JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1893.

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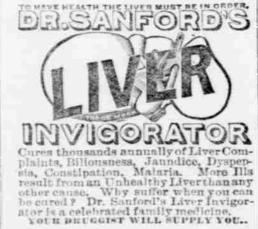
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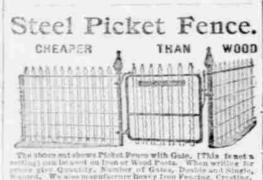
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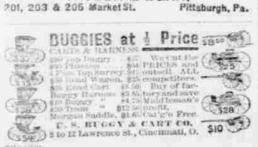
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THE DUDE. The dude is what the dandy was,

As mortal eyes can see. His fautiess collar towers high, his patent gaiters glow— He calls himself the cream of earth,

A monocle adorns his eye. A came rests in his hand: Or e'en to understand.

He doesn't dance-he dotes on "form" Is languid as a beau; But makes a wali-flower picturesque, As all the ladies know,

Each nation has its special dude, To certain features true But one may say—to steal a joke—
"The Yankee dude'll do."

JOHNSON'S DEBTOR.

It Was an Extraordinary Job to Collect from Him.

which he threw in as uncollectable." afe at the Lotus club the other evenag after the coffee, says the New York

"Well, one time, after he'd got pretty fairly well used to the redskins and some of the surrounding territory, it struck Johnson one day that it would be a good thing to collect some of those uncollectable bills. Every een he got out of them was clean profit. The worst man on the whole list was a Frenchman named Buche, who was ranging some cattle over toward the head waters of the south fork of the White river. Carter had let Buche run up a bill of one hundred and sixty dollars, and he couldn't get a cent of it.

"Courtis, the head clerk, who had been at the post for years, told Johnson that if he could collect Buche's bill he sould get every dollar every other man on the Rosebud owed him. Well, one day Johnson got Buche at the agency, and jolfied him along until Buche actually agreed to pay.

"I tell you vat, Zhonson,' the Frenchman said, 'I got some cattles opon ze reevaire. I gif you some of zem cattles." " All right, Buche, Johnson said.

'Jack Arkwright an' I'll go up an' get em some day before long." "So they had a drink and Buchewent away. In ten minutes he'd changed his mind about the cattle and concluded

tles. Zose is my cattles.' Arkwright an' I'll go up an' get 'em

"I det you ain' goin' get zose cattles. Nevaire! Zose is my cattles. Eh? I keep zem. I know. Eh? You see me? I am Buche. Zose is my cattles. So. I keep zem. Vat you can do? Nozzing vorse 'cads as zat in con-n-gress. Eh? And out of the store he strode.

that before the next Sunday and each "Til be down on Sunday for my cattle.

specimen as you'll see in many a day's travel in that country of stalwart men.

Buche came by riding like a whirlwind

"Be down in the morning, Buche, "With an angry shout, Buche rode on

"Well, I'm gormed,' said Jack Arkwright, 'if the d- Frenchy hain't hid his eattle in the buttes. "They separated and began to hunt for the cattle. While they were at work Ruche came riding up at a furious gart from the Nebraska line. It turned out afterward that he'd been over after the Cherry county regulators to help him fight the cattle thieves. But the first person he met after he got across the line was a man whom he owed for

"Weil, when Jack Arkwright saw Buche coming he palled out his commission as deputy marshal and rode down to meet the excited Frenchman. "Look here, Buche,' he shouted, as he got within hailing distance, 'here's my commission as marshal."

"The Frenchman turned and ran as hard as his pony could go. "'I von't hear no papers,' he shouted.

'I don't vant no papers.' "Well, sir, hell-to-split over the prairie went those two men, Buche shouting that he wouldn't hear Arkwright bawling out his commission at the top of his mighty lungs. Johnson told me afterward that he'd have been satisfied after that if he hadn't got the cattle. But while Arkwright was chasing Buche Johnson's herder found a bunch of the cattle. Johnson and the

herder cut out twenty-two head from

the bunch and started them for the

agency. Arkweight saw them and left the chase after Buche to join them. "Away the cattle and the men went at full gallop. For a time Buche seemed to have given up. Hed been in such a whirl of excitement that he hardly seemed to know where he was and his Winchester had been left at his camp when he started for the regulators. He seemed to realize all of a sudden that Johnson was actually doing as he said he would and taking his cattle. They were a mile away when Buche started again at full gallop for his camp. His head herder, Carly, and another cowboy were there. He got his Winchester and the two cowboys and away they went after Johnson full tilt. Buche swearing a streak and shouting at every jump that he'd shoot John-

