terrenteed Circulation, + - - 1,200

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

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

NUMBER 29.

VOLUME XXVII.

CARL RIVINIUS. ---PRACTICAL--

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

---AND DEALER IN-

USH DE WELL IN

THE SHAPE WHEN THE WAY

and the second second

Watches, Clocks -JEWELRY,-

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

Silverware, Musical Instruments

Optical Goods.

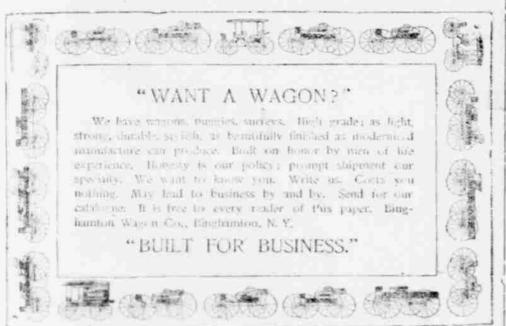
Sole Agent Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches. In Key and Stem Winders.

DARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand. 1.85" My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed

ome and see for yourself before purchas no el-where. ALL WORK GUARANTEED _6-1 CARL RIVINIUS.

E -- naburg, Nov. 11, 1885--- tf.



"Seeing is Believing."

must be simple; when it is not simple it is Resultiful, Good—these alling sale not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good-these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester"
will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal,
tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either. Look for this stamp-Title Roccountries. If the lamp dealer hasn't the gennine

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City. 温、攀 "The Rochester."

Elus Cream Balma
THE FOR ARRIVATE

OURE

HAY-FEVER

COLD IN HEAD



50C ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50C

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MIG. 198 ald to consumery for 20 sears, No. 119 Road Wagon No. 41. Wagon, \$43, 4144 W.B.PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Mountain House

Hun23-95

OLD RELIABLE ' ÆTNA" And other First Class Companies.

POENT FOR THE OLD HARTFORD

1794.

FEES BROS.

Main Street, Near Post Office we. The undersigned desires to inform the pub-

CANCER See turners CURED no know counted to

Meet to mingle so that sleep's deft oplate Who can teil when waking pushes past the por-Past the portais whence its potency begins?

BUUNDANT LINES

Who can tell when sleep and waking meet to

Just the moment for the breaking Of the spell between our waking And our sleep, who can tell? Just the moment for the breaking of the first yet fragile spell, Who can tell?

Who can tell when girl and woman meet to Meet to mingle so that woman wins the day? Who can tell when woman wanders past the Past the portals whence outsweeps her witch-

Ing isway? Just the moment for assuming That the flower at last is blooming From its bud, who can tell? Just the moment that bids girlhood from its bondage first rebel.

Who can tell when love and languer meet to mingle.

Meet to mingle so that love may win the soul? Who can tell when love goes proudly past the Past the portals whence its radiant realms

Just the moment of surrender To that new large life of splendor And surprise, who can tell? Just the moment that would make of earth s

Heaven if it were hell. Who can tell?
—Edgar Fawcett, in Once a Week.

IN THE CITY HOSPITALS.

Pathetic Scenes in These Grand Asylums for Broken Lives.

"It'll be such a change from the hospital to Heaven. I don't complain. The leddies is good to me, but please God I want to go home." Poor old dame; she had uttered a

poem. Her withered face holds the secrets of the long day's march which is just about to end. You pass on through the long room, with its shiny floor and rows of iron

bedsteads, with the little altar away at the upper end, and here and there a white face upon the pillow. Here comes a little old woman cour tesying and smiling. She has a newspaper in her hand, holding it close to

her bosom, and is evidently anxious to tell us something. See here, leddies read this!" opened the paper and directed our attention to a notice. It was a simple notice saying that information was wanted of John Ragan, and that he might hear of his mother by applying

to St. Mary's hospital. It had cost some friend a trifle to put this in the evening paper, and the printer had set it up between a notice of an indignant husband who warned the public not to trust his wife, and one from a gay world's man who wanted the blonde lady he had met somewhere to send him her address.

