JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

NUMBER 48

### OILS! OILS! CARTER'S

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The Harpooner's Story. DR. J. C. AYER & Co. - Twenty years ago I was a harpeoner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were lost up with scurvy. Our bedies were blooded, guma-woollen and bireding, teeth losses, purple biotoises all serry. Our hadies were bloded, gumes woolen and bleeding, teeth loses, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. There's by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime jules was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER's EARSAPARTIES and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men broughtshout by any other treatment for Scarry, and the seen a good deal of H. Seeing no mention in your Alburance of your Sursapariita being good for some y, it thought you ought to know of goodf r scorvy, I thought you neght to know of this, and so send you she facts. Respectfully yours, Partin Y. Windays.

The Trooper's Experience. Distron, Busintoland (S. Africa, ) March T., 1885. Dr. J. C. Arni & Co.—Gentlemen: Theory such a time brought on who, is called in this country "weldt-sures." I had those sures for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsa-

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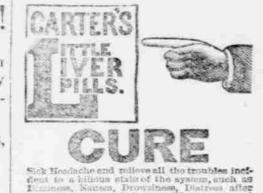
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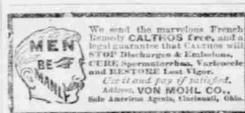
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BONANZA TO AGENTS SAMPLES FREE

FALLING LEAVES. Around me fly the falling leaves-For nature grants us no reprieves. Throughout the world she holds her sway, or laws must men and leaves obey. From dust they spring, to dust decay Yet while this requiem we sing, For faith looks forward to the spring That shall the Resurrection bring. Back to the earth for earth's own sake The falling leaves themselves betake, But soon in beauty shall awake. Awhile they mingle with the soil, Till nature's unremitting toil Shall reproduce with nought of moti. As fall the leaves our dear ones fall, Nor long the grave shall them enthrall Ab, why begrudge them nature's sleep' Why deem the grave so dark, so deep, Or tears of hopeicsa sorrow weep? For sleeping mortals comes the spring And joy with morn's awakening Immorta: life the day shall bring. E'en death is part of nature's plan, And both been since the world becan Sweet death, unerring friend of man-

JENNY LIND'S ROMANCE. The Love Affair in the Life of the

Nightingale.

Such are the thoughts my fancy weaves

-Robert M. Offord, in N. Y. Observer.

With brightest bues of falling leaves-

No one could see Jenny Lind and not full under the charm of her perfect naturalness, freshness and originality. Although her features were irregular, he was anything but plain; her complexion was fair; she had abundant flaxen bair and the most wonderful gray eyes, a beautiful figure and hands and arms and graceful movements. Hers was not the slow, sinuous grace, which has its own charm; her movements were light, decided and expressive. She always seemed to do everything at the employment which we furnish. You need | more quickly than anyone else. At and be away from home over night. You can rive this time she was studying the part of year-wholetime to the work, erenly year parties "Susanna"-a "sweet part" she said it was, and had the partition of the Nozze" always on the knee. In the wening she sang her Swedish songs, and then we all went out to listen to the nightingale's singing under the magnificent old beeches. She had a passion for the song of these "little sisters" of hers, and used to mimic them and excite their rivalry, so that the air was filled with music.

It was strange that it should have

been the fate of my father, writes C. M. Simpson in the "New Review," who vas entirely destitute of musical sense. be of use to the most celebrated nger of the day. It was in 1849 she had resolved to give up the stage and and affinneed berself to Mr. Claudius Harris, a young Indian officer, brother to Mrs. Joseph Grote, whom she met at the Palace, Norwich. My mother and had just returned from our drive one cold afternoon in April, and I found in he hall a note from Miss Lind for my mother, asking her to beg my father to call on her next day to meet her trustees about her marriage settlements, either at three, or, if that were not possible, at nine, p. m. It so happened that he was not free at three, so he went to her at nine. She did not expect him, and was quite alone. They entered at once upon business, and my father soon found out that she was very halfhearted about the matter altogether. Indeed, she could scarcely have found a partner less suited to her. Mr. Harris and his family were intensely low church, and they thought that the remander of the great prima downa's life could not be more appropriately spent timn in atoning for her theatrical career. The attraction to Jenny was in her lover's goodness. She said he had

