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VOLUME XXVII.

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NUMBER 34.

#### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1893.

the captain hastened to reassure her.

little six-roomed cottage."

time and not let her know it."

won't be driven.

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Pringle, thought-

cellar, and refused to allow him to de-

part until he put his head through the

gized. It was something to have a

tain was, except when justifiably

Suddenly Capt. Buddle rose from his

chair and crossed over to Mrs. Pringle's

side of the room. "Mrs. Pringle,

ma'am," he said-and his flow of lan-

guage seemed to have returned to kim

a new craft-a craft that might be lop-

sided and eranky, with shifting ballast,

given likewise to shipping bilge water"

"Then wliat. Mrs. Pringle, ma'am?"

"He-he would stop in his bunk in

The captain's face glowed with ex-

"Mrs. Pringle, ma'am, I'm going to

commit these plans to the flames," said

the captain, "unless you'll let me give

"Yes, Mrs. Pringle, ma'am, I am that

lubber," said the captain, with re-

pressed excitement. "Why should I

go building a house like Providence

cottage, when my Providence is here!

This is my port; and if so be you'll al-

low me to east anchor and stay here"-

gle, scarce knowing what she bad said.

Mrs. Pringle: but as first officer, with

you in command, and Prudence and the

"In command?" queried Mrs. Prin-

The captain took her hand, "No,

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Pringle; and the

The cat walked out of the room, her

Ontside, the wind howled dismally

among the brick work of the partially

completed Providence cottage. Ten

o'clock struck as the widow brought

out her family Bible, and Prudence

Pemberton, the maid sat coyly down

on the edge of a chair just inside the

The captain opened the Bible rever-

Mrs. Pringle laid aside her knitting,

looked at the captain with tearful eves,

and placed his spectacles on the open

Bible, thus tacitly taking command of

that goodly mariner, Capt. Sol Buddle,

who put on the spectacles and some-

what laboriously began to read.-G. D.

Queen Victoria's Right Name,

Victoria's surname is thus answered

by a recent writer: "She is, of course,

is traced by the genealogists from Em-

press St. Cunegonda, consort to Em-

peror St. Henry H., A. D. 1024. Both

are canonized saints and both were

solemnly crowned at Rome by Pope

Benedict VIII. But all this relates

merely to the pedigree of Princess

Alexandria Victoria prior to her mar-

riage in 1840 to Prince Albert, of Saxe-

Coburg-Gotha. This prince was of the

ancient house of Saxony, whose family

name is, and has during more than

four centuries been, Wettin. Obvious-

ly, therefore, the Guelph princess be-

the oft-raised question as to Queen

ently. "Now we'll have our sailing or-

ders for to-morrow," he said.

Burgin, in Chambers' Journal

captain, forgetting the cat, kissed her,

port, as you nautical gentlemen say,"

of the compass generally?"

eagerly inquired the captain.

him to be, then-"

returned Mrs. Pringle.

them to Jack and Poliy."

"W-what?"

cat to swab decks."

parlor door.

tail stiff with indignation.

asked.

as a lamb.

#### CARL RIVINIUS. ---PRACTICAL--

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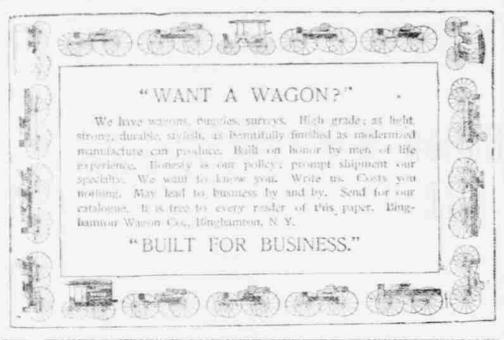
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E lonsburg, Nov. 11, 1885 -tf.



# "Seeing is Believing."

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PROVIDENCE COTTAGE.

Why Captain Sol Buddle Concluded He Wouldn't Build It.

