, and a ready market was found for all that could be spared. And best of all, there was careful management, so that Fred kept ahead of his work and steadily avoided all debt.

The fall with its harvest came. As Fred busily gathered in the fruits of his toil, he felt that his cup of blessing was full to overflowing. In the husking the mother found time to help; in the apple gathering, even Lettie found something for her chubby hands to do. One evening Mrs. Morton and Fred sat by the fire in their sitting-room. She was sewing and he was busy with his account book. They had that day received an invitation to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Ford, an invitation which was gratefully accepted. Suddenly Fred looked up, and with a sound of triumph in his voice, asked:

"Mother, shall I tell you just how we have come out this season?"

"Certainly, my son."

"We have sold," went on Fred, rapidly, "since last March, one hundred dozen of eggs, which have brought us twenty dollars. We have sold twelve tons of hay at fifteen dollars per ton; seventy-five bushels of potatoes at one dollar per bushel; fifteen lambs that brought sixty dollars, and for Brownie's calf we got six dollars. We have sold fruit, wood and butter that amounted to sixty dollars. We have expended just two hundred dollars. This leaves a balance in hand of two hundred and one dollars."

Fred hesitated a moment, and then, dropping on his knees by his mother's chair, and laying one hand on her shoulder, he continued, earnestly:

"This is saying nothing, mother, of the corn in the crib, or the pork and vegetables in the cellar, some of which we can still spare. Don't you think it will be safe on Thanksgiving day to pay Mr. Ford one hundred dollars of the mortgage?"

Fred waited anxiously for his mother's reply. Tears gathered in her eyes, and a moment later she threw her arms around his neck and sobbed aloud. For ten years her husband had tried to pay this debt. It had been the burden of his life, and yet not a dollar had he been able to pay. It was true that there had been losses during this time which had increased the expenses. It was also true that the present year had been an exceptional one. Still, she saw that had the same forethought been exercised in the past years as in the present one, the debt of the farm might long ago have been paid. She saw a thoughtfulness and thoroughness in her darling boy that she and her husband had never manifested, and her tears were tears of joy and thankfulness for such a son.

Five years have passed since Mr. Morton's death, and Fred's farm is in thorough order. He keeps several cows and has a large flock of sheep. The house has been newly painted and furnished throughout, and every dollar of the mortgage has been paid.—Willard N. Jenkins, in Yankee Blade.

Fustian.

A species of cotton cloth much used by the Normans, particularly by the clergy, and appropriated to some orders for their chasubles. The Cistercians were forbidden to wear them made of any material but linen or fustian. A stronger description was first manufactured in England, at Norwich, temp. Edward VI. It was much used for doublets and jackets in the fifteenth century, at which time it appears to have been imported from Italy. "Faustians, of Naples," are named in a petition to parliament from the manufacturers of Norwich, 1 Philip and Mary, 1554. The name was corrupted in England into "fustianapes" and "fustian and apes," i. e., "fustian a Naples."—Planeche.

Chaucer tells us, in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales" of his knight, that—

"Of fustyan he wered a gepoun
Al besmoteryd with his habergeoun."

—Notes and Queries.

An Odd Fish.

One of the oddest fishes that ever swam in any sea is that known to naturalists under the unattractive name of "ophiocephalus." A species of it is found in the sea of Galilee, where it builds a nest which for beauty of design and elegance of workmanship excels the efforts of the majority of feathered nestbuilders. Its favorite spot for building is in an old root or rock projecting under the water, and the material consists of seaweed, grass and leaves.

A LOVE TEST.

Why Arthur Remained Steadfast in Adversity.

Arthur Ferris was tall, blonde, handsome, and twenty-eight. He was also the possessor of a long head, inherited from the maternal side of the house. He was likewise a dutiful son.

It was the two latter circumstances that had, on more than one occasion, saved him from making a triumphant ass of himself. Just fancy! If it had not been for his long head, it is more than likely that he would have fallen desperately in love with that bewitching governess of the Hastings, with whom he had spent several weeks in the mountains one summer five years ago. But he had given himself time to think, and had fled between two days, much to his later satisfaction.

Then there was that dear little Miss Dixon, whom he had met at the seaside. It had been a glorious evening—that last. They were sitting on the veranda, where they might see and yet be unseen. The soft, dreamy strains of a Strauss waltz floated out from the ball room. There was the pale, silver light of the moon, the murmuring ripple of the waves on the beach—and all that sort of thing, which you have read about so many times that you have learned to skip it in the novels.

