JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1893.

NUMBER 25.

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and talk it over calmly," I urged; "not

at night, like a mob of ruffians with

Jere Harman had come out to them

They greeted him with an angry shout:

it our rights by fair means or by foul,

"Your rights-." began Jere Harman

in his harsh stern voice. I saw that

Nellie Harman had slipped out to her

father's side and laid her hand plead-

ingly on his shoulder. She did not fear

the angry men, for willingly not one of

them would have harmed a hair of her

dainty head. I saw that she would have

pleaded with her father to be gentle

"Yes, our rights!" yelled a voice in

the crowd, with an awful oath. He

was drunken or blind with rage-surely

he did not see the girl at her father's

side. A stone whizzed through the air.

It might have been Jere Harman's

'We are to be put off no longer.

stones for arguments."

Jere Harman?"

with them.

Advertising Rates.

It soumest None but scalawage do of don't be a scalawage life is too short.

1118 ELEVENTH AVENUE

VOLUME XXVII.

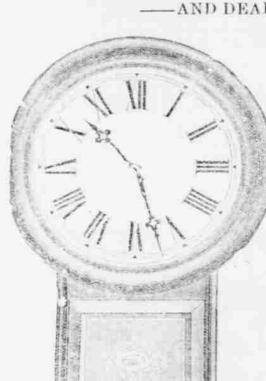
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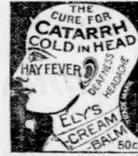
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NOT A BOSTON GIRL I seal the letter, write her name-It's very dear to me— And then I add, beneath the same Two letters—M and D

I see you smile in quick disdain. You think of glasses, too. And little curis—It's very plain What "M. D." means to you. But she is neither stern nor cold.

As you perhaps may think. She's young and fair, not grim and old, Nor does she scatter ink On notes of lessons that are said

Before a learned class: And from her dainty lips of red No long orations pass. The only studies that she reads

Are letters that I write; The only lectures that she heeds Are those that I indite. You wonder how it all may be, And do not understand? She lives in Baltimore. "Md." Means, simply, "Maryland."

A SHOOTING MATCH.

-James G. Burnett, in Century.

Story of the Love Affairs of Mary, Ben and Dan'l.

"I ain't much on the shoot, now," said the old man, as he tenderly hung his squirrel rifle on the deerhorn hooks over the door, "but when I was a youngster there wan't no man er boy in Poor Fork Valley that could shoot alongside of me. Narv a one," and the old man thed heavily. "But," he continued, his gittin old knocks the edge off a man's evesight, and makes his hand so trembly that he can't even take a drink of liquor without wastin' half of and as fer shootin' us old fellers night as well try to hit center with a

naul at a hundred yards." The visitor, to whom this conversation was addressed, made a few desulory and incongruous remarks, and the old man resumed his talk, pretty much as if nothing at all had been said, which

it was mostly

"I never got beat but once," he went on, with a good-hamored reminiscent chuckle, "and that was by a feller that hadn't sense enough skeercely to go in out of the rain. Leastways that's what I thought when the match come off. lidn't live in my neighborhood, but he had a farm about twenty-mile furder up the Fork, and I had a habit of goin' up thar to see a mighty likely gal, that was darter to the man that owned the place next to the chap that beat me at he shootin'. The old man's name was Squire Higgins, and the gal's name was

Mary. Mary's a purty name, and Mary

was a patchin' to that gal, and I wanted her bad enough to go up thar sparkin' bon! twict a week durin of a mighty med winter, when it was cold enough o freeze the knobs off a bureau. Mary kinder liked me, too. Liked me bettern' any of the other young fellers that was hangin' round, exceptin' Ben Wilkins, and it was neck and neck betwixt me and Ben. Ben was her neighbor, and the same feller I had the shootn' match with. I never could see how

the stuck to Ben, ne was so doggoned freekled-faced and sun-burnt and sandyheaded and ignorant-like and fooler than Thompson's colt, but you can't tell about a woman, and thar wasn't no coin' back on the solemn fact, that ef Hen didn't git out of my way I was never goin' to git the gal, and it was most nigh as certain that of somethin' didn't happen to me. Ben wasn't goin' o git her neither. It was close runnin', ister, and the gal settin' on the fence. ggin' us on. That's another weakness voman bas; I mean these young women

hat has her choice, like Mary Higgins.

nn't no danger of her fillin' a maids grave, even of me and Ben both got it out of the way. One mornin' when I was on the road adin'up the Fork, towards Squire them wads. Higgins' farts, I met Ben comin' down with a load of hay, and I'd been goin'

to see Mary then for mighty nigh a "Howdy, Ben? said I, friendly "Howdy", Dan'l, said he to me.

