JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FAVE AND ALL ARE SLAVES RESIDE."

VOLUME XXVIII.

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NUMBER 1

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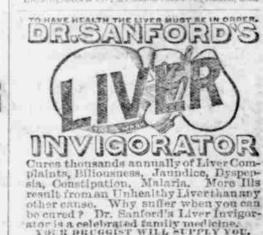
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WAITING.

Ommini

Sitting in the coziest corner Living to the past and present, Mixing new with yesterdays, Grandpa, grandma, dear old couple, Light and comfort of our home, Pass their twilight hours serency, 'Neath our humble cottage dome.

Now their days are growing shorter, Now their years seem not so long, And their dim eyes will turn backward Where their youthful pleasures throng fut they false as they co. But their falth all fears subduing Leaves no room for selfish woe. Not a shadow mars the beauty Death is but the gate to Heaven They will enter by and by. So I hear them talking softly.

LEAVING HOME.

In the firelight's roday glow, if the largey past and present,

Uncle Henry's Heart Is Touched

Watting for their time to go.

M. J. M. Smith, in Christian at Work

by a Familiar Picture. Bright and early they arrived at the fair grounds, and the first building they entered was the Art palace. It must not be inferred from this fact that they loved art-natatall. They came to this structure simply because it was a part of the exposition they had not visted before. They had come several hundred miles to see the fair, and it would weigh heavily on their minds if they talled to see any portion of it Imselled by a stern sense of duty, they had "done" every building, from the onvent of La Rabida to Hortfeultural hall-even though the exhibits in ome of them were as unintelligible to them as the inscriptions on an Egyptan obelisk. The Art palace and the Fisheries building alone remained to visited; and it was to complete their cycle of sight-seeing that they had come to the fair this morning. It took no close observer to see that

they were simple, well-to-do country people. One knew instinctively that their paths had lain in sequestered places, through cool, green pastures, where mild-eyed kine grazed contentedmer days. It was plain to be seen by their honest faces that they were far etter versed in the ways of nature than in the wiles of man. This trip to the fair was the supreme event of their ives the brightest bit of color wave into the dult gray and woof of their winter a whole had never before omity fair; and this great carnival of e nations seemed so stupendous and erpowering that sometimes a feeling of nive came over them. They realized he hopelessness of seeing and compreending more than a small part of the whole. At such times, Uncle Henry

would sigh and sadly remark that he "reckoned" it was too big for him. Uncle Henry was the head of the family. He had a kind, honest face, and a look of simplicity that was refreshing. Lucy, his wife, was a hearty, buxom old lady, who looked at peace with the whole world. Their youngest hild was with them-a pretty, budding girl of seventeen or thereabouts. Then there was Uncle Henry's sister, an old maid, whose patient face gave evidence that her life had been one long sacrifice for the welfare of others.

"I never did care no very great sight for chromos," remarked Uncle Henry, as they passed rapidly through the va-"I kind o' like to see 'em," said his wife. "Hat dear me! Here's so many on git all mixed up. You can't begin

ou did you wouldn't git through in all "Ma, look here!" called the girl, attracted by a painting of a bouquet of orgeous flowers. "Ain't this beauti-12 Wish I had it Reckon they'd sell it, pa?"

stop and look at 'em all close, for it

"Course," answered her father. "Sell anything here for money." "Won't you buy it for me?" she "What's the use buyin' pickehers

hen you git such nice ones free with very pound of ten you buy?" Uncle Henry aslash -"But they're not like these here, pa hese are all painted. They're only Oh, I see, All done by hand, ch? Wal, I think some of 'em better been of undone.

They sat down on one of the sofas to "Ma, I want to learn to paint," said the girl. "There's a lady stays at the Johnson's who teaches folks to make pictures. Can't I learn?" 'I reckon it's nice to know how to do such things " said the mother. "What

o you tiruk about it, Henry?" "Think it's nonsense!" said Henry, decisively. "No earthly use. Let Flora learn to paint, and our house would oon be a reg lar pickcher gallery, like this. You go into the Johnson's, where that teacher stays, and you see a sunlower here and a cat-tail there, and a ng-legged bird of some sort over youer. Johnson was tellin' me his girls and got the craze so bad they even decorated the coal-scuttle and the pade, and wouldn't let him use 'em. If Flora wants to learn to paint, I'll git ome white lead and oil and let 'er ackle the front-yard fence." No one pade any response, and he

ontlinued: "We've seen all this we want to, I guess. Let's go over to that slace where the queer fishes is." They were passing through a gallery in the United States section, trying to find an outlet. The old maid sister. who brought up the rear of the little group, stopped to examine a picture