such a "pure mind." But when she was first introduced to nim she said to Mrs. Stanley: "What a duil young man!" Nothing could be more true. He was heavy and stupid, but tall, fair and good looking. The Stanleys supported Jenny in her resolution to give up the stage, and so indeed did Mrs. Grote from a different reason, for, in spite of her intense sympathy with her young friend's artistical career, she saw that the strain was too great. Jenny was worn out by fatigue and emotion. She threw herself into every part as if she herself were suffering the woes of the heroine, unlike other great actors and actresses, who succeed in making their representation to a certain degree mehanical. But her essentially truthful pirit could not do this. The tears she wept in "La Sonnambula" came from her heart. We had more than once the stage box, and could see that she was almost overpowered by her feelings. She had led this trying life for upward of ten years, and she longed for rest and the peace and regularity of domestic life. The manager of Her Majesty's theater, Mr. Lumley, was in despair. It was almost ruin to him to lose her, and he arged for at least a few farewell performances; she offered instead a series of dramatic concerts. Only one

took place. Although the "Flauto Magico," which was chosen for the first performance, would seem to be independent of acting, the libretto is so eminently stupid and undramatic, yet, in spite of Jenny Lind's splendid singing, the whole affair fell flat, to her great disappointment. Never before had she met with a cold reception. Mrs. Grote and Lumley entreated her to give the operatic performances but she would not yield. At length my father succeeded where they failed. They suggested that Harris could not object if he really loved her; he urged the unfairness of disappointing Lumley, and finally the unsatisfactory termination which a ilure would put to her whole career. So she promised to give six farewell nights. Lumley was overjoyed, and sent us boxes for all six. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. Yet no one could believe that the singer, in the very plenitude of her powers (she was only twenty-eight), really intended these to be the last of her triumphs. But it was so, and after the cartain fell on the last of the six she never appeared again on any stage. Mr. Harris had consented to the

pefformances, and he and Jenny were once more on good terms. She lived at this time in a little house very near us It was called Clafrville cottage: it was covered with reses and creepers; it had a pretty garden, and was thoroughly rural. The backs of the houses in Brechin place now occupy the ground. She and Caudius | her a train seventy feet in length. It Harris often joined our country riles | was borne by thirty-five pages.

He generally fell to my share, and I did not find him exciting company. Lord Lansdowne sometimes joined us and How Mrs. Vranklin Secured Her also came to meet them at dinner, but New Clothes. we did not venture to invite anyone else, except the Grotes and one or two

others of Jenny's intimate friends. All seemed to be going on swimmingly, and Mrs. Grote went off to Paris, followed soon after by my father, but before he went he said to Jenny Lind: "Something tells me that your marriage will not take place. If it should be broken off again, write no letters and have no

farewell interviews, but join Mrs. Grote in Paris immediately." Affairs had not been going on so smoothly as appeared. Mr. Harris had asked Jenny to insert in the settlements a promise that she would never act again. To this my father objected, and he also insisted that Jenny was to have uncontrolled power over her earnings. Mr. Harris said this was unscriptural, and the engagement was nearly broken off, but renewed in consequence of the despair Mr. Harris exhibited. He also terrified her by threats of torment hereafter if she broke her word; and last of all, when in the joy of reconciliation she was singing to him, she turned round and saw that he had gone to deep. Not long after Mr. Senior reached