Into this personal column of tragedies and comedies went the mother's inquiry for her lost son. "There it is," said she, "all in black and white. He can't miss it, and he'll

be sure to come, my John, and he'll find me a-waitin'." Yes, there it was, indeed, in black and white-say, rather, in letters of gold, so bright that they kept hope warm in that forlorn old heart over which she

carefully folded that worn copy of the Evening Star. It had been published more than a year, yet her faith that John would come was not made of such flimsy stuff as wears out in a few months or years. When she goes to bed at night she is

are he will be here on the morrow. Thus she keeps the love lamp burnng in the window of her soul. "John will surely see it." Her eyes are bright and restless and she cannot be induced to leave the place for an hour, for John might come and she must be there to

It is a large and comfortable building overlooking the broad blue lake, but we remember that it is a hospital, a place consecrated to pain and suffering. Many of the inmates are but fragments of mortals, humanity's mutilated coin, and will never circulate again in the world's exchange. As I looked along the line of withered faces and thought of broken, storm-tossed lives my heart ached and yet gave thanks that some were found to make the sacrifice-some good women of whatsoever sect or creed-who were willing to pour their rich, abundant personality into so many empty lives.

I asked one old man if he had any relatives living. "No," said he, "I am only meself, with no relatives but me neighbors." The Germans and Norwegians never

joke, but the Irish, even in pain and poverty, never lose their native wit. One summer morning, some ladies of the flower mission went about the hospital offering bouquets to the sick. which the men, as a general thing, re-

"Why did you not take the flowers?" inquired the sister. What do them fine leddles want to sell flowers to us fellers for?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, they did not want to sell them but give them to you," explained the

Then," said the old sailor, "if they want to give us somethin' why don't they bring a bit of tobaccy?" "Indeed," said another, "or a drop o whisky. We won't refuse that, an' it'd

be more appropriate like." Withal, they are most respectful to the nurses, whose influence over them is great. You have heard of the order and cleanliness which prevail in these institutions-the white beds and clean floors and discipline and sacrifice. The most curious and interesting thing is the life of the inmates.

The most of them have walked in crooked paths, contending with misfortune, their lives either pale with want or discolored by passion. It is not always easy to discipline so many undisciplined lives, with long habits crystallized in soul and body. The crabbedness of old age and pain, the love of a bit of neighborhood gossip, and no one to scold or complain of, which is indeed no slight privation.

Bernardo de St. Pierre says: "Among all the unfortunates I have tried to bring back to nature. I have not found one who was not intoxicated with his own misery."

The earwatid bears burdens, and, even when the load is lifted, its wings are still stretched to the tension to which the habit of burden-bearing has accus-

CANCER and training by an agree the Cooper of the printing by an agree of the printing by the print their faces, the light in whose eyes is

THE OLD WOOD STOVE. We found an old sailor upon his back in a little rear room which he had christened the "fo'cassel," because it re-

minded him of that part of the ship. He is a foreigner, shipwrecked far from home, and, like Enoch Arden, waiting

for "a sail." It is almost within hail, to bear him out over the wide ocean of eternity. One old woman has friends who want her to go east and live with them, but she will not, because her family are buried in this place and she wants to rest beside them. She has saved a few dollars for a tombstone, and wanted it elaborately carved in verse, but has consented to have some-

her virtues. Another old German woman is waiting for a legacy. She has land somewhere, which she expects will be sold. When she gets the money from this 'terra incognita" she is going home to the fatherland. The nurse said her thoughts were always wandering away to this one object, like carrier doves which had learned the way to a favorite

that of retrospection.

While the old people who keep alive some forlorn hope in their souls are pitiable, yet those who are without this spark seem more so. They are dead to all but a physical existence.

That old man who lies so still, taking no notice, was a baby on his mother's knee more than a century ago. 1 wonder if his mind, which seems asleep now, holds the pictures of the past, of the round of years during which nations have marched to liberty and marked off a century of progress.