'Providence cottage,' Mrs. Pringle, on'am, it shall be," said Capt. Sol Buddle firmly, as he passed his huge cup for another cup of tea, and wiped

his forehead with a red bandana handkerchief. "Well, captain," said Mrs. Pringle, in tones of amiable acquiescence, "you being a scholard, and having bookcarning moreover, it isn't for me to

gainear you." "Mrs. Pringle, ma'am," said the captain, emphatically rapping his spectacle case on the table, "your sentiments do you honor. When a man comes to my time of life"-

Mrs. Pringle made a little deprecatory movement of her pretty fat hand. "Only forty-five, Capt. Buddle," softly suggested Mrs. Pringle.

The captain bowed courteously, "Not being used to the society of amiable ladies like yourself, Mrs. Pringle, I don't quite know how to undeceive you as to my years." Uniside, tumultuous waves beat noisi-

ly against the shingly shore, as if insisting that Capt. Sol. Buddle should be delivered up to them; inside, the only sound which broke the stillness was a pensive mew from Mrs. Pringle's Persian cat. The captain paused again, 127 My line of Jewelry is ansurpassed took up the cat and thoughtfully ome and see for yourself before purchas | poured out some milk for it. "My cat on board the 'Morning Star' would never take his milk without a spoonful of grog in it," he said, reminiscently; "but he tried it too much for his strength; he was always ambitious, that cut was-too ambitious. Laid himself out to eat up all the ship's cockroaches, though he knew they'd disagree with him; and there was a funeral mon after-his funeral. He took a lot of cockronches with him, too-as many as he could hold, poor chap," Capt, Buddle heaved a sigh to the memory of his departed favorite.

"As to my years," he resumed, they-The quiet Mrs. Pringle, who was not much given to interruptions, did a most captain again-for the third time. "A man is as young as he looks," she said. 'And you, Capt. Buddle, don't look a day over forty-five."

The captain again bowed with nautieal grace. "Seeing you've set your mind on it. Mrs. Pringle, we'll make it so; though, if any questions are asked, the facts will go against it."

"No one will be so impertment," said Mr. Pringle, as she looked pensively down at her pretty slipper.

The captain passed his cup for more ten, a beverage to which he had lately taken a great fancy; its novelty apealed to him most strongly. In his senfaring days at this hour-like the departed cat-he had generally partaken of a soothing beverage with rum in it. But the widow had gradually weaned the captain from such an un ladylike beverage as rum in the dayme, and he found ever fresh delight in tea-tea with cream in it-tea by the bucket -tea containing four lumps of sugar to each supply. At ten o'clock every night, however, the widow's fair hands brewed her lodger what he was facetiously wont to call "a stiff nor'wester." Then, the captain sat thoughtfully by the fire, living his voyages over again, and full of simple, reverent thankfulness that he had been pared to drift into such a pleasant

aven of peace. Mrs. Pringle continued to knit, as the at drowsily purred on the captain's once. The captain put down his cup and took up the plan of a very snug, wo-storied cottage, with a veranda running all round it. " Providence ottage," it shall be, Mrs. Pringle;" and ae looked about for a pipe spill.

Mrs. Pringle handed him one with something of a sigh. "For more than six months," said the captain, meditatively drawing a long breath and carefully using his little finger for a tobacco stopper—"for more than six months I've been laid up in port, so to speak, and yet in sight and smell of the sea."

"Yes, you can certainly smell it." said Mrs. Pringle, dubiously. "And when the fishing boats come in, it's a little bit-eh-strong."

