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Toronto, Canada. ing she was knocked out more than she

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN. Uncle often tells us stories

And the wonders and the glories, If we're good, for Tom and me; And I dream that somewhere sailing is a gallant bark of mine, With the soft wind never failing, And the weather always tine.

Oh! the bells will all be ringing With a merry, tuneful dia. The birds will all be singing, When my ship comes in! She is bringing gifts for mother, And my little baby brother Shall be smothered deep in toys; Her hold is full of treagure.

From the islands of the main, And her fairy even at leisure Are salling home again. Oh? the picusure past all rhyming, And the joy that will begin, When all the bells are claiming,

And my ship comes in! There are storms and sudden dangers tiding ernelty around, Where just such ocean rangers As my fairy bark are found. And guide her safely home. My sum from o'er the foam!

When her even the haven win The bells will all be ringing -Mary J. Farrab, in St. Nicholas

AT HUCKLEBERRY HILL

nattiers Cause Trouble and Terriry Grandpa Connor.

Every year people flock to Huckleberry hit from away up in Steuben county, N. Y.; from clear over in Me-Kean county, the furthest parts of Potter county, and distant sections of Piogra county, says a Romette (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun. Hueklaherry hill is the only place within a radius of lifty miles where the frait for which it is named grows in any quantity, and the people of all that ountry being especially fond of buckle berries they think nothing of driving all night and a part of a day to get on the prolific barrens of Huckleberry hill, where several square miles of nothing but berry bushes and sword like brakes spread beneath the scorehg sun. The hill is one thousand feet. above the valley of Pine creek, in eastern Potter county, and abounds in camed ledges and tumbled heaps of pose rocks. Whole families camp for tays on this forbidding barren to pick nekleberries for market. As many as me thousand five hundred persons have been on the hill at one time, where laneing platforms, hurdy gurdies, openair gin malis, brass bands, and all kinds of faking schemes are in full blast to

amuse and decee the visitors. Like all good buckleberry districts, fluckleberry hill is a favorite haunt of rattlesunkes, and they grow there to extraordinary size and virility. These andres keep many pickers on the move from one part of the big berry patch to another part, for they are always ound, and some huckleberry visitors to not care to dispute territory with them, but retreat to other points as son, as they can discover a rattler or near one in their vicinity. Others, though, are loath to give up a good picking place because a rattlesnake or two are taking things comfortable there and don't care to be disturbed. and they pitch in with clubs and rout or slay the reptile tenant of the spot. So at almost any time of day a visitor may see men, women and children, ome of them pale and terror-stricken, noving away from some particular loality with much haste, and others thrashing away in the bushes with lubs and holding their own against

he strakes. Not a day passes that some one isn't it by a rattler When the berry pickrs return from the hill to their various omes they fetch with them stories of paper and exciting experiences with attlesnakes that some one has had. This recital has come to be known nerenbouts as the annual crop of snake stories from Huckleberry hill. The cathering of this crop is awaited with nore interest by many people than the icking of the huckleberry crop. Imong the best of these stories that have reached Roulette, which is thirty miles from the hill, but which sends a caravan of huckleberry pickers there every season, are these:

Mrs. Juston, of Lectonia, had found patch where the berries were espejully fine and abundant. She was capidly filling her twelve-quart pail, much to the envy of Miss Still, a friend of hers, who hadn't struck extraordi mry luck. Suddenly Mrs. Juston picked up her pail and walked away from her rich find without saying a word. Miss Still gazed after her in amazement, and asked her if she wasn't coming back to that lovely spot.

"No," said Mrs. Juston. "You can have it if you want it." Misa Still thanked Mrs. Juston effusively for her great generosity and unselfishness, and was soon sweeping the berries into her pail just where Mrs. Juston had picked up her pail so sud denly and walked away Miss Still was in a position that brought her face almost even with her pail, and as she was picking away, two big rattlesnakes rose up from somewhere behind the pail and stuck their ugly noses over the ide of it, not two feet away from Miss Still's face. For an instant the young woman was unable to move, but then she recovered herself, sprang up, and

"Helto, Emmy!" said Mrs. Juston from her new picking spot, laughing at what she thought was a good joke. "Did you see 'em?"