Does he remember how steam and electricity have flashed the world onward? How labor has been lightened by invention and genius has outdone the fairy lore of his far-off childhood? Alas! with all this there is poverty and pain, which no invention of genius has ever been able to make easy or

In a room full of old ladies one was reading a prayer, to which all the others responded. They kept their religion and its ceremonies closely inter-

woven with their lives. We remember how men in all ages of the world, in critical moments, have sought the advice of old women. The sibyls and seers, who are not all dead yet, either gave them, advice out of the wisdom of their experience, or humored the superstition of philosophers up to the top of its bent. What bits of experience you could

piece together in your crazy quilt of life.

my withered dames, in your little black caps! Once in awhile we detect a light in your eyes which tells that the dreams are not all over yet. We are glad you are comfortable in your warm flannel, and for the most of

you the heart has also put on its winter lothing, swathed itself, so to speak, in flannel-all the loves and hopes and ambitions wrapped within, caring only for a bit of warmth and comfort. Some have fought hard battles with life and been defeated, and have extracted the bitterness out of it, instead

The uses we make of adversity are trangely pictured in the face. Usually they leave deep shadows. Sometimes

God puts in the high lights. Many of these old people are crooked sticks, not easy to bind into bundles. But in time they all learn to obey the rules which have been adopted with great care for the good of the majority. While these institutions are among

the fairest monuments raised to a Christian civilization, without which we shudder to think that many of our aged poor would be houseless and comfortless, yet in contrast to these we place another picture, "the ineffable, eternal aristocracy of home." The dear old grandsire sits by the fire, and is still consulted for his wisdom and experience. The grand-dame, domestic, and cheerful and cozy as the family teakettle which sings upon the hearth. Surrounded by their descendants, with still a tender interest in the things around them and a blessed hope for the

things beyond. Love and happiness do make such a difference in life. Whatever is lost or won, love is the only thing worth garnering for the winter of time, and how thirsty every soul is for a draught of

affection. A basket of fruit was brought on a Christmas morning to one of the old gratitude was quite affecting.

women sick in the hospital. Hersimple "Though I don't want for nothin' at all," she said, "yet it makes the heart warm to know that some one thinks o' me lyin' here." She might have

" Like some poor Arab, old and blind, The caravans have left behind -Lizzie York Case, in Detroit Free Press

Pleasures of Life to India-A band of poisoners is believed to be at work on the railways in the Northwest Provinces, says a Rombay paper. There have been during the past few months a large number of deaths in carriages among the native third-class passengers traveling on the East Indian. raijvay. The bodies are handed over by the milway authorities to the police. who dispose of them as expeditiously as possible. In most cases there is little or no property found on the bodies, not even railway tickets, and generally they are found in an empty carriage. These facts do not appear to have awakened the suspicions of the police, or perhaps they have recognized their incompetence to prevent or detect such erimes. As, however, the native passengers contribute over ninety per cent. of conching receipts, it is high time some efforts were made to afford them protection for their life and property.

An Ocean Traveler's Plaint. In most modern ships everything seems sacrificed to big social hallssmoking and music rooms, huge sacabin one can barely swing a kitten in, and, worst of all, there is, in most ships, not a place to put away a thing. Imagine the discomfort on a voyage to Australia, of having to drag out one's trunk every time one wants a handkerchief or change of clothes. The Messageries Maratimes and the New North German Lloyd boats supply wardrobe, cupboard and drawers in large airy cabins. In the English boats we are going backward, says London Truth, the older boats of our leading companies having better cabin accommodation than the new. We are a long-sufible the public stand this unnecessary | woodhouse?" discomfort.

By Selling It Mrs. kalston Got a Son-in-Law.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!"

It was no sound of sheep-bells on the Apennines, no chiming of the Angelus at twilight across empurpled vineyards and Pontine marshes, yet it had a cheery echo under the white-blossomed elderbushes and close to the old farm, ven though it was only a string of bells stretched across a wagon and agitated by the jog-jog of an ancient white horse, that was as blind as the little god of love, while a shrewd old thing simple, setting forth her age and man trudged beside him, guiding his levious way. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle"

> "Anything in my line to-day, squire?" asked Moses Minton, checking his march as he caught sight of Mr. Ralston gathering the early apricots from the sunny side of the wall. "Git out!" was the terse reply.

