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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1893.

# NUMBER 39.

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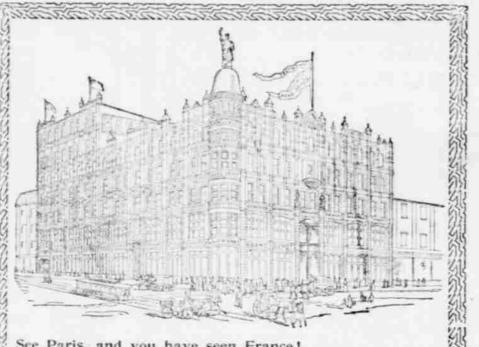
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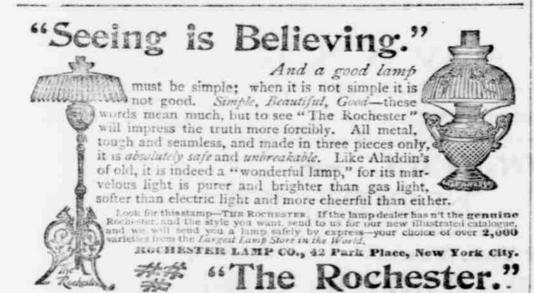


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H. C. COOPER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, EBENSBURG, - -

# A BOY'S ROOM.

It Himself.

"Where is my vest? Oh, here 'tisist where I shied it last night." Fred picked up his vest from behind the bed, and then looked around for his

"I wonder, now, if that collar's been carried off to the wash! Just like Susan! If ever I get hold of one that fits me better than any other, and would like to hold on to it for a little while, off it goes. Oh, here 'tis. I forgot I was standing by the window when I took it off, and left it on the sill. But it's all limp. Dear me, what a drawer! I wonder who interferes with my things? I'm sure I never got

it into such a muddle as this."

Stirring among collars and neckties, turning things up and down in a way that would lead anyone reasonably to give him credit for any amount of disorder, Fred at length found a collar. "Now, my necktie. Where did I put the one I wore in the morning, when I dressed in the afternoon? Of course, some one was in here straightening up my room. I never know where to find anything after that. Come in."

Fred turned a face full of abused expression toward the door as his mother's entrance followed her tap upon it. "Good morning. Are you ready for breakfast, dear? Here is one of your

"Yes, the very one I was looking for. Who took it away?" "Susan carried away for the wash the clothes you took off when you dressed, and this was among them. You must have thrown it down." "Yes, I knew somebody must have

"My dear boy," mother looked around with a discouraged face, "how often must I speak to you about keeping your things in better order? You really get worse and worse. I come in here and set the room to rights, and by the next day it will be as untidy as before." "O mother, 'tidy' may do very well for girls or women. It's a real girls' "Good for either boys or girls. I am

sorry to see such an ugly habit growing with you." "Really, mother," said Fred, with a

return of the injured look, "one would think from your talk that you thought it a real sin-that you look upon it as you might look upon lying or stealing and such." "No. But in evil habit is evil, make

the best you can of it. Its indulgence is sure to have an evil effect upon the character. A person slouchy and slovenly in his small habits is pretty likely to be so in the greater thing in his life. I wonder you don't find chough inconvenience from your carelessness to lead you to wish to improve."

"My carelessness, mother? Why, if my things could only be left alone, I'd get along well enough. When I come into the room, I never know where to find anything, because so e one has been setting things in order. Of course I don't mean, mother dear, that all you do is not the very best that could be done; but a boy, you know," Fred put on a dignified air, "can't be expected to be just like a girl, and ought, I think, to be allowed to follow out his own

way a little in his own room." "How do you think it would work if you were left to your own way?" said his mother with a smile. "Entirely? Why, mother, I think it

wonist be fine." "I have a great mind to let you try it." she said. "Do, mother!" said Fred, eagerly. "I never could see the use-with all respect for you, you understand-of this everlasting sweeping and dusting. I'll agree to take entire charge of the room

if I may be left to myself." "Well," said mother, still with the smile, "I think Susan would better

make your bed." "No," interposed Fred. "Sometimes I have things lying there that I don't

want touched." "Then she need only attend to the washstand. You may bring me anything which needs mending, for I'm afraid that it might make the keeping of our agreement difficult for me if I

made visits to the room.' "I will. I want to do the sweeping myself-that is, if it needs any sweepng-for Susan always plays the mischief with my specimens.'

