JAS, C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

NUMBER 44.

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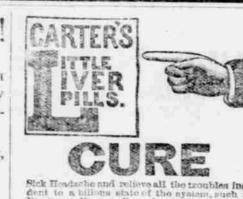
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Phough the years be fied, and the pain is dead, And the grief is over long. Yet on dream-land track doth the soul go back, And to! the sound of a song hat rings from a glade where the trees are Where the wind of sorrow never hath been: And out of the night come back to sight The forms and faces of vore. The old love wakes, and the old joy takes Color and light once more:

The sunbeams creep over eyes that sleep, hat in fair dream-land we have clasped a hand Which held ours—long ago' And we thrill to a touch that is lingering yet To a passion of love, and of vain regret. And for many a day we wend our way The unseen world around us, For the soul has snapped the chain that

Saloon."

There was a breezy crowd over in the Emma saloon one night less than a year ago, and every man was well heeled, arrying his revolver handy, and wore his shirt open at the neck. As for the women-there was only one, and she rejoiced in the soubriquet of "Scarred Emma," and you only had to look at her hands to know why. They had been burned to the bone, and, although she were diamond rings to the first joint of every finger, they didn't disguise the horrid scars, scamed and livid, and of these Emma was prouder than of the rings. Well she might be. Had women bearing them in her arms from a burning building? And these sears were her medals of honor for her bravery.

Some of the gang were playing draw poker, others engaged in a game of with the landlady, who was about as

On the night here alluded to, "Scarred Emma" was busy handing out the miners poison in copious doses, and listening to such cheap compliments as were not too suggestive of revolvers and free fights, when the door opened, and the deputy sheriff entered the place. Everybody rose up, and a shout of velcome greeted the newcomer.

"Naw! Evenin', Em. About two fingers straight, seein' I jest got in. Been to G.aha for a pesky hose thief. Tried to get away, out here, and we was goin' to let him have it, but there vuz a feetle weazened parson on the stage an' he interfered and prayed off so fluid like we weakened, an' let the feller go with nary a bullet in his carcass. Here's to ye, Em, for the fairest of yer sex. Come on, boys, an' fill up at my expense."

He tossed off the gram and set the tumbler down to be refilled.

"lie's stopped over to preach at Hell's morroy, an' doan yer forget it, less he dies afore mornin' kind o' sudden from

"Say, Bill," remarked Emma, stirring is whisky by shaking it in the glass, 'is he a young feller?" "Aw, an' sickly. Lord, yer can see nylight through him."

"You bet!"

"Who says 'no?" asked the woman, and this time the tiger showed itself in

"I do-we all do!" roared the crowd in a rude chorus.

noved them as nothing else could have one. Off went every hat, bearded lips trembled, then, as there was danger of too much sentiment, there went up a

eyes that might have been a tear. the surrounding country these placards were affixed to walls and trees:

GREAT DAY DIVINE SERVICES IN THE EMMA SALOON REV JAMES FORSYTH, D. D.

Please Leave Your Guns with the Ushers.

When the stage reached the Gulch, the parson who had come on from Devil's Delight was in it, but he stopped at the tavern until it was time to go to meeting. It meant nothing to him that he was taking his life in his hands to preach the Gospel of Christ crucified to these men. What was his poor, miserable gift of a dying life, compared with these lost souls? Besides-then he coughed terribly, closed his eyes, and wiped the cold sweat of mortal illness from his face. Ab, specious human nature! Sophistries

overrighteousness! It was of one precious sin-sick soul he was thinking. and that he hoped to reach through