"Look here, Henry," she said. The picture to which she called his attention was entitled: "Breaking Come Reight's Diverse. Despect Graper. Age of the results of the first property of the results o lome Ties." The scene was a plain, him, both her hands resting on his shoulders. The boy's father had turned toward the open door. In his hand was a carpetsack like those our grandfathers carried; it held the few belong ings of the departing lad. The aged grandmother regarded the scene, a loca of sadness in her patient face. A young lady sister sat near by, her hand resting on the head of the family doggreat, noble animal, that looked

anxiously into the young man's face as though striving to fathom the meaning of the strange solemnity. A younger sister-a mere child-stood near Through the open door could be seen the driver waiting to convey his pas-

senger to the village. The boy's face was a study. It showed the keen regret he felt in leaving mother, friends and home. There was no bravado or assumed carelessness in it. One felt that tears were almost ready to start-probably would when the excitement of separation was over. But there was no weakness in the face-it expressed high purpose and firm resolution. It was hard for him to go like this; but once started he would never turn back-he would accomplish what he set about, quietly and determinedly. He was one of those boys you trust instinctively, feeling that a good mother's influence is strong within him.

It seemed so real, one could almost fancy hearing the parting words: "God bless you, my boy. Be true to your self, and do not forget your home and

mother." Uncle Henry regarded the picture for ome time in silence. It evidently appealed to him strongly, for as he ooked his face took on a retrospective xpression. The passing crowds were inheeded. The time, the place were alike forgotten. The memory of the White City-of forty years of toil and hardship that came before-faded from his memory like a dream when one awakens. He forgot everything but a little New Bampsbire homestead and a weeping mother's last farewell. Some one in passing brushed rudely against him. He started as one who is roused from slamber; then turning to

his sister, asked: "Mighty purty pickeher, ain't it, "Yes, 'tis; right purty." "It 'minds me somehow of that day I

left home. Don't it you, Alice?"

"Yes, it does," "Must be bout forty years ago, ain't "Forty year, come next May."

"That chap there's just about my age then. And you was the size of that little girl, too. Queer, ain't It? Alice, that day comes back so clear I see it all bringin' the team 'round to the front door, and you standin' there ervin'-all

"And I be passer her last words, too please, it breaks my heart to let you go, but I guess it's for the best. I know you'll always be a man, and not do what you'd be ashamed to tell father and me about, won't you, my boy?" "That was forty year ago, and all that time that scene has stood out in my mind just as plain as if I had a fotygraf of it there. And this pickehminds me of it power, at. Somehow it beings it all back, and for awhile I sorter forgot and ima gined I was leav-

in' home agin'." There were tears in Alice's eyes. while a sort of baze gathered on Uncle Henry's old-fashioned eye-glasses, and he found it necessary to wipe them with his handkerenief.

"Say!" he exclaimed, as though struck by a sudden klen. "I wonder who made that chromo. If I knew the man I'd offer 'im two dollars to make me another jest like it. Yes I would," he persisted, in answer to an incredu lous glance from his wife. "I't high, I reckon, the way pickehers sell nowdays, but I'd be willin' to give it for this. I'd like to have it in a nice black walnut frame hung over the organ in

"It's kind of purty, but I don't se nothing very wonderful about it," said

"Course not! You wasn't there. You didn't break no home-ties like I did. Always lived close to your ma and pa till they died. But I tell you I know how it feels to leave a good home and the best mother in the world, and go 'way off where the probability is you'li never see 'em ag'in. I know how a boy feels about then, for I've been through the mill. Say, Flora, do you reckon i you was to take paintin' lessons you could do such pickehers as that?" "I reckon so," was the answer.