"You may try it." And mother went down to breakfast, still smiling. For a few days Fred rejoiced in his new-found freedom, as he called itfreedom to fling his things this way and that, in full assurance that he would have the delight of finding them exactly where he had flung them.

"But I must say it gets a little monotonous," he admitted to himself, with a little shake of his head, "to find all my coats and vests and trousers piled together on the same chair, and to hunt among dirty collars for clean ones. Who could have dreamed that mother settled up for me so often? But it is a privilege to have a chance to keep my specimens just as I want to

keep them. But even a privilege may be overdone. Fred was obliged to acknowledge one morning not long after. He had brought a friend in to see his geological specimens and his collection of but-

As usual, he had set things out of his hands just where it was most convenient to set them. Arriving at home rather late in the evening, he had come in hastily and gone to bed in the dark. having forgotten to bring up any

"Well," he exclaimed, sitting up in bed to take rather a disconsolate view of his surroundings, "if I chose to confess it, I wouldn't mind having mother and Susan too-to skirmish about here for awhite. How did I come to set those travs and boxes on the foot of the bed! I've had the meanest kind of a night, those stones going rattle-tebang on the floor every time I turned over! And-oh, my! Look at my but-

terflies!" In real regret he gathered up the crushed remains of the pretty winged creatures he had taken such pains and such pleasure in mounting. While doing so his attention was for the first time drawn to the condition of the

"Well, it really is dirty. And no one can say I ever liked dirt. Why, it looks EBENS BURG.

as though some one thigh street in room tormerly on a lot of wool and feathers under my bed.

Fill give it a sweep to-day. I undertook as though some one had been throwing

#### to do my own sweeping. I suppose folks think boys can't sweep." Fred put all his strength into the

His Experience at Taking Care of wielding of the broom. It had been a rainy week, and Susan's careful hands had not supplemented her morning care of the room by gathering with brush and dust-pan of the mud which his

careless feet brought in. It was now dried and ground into the carpet, to be raised in clouds of dust by his vigorous sweeping.o "Phew!" Glad enough was he, having at length finished, to get into the

open air, burdened with a few doubts as to whether, after all, he so very much enjoyed the new order of things. "I don't really believe boys were made to be housemaids," he concluded. "But it's only an experiment. There won't be any trouble in getting back to mother's dear, careful ways," conscious of an unexpressed yet decidedly increasing respect for his mother's

Late in the day Fred rushed back to his room to make ready for an evening to be spent in company which he held in high esteem. Fred's slovenliness did not, as a general thing, extend to the care of his person, his mother having often had occasion to wonder at the neat appearance with which he contrived to emerge from the chaos of his

"Thunder!" Fred stood for a moment at his room door, finding the situation worthy of his strongest expletive. The dust from which he had fled lay thickly upon everything, adding dismally to the prevailing disorder. "I forgot all about the things mother

spreads over things when she sweeps. How I hate dust on books! Well," seizing a towel and hastily whisking it about, "I haven't time to do much dusting now. Jack Harper will call for me in a quarter of an hour. "Buttons off? I forgot to take my

best suit to mother. And there's a lit-

tle rip near the coat cuff, but I can ink

Setting the ink on the bureau, he carefully darkened the white streak, but as he turned from a study of the effeet, his brow took on a deeper cloud. "My white tie in the blacking box!" si it up. "The last one have left! And all these," tumbling over a number which were mixed in with other things thrown on the table. "are covered with dust. Perhaps this one will do; but there's a spot on it." Seizing a towel, he carefully rubbed the front of the lightest-colored tie he

prevails in a house in which bituminons coul is used. As the tie soon looked rather worse than better, Fred threw both towel and tie from him with an angry exclamation. They struck something on the bureau, which went with them to the

could find. But it was the towel which

had already done duty as a duster, and

was streaked with the sooty dust which

"Oh, that ink! And all over those books I left there! What shall I-Mother! mother!"

Mother, quickly appearing in answer to his londery of distress, could not forbear a smile at the mixture of expressions on Fred's face. Despair, mortiscation and a comical sense of the ludicrous seemed striving for the mastery. "O mother," he said, after she had ione her best to arrest any further mischief from the ink, "will you take me

"Take you back?" she asked, not quite understanding what he meant. "Yes, me and my room. I've given up. I'll take all you have to say on the subject of boys and tidiness if only

you'll wind me up and then keep me running. But first will you please go down and tell Jack Harper I can't go to-night?" "Why can't you, dear? I thought you were so anxious to go."

