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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893.

NUMBER 26

ELEVENTH AVENUE

VOLUME XXVII.

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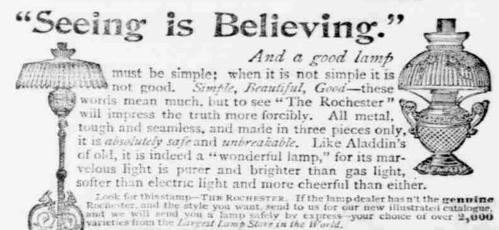
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To the transfer of the state of AVINC: HAIR CUTTING

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S well known Shaving Farlor is located on solve street, near the County Juli, has re-

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OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA" And other First Class Companies. T. W. DICK. POENT FOR THE OLD HARTFORD

1794.

Ebensburg July 21, 1882. FEES BROS.' Shaving Parlor,

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thy been handsomely reinrabled papered.

It is a the prettiest, nesteet and less shops in Main rices, near the post office where barbering it wars men who will give every attention to future. Everything nest and clean. FEES BROS.

GRANDMOTHER'S BALL DRESS. Touch it with dainty ringers, lift it with loving care: Shake out the soft folds gently, fearing the lace

Long has it siept forgotten-grandmother's aming of balls and weddings, dreaming her

Notice the flowers embroidered over the thin

Somebody's hands were tireless, somebody's Short in the waist-a hand's breadth yet it is

How many stopped to notice-grandfather, say, Grandfather does not answer, portraits can

Surely the dress remembers whether 'twas that Danced with the girl who wore it, whispered his

love and heard Just a faint breath in answer, wonderful little

Look, even now this whisper flutters the film of it in us the sequel tograndfather's earnest That is too much to ask it; what can a wee

dress know Save that a sweet girl wore it, once in the long Beac "al brown-haired maiden, plenty of beaux

Prying to win her favors, desperate when she Beautiful eyes that sparkled, heart that was That is the way it knew her, bound to her tall

Prithee, sweet Juliana, weren't you a little Under the lamps a-swinging, so many beaux in

ditting your dances bravely, smoothing your Knowing that it was pretty), even with beaux

Grandmother's grandchild wears it. Some one has asked a dance, He is an old bean's grandson, seeking the bean's After the chance is granted-ah, the old dress

Still of sweet Juliana, still of an old love

-Charles Robinson, in Rochester Post-Express.

MORAL: "DO NOT KISS."

That Is, Do Not Kiss Cooks Who Make Bread Puddings.

They had been talking of spiritual manifestations, haunted houses and other cheerful subjects—that is, three of them had been talking. The fourth man had smoked on steadily, his hands locked behind his head, staring into the Just for something to say one of the

party asked: "Well, Jack, what about you? Weren't you ever haunted?" The man they called Jack took his eigar from his mouth and, with his eyes still fixed on the fire, spake: "Yes, I was haunted once; haunted

by a woman with a bread pudding wrapped in a newspaper. I have never forgotten it. I will tell you this story because it has a moral and therein differs widely from the stories you have been telling. "To begin with, it was all the fault

of a kiss. In the days of his youth and the spring of his blood a man will kiss almost anything feminine if he gets the chance. When that sort of malady came upon me I was an under master n a large private school in the south of England. We had about sixty boys and a correspondingly large force of servants. Some of those servants were pretty and some weren't. Preeminent among those who were not was the cook. Looking back through the vista of years, I know that Cookie was homelier than a Chinese i.lol, but in those days the clixir Mephistopheles gave Fanst got into my blood sometimes, and on one of those occasions I kissed the cook. It was a chaste salute and Cookie evidently liked it. That kiss vas the beginning of many things, all of them unpleasant.