" 'Goin' up to the squire's, I reckon?' says he, questionin'. " 'That's what, says I, speakin' as if

" 'Fair to middlin',' says I.

had the rights to. 'Mary ain't home,' says he. "Who said anything about Mary?" cays I, gittin' red 'round the years.

'The way you're go'in', says he, with a grin. "What's that to you?' says I, not mer polite, I reckon. "Nothin',' says he; 'but of you want to see her, you'd better go down to mother's. She's down thar to a quilt-

"Ben grinned again and I got purty mad, but not enough to hurt anybody, and says I to him:

" Ben Wilkins, says I, have you got a gun!" 'You don't want to fight, do you?'

says he, backin' off kinder, fer I thought he was skeert, and mebbe he

" 'No,' says I; 'but I want Mary Hig-" 'So do I,' says he.

"Then it cleared up a bit, and we both looked at each other sorter sheepish and grinned, fer before this we hadn't ever had no understandin'.

'Now as we know what we want,' says I, 'we orter have it settled on short notice who's to git it, and ef you air agreeable we'll settle it to the satisfaction of all parties at intrust, as the lawyers.say."

'How?' says he. "We can't both have her, kin we?"

" 'Not accordin' to law,' says he. " 'Ner no way,' says I. " 'I reckon not,' says he.

" 'Then s'posin' we have a shootin' match fer her, says I. " 'I ain't agreeable to that,' says he. Fer why? says 1.

"You air handier than me with a gun, says he. "'Some mebbe,' says I, 'umble enough, 'but I'll give you twenty-five yards advantage, and that'll about

make it even.' "Well, after talkin' fer half an hour er more, we fixed up a shootin' match, fer next day, on Ben's farm, fer he was skeert to go anywheres else, and I rid back home, and next forenoon I was on hand feelin' as shek as a whistle, fer I was gamblin' on gittin' Mary. Nobody was to know anything about our settlemint, and when I seed Ben, he was nottin' on the fence, about a quarter of a mile from his house, with his gun acrost his lap, lookin' lonesomer than a

cat in a rainstorm. Thar was an old frame barn standin' by itself in the field, and we went over to it to have a quiet place for the closin' arrangements. It had a pile of loose straw in it, and as we sot thar talkin', I seed a knot-hole in the plank about two inches acrost, and I ast him ef it wouldn't make a good enough mark with the straw inside to ketch the bullets. You see I was doin' the most of the engineerin', fer Ben was that shook up he didn't seem to know his head from a hole in the ground. He said he

went outside and it was like as ef it had been put thar a purpose. "We stepped off a hundred yards fust, and druy a pin down, and then went on twenty-five yards and druv another. and me and Ben took our places. We was to shoot ten times apiece, me five and Ben five, turn about, and neither of us was to go nigh the other to flustrate him during the shootin'. I was feelin' in regular shootin' trim, and when I shot my five I knowed Ben was goin' to have to do some mighty tall shootin' 'er lose the gal. We went to the mark together and pegged up three holes, not half an inch from the knothole, and two bullets had gone smack through, leavin'

thought the knot-hole would do, so we

"Then Ben he took his turn, and I was shore I seen him shake when he sighted his gun, but he shot off his five, and we went up to see what he had done-and what do you think, mister? There wasn't the sign of a bullet hole any-

"I looked at Ben and he looked at "'You ain't shootin' very spry today,' says he, grinnin',

"'You air,' says I, lookin' ugly and feelin' my holts on Mary slippin'. "Next round I was dead sot on doin' my level best and I put three balls through the hole and scraped the edges

with the other two. "Ben was lookin' peakid, and I seed his knees wabblin', but he braced up and went back to settle who should have the gal, and it 'peared to me like as if he was takin' till Christmas to fire them five shots. He got it done at last, though, and we walked up to the mark kinder unsartin, both of us, but thar wasn't any need of it." "Did you win?" broke

in a high state of excitement and in "Nary win, mister," chuckled the old "That sandy-headed, thumb-

headed cass had sent every one of his five bullets smack through the knothole and thar wasn't the sign of a scratch anywheres in sight. "That ended it fer me, both fer shoot in' and fer the gal, and I rid home feel-

in' like a saw log bad fell on me butt end fo'most, and Ben went lopin' acrost the field tor'ds Squire Higgins . "About a month after the shooting match Ben and Mary was hitched and I was to the hitchin' feelin' a good deal pearter than I did the day Ben beat me, an' gettin' some consolation out of a new gal, jist moved onto the Fork. But