"Rags?" snavely added Moses, stretching his neck to look at the red-checked beauties whose subtle fragrance filled the air. "Bottles? Old iron? Noospa-"Git out, I say!" growled Ralston,

never once glancing up from his occu pation. "I hain't no time to bother." "No offense, I hope?" said the indomitably cheerful itinerant. "I seen an old wood stove in the shed as I came

"Welt, and if you did, what business was it of yours?" retorted Ralston. "Wal, none, not if you look at it that ar' way," said Moses. "But if so be as we could drive a trade-" "We can't then, and there's an end

on't," answered Ralston. And after one or two seconds' further waiting, Moses Minton chirruped to Old Gray, and once more the bells langled merrily on the air indicative of

"Strange how persistent them miserable creetures is," thought Farmer Ra ston.

"Strange how crabbed Simeon Ral ston gets, as he gets older," meditated Moses. "If that ar's what money brings with it, I, for one, don't want to be rich! Get up, Old Gray." Farther down the lane, however,

where the ripening blackberries bung their knobs of jet on every bough and spray and the sound of a little brook omewhere in the distance made a dreamy gurgling, Moses Minton came across Mrs. Ralston, a fat, comfortable old dame, as unlike her husband as the motherly barn-door hen is unlike the gaunt, high-shouldered game-cock. "Well, I declare," said Mrs. Ralston,

'if I wasn't jest a-thinking about you, Mose Minton! "Was you, though?" chuckled the old man. "Anything in my line to-day? Who-oa, Gray! I sw'ar to goodness" as the old horse contentedly buried his nose in a green bank) "that there critter couldn't find out where the clover lumps grow no better, not if he had forty pair of eyes, inste'd o' being stun-

"Me and Comfort, we was a-sayin'," contentedly purred on Mrs. Raiston, who was in full pursuit of a flock of emon-yellow ducklings who were evading her guardianship in every direction, that you hadn't been along in quite a spell. And the bag of mixed rags is quite full, and there's a lot of old numbers of the Missionary Review, and-But don't speak so loud. I kind o'don't want father to hear, he's so mortal set ag'in' partin' with anything. It's kind second nature to him to hoard up things; and as he gets further on in years he's more set in his ways than ever. Jest you come round the back door. He's out and Comfort is out, and now's a first-rate chance to get rid of the old wood-stove as has been rustin'

in the shed for a hull year." Moses Minton's eyes twinkled. It was not the first time he had become an accessory to just such harmless domestic plots as this.

"I'm at your orders, mum," said he. 'And prices warn't never better for you nor wuss for me. Half a cent a pound what we're a-givin' for old iron now." "Tain't much," said Mrs. Ralston.

"It's better than nothing," argued Moses. "And really, now, ain't it wuth that to get a lot of old truck out of the

"Well, I dunno but what you're right," said Mrs. Ralston. And while Mr. Ralston was yet culling out the ripest and deepest-colored of the apricots for an especial order for a dinner party at Dr. Jessup's on the hill, old Moses loaded up his cart, with the rusty wood-stove in the center of the bags of rags and bundles of old newspapers and drove away, jingling his bells through the purple twilight, to the infinite disgust of the gray horse who knew an Eden of clover and daisies

when he found it and was correspondingly reluctant to leave it. Presently Comfort Ralston came in; a tall, rosy girl with limpid brown eyes and luxuriant auburn locks pushed off her fair, freekled brow.

"Am I late, mother?" said she. "But they kept me longer than I expected." "La, child, no," Mrs. Ralston responded. "I hain't but jest hung the kittle over. I'm sort o' behindhand tonight. Old Mose Minton has been here, but don't, for goodness' sake, tell your father! And I've sold the rags and all them old papers and the wood stove out in the shed." "Mother! The wood stove?"

"I got forty-five cents for it," said Mrs. Ralston. "And it wasn't no use to us, all rusting away there." "Has be gone, mother?" "Your father? Why, no, he's busy

with them apricots out by the orchard wall for-" "No, I don't mean father, I mean

Moses Minton! Has he gone?" "More than half an hour ago," said Mrs. Ralston, scooping the tea out of a loons, etc. The modern sleeping little japanned tea-caddy with leisurely Comfort turned red, then white. She

made a step toward the door, but al-

most instantly checked the movement. "It's no use," she said to herself. "I must wait until to-morrow." The morrow's sun was well sloping on toward afternoon, when Mr. Ralston hurried into the kitchen where his wife was pricking plums to preserve,

piereing each purple sphere with a re-

lentless fork. "Mother," said he, "be I gettin' blind as well as deaf, or be I losin' my senses? If I ain't, where's that old sheet-iron fering people, and it seems incred- stove as used to be in the corner of the

Mrs. Raiston's guilty conscience sent

the red in a hot flood to her cheeks. "That sheet-iron stove, Simeon," said she. "Why-I sold it!" "Sold it!" shouted Ralston. "When?