son's black heart and white liver full

of small, fine holes. "Arkwright saw him coming, and with an unpleasant look in his eyes and his right hand dangerously near his six-shooter holster swung down to meet him. Buche had no word for the deputy, but kept on after Johnson vowing all sorts of dreadful fates for him. So Arkwright swung in behind the Frenchman and his herders, neither of whom was armed. Buche was taking a terrible risk. His Winchester was balanced on the saddle before him. If it slipped he would have instinctively grabbed for it, and Arkwright would certainly have shot him if he made the slightest movement to touch his rifle. Johnson has told me since that he hasn't a grain of sand left in him. It all oozed out of his toes when Buche was thundering down on his bac swearing to shoot him, and he didn' dare try to face about for fear the Frenchman would think he was about to shoot and so would keep his word. "That sort of thing couldn't last long.

waited until Buche came up. " 'l'il tell you what I'll do, Buche," Johnson said. "I've got two men and you've got two men. Let those four go over there a hundred yards and appraise those cattle. I'll take enough of the cattle at whatever prize they fix to pay your bill, and I'll give you twenty-five dollars in each right here beides. You give me a bill of sale of the cattle and I'll give you a receipt in full

off together, and immediately a fine appraisal, the other a high one, and, a their numbers were equal, there we no way of reaching a settlement. 1 had been going on for about an hour when Johnson told Buche that h would take a bull at forty dollars and four cows at thirty dollars each and call it square. Buche hesitated, an They had at last agreed on exactly the given Buche. When Curly heard how it had been settled be set about cutting out the five cattle for Johnson. As Buche and Curiy rode back to the Frenchman's camp, while the cowboys drove back the rest of the bunel Johnson had started to take, Curly sud-

"'Buche, that's a great head you've " 'Vat you mean?' "'Just what I say. There's lots worse heads than that in congress. You're a great man. You're a smart

" 'Vat you mean?' "I say I mean what I say. You're a smart man. I've got some business back in New York state and I was going to get a lawyer, but I guess I'll

"Two days later Buche burst into Johnson's store quivering with anger. " 'Zhonson,' he shouted, 'you owe me twenty dollar. I vant him. "Johnson never succeeded in con vincing the Frenchman that he didn't really owe him that twenty dollars."

An Officious Smart Man Gets Himself Into Trouble. The smart man was getting off a train, when he saw a couple ahead of him who at once challenged his attention and indignation. The husband was walking off with his hands in his pockets, while the wife earried a baby and a large basket and valise.

and, stepping up to the overloaded woman, he said: "Let me assist you, madam," and, seizing the basket and valise, he ran

after the husband, whom he grabbed without ceemony. "Here, sir, carry these things for be ashamed to call yourself a man, and permit your wife to bear all to burdens in this way. Let this be a lesson

"Hello!" interrupted the stranger, in saw the woman in my life till now." policeman that he was not a sneak thief, instead of a self-appointed reformer of other people's morals and manners. - Detroit Free Press.

She Was Down on Boys. get very tired of such long services?"

STORY OF A LONG SLEEP.

It was four o'clock on Sunday afternoon in the month of July. The air had been hot and su try, but a light, cool breeze had sprung up and oceasional cirrus clouds overspread the sun, and for awhile subdued his fierceness We were all out on the piazza as the coolest place we could find-my wife, my sister-in-law and I. The only sounds that broke the Sabbath stillness were the hum of an occasional vagrant bumblebee or the fragmentary song of a mocking bird in a neighboring elm, who lazily trolled a stave of melody now and then as a sample of what he could do in the cool of the morning or after a light shower, when the conditions would be favorable to exertion.

"Annie," said I, "suppose to relieve the deadly dullness of the afternoon. that we go out and pull the bir water meion and send for Col. Pemberton' folks to come over and help us eat it." "Is it ripe yet?" she inquired, sleepily, brushing away a troublesome fly that had impudently settled on her

"Yes, I think so. I was out yesterday with Julius, and we thumped it and concluded it would be fully ripe by to morrow or next day. But I think it is perfectly safe to pull it to-day." "Well, if you're sure, dear, we'll go But how can we get it up to the house?