I couldn't quite git over Ben's beatin' me shootin' "Mong about midnight, I had to go nome, and as I started to git on my ross, Mary followed me out on the "'Dan'l,' says she, kinder cooin' and

soft like, 'you won't git mad at me ef I

tell you somethin', will you?" ' Of course not, Mary,' says L. 'Nothin' you could say er do would make me mad at you.' "'Well, then, Dan'l,' says she, shakin' some, fer I was holdin' her band and knowed, when you and Ben had that shootin' match fer me, Ben didn't have

no bullets in his gun. They was just "Well, sir, you could a-knocked me down with a splinter, and I got hot all over, but I shet my jaws down hard fer a minute and held in, thinkin' about

"'And he didn't beat me shootin', after all? says I, feelin' mighty good over it, all at once.

"'No, he didn't,' says she, pattin' me on the arm like as ef she was my mother. "But he got you,' says I, droppin

back a peg er two. "'Yes,' says she, 'but I put him up to it. Dan'l.

"Then she smiled till I thought the sun was raisin', and I throwed my arms right 'round her and says I:

"Mary," says I, 'you've got more sense than Ben and me put together, pertickerly me, and I'm glad you've got the one you wanted,' and with that I imped on my hoss and rid lickety split fer home, and when I got that f jist hugged that rifle of mine as ef it had been Mary Higgins."

"Dan'l," called the old man's wife from the kitchen at this point, "supper's ready." "So air we, Lizzie," he said, rising.

The visitor looked at him inquiringly as he rose to accompany him supper-

"Yes," smiled the old man, "she's the same that was the new gal on the Fork the night Mary and Ben got hitched."-W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

A Wonderful Spinster of Old.

Spinster Annie Maria von Schurmann was the name of a woman who Bived at Utreeht during the sixteenth century. She was so learned a woman that all men of science of that day considered her a marvel. She spoke Ger, man, French, English, Italian, Latin-Greek and Hebrew with equal facility and even understood the Syrian, Chal daie, Arabic and Ethiopian tongues Astronomy, geography, philosophy and theology were her special hobbies and she wrote many interesting pamphlets c. these subjects. Aside from this she was a

painter, sculptor and engraver of high degree and played and devised several musical instruments. She was held in gold. high esteem by and corresponded with many of the prominent savants of the age, even with Richelieu, Queen Anne of France, Elizabeth of Poland and Christine of Sweden. She died unmarried at the age of seventy-two. ing my bill." Order of the Garter. The insignia of the Order of the Gar-

ter are: A gold medallion of St. George and the dragon, suspended from a blue horse. Now I never run-if there's anyribbon; the garter itself, of dark blue thing plebeian it's haste; but Jenkisson velvet; a blue velvet mantle, lined was always eccentric. He's coming here-ch-what! lifting his hat to the with taffeta, with the star of the order embroidered on the left breast; a hood divinity at the Celandine! He knows and sureoat of crimson velvet and a hat of black velvet; a collar of gold weighing thirty ounces, and the star with the cross of St. George in the center encircled by the garter.

THAT PRETTY WIDOW.

Why Her Marriage Was a Disappointment to Mr. Lynmore.

Roasted quails, waiter, half a dozen

Harry Burke that went off to California "Yes, sir," quoth the white-aproned and made a fortune and died there two attendant, obsequiously. years ago." "A few white grapes and an Italian "Rich, ch?" cream. And waiter!" "Rich as Crœsus. But I say, Gus, you needn't go to making eyes at her; it's

"Don't forget plenty of olives."

"No. sir." And the waiter whisked out of the room with the peculiar bustling movement that belongs to the genus, while Mr. Gustavus Lynmore quietly walked up to the bright anthracite fire and stood stroking his mustache before the mantel mirror with a face expressive of the mildest contentment with himself and all the world beside.

"Upon my word," soliloquized Mr. Lynmore, eving himself complacently. "there's a good deal in-well, I won't say cheek, for it's a vulgar word-confidence is at once more elegant and more expressive.