this zeal for the brotherhood. Poor scarred Emma! She had given her influence—and I have shown that it was great-she had given her saloon, which was also her throne, and now she was shut up in a miserable, tawdry room, partitioned off from the rest, dressed in her Sunday finery, waiting until all the gang had assembled, when she would walk in boldly and take her seat with the rest. Well she knew that no woman would be there. No other woman would sit under the same roof with her, and then she looked down on her diamond-bedecked hands. "I can buy and sell them all. I am no man's slave and my word is law, but-" And then a whole flood of tears came. But soon she dashed them away and dried her eyes. Another touch of rouge to repair the ravage, and she was ready "to go to church," as she phrased it to herself. A determined, aggressive figare, dressed in a smart black satin, wearing a bow of pink ribbon at the throat. It seemed as if the incongruity of her attire struck her at the last moment, for on the threshold of her room she stopped, went back, and threw a lace shawl around her shoulders. Then she made her way to the front room, just as the noise of clattering boots and grating chairs was

hushed, and the minister bowed his head in prayer. A dozen men made room for her. Their faces brightened as she entered, but she did not look at one of them. Like one walking in sleep she moved, and never took her eyes from the thin, meager form of the man who stood in the impromptu pulpit, pouring out his

It was not until the petition was ended, and the oppressed listeners had relaxed with a sigh, that she sat down among the men, where she could see without being seen. The minister then chose a hymn and lined it out:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say-" He was interrupted by Deputy Bill. "We can't sing that, pard-I mean parson. Give us something we know." They compromised on "A land that is fairer than day." The parson heard the sweet treble of a woman's voice,

and wondered much whence it came. He looked troubled, and the cough that shook him with its paroxysm brought out bottles and glasses, but he put aside all offers with a shaking hand. "Hearken to me, my friends," he began, solemnly, "and know that you are listening to a dying man." He had not time to announce the text, the words of life were hovering

upon his lips, when there rang through the room a woman's frenzied erg: "Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy!" "Who spoke, who called me?" asked the parson, with white lips, clinging to

the table before him. "Oh! Jimmy, you're too late-and you're killing yourself, and it's for me, and I'm not worth it-I'm-not-worth-She was making her way to him now,

and as his eyes lit up his death-pale features he prayed: "At last," he murmured, "at last, and now I'm willing to die! Lord, Ithank-Thee."

His head fell forward. A dozen stalwart men jumped to his side, but when he was laid on the nearest bench it. was "Scarred Emma" who held his dying head on her arm, and it was into her face he looked when he opened his eyes for a brief coming back to life. "Don't cry," he said, tenderly, "don't

ery, Molly-at least not for me-but promise me-quick, I'm going soonpromise me to quit this place-now-

"Oh, Jimmy, I can't. You've seen them all-tell me, Jimmie, are theywell-do they ever speak of me?" "They-are-all-well-dear, and safe over there! The dear old mother and the little sister. And I promised them

I'd bring-you and-now I'm going "Don't go, Jimmy, I'll do anything if you'll only live. I'll change my ways, and do just as you bid me, even to turning my back on friends that have been good to me. But oh, Jimmy,

I'm not worth dying for-it's too late for that " "Not to meet the dear mother and little sister! I tell you it is not too late. Oh, I cannot die in peace if you do not promise. You have no right to lose your soul, child-it is not yours to do with as you please, but is bought

with a price. Take those off-" looking with wide strange eyes at the gems She obeyed him. In a moment she had stripped every ring from her fingers and then he gathered the two poor scarred hands in his cold ones, and held

them to his pale lips. "Saved," he murmured, then he smiled as if in answer to something he saw, and a moment later he fell asleep, and the woman kneeling by his side reverently closed his eyes, sobbing, but not as one without hope.

Less than a year ago, and to-day the quiet, respectable woman who is postmistress in one of our small western towns has the good will of every citizen. They can see nothing in common with her and the terrible woman of Dead Man's Gulch except the scarred hands from which they receive their daily mail. And they know the honorable history of those scars.-Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

A Gentle Reminder. The Kennebee Journal tells this story of Manager Tucker, of the Maine Central railroad: "Some time ago a section boss was sitting idly by the station when Mr. Tucker stepped off a train and asked him if he needed more help. When the boss replied in the negative Mr. Tucker walked a little distance along the track, picked up a couple of bricks and removed them to their proper place. 'Every time I have passed by here for several weeks,' he then remarked to the boss, 'I have seen those two bricks lying there, and I thought because you left them maybe you didn't have help enough.' With that he mounted the train again and moved off, waving a pleasant 'good-by' to the sec-

caught in that way again." -Too Familiar. -Boston Journalist-Young man, this may do for New York, but we don't Tom, Dick and Harry people in this town." Spaceryt -"But-" Boston Journalist-"There is no but about it; you will have to change the proof to read: 'Uncle Sam-

tion crew, who will never, no, never, be

HIS LAST ROLE.