Well, I'll tell ye what we'll do. When we git back home, you may go to that paintin' teacher and have 'er learn you to paint. But if I was you I wouldn't pay no great attention to makin' sunilowers and ent-tails. If I was a painter I'd make somethin' like that-somethin' common folks like me can understand and appreciate. I wouldn't waste two seconds drawin' long-legged storks and posies nobody never sees growln'. Maybe these ar all well enough, and toe reason I can't appreclate 'em is because I ain't up on ch things. But what I do like is a pickeher like this someth a' you can ook at and study, and feel the better for doin' it."-Walter Hall Jewett, in Chicago Graphic.

Dipping Up Rice Birds. The Charleston Newstells some marvelous stories about the abundance of rice birds in the dikes and marshes back of that city. There are always plenty of them for the sportsmen and eaterer at this senson of the year, but never before have they been seen in such swarms, darkening the air as they flit from place to place. They have almost ceased to be a target for shotgans, and are so thick and close together that they are caught with a dip net like so many fish. One amatear marksman reports that with two discharges of his shotgan he brought down one hundred and eighty of the birds. The News says: "The regular way now, however, is to get a boat and a dip net and go among the ditches in the old rice fields and dip up the birds. A gentleman went out a few nights ago and returned with one thousand, two handred and thirty-six birds. It required a wagon and two buckboards to carry them all home. realized by several parties who emcan be bought on the plantations for a mere song, and when taken to the cents a dozen."

Just for Lucia "I tell you what," said Mr. Watts, 'I saw a remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence to-day!"

"What was that?" said Mr. Potts. "Why, a bridal party started from the house across the street from where I live, and one of the horses threw a shoe. Now what do you think of that?" -Indianapolis Journal.

### HUNTING THE RACCOON.

Exciting Sport in the Fall on the

An Exceedingly Tricky Animal That Can ance of Trained

The corn is fully ripe in the shock in many fields on the western reserve, and the season for raccoon hunting, or 'cooning," as it is more often called, has arrived, with its attendant scenes of sport and excitement. He who has never experienced the pleasures incident to a night in the woods with a trained "coon" dog during the month of October can only learn what he has missed by enjoying such an outing at the earliest opportunity, says the Cleveland Leader.

To hunt the raccoon at night with success, a trained tog is indispensable; for the seent disposition and "coon" education of the dog are directly responsible for the number of pelts which are brought in at a sometimes early hour in the morning. In the selection of a dog for the sport it is not best to choose a bound, as the ability and persistence of these dogs in "giving tongue" warn the raceoon of his danger and give that crafty little animal ample time to seek safe seclusion in the hollow of some large tree. which size and value prevents the hunter from cutting down. If the dog's education has been neglected, and he manifests an inclination to follow the trail of rabbits rather than that of the raccoon, the hunter will not be likely to carry anything home further than the remembrance of a midnight ramble in the woods.

However, many dogs about whose ancestry there clusters an imperishable halo of mystery, develop in a remarkable "coon" dogs. Some of them are very keen-scented, and will follow the trail of a raccoon over the ground where the scent of rabbits and other animals is encountered every few yards. A well-trained dog will take large circles and skirt along the edge of woods that border corn-fields, never "giving tongue" until their approach to the coon is so close that one viva-Light impossible and scales the near est tree. Then the frantic and prolonged notes of the dog proclaim to the hunter, who may be some distance away, that the game is "up" and a coon has been "treed," If the tree is a small one so much the better. The animal is either shaken out of the branches and the dog given an opportunity of testing his metal, or else the coon is shot while in the tree and the log allowed in at the finish. It often happens that the tree is a large one, and then the scientific part of coon hunting is brought into requisition. The hunter resorts to what is called "shining the coon." This is done by placing a lantern upon the head and walking around the tree until the re-flection of two small balls of fire shenotes the location of the game. Some times several pairs of gleaming eyes are revealed by the rays of the lautern. and then the hunter knows that the night's work will be a good one. The explosion of a heavily-charged shotgun is the means employed to dis odge the coon from his lofty perch, and he falls to the earth with a substantial

The coon is an exceedingly tricky animal, especially so if he be an old imer of the "swamp" variety-one that has encountered steel traps or innumerable dogs or been filled with oird shot. He will take to rail fences. cross streams, run along the bottom of hallow creeks for long distances, and jump anything but a freight train when thoroughly alarmed. If the dog s inexperienced, the coon is usually ble to baille his pursuers, and is safe from further annoyance for the time being. But of times the sagacity of the dog will resurrect the trail that suddenly terminated at the creek, and the generalship of the pursuer proves him master of the situation.