The secret of Mrs. Juston's generosity was revealed to Miss Still, and it made her so angry that she stopped running, hunted around until she found a club, and hastened back to her linekleberry pail. The snakes were still there, and Miss Still pitched into them. They were ugly and fought her back so fiercely that she had to thrash around in the bushes for several minutes before she laid them out, and after she had laid these two out she had to kill another big one that came on the scene to see what was going on. While Miss Still ctired among the group of pickers at a distance to rest and be congratulated on her pluck, Mrs. Juston, seeing that the land had been cleared for her, returned to the choice picking patch that she had so unselfishly renounced her claim to in favor of Miss. St-II, and

had been by the first sight of the two rattlers leering at her over her pail to find that Mrs. Juston had taken possession of those bushes. She remonstrated

"I gness I was here first," was all that Mrs. Juston would say, and Miss Still had to retire to such luck as she

could find. Mrs. Juston's pail soon got so heavy with berries that she let it stand on the ground while she went here and there with a smaller pail which she carried as it was filled to the big pail and emp tied its berries in that. She was making the fourth trip to the big pall, which would have filled it even full of the very nicest berries that had ever been picked on the Hill, when other pickers near heard her give a tremendous yell, and run away, pale as a sheet and her eyes bulging. Miss Still and others ran to the spot. The young woman got there first. She discovered the cause of Mrs. Juston's alarm. A: enormous rattlesnake lay coiled on top of the huckleberries in the twelve-quart pail, with his head erect and his tail more than humming. Miss Still grabbed a club and went for the snake. The first whack of the club somehow missed the snake, but it hit Mrs. Juston's pail of berries, upset it, and sent its luscious contents scattering on the ground. The snake went over with the berries, and was ready for fight in a second. Miss Still gave it to him, but in dealing with him she didn't seem to be able to get away from Mrs. Juston's spilled berries, and even when the snake got enough of the club and turned to wiggle away in the brush Miss Still didn't appear to be able to

follow him, but stood in the midst or the spilled berries and danced about striking at the snake that was away out of her reach, so that by the time the rattler disappeared in a crack in the rock Mrs. Juston's berries were trainpled to a pulp. Some of Mrs. Juston's friends said that Miss Still did it on purpose, but Miss Still went off smilingly to her picking, and said nothing. James Connor, aged seventy, and his grandson Charley, aged ten were among the buckleberry pickers on the hill. Grandfather Connor got tired, and got in the shado of a rock to take a map. Grandson Charley perched on the rock and cent to observing things. After old Mr. Connor had been snoozing a few minutes he opened his eyes, raised his head, and told his grandson that if he didn't quit punching him in the back he would get a switch and dress hi jacket. Grandson Connor hadn't been sunching the old man in the back, and said so. Mr. Connor dropped off to sleep again. By and by he woke up with start, sternly addressed his grand on again, charging the boy with punching him in the back, and assuring him that a repetition of it would bring on his head dire punishment. The boy pleaded his innocence of the charge, and the old man went to sleep again

In a short time he awoke with a start and exclaimed: "There you go again, you young rasal! Now Fil trounce you well!" He rose up to carry out his threa! when the boy's eyes, which had become fixed on the old man's back, began t bulge, and he shouted "There's a snake on your back grandpa! There's a snake on yor back! Grandfather Connor, feeling a weight

there, had glanced over his shoulder and saw a snake writhing and wriggling and rattling there, hanging to Connor's clothing by its teeth. With a yell like a wild Indian the old man broke across Huckleberry hill, howling at every jump, and his grandson bringing up the rear, bellowing like a bull calf. The sight of the old man dashing wildly along with a big rattlesnake hanging to his back created great excitement among the groups of pickers that the frantic procession tore through, and some groups broke up in a panie and rushed yelling in all directions through the bushes. Connor ran more than two miles, the snake clinging to him, when he passed a man named Henry Clark. Clark gazed after the flying old man with the snake trailing and contorting behind him before he re alized the true situation of affairs, and then he started in pursuit. Connor was going so fast that Clark chased him : quarter of a mile before he came up with him, the old man running all the faster the more Clark yelled to him to stop. When Connor's pursuer got within reach of him he grabbed for the snake and caught it firmly by the tail. He gave it a yank, and jerked it loose from its fastenings on the old man, but like a flash the rattler threw its head and whole length of its body back and struck at Clark. The latter mechaneally jerked his head back, or the rattler's fangs would have struck him in the eneels. As it was they sank in his