"Now here I am, Gustavus Adolphus Lynmore, without ten dollars in my pocket and without as much as that in any banking establishment, and yet I walk into the first hotel in the city, order the most expensive dinners and insist on the most elegant rooms. And

what's more, I get 'em. "Hello! here's a gray hair in my mustache! Gustavus Adolphus, you're getting on in life, my boy; it's time you were thinking of settling yourself. Con-

Mr. Lynmore plucked out the offensive thread of silver, and strolled up and down the room in some perturbation, pausing finally at the window, and looking abstractedly out upon the tide of life flowing on in the great thoroughfare below, and the white glimmer of the marble walls opposite.

len admiration, as the afternoon sunshine, slanting in direct beams of murky gold into the second-story windows opposite, lighted up a bright head bending over some absorbing bit ancy work. "Much obliged to you, my friend, the

sunshine," pondered Gustavus. "An opera glass couldn't be better. Black lress, loops of black ribbon at the throat, fastened by a jet clasp-aha! a young widow! And beautiful enough to drive a fellow distracted! "Unon my word, that woman wouldn't

Celandine hotel. Women can't play the confidence game as men do; they're obliged to have some sort of a base to "Oh, she must be rich; there can't be

doubtedly an opportunity for you! "Hello! a tow-headed little boy, a head on the pretty crape shoulder. Confound all incumbrances, say I; but then, perhaps, it wouldn't make so very much difference if there was plenty of cash

served at once!" Mr. Lynmore sat down with an appetite that was enhanced by an occasional glimpse of the golden head and rosy cheeks at the window across the way. "There-she sees me," he pondered She sees me, for I saw her smile be hind those lovely golden ringlets-and

ment. Hello, waiter!" "The fourth window on the left-hand side, parlor floor, at the Celandine-Tve an idea it would be a very nice room to

have, in case I leave this hotel-" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, coughing doubtfully behind his hand, and secretly hoping that so very stylish a gentleman would remain at the St. Aubrey. "I suppose you can tell me the number of the room."

"Certainly, sir-I used to be hall boy at the Celandine, sir, afore I came here -fourth window on the left-hand side, sir, parlor floor-why, it's No. 29."

"Twenty-nine, eh? thank you, waiter, I'm very much obliged to you." Half an hour or so afterward Mr. Lynmore strolled accidentally into a Broadway florist's establishment.

"Jansen, I want a very choice bou-"Certainly, Mr. Lynmore - what "Well, plenty of white flowers-you

know how to express that sort of thing humble devotion and unobtrusive admiration. "Yes, sir, I comprehend-I'll endeavor to put the sentiment into shape," replied the aesthetic florist, carefully writing

down the order in a red morocco-bound book. "I suppose you are aware we charge extra for these ideal bouquets?" "Expense is no object," said Lynmore, turning loftily away. "Send it to No. 29 Celandine hotel this evening." "Mr. Lynmore -if I might venture to

remind you of the little bill you left unliquidated here, a year ago-' "Bill? oh, yes-how could I be eareless! I'll certainly attend to it immediately, Jansen-much obliged to you for reminding me of it."

The next morning Mr. Lynmore had the gratification of seeing his "ideal bouquet" in a Parian vase between the lace draperies in the fourth window on the eft-hand side--and, moreover, of beholding the pretty widow's Grecian nose occasionally dipping daintily among the fragrant blossoms, with the bright hair falling around like a mist of

"I must find out who she is," thought Gustavus. "But the question is, how to do it! I can't go over to the Celandine because I boarded there six weeks last year, and came away without pay-"As I live," thought Gustavus, elevating his eyebrows, "there's Jenkisson rushing across the street like a race-

her, as sure as the world!" And Gustavus Lynmore, forgetting his recent sweeping condemnation of haste, ran downstairs into the readingroom and clapped his old acquaintance

ordially on the shoulder. "Jenkisson! old fellow, what brings

"How d'ye do, Lyamore? Excuse me,

but I'm in a hurry. Steamer sails at

twelve, and it's after cleven now. Is

"I only want to know who that lady

"O! Why, it's flarry Burke's widow;

no use, for-. Carriage ready, eh? Well,

Mr. Lynmore strolled out upon the

portico, smiling amiably the while, to

reconnoiter the passers-by, and display

"What a very nice little boy!" said

Gustavus, stooping to pick up the hoop-

stick that had rolled close to the step.