A favorite haunt of the coon in October is in the cornfields that skirt the largest tracts of woodland. They visit the cornfields to feed as soon as darkness cettles, and will sometimes go everal miles to a favorite locality They are hunted for their pelts, which may bring from one dollar to one doliar and fifty cents in the market, and for the rare sport that it affords at this ceason of the year. Not infrequently on these expeditions the dog blunders on to one of those odorous animals that have large, bushy, black tails, and a white stripe running down the back. sometimes the nequaintance so suddenly formed is of a lasting nature. In this event the faithful companion of man in an exciting chase is forced to abandon is favorite rug by the fire that he has been went to lie and dream upon, and ands himself securely fastened to a large airy shed at a satisfactory distance from the house. If he is sensitive and refined the dog takes the ostracism to which he has been subjected and the pronounced coldness on the part of the 'amily circle to heart, and s not again known to "bark up the wrong tree."

There are two distinctive species of North American raccoon. The California or Texas animals differ from those found east of the Mississippi river in that they have black feet, The fur of the prairie coon of the west is of lighter color than that of his eastern brother. This is accounted for by the fact that all fur-bearing animals have darker coats in the more thickly timbered regions.

The transportation fleet of the United States at the beginning of 1890, with the exception of canalboats, numbered. 55,540 vessels of all classes, of which Quite a considerable sum has been | 6,007 were steamers, 8,912 were sailing vessels and 10,561 were barges or unbarked in the rice-bird business. They rigged vessels, whose gross tonnage was 7,003,070 tons, and whose estimated value stood at \$215,069,300. Other totals town are sold for at least twenty-five show that during the preceding year the freight movement by the whole operating American fleet amounted to 172,-110.123 tons of all commodities. Others show that the number of persons of all classes employed to made up the ordinary or complementary crews of all operating vessels of the United States, exclusive of pleasure craft on the Atlantic coast and gulf of Mexico. numbered 106,436, and that the total amount paid in wages was no less than \$25,867,-

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#### FUTURE OF ALUMINUM. Roofs for Houses and Hulls for Vessels

ducumin.

Sure to Be Made of It. Western Reserve. Aluminum, which itself possesses n high degree of specific heat, does not really absorb heat itself, and thus is not liable to the chief objection to iron buildings in hot countries. But apart

from light decorative purposes, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, such as balconies, enpolas, finials and veran das, it is as a roofing material that aluminum should be most welcome to the builder. In plates or scales, twothirds lighter than copper, uncorroded by air and undimmed even by the sulphur of London smoke, it should make a roof fit for a palace of romance.

The humbler elements of health and comfort in the house hardly less important than its external defenses against the weather-pipes, cisterns taps and gutters, now made of iron which rusts, or lead which poisonswould be more enduring and far more healthy if made of this light and clean ly metal, which might also take the place of all water-holding vessels now made of heavy, brittle earthenware or painted tin. An aluminum bath is among the probable luxuries of the next century. But it is not as a mere accessory to comfort and convenience that real development of the new metal should lie. It is for use at sea that its most marked quality of lightness obviously fits it.

The marine engineer and the naval architect, who are already looking in this direction for a reduction of the weight which is inseparable from loss of efficacy, whether in speed or cargo, cannot neglect the possibilities of a metal, which, when mixed in the proportion of one to fifty, gives to aluminum-bronze a bardness and tough ness which makes it almost as reliable as steel, and which, if the proportion could be reversed and the strength preserved, would reduce the weight of ships and machinery alike by two thirds. That is a problem which awaits the metallurgist for solution The reduction in cost, judging by analogy, can only be a question of time

and research The best steel now costs little more than one-half penny per pound, while aluminum is fifty times that price. But aluminum exists in far greater quantities than iron, is more widely distributed, and neither the limits of time nor the history of metallurgy for bid us to conjecture that, as the world has seen its age of stone, its age of bronze and its age of iron, so it may before long have embarked on a new and even more prosperous age of alum-

COYOTES HUNTING.