"Well," said the captain, admiringly. 'a triffe, maybe, for a delicate lady's nose like yours, Mrs. Pringle; but there's not an unpleasant flavor about it to a man who's spent his life in communion, so to speak, with such smells. Why, every port has a different smell. and you get to know the lay of the land

by it long before you drop anchor." "Aren't you tired of the sight of the

sea?" somewhat inconsequently asked Mrs. Pringle, again filling the captain's cup, which was blue and white, with "A Present from Ventnor" on it in bold, clear characters of green. Mrs. Pringle lived about a mile beyond Ventnor, in a snug little cottage, whose garden randown to the sea. "No, ma'am. I ain't," returned the

captain, meditatively. "Cause why, Mrs. Pringle? The sea gets into a nan's blood and heart and brain. When he goes down to the ships, likewise fishing smacks, it's because he's drawn to it, so to speak. He can't help The wonders of the deep are always wonders to him, though he's seen them all his days; the harvest of the sea-its dead men's bones, its coral caves, where, saving your presence, those fish-tailed hussies, the mermaids, sit waiting for you with deceitful murmurings and delusive songs-is afore him ever in the night watches; every wind that blows, every whale that spouts, is known to him almost as well

as its Creator." Mrs. Pringle shuddered. "It's a cruel, treacherous thing," she said-"a cruel, treacherous thing. I sometimes wake at nights and draw the clothes over my head to shut out the noise. It makes me shudder, and yet I can't leave

"You're right, Mrs. Pringle," said the captain, drawing his chair a little closer to her-"you're right. It is a cruel, treacherous thing, with its changing winds and hungry, foaming waves, its never-resting, never-ending cbb and flow, its little baby ripples and soft surface a-shining in the sun. And then, when you slide down into it just I) District Cassidary.

I) District Cassidary.

II. C. COOPER, M. D.,
Physician and Subarrow, ERENSBURG. . . PA.

ERENSBURG. . . PA.

Security of the State of the Company to feel its soft touch, why, as like as not," continued the captain, rather ashamed of his oratorical flight-"why, as like as not, there's a shark waiting to grab and drag you down to Davy

JOYS OF TROUT FISHING. Mrs. Pringle looked frightened, so Brief But Graphic Pen Picture of a Day with Rod and Line.

Its a wonderful place is the sea, Mrs. Pringle, such a lot of spare room in it Silent as an otter, the man moves for rubbish. I should like to take two into the water till it curls about his or three of these contractors who've knees, says a writer in Outing. An arm sent in estimates for Providence cotsways back and forth, and an insect tage and bump 'em down into Port flutters softly upon the surface of the Royal harbor, so that Port Royal Tom pool some yards away. Quickly the arm could just open his jaws and contract sways again, and again an insect kisses for them. One would think I was gothe surface of the water. A flash of a ing to build a palace instead of a tidy silvery crescent, a plash in the water, a sudden, stronger swirl in the writhing "Ah, but the masterful way in which current; then a sharp, metallic discord you rule and direct them, Capt. Budrasps out against the song of the dle!" said Mrs. Pringle, admiringly. birds. The man's eyes blaze with a "You've a natural gift for the ruling of swift, eager light, his cheek flushes slightly: there is then exultation in "Maybe," said the captain, pleasantevery line of his face. His right hand ly; "but that's a different thing from clinches upon the wand, the rasping disthe ruling of women, Mrs. Pringle. cord ceases, the wand arches to a semi-You can't clinch any little difference of circle and quivers with perilons strain. opinion with a handspike when you're while two keen eyes rivet upon a shiftarguing with lovely woman. You've got ing, swirling commotion that maddens to keep your hand on the helm all the the water here, there, back, forth, unceasingly. A ball of snowy spume upon the surface, a spatter of jeweled drops, fully; "women like a strong, mastera tinted shape curving in air an inful hand that'll guide them; but they stant, an apprehensive "Ah!" from the man's parted lips, and again the lithe The captain shifted himself in his wand curves and strains. So is fought the good fight, till skill conquers. chair. Suddenly it dawned upon him that the matter might be one capable Within the fatal net gleams a shining belly and pearl-bordered fins above a of personal interpretation. He had streak of olive gemmed with ruby never tried his hand in that direction. It seemed to him that the howling wind spangles. The man's face glows with outside, as it blew among the unfinished pride as he earefully bears his captive to the shore. Upon a fragrant bier of rafters of the Providence cottage, was freshest green within the creel a dead jeering at him for his tack of skill in the direction of the fair sex. He stirred king lies in state. All day the silent man creeps bither and thither along his tea and took another lump of sugar. And the widow, too, thought of many the stream casting, fighting, waiting, noting many things, until darkness things in her quiet, gentle way as she falls; then homeward through the sat by her side of the fire. Capt. Buddle, with his wonderful flow of lanseented shadows, with a whisper of falling song from darkened copses. The guage and quaint descriptive power, man's feet are tired with a healthy had been a great source of comfort to the amiable Mrs. Pringle. And now in weariness; the creel strap cuts deep into his shoulder, but his heart is light a couple of months Providence cottage would be finished and the captain cease and his soul at peace. Not one evil idea has entered his mind all day and to remain her lodger. How kind he he has learned much. That is trout had been when that "land-shark" of a coal man tried to cheat her out of a fishing-and do you people with money sack of coals! The captain, albeit a and leisure bear in mind the fact that man of peace, had knocked the frauduif you spare the rod you may spoil lent coal man into the middle of the