and restoring it with a caress. "What's

boy, looking shyly at the affable

"Harry, eh? a very pretty name," pur

sned Gustavus, patting the tow-head

"And doesn't Harry want to go and take

"Not if we go to a candy store, and

Harry Burke's seven-year-old integ-

rity was not proof against such glitter-

ing temptations as these; he succumbed

at once and trotted off, hand in hand,

Master Harry, all unconscious of the

dreadful fate awaiting him, went home

to his mamma in a high state of sticki-

ness from various candles, and loaded

down with toys, and directly after-

wards a bouquet of rosebuds arrived,

containing Mr. Lynmore's aristocratic-

"Dear me, how polite," said the love-

widow, dimpling and blushing, "But,

The next day Harry went to the park,

and a new volume of poems in tinted

paper and creamy Turkey binding was

sent to Harry's mamma; the next day a

pearl ring was intrusted to the youth

hired for Harry to ride, and that even-

ing a diamond of the purest water, set

in a narrow hoop of gold, was sent up

to room No. 29 with Mr. Lynmore's

compliments. Nor did the lovely widow

tavus Adolphus, decidedly. "To-mor-

row I'll take Harry to the menagerie,

and in the evening I'll call, landlord or

no landlord, and declare my sentiments.

We have read each other's eyes long

Mr. Lynmore endured the zoological

exhibition with the utmost calmness

and philosophy, and when the last ser-

pent was safely coiled up in his iron

eage, went home with the rejoicing

"For I really must wind this thing

up," soliloquized Gustavus. "Tve run

entirely out of cash, and, what's more,

I'm over head and cars in debt for the

bouquets and rings, and all these inci-

dental expenses, including the brat.

My darling," he said aloud, in a honeyed

voice, "will you ask your mamma if she

will please favor me with a brief inter-

Five minutes passed away-five nerv-

ous, interminable minutes-while Mr.

Lynmore sat in mortal dread of the ap-

parition of the landlord of the Celan-

line hotel, and apprehensive as to what

reception might be accorded to his mes-

Harry came jumping down, two steps

"That settles the matter," quoth Gus-

then, darling Harry wins all hearts!"

stranger, from behind his eyebrows.

"Harry Burke," lisped the tow-headed

his unexceptionable costume.

that baggage ready, Mike?"

good-by, Gus!"

your name?

a walk with me?"

ally engraved card.

spurn these gifts.

afterwards to a toy shop?"

with the enticing stranger.

Darling Harry, forsooth!

is that you bowed to just now."

oysters and a bottle of your best Moselle-that will do, I think, and for dessert-

found gray hairs!"

"By Jupiter, that's a pretty woman!" He stopped short, transfixed by sud-

discredit the name of Mrs. Lynmore. Wender if she's rich? She must be, though, to live in the parlor floor of the

a shadow of doubt about it-rich and opretty, and a widow. Gustavus, my boy, you must see about this-there's un-

sure as I'm a living sinner, with his in the locker. I really must take this matter into consideration. What's that, waiter? Dinner? Very well-let it be

"Mamma says, will you please to now she has vanished from the casecome up?" Mr. Lynmore promptly followed his small guide up the stairs, his heart thumping behind his pearl-colored waistcoat.

"Here he is, mamma!" bawled the boy, flinging the door wide open. There stood the golden-haired beauty in a lustrous dress of the richest white sills and there, moreover, stood a tall dashing-looking gentleman. Gustavus Adolphus stood rooted to the floor.

at a time.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Lynmore," lisped the lady, extending her hand, "and to introduce to you Mr. Wyndham, my husband." "Your-hus-band!"

"Yes-we were married this morning; and I was so much obliged to you for taking dear little Harry out of the way! You see, children are objectionable at such a time."

Gustavus opened his lips and shut them, spasmodically, without uttering a word. "And," went on the blue-eyed divinity, with merciless sweetness: "I have laid aside every one of your elegant presents for dear little Harry until he

is old enough to appreciate them. We are going to take the sweet child to Europe with us to-morrow, but I'm sure he'll never forget his kind friend." Mr. Lynmore bowed mechanicalty, and got out of the room, he never exactly knew how. One thing connected with his retreat, however, he had dis-

agreeable occasion to remember. "That little bill of mine, you'll recolleet, Mr. Lynmore," said a husky voice, close in his ear: "If it's convenient to settle-" "But it isn't convenient," groaned