It's too big to tote." "I'll step around to Julius' cabin and ask him to go down with the wheelbarrow and bring it up," I replied. Julius was an elderly colored man

who worked on the plantation and lived in a small house on the place, a few rods from my own residence. His daughter was our cook, and other members of his family served us in different capacities. As I turned the corner of the house I

saw Julius coming up the lane. He had on his Sunday clothes and was probably returning from the afternoon at the Sandy Ran E. shurch, of which he was a leading member and deacon. "Julius," I said, "we are going out

to pull the big watermelon and we want you to take the wheelbarrow and go with us and bring it up to the "Does yer reckon dat watermillun's ripe yit, sah?" said Julius. "Didn't pear ter me it went quite plunk enuil

yestiddy fer ter be pull' befor ter-"I think it is ripe enough, Julius." "Mawning 'ud be a better time fer ter puil it, sah, w'en de night air an' de jew's done cool it off nice."

"Probably that's true enough, but we'll put it on ice and that will cool it. and I'm afraid if we leave it too long some one will steal it." "I "spec's dat's so," said the old man with a confirmatory shake of the head. "Yer takes chances wen yer pulls it en ver takes chances w'en yer don' Dey's a lot er po' white trush round heah w'at am' none too good fer ter steal it. I seed some un 'em loafin' long de big road on mer way home fum chu'ch jes' now. I has ter watch mer own chicken coop to keep chick'ns 'nuif fer Sunday eatin'. I'll go en git de

w'eel borrow." As the old man turned to go away be began to limp and put his hand to his knee with an exclamation of pain. "What's the matter, Julius?" asked

my wile. "Yes. Uncle Julius, what ails you?" echoed her sweet young sister. "Did

you stump your toe?" "No, miss, it's dat mis'able rheumatiz. It ketches me now an' den in de lef knee so I can't hardly draw my bref. Oh, Lawdy," he added between his elenched teeth, "but dat do hurt! Ouch! It's a little better now," he said after a moment, "but I doan' b'lieve I kin roll dat w'eelborrow out ter de watermillur patch en back. Ef it's all de same ter yo', sah, I'll go roun' ter my house en

sen' Tom ter take my place, w'iles l rubs some linimum on my laig." "That'll be all right, Julius," I said, and the old man, hobbling, disappeared around the corner of the house. Tom cas a lumberly, sleepy-looking negrosoy of about fifteen, related to Julius' wife in some degree and living with

The old man came back in about five minutes. He walked slowly and seemed very careful about bearing his weight

on the afflicted member. "I sent Liza Jane for to wake Tom up," he said. "He's down in de orchard asleep under a tree somewhar. It takes minute er so fer ter wake im up. Liza Jane knows how ter do it. She tieldes 'im in de nose or der yeah wid a propostraw. Hollerin' doan' do no good. Dat boy is one er de Seben Sleepers. He's wuss'n his gran'daddy

used ter be." "Was his grandfather a deep sleeper, Uncle Julius?" asked my wife's sister. "Oh, yas, Miss Mabel," said Julius, gravely. "He wuz a monst'us pow'ful sleeper. He slep' fer a mont' once." "Dear me, Uncte Julius, you must be

joking," said my sister-in-law, incredulously. I thought she put it mildly. "Oh, no, ma'am, I ain' jokin'. I never jokes on ser'ous subjec's. I waz dere w'en it all happen. Hit wuz a monst'us quare thing "

"Sit down, Uncle Julius, and tell us about it," said Mabel, for she dearly loved a story and spent much of her time "drawing out" the colored people in the neighborhood. The old man took off his hat and seated himself on the top step of the planen. Ills movements were some

what stiff, and he was very careful to get his left leg in a comfortable po-'Tom's gran' daddy wuz name Skunus," he began. "He had a brudder name Tushus en ernudder name Cottus en ernedder name Squinchus." The old man paused a moment and gave

his leg another hitch. "But ez I was a-saying, dis yere kundles growed to be a pert, lively kind er boy en wuz very well liked on de plantation. He never quo'led wid de res' er de han's en allus behaved se'f en tended tor his wa'- Do on'r fault he had wuz his sleep'ness. He'd half ter be woke up eve'y mawnin ter go ter his wuk, en w'eneber he got a chance he'd fall asleep. He wuz might'ly nigh gettin' inter trouble mor'n once for gwine ter sleep in de fiel'. I never seed his beat fer sleeping. He could sleep in de sun er in de shade. He could lean upon his hoe en sleep. He went ter sleep walk'n' 'long de road onet, en mighty nigh bust his hed open | dredging in the salt bed at its bottom.