### STARVELING COLLEGES.

circular opening and humbly apole-Early Struggles for Existence of Our Schools and Universities. The American college of the middle great, strong, gentle-the captain was wonderfully gentle to her-sallor about of this century, like its English the premises. Ah, well, she would take original, existed for the work of the her nephew Jack and his pretty bride, church. If the college dies the church Polly Humphreys, to live with her undies was the basis of its appeal for til they had saved enough money to money and influence. Its duty, says buy a house-no thrifty fisherman at David Starr Jordan in the Popular Ventnor ever married before he had Science Monthly, was to form a class bought a house-and try to forget the of educated men in whose hands should captain's pleasant ways. Then she relie the preservation of the creed. In membered that Jack was a little unthe mouths of ignorant men the truths certain in his temper, and that the capof the church would be clouded. Each wise church would see that its wisdom roused by fraudulent coal men, as mildbe not marred by human folly,

The needs of one church indicated the needs of others. So it came about that each of the many organizations called churches in America established its colleges here and there about the country, all based on the same general

"Mrs. Pringle, ma'am, what would you think of a man who was safe in And as the little towns on the rivers port if he ventured out to sea again in and prairies grew with the progress of the country into large cities, so it was thought, by some mysterious virtue of inward expansion, these little schools in time would grow to be great unithere was a touch of real pathos in his voice as he drew this touching picversities. And in this optimistic spirit the future was forestalled and the ture-'and maybe that wouldn't anschools were called universities from swer her helm? What would you think of such a man if he was to leave his the beginning. As time went on it appeared that a university could not snug bunk in port and go drifting up and down, a-steerin' all over the points. be made without money, and the source of money must be outside the schools. And so has ensued a long "I should think of him whatever you struggle between the American colthought of him, Capt. Buddle," said lege and the wolf at the door-a Mrs. Pringle. "It is not for me to set tedious, belittling conflict, which has my opinion against that of a sea-faring gentleman like yourself. But if the done much to lower the name and dig-

nity of higher education.

man you speak of is the man I take To this educational planting, without watering, repeated again and again, east and west, north and south, must be ascribed the unnaturally severe struggle for existence through which our colleges have been forced to pass. the poor work, low salaries and humiliating economies of the American citement. He took up the plans of college professor, the natural end of Providence cottage to cast them in the whom, according to Dr. Holmes, "is fire. Mrs. Pringle gently stayed his starvation." "What are you doing?" she

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY HALIBUT. It Weighed 245 Pounds and Was Speared

by a Fisherman. A few days ago there was landed at Stromness, Orkney, a halibut of extraordinary dimensions, measuring eight feet ten inches in length and weighing no less than two hundred and fortyfive pounds, says the London Field. The fish was discovered by two lads who were engaged in hauling lobster creels at the back of the Holms, a distance of about a mile and a half from Stromness pier. It was observed on the sand apparently asleep, and as they had no appliances with them with which to attempt a capture they marked the spot and returned home to acquaint their father. Armed with a kind of harpoon, to which a line was attached, they went back to the place and found the huge fish had not moved. Carefully watching an opportunity the father succeeded in planting the har-poon in the back of the halibut. The weapon entered the spine and rendered the fish powerless, but on account of its size and weight it was only after considerable difficulty that it was got on board. In its stomach was found a variety of small fish which weighed upwards of six pounds. It was at once carefully packed and dispatched by steamer and rail to the London mar-