"Cookie was a good cook and the fare at that school was neither plentiful nor good. Besides a good healthy appetite I had in those days a great predilection for bread puddings. A bread pudding is something like fruit cake, only more doughy, and it touches the hungry spot better. Cookie was a great hand at those puddings and sometimes used to make me one for lunch, but after that kiss I never had to ask for lunch, for Cookie went to making bread puddings for me until I couldn't rest. I would find a cold, clammy bread pudding under my pillow when I went to bed and another would be nestling in the bureau drawer among my clean linen. Such a plethora of pudding would pall on my appetite and finally I got to firing the delicacies out of the window at the strolling cats and pugnacious sparrows. "V'ell, it came to pass one evening that Cookie looked upon the beer when it foamed in the pewter and came home hilarious. The next morning Cookie got 'fired,' and I was not as sorry as I might have been, because I forsaw a puddingless rest ahead, I bade Cookie a tender farewell and accepted a last bread pudding of giant proportions which I promptly fed to the

"You fellows know that in England the bartender's place is generally filled by a girl-mighty pretty girls some of them are, too. Somewhere near the bar is what, in notels, is called the bar parlor. This is reserved for the aristocrats and other salt of the earth. Down at the little seaside place I speak of there was a nice hotel called the Red Lion, with a cozy bar parlor presided over by the prettiest girl you ever saw. We called her Miss Dee. Whether it was the excellent quality of the brown brandy or the superior attractions of that barmaid I don't know, but a lot of us used to get in there in the evenings and sit around and smoke. I was in there one night with the usual crowd, and Miss Dee was dispensing smiles and hot drinks with impartiality when she was called to the outer bar. This was separated from the parlor by a screen. | air was blue about the ear for awhile, rather mystified look on her face, and, coming across to me, whispered: " "There's a person in the bar wants

"With more misgivings than I can remember I peeped around that screen. There, in the bar, radiant with smiles stood Cookie. Under her arm she carried something wrapped in a newspaper. I knew its shape only too well. My fate had followed me. It was another bread pudding.

"I went out because I felt that if I didn't Cookie would probably bring that cold, remorseless pudding in amongst a lot of ribald fellows, but it was bitterer than quinine to see how Miss Dee looked at me. Cookie was glad to see me; very glad. She said so. She

had felt that I should miss her and the] bread puddings of which I was so fond, so she had made me a nice one and brought it down. What could I do with the affectionate creature? I took that horrible, squashy, repulsive bundle and carried it home quietly and without ostentation. That pudding weighed eight pounds, but the load on my heart was greater than that, for I felt that that pudding was but the precursor of many.

And my fears proved true.

"There was another place in town where men were wont to congregate. It was a cigar store kept by three mighty pretty girls. One night I was sitting in there-I had forsaken the hotel for fear of another visit-when an unforgetable face was thrust through the open door and I knew that my time had come. I went out amid the audible comments of the fellows. It was another pudding and I had got to carry it home. I said some things which seemed pertirent, but they shocked Cookie. In my anxiety to get out of sight I dropped the parcel and the pudding burst into pieces. Cookie burst into tears. Then the boys came to the door of the cigar store and made remarks about 'Jack's mash.' That finished me,

"For a week I kept away both from the hotel and the eigar store. Then I went around to see Miss Dec. She didn't seem particularly glad to see me, but said she had something for me. It was a bread pudding three days old, and the grease had soaked through the news paper it was wrapped in. I carried it

"Needing consolation, I went down to the eigar store. There was another pudding waiting for me there and the girls were not a bit cordial about it either. I permanently forsook those two places. Then Cookie really rose to the occasion and I honestly believed she hired a baker's oven and made thore puddings in batches, for she filled the town with them. She managed it so that wherever I went I found a bread pudding. She sent them by boys to the house and she left them at nearly every store in the town. By and by the tradespeople, wishing to be obliging, got to sending those parcels up to the house. That broke my spirit. I had lost all my friends; I was haunted by bread puddings all day, and at night I dreamed of them. Finally I decided that there wasn't room in the town for both me and the puddings, so I got out quietly, intending to go to London. I had to wait for my train and went into the lunch-room to get a sandwich. My satchel, with a label on it, rested on the counter. One of the waitresses looked at the label and then said, brightly:

"'O, I've got a package here for you; a woman left it two days ago.' Then she handed out something wrapped in a newspaper.

"I thanked her-strictly in wordsand I took that greasy pudding and walked sadly out. "That night I went to France."-Chicago Tribune.