'gin a tree he run inter. I did heah he onct went ter sleep while he waz in swimmin'. He wuz floatin' at de time en come mighty nigh gittin' drownded befo' he woke up. Ole marse heared bout it en ferbid his gwine in swimmin'

enny mo', fer he said he couldn' 'ford ter lose 'im. "One mawnin' Skundus didn't cum ter wuk. Dey look fer 'im roun' der plantation, but dey couldn't fin' 'im, sho dat Skundus had runned erway. "Cose dey wuz a great howdy do about it. Nobody hadn't nebber runned

n befo' de day wuz gone ev'ybody wuz erway f'um Marse Dugal' befo', en dey hadn' b'en a runaway nigger in de neighbo'hood for th'ee er fo' years. De w'ite folks wuz all wukked up, en dey wuz mo' ridin' er hosses en mo hitchin' up er buggies d'n er tittle. Ole Marse Dugal' hed er lot er papers printed en stuck up on trees 'long de roads, en dey wuz sumpin' put in de noospapers—a free nigger fram down on de Wim'l'ton road read de papers ter some er our han's-tellin' all 'bout how high Skundus wuz, en w't kine er teef her had, en 'bout a skyah he had on his lef eheek, en how sleepy he wuz en off rin a reward er one hundred dollars fer whoeber 'nd ketch 'im. But none

of 'em eber cotch 'im-"One mawnin' 'bout er month later who sh'd come walkin' out in the de fiel wid his hoe on his shoulder but Skundus, rubbin' his eyes ez ef he hadn'

got waked up good yit. "Dey wuz a great 'miration 'mongs' de niggers, en somebody run off ter de big house fer ter tell Marse Dugal'. Bimeby here come Marse Dugal' bisse'f, mad as a hawnit, a-cussin' en gwine on like he gwine ter hurt somebody, but anybody w'at look el se could 'a seed he waz mos't tickled ter def ter git Skundus back ergin.

"'Whar yer b'n run erway ter, yer good fer nuthin', lazy, black nigger?" sez 'e. 'I'm gwine ter gib yer fo' hundred lashes. I'm gwine ter hang yer up by yer thumbs en tak ev'y bit er yer black hide off'n ver, en den I'm gwine ter sell yer ter de fus' specilater w'at comes 'long buyin' niggers fer ter take down ter Alabam'. W'at ver mean by runnin'er way tam yer good, kin' marster, yer good fer nuthin' wool-headed,

"Skundus looked at 'im ez ef he didn' understan'. 'Lawd, Marse Dugal',' sez e, 'I doan' know w'at youer taikin' bout. I ain't runned erway; I ain' be'n

nowhar. "Whar ver ben fer de las' mont?" said Marse Dugal.' 'Tell me de truf, er I'll hab yer tongue pulled out by de roots. I'll tar yer all ober yer en set yer on fiah. I'll-I'li-' Marse Dugal' went on at a tarrible rate, but eve'ybody knowed Marse Dugal's bark uz wuss'n bis bite.

"Skundus look lack 'e wuz skeered most ter def for ter heah Marse Dugal gwine on dat erway, en he couldn' pear to un'erstan' wa't Marse Dugal' was talkin' erbout. " 'I didn't mean no harm by sleepin'

in de barn las' night, Marse Dogal', 'sez e, 'en yer'll let me off dis time I won' ebber do so no mo". " "Well, ter make a long story sho't, Skundus said he had gone ter de barn dat Sunday afternoon befo' de Monday w'en he couldn't be foun' fer to hunt aigs, en wiles he wuz up dere de hay peared so sof en nice that he had laid lown ter take little nap; dat it wuz mawnin' w'en he woke en foun' hisse'f all covered up whar de hay had fell over on 'im. A hen had built a nes' right on top un 'im, en it had half a dozen nigs

in it. He said he ha in't stop fer ter git no breakfus', but said jes' suck one or two er der nigs en hurried right straight out in de fiel' fer he seed it was late ca all de res' er de han's wuz gone ter wuk. "Youer a liar, said Marse Dugal, 'en de truf ain' in yer. Yer b'en run erway en hid in de swamp somewhar ernuder.' But Skundus swo' up en

down dat he hadn't b'en out'n dat

barn, en finally Marse Dugal' went up to de house, en Skundus went on wid "Well, yer mought know dey was a great 'miration in the neighbo'hood. Marse Dagal' sent for Skundas ter cum up ter de big house nex' day, en Skundus went up 'spect'n' fer ter ketch forty. But w'en he got dero Marse Dugal' had fetahed up ole Dr. Leach fum down on Rocktish en another young doctor from town, on dev looked at Skundus' eyes, en felt of his wris,' en pulled out his tongue, en hit him in de chis', en put dere yeahs ter his side fer ter heah his heart beat, en den dey up'n made Skundus tell how he felt when 'e woke up. Dey staid ter din-