make could release them Clark seized it around the neck with his left hand and held it there until he choked it to death. Connor in the meantime had dropped exhausted to the ground, and it was a long time before he could be revived. When the boy came up, panting and erying, and told his story the circumstances of the case were plain. Connor had laid down near where the snake was in hiding, and the rattler, not liking the proximity, had struck at him and hit him in the back, but his shirt was so thick that all the old man felt was the thump, which he thought was his grandson punching him. The third ime the snake struck its fangs had caught under one of Connor's suspender, and become fast in it. It was hanging there when it was discovered by the boy and his grandfather, and the old mun's terror started him on his

sleeve at the shoulders, and before the

measured nearly five feet and had ten MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

wild effort to escape from a snake that

was fast to him. This rattlesnake

An electrician in Nashville, Tenn., says it would be dangerous for women wearing crinoline to cross the electric THE largest private collection of

minerals in America is supposed to be that of Mr. Clarence L. Bement, of Philadelphia. 11ts estimated value is \$125,000. An island has been discovered in the Atlantic in latitude 29 degrees two minutes north longitude 137 degrees 59 minutes west, which is only 9 feet

-It is said that there are 275 "lady clergymen" in the United States.

WHERE THE WILD THINGS GROW.

O for the booky gardens, Deep in the green old woods. Where the oaks have woven curtains

To shelter their sylvan broods Where the pine-trees murmur and whispe Secrets we long to know— O to rest in the shadow

Where the wild things grow! There by the brook's clear mirror, All on a summer's day, The bees, the birds and the blossoms

Have it their own sweet way; There, in the tender twilight, Barred by a golden gicam. Husbed in the deepest silence The wood-ferns dream.

There many a grassy pathway Lends to a fairy scene, Where the partridge-berry's coral Lights the dusk of the wintergreen: Where the bells of the precious twin-flower

In the fragrant spaces blow— O to rest in the shadow Where the wind things grow!
-Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Outlook.

THE NEW YORK GIRL. Jenny Did Her an Injustice, and

Was Sorry for It. "I almost wish I hadn't been invited." said Jenny, as she stood before the tressing-glass pinning around her neck

the old piece of white lace Aunt Barbara had given her. "O Jenny! I only wish I could go wouldn't care what I had to wear," eried Madge, who, with red flannel bandage about her throat and a bottle of cough mixture in one hand, sat by the fire watching her sister. "It's just

my luck to be laid up with this horrid "And it's just my luck to have to wear this old blue cashmere," said

York will have on!" and Madge looked "Madge! You've said that at least twenty times! Of course she will be dressed to death. She won't lose such

"I do wonder what the girl from New

a chance as this to show off." "The street dress she had on yesterlay was perfectly lovely!" said Madge. "She went by here twice, and I had a ood look at her. I only wish I could ce all her clothes. I might get some deas for my own. Find out how long she is going to stay with Ella Eastman Jenny, and do get well acquainted with her, so you'll have a lot to tell me

when you get back." "Indeed I shan't! I'm not going to toady to her for anybody. She i duck up enough as it is. If you'd just een the way she looked at me when Ella Eastman introduced us yesterday in Sill's store! Evidently so surprised that Ella should know anyone who would wear an old water-proof cloak and earry a cotton umbrella. I never will forgive her that look."

he looked surprised." "No imagination about it. I guess I an see. I only wish she weren't going to be at the party. It will just spoil it or me. Now, how does this arrangement strike you?" turning for her sister's inspection.

"Now, Jennie! you're so sensitive,

you know. Perhaps you only imagined

"Well, you look very nice, considering. I don't like that breastpin exactly; but of course you're obliged to have smething to hold the lace. I wish you had some flowers; they always add so much to a dress." "Flowers! at this time of the year!

and in Westbridge! You might as well wish I had diamonds." "Jenny, isn't it time you were going, my dear?" called Aunt Barbara's mild voice from the foot of the back stairway; and Jenny caught up her waterproof cloak, threw a "fascinator" over her curly head, and, with a parting

the sitting-room, Madge following with "You look very well-very well, inleed," said Aunt Barbara. "Oh! Aunt Barbara! I know Fil be he worst dressed girl there."

glance in the glass, hurried down into

"Try not to think of your clothes, my ear, and be so pleasant that other peode won't think of them either. You von't enjoy the party if you let envy and discontent into your heart." "I know-but it isn't always easy to e pleasant, particularly when one has

o wear a thick, dark dress to a party. But it's no use to talk about it. We an't help being poor, and it's no disgrace. Is Huldah ready? I might as well go out the kitchen way." Old Huldah, who had lived with Aunt Barbara for ten years, was waiting by the kitchen stove, muffled in a big plaid shawl and a thick black worsted bood.