A Deft-Fingered Blacksmith. At Norristown, Me., W. B. Logan, a horseshoer, made nine miniature horseshoes from the metal contained in one silver dime. Each shoe has the number of holes usually found in horseshoes of the ordinary size, but, strange to say, the smallest cambric needle is too large to be used as nails in these miniature wonders. Logan has made affidavit that every one of these tiny a Guelph by ancestral lineage, which silver crescents were made with the same hammer and punch used in making shoes for the largest sized horses.

How it was ever done is a mystery. A Little Strong. An author engaged a young lady typewriter to take down his new novel from dictation. At the passage: "Oh! my adorable angel, accept the confession from my lips that I cannot exist without you! Make me happy; come and share my lot and be mine until death us do part!"-his fair secretary paused and ingeniously inquired: "Is came upon her marriage Mrs. Wettin." | that to go down with the rest?"

LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES.

An Apparently Abandoned Boat Which

Surprised a Chitian Crew. Toward the close of the recent war between Chili and Peru, the Peruvians found themselves quite shut in from the outside world by the Chilian blockading fleet that lay off the harbor of Callao. With two exceptions, the Peruvian navy had all been captured or destroyed by the enemy, and these two remaining ships, vessels of low speed and little power, were moored behind the breakwater, absolutely uscless for purposes of war. With all their power of opposing the enemy gone, the Peruvians turned their attention toward destroying some of the hostile ships that lay a few miles off, a constant menace to the city of Callao. Frequent futile attempts were made to blow up the Chilian cruisers with torpedoes, but the Chilians were too alert, and succeeded in avoiding or destroying the deadly missiles. One forenoon, says Harper's Young People, the picket vessel of the Chilian fleet, a small steam gunboat, was cruising inshore to take a near look at the town and fortifications. While steaming slowly along a boat was discovered drifting down with the current. A near inspection proved it to be a fine new whaleboat, with oars and sails and complete outfit. The commander of the Chilian steamed close up to the boat and ordered tackles rigged for hoisting the prize on board. The tackles were hooked, and the men walked away to the pipe of the boatswain's whistle. Suddenly, as the boat left the water, a terrific explosion took place, tearing the boat to atoms and crushing in the gunboat's side at the water line, so that she filled and sank, leaving her startled crew struggling in the water. Most of them were rescued by boats from the foreign men-of-war lying near, but some were never seen again. The boat was a cunningly-devised weapon, having a double bottom filled with a powerful explosive, with a fuse and detonator connected to the bolts to which the tackles hooked. When the strain came on the bolts, as the boat rose from the water, the fuse was ignited and the explosion followed.

### MUSIC TO BANISH INSOMNIA

A London Physician's Ingenious Plan for Banishing Midnight Torture. Music as a curative agent has been known and valued since the carliest ages, and the recently established guild of St. Cecilia, in London, whose professed object is to apply the soothing influence of melody to patients in hospitals and elsewhere, is only carrying out the prescriptions of physicians who flourished two thousand years ago. The Athenian doctors "banished fever by a song." Thales found music most efficacious in the plague, and Aulus Gellius even went so far as to maintain that it produced a beneficial effect in cases of bites and stings. In their work on "Psychological Medicine" Drs. Bucknill and Tuke remark that music is the first recorded remedy employed for the relief of madness. A novel, and possibly a useful, suggestion in the same direction is mentioned by Dr. J. G. Blackman in the latest number of the London Medical Magazine. It is that a music box, worked by an electric motor, might be advantageously employed in cases of insomnia. Some car , no doubt, would have to be exercised to see that the mechanism

worked properly before it was started, as nothing would be more likely to drive sleep permanently away than a musical box out of tune or liable to unaccountable and abnormal spurts of energy. It would also be trying to a nervous patient in the stilly night if the electric current were turned off altogether and the box became suddenly silent. It is possible that a burglar in better.