ner, en w'n dey got thoo' tatkin' en eatin' en drinkin' dey tole Marse Dagal' Skundus had bad a catacornered fit en had b'en in a trance for fo' weeks. "Dis yer boy, Tom," said the old man, straightening out his leg carefully preparatory to getting up, "is ica' like his gran'daddy. I b'lieve ef somebody didn't wake 'im up he' s'eep till jedgmen' day. Heah 'e comes now.

Come on heah wid dat w'eelborrow, yer lazy, good fer nuthin rascal." Tom came slowly round the house with the wheelbarrow and stood blinking and rolling his eyes as if he had

just emerged from a sound sleep and was not yet half awake. We took our way around the house. the ladies and I in front, Julius next and Tom bringing up the rear with the wheelbarrow. We went by the wellkept grapevines, heavy with the promise of an abundant harvest, through a narrow field of yellowing corn and then picked our way through the watermelon vines to the spot where the monarch of the patch had lain the day before in all the glory of its coat of variegated green. There was a shallow coneavity in the sand where it and rested, but the melon itself was

gone. - Two Tales. A Strange Lake in Africa. Lake Assal, one of the finest salt lakes in the world, in the district of Obock, East Africa, only a few miles from the head of the Bay of Tadjouiah, has been bought by Mr. Chefneux from the French government. All along the edge of the lake, which comprises only sixteen square miles, is a bed of nearly pure salt about a foot in thickness. The water of the lake is so surcharged with salt that it is impossible to sink in it. The bottom is apparently a bed of solid salt. The heavy waters lave the base of jagged and precipitous mountains which descend to the edge of the lake, making it almost impossible to travel around it. Mr. Chefneux will probably carry on his work by floating machinery on the lake and

TRUST. A bird has flown beyond thy sight: Its song was light and life to thee; Now brightest days are tinged with night, And earth holds nothing fair to see. But list, my friend, 'tis well, 'tis well; All lives he could deep in pain; To-day's heart-sols and saddening knell

May be for thine eternal gain. The lessons furdest to acquire Bring greatest recompense at last; Souls bronder grow when bathed in fire: God still gate's rutter, belm and mast! We do not understand the path: To us it seems a truckless waste But in the soul's sweet aftermath Each hidden purpose will be traced. Kutharine H. Terry, in Good Housekeeping.

THE OLD SETTLER.

His Uncle Enebecker's Story of the Widow Fudgecrack.

"Wull, Squire," said the Old Settler, "the summer is past an' the harvest is ended. How's yer plgs fattenin'?" "Only so-so, major," replied the Squire. 'That Yorkshire breed o' pigs don't seem to gether heft suddent ez

they mowt." "Is them pigs o' your'n Yorkshires?" asked the Old Settler.
"Nothin' shorter!" exclaimed the Squire. "Yorkshire from tail to noz-

"Yorkshires?" said the Old Settler, maliciously. "Wull, now, b'gosh, from the build on 'em I thort they was plowisheers?"

"Jedgin' 'em from their heads Yes," replied the Old Settler. "Come to think on it, major," said

"Meanin' their heads?" said the

the Squire, "them heads is a leetle sharp an' p'nted, an' ca'c'lated pooty well to turn up the sile, but I don't keep pigs for their heads. I keep pigs for their hams, an' tenderlines, an' shoalders an' setch. Our folks don't winter over on head cheese, our folks don't." "Whose folks does, b'gosh?" demanded the Old Settler, testily.

"I didn't say as anybody's did," replied the Source "But we sinniwated!" The Squire didn't say whether he had insinuated or whether he hadn't, but a suspicion of a smile lurked about

him. There was silence for awhile which the Old Settler broke abruptly "Speakin' o' the summer bein' past an' the harvest bein' ended alluz puts me in mind o' the story o' the Widder Padgecrack an' the harvest on her clearin', ez my uncle, Snebecker Giles, usety tell it. It all happened in the Wild Gander Ridge deestric', fer I don't think tha was a man in the hull o' the Sugar Swamp deestric' ez could 'a had the heart to do w'at Shadrack Biff o' Wild Gander done, an' tha was men in Sugar Swamp mean enough, b'gosh, to pass lead sixpences on a blind fiddler at a dance, an' one of 'em were Tobin Tid-

s'pose, Squire, bein' ez he were a relation o' your'n; but facts is facts." The Old Settler paused to see how this little reference affected the Squire. and he seemed disappointed when the

fit, which I hadn't orter say, I don't

"That's so. He were meaner than cow itch. Uncle Tobin were." "But had his good p'ints," said the Old Settler. "He know'd which dimmyjohn had the best stuff in it." "That runs in the fam'ly, major," said the Squire, smiling again. "An' he never drinked alone," said the