Well! Elsie was going away—too, too soon. They had talked in sighs and murmurs for half an hour; Arthur's left hand clasped Elsie's dimpled right one, his right arm was about her waist; both hearts beat vigorously, as hearts will on such occasions, and Arthur had just opened his mouth to tell Elsie what she had been waiting for for two weeks, when there was a step close at hand, a rustle of skirts, and the cooing voice of the maternal Ferris said:

"I beg your pardon, but will you please excuse Arthur a few moments? There are those miserable business affairs that must be attended to in time for the late mail."

And thus was he saved a second time. For Elsie had not a cent, and neither had he—at least, not many of them. There were several other occasions when his own long head, or his mamma's, had helped him out—for Arthur was somewhat susceptible. But it is not of these I have to tell.

His time had come. The in-every-way-desirable young person had presented herself. True, she was not so young as she had been; but, then, that was a mere trifle. She was just his own age, of as good a family as his own, and an heiress of considerable degree. She was not—well, not exactly handsome, and was *rather* inclined to what is politely called plumpness; but Arthur's mamma and Arthur's long head give their approval—and Arthur did not care who she might be, so long as she possessed the above qualifications, particularly the one involving a very neat fortune in her own right.

Besides, Arthur was getting a bit desperate. In fact, he had so far exceeded his own salary and the maternal allowance (which, by the way, was as large as Mrs. Ferris could afford) that nothing short of a miracle, or a matrimonial alliance, such as he had been so long seeking, could save him from getting into very deep water.

And thus it came to pass that this winter found him engaged to Miss Bernice Field, much to the satisfaction of his mother, who was visiting in New York, and to whom he had, like the dutiful son he was, sent the gratifying news at once.

He was disappointed, however, on one point. He had pleaded artfully for an early wedding, but Miss Field had set her foot down with much firmness and said he must go through a long probationary period—all of which Arthur failed to understand. He had always been noted for his persuasive powers, and had flattered himself that Bernice, with her gentle, clinging, bud-like ways, would succumb at once.

Now, be it known that Miss Bernice Field had not arrived at years of discretion for nothing. Neither had she, a not unprepossessing young person, with nearly a half-million in her own right, passed through the experiences of ten seasons without gathering unto herself much knowledge of the ways and wiles of wicked man. She had had, as might have been expected, offers to a high number; but, thus far, the gentlemen concerned had failed—by reason of their unanimous desire to touch her purse—to touch, in the first place, the all-important key to it, which was hidden away in her plump bosom. And Miss Bernice Field was worldly-wise in her day and generation.

She was certainly in love with Ferris—there could be no doubt of that. It is quite as certain that she was very seriously in love with him; but, with the wisdom born of experience, she did not let him know one-half of what she felt for him.

If anyone had told Ferris that he was just now in a very shaky position, he would have scoffed. His chum, Ed Cross, who was spending the winter at the house during Mrs. Ferris' absence, had once suggested that "there's many a slip," but Arthur merely shied a shoe at him, and whistled serenely.

It was in this frame of mind that, one evening in February, he ran lightly up the steps of the Field mansion to call on her whom Cross unfeelingly referred to as his "little lady love." It was warm, and the front door stood ajar. The little footman was not in his accustomed place, so Ferris, with the air of one who knew just where he was going, stepped inside. From the open door of Papa Field's study came the sound of voices in earnest discussion, and one of them spoke his own name.

He halted, irresolute, as would any one else under like circumstances. Papa Field was speaking:

"Of course, my dear, you are your own mistress, and I can only advise you. It seems to me, however, that you have done a very foolish thing to engage yourself to this young Ferris. True, he seems an exemplary young fellow, and he comes of an excellent family; but it is well known that he has only a small allowance from the estate in addition to a beggarly two thousand dollars' salary. How do you know that it is you and not your money that he wants? It is a brutal question, I know, but it is one you have probably asked of yourself a half-dozen times, concerning other young men."

Arthur, out in the hall, standing in much the same attitude a child assumes when speaking its first "piece" in school, winced, but waited for the answer. It came, in serious, thoughtful tones, which plainly indicated that Miss Bernice, also, had considered this very matter:

"N-no, I am sure you misjudge him, papa. Of course I understand how he is situated financially, and—and all that. But I am sure he is honest and honorable, and that he—he cares for me very much. There are a thousand ways by which I can learn much that you cannot, and—"

"Yes, yes; I understand. But suppose you should put him to the test; do you think he would come through—safe—or—unscathed, as it were? Suppose you should tell him that I had lost all your money and mine in unfortunate speculation—that we were beggars, and had not a dollar we could call our own. Are you afraid to try him?"