It is probable that no other important ceremony has been performed in so great a variety of ways as the marriage service. Every country and every sect has its own particular form, not to men tion the widely differing formulas employed by civilians authorized to marry couples. A well-known justice of the peace in a western state when embarrassed is apt to stammer badly; he therefore prudently carries a copy of the marriage service, so that he may always have it on hand in case of emergency. On one occasion, however, he was unexpectedly called upon while spending the day in a town some distance from his home. Adjusting his spectacles, he felt first in one pocket and then in another for his invaluable little book. His search was in vain, and at last, with beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead, he exclaimed: "No-m-matter! I hereb by de-declare you m-man and wi-wife, accordin' to the m-memorandum left in m-my other t-trousers p-pocket!" It is doubtful whether the bride and groom considered this much of a ceremony, but they made the best of it.-Youth's Com-

A FUNNY MISTAKE.

Why the Train Men Enjoyed a Tomale

Sapper. The sending of a telegram is, apparently, a very simple matter, but occasionally an evil spirit gets into the wires, and perverts the original message into a shape which causes wrath to the sender and much mirth to the lookeron, says the San Francisco News Letter. A case in point occurred a few days ago. The telegraph operator of an engineering and construction party. at work near Hartford, telegraphed to a friend of his in that town to send him a couple of lamp shades, and, being on intimate terms with the family, added his best regards to "Mollie," the friend's wife. In the cipher used on the line, "my best regards" is indicated by the words "seventy-three." The message when sent read: "Send me two lamp shades by evening train, and seventy-three to Mollie," When the dispatch was received it read: "Send me two lamp shades by evening train, and seventy-three tomales." The receiver read and re-read the message, almost doubting the evidence of his own eyes, but "seventy-three tomales" was there plain enough, and the thing was to get the required number. The resources of Hanford in the tomale line were taxed to their utmost, and that evening the brakeman carried two large boxes to the telegraph car, dropped them on the floor, and handed the astonished operator a note: "Dear X: What the do you want with seventy-three tomales? I send you forty-five, all I could get. Have had two women making them all day. Will send the rest to-morrow. Bill is seven dollars." The Pretty soon Miss Dee came back with a but the trainmen had a tomale supper Now the operator has his messages repeated if he thinks there's the slightest

JEWELRY FADS.

chance of their being misconstruct.

JEWELBY done in enamel and precious stones is quite the fancy of the

OLD-FASHIONED rings, with precious stones in straight lines over the top, are much liked. A NOVEL stick-pin shows a bow of ribbon in enamel with a pendant con-

taining a fine diamond. New stick-pins are in four-leavedclover shape, a wreath of forget-menots, a spray of lily of the valley or a twig of mistletoe.

THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

How He Secured Assistance for His Dying Mother.

On the outskirts of a great city in Germany there lived a poor widow and her little son. Mrs. Aurlich earned a seant livelihood with her needle, and little Berthold made himself useful by gathering wood, running errands and working in their small garden during the summer. The warm weather was a pleasant season, but in the winter when work was scarce they were often hun-

But Berthold was not unhappy; he lived in an ideal world, a heaven of harmony. For him all nature was an orchestra; he heard music in the whisperings of the great pines in the forest behind his cottage home, in the evening zephyrs, in the tinkling streams, in the chiming of the church bells in the village near by. At night a mighty chorus of unseen minstrels fulled him to sleep.

Mrs. Aurlich's health began to fail and she was finally obliged to give up the little work she already had. One day when Berthold was absent in the forest gathering wood he was detained until quite late. He hurried home, and as he approached the cottage he saw that there was no light shining from the window.

With an anxious heart he hurried into the house and called his mother, but received no reply. He groped his way across the room through the darkness and stumbled over her, where she lay unconscious on the cold floor.

Very much alarmed, the lad knelt down and chafed her hands and sprinkled some water on her face. After awhile Mrs. Aurlich opened her eyes and, assisted by Berthold, managed to reach the bed, and for several days the

lad was her only nurse. The poor woman did not seem to improve. She needed some nourishing food and medicine, but these cannot be obtained without money. Berthold begged her to allow him to go into the village and borrow some money from a relative residing there, but this she would not consent to; she was very proud, and the relations between herself and her relatives had not been very ordial since she had become poor. It was a very cold day; the sky was dark and threatening, and Berthold heaped the little fireplace with wood, but the heat all went up the chimney

and the kouse was very cold. He had only a crust of black bread for his breakfast; the last of t' loaf was nearly gone and he had the last grain of chicory coffee in' to make a cup for his moth was no milk or sugar for it and when the mixture was hot he went over to the bed.