Why?" "Yesterday arternoon," said the old lady, "To Mose Minton, as goes around with the rag-and-bottle wagon. It wasn't no use standin' there-and he gin me forty-five cents for it." "Forty-five cents!" roared Ralston.

For-ty-five-cents." And he rushed frantically out of the house "Mercy on me!" said Mrs. Ralston

'Is father crazy?" About that time, Mrs. Minton, the tall and gaunt helpmeet of the itinerant hero, was down in the cellar of her house, rooting in the ash drawer of the identical wood stove which her husband had bought yesternight; while Comfort Ralston, upstairs, awaited the result of her investigations with a palpitating

heart. "Here it is!" said Mrs. Minton. "A flat packet o' papers! And it's a good thing you thought of it afore Mose had carted it off!"

"Quick! Give it to me!" fluttered Com fort, as she caught sight of her father's figure trudging up the lane. "Let me get away before father comes! Mind, Mrs. Minton, not a word of this to

And away she ran, disappearing into the pine wood before Mrs. Minton could realize what it all meant. "Well, I never!" said Mrs. Minton. 'Then it's true that she and Ben Blifil

are engaged ag'in' her father's wishes! And these is love letters. Well, I do declare! Nobody needn't never tell me that there ain't no romance, even in the rag-and-bottle business! Then entered Mr. Ralston, panting

and perspiring with the haste he had made "Be you Mis' Minton?" was his curt address. "Yes, please, sir," said the old wom-

an, smoothing her stiffly starched white "Your husband bought a sheet-iron stove at our place yesterday-the Ralston farm-didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," a little timidly. "It's in his way of business, you know, sir." "Yes, I know. But there was a package of papers in the pipe-joint-'No, sir, it wa'n't," said Mrs. Minto temporarily thrown off her guard. "It

was in the ash-drawer, for-And then, remembering herself, she screwed her lips close together and grew very red. Where is the stove?" ejaculated Ral-"Down cellar, sir," said Mrs. Minton.

'Look for yourself. I'm sure I don't want nothin' to do with none of your papers!"

And down rushed Simeon. In half a inute he returned, evidently much re-Bergeret. "They were in the ash-drawer," said ie, "and your husband must ha" hanged 'em around! I declare, be-

women, I'm 'most ruined!" "Dear me!" gasped Mrs. Minton, looking feebly after him as he strode away. "There ain't neither beginnin' nor end to all this fuss. What will Moses say when he comes home?" Once in his own room at home Mr. Ralston fitted on his spectacles and

ween meddling men and meddling

nurriedly opened the fateful package. "Faugh!" he cried, dropping it in dismay. "It's a rack o' love letters! 'My own love." 'My dearest treasure." 'Yours until death!" What are these? And where's my five United States bonds for a thousand dollars each?" He was answered sooner than he had

expected, for while the exclamation et hovered on his lips Comfort rushed with clasped hands. "Father," she cried, "here is something that belongs to you! Some government bonds with your name on them! And, oh! where did you get

Ben's letters?" "Ben's letters, eh?" said the old man, slow smile breaking over his face. "Well, here they be. A fair exchange ain't no robbery."

"Father"-the girl's head drooped on his shoulder, the tears sparkled in her eyes-"you know it all now. We love each other. We shall be wretched unless we can be united. Take back what you said, father. Do not forbid us to be happy, dear, dear father!"

"Well, well," said Ralston, ready to oncede anything in the immense relief of recovering the treasures that had been well-nigh lost, "have it your own way, if the case is really so bad as that. Folks says Ben's business is lookin' up of late, p'r'aps he'll make a decent sort husband for you yet."