"So I was; but look at me. Buttons off. Rips. I can't find a clean collar in that muddle, and my white tie's

"I'll ask Jack to wait for you a few minutes. I think we can manage things

Most boys who have mothers can imagine the quickness with which her hands flew from one thing to another in making that particular boy look as a boy should look. From hidden depths of her own stores a tie was unearthed. Buttons went on and rips hid themselves from sight. At the end of a quarter of an hour Fred joined his friends a wiser and happier boy.

Some hours later he turned the light high for a satisfied gaze about his

"This is jolly! Everything clean, everything in place. Well, it's rather mean in me if I can't cooperate with mother and Susan in keeping myself straight. I guess its best for folks in this world to help each other run each other, and not be always making things harder for each other-I mean me, for mother and Susan-and other folks for each other."

With which very indefinitely expressed but very sincerely felt sentinent as to every day's small duty, Fred went to bed.-Sydney Dayre, in Inte-

Annumese Language. In the Annamese language, spoken in Coehin China, the same word is given many different meanings by the moderation of the voice. Thus the syllable "ba" pronounced with a grave accent, means lady, an angestor. Pronounced with a sharp accent it means the favorite of the prince. Pronounced with a semigrave accent it means what has been thrown away. Pronounced with the grave circumflex it means what is left of fruit after the juice has been squeezed out. Pronounced with no accent it means three. Pronounced with the ascending or interrogative accent it means a box on the ear. Thus 'ba ba ba ba" is said to mean, if properly pronounced, "three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the

prince. Dug Up in the Streets of Rome. In Rome 82 miles of new streets yielded the following "dugups:" Nine hundred and five amphorae, 2,360 terra cottalamps, 1,824 inscriptions on marble, 77 columns rare marble, 313 pieces of columns, 157 marble capitals, 118 bases, 590 works of art in terra cotta, 540 works of art in bronze, 711 intaglies and cameos, 18 marble sarcophagi, 152 bas reliefs, 192 marble statues, 21 marble figures of animals, 266 busts and heads, 54 pictures in polychrome-mosaic, 47 objects of gold, 39 objects of silver, 36,679 coins. Even this astonishing list does not cover everything, but embraces only those objects which were worthy of a place in the museums.

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY. TWELVE THOUSAND microbes, strung

n a line, would make a procession only one inch in length. THREE miles per hour is about the average speed of the gulf stream; at certain places, however, this speed is increased to fifty-four miles an hour. GENERALLY speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about 7 inches to the statute mile; it is

a geographical mile. According to a promise made to her dead husband, Mme. Schliemann is continuing the excavations at Troy, which made his name famous, and personally superintends much of the

exactly 6.99 inches, or 7.962 inches for

work. PROF. BARNARD's recent photograph of the milky way shows the existence of 500,000,000 suns, each supposed to be the center of a system of planets, where hitherto it was thought to contain only about 20,000,000 such suns.

The celebrated "globe fish" is not always globe shaped. They have the power of distending themselves into a globular form by inflating a large air ac in the abdomen. When this is blown out they assume a normal shape.

A POUND of rice contains 86.09 per cent of nutritive matter. Lean beef contains but 25.83 per cent. Fa. beef contains 46.03 per cent.; potatoes, 23.24 per cent.; Indian corn, 82.97 per cent.; oats, 74.02 per cent.; rye, 82.79 per cent., and wheat, 82.54 per cent.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

John L. Herrick, of Salisbury, N. C., is ninety years old and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. CHARLES MONOKY, still living in Kings county, N. Y., invented the "monkey" wrench. He sold his patent

for two thousand dollars. LUKE SMITH, of Acton, Mass., is perhaps the only man living whose futher fought at Bunker Hill. Mr. Smith was in the rebellion himself, and is eighty.

LUCIUS LANGDON NICHOLAS, who has just married Mrs. Bishop, mother of e late mind reader of that name, is said to be great-great-grandson of a Russian emperor. DAVID S. PATTERSON, of North Flatte.

Neb., who is seventy-five years of age and has been totally blind all his life, has received letters patent on a cevice in the driving gear of a locomotive. THE executors of the estate of the late Mrs. Theresa Fair, of San Francisco, intend to erect to her memory in Holy Cross cemetery, San Mateo county, a mansoleum to cost not less than \$50,000. The decorations will be very elaborate.