Jenny didn't like to take the old woman out at night, but her aunt wouldn't let her go through the streets alone. "You'd oughter or let me see how you booked," said Huldah, as they went along the path leading to the front gate. 'I ain't never seen you dressed out for

"Oh, I'm not worth looking at, Hullah. I haven't any finery, you know, and you've seen me in this old blue eashmere fifty times."

"I heard down to the store this mornin' that that girl that's visitin' to Squire Eastman's had flowers sent all the way from New York," said Huldah, slowly. "Come by express. I guess she'll be as fine as a fiddle."

"Oh, of course," replied Jenny, a litthe sharply. And then they tramped on in silence, the hard snow crunching under their feet. The people in Westbridge never cleaned off their side walks in winter; the snow always lay on them until thawed by the sun. Dr. Weight's house, where the party

was given, was lighted up from the ground floor to the attic; and Jennie felt quite excited when she saw that the steps were covered with carpet, and | studied very hard for four years, did that the doctor's boy, with white cotton gloves on his hands, stood in the vestibule waiting to open the door. She bade Huldah "good night," and ran lightly up the steps, wondering if. under the circumstances, she ought to speak to Tim. She thought it would hardly do not to recognize him in some way, as he was Huldah's nephew; so she compromised on a little nod, and then harried up the broad flight of stairs to the second story in the wake of three girls who had gone in just be-The doors of the front parlor were

open, and Jennie saw Mrs. Wright and Bertha standing just within, the latter wearing a pale blue nuns'-veiling trimmed with white lace. "I do hope I won't be the only one in a thick dress," thought Jenny, sighing involuntarily.

One of the girls in front of her turned suddenly and looked back, and Jenny recognized her as Edith Alden, the girl from New York, in whose honor the party was given. She nodded as indifferently as she could, and the next moment they were in the dressing-

The room was half-full of girls, all chattering like magpies; and Jennie's heart sank like lead as she saw that nearly all wore light dresses, and the few whose dresses were dark had turned them in at the neck and filled in the space with illusion or silk, so as to give them a pretty effect, while all wore little ornaments in the shape of chains, fancy pins, or bracelets. Oh! if only she could slip out and go bome! But it was too late for that. Half a

dozen girls had already spoken to her-She made her way to a far corner, and began slowly to unbutton her long cloak, dreading the moment when she should stand revealed in her plain, dark dress, with the ancient hair breastpin as her only, ornament, and just then she heard some one say: "Lend me your glove-hook, Fannic,

I never can button these gloves with my fingers." Gloves! Jennie had never thought of gloves! The only pair she owned were dark brown, and were reserved exclusively to wear to church. Oh! what could she do! It was bad enough to

have on a dark, heavy dress-but no gloves! Tears of wounded pride rose so thickly to her eyes that she could not see to unfasten the "fascinator," which had caught in the breastpin. She heard the girls troop out, eager to see what was going on below; but she stood there fumbling with the

lering if she would ever have the courage to go downstairs. "Want to use my glove-hook, Jenney?" asked Ella Eastman, on her way to the door. "I-no-I-I didn't bring my gloves,"

breastpin, and wishing-oh, how earn-

estly!-that she hadn't come, and won-

faltered Jenny, without looking around, and dragging desperately at the "faseinator. "Well, I came very near forgetting mine," said Eila, in an indifferent

one. "Come on, Edith. Are you "Almost. Go on, don't wait for me. I'll follow you in a minute." "I'll wait at the stairs for you. I

want to look down into the hall," said Ella, as she left the room. An instant of hesitation, then swiftly the girl from New York crossed the room to Jenny's side. How sweet she looked in her white crepe with pearls on her neck, and a great bunch of tea roses on her breast! And how carelessly she tossed on a chair her plumy fan and mee nandkerelijet. Then, as in a dream, Jenny saw her plunge her hand into a blue plush "party-bag" and heard her say:

"It is too bad you forgot your gloves. Can't you use these? They look as if they'd fit you. I always bring two pair, so that if I tear one pair I have another ready. And I want you to have these roses, too. See how pretty they look against your dark dress. They scarcely show at all on mine."