"Oh, father! Oh, father!" "There, there, Comfort, don't squeeze me so everlastin' close." remonstrated the old farmer. "But it's sort o' queer now, ain't it, that we should both hev' selected the same hidin' place for our things, ch? Like an old raven and a young un, ch?" And Comfort Ralston hastened joy-

fully to her mother to impart the glad tidings. "It never would have happened, mother, if you hadn't sold the old stove! Oh, you should have seen father's face!" And ever afterward the sound of Moses Minton's jangling bells was music

dolph, in N. Y. Ledger. IN ART CIRCLES.

in Comfort Ralston's ears. - Amy Ran-

PRESTON POWERS has had his new bronze group, "A Closing Era," cast in Florence. It represents a dying buffalo watched by an Indian, who sees in the disappearance of the bison a prophecy of the extinction of his own

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, the Boston sculptor, gets ten thousand dollars for his statue of Shakespeare, and will receive twenty-seven thousand dollars for his equestrian statue of Garfield. He is only thirty-one years

Tun "Sforza Missal," which Fra Lippo Lippi, a great Florentine artist, prepared for G. M. Sforza, duke of Milan. in the fifteenth century, is probably the most valuable manuscript in this country. It is in the possession of J. J. Astor, who paid fifteen thousand five hundred dollars for it.

A Feminine Fort. A small schoolgirl recently handed

in a real gem in the shape of a definition of the difference between a fort and a fortress. The former, she explained, was a "strong place where they put men in," and the latter was a similar place where they put women in."-Washington Post

ONCE MORE.

Once more along the river side Are willow tassels swinging; Once more among the woodlands wid. Are robins gayly singing: Once more the gorse blooms on the fells The heather on the mountains

Once more the cowslips ring their bells Above the laughing fountains Once more the wood anemones Are flutt'ring in the shadows, The daisles star the verdant leas, The buttercups the meadows: Her deavy eyes at morning;

Once more the southern-lying slopes The bine-bell's are adorning. Once more each truunt breeze that blows Through wood and forest searches. To steal from orchard boughs their snows. The perfume from the larches;

They set the lances of the wheat In mimic tilting motion, And speed once more the swallow fleet Across the briny ocean. Once more the whirring cornerake cries. Amid the dew wet clover, O'er woodlands preen the cuckoo files

A merry, careless rover The leafy woods are all a-chime. The skylark's notes are thrilling: Once more a gladder, blither rhyme The poet's lays are filling:

—M. Rock, in Chambers' Journal.

MR. ATWOOD'S ECONOMY.

The experience That Proved to Him His Selfishness.

"I suppose," began Mr. Atwood, se-

verely, "that if you were the man and

the money maker, we should have no end of dollars and luxuries." Mrs. Atwood, with cheeks a little redder than usual, only looked down in her coffee cup in silence. Scenes similar to this were of almost daily occur-

"I really don't see what you do with the money I give you. I declare, you ask for a dollar nearly every day." "There are five in the family; do you expect to have no expenses? Perhaps,

if you would economize a little yourself, we should get along better." "Me economize! Me!" "Yes. I don't see why all the pinching should come from my side. I need a new pair of shoes. These are really quite unfit to wear. Johnnie's are almost as bad, and the two little girls

need some warm flannels and a best dress arriece." By this time Mr. Atwood had got his "I suppose you think I spend my money foolishly, then," he said, angrily,

"You spend it as you choose. All

men do, in a measure. It is the or-

der of things at this time; but I only

ask you to stop and think in a serious way where a good deal of your money "Why, for flour and coal, for potatoes and meat, and dresses for you and

the children. Mrs. Atwood smiled. "For nothing else?" "Why, yes: there's my own clothing, to be sure; but I can't go out in public looking like a ragman; it would kill my business. I suppose you are thinking of my new overcoat; but it's the best

economy to get something good while you are getting." "A principle you must have forgotten when you gave me five dollars two years ago for my winter cloak."