# ISTORICAL DATES.

THE first linen made in England was manufactured by Flemish refugees under the protection of Henry I.L., in

THE first coins were struck in brass about 1154 B. C., and in gold and silver by Pheiden, tyrant of Argos, about 802 THE first panorama was exhibited in Edinburgh by Robert Barker about

1788, by which he portrayed a view of the city. The first champagne was made by Perignon, a monk of St. Peter Hant-

villiers, Champagne, in the seventeenth The first encyclopedia was "Pliny's Natural History," which contains 30,-000 facts compiled from 2,000 books by

MOVABLE scenery was first used in theaters in 1508. It was invented by Baldassare Peruzzi, and displayed in Rome before Leo X.

# TYPES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

LIZZIE RORDEN has been invited by the Globe-Democrat to lecture. "CAVENDISH" says that American women are better whist players than

are their English sisters. MRS. VANKLEKER, of Leeds, Can., rejoices in four children recently born at one birth, two boys and two girls. MARTHA JORDAN, of Dallas, Tex., is said to be the first colored woman in the United States to study the pro-

fession of dentistry. Miss Phoene J. Woodman, a niece of the poet Whittier, and the original of his "Red Riding Hood," is engaged to be married to Mr. Caliga, a Boston

Miss Emily Louise Gerry, living at New Haven, Conn., is a daughter of Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Miss Gerry, it is claimed, is the last living chied of a signer of that famous document.

# JUDGE AND JURY.

Before 1866 there was no trial by jury in Russia. A "LEGAL FENCE" has been defined in

Kentucky as one that 's "pig tight, horse high and bull strong." THE use of torture in legal proceedings was permissible in Austria until well within the present century. ARTRUR G. MASSEY wants the courts of New York to award him \$2,000 dam-

ages from Moses King, who pulled his A surr in the English chancery court begun 152 years ago was concluded the other day. The government duties and legal fees covered nearly the entire

#### sum fought for. Good-Natured Indifference.

A certain good-natured fatalism prevails in Russia as to the one crime of theft. At Saratoff on the Velga a crowded steamer was about to start, when the assistant captain, hurrying through a crowd of third-class passengers, was suddenly stopped by a peasant, who had previously complained that his money had been stolen. 'Your honor," he said, "the money has been found."

"Found! Where?" "Sewed up in that soldier's mantle. I went over there to search for it, and sure enough, there were forty-one roubles and a twenty-kopeck piece in my chamois purse."

"Where is that soldier?" "There he is, asleep." "Well, he must be handed over to

the police." "Handed over to the police? Why to the police? Don't touch him, let him sleep on. Sure, the money is found; what more do we want?" And as the captain proved equally indifferent, the matter was dropped -Youth's Companion.

#### GOOD FORM TO BE SOLEMN. So the Englishman Is Only 'Appy Away

from 'Ome-What an utterly different being an Englishman is when lounging on the terrace of a hotel at Cadenabbia or on the deck of a yacht on the tideless sea, from the same individual on the terrace of the house or sauntering in the park on a fine morning! He not only looks unlike himself, but is ever so much better looking, says London Truth. His garments are more picturesque, but it is not only that. His features relax into an expression of unconscious satisfaction with things in general which

almost approaches to amiability. Of course, a true gentleman would naturally regard himself with contempt f he ever permitted himself to look really amiable or pleased. Except in a tete-a-tete with a pretty woman or while enjoying a good game of romps with children, such a thing would be thoroughly bad form. It is one of Arry's social mistakes that he grins when he is pleased and wears a chronic unile if he happen to be a good-tempered man. The men of our class and upward refrain from any such insane exhibition, especially when at home, dans leur ile

It has often amused us to watch an English boy while at the adolescent period of life mastering this accomplishment. He perceives that his male elders have cultivated what Carlyle called a cheerful stoicism. They listen to the funniest story without a smile unless the narrater is a person whom they rejoice to honor or like to please. They make their greetings without relaxing an iota of the gravity which serves them as a mask. The boy, in mitating them, saffers many an inward smam in endeavoring to render his emotions outwardly invisible. He eatehes himself smiling at something ludicrous, but framediately conquer nimself as he sees that his elders are grave of demeaner. If he should so far forget himself as to exhibit any pleasure or animation in circumstances where it would be only natural to do so, but in which the seniors set an example of undemonstrative calm, he whins himself inwardly with a lash of

self-scorn. During his transition period he despises women and girls, because they laugh when they are amused and some times cry when they are distressed He would rather burt the feelings of ris mother or sisters than make the slightest display of gratitude or kindliness. In fact, he is disagrecable, and a very uncomfortable individual for the time being. Often when he frowns it is only that he has no other way of preventing himself from smiling.