Then-so quickly that Jenny scarcely knew how it was done-the roses were pinned on her breast, and with a little smile and nod, as if well pleased with the effect, the girl from New York was Jenny stood there a moment, dazed,

bewildered, with a lump in her throat, tears in her eyes, and the pretty gloves in her hand. Only the arrival of a fresh bevy of gay young guests "Why, Jenny Cole, that you?" said

one. "How nice you look, Jenny," from another; and, "Where did you get thoexquisite roses?" cried a third. "They were a present," answered Jenny, slowly, as, drawing on the gloves, she moved so as to see herself in

a long mirror. She hardly recognized herself, so much did the beautiful flowers add to her appearance. And, oh! how happy and gay and well satisfied with everything she felt as she descended the stairway a few minutes later and joined the merry crowd in the parlors And to think that she owed it all to the

Madge was sitting up in bed with an old shawl around her shoulders when Jenny came in at midnight. "I've just been taking my medicine."

girl from New York!

she said. "Did you have a good time, Jenny? And, oh! where did you get all those roses?" "The sweetest, dearest girl in the

world gave them to me," answered Jenny; "and she's coming to call on you to-morrow, Madge. I told her about your cold,-and-' "Who is coming to call? Who is the sweetest, dearest girl in the world?" interrupted Madge. "Do explain who

you mean, Jenny." "I mean the girl from New York," answered Jenny. "What? That hateful, stuck-up girl

who looked so surprised when Ella introduced you? The one you wished wouldn't be at the-" "Don't say another word," interrupted Jenny. "O, Madge! I am so

ashamed of myself." And then she told her all about it -Florence B. Hallowell, in Demorest's Magazine. Russian Ignorance.

"Why does Russia linger in ignor-

ance?" answered David S. Jordan. "Let me tell you a story. When I was in college at Cornell there came a bright young Russian to study by the name of Dabrolchoff. This young man was of quick perceptive powers and deeply interested in the progressive practical sciences and questions. He much more work than any single term required, and graduated with the honors of his class. He removed to New York and entered into a successful practice of civil engineering. Some time later I learned that he had gone back to his native land. I heard no more of this young man outside of a few scientific articles in some European magazines for nearly ten years. While making a tour of Europe I bethought myself of him, and wondered why his brilliant parts had not long since brought him into prominence. In Russia I made inquiries and there learned, to my astonishment and sorrow, that the student had been suspected of treason, tried and sentenced to Siberia, where he had died in filth and chains."

-First Beggar-"Are you blind by nature?" Second Reggar-"No; only by profession."-Drake's Magazine.

THAT BOSTON MAID.

That Boston maid I much admire because sho Profound she is in commonplace as well as repartee: Of sunset or of promenade, of snowstorm or of

Her speech is polysyllable, and thus is ever We walked together-she and I-one evening in

And saw a rainbow afterward. And yet it were For me to try to translate her. "Aqueous va-"Prismatic arch concentrie"-these, perhaps,

will give a clew. Like other maids, she loves fee cream, and soda water, too; But in their nomination she is apt to rattle you. "Comresied confection" is the one, and I am Just what she calls the other in her pet nomen-

Though angular in speech, she is a pretty girl And therefore I admire her much, although she

DAWSON'S UMBRELLA.

And Miss Lovelock's Provision for

a Rainy Day.

Patter! pat! pat! The rain was pour-

ing down on the glass portico. A sud-

den storm had swept up out of a clear

sky. Everyone was caught unawares.

The stray cubs were seized in a moment.

the omnibuses crowded before you could

look around. There was actually only

one umbrella in the stand by the door

of the Cafe de Luxe. I stood, in a new

hat and a light gray frock coat, and

eved the umbrella speculatively. I

knew the owner. He had just gone in

to lunch. He was a large and long

luncher. I was in a hurry. Perhaps

the storm would pass. I could send it

back by a commissionaire. I was very

apt to take cold, and my appointment

hand toward the ambrella. At the

moment I perceived, like a stage vil-

ain that I was observed. In fact.

was not alone. A young lady of most

attractive appearance stood a few feet

from me, almost under the portico.

gazing wistfully out into the wet. She

wore a summer costume. She looked

at her watch, then again at the storm,

and murmured, disconsolately: "Oh, I

shall be late." An instinct of generos-

ity overcame me. Without another

thought for my sensitive chest or my

light-gray suit, with a firm proprietacy

unattainable, to offer you an un-

A glad light leaped into her eyes.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said, "What

"I don't mind a wetting." I answered,

heroically. 'Pray take it. You can

send it back here at your leisure."