The curtain had already been raised three times and still the applause was prolonged. They were compelled to raise it again. Darzincourt, his left hand pressed against his heart, his right holding several gilt laurel crowns, bowed, while his eyes filled with tears. The bravos increased to a storm; he wanted to say something to express his thanks to the public, but the old comedian could only open his lips and utter a mumbling sound. He was overcome; his emotions were too deep to clothe in Canes beat on the floor with a furious

poise. The entire theater shook with the sound. Again and again did the ushers pass up to the stage paper palm branches bearing ribbons on which the principal roles of the actor were printed. Meanwhile as Darzincourt stood in the midst of the company that and supported him the stage manager left the group and embraced him in the name of the crowd. At the same time he placed one of the crowns on his head. The crown, far too large, slipped down to his shoulders, but what of that?-the scene was beautiful. It was on this tableau and amid fresh and furious applause that the curtain

escended, leaving Darzincourt to take off his crown and receive the felicitaions of his comrades. Never before in that provincial city

had a similar manifestation been made over a retiring actor, and as he was to eave the stage permanently there was no jealousy among his fellows. So he etired to the Cafe de la Comedie, where a second ovation awaited him, and the fragrant smoke from the punch bowls on the marble tables received the enthusiasm of those who pressed forward to do him honor. And there were toasts without number, you may

The old habitues of the theater reproached him for leaving them so soon. Why, if one pleases the public, one is

always young. And he, rubbing his chin, that had seen shaved for more than half a century, was obliged to defend his retirement. His hair was white; he was too rhenmatic to kneel gracefully in the love scenes. Besides, he made his mark, his life had been passed on the boards. Well, he needed repose. He wanted to see the real country instead of faded canvas. He had dreamed of a ittle farm-a little garden where he could smoke his pip, in peace to the end of his days. It was time to think of himself; he had given enough of his life to the public. And it was amusing to hear him speak of his farming projects, scated there in the costume of Louis XV, with the "makenp" still on his face, which in the heat of the cafe

glistened in oily lines. At last the manager, with his majes tic gravity, and also moved by the ibations he had taken during that affeeting evening, declared that there was no telling what the future might bring forth. Who could say that Darzincourt would not come back some day? But the latter shook his head. Not his decision had been made; he wanted now to enjoy the luxury of do-

ing nothing. Two days afterward Darzincourt, installed in his little house, his head covered with a large straw hat, wearing a linen suit and wooden shoes, began to water his flowers in the midst of a broiling sun, while chatting with the little servant maid.

"But you ought to wait till evening," she said. "They will perish." "Bah!" he smiled. "Flowers are like women. You can't show them too much attention."

From that time a delicious life began for him in the peace of his rustic home. He thought with horror of the rehearsals of other days, of the constant changing of costumes and parts to be learned, and shivered at the remembrance of those scenes which called for nervous action. A year of peaceful pleasure followed. He was very happy. and why not? he kept asking himself again and again-so often, in fact, that he began to doubt if he felt so sin-

This happiness at the bottom was monotonous. Yet he was not willing to acknowledge that ennui had crept into that pretty little house which he had longed for so much, and the more he assured himself that he needed nothing the more he saw that the days that dragged by were abominably void