#### SOME WONDERFUL INKS. Curious Pacts Concerning Those Known

and Used by Frenchmen.

Rabelais complied a curious list of inks of a sympathetic nature, which were largely in vogue in his days. In his book, entitled "Pantagruel" hmakes his readers acquainted with Panurgue's exploits in trying to decipher the invisible characters of a letter in which a l'arisian female had written to Puntagruel. "He held it up before the fire," says Rabelais, "to see if it was written with spirits of ammonia mixed with water. Then he placed it in water to see if the writing had not been done with sirup of tithymal. When this would not work he held it over a candle, which would have brought the characters out had they been written with the juice of white onlines. By rubbing a part of it with nut wil he tried to find whether it had not been written with the sap of a fig tree. And if frog's blood had been used in the place of ink the milk from the breast of a woman suckling her first-born daughter would have be-

trayed the secrets of that letter." While in Rabelais' time during the seventeenth century French people adhered strongly to the belief that sympathetic inks of this character could be and were used, they are now in high enther over the discovery of a luminous ink by one of their own countrymen. This ink makes it possible for letters to be read in the dark. One of the French journals recently gave the recipe for this ink. A phosphorescent compound can be obtained by calcinating carbonate of chall: with sulphur.

Mesers. Peligot and Becquerel, both of whom gave this matter a great deal of study, say now that the yellow glow can be obtained by adding to the above mixture from one to two per cent, of peroxide of manganese. To make the writing appear in a green light it is necessary to mix with the above a little carbonate of soda, and or the blue from one to two per cent.

of a bismuth compound may be used. By perphyrizing these phosphores cent substances and adding to them a small quantity of linseed oil, the mixture can be used for typographic impressions from which plates can be printed, which, exposed to the 'ight in

#### the daytime, appear luminous at night. FIGURES OF INTEREST.

The population of Germany averages 237 to the square mile; in the United States the average is only 18. NEARLY 45 per cent of the 9,249,547 foreign-born residents in the United States are living in the 124 cities of largest population.

THE total number of Chinese in the United States in 1880 was 105,465. The total number in 1890 was only 107,475, a gain in ten years of but 2,010. SINCE the centennial year, 1876, the number of newspapers in New York state has nearly doubled. There were

1,088 published then and there are 2,131 THE largest block of coal ever mined was recently brought from the bowels of the earth at Roslyn, Wash. Its size is twenty-four feet in length, five feet eight inches in width, and four feet eight inches in height. It weighs over 41,000 pounds.

Medical Art and the Stars. During the middle ages, when astrology was in fashion, a character very much like our R was the sign of Jupiter, the preserver of health. physicians, then being equally devoted to the science of medicine and of astrology, invariably began their prescriptions with the following words: "In the name of Jupiter take the following doses in the order set down hereinafter." In the course of time this formula was abbreviated, until at present only the letter R remains to teach us that medical art was once associated with the science of the stars.

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It Was Caused by the Lies of a Rascally Janitor-

HIS WIFE'S ALARM.

"I tell you, boys," I said, "if I was not a married man, I should go to the races on Monday and put all I'm worth on Razzle Dazzle."

"Why don't you?" asked Tom Mur-"Why?" said L "Oh, I'm a married man, and my wife has a horror of the

races. I've promised her to keep away from them. A promise is a promise." "And good enough you've made it, sir," said our old porter. Honest Jim we called him. "Many a man has gone down to rain and degradation on account of them races. The lady is wise. She is wise. I'm telling you what I

mane. Obey the lady, and you'll never see yourself in difficulties." Honest Jim was fond of giving advice, and he broke up our chat with these words. Murphy and Wiggins went away to get a glass of beer before they parted, and I took the train home. A brooding storm broke just as 1 reached my cottage, and glad enough

was I to escape it. We had supper together and went into the parlor as usual. What a night it was, to be sure! A wild night, a bitter night, a night when there seemed to be strange voices in the wind, and those within the house were likely to fancy knocks upon their doors and unbar and unbolt them and ery: "Who is there?" when it was only the blast that had caused them to rattle. Yet it was on this night that my wife, my little, delicate, beautiful wife Fleda arose from the fireside and tell-

ing me that she would return shortly, left the room. To leave the room was nothing, but when I heard her leave the house I could searcely believe my senses. She, who was so timid-she who- Why, no, it could not be. I went about the house calling her. I grew alarmed, and, fearing to find her lying in a swoon somewhere, carried the lamp low and looked in the garret, the cellar, the littie kitchen where cooking was done in