(Dawson could not have much more

"I couldn't think of it," she repeated,

A sudden thought struck me. After

"If you wouldn't mind taking my

"Oh, perhaps we should. Thank

you!" and she nestled quite close to me.

We walked along talking. My left shoul-

der got all the drippings, but somehow

"Are you sure you are thoroughly

"Perfectly," she answered. "But

"I thought there was no chance of

"It's on the umbrella-half an inch

long," she said; "I couldn't help read

There it was-"Joshua Dawson, 4

Calceolaria Villas, West Kensington,

W." Somehow the address annoyed me

"A strange way to make acquaint-

ance, isn't it?" she asked, with a coquet-

"Delightful. But you haven't al-

lowed me to make acquaintance with

you yet. Haven't you your name any-

"My name is Lydia Lovelock," she

said: "don't you like it? It's prettier

"Certainly prettier than Joshua Daw-

"Joshua Dawson isn't pretty," she

observed, with candid eyes; "now, is

"Then you wouldn't take my name

"Your umbrella's enough to take for

one day," she said, with a blush. As

she spoke, she slipped and all but fell

on the shining pavement. She gave a

little ery: "Oh, my ankle!" and

leaned heavily upon me. I held her

"I believe I've wrenched it badly,"

She looked lovely-1 give you my

word, positively lovely-in her pair

and distress. I don't think I said so;

but I said something, for she blushed

"I must come with you," I said.

"That's very nice of you; but how am

"But you'll never be able to get out."

breast of it to Dawson. When I was

fifty yards off I saw him under the

she added. "Oh, what a lot of trouble

I'm giving you, Mr. Dawson."

again as she answered:

She shook her head.

to our door, and-"

"I can manage now."

I to get home?"

instead of yours?" I asked to keep up

son," said I, wishing Dawson had

-I myself live in St. James street.

rain to-day. You are more careful, Mr.

you're not, I'm afraid. You're too

kind. Mamma will be so grateful."

I liked this simple friendliness.

I could not repress a little start.

"You know my name?"

She laughed merrily.

I was indifferent to that.

sheltered?" I asked.

Dawson.

tish glance.

than yours.

where about you?"

chanced to be a duke.

the conversation

arm," said I, "we should be better shel-

all, I had no business to lose sight of

would you do?"

than finished his soup.)

Dawson's umbrella.

providential."

We started.

You will get scaled through."

air, I laid hold of Dawson's umbrella.

Thus prompted of Satan, I put my

was really very important.

Propose? I dare not: yet of life a year or two would give To know just how she would frame yes or yet "My umbrella!" -J. A. Waldron, in Judge.

must have recognized me. It was a very quiet street we were

running up, and our strange procession "My umbrella! Thief I"

I came to her rescue. Avoiding Dawson's eye, I hastily told my shameful tale. Lydia's face brightened, but still there was apprehension in her looks.

you would have done the same. me a thief." I preserved a dignified silence.

young lady has quite finished with my property, perhaps she will be good Lydia did not take the hint. She clung to the umbrella. "If-if you would be so kind," she

stammered, "as to lend it to me for to-I would return it to-morrow."

Kindly give it me." "Really, Dawson, to oblige a lady-"

brella?" sneered Dawson. "If she would accept it, I should be—" I stopped. To my surprise, Lydia laid her hand on my arm and said: "Oh, do, please! And may I keep this till we get to the shop?"

as though to leave us, and when I called her back she pouted.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "It rains," he said, "our roads lie the same way. It's a It did. large umbrella." And I opened it. It "Put up the umbrella," said Dawson, was not a very large umbrella; but how could I know that?

"I go this way," said she, with a monantly. tion of her hand westwards. "My way," I cried. "Come, this is "You can get wet."