Old Settler. "That don't run in the "That's onfort nit for you, major," said the Squire, with a still broader

The Old Settler looked hard at the Squire for awhile, but let the subject of Tobin Tidfit drop and went on with the story of the Widow Pudgecrack's

"My uncle, Snebecker Giles, were goin' through the Wild Gander Ridge deestrie' 'iong late in December, wunst, sellin' medicine fer sniffles in sheen, an' he came to a clearin' where the were a slommickin' great big chap sot out on the woodpile skinnin' mushrats. Uncle Snebecker pulled up his hoss an' hollers out to the chap: " 'Hullo, neighbor! What clearin' is

" 'The Widder Pudgecrack clearin', says the chap, keepin' on with his mushrat skinnin'. " 'Is the widder in?' says Uncle Sne-" 'Wull, ruther!' says the chap, larfin' like a hyeny. 'She's ben in these two weeks-way in,' he says. "Uncle Snebecker didn't know

e'znetly w'at to make outen this, but he says: "'Kin I see the widder, think?' "'Wull,' says the chap, larfin' ag'in. 'not jist now; but if yer a good, stiff Hard-shell Baptis', an' don't backslide. the chances is that ve'll run ag'in her one o' these days,' he says.

"Uncle Snebecker begun to git mad now, an' he says, pooty loud: "'See here!' he says. 'If ye think ye kin pick meup fer a consarned idjit yer barkin' up the wrong tree fer coons! What's the reason I can't see the wid-

der now? "'Wull,' says the chap, larfin' more'n ever, 'I dunno why ye can't, unless it's 'cause the widder's dead!' "Then the chap went on skinnin' his mushrats, an' Uncle Snebecker were goin' on, w'en the chap hollers to him

an' says: "Guess ye don't know about the Widder Pudgecrack, do ye? he says. "Uncle Snebecker said he didn't. " 'Wull,' says the chap, 'ye musn't go 'way without hearin' 'bout the widder, says he. 'It'll be with yer while.'

"So Uncle Snebecker stayed to hear about the widder. 'this wa'n't the Widder Pudgecrack clearin', 'cause tha wa'n't no Widder Pudgecrack then, an' tha wa'n't no clearin'. The Widder Pudgecrack then were jist plain Tabithy Ann Flint, ez teached the Wild Gander deestric' school. Tabithy Ann were gettin' to'ards the time w'en it wa'n't no trick at all fer her to recomember back fer forty year an' better, an' the chances was that she'd be Tabithy Ann Flint when she passed over Jordan. But Sampson Pudgecrack kim along about then, an', thinkin' Tabithy Ann mowt be a savin' sort of a wife to tie to, he ast her, an' Tabithy Ann didn't waste her time asayin' no. Sampson he bought this here land an' put up that air cabin yender, an' him an' Tabithy Ann sot down in it. Sampson he buckled in like a house afire an' cleared off the brush, an' by the time the snow went off he had

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don'tyou lorget it. a clerrin' that nobody could sneeze at. He sowed it to rye an' he plowed it fer 'taters, an' left room fer corn an'

buckwhit an' setch. 'Jist ez Sampson got things in that kind o' shipshape he were oneonsid'rit enough to leave Tabitha Ann a widder with all that clearin' an' things on her hands. It wa'n't jist the thing fer Sampson to do, an' when 'tater plantin' time an' corn plantin time kim round sumpm' had to be did. Tha had to be somebody to 'tend to them things, an' so the Widder Pudgecrack done the bes' thing she could, an' married Potiphar Bubb. Potiphar he pitched in an' got in the corn an' 'taters, an' made the garden, an' sowed the buckwhit an' got a pig to fatten, an' things was movin' nicest kind. Potiphar cut the rye an' the hay an' got it in, an' then w'at did he do but foller Sampson an' leave