To-day, scated in an arbor taking his coffee, he allowed his pipe to go out as he read over some old plays, occasionally pausing to exclaim as he came to some familiar role: "Ah, I was great in that." And the old memories of the past that he thought were buried came to the present and sang a siren song in his ears. Ah, the music of applause, the shouts and bravos that set the lights trembling after an impassioned speech! And the little servant coming to remove the dishes surprised him standing there flushed of face, his hair blowing in the breeze, apostrophizing an imaginary personage. "Ah, monsieur le comte-at last we

are face to face!" "A count here! Where is this count

And the girl laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Oh, these old habits that we can never lay aside! One fine day Darzincourt was forced to acknowledge that he regretted the theater. Well, yes, why not? One cannot live on the boards with impunity and not suffer from nostalgia. He subscribed to the town paper, and followed the theatrical otices written by a young lawyer clerk who had literary aspirations. When he read the eulogies on his old companions his bile rose; besides, they were playing in roles that he had filled. He had hesitated before; he hesitated no more One morning he abandoned his linen suit, put on his holiday clothes and

visit, and, learning the motive, raised his hands with a gesture of deprecia-What, Darzincourt at his age wished to reappear?" And he noticed the comedian stooped feebly since he had lived in idle exile and had accumulated a fresh crop of whiskers. Still the prospect of a fruitful evening, on the strength of the actor's reputation, tempted him, and he

sought the director of the theater. The

latter appeared to be surprised at the

had already formed a plan announcing | riddy.

the reappearance of the celebrated Darzincourt. "Well, why shouldn't you return to

the stage?" he said. Radiant with the idea of again filling this dingy hall with his sonorous speeches, the old actor began to discuss the piece. He didn't need any rehearsals, of course; he had played the part so often! With the joy of a child he sought the costume room, tried on again the clothes he had worn more than a hundred times, requested that a few changes be made, and passed the day in consultation with the hairdresser and costumer of the theater.

Not a wig pleased him; he ordered a new one. A nervous gayety possessed him; he could have turned somersaults. The advertisement produced its effect. When the time came the hall was crowded to witness his reappearance. but the feverish enthusiasm he had counted on was lacking. He appeared, a little applause saluted him, but it was not continued. The audience became apathetic. What! was this the Parzincourt that had charmed them in other days? Why, the poor fellow was grotesque! He felt disconcerted, but not alarmed. Since his departure they had missed the fire of the old school of acting; he would show them what it

The old patrons of the theater whom he knew uttered little exclamations of surprise. The newcomers began openly to ridicule. The rest of the company sulked and gave Darzincourt his cues reluctantly, until he began to lose his assurance little by little. He stumbled in a pathetic speech-turned a sentence into ridicule-the parterre howled. From that moment every word, every gesture provoked a tempest.

Darzincourt felt a cold perspiration gather on his forehead. Around him in the boxes people were going out, and he murmured, pale with anger:

"Ingrates! Ingrates!" At that point in the play where he was to fall-in a faint after reading the letter-he could not get up until a machinist was sent to help him. Then the hisses rose like a storm. Such an opportunity to have fun was infrequent in this quiet town, and the crowd set up an awful racket. But Darzincourt persisted, though his eyes were filled with tears. At last, crushed by his emotions, he forgot his lines. He stood with mouth wide open, hearing no more than the derisive shricks of the orchestra or the cat-calls from the galleries. The failure was decisive: the play could go no further. Entering his dressing-room the old comedian tore his hair, reeling like a drunken

"You've put us in a nice box." growled the director, who nevertheless had just pocketed the receipts. Darzincourt regained, his home in a rushed condition. A whole life of glory to end in this fatal defeat! Still dressed he lay down on the bed and reviewed the horrible evening. No! he

would not allow himself to be beaten.

He would fight again. Could be leave the theater forever? Even with its chagrins and mortifications he had need of it. The handsome Darzincourt of the past now supplicated and implored the director; he did not wish to be paidhe only asked to have a small role given him-a little, a very little role. From motives of economy they aceded to his request; he was given the

part of a servant and he set out to study it with all the ardor of a debutante. When he came in, letter in hand, the audience, without reason, except that of cruel joy, began to sing; "Dar-zincourt-Dar-zin-court" to a popular air.