one's bedroom might be soothed and induced to surrender his booty by the unexpected strains of "Home, Sweet Home," but it is also possible that he might not. One or two interesting instances are recorded in the article of the benefit which has resulted in hospitals from the musical treatment, and the sleepless soul might do worse than

#### try the prescription contained in it. Rented Flowers.

A florist who has one of the largest greenhouses in the city derives no inconsiderable profit from the renting of flowers and plants for private concerts, public dinners, receptions, balls, weddings, church services, and even funerals, the things most in demand being palms and rubber trees. The charges for the use of these plants for a single evening seem pretty steep to the uninitiated. He explains why: 'You think fifty dollars too much for dressing Mrs. - 's parlor last Tuesday? Come into the greenhouse. There, you see that palm? That was worth thirty dollars on Monday. I will sell it to anybody to-day for ten dollars. The leaves are split, and two of the stalks are broken. And that is only one instance. We are suffering damage like that, and we have to charge a price that will insure us against too great a loss. Fifty dollars wouldn't cover the damage that is done to our property at some of the swell recep-

The expression, "Mind your Ps and

Origin of a Common saying.

Qs," is of comparatively recent origin, dating perhaps from the invention of printing. P. D. Q and B are letters of the same form in the "lower case" (p. d, q, b), differently used, and the snying was a warning to printers to get their letters in the right boxes. Other explanations exist; one is that when wigs were worn it was difficult to be graceful and remain bewigged, so that men were admonished to mind their eds (feet) and queues (wigs). A third is that the tapsters marked P for pint and Q for quart against the names of men who ran up scores at the inns, and were adjured by their customers to mind their Ps and Qs. The first suggestion seems the best.

Magnificent Temples. The temple of the sun at Palmyra covered a square of twenty-two yards on each side. It was approached by a magaificent avenue over half a mile long inclosed by rows of columns and statues. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, two hundred and twentyfive broad, and with statues and columns innumerable. Of this magnificent structure not a trace remains even of the foundations.

HIS BABY FACE.

It's Disfigurement Brought Happiness to James Ellis.

"Jimmy Ellis is indeed a funny boy," laughed Julia Costello to a friend. "They say he is head over heels in love with you-follows you, is to be found somewhere near you most of his time. They tell me you have completely bewitched the boy," rejoined the

"I must confess he seems to act very foolishly. No matter what I do or say, or ignore him, I can't scare him away. I have never done the slightest thing to encourage bim," Julia soberly re-

"What's the matter with the boy, then, that he hangs around you so much?" the friend asked.

"I don't know," Julia slowly said. and added in a wistful manner, "I wonder whether Jimmie will ever be a man -will ever look like a man." "He's a pretty boy, anyhow," laughed the friend.

"Pretty as a baby," said Julia, joining in the laugh. The subject of this conversation was not a boy, but a man of thirty years.

A man of full stature, yet with the expressionless face of a baby. It was round and full. The skin was of a soft pink color, with a tinge of darker color in the checks. The eyes were large and of a light blue, and opened in an innocent surprise when their owner was spoken to. He had a little chubby nose and a small mouth. There were no lines or shadows on his face. He was a pretty man; so pretty that

his face was repulsive to man and to womankind. There was nothing about the face to counteract the seemingly expressionless vacuity there. Strangers continually asked: "Who is the man with the baby face?" The reply was always Jimmy Ellis. The man James Ellis was swallowed up in the boy Jimmy.