Relieving Each Other la the Chuse After. Fleet-Footed Jack Rabbits. "Did you ever see a pack of coyotes a-rustlin' for grub?" asked an old Califorain miner of a reporter recently. Two lived on the desert for nigh one thirty years," he resumed, "and semany a queer sight, but coyotes arustlin' for grub beats them all. Them animals are as well trained as any body of soldiers ever was under Gineral Grant. They elect a captain, whether by drawing straws or by ballot I don't recollect off-hand. Just at daylight a reveille calls the pack together and they come velpin' and howlin' over the desert like a lot of things possessed, their appetites sharpened by the crisp air and eager for their reg'lar diet of jerked rabbit meat. The avant couriers sniff around among the sagebrush and greasewood, while the rest of the band form into a big circle, sometimes spreadin' out on the plain over a radius of two or three miles. The couriers head a jack-rabbit in the circle and the covote nearest takes, up the chase.

"You know a jack rabbit can run ten times faster than a coyote, and when the one in pursuit gets tuckered out the next one takes up the chase, and so on till the jack falls down dead from exhaustion. Then the whole pack leap onto him, their jaws snappin' like sheepblades in shearin' time. Then when the jack is disposed of another reville is sounded and the pack again form into a circle, and the circus is kept up until every one of the yelpin'. eller devils has satisfied his appetite. sometimes killin' hundreds of jacks and cottontails fur one meal fur a covote can eat a jack as big as himself and then looks as if he was elgan starved to death. I was clean through the late unpleasantness with Gineral Grant and I know what scientific generalin' is, and them coyotes know as much as any soldiers that ever lived about army tacties. The commander in chief is usually the oldest covote in the pack, and he sits on a knoll where he can give orders to his lieutenants and aids, and what they don't know about ambuscades, maneuverin' and field tactics ginerally ain't worth knowin'.

The World's Presidents.

The president of the Argentine Republic is chosen for six years and receives an annual salary of \$36,000. The French president receives a salary of \$120,000, a house to live in, and allowances amounting to \$120,000 more: his term of office is seven years, and he may be reelected. The president of the Swiss republic is elected from the seven federal councillors (who serve three years), and serves as president for one year, receiving a salary of \$2,-700. He may be reelected after an interval of one year. The president of Mexico is paid \$49,977 each year, and serves four years; he may be reelected now, Gen. Diaz, the present president, having had the constitution altered to permit him to serve.

Insect Brigands. Wasps have become so much of a pest in England this year as to be a national nuisance. They swarm in houses and in bed-chambers, they orehards more effectively than a whole school of boys, and they destroy the finest peaches on the wall and the juiclest plums in the garden. "If you pick up a ripe pear under your favorite tree," says a London journal, "the chances are that half a dozen of these hot-tempered thieves will sally out of it, and you may hold yourself lucky if you do not get well stung."

-Right Reply in Right Place. - Vintor -"And so you are glad the schools are open?" Little Johnny-"No, I hain't, nuther." "But you just told that gentleman you were." "Of course. He's the teacher."-Des Moines Argonaut.

The second second second

THE COTTAGE FAR AWAY. Pose with vision washed with tears, Yet brightened up with smiles. That which is far away in years

Pair as a summer day, To me its beauty fadeth not-The cottage far away. I see what cannot now be seen. The loved ours as before The curtained windows fresh and clean,

A sweet but humble little spot,

As well as far in make

And mother at The cottage far I cannot go to los

And some are \_\_\_\_\_\_ So I shall calmly sit and view The place in memory's ray. To me so fair, to me so true-The cottage for away.

J. P. Hutchinson, in Chicago Record.

Some of the levi

## SIR WILLIAM'S CLEW.

How He Recovered His Stolen Property by the Aid of a Dog.

The 25th of March, 189-, was marked by a thaw succeeding a severe frost of three weeks' duration. At Lenham court, a mansion situated fifteen miles or so from London on the west side, great inconvenience and some damage had been caused by the bursting of a water-pipe during the day. In especial, one room was ren dered so damp that its usual occupant, "Spencer"-Lady Brown-Salter's lady's maid-was compelled to change her sleeping place. Instead of sharing one of the housemaid's beds she chose, with her ladyship's permission, to make up a bed for herself in the small room, or large cupboard, situated at the end of the corridor which runs through the whole breadth of Lenham court on the first story. It was a room used to store trunks and boxes in, and Spencer placed some of these as a foundation for her couch. Many of these trunks had made the voyage to India and back, for Col. Sir William Brown-Salter had distinguished himself not a little in John Company's service. There had been much extra work for all the servants at Lenham court that day, and it was late before Spencer retired to her cupboard.