She was gone, and so was the cloak, that usually bung in a certain place, and a hood she wore about the grounds on cold days. What could have taken her out? Had she heard our pony fidgeting in his stall or the peep of some stray chicken? Was she anxious about the day-old calf? We had all these rural belongings in the small boundary of our little summer-home.

If so, why did she not mention it to me? It was, no doubt, that cold of mine, which I had made too much fuss about. She went herself rather than to expose me. I tossed on my waterproof coat, pulled an old hat over my ars and went out upon the porch. The lantern was gone.

"Fleda!" I cried, lifting my voice, 'Fleda, I say! Where are you, Fleda?" I heard no sound, but shortly, far along the road. I spied a yellow blur waving near the ground, and knew, when I had watched it for some time. that it was a lantern carried by some one to light her steps along the irregular foot-path. I say "her," because shortly I could see the drapery of a woman's dress. It was my wife, returning home. I was certain of that

now, and I called to her at once: "Fleda, why on earth are you straggling about in the storm? Why didn't you send me to do what you wanted done? The wind is strong enough to carry you over the hills. I've been wild

about you." "I did not know the wind was so

strong. And I asked no more questions. My anxiety for Fleda swallowed up every other thought. However, she was perfeetly well next day, though curiously depressed and abstracted.

I have not yet introduced myself. I am Henry Carrington. My business was that of cashier with the Dayton Brothers. My wife and I lived simply in a tiny out-of-town cottage in summer; in a tinier flat in winter. I had never been extravagant, and my only great folly had been to risk a certain sum of money, left me as a legacy, at the races. I backed the favorite and lost every dollar. Fieda was very much distressed when I told her the

"Not at the loss of the money, Henry," she said, "but that you should risk it at the races. My uncle once employed a young man who became dishonest and was finally arrested because of going to the races and betting and all that. Pray, pray, be careful."

The week passed quietly. Pay night came again. It often happens that the same night is stormy for several succeeding weeks. This night, however, was not as bad as the one on which my story opens. However, it was much more comfortable indoors than out. And yet, just as I was in the middle of a paragraph I was reading to ber from the evening paper, I looked up and saw that Fleda had vanished. Again I searched the house Again I found that she had left it. Again the yellow light of the lantern told me of her return. She was not out of breath this time, but she was pale and trembled a little. She shook her head when I

asked her where she had been, and said: "Nowhere. The house felt close. I wanted a little air. That is all." "You did not find what I was reading

interesting?" said I. "I assure you-" she began, then broke off suddenly. "Don't talk about it!" she cried. "Don't! Don't! I pray, don't talk about it!" I did not talk, but I thought a good

deal, and I had reason to think. Day by day I noticed that Fleda was gradually growing thinner and paler. Her spirits were deserting her. And when the same day of the week came around, she left the house as mysteriously as before. The presence of a guest prevented me from following her; but I discovered that, in order to keep the knowledge of her absence from the house from me, she entered the storeroom, climbed out of the window at the risk of her neck and returned in the same manner. Moreover, I discovered on the sill a few scattered coins a ten-cent piece and two pennies—which told me that she had dropped a portion of some money that she had taken with her. All this made me very unhappy. I detested mysteries, and it was evident that one of the sort which I had always thought unnatural when introduced into the pages of novels had arisen in my quiet little home.

I remembered that I had met my wife by chance; that our introduction was

brought about by a chance acquaintance, who really knew nothing of either of us; that she was alone in the world, without any living relative, or claimed to be so; a teacher of music, with few pupils, making a hard struggle for life. Very possibly a disreputable father or brother had turned up, to whom she was obliged to give assistance, and whom she did not wish me to know. It was a pity, but I would have no more of this. I would get at the truth and help her if I could. Then a terrible thought occurred to me. What if it should prove that she had married early in life; that a worthless husband had returned, and that she was trying to get rid of him? In that case what a goose I would be to meddle and force