"Oh, well, you don't go out any." Art Treatment "You are unreasonable, as all women are, and you think I'm made of money, I guess. Here's five dollars you can put

to any use you see fit. I dare say it will go for a lace flounce." "For my new calico?" queried Mrs. Atwood, mockingly. But she picked up the money very much as she would have handled a snake. She thought of the little children and knew she could not refuse it, ungraciously as it had

Mr. Atwood donned his new overcoat and went out at the front door with a more than usually hard bang. Mrs. Atwood took up the baby and

been given.

slow tears rolled down her cheeks upon its little golden head. Johnnie, the handsome six-year-old boy, climbed down from the table, and leaning on his mother's knee, gazed up in her face lovingly. "When I get to be a big man like

papa," be said, "I'll give you all my money. Then Mrs. Atwood smiled and brushed the tears away. "Yes, darling," she said, "mamma

knows the kind of a man you will bethe kind of a man, please God, she will try to teach you to grow into." Then, while washing up the breakfast dishes, she planned and planned

how best to spend that five dollars. "Two pairs of shoes must come out of it. I'll get a low, cheap pair for myself, perhaps for a dollar; they won't be very warm, but they will cover my feet. Then I can get Johnnie's for perhaps a dollar and a half; that leaves two and a half for flannels and dresses for the baby and little Nellie. Oh, dear! I did need ten dollars so much, and fifteen wouldn't any more than have made us comfortable. If papa cared for his wife and babies very much he would not buy fifty-dollar suits and forty-dollar overcoats and ten-cent eigars and all that. It's a pity the tables

couldn't be turned for a time Then, having made everything snug and clean, she sent Johnnie off to school with a loving kiss, called in Irish Nora, a neighbor girl, to stay with the children, and started out to make her pur-

"If I walk there and back," she thought, "I shall save ten cents, and that will pay Nora. But think of papa walking a mile over such streets as these, in such shoes!" For they lived in the suburbs, where rent was less. The purchases had been made, and

Mrs. Atwood started homeward tired and faint. "If I could only have a hot cup of coffee now!" she thought, "but I don't even dare to spend a nickel. It's going

to rain, too, I believe." And rain it did; not a gentle shower, but a terrible, drenching downpour, and she had no umbrella. The thin cloak was soon wet through, and a more limp and bedraggled woman could not have been imagined than that poor mother who staggered in at her own doorway at last.

Mr. Atwood had just completed a most splendid dinner at a most splendid hotel, and was leaning back in his chair chatting with a gentleman friend he had chanced to meet, and whom he had invited to join him. There had been champagne, and they were laughing and

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Caw-mera. Freeman commends it to the inversible consideration of advertisers whose invers will be inserted at the following low rates: column, 6 months. Business Items, first insertion, lie, per line absequent insertions, 5c. per line Administrator's and Executor's Notices, \$2.50 Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and exectionary executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou larget it.

in the best of spirits, when a telephone message was handed to Mr. Atwood, which read as follows:

"Come home: your wife is dying MARY ATWOOD." "Ab, what is it!" exclaimed the friend, noticing his companion's pallor. For answer, Mr. Atwood handed him

the message, snatched his overcoat and without more ado rushed away. It was still raining, but the electric railway car bore him quickly homeward.

Silence greeted him as he entered the hall; but, upon opening the door to his wife's chamber, his oldest sister met him, a strange look upon her usually cold face.

"Mary!" he gasped, "when did you ome, and what has happened?" "I came an hour ago, luckily. As for what has happened, I'll leave you to answer that. Look at your wife!"

"She isn't dead, is she? There's color in her cheeks." "No, she isn't dead-yet. Look here, Charlie, do you know what these are?" and she held up before him a bundle of what appeared to be rags, soaking wet. "Your wife's cloak, dress and skirts, and these are her shoes. Please examine them; I don't see how she kept them on her feet. I suppose they are the kind you provide for her."

"But where has she been," gasped Mr. Atwood, "to get so wet?" "I asked the little Irish girl, who has taken the children over to their house. about it, and she said that Mrs. Atwood went down-town to the stores, and that she walked there and back, and without an umbrella

"Walked!"

"Yes. You may understand why: I don't. Just then a smothered sob reached Mr. Atwood, and he discerned a pair ofchubby legs in darned old stockings,

sticking out from a mass of bed clothes

at the foot of the bed. "It's Johnny. He was so wild with grief I had not the heart to send him away, and he won't do her any hurt. See his feet! and they are soaking wet, and must be attended to."