From balcony to orchestra rang the derisive sound. "You see, my poor old man," said the manager, "you are no longer wanted." And he, haggard, sinking-having tasted again the intoxication of the theater, asked himself in desperation what was to become of him from the

footlights. After that he asked only permission to be a supernumerary-man of the people, archer of the palace, noble without mportance. But they recognized him in the midst of the others, and the publie, accustomed to having amusement at his expense, filled the hall with noise and laughter. It was impossible to allow him to appear now even as "supe." The little house at the gates of the town still smiled beneath its burden of clematis and fresh green vines, but he came there no more.

All his life was bound up in the theater. He was a martyr of the stage He passed his days in a corner of the wings, having no more the right to show himself in the evening, however humbly. He wasted away, worn by sadness and longing, wandering about through the dressing-rooms of the artists like an old dog whose hunting days are over, but whom no one will turn away. One night the manager approached him with a cruel smile "Look here," he said, "we are going to put on a new piece. In the third act the barking of a dog is heard in the wings. You be the dog, will you?" Darzincourt took his extended hand in his, trembling with joy, his face

transfigured, as he stammered out his thanks. "A role!" he cried; "I shall have another role!"-Short Stories.

IN PUBLIC LIFE.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND receives from ten to twenty letters a day containing recipes for reducing his obesity. WILLIAM F. HARRITY, the chairman of the democratic national committee, has not taken a holiday for ten years. MRS. ANNIE MOORE, who has the reputation of being the only woman president of a national bank (Mount

brilliant eyes and soft voice and gentle manners PRIVATE SECRETARY LANDIS, Secretary Gresham's right-hand man-who sits on his left, however, by the window-enjoys the confidence of his chief to an unusual degree, even among statesmen who know how to put a private secretary to the greatest possible use.

Pleasant, Tex.,) is described as a dark

complexioned woman, with peculiarly

A Boy's Composition. The following composition was written by a ten-year-old nephew of Josh Billings when the teacher gave him "Dogs and Cats" for a subject: "Dogs and cats allways fite ech uther when tha git a chance, but a dog an't no match for a kat because a kat kin make her tail biggern a ball club and

run up a tree while the dogs gettin

UNCLE DAVY'S SCHEME.

Reward.

Old Uncle Davy leaned upon his lawnmower, cross and dispirited. All his blandishments and cajolings had that day failed to win a quarter of a dollar from the newcomers at the Sugar Springs summer hotel, and he feared he would go home that night without having earned the price of the tobacco for his after-supper smoke. To be sure, the hotel proprietor had offered him a dollar for mowing the hotel lawn, and with ordinary industry it could be mowed in less than a day, but Uncle Davy accounted it a direct loss to earn a dollar by the sweat of his black brow when quarters could be carned by a few adroit compliments. So the mowing of the lawn had dragged for a week, and bid fair to become like the task of Sisyphus. So slowly did Uncle Davy work that the grass verily grew under his feet, and although he had completely mowed the lawn once, the grass had grown as fast as he mowed, and he could not call the hotel proprietor to view a completed task and pay

him a dollar. "Nebber see seeh a stingy set in my born'd days as dese bo'ders at de hotel," muttered Uncle Davy to himself. "Dey won't even give me one o' dem 'two-for-a-nickel' segares dev smokesfor I reckon dey is too stingy to smoke nuffin' mo' costly. Ah, good evenin', young marsa," he continued in a cheery tone, bowing and scraping to a smartly-dressed young fellow passing by. "Is you on a beautiful walk, 's even-