"Dear mother!" he whispered, softly, She lay very still, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over her breast. She looked like the picture of a dead saint he had seen in the art gallery of the city which he had once visited with his father. The sick woman opened her eyes, and, smiling, began to caress his

"Will you have some coffee, mother?" To please him she assented, but when he brought it to her she could not drink it; her stomach was too weak to retain "Let it rest on the table," she whis-

pered; "it is too hot. I will drink it by The tears came to the boy's eyes, for he knew that the mixture was too

strong for her and that she needed some light and nourishing food. He tucked the clothes about her and smoothed the pillow. His mother thanked him with a smile and kissed him tenderly. "You are a good boy," she whispered.

The lad went to replenish the fire. and when this was done he saw that his mother was asleep. There was a deep flush on her face and her fingers were working nervously. Berthold sat on a low stool before the fire in deep thought for some time: sud-

dealy he arose and went over to a little cupboard. He took from it something covered with an old coat; this he unrolled and disclosed a violin, small and yellow with age. He examined the strings earefully, and then placed it at his shoulder and

drew the back of the bow noiselessly across the strings. Suddenly he heard a low tap at the door, and without waiting to lay aside the instrument he went and opened the door. "Good morning, Gretchen!" he ex-

claimed; "come in and shut the door softly. My mother is asleep." Gretchen, the daughter of their nearest neighbor, entered the cottage. She was about the same age as Berthold; her eyes were blue as the skies and her

hair yellow as gold. In her hands she carried something wrapped up in a "What have you there?" "Mother sent over a bowl of rabbit soup," replied the girl, "and she said I

might stay over here all day and clean 'She is very good," said Berthold; "I am afraid my mother is going to die!" Now, the lad was a manly little fellow, but he loved his mother very much, and he felt so miserable that he sat

down on the stool and began to sob. "Dear Berthold," cried Gretchen, "do not cry. The good God will spare your mother, I am sure. Do not let her see you grieving, for that will only distress "You are right," said the lad, rising

from the stool and brushing away the tears from his face. "Now, Gretchen, I am going to ask a favor of you." "Yes," said the lad, "it is this: I am

going away for a few hours, and I want you to stay with my mother until I return." "But where are you going?"

"Do not ask me, please. Will you stay here until I return?" "Why, of course; but-" "Thank you, dear Gretchen," and Berthold wrapped the violin up in the

old cloth and then put on his thick

jacket and fur cap. "When my mother wakes up tell her that I am out in the forest and that you expect me home very soon. It may be late before I get home, and I will stop at your house now and tell them that you will remain with us until to-mor-

The lad went over to his mother, but he was afraid to kiss her, as it might awaken her. He barely touched his lips to her hair, and then, after giving Gretchen a few directions about the fire, he hurried out, softly closing the door

He looked back once or twice and he could see the girl's fair face in the win-

dow watching him. He waved his hand to her and hurried on. He stopped at the farmhouse where Gretchen lived and begged her parents to permit her to stay with his mother until morning. They were kind-hearted people and

able. After thanking them he set out on his journey. A windstorm raged violently, so that the lad could scarcely see his way, and the drifts of snow were often far above his waist. On either hand the fields stretched white with snow; the pine and fir trees which skirted the road presented curious and fantastic forms,

consented; they insisted on his drinking

a bowl of milk, which was very accept-

and the bushes were like goblins with white sheets around them. It was already quite dark when be reached the great city, although the hour was early. At first the lad was fairly bewildered with the unaccustomed noise and bustle, the crowds of people and the thousands of brilliant lights which he had never seen before. But in order to carry out his plans successfully and reach home that night Berthold knew that he had no time to

He selected a place near a public square and took the cloth from the With trembling fingers he violin. tightened and tuned the strings and then began to play.

In a very short time a crowd gathered around him, but he did not mind them in the least and played on. Two men, tall and distinguished, attracted by the sight, stopped to listen.

'What have we here, Hans?" said

"A wandering minstrel, Ole. Let us go nearer and have a peep." They crossed over the street and pushed their way through the crowd. The stranger called Ole went over to the lad, and smiling down upon him asked him where he lived and why he was out so late.