Mr. Atwood flushed botly at the

"She went to get him a pair this morning. But why don't you send for "He has been here and gone; everything has been done that can be. This s the bundle your wife brought home with her. These are her winter shoes,

sight of those toeless shoes.

I suppose, and you can see how suitable they are; the price marked on them is one dollar and ten cents." "Mary!" began Mr. Atwood, plain-"You asked me what had happened. You see I am trying to find out, and I think I shall before I get through. I

no doubt is for petticoats for the little girls; but what do you suppose this is for?" sternly. Mr. Atwood gazed down upon a small quantity of soft white flannel. "Idon't

want you to see something else in this

undle. This roll of coarse red flannel

know," he said helplessly. "Thank God I never married!" cried his sister earnestly. "I might not have known myself, if the doctor hadn't intimated that that was what made the case so critical."

went to the bed and kneeled down. "Mabel!" he said, brokenly, "Oh, my "That is all," said his sister, grimly. "You were always selfish. Your mother (who I am glad wasn't mine) helped to make you so. But I never supposed you could be quite so cruel, and to your wn. Your income of fifteen hundred dollars a year will admit of a comfortable living for all-had it been

Mr. Atwood understood now, and

these wet old shoes, or we shall have another sick member of the family." "Oh, mamma! mamma," mouned the "We will do everything we can," said

shared. Johnnie, dear, I must get off

Aunt Mary, kissing the tear-wet cheek. She looks better, I think." She lived -at the sacrifice of the little life that was to be. Lived, and began to grow stronger, and to smile upon her

children once more. Aunt Mary was at the head of the household, and a new reign had been inaugurated. As for Mr. Atwood, his wife wondered what had come over him. He had sat by her bedside night and day. doing all he could for her, in his awkward fashion, but with a tenderness that surprised her. He had won the timid little girls to sit upon his knee and romp with him as they had never dared to do before.

so red and your hair crinkles all around your head?" Then Johnnie's father laid his hand upon that head, and said: "Mabel, if you can forget my heart-

"Mamma," said Johnnie one day,

"how pretty you are, your cheeks are

less thoughtlessness, my cruel selfishness, I will see that from this time out my wife and home are my first thought. I never knew how I loved you until 1 was afraid I was going to have to give you up forever. Can you still love me a little' The happy mother smiled fondly on him, and answered: "I have always loved you, and I sup-

posed it was only a man's way."

this instant, sniffed audibly.

"I was thankful before that I had never married, and now I'm thankful I'm not a man. I call such 'ways' as you attribute to the common man or husband, Sin." "Never mind," said her brother. 'you've had a sphere, and you've filled it nobly; and the coziest room in my home evermore is set aside for brave

Aunt Mary, who shook the family

Aunt Mary, who had chanced in at

skeleton before my eyes until I trembled and burnt it up."-Yankee Blade. Antiquity of Surpliced Choirs Surpliced choirs, wearing the vest-

ment now used under that name, date back to about the eleventh century. when that particular modification of the ancient alb and rochet was introduced and the name was also invented. At that time it was found awkward to put on the old narrow sleeved vestments over the furred dresses which the dignitaries began to wear to protect themselves against the cold and drafty churches; so the garment was made looser and the sleeves widened into the present well-known shape to get rid of that difficulty, and the name of sur pelisse (that which is worn over

a fur dress) was given to the altered vestment.

CASSIDAY'S Shaving Parlor, Shaving Parlor, This well known Shaving Parlor is breated on a solite street, hear the County Juli, has research them handsomely remembried, parered, and make with every modern convenience, and he with every modern convenience, and he with the previous, nearest a charge of competing their a charge will give every attention to make more. Your patrolage admired.

ROBERT CASSIDAY.

FAMES II. HANT.

1794.

Pullicies written at short parice in the

STAR SHAVING PARLORI CENTRE STREET, EBINSBURG. T. W. DICK, From a new limited on Alleger afters, and

COMMENCED BUSINESS

Phenemary July 31, 1882.

Main street, near the post office where barbering in all its branche's will be carried on in the Your patronage adicited. FEES BROS.