On getting into her bed she found her novel couch by no means so comfortable as it looked. It had to be rearranged, but on extinguishing her candle a second time she found herself as far from sleep as ever. While she twisted and turned she heard the stable clock strike two, and immediately afterward she became conscious of a subdued sound outside her door. Remembering the jokes at her expense at the supper table about the size of her bed chamber, it occurred to Spencer that her fellow servants might be going to play her a trick or inculge in some practical joke. So she slid from her uneasy couch, and removing the key from the lock-she had locked herself in on coming to bed-sae applied her eye to the keyhole. The door, as we have said, faced directly the length of the corridor; about two yards from her stood a man, but not one of her fellow servants: he held a lighted candle in one hand, shading it with the other so as to cast the light now here, now there. His face was concealed by a mask of black crape and he was listening intently. A breathless minute or two passed, and, as if by magic there were two or three other men in the corridor, all masked in crape, behind which their eyes shone in the candle gleans: They went and came and

consulted, noiseless as so many spec-

ters. In and out of the rooms, locking

doors behind them, now ascending to

the third story, now descending to the busement: now the one holding and shadowing the candle was left alone Spencer drew back from the keyhole a moment, trying to think if there was auything she could do. Sir William's room gave on to the corridor; he must be murdered, thought poor Spencer, or surely she would have heard some sound, for he often sat late reading and it was round his door that the thieves were clustered. He was a passionate man and powerful, beloved by his servants for his bounty, though feared on account of his temper. Surely he would have made a figut for it, if he had not been taken at some cruel disadvantage. What could she do? The alarm bell, even if she could muster courage to try and get to it, was quite at the other end of the house. Applying her eye once more to the keyhole, she was terrified to find not only darkness, but in the darkness some one breathing close to the door. Then the handle softly brushed her cheek as it was turned, and lock and hinges were strained by the silent pressure brought to bear upon them to such a degree that instinctively she drew back, expecting the door to be forced in upon her. The door creaked as the pressure relaxed, and just then the stable clock

struck three. As the minutes passed and silence was unbroken, Spencer gathered courage to look from her spying place. The watchman stood alone, candle in hand, in his former place. She became stiff and cold at her post; nothing moved that she could see or heur, except that the man trimmed his candle now and then with his fingers and turned his head watchfully from side to side, his eyes gleaming behind his mask and seeming now and again to fix themselves on her lurking place. At a low whistle from the basement he and his light vanished together. Taking the precaution to stop up the keyhole, Spencer struck steel and flint till she obtained a light, then huddled on a few clothes, inserted the key, turned it, stood one minute outside in silence and darkness, then snatching up her candle made a rush for the only open door in the corridor-it was her master's Bound hand and foot to a chair and gagged was Sir William. The room

was in the wildest confusion-boxes. easirets, chests all turned upside down. and their centents scattered Indiscriminstely on the floor. Her ladyship was in bed, bound and gagged, too. With nimble firmers Spencer set to work to free her master. No sooner was this accomplished than speechless and foaming at the mouth Sir William staggered out of the room and, to her dismay, she heard him descend the stairs. Having released her mistress the lady's maid next hurried to the rooms of her fellow servants, on all of whom the keys had been turned, after they had been threatened with instant death if they

tion or society and councillates of any corpera-tion or society and councillates designed to call attention to any matter of limited or indi-vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Frinting of all kinds neatly and etectionally executed at the lowest prices. And doc'tyou torget it. uttered a sound. They were soon released and the men servants descended in a body to the ground floor in search of their master. Here everything was in d sorder. On the dining-room table were the remains of the thieves' supper, but Sir William, as well as the depredators, had vanished. The groom returned from the stables with the news that his master's favorite hunter was missing. There was no doubt now that he had gone single-handed in pur-