"No: I am on a board walk, Unele Davy," replied the young fellow, with difficulty denying himself the indulgence of a smile at his own wittieism. "Glory! you's as witty as a blue jay, young marsa, an' jes' as peart an' wears as fine cloes. I knew you was a ladies' man de minnit I see you-all dressed up so fine, an' walkin' so graceful, like you dance mo'n you walk. I jes' done id do it, 'pon my soul. Whar'd you

say you come from? Up norf, you "Good glory! How's it seem to be lown whar you kin keep warm?" "We keep just as warm as you do." "I reckon you all wear sheepskins;

ley would keep you all warm. What town do you live in?" "Ann Arbor." "For de lan's sake! is dat so, young marsa? Is dat so? Befo' de wa' I use to live at Culpepper Co't House, Virginrah, on de estate of old Jedge Caringfo'd, an' I remember dat de Caringfo'd soys went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to school. Did you know de Caringfo'd

boys? Co'se not; you's too young for "Here is a quarter for you, Uncle Davy," said the young man, loftily. They tell me at the hotel that when you stop the guests and compliment them you expect to be rewarded with a

quarter. "Gord bress you, young marsa," said the old man. "Much obliged for de quarter. Dem bo'ders at de hotel is wrong about my expectin' a quarter, when I talks to 'em. I hopes for a quarter, young marsa, but I doan' expee' nuffin' from sech a lot of stingy bo'ders as dey is at de hotel dis sum-

"Do you see that old old man across the lawn there, Uncle Davy, going down to the spring with two waterbottles? Do you ever get money from

"Dat poor ole man? He's too poor. He ain't got nuffin' to give me." "He is the richest man about here. He is that rich Mr. Bondell who has just bought that fine cottage at the other end of the grounds. He lives in St. Louis, and two years ago gave five thousand dollars to a young man who rescued him from being run over by a runaway team."

"Goodness! an' I ain't hardly been speakin' to dat ole gen'leman. thought he was some poor ole groun'hog that never seen a quarter. I wish a team of hosses would come runnin' in heah now after dat ole gen'leman. I'd biff 'em on de hade wif de lawn-mower. I wish he'd slip down on de parf to de spring an' ben' his neck so he'd think he was goin to choke to death, an' I'd run up an' twis' it straight again. I'm goin' to save dat ole gen'leman's life somehow an' git five thousan' dollars. Laws-a-massy! he mus' be one o' dem milliondaires. How much is five thousan' dollars, young marsa? I reckon it wound buy all Sugar Springs an' a

hunk o' Sedalia." With the golden possibility of five thousand dollars before him, Uncle Davy could work no more that afternoon, and he put the lawn-mower in its place and followed Mr. Bondell to the spring, in the hope that some opportunity of saving the old man's life might arise. But though for days thereafter Davy followed Mr. Bondell like a black shadow wherever he went. the infirm old man never was in any strait that called for the intervention of his self-constituted guardian. At last Davy came to the conclusion that, if Mr. Bondell was to be in peril and in need of succor, he himself must be the author of the peril as well as the bearer of aid. He therefore turned over in his mind several schemes of various degrees of feasibility. He might have Mr. Bondell attacked by a fictitious nocturnal highwayman and, suddenly appearing, boldly put the highwayman to flight, but as the only person he could trust sufficiently to employ as the fictitious highwayman was his grandson Tobias, aged fifteen, and, moreover, Mr. Bondell never stirred out of doors after nightfall, he rejected the plan. At length his brain conceived a scheme that seemed absolutely faultless, and he at once proceeded to put it into execution.

A few miles from the village was a small, rocky hill, among the crevices of whose outeropping ledges lived a colony of rattlesnakes. Several of the boys of the neighborhood had achieved reputations for their skill in entrapping the deadly reptiles, and drove quite a thriving trade with the zoologically inclined summer visitors. Davy's grandson Tobias was perhaps the most successful snake-hunter of them all. and had been known to receive as much as two dollars for an exceptionally large snake. Davy had observed that it was the custom of Mr. Bondell to spend a portion of every afternoon under the shade of some trees that grew upon a great cliff overhanging the La Mine river. Every afternoon, about the

vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and exectiously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it. time the sun-dial in front of the hotel marked the hour of three, Mr. Bondell would fill his water-bottle at the spring-Why He Didn't Get the Hoped-For house, and then, seeking the cliff, would sit for hours gazing down the deep, rock-bound gorge of the river. The cliff was a huge pillar of stone that rose from the river, entirely detached from the earth behind, inaccessible except by a little wooden bridge that spanned the chasm between its flat top and the bank. High bushes fringed the bank, and one could watch the top of the cliff unseen by anyone upon it.