"The rain's not much," she faltered. It was now pouring. With a muttered oath, Dawson snatched the umbrella from her. Lydia shricked and ran away of her speed up the street again.

ment-two, three thuds. In amaze I looked down. There lay a silver eigarette-case, two purses and a gold watch,

and picked up the purses, the cigarette-case and the watch. "Great ---: I cried; and my hand

flew to my waistcoat-pocket. It was my watch. I did not prosecute Lydia, because I could not have overtaken her, and for other reasons. It was altogether too. sad, too disheartening, too disappointing a discovery. Dawson, however, observed that it seemed to him an excellent example of poetic justice in real

life.-St. James Gazette.

The supposed English lack of grace in discourse and in the blandishments of social intercourse is a matter of continual amusement to the French. They have a theory that if an Englishman shows himself gracious it is because he has some personal end to serve-which, moreover, he is prouder of serving than he is of being gracious.

M. Prodhomme, while traveling by rail, fell in with an Englishman who talked steadily with him in French for an hour and a half. When they parted the Frenchman

are not at all communicative."

because it gave me a chance to practice my French!"-Youth's Companion.

An Extravagant Monarch.

The sultan of Turkey is said to be the most extravagant housekeeper in the world. According to a recent estiand horses, 2,500,000 francs-a total of 175,000,000 franes, or more than \$35,000,-

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vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Printing of all kinds neally and exectously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it. portico. The manager and four waiters stood round him in disconsolate at-

> pouring the story of his wrongs into Here came my fatal weakness. I let him go on. He took me by the arm and walked me off. I could not escape him; and all the way he thundered

titudes. One or two of his remarks-

he was talking very lond-reached my

ears. I changed my mind, I would

wait till he was calmer. I turned away:

but at that instant Dawson caught

sight of me. A second later he was

against the thief. "If it costs me twenty pounds, I'll bring him to justice!" he declared. Really, I dared not break it to him

Suddenly, from round a sharp corner, there came upon us-almost running into us-Lydia Lovelock herself, with Dawson's umbrella in her hand. He had been narrowly scanning every umbrella we passed. He scanned this one, and cried, darting forward:

With a little scream Lydia turned and fled. Dawson was after her like an arrow. I pursued Dawson. Why, ch, why, did she run away? Surely she

attracted little notice. The chase was soon over. I caught Dawson just as he caught Lydia. For a moment we all stood panting. Then Dawson gasped: Lydia seemed very agitated. Of course

"This lady, believe me," I said, "is entirely blameless. Of course she thought the umbrella was my own. My sole consolation, Dawson, is to think that had you been in my place "I don't see," remarked Dawson, rudely, "why it consoles you to think

"However," he continued, "if this

day-the weather is still threatening-"Your request, madam, is a modest one," answered Dawson, sareastically; but, as you observe, the weather is threatening and I want my umbrella.

"Allow me," said I, "as cabs seem "Why don't you buy her an um-

> I did not understand her; but we turned round and began to walk, looking for a shop. She was a very strange girl. She lagged behind; I had to wait twice for her. Once she took a turning

Suddenly Dawson looked up.

"Let the lady have it," said I, indig-"We'll share it," grinned Dawson. But Lydia did not put it up.

like a frightened rabbit-ran at the top "Stop, stop!" I cried. "Stop, my dear Miss Lovelock." "Holy powers!" exclaimed Dawson. He had opened the umbrella; as he did so there was a thud on the pave-

Dawson burst into maniacal laughter as he pointed at Lydia's retreating figure. That girl could run. For a moment I stood dumfounded. What a revelation! Dawson chuckled in Satanic glee. Sadly I stooped down

Reason for Politeness.

It is related in a French paper that

"I am very happy to have had this opportunity to exchange my impressions with an affable gentleman such as you-the more so from the fact that, as a general thing, your countrymen "Ow!" said the Englishman, in very bad French. "I only talked, you know,

mate his domestic budget runs thus: Repairs, new furniture, mats, beds, "Oh, yes. But—perhaps—the rain's almost stopped—may I keep the umetc., 15,000,000 francs; tollet requisites. including rouge and enamels for the brella? There are some steps to mount ladies of the harem, and jewelry, 50,-000,000 francs; extra extravagances, Now, could I do anything else than 65,000,000 francs; clothes and furniture press Dawson's umbrella upon her? for the sultan personally, 10,000,000 She took it and, with a last bewitching france; donceurs and wages, 20,000,000 smile, vanished from sight. I turned franes; gold and silver plate, 12,500,000 and almost ran back to the Cafe de francs; maintenance of five carriages Luxe, determined to make a clean