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hall. When he reached the head of the avenue, three-quarters of a mile from the house, he dismounted to open the heavy gates. Then be perceived in the dawning light of the chill March morning a strange dog sitting shivering inside the gates, unable either to surmount or pass under them. He concluded at once that the cur belonged to his late visitors, and that, having staid behind, either for his supper or in search of game, his retreat had been ent off by the closing of the gates. He resolved to follow the clew thus given him, and was confirmed in his resolution when, the gates being epened. the animal scoured away with his nose to the ground in the direction of London. Away went the dog, and nwny galloped Sir William, keeping an eye upon him always. It was broad daylight when the three reached the outskirts of London, and Sar William was hailed by a voice he knew well. It was that of the major of his late regiment. "Hullo, colonel, where are you off to so early?" Maj. Higgins was on his way home after a night's play at

"Turn your horse's head and I'll tell you," returned Sir William through his set teeth. The idea of communicating his losses and the indignity he, an oldsoldier, had suffered sufficed to make the blood, which his swift ride had cept at fever heat, bell again.

Maj. Higgins did as desired, and; putting his horse to the gallop, received in as few words as possible the news of court, as he and his old colonel made their way side by side, through Oxford street and the Strand, never once losing sight of the mongrei that was, he fameled to be, the clew to the recovery of his property. Dodging and winding his way through market earls and hackney coaches the dog, never once relaxing his speed, diverged into bystreets and lanes until he disappeared apa court in Leather lane.

Dismounting and giving their borses in charge to a fad, and pressed a watchman into their service, they advanced up the court in single file. Sir William led the way, a cocked pistol in cither hand; Maj Higgins, who came next, was unarmed; the watchman brought up the rear in a leisurely way that showed him by no means thirsting for the fray. Doorway after doorway was examined, but the cur seemed literally to have van-In an angle of the cul-de-sac into which they had entered Sir William at last discovered an outside wooden staircase. Despite the remonstrances of his companions, he persisted in creeping cautionsly up the erazy stairs. There, curled up at a loor, and apparently fast asleep, lay the clew who had so faithfully but unconsciously guided him to his master's

A summons to open the door met with no response. Sir William, to whom anger and excitement gave additional energy, put his knee to the door, bidding Maj. Higgins "duck" as he did so. The door yielded with a erash; a shot passed over the lowered heads of the two officers and took effect in the cocked hat of the watchman. A short scuffle, and the thieves saved their lives by surrendering at discretion to Sir William's pistol. On a table in their midst was spread out the whole of their "swag;" not an article was missing. A presentation sword of Sir William's, the hilt of which was thickly crusted with gems, was the only part of the booty that had met with ill usage; but every diamond, ruby or emerald that had been knocked from its socket still lay on the wormeaten table, and was, before many days were past, restored to its accustomed bed. A few bruises and dents in the metal work of the hilt remained and these Sir William would show with great glee in after days, telling now the good sword was lost and won, while as to the dents and notches on the blade, gained in a more legitimate warfare, the good colonel could scarcely ever be got to speak a word.—Chambers' Journal.

#### WESTERN OPERATIC CRITICISM. Singers Who Simply Loaf Away Their

The hustling western business man had been to the opera, and was asked what he thought of it, says the Chicago News. "They're lazy," he replied, shortly.

'Who are lazy?" inquired the man who had spoken to him. "All of them," was the reply. "There seems to be a lack of good business management that results in a dead waste of time."

"Who are you talking about?" "The singers," he said, promptly, They just loaf and take their time about everything. One of them took nearly five minutes to get through a two-syllable word, and the audience applauded as if she had done well at that. It's an outrage, sir, to waste time that way. If they'd just get some live business man to take hold of the show he'd put some of those songs through in half the time and finish the whole show without missing a thing an hour earlier than it's done now. I'll bet if I was running it those big-salaried singers wouldn't loaf on their jobs as they do now. And the fiddlers are pretty near as bad. They just draw the thing out as if they were afraid to work, and the crowd doesn't seem to eatch onto the way it's bamboozled. Why, we've got an old, broken-down singing teacher out our way who can put any one of those songs through in anywhere from five to fifteen minutes' better time."

An Old Chinese Maxim. Never judge a man by the umbrella he carries; he may have just left an old cotton one for it at the restaurant he

patronized.