Paris there was a tap at the door of Mrs. Grote's apartment one evening about seven o'clock, and in came Jenny. The ill-assorted marriage was finally broken off. The emotions of the last few months and told heavily upon Jenny Lind, but with the sense of freedom the power of njoyment soon returned, and she rode in the Bois de Boulogne and walked on the boulevards and in the Tuileries, and istened to the nightingales. One day she took my father to a house in the place d'Orleans, near the Rue St. Lazare. It was built round a courtyard, with a fountain in the middle. Jenny gazed at it without speaking. Afterward she said: "I was so miserable in that house; I envied the fountain be-

cause it was not obliged to sing." The house had been the residence of Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master of singing in Europe, and she at the loss of her voice from fatigue and bad management, she slowly regained it by means, first of rest, and then of skillful practice under Garcia's teaching. The domestic happiness for which she ad so long sighed was soon to be hers. after singing in concerts and oratories n Germany, Sweden and Liverpool, she sailed for the United States on August.

II, 1850. Her success in the New World vas as brilliant as it had been in the No, and her charities as manificent. Her company was joined in 1851 by Mr. Octo Goldschmidt, who succeeded Benediet as planist. A deep and true attachment sprang up between the two young artists, and they were married on Februnry, 5, 1852. Her horror of being lionized led her ometimes to reject overtures which were made in perfectly good faith to

xpre a the respect and admiration felt or her; hence she was not niways popular. She delighted in giving chitdren's parties. I remember one in 1835. at her house in Wimbledon, and her oyons participation in the amusement he had provided, and again in Moretons gardens, when she waltzed like a irl with her eldest son. The last time heard her sing was at a concert she gave at her own house in 1880 for the prince of Sweden. She had become very nervous about her voice, and it was not certain whether in the end she would summon up courage. At inst she yielded to the persuasion of her iriends and sang the splendid cantata, with violin accompaniment, from Mozart's "Re Pastore." It was a thing to remember for the rest of one's life. In her later years she took a little iouse called Windspoint, which she arranged and improved till it resembled a Swiss cottage on the top of the hills above Malvern Wells. We had, in the summer of 1884, a house just below hers, and we saw her much more frequently than was possible in the turnoil of London. We often used to sit with her in the garden enjoying the magnificent view. She was always unensy lest she should be stared at, and if any presumptuous wight peeped in at the gate, she would instantly shoot up large red umbrella and shelter herself beneath it. My elder daughter, who is devoted to music, frequently went to see her alone, and one day ventured to ask her to write her name in her birthday book. They were in the drawing-room. Jenny Lind rose up, saying: "Well, I did not think you had been a commonplace person," and walked through the window into the rarden, leaving my daughter to repent her indiscretion. Presently her hostess came back and gave her a beautiful rose, and went on talking as if nothing had happened, and when Gaynor was taking leave, Mrs. Goldschmidt said cheerfully: "Now, where is your birthday book?" and wrote her name in it. It must have cost her more than many an apparently greater sacrifice.

I like to think of her as she stood in the hanging balcony of her cottage waving good-by, the sun setting behind her picturesque figure. It was at Windspoint that she died in 1887. At the very close of her life, as she lay on her death bed at Malvern, in weakness and misery, once, as her daughter opened the shutters and let in the morning sun, she just let her lips shape the first bars of the old song she loved: 'An den Sonnenschein." They were the

last notes she sang on earth.

Dust in the Air. Natural science is not only occupied with great and important problems but devotes considerable attention and thoroughness to very small ones. Angus Kankin kas given two years of ardent study and research to the problem of dust particles in the air, and the result of his examination is that in mountainous regions six hundred and ninety-six particles of dust are allotted to each cubic half-inch of air in one year. In London one hundred thousand particles of dust fall to each cubic half-inch of air during the same space of time, and other large cities are not likely to fare better than this approximation.

-Customer (in book store)-"I would like to get some good book on faith." Clerk-"Sorry, sir, but our rule is to sell nothing to strangers except for eash."