In a few words the lad told the gentlemen his simple but touching story. The tall stranger stooped and took the lad up in his arms and kissed him. "You must come with me," he said, and his face and voice were so kind that

Berthold was not at all alarmed The two men spoke rapidly in a strange language and halted before a magnificent palace brilliant with many lights. They entered, the tallest still bearing Berthold in his arms.

They passed through an elegant corridor with wonderful pictures and thousands of lights until they came to the door of a chamber at the end. The stranger put the lad down and brushed his bair a little.

"Fear nothing." he whispered: "remember we are your triends." They entered a magnificent apartment which was crowded with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. One of the company, anold, white-baired man, came forward to welcome them; the tall stranger whispered something, and

gestures that he was the subject of their conversation, and that the ole gentleman seemed to be very much amused. He came over to the lad and pinched his check. The lad noticed that his breast was covered with ribbons and stars, and he knew he must be some great prince. After a few minutes' con-

Berthold could see by their looks and

ompany, and in a strange language began to address them. At this everyone became silent and the lad saw that all eyes were upon him. When the prince had ceased the tall stranger, Berthold's friend, stooped

versation he turned to the assembled

and whispered to him. "Now, my lad, do not be afraid," he said, kindly, "play your best." Berthold raised his violin to his neck and began to play a little song that he had composed himself. It was very simple, but sweet and touching, and thrilled every heart. When he had finished the whole company applauded, and the

prince bade him play again. After the applause had subsided the tall stranger stooped and kissed the lad, and then took the violin into his own hands, and, wonderful to relate. played Berthold's composition with variations; never was heard such ravishing sounds, and the delighted company applanded loudly.

But suddenly the lad thought of his sick mother at home and the tears came to his eyes. His tall friend no ticed this, and when he questioned him the lad told him his thoughts and begged to be allowed to return home, as his

mother might be anxious. The two strangers bade the company farewell, and Berthold bowed very low. At the door of the palace a splendid sleigh was waiting and the lad explained to the driver where to go, and the city was soon left far behind

When they arrived at the cottage the lad descended first and opened the door very softly. His mother was awake and Gretchen was sitting beside her; she sprang up with a glad cry when she saw Berthold.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" said his mother, kissing him; "and who are these gentlemen?" "We are his friends, madam," said the one who had played the violin. "We have come to help you."

They had a long and earnest conversation with the sick woman and promised to return again on the morrow; on the table they left a letter, and when they had taken their departure the sick woman opened it and found two large banknotes. The letter begged her to accept the money and promised to give Berthold opportunities to educate his musical talents in the future, and the signatures at the bottom were those of 'Ole Bull" and "Hans Christian Andersen." - Henry Coyle, in the Dolls' Dressmaker.

Many amusing things occur in the an-

nual town meetings in the smaller towns of New England, but the scramble for minor offices sometimes results in bitter hostilities. At the last town meeting in a small town in Rockingham county, in New Hampshire, the chief contest of the day was for the office of hearse driver. There were two candidates for the office the friends of each of whom made a canvass of the town for two weeks before, and the successful candidate won by just one vote. The most amusing part of the thing is that in the town there is an average of but six deaths a year, and the hearse driver's pay is fixed at one dollar per funeral. The two candidates

do not speak to each other now.

"AS DARBY SAYS TO JOAN."

Well now, the sun's a power o' heat!

The sap's a-running strong— I stopped in with the boys a bit There, as I come along; The cowslip swamp was budded thick With now and shen one blown-

As Darby says to Joan. " We'll have the cattle out to grass Come Pass-day, I'll be bound;

Hear how the creeters stamp and low Soon as they smell the ground It's time to rake the garden off And set a bonfire goin':

Plan out the beds to suit ve. wife"-As Darby says to Joan

" It seems with while, a day like this, Jes' to ha' wintered thru: I feel the sun clear to my soul. Old as I be. I do:

Mebby it would look awk'ard-like To get to licaven alone: I'd full as lives stay on a spell"-As Darby says to Joan.

"You ain't forgot the old side porch, Back whar the grapevine bung! They think folks didn't court and kiss Wher me and you was young!

Jes' such another likely day The parson made us one As, hitching up his chair a bit, Darby says to Joan.