upon myself a terrible knowledge which I might avoid. It was cowardly, perhaps, but I loved Fieda so dearly that I had rather be deceived in such a way-I never doubted her utter truth for one momentthan to be undeceived to my misery. And, hoping against hope, I permitted two more weeks to pass by without doing anything whatever. Then came an hour when graver doubts possessed me. My wife had sold the diamond earrings which my sister had given her upon her wedding day. I came by this knowledge while examining her desk for letters, and I believed that she intended to give the money thus raised to the mysterious person who had the power to call her from her fireside when

he pleased. The night on which I followed her was as beautiful as night could be. The nir was warm and full of the breath of flowers. My wife wore a white dress and a pretty hat with daisies around the brim. She had told me a deliberate falsehood, asking me to stay at home to receive a friend who might call while she went to the dressmaker's A wild hope that she had only been

to this dressmaker before, and that the

icwels were sold to pay some extrava-

gant bill, filled my heart, but it van-ished as I followed her, and saw her

leave the road after going a few paces, and take a by-path which ran back into our own orchard. It was a small place full of old apple trees. The moonlight failed to fill it, but I saw amidst the shadows of the foliage the darker shadow of a man's figure. "Ye've kept me waiting," he whis-

"I could not help it," my wife re-The man gave a low growl. "Ye've got the money?" he said. "For your own intherest you've got

the money, the five hundred dollar-

Where had I neard that voice before? "No," my wife faltered, "not so much; the jeweler would only give me three hundred, but I have that." "Ye must raise the other two," growled the man. "Oh, you'll do it, it won't be a great dale to pay to save

them we know of from twenty years in inil. Prodhuce it and tell me whin, or, afther all, I'll tell the truth; it's my duty anyway. "Oh, good Heaven! I've given you all

I have!" cried my poor wife. "I can get no more. She seemed almost to faint. Whatever this mystery might be, it was my duty to defend her.

I strode out of the shadow, and, with out warning, stood before them. "Fleda," I cried, "what does this mean? Whom are you talking to? I must know! I will know! Do you fancy I have been blind to your meetings with

this scoundrei?" "Oh, don't speak so, dearest!" she cried. "Don't anger him. Go away, You don't know your danger."

" 'Danger!" " I cried, clutching the collar of the man, who strove to rush past me. "Come; let me see whom I have here. I dragged him into the light, and saw our porter, Honest Jim, and no

other. "Jim, by all that is comical!" I said. "And what is he to you, wife?" "Oh, don't! Don't!" cried Fleds. "He knows all! He knows all!"

"Fieda," said I, "whatever he may know about you, have no fear. You are my wife. I love you. Nothing can "Oh, it isn't I, Henry! It is you! He knows all about Razzle Dazzle, and what you did to get the money to bet on him. It was such a temptation, I know, my poor husband! And he swore h would not betray you if I gave him five hundred dollars. But I have not been able to raise it. I will, though. Spare

my husband, and I will! Yes! Oh, 1 will earn it, somehow!" cried Fleda. wildly. "What confounded blackmailing trick

is this?" said I, shaking Honest Jin. furiously. "Pl'ase, let me go!" groaned Jim 'You put it into my head with your talk of your missus fearing you'd go wrong. I was up before you the night of the storrum, and she met me, and was alsy tuck in. An' I tried it ag'in. You an' the divil put it into my head. Here's the money back. Don't choke me! Here is the money back."

child?" I asked Fleda. "That you had robbed your employers to get money to stake on Razzle Dazzle," said she. "My only thought has been how to save you." "Go!" I said to Honest Jim. "Show

"What did he tell you, you silly

your face in the office again if you I dismissed him with a kick and took Fleda in my arms. "So you'd be true to me if I were both

fool and rascal?" said L "Poor little "And you'd love me if I had some dreadful story in my life?" said Fleda. And we were very happy as we walked home together, arm in arm, my wife and I .- M. Cady, in N. Y. Ledger.

Mourning Colors in Russla. Black is the almost universal mourning color in Europe, but there are a few exceptions. For instance, in Russin black is never used for covering coffins, the cloth being of a pink shade when the deceased is a child or young person, a crimson color for women and brown for widows. Italians do not use black cloth, white being used in the case of a child and purple velvet in the case of adults

-Mr. Chimpanzee-"That ostrich eats enough for two birds. What do you suppose makes it so greedy, Mrs. C.?" Mrs. Chimpanzee-"I heard the keeper say it swallowed a pair of strong eye glasses yesterday, and they magnify its appetite."-Vogue.