-When Queen Elizabeth, of Austria, entered Paris in 1751 she dragged after

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

When Saturday was over and Mr. and Mrs. Vranklin were alone by themselves in the clean kitchen, sitting beside the stove, Mrs. Vranklin rose, went into her bedroom and brought out a buncle of

"I want you to look at these things, Jeremiah," she said, mildly. "What are they?" said he, She spread them out on the floor.

"That is my best dress," she said. "Those are my best shoes. That is the only bonnet I've got in the world but my calico sun-bonnet, and that is my Sunday shawl." She uttered the words quietly, and

"Well?" said Mr. Vranklin, still smok-"Well?" she answered.

He said nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain, and piled them on a chair. "You're a rich man," she said. "Rich, for a farmer. You are sixt; and I fifty years old. Our boys are married. I haven't had any money to spend for five years. I m a sight to behold. If I were a servant I should get wages and not have to beg. No, I don't beg. Jeremiah. Since you don't offer it yourself, I'm going to tell you that I want money. I want a hundred dollars to buy me some new clothes to feel decent and comfortable in. I'm really destitute. Why, I'm out of flannel! My calico gowns are patched at the elbow. My shoe heels are twisted. I can't go to church any more, for I've turned my black silk twice, and the buck breadths upside down. I've washed my bonnet ribbons. I've done all I could rather than ask for what you didn't offer; and there's no need. You're well-to-do. I want to be decent and take a little comfort while I can. I must. There, now! It's my

She had spoken her mind, and Mr. Vranklin felt that a cl max had arile was growing old and had no need o pinch, but the awful demand for a nundred dollars all in a lump was too. much for him. He had become used to Evn Maria's quiet way of mending her old clothes and asking for no m ney, and it had never occurred to him that she would some time come down upon him like this.

He stared silently, and puffed across the stove the smoke of the cheap toacco he burnt in a common cor r-cob ipe. The old rag earpet was clean. The old chairs were mended with carpet bottoms. It was all tidy, but nothng was new. Nothing pretty but the carlet germaiums in their big pets on the window-sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the farniture was is mother's. She had helped him make is fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot-cheese and flower roots, feeding the ands cheaply and well, weeding regeables and even riding the mowing machine, now and then-though not very lately. Conscience told him that he ought to pull from his vest pocket the crisp hundred dollar note he had reeived that morning for some hay at the landing and say: "Here, Eva Maria, why didn't you speak before?" But when greed takes possession of the heart of man, it holds on like a leech. All be said, after the silence had re-

mained unbroken for some minutes, "Well, Eva Maria, I'll think it over." To some women there is no agony like asking a husband for money. They want a love-gift, not alms.

ienerally they have to ask at last. Eva Maria had nerved herself at last in the misery of her shabbiness to make the speech above recorded, but it seemed a fearful thing to do. She litde guessed that she had frightened Jeremiah almost out of his senses. "A hundred dollars!" he said to bim-

self. "She must know what I've got about me. She must mean to have it. Fifty, now, I'd give. But a hundred! I'll get the money cha ged, and give

ger fifty. He opened the door of the passage, crossed it and went into the parlor. It was a cold, neat place, kept sacred for great occasions. It had a grate in it, but it was doubtful if a fire would be lighted there that winter. It had been neonvenient to take it down that summer, so fringed pink paper had be an arranged between the polished bars and the rug drawn across the hearth. Photographs of several members of the family hung by red cords from the walt, lotted mu lin curtains with reatly fluted rufiles covered the green paper blinds. A dish of wax fruit, covered by a glass shade, ornamented the center-table, and the horsehair furniture had been so little used in two generaions that it looked almost new. The vases on the mantle were old-fashioned blue ware, for which a china-worship-

er would have paid a great price. Eya Maria should have fifty dollars, but she had said she had a right to a hundred. If he gave her the bill in his pocket she would spend it. It was Satarday evening; he could not get it changed that night-no, not until Monday. If he locked it up, she would cnow, and take it out, perhaps, and do is she pleased with it. She had delared her "right" to it. Eva Maria, numblest of the humble, meekest of the meek, had spoken so! Could it be? "This comes of these here strong-