Lynmore, with a bitter recollection of the diamond ring and the hothouse flowers. "Oh, very well. Here, Jennings!" And Mr. Lynmore, the cosmopolitan found himself arrested on the charge of attempting to defrand the landlord of the Celandine hotel out of the paltry

sum of two hundred dollars. So ended his courtship; and so ended, at least for the time being, his dreams of "marrying rich."-Boston Globe. Afraid of a Big Magnet. undertaking which an eminent person-

a magnet to be built of such size and power as had not yet been imagined. It was his intention to charge this gigantic object without witnesses, so as to enjoy the unparalleled result in selfish solitude. Happily, a great authority called at the moment and received an invitation to assist. When he saw the preparations his face paled. Neither he nor anyone else could foretell what would happen if that twenty-foot magnet were set to work; but it was probable, at least, that the house would fall. The thing still remains uncharged, or

did a few years ago.

THE FLOWERS WITH FACES. What are your thoughts as you blossom, sweet flowers.

And bask in the sunshine through bright sum-

mer days? Smiling and growing through many long hours. Uplifting your faces to greet the sun's rays. What do I see in your sweet little faces? Lessons for all in the world's busy places.

Colors blue, white, royal purple and gold. Smilling though drear be the weather and cheer-Lifting your heads to the rain's cooling

shower: Gem of the flowery creation—thou'rt peerless; Surely has Flora blessed thee with a dower. Thy resting-place lowly, still upward thou'rt

Thy magnet the sun, and thy balm fresh'ning Fair example of purity! All should be prais-This loveliest one of the summer's fair

Give me pansies all shades, from the white to The purple and blue and each hue that they For no others I care. Oh: their dainty sweet

In life and in death my affections shall share.

-Ada Maria Fitts, in Ladies' Home Journal. HIS ROMANCE.

It Is That of an Old Head But a Young Heart. This is the romance of a middle-aged man-the romance of an old head and a young heart. I am gray-haired and forty, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill, a face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers -a young face with clear, bright eyes

monplace. She is the only child of Je re Harman, the millionaire mill-owner, and as gen-

-and I fall into a day-dream and for-

get that I am old and poor and com-

tle and good as she is beautiful. I have watched her grow into womanbood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams. And all these years I have been learning to love her.

though it is hopeless. I am a better nan that I have loved Nellie Hi No. I build no air-eastles. I am forty and she eighteen I am only her father's bookkeeper

and she is the heiress of millions.

Surely love is not wholly wasted

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder, hunted my pockets for goodies, and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down to the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer." Daily she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verbs and the unconquerable examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the hall, and have I grown tired of old friends, of hertnen i find it hard to answer lightly, tosmile calmly, and I go away with a heartache. The girl does not lack for friends.

Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright-faced child, motherless since her babyhood, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk. In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the roughest mill hand has always a civil word for her, and a lift of the cap as she passes. sage. Presently, however, Master

She has her young friends, too, among the country gentlefolk. Young Harry Desmond is often at the hall. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh-faced, good-hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together. Gray-haired Jack Spencer, what have

you to do with "love's young dream?" The strike! The mill is shut down and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The cut-rates have caused the trouble. Jere

Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hands. A few cents less to them, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were duil-he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body. The first day of the strike Big John,

the weaver, who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter. To them Harman said: "Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As

long as I own this mill I shall be master here." This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will. There is talk of firing the mill among the mad-brained ones, but Big John

shakes his nead. "That were chopping the nose off to spite the face, men. If the mill were burnt now would that help us to work and wages? Nay; it must be other

"Aye, we must live; but if we do not get our rights by fair means we will have them by foul," cried another. They mean mischief. I have warned Jere Harman, but he will not heed.

The strike is over. The night is ended, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and dizzy with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes and the picture stands out before me-the dark night, the hall with its lights glowing out through the windows, the gay party of young people in the draw the gleam of the torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upage, still living, projected in his youth, turned faces. There was a tramp of says the Saturday Review. He caused feet, hourse shouts, and a stone crashed through a window and shattered the chandelier.