the Widder Pudgecrack clearin' with-

out no head ag'in." "This were hard on the widder. Course the rye were cut an' the hay were in an' the 'taters an' corn an' buckwhit was planted, but what o' that? The 'taters had to be dug, the corn had to be cut an the buckwhit harvested and thrashed. Somebody had to do that. So the widder didn't raise no objections w'en Job Saprider said he'd be willin' to do that for her, an' she changed her name to Suprider. Job were a snorter to work, an' he kep' things a runnin' right up to the handle. He dug the 'taters and got 'em in, an' cut the buckwhit an' thrashed it. an' gethered the corn an' shelled it, and got in the garden truck and stowed everything all away snug an' proper, to inj'y it durin' the winter. But Job didn't hev no better jedgment than Sampson and Potiphar had, an' w'at does he do but go an' leave the widder a widder ag'in, an' she jist a ca'e lating her pootiest on having somebody to cheer her up w'en the winter winds begun to beller!

"'This is tough on me!' said the widder; 'this is pooty tough!' " Job had stayed long enough to git the pig good an' fat, an' if he'd waited a week or so he coul a killed it for the vidder, but he didn't, an' so she had to git it killed, an' cut up, an' packed away in the cellur herself. But winter were comin' an' she were lon some, an' so, 'long about Thanksgivin' time. w'en Shadrack Biff, that druy team fer the tan'ry, took pity on the widder an' to!' her that she needn't pine, 'cause he'd make it a p'int to cheer her up. She were so thankful to him that she said yes, an she quit bein the Widder Saprider an' begun bein' Mrs. Shadrack Biff. But her joy were too suddent, I guess, fer two weeks ago she quit bein' a widder or anything else in this vale o' tears. I think,' says this mashrat-skinnin' chan to my Uncle Snebecker, 'that I tol' ye awhii ago that she were in, didn't 1? An' that we mowt run ag'in her one o' these days if ye were a good, stiff Hardshell Baptis' an' didn't backslide? Wull, that's

where she is.' "'An' w'at did the widder do but leave to Shadrack all that clearin' an' all the rye that Sampson Pudgeerack sowed, an' all the 'taters an' corn an' buckwhit and garden truck that Potiphar Bubb planted, an' that Job Saprider gethered an' thrushed an stowed away so snug, an' the pig that Job fattened, and that the widder packed away in the cellar, all fer Shadrack to jist lay to this winter an' in' jy an' feel good over! An' w'at do ye s'pose Shaqruck's gointer do nex' week? Why, he's gointer get hitched to the snappy little Widder Bly, o' Lost Crow Barren, an' jist sit her down on the Widder Pudgecrack clearin' to help him inj'y them blessin's! Now w'at do ye think o' Shadrack Biff?' says the mushratskinnin' chap, larfin' like a hyeny

"I think he orter be tarred an' feathered an' rid outen the kentry on a rail!" says my Uncle Snebecker. 'An' I'd like to be the one to do it, b'gosh!' says he, "'No,' says the chap, droppin' his

mushrats. 'Wull, says he, 'I'm Shadrack Biff" "I tell ye, Squire, it's a durn good thing fer that mushrat-skinnin' hyeny that my Uncle Snebecker didn't hev no tar an' feathers with him. Ez it were, he shook the dust o' the Widder Pudgecrack's clearin' offen his feet an' got away from it ez fast ez his hoss'd let him, he were so consarned disgusted with Shadrack Biff!'-Ed Mott, in N.

Y. Sun. Cleverly Countered.

An American and an Englishman were one day sitting on the balcony of the Anglo-American club in Brussels, passing the rather slow hours in a little friendly guying of each other. The Englishman sat facing the American flag, and the American sat facing the English flag. After a brief lull in the sharpshooting the Englishman came out with: "I say old man, ye cawn't imagine what your flag reminds me

what is it?" "Why it reminds me of a deuced big gridiron, don't von know." The American smiled a sad smile and then said: "All right, Johnny. But what do you think your flag reminds me of?" "Don't know."