minded meetin's," said Mr. Vranklin. This was not logical, for Mrs. Vrankin had not attended one of them. "Women used to be biddable. They are kicking over the traces now. Nobody-" soliloquized Mr. Vranklin, growing more and more ungrammatical with his wrath-"nobody ain't goin' to ride over me, 'specially a wife of mine. I must hide the money until I can change it. She might look into my pockets. She said she had a right to it, and she looked determined." At this moment he heard a movement

in the kitchen. He believed it to be his wife about to come in search of him and tried to think faster. The vases! Should be hide the note there? No; there were suit some access in the garden, and Eva Maria might till the vases with bouquets, as she sometimes did on Sunday afternoons, setting

them for the nonce on the kitchen mantel. No, the vases would not do. The ingrain carpet was tacked down tight, the-surely there was a step in the passage! The grate! There, under the fringed paper, it might lie safely all night.

He drew his pocket-book from his bosom and stuffed it between two loose bricks at the back of the grate. The pink fringes of the paper concealed it. All was safe. He creaked across the passage into the kitchen with a consciousness of great meanness in his heart. Mrs. Vranklin, having executed her terrible intention, had taken flight to her bedroom, where she sat in the cold with a little shawl over her shoulders, trembling. He said something aloud about seeing Jones about those pigs, and fled the house, and the two held no more conversation until breakfast time. Then Mr. Vranklin. with unusual plety, went to church,

Just as the beef was so far done that she could open the oven doors there came a knock upon the door, and or the ing it she saw upon the porch her Consin Brown and the minister. Church was out, and Cousin Brown had brought the reverend gentleman to his friends' to dine. Mrs. Vranklin received both hospitably, and hastened to usher them into the parlor. The yellow artemisias shone bravely in the big blue vases. Mr. Vranklin had been wise not to hide his money there; but it was cold-very cold.

while his wife stayed at home to cook

dinner, no one else being at hand to do

"I'll light a fire," said the good woman. "It won't take a minute. It's the first fire of the season, or I'd have the grate fixed."

She tucked the paper down into the grate, the easiest way to be rid of it, piled on wood and placed the scuttle ready. As she struck the match she gave a little ery, but repressed it itstantly. The flames blazed up merrily and roared behind the blower. When Mr. Vranklin returned the blower was down and the two men

were warming their feet at a compact mass of red coul. He looked at his Eva Maria. Her cold. composed New England face, with its high nose and close-cut mouth, betrayed no emotion.

"She don't know what she has done!" he said to himself; but he did The ghost of that hundred dollars stared at him from the embers. He could not talk, he could not compose himself. Cousin Brown opined he was not well. The minister remarked that "in the midst of life we are in death." and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It was not a gay dinner, but then it was

That night Mrs. Vranklin missed her pouse from his bed. She went to loo! for him, and found him poking in the ishes of the dead fire with the tongs. He looked up with a very red face. "I don't think these here coals kin be

good," he said, confusedly. "Did you get up in the night to look He made no answer and returned to

Next morning his wife again attacked "Have you thought that matter over?"

she asked. Indeed he had, and it had occurred to him that Providence had prepared a special judgment for him in destroying that money. He felt that his wife had spoken the truth. She had a right to decent clothes-she who and served him so well for so many years.

"I've thought it over, Eva Maria," he spid, and arose and went to his desk, a queer, old-fashioned one built in the house wall. When he returned he brought with him a blank check. "Get what you like, my dear," he said, 'and get it nice. Fill the check

up just as you please." He had not called her "my dear" for years. She smiled up at him very gently: tears were near his eyes. However, she used the check to dress herself comfortably. It was the first time for many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping freely. At night he met her at the depot,

loaded with parcels, tired but smiling. He had not seen her so bright for many a day. After tea that night they sat together beside the stove as before, and she looked at him in a peculiar way. "You didn't seem to feel cheerful Suaday afternoon, Jeremiah," she remarked. "What ailed you?"