There was a brief silence. Then:

"I don't like to tell a false-hood, papa; but it would be only a 'white lie,' and perhaps for the best. Yes, I'll try him to-morrow night."

"That's my dutiful girl. Now run along and let me work."

There was a sound of a kiss, and the perspiring young man in the hall hastened to get out of the house. He wanted time to think, but the first thing that entered his head, as he reached the sidewalk, was a fanciful picture of the petite Miss Field, with her one hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois, "running along," and he smiled broadly. Then he walked rapidly over to the next street to catch a cab to his club, there to hold a pow-wow with Cross.

On the steps he hesitated a moment. "Had I better go back now?" he thought. "No; she won't have her little tale of woe ready, and might be at out if I call to-night. I might give anyone away, too. Better have time to get my speech prepared." And this astute young man went in and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

The next evening, with his usual light heart and good spirits, he rang the door bell of the Field mansion. Yes, Miss Field was in, Peter said. Ferris went into the drawing-room and sat down, running rapidly over in his mind the various tender speeches he had prepared for the emergency. Bernice was a long time coming, he thought. For one who expected him.

Presently she entered—slowly—heavily. Her head bent low over her rounded bosom, and her breath came short and fast. Ferris went forward to meet her, his arms outstretched. He was something of an actor himself, and he knew it.

"Bernice! Darling! What is the trouble with my little girl?" (Another good stroke. Miss Field liked to be called "little.")

"Oh! Arthur! Arthur! I don't know how to tell you. It is too dreadful! Papa—"

"What! Has your father been—"

"Oh! no, not that, but—but worse! Arthur, we are—beggars!"

And Miss Field, delivering these last words with wonderful impressiveness, hung her head and sobbed bitterly behind her lace handkerchief.

Then it was that Ferris, like the young man of action that he was, put his arm as far round his tearful fiancee as possible, and, with some difficulty, led her to a seat and pulled her head down on his glossy shirt front.

He was very, very sorry, as she must know. But it was nothing. Her father would recoup himself—he had many influential friends. As for her, he did not blame her—her Arthur? He would not, he once interrupted her to say, permit her, through a sense of false pride, to cast him off now, when she most needed him. No, never!

He had three thousand a year. It was not much, he knew, but they could live on it. And did she suppose, for one instant, that he had expected to live on his wife's money? No! A thousand times, no!

"We will have a real quiet little wedding, dearest, and, after it is over, we will go quietly to our own little home in the suburbs, which you and I will get ready in the meantime, and there we will be the happiest couple of this world. What! Bernice, am I to understand that you laugh at my cherished plans?"

For Bernice had leaped to her feet and was laughing heartily.

"Why, you foolish boy, I was only teasing you a bit. Don't you think I'd make a good actress? Papa and I haven't lost a—"

Here was Mr. Ferris' opportunity. She had doubted him; oh, cruel blow. If she could not trust him now, how could she have any faith in him when they were married? Perhaps, after all, it were best—

And he strode haughtily to the door.

But this was not part of Miss Field's programme, and she did what any very much-in-love female would do under like circumstances, so that, in a very few seconds, two people were sitting on a divan in a very lover-like attitude, indeed.

An hour or so later, a young man, walking briskly down the street, was reflecting on the vagaries of chance and his own good luck.

If Peter had been at the door—if he had been ten minutes later—if he had sneezed in the hall—if—

"It was an awfully close shave," he reflected, and he stopped and shook hands with himself, much to the amazement of the policeman on the corner.—R. L. Ketchum, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Pope Leo's Fortune.

The pope's private fortune makes him by far the richest man in Rome, though his wealth has shrunk very greatly from the forty-five million lire left by Pius IX. Much of the shrinkage has been due to unfortunate investments in building bonds and in corporation stocks—investments made for the purpose of receiving a higher rate of interest than that paid by the Papal childs. The pope gives his direct personal attention to financial transactions such as sovereigns usually entrust to a secretary or Chamberlain. He keeps his safe in his own apartments, and always carries the key to it himself.

—The London University degrees were thrown open to women 10 years ago and now there are 7 M. A.'s; 147 B. A.'s, 2 D. Sc.'s, 21 B. Sc.'s and eight women holding medical or surgical degrees. The number who graduated during last year alone was 32. At Cambridge there were 42. The total for the year at Dublin, Victoria, London, Oxford and Cambridge