'Well, it reminds me of a darned big

The American was serious. "Well,

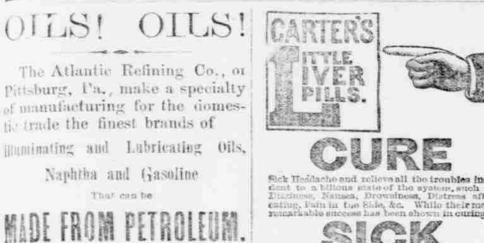
beefsteak that we can fry on our gridiron."-Boston Budget. An Incident in a Dark Tunnel. Two young married men in the Salem excursion to Newport recent'y played a rather sweet joke on their wives. Before entering the long tunnel at Elk City each was sitting with the other's wife. They agreed to exchange seats in the long tunnel and each kiss his own wife. Well, they did as agreed. One of the vonne women screamed terribly and attracted the attention of the whole car, and all had a hearty laugh at her expense, when the light broke in upon her, resisting fiercely and in her husband's arms. The one kept perfectly still, and she and her husband had a good laugh on each other when the light broke on them. She said she did not know but what it was her hus-

Unjust Discrimination. "I notice," said the woman with the steel-bowed glasses, "that if a married woman happens to get killed the papers announce that 'Mary Smith, wife

band, and did not want to give it away

if it was not -Salem (N. Y.) Journal.

of John Smith, was run over by the cars,' for instance. If John himself gets it there is not a word said of Mary. except to mention that he leaves a widow. And that's why I'm kicking." -Indianapolis Journal



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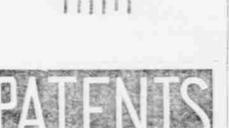
and it women a good deal of it. Seering no mention in your Alemana of your Sarsaparita being good for scarvy, I thought you of ghat to know of the search your to facts.

Respectfully yours, "alva X. Wincarz.

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As odd a homan specimen

For what he doesn't know.

'Tis hard to guess his aim in life, Since things are so passe; The merest trifle troubles him-Though why, no one can say. His chief exertion is to dress, To sleep at times, and eat, And show himself admiringly

To folks in town and street, -Joel Benton, in Once a Week.

"When O. M. Carter, now president of the American Loan & Trust company of Omaha, sold his post trader's outfit at the Rosebud Indian agency in South Dakota to Charles Stemwinder Johnson, as Ed Hall used to call him. there were some accounts on the books It was Col. George Barry starting anther story of his frontier life in the

not to pay the bill. He bounced back into Johnson's store and excitedly ex-" * Zhonson, I keepszose cattles myself. I don't tsink I gifs you zose cat-"All right, Buche. You can keep your cattle,' said Johnson. 'But the cattle you gave me are mine, an' Jack

I know. Zat is a good 'ead. Zere is *Johnson saw him once or twice after

"Buche raved around the agency and swore by all his vigorous oaths that ne'd fill Johnson full of Winchester noles if the trader made an effort to get the cattle. So on Saturday Johnson went to the agency building and had Jack Arkwright sworn in as a deputy United States marshal. There isn't very much law on an Indian reservation, and in most cases might is right; but Arkwright's long official title had a terrifying sort of sound to the halfbreeds, and Jack thought himself only second in importance to the president. He had Mexican, Indian and negro blood in his veins, and was as fine a

Resides that he didn't understand how to be afraid of anything, and he believed that a six-shooter was made for use rather than ornament. "Well, on Sanday morning Johnson and Arkwright, with his commission as deputy marshal and a herder, started for Buche's headquarters seventy-five miles away on the river, leaving Ruche boiling around the agency and swearing all sorts of things. They rode pretty hard, and made about sixty-five miles before sundown. They hadn't much more than gone into camp before

with a Winchester balanced on the saddle in front of him. shouted Johnson, 'an' get my cattle.' toward his camp. Very early the next morning Johnson's party started. They made the ten miles to Buche's camp in about an hour, and couldn't find a sign

a wagen. The man spotted him for the money, and Buche fled for the reservation again.

Johnson and his cowboy stopped and

"Buche's chief herder, Curly, said that was a fair deal, and Bucke finally agreed to it. The four cowleys went wrangle began. One side wanted a low Johnson offered to give him five dollars cash besides. The Frenchman took the money and Johnson drew up the papers. They had just been signed and exchanges when the four cowboys came up. same appraisement that Johnson had

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

This was too much for the smart man

your wife. I should think you would to you, sir, todignantly, "she ain't my wife. I never At the same time the woman was shricking at the top of her voice: "Stop thief," and it took the smart man's utmost eloquence to convince the depot

A little girl but four years old was observed to be very devout in church and to be very eager not to miss attending the services. "What do you do, when you are there, Rosie?" usked a lady friend, "you cannot read and you must The little one shook her head gravely. "I am never tired," she said, "I have so much to say to God." "What do you say, do tell me," persisted the lady. The chi'd climbed on her knee, and whispered with all her soul in her eyes: "I cannot go to church too often to thank God-I was not born a boy."

And the Strange Disappearance of a Watermelon.