"I don't want to tell you," he an-"But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I burned the pocketbook you hid in the grate. I didn't." She put her band into her work-basket and drew it out intact, with the

money in it. "I was just in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the check, I should have spent the money. There's a con-

fession for you, Jeremiah!" He looked at her, half angry, half astonished. She arose and came to him, and put her hands on his shoulders. "But I should never have enjoyed wearing them," she said. "I should have hated them, I think. These that I bought to-day, with your free gift, 1 shall love while there's a rag of them

The man looked at her with a feeling that a strange revelation of feminine human nature had been made to him, but all he said was:

"Why, Eva Maria, I want to know!" and he drew her down upon his knee and kissed her. -- N. Y. Ledger.

Hen's Egg Oil. Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed. crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the sub stance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates art the oil may be poured off. One yolk will yield

nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is

in general use among the colonists of

south Russia as a means of curing

orm of a powder. It would open the

strongest bank safe in a half hour, and

without noise enough to disturb people

in the next house, while the entire out-

fit could be carried in the pockets of an

A Burglar's Outfit. Over one hundred tools and processes rave been invented by safe burglars, which are marvels of ingenuity and seintitie knowledge. A recent burglar's sutfit captured by the police consisted of a little giant knob breaker, a dianond drill and a high explosive of the nature of dynamite, but put up in the

euts, bruises, etc.

Out of the occan's sliver bed I lift the crest of a golden head, And my yellow nodes are spread and curled Over the shoulders of the world, Yet there are who sign and think 'first I only rise to sink' Shall I tell you a secret.' Setting here, I rise in another hemisphere. Out of the ocean's level plain.
I lift and swell to the shore again, And my locent waters lace and fly

Over the bounds of the beaches high; Yet there are who wesp to know That the obleationds the flow? Shall I tell you a secret? With the tide, I ebb and flow on the other side. f am a man. Out of the night of a hidden past

I am a wave.

I awake to the light of the world at iast, And my eager spirit yearns to slimb Up to the height of a joy satdline; Yet there are who doubting cry That I only live to die! Shall I tell you a secret? God is love. I shall sile to live in the rand above.

-Nina F. Layurd, in Harper's Magazine.

SECRETS.

I am the sun.

WITH THE DEAD. The Sights One Sees in a New England Graveyard.

There is a good deal of comfort to begathered from these little old scraps of poetry ... and somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief and shruck to fit a small one - Hawthorn Cradled among the loveliest of hills, resting in their very center as in the follow of a hand, lies a New England graveyard with an unpretentious entrance-a time-worn wooden gate, and an earth roadway striking in unexpectedly from an old clm-lined street. Clustering about the gate, the spreading branches of other elm trees screen the road's destination, their small leaves clothing yet not concealing the strong boughs' outlines as a diaphanous robe might drape a graceful form. Near the gateway stands a rude shed, from which the town hearse has been rolled into the sunshine-for a funeral to-day, perhaps. The thought of a new grave seems an impertinence among these ancient tombs, as a new patent of nobillity among those long ennobled. The rains have softened and the winter storms have beaten down the mounds to a grass level. You may walk among the worn headstones with a lighter step, perhaps, but earth has been earth too long to hold part sacred. The grass has grown up long and thick. You read that "Mrs. Thankfull wife of Judah Dickson, died aged twenty years," but your head must lie as low as hers and you must part a green veil of verdure before learning that "of four children she

funcy she was an orphan. To the sympathy due to one thus early bereft of near kindred and home she imparted peculiar interest; for she was equally amiable and intelligent." All these stilted phrases and barely twenty years old-only just a wife, perhaps! The minister of the village wrote that epitaph, beyond a doubt. But those two lines below, so worn that to decipher them you must trace the letters with your finger, as the