column, l year

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Stray and similar Notices. 2.00

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sure that no inquisitive guests would be about the grounds to ply him with questions, Davy stole down to the cliff, gingerly carrying a small chicken-coop against whose slats lay the folds of a large rattlesnake. Close behind him followed Tobias, bearing a forked stick, the fork just large enough to fit about the snake's neck and hold it to the ground. "Now you. Tobe, I'll jes' hide dis box

At the hour of noon, when he was

in de bushes, an' when de ole man Bondell comes down I'll let de snaik out and shove him 'long de bridge todes de ole man, an' lay ash-leaves behin', an' no rattler will cross ash-leaves. Jes' when de ole man is mos' sca'd to dyeth I'll come runnin' out wif a club an' kill de snaik. You set down an' look at de snaik while I fling away all le sticks un' stones dey is on de rock, so de ole man won't have nuffin to fight Uncle Davy soon cleared the top of

de snaik wif." the cliff of all missiles and sticks and lay down beneath a tree to plan the approaching campaign. He appreciated the value of a climax and decided to let Mr. Bondell become hard pressed before he came to the rescue, rightly arguing that the size of his reward would be commensurate with the danger Mr. Bondell experienced. From plans of the attack and reseme he passed to plans for spending the five thousand dellars, and from day-dreams. he passed to real dreams, and was soon snoring melodiously. His slumbers were disturbed by a harsh, rasping sound as of tearing wood. He leaped to his feet and saw the guilty face of Tobe peering anxiously out of the bushes on "What you doin'?" inquired Uncle

Davy with severity. "I was jes' givin' de snaik a toad to eat. De toad was too big to go frew between de slats an' I pulled off de 'en of one slat to git de toad in." "Let dat snaik alone. He doan' want

no toad. Git away from heah befo' I t'ar de hide offen von. Git away, I say!" yelled the old man. "Cayn't I jes' put de slat-" "Git away, I tell you," interrupted Uncle Davy as Tobe accompanied his words by a movement toward the hiding place of the snake's cage. "Git away, you triffin', wuthless nigger, of

you donn' want me to t'ar yo' hide all

off an' make it into leather straps, an'

whop you wif 'em until de blood done run;" and he started threateningly toward his grandson. "I wish I knew how long I was sleepin'. I reckon it mus' be mos' time for dat ole milliondaire to come stumpin' along. Reckon I'd better git ready for him;" and Davy rose to his feet chuckling gleefully. "Gosh! won't

Bondell jump when he sees datsnaik? The last word was uttered in a horrified shriek, for there before him was the snake, lying coiled on the little bridge. His forked stick was lying by the snake's whilom prison. He had thrown away all means of protection when he had cast all the stones and sticks on the cliff into the river below, and now there seemed nothing to do but to east himself after them. Tobe had been about to replace the loosened siat of the cage when ordered away so

The snake lay on the bridge quietly enough, and Davy cautiously approached it with a view to leaping over it, but the creature coiled itself and sprung its rattle as he drew near. "Oh, Lordy!" grouned the poor old fellow. "I'd give a quarter to any-

peremptorily.