Another characteristic heightened the effect of this boyishness. His voice was pitched an octave higher than is usual in men. He spoke in a light, chattering tone that went off into a screech. He talked and laughed like a woman. All his male associates as he secame older grew away from him, de riding the man with a baby face and a woman's voice. Womankind seemed ever to be making sport of him. James Ellis was extremely sensitive

in respect to these characteristics. He was conscious of the fun and sport others were having at his expense. In consequence he gave humanity a wide berth. While he did so, he hated that big baby face of his. It made life miserable to him. It angered him at times to bear his own voice. He had tried in vain to coax a growth of whiskers to hide the face. A tuft of yellow hair here and there was all that made its appearance. In despair he had given up any further attempts in this direc-

Not withstanding these outward signs, James Eilis was a man of true, honest and honorable instincts and aspirations. He delighted in the pleasures of a robust manhood. He was an all-round athlete. There was not a better horseback rider in the town in which he lived. His mother had died when he was a child. His father died when he reached his majority, leaving him a home in the Pennsylvania town of H- and two farms lying near the village. An aunt had been installed as housekeeper over the home.

James Ellis was a better manager of the farms than his father had been be fore him. He gave them his constant attention. There was no part of the work on the farm he could not do. Those under him knew what he expected from them. James Ellis not only knew how to manage the farms better than his father, but knew how to live and enjoy life and that which he made

There was not a better library in the town than his; he had collected it himself. He was a lover of art. James Ellis was a talented man. His large hunting dog heard many a soliloquy that for originality and brightness would have rivaled the mental caliber of by far the greater number of his fellow-townsmen James Ellis' tife had been, however, a

failure, as he looked at it-an unhappy failure-a miserable existence, caused by a baby face and a woman's voice. His greatest happiness, and at the same time his greatest unhappiness, was his love for Julia Costello. He was not content unless near her. He worshiped her. It was the love of a strong man; the only love of a lonely life. He had known her from childhood and had always loved her. He loved her because he could not conceive how life could be complete without her. Because he believed that with womanthe best gift to man-this woman, could be alone reach the great blessings of existence-home, love, happiness. He was miserable because he had been and was no more to Julia than "Jimmy." He felt that, with his baby face and woman's voice he had failed to awaken the chords of love, to sound the depths of her heart. She liked him, respected him, but he was only "Jimmy," her boy playmate.

Shortly after the conversation between Julia and her friend, James Ellis succeeded in gaining a long-looked-for opportunity. Taking Julia's hand in his, he said, in his squeaky voice: "Julia, darling, I love thee, I love

thee. This love is the sweetest, the only thing on earth that makes life worth the living to me. He mine. Love me-marry me." Julia could not help but see the ridiculous in the voice, in the face, and in-

terrupted him several times as he "Oh, don't, Jimmy! Don't, Jimmy!" Silence ensued. He began again:

"Won't you give me your answer? Can't you love me?" "Oh, don't! Oh, don't, Jimmy! "Julia again pleaded.

"Can I hope? Tell me something," James Ellis urged. "I hardly know what to say," Julia answered. "I have never thought of such a thing as you have spoken of. It seems funny. You seem but the boy I played with yet I hardly know

whether to bid you to hope or not to

hope. I might answer better in a

month. "I'll wait the month," the man readily said.

"Make it two months." "Well, let it be two, then."

"Four months might be better yet." "Make it, dear, just as you will. I Advertising Rates.

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am content if only in the end you will So it was decided that at the end of

four months she would give her answer,

yes or no, to his suit, or whether he

might hope or whether it was hopeless.

This was February-June might wit-

ness the making of one life or it might While James Ellis was content to wait, he was not hopeful. He was only "Jimmy" to Julia Jimmy, the boythe playmate with the pretty face and a woman's voice. Julia wished a man for her husband, representative of manhood and strength. He feared the decision. The time crept on fast:

weeks had flown, a month passed. There was no change in Julia's feelings that he could detect It was in the latter part of March that, in the dead of night, a fire-alarm was sounded. Men sprang from their beds, jumped into their clothes. It was a country town in which every man and many women were needed to fight the dread flend. It was soon discovered that a weather-boarded dwelling-house had taken fire at the roof. When the erowd reached the house the top of it was wrapped in flames. James Ellis was among the first on the ground. It was thought that every soul bad left