alone survived infancy, and from in-

blind read-who wrote these words of quaint pathos? Though all the world forget beside 'Tis meet that I remember still. How pleasant to lie in the cod grass with the warm sun shir down from the warmer blue above, and, with your chin propped on your hands, vivid life without and within, your blood quick in your veins, read now another lived and breathed and

loved and ended, poor thing, a hundred The next stone stands so near that you may reach it without rising. The feel of the earth is good, as the crawling beasts of the field know. Move forward as they, and part the veiling grass to read Martha Pryor's message

to the world she left: Render, you also shorly muft Be firipped of life and turned to duft. Let the grass spring back. Martha is not the gentle Thankfull. You will think of all this some day; yes, but not at Martha's bidding, with its spice of venom-not with the spell of the joy of living on you!

Move on to that stone near which a small, three-leaved, clover-like plant nods a negative with you, shaking its wind-swang head from side to side on its slender stem.

"Sufa Ingraham" lies here-her tombstone rough-hewn from the hills, its back unfinished as the cut-off life which the carven front tells of. The stone has sunk sideways into the ground, which adds to its look of derepitude. The inscription can be read. but with difficulty:

The blooming cheek, the fparkling eye From Death's arrest could not save me.

Youth and beauty -are where the rest of the inscription is hid, doubtless. If under the mold there "Sufa," as Martha, compares her state with ours to be, kindly Mother Nature has taken from her Martha's privilege, and stopped her lips with

How denunciatory they are, these old tombs-aggressively warning in their ery of doom! Daniel Roswell, from under his earvern arn, draped with a switch of

drooping willow, sternly sounds his

note of warning: Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear, Repent' thy end is nigh, Death at the furthest can't be far, O think-before thou die And Elijah Warner, brooded over by a watchful cherub, impossible and

dreary, with eyes bulging from their sockets, tells of his too early death in the same awful voice: Youth, can'st thou heedless view The relies of the dead: O think; beneath your feet There lies your own likeness. And then, most awful.

Elisha Grey 2nd. Stage in the Sith, year of his are, Which was on Octr 18, 1790. My children dear, this place draw near A Father's grave you fee: Not long ago I was with you And foon you'll be with me.

There is in all these a note of ghoulish desire to bring the warm and living to the cold dead, and "soon you'll be with me' rings with it creepingly. It rouses a spir't of revolt. You turn away sharply to a stone a little apart from the rest, set on a grassy hillsidesweet, short grass, green and soothing to the eye and touch. This is a double stone. "Anfiel Bolton" lies here; beside him, Jane, his wife. Stooping, you read this beneath his name:

The Christian was his friend. ionest were his dealings, And peaceful was his end.

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The beneficence of her heart, the diligence of her hards, the pious Influence of her lips, and her liberality to the poor will be remembered when this monument has yielded to the-The last words have already yielded, as all must yield in time; but what need of more? Lying here, a little apart from those others, the pious influence of her lips and the tender-

And beneath her name:

ness of his feelings still live, healing, restful and strong. Did they suffer a little, this tender pair, among their neighbors? Did they sometimes speak of it together, lamenting gently that Martha had a biting tongue or Elisha a hard heart, and then repent their lamenting? You move away softly, leaving them together in

their peaceful end. A little higher up the hill lies "Abraham Dean," a baby almost two hunared years old! His moundless grave is the softest resting place, and you sit there, leaning your back, wearied with bending, against his little carved foot stone. Poor baby! did you find New England two hundred years ago too

harsh a spot for you? Was the soft earth kinder? Catherine Grace, wife of the Rev'd Ebenezer Grace and relict of Nuthaniel Ware. You move to your feet to read the rest of this inscription, and find a strange story in store. Oh, cold, unjealous grave! Catherine lies rigidly between the man to whom she was wife and the man of whom she was relies The three stones stand there upright, harmoniously, unfeelingly together. Three stones!-there are four. Ah, Nathaniel Ware, you do not lie there unavenged. Catherine, your reliet, lies at Ebenezer Grace's left side, as at your