The music stopped with a discordant erash. There was instant confusion, and above it all there were the hoarse eries for Jere Harman. I sprang through the piazza window

and faced the men. They knew me well, and Big John shouted: "We've naught against you, John Spencer. We mean no harm to any, but

"Come, like honest men, in daylight,

the master."

death-blow; instead, it struck her. It cut a great, cruel gash just above the They sprang toward her-her friends, her lover-but Nellie Harman put her two hands out to me with a sharp gasp-

"Jack, Jack!" she said, and 1 caught

her in my arms. I have lived over the agony, the joy, of that moment, all through the long, lonely hours of this night. It was Big John himself who brought the doctor and cried like a child when they told him she was dying. His little crippled child she had loved and cared for, and it had died in her arms. "Aye, and that harm should have come to her, who was more good and innocent of wrong than the angels!" muttered Big

John, brokenly, as he went away softened and sorrowful. Jere Harman sent me out to tell the men that he had yielded, and in the

silence of death they went away. The strike is over. As I sit here in the gray dawn, waiting, fearing, dreading the coming of the merning and the news it may bring, I hear the clatter of hbrses' hoofs. It is a servant from the Hall riding to the village on some errand. "What news?" I call out hoarsely, and

learn that the worst is over and that she will live. Nellie Harman hovered between life and death for long weeks, and I worked as I had never worked before. Jere Harman left much of the management of the mill in my hands, and I put heart and brain in the work or I should have gone mad in those weeks with the longing to see her face. When she was wen again I spent many evenings at

the Hall, talking business with her

father, who came seldom to the office

in those days. He had broken in health with the recent troubles and had lost energy, but he was gentler and kinder than of old. Harry Desmond was always there. I was but a dull guest. I could not endure his light-heartedness, the triumph in his eyes, the happiness in his laugh. I could not endure that he should call

her by name or smile on her. I was a mad fool! I told Jere Harman that I must go away; that I must have rest, change-a vacation. Gordon, the young foreman, could take my place, I urged, and he seesented, though gradgingry.

The last evening I promised him to

spend at the hall and go over the accounts with him. Never had Nellie been brighter or gayer. I felt a vague pang that my going was so little to her It was early when Desmond left, and I immediately rose to go. Jere Harman grasped my hand cordially in fare-

and sadly. Suddenly I heard a light, flying step behind me as I reached the shadow of the trees.

well, and Nellie said simply "Good-

by," and I went down the path slowly

I stepped back in the darkness. She

stopped, as if listening, and then came toward me. "I thought I should overtake you," she whispered, slipping her arm through mine. "Did you think I could let you go away to-night without a last word?" There was something in her voice, a tenderness, that explained all. She had come out to meet her lover, Desmond, and mistaken me for him in the darkness. But to have her so near was very sweet. She seemed not to care for speech. She was very stilljust clasping my arm and leaning ever so gently against my shoulder. The temptation was great-1 was going away-just to take away with me the

memory of a moment's heaven! I kissed her. "Forgive me," I pleaded, desperately. "You thought me your lover, Desmond, and I was cruel, mad, to take that kiss.

Nellie, forgive me." "But I kissed you, Jack," she whispered. "And you won't go-oh, Jack! you won't go when I love you so.' Jack Spencer, gray-haired and forty, commonplace and poor-she loved him!

That is my romance.-M. A. Worswick, in Frank Lestie's Weekly. AMERICAN RELICS.

The Haskell Cabinet Presented to the

in the west of relics of the prehistoric

age in America-the Haskell cabinet-

has been presented by its owner to the

What is said to be the best collection

Milwankee Museum

Milwaukee public museum, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It contains six thousand specimens of every description known to archaeology, such as arrow heads, spear heads, tomahawks. hammer stones, corn grinders, slate idols, specimens of Aztalan brick, copper implements, wood pipes, shell implements, etc. There is also a large variety of knives, perforators and drills in the collection, together with porphyry and greenstone axes. Another ature is a group of one hundred and twenty-six celts and fleshers weighing from an ounce to seven pounds, of all known sizes and designs. These articles are made of silicious varieties (horn, stone, jasper, etc.) and have sharp edges. Many are polished entire, while others are in a rough state, being

two and three bundred, many of which

roughly chipped and sharpened at their cutting edges. A peculiar instrument found in the collection is a gouge, the apper part of which served as a handle, while in the lower part there is a concavity, giving it a scooplike appearance. It was used in the manufacture of wooden canoes and mortars, which were hollowed out by the assistance of fire. the master must hear us. Bring out The copper implements number between

were found in Wisconsin.

D. GANSMAN.

CARL RIVINIUS,



The second second Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.



ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. DU

Mountain House Policies written at short notice in the

Ebensourg, July 21, 1882.