body who'll save my life. I wonner if I cayn't shoo him off shakin' my hat at Taking his ancient headpiece of stiff white felt he hurled it at the snake and followed it by a large plug of tobacco and a clay pipe. These missiles angered the snake, and it started toward its tormentor. Davy leaped about in an etstasy of terror, giving vent to the most frightful howls. No matter where he dodged, the snake seemed to bar the way, and at last held him a prisoner upon a sharp, projecting corner that jutted out over a deep swimming-pool in the river. He had ceased his calls for help some moments before, and a semi-calmness had succeeded his abject fear. The only way for him to escape

pool would effectually break his fall, He was on his knees preparatory to swinging himself off the cliff, when there was a spluttering crash before him, and the snake, crushed by a great water-bottle, writhed in agony. A seeond bottle followed the first, and Mr. Bondell came running across the little bridge, and, with his stout cane, proceeded to belabor out of the snake the few sparks of life yet remaining in it. Uncle Davy stared at his preserver in silence. Providence has gainsaid the blush to the black race. In the spasmodic grin that overspread the rescued man's face it would be difficult to

was to leap into the river. The deep

tell whether joy or shame was ex-"There, he is finished," said Mr. Bondell, exultingly, as he cut the rattlers from the tail of the mangled reptile. Uncle Davy fumbled in his pockets irresolutely, and then, gazing at his preserver inquiringly, held out to him a grimy quarter.-Wardon A. Curtis, in

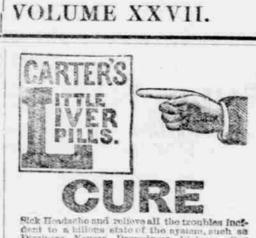
Leslie's Weekly.

Man Is a Battery. The old time superstitions belief that human beings should sleep with their heads toward the north is now believed to be based on a scientific principle. Some French savants have made experiments on the body of a criminal who had suffered death, and these tests go to prove that each human body is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head and the other by the feet.

Cooperative Languages.

The Japanese and Chinese languages are entirely different, yet so many Chinese words are used in Japan that scarcely a line in a Japanese newspaper is without at least one thinese word. In Japanese novels the Japanese equivalents for the many Chinese words is always given.

Circulation, - - - 1,200 subscription Rates.



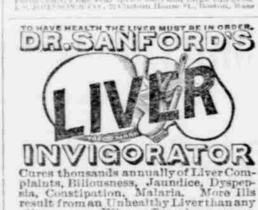
That can be

Headache, yet Carler's Little Liver Pitts are liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only

would be almost priceless to those who a this distressing compilest but form-

HALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Sheridan's Condition Powder! KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS froncan't get it sen 'to us. Ask first.





Established 1835, Incorporated 1883. WANTED-A SALESMAN, ENERGETIC.



DREAM-LAND.

There sounds a voice we can never hear, A step that has left us for many a year.

The earthly links that bound us, And the workaday world around us seems Less real by far than the land of dreams. -Mazy Gorges, in Chambers' Journal.

THE PARSON'S QUEST. How It Ended in "The Emma

he not saved the lives of men and

seven up. Some drank and loafed, ed and drank again, and chaffed aminble as a tiger

"Hello, Bill, glad to see yer. Brung in any new mas?"

"Where's the parson?" asked the landlady, smiling on the deputy as she measured the fiery fluid with a liberal Delight, but he'll be at the Guich to-

a dose of cold lead. An' I'd advise the boys to grease their boots and be ready, for he's a buster, the parson is."

"Au' takes sugar in his?" The crowd roared at Emma's wit, and this time she set it up for them herself. "Say, Bill, is he really comin' here to "Look here, Em. You're talkin' through your bonnit. Come here be may, but preach-ho! ho! I guess not."

"And I say he shall." And she folded her scarred hands across her bosom so that all present could see them. That one motion had a strange effect upon those human soyotes, who would have knifed a man a the back and made no account of it. It is true that even desperadoes have their soft moments. This woman standing before them had one claim on their respect, and as their eyes followed that movement and fell on the scarred and cicatrized hands, the dumb appeal

cheer from twenty hoarse throats, and as Emma turned to set up again for them, she dashed something from her So it happened that when Rev. James Forsyth reached Dead Man's Guich, he learned that the principal saloon was repared to receive him, being turned for the time into a meeting house. All through the little town and far into

All Are Invited to Attend Evening Servfees at 8 p. m.

that keep it from the debasement of | uel and John Frost."-Pack.

Story of the Rise and Fall of an Actor.