right, truly; but whose name is that at Ebenezer's right hand? Julia, beloved wife of the Rev'd Ebenezer Grace. Last of the four to die. Were the valley of dry bones to live, what then? Out there in the town they will tell you the story of the minister's second woolng. Others of his calling, passing through Boston Town, spoke much of a Mistress Julia, finding her amiable, sprightly, yet pious and delectable to the sight. Ebenezer Grace made a trip to Boston Town and sought her father, Mistress Julia yet unseen. What an inflammable generation it

was! We of to-day call them staid, sevious and cold, but who now lives on a description and wooes by faith in it? Perhaps it struck much-courted Mistress Julia's father as unpetuous, or this quiet minister's pretentions may have amused him somewhat. He had no encouragement to-effer. To his personal knowledge Julia and made three yows. She would never wed a man of the country, a widower or a clergyman.

"I am all three," onoth Physician Grace, "and so I will enter, with your permission." Thus it came about that Mistress Julia lies, with a certain demure complacence to one who knows her story, at Ebenezer Grace's right hand in the little village churchyard. Wandering in and out among these ancient stones, you find a few inscriptions which, escaping the Puritan sternness, narrow as the grave, rise above it to a certain grandeur of thought. Here, for instance, is one which

reads as a rude litany and rings with the triumph of a certain faith: Long I've believed God's power to fave Cheerful when called Go to the grave. My flesh in duft. Shall be his care

And he will raise Me firong and lair. In the gentie, musical phrases of Lois Levin's epitaph there is but the voice of a natural regret for a young life laid down in its springtime. She had known but eighteen years one hun-

dred springs ago when this was writ-Stay thoughtful mourner bither led-To weep and mingle with the dead Pity the maid who slumbers here And pay the tributury tear. Thy feet must wander far to find A fairer form, a loveller mind An eye that beams a sweeter smile A bosom more estranged from guile A heart with kinder passions warmed A life with fewer stains deformed A death with deeper sighs confefsed

A memory more beloved and blefsed. But there is one inscription which stands widely apart from all the rest in spirit, or rather soars high above them, thoughtful among the narrow, spiritual among the sordid, calm minded and just. He who lies beneath held a fair and well earned post of honor among his fellows, as his tablet tells: This modest stone what few vain marbles can May truly say here lies an bonest man Calmly he looked on either life and here Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear, From Nature's temp'rate feaft rose satisfed

Thanked Heaven that he had lived and that he Fanaticism has striven to darken your day and dull this sunshine, this joy and pride of tife in your veins. You have smiled as the-dead warned gruesomely of doom and worms and tombs, and then one word of honest, wholesome thought strikes like an arrow in the gold of your mind. Has the lightest mind its gold hid away somewhere,

awaiting the well-feathered shaft? "Nature's temp'rate feast"-you feel the tempered splendor of the sun. In the softness of the many-blended lives of green, in the girdling circle of undulating hills held in a strong-drawn line on the horizon's edge, is the calm power of the unbroken laws of life and na-

Turning thoughtfully aside, you see again the diaphanous, graceful leaves draping yet not concealing the strong boughs of the elm-trees clustering above the graveyard gate.-Margaret A. Brescoe, in Outlook.

A Queer Wager.

An American acrobat in Vienna lately won a queer wager. He bet a considerable sum with a Vienna strong man that he could not endure to have a liter of water fall drop by drop from a height of three feet upon his hand. When three hundred drops had fallen the athlete's face became red and he looked as if in pain. At the four hundred and twentieth drop he gave up. saying it was impossible to bear the pain any longer. The palm of his hand was swollen and inflamed, and in one place the skin had broken open. Only a small portion of the liter of water had gone to make up the four hundred

An Ancient Sign. Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans.' In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself, by his Christian faith, to the truth of the

and twenty drops.

matter to which he affixed it.