-Dora Read Goodale, in N. Y. Independent.

A WATERLOO VETERAN. He Was Proud of His Medal and His Son.

How fate drifted the old veteran into our little Canadian Lake Erie village I never new. Drifted him? No; he ever marched as if under the orders of his commander. Tall, thin, white-haired, close-shaven and always in kneebreeches and long stockings, he was an antique and martial figure. "Fresh whitefish," was his cry, which he delivered as if calling all the village to fall in for drill.

So impressive was his demeanor that he dignified his occupation. For years after he disappeared, the peddling of whitefish by horse and cart was regarded in that district as highly respectable. It was a glorious trade when old John Locks held the steelyards and served out the glittering fish with an air of distributing ammunition for a long day's combat.

noticed on the first day saw him how he tapped his left breast with a proud gesture when he had done with a lot of customers and was about to march again at the head of his horse. That restored him from trade to his soldiership-he had saluted his Waterloo

There, beneath his threadbare old blue coat, it lay, always felt by the heart of the hero. "Why doesn't he wear it outside?" I once asked.

"He used to," said my father, "till

Hiram Scudder, the druggist, asked him 'what he'd take for the bit of pew-"What did old John say, sir" " Take for the bit of pewter!' said he, looking hard at Scudder with scorn!

Tve took better men's lives nor ever yours was for to get it, and I'd sell my wn for it as quick as ever I offered it " 'More fool you,' said Scudder. " 'You're nowt, said old John, very calm and cool, 'you're nowt but walk-

ing dirt.' From that day forth he would

never sell Scudder a fish; he wouldn't touch his money," It raust have been late in 1854 or early in 1855 that I first saw the medal. Going home from school on a bright winter afternoon I met old John walk ing very erect, without his usual fish supply. A dull, round white spot was clasped on the left breast of his cost. "Mr. Locke," said the small boy, staring with admiration, 'is that your

glorious Waterloo medal?" "You're a good little lad!" He stooped to let me see the noble

pewter. "War's declared against Rooshia," went on the old man, "and now's right to show it. The old regiment's sailed, and my only son is with the colors." Then he took me by the hand and led me into the village store, where the lawyer read aloud the news from the paper that the old veteran gave him. In those days there was no railway within

later paper than any previously received "Ay, but the duke is gone," said he, shaking his white head, "and it's curious to be fighting on the same side with an

fifty miles of us. It had chanced that

some fisherman brought old John a

other Boney." All that winter and the next, all the long summer between, old John displayed his medal. When the report of Alma came his remarks on the French failure to get into the fight were severe. "What was they ever without Boney?"

he would inquire. But a letter from his son after Inkerman changed all that. "Half of us was killed, and the rest of us clean tired with fighting," wrote Corporal Locke, "What with a bullet through the flesh of my right leg and the fatigue of using the bayonet so long, I was like to drop.

"The Russians were coming on again as if there was no end to them, when strange drams came sounding in the mist behind us. With that we closed up and faced half-round, thinking they had outflanked us and the day was gone, so there was nothing more to do but make out to die hard, like the sons of Waterloo men. You would have been pleased to see the looks of what

was left of the old regiment, father. "Then all of a sudden a French column came up the rise out of the mist, roaring 'Vivel'Empereur!' their drums beating the charge. We gave them room, for we were too dead tired to go first. On they went like mad at the Russians, so that was the end of a hard morning's work. I was down, fainted with loss of blood, but I will soon be fit for duty again. When I came to myself there was a Frenchma pouring brandy down my throat and talking in his gibberish as kind as any Christian. Never a word will I say agin them red-legged French again. "Show me the man that would,"

growled old John. "It was never in them French to act cowardly. Didn't they beat all the world, except us and the duke?" With the ending of the Crimcan our village was illuminated. Rows tallow candles in every window, fire-

head in full regimentals, straight as a ramrod, the hero of the night. His son had been promoted for bravery on the field, thought the old army of Wellington