In the second-story room, by the blaze of the fire, could be seen a woman. The blood froze in the men's faces as they looked at the awful scene. They looked at each other, then back at the woman. Who would make a move to save her? Like a flash James Ellis rushed toward the house, kicked open the door, disappeared, fought his way through the smoke and heat in the second story until he reached the woman. He dashed out a window and helped

the house. There was a terrible scream.

her to the ladder that had been raised. As the crowd watched, James Ellis disappeared. Another second and there was a fall of heavy timber into the house; a column of sparks went upward. Seconds passed. The fire was making headway rapidly. James Ellis had not appeared. At last anxious watchers crept into the house and came upon the body of Ellis lying at the bottom of the stairs. He had been knocked down by the falling timber. The fire ad not reached the place where he was

He was tenderly picked up, carried out of the house and to his home. The falling timber had struck him in the face, cutting and tearing great gashes the whole length. The hot embers of the wood had burned great red blotches along the wound.

It was only after weeks of careful aursing by the faithful aunt that James Ellis was pronounced well. He had recovered from the wound to fall into a fever. It was June when the doctor told him he had done all he could for him, that it was for him to grow in strength. It was not until that time that James realized that a great change had taken place.

"Jimmy" with the baby face was a thing of the past. There was an ugly scar on the forehead, another on the chin, and one on the check. There were red patches where he had been burned. He was no longer pretty. He was ugly, yet not repulsively so-no nglier than many other men. With the fever had also gone the woman's voice. It was now like that of other men.

It was four months since that day in February that he decided to venture out. He waited until it was dusk. Then he made his way to the home of Julia. He was ushered into the parlor, where a half-light burned. In a moment Julia came, coming quickly to see her "Jimmy"-the much talked-of and admired hero of the night of the fire-and to congratulate him on his recovery. She rushed up to him, and, taking his outstretched hand, ex-

claimed: "Oh, Jim-" stopping startled as she looked in his face, then stammering, continued: "Beg-pardon-Mr.-Ellis-I'm so glad to see you?"

The man was surprised into formality. "Mr. Eliis!" Julia had never addressed him thus before. What did it

As the evening passed they talked of the events of the past months. As he spoke in that low, tender, pleading, manly voice Julia listened enraptured. There were chords in her being that were touched, and responded as they had never done before. There was something in her being that went out to the man-the scarred hero. At last, in low, passionate tones, he pleaded:

"Julia, darling, I have come for the answer promised, that can make life the sweetest thing on earth to me. I have come now to know whether I dare hope for happiness. I'm disfigured now-ugly, but I love you-love you, if possible, more than I ever have. Can you love me?" As he held her in his arms, Julia,

tenderly caressing the sears with the tips of her fingers, whispered: "These don't disfigure you, dear. You are not ugly to me."-William A. Mc-Cleary, in Leslie's Newspaper.

Killikintek. There is one thing that cannot be

got in eastern towns any more, and that is killikinick, or kinikinik, that is much used by the Indians to mix with tobacco. It is still smoked by them in the west, but they gatherouly enough for their own consumption. Several plants have received this name, but they have no right to it, for the true killikinick is the inside mrk of the young willow, that is seeled off by the Indians, who spread at on their blankets in the sun to dry for a few days before using it. It makes a mild pleasant smoke when used alone, and if mixed with tobacco in a pipe softens the taste of the weed.

Father of the Navy. Admiral Paris, "The Father of the

French Navy," died recently at the age of eighty-seven. His first important service was performed sixty-even years ago, when he accompanied Dumont d'Urville in a voyage which added considerably to our knowledge of the Pacific islands. Unlike most sailors of the old school, he early appreciated the advantages of steam. It was under his command that the Cape of Good Hope was first doubled by a French steamship, and he lost an arm at Pondicherry through an accident caused by a steam engine ashore. During the Crimean war he was captain of a two decker, and won the rank of vice admiral. He was appointed curator of the naval museum at the Louvre after his retirement in 1871. He devoted his official salary to the improvement of the collection under his charge.