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aerial drums pealed and beat with rejoicing at the new glory of Englishspeaking men. After that the old man again wore his medal concealed. The Chinese war of 1857 was too contemptible to cele-

kept ghostly step with John Locke, while

brate by displaying his badge of Water-Then came the dreadful tale of the Sepoy mutiny-Meernt, Delhi, Cawnpore! After the tale of Nana Sahib's massaere was read to old John he never

smiled, I think. Week after week, month after month, as hideons tidings poured rapidly in, his face became more haggard, gray and dreadful. The feeling that he was too old for use seemed to shame him. He no longer carried his head high as of vore. That his son was not marching behind Havelock with the avenging army seemed to cut the veteran sorely. Sergt. Locke had sailed with the old regiment to join Outram in

Persia before the Sepoys broke loose. "I'm feared something's gone wrong with my heart." Months went by before we learned that the troops for Persia had been stopped on their way and thrown into India against the mutineers. At that news old John marched into the village with a prouder air than he had worn for many days. His medal was again displayed on his breast.

It was but the next month, I think,

that the village lawyer stood reading aloud the account of a great Sepoy fort. The veteran entered the post office and all made way for him. The reading "The blowing open of the gate was the grandest personal e

of the attack. It was perform native sappers covered by the the Sixtieth regiment and hea Lieuts. Howe and Salkeld, Smith, Carmichael, Burgess and Locke. The lawyer paused. Every eye turned to the face of the old Waterloo soldier.

threw out his chest, tapped the glorious medal and so saluted the names of the "God be praised, my son was there!" he said. "Read on." "Sergt. Carmichael, while laying the powder, was killed, and the native havildar wounded. The powder having

been laid, the advance party slipped

He straightened up to keener attention,

down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieut, Salkeld, to do its "While trying to fire the charge he was shot through one leg and arm. He sank, but handed the match to Sergt. Burgess, who was at once shot dead. Sergt. Locke, already wounded severely in the shoulder, then seized the match and succeeded in firing the train.

"Read on," said old John, in a deeper voice. All forbore to look twice upon his face.

"Others of the party were falling

when the mighty gate was blown to

fragments, and the Oxford light in-

He fell at that moment, literally riddled

fantry, under Col. Campbell, rushed into the breach." There was a long silence in the post office till old John spoke once more. "The Lord God be thanked for all His dealings with us. My son, Sergt. Locke, died well for England."

breast, the old soldier wheeled about and marched proudly straight down the middle of the village street to his lone y cabin. The villagers never saw him in life again. Next day he did not appear. All refrained from intruding on his mourning. But in the evening, when

Nervously fingering the medal on his

the rector heard of his parishioner's loss, he walked to old John's home. There, stretched upon his straw bed, he lay in his antique regimentals, stiller than at attention, all his medals fastened below that of Waterloo above

his quiet neart. His right hand lay on an open Bible His face were an expression of looking forever and ever upon Sergt. Locke and the Great Commander who takes back unto Him the heroes He fashions 'o sweeten the world .- Toronto Mail

An old lady traveling on the underground and finding that the train was approaching a station addressed herself to a man sitting in the farther corner of the compartment, her only fellow passenger, and said:

She Got Out Backwards.

next station?" "Bayswater, madam," was the cour teous reply. "Then would you mind, sir, when we

"With pleasure," was the cordial as-"You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years, and I have to get out slowly, and backwards; and when the porter sees me getting out he shouts: 'Look alive, ma'am!' and gives me a push in from behind-and I've been round the circle twice already."-

Land and Water. PERSONAL MENTION.

MRS. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL receives almost as many letters as her husband. and most of the letters inclose religious

JOHN REA, the only survivor of the original Christy's minstrels, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth at his home in North Paterson, N. J.,

MRS. SARAH HAWN, the mother of seventeen children, died recently at Oakland, Ill., at the age of one hundred and five. At the time of his death, a few years ago, her husband had attained his ninety-seventh year. Mrs. Jennie Northern, of Princeton, Ky., failed to catch the measles when she was young, had an attack of that disease at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years and died a few days ago. She lived with her

Before Kings, Yes: Ladies, No. A neat example of the royal retort

the king's visit to Dublin in 1821. At a court held there Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of remaining covered before the sovereign. George IV., whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer said to him: "My lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your king, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies."

daughter, who is ninety years old and is now left an orphan.

courteous was that on the occasion of works in a vacant field and a torchlight procession! Old John marched at its

"Would you tell me, sir, what is the arrive, opening the door and helping me to get out?"