EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1894.

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rom Pole to Pole

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

B. J. C. Aven & Co.—Twenty years ago 1

A harpourer in the North Paelfie, when five
its of the crew and myself were laid up with rvy. Our bedies were bloated, gums swollen bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches an is, an our breath seemed rotten. Take it and large we were pretty badly off. All our sarantitis and gave us that. We recov-on it quicker than I have ever seen men gehtabout by any other treatment for Scuryy, I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no men-In your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla beit d'ur scirsy. I thought you orght to know a and so send you the facts. espectfully yours. RALPH Y. WINGATS.

The Trooper's Experience. Assaparlia. We have been stationed of some two years, during which time we to live to tents. Being under canvas for a time brought on what is called in this may "voldt-sores." I had those sores for a time. I was advised to take your Saradila, two bottles of which made my sores appear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yourstruly, T. K. Boden,

Trooper, Cape Mounted Riffermen.

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SURSERY STOCK and SEED PO-LABERAL SALARY OF COMMIS-ALL WEEKLY. PERMANENT and I POSITIONS to GOOD MEN. LANDULEMENTS to RECINNERS. SIVE. TLERITORY GIVEN IF DE-Wite at once for terms to Garfield Tea Hawks Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Constipation sults of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. The best remedy is Ayer's Pills. Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

VOLUME XXVIII.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and univer-sally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my -Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn. "I can recommend Aver's Pills above

all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa. "For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them

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for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house." - Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass. "I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."— L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure." - D. Barke,

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia." - James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn. "Having been troubled with costive-

ness, which seems inevitable with per-sons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief, I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trud of their merits." - Sa T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Masr Sold by all Dealers to Medicine.



Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after cating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purre, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold

by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail. MALL PILL. SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not

heads—provided the hair follocies are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; pre-serves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lus-trous, and causes it to grow long and

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evap-orate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle. as do other preparations.

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WHISKERS Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more con-venient of application than any other.

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Sheridan's Condition Powder!

desolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quan-de tenth of n cent a day. No other one-fourth to africtly a medicine. One large can saved up

Cures Sick Headache | the situations he has to fill are a letter will do you no good."

THY PRESENCE.

When waking morn uplifts her head Above the eastern main, And shakes her dowy tresses fair, And smiles o'er earth again,

I see thy torm in every scene That meets my anxious eyes, And feet thy presence everywhere, in earth and air and sities.

The dewdrops glistening on the flowers That from the ground upstart Are like the stainless purity That lighterh up thy heart: The breeze tout sofily whispereth Within the badding tree

Is like the music of thy voice When thou dost speak to me. The deep, soft azure of the skies, That spreads from pole to pole, Is mirror of the perfect truth

Thus art thou, love, in every scene That meets my anxious eyes: Thus art thou present everywhere In earth and air and skies -D. J. Donahoe, in Arthur's Magazine.

That liveth in thy soul.

THE FUTILE MAN.

A Definition of a Certain Kind of of Bore.

Some ten or twelve years ago, when I was new to London, I wrote an articles entitled "Strapped Americans." It dealt with an exasperating kind of a swindler who preys principally upon Americans stationed in London.

There is another very exasperating kind of man who steals what is more valuable than money, and that is time. I call this brand of individual "The Futile Man." You can do nothing for him, or with him. He is hopeless, and the law does not allow you to kill him. My experience shows me that there s a kind of man with a wabbly brain who doesn't know quite what God put

him in this world for. When you ask him what he can do, as he has applied to you for some sort of a situation, he answers, quite cheerfully: "Oh! I can turn my hand to almost anything."

Now, I want to state right here, to the boys and to the young men who do me the honor of reading what I write. that the man who can do everything is not worth a cent. There is no place for him on this earth, and the earth

does not need him. My advice to boys is this: Make up your minds not to do everything, but to do one thing, and that thing partieularly well. This is an age of specialists. The man who can dig a ditch, the man who can plane a board, the man who can lay one brick on another, or the man who can compose an opera, is the man who is needed, and who will get along in this world.

The futile man'is willing and ready to turn his hand to anything, and consequently he comes up and bothers me and other busy men to find something for him to do.

One pathetic fact about the futile. man is his willingness to work. His nebulous brain, however, has never taught him the stern fact that he must do some one thing well and not fool away his time doing_everything badly. Then he must storm the citadels where that particular thing is being done until hengets it to do, and, when he has got his situation, he must do his work so well that his employer cannot afford

to do without him. I give here a conversation which has no particular point to it and whose only merit is that it is a fair specimen of some hundreds like it that I have

taken part in. My office boy brought in to me the other day the card of a man whose name I had a dim recollection of having seen somewhere before. There was a vague something away back in my mind, as if I had read a book by a man of that name, but as I had uselessly lost so much time of late in seeing people, I said to the boy:

"Ask him what he wants," "He refuses to say what his business s," answered the boy. "Very well, go and tell him that he

must say what his business is before I will see him." After a few moments the boy returned, saying: "He says he knows you, but that perhaps you won't remember him. He says he's from Amer-

"Oh, very well, then," I said, "show him in." The moment he came in I remem-

bered him, Some three months before he had called on me and wasted the best part of an afternoon while I explained to him that I had no situation to give him and I did not know anyone who wanted a handy man who could do everything.

He placed his hat on a table, his umbrella in a corner and greeted me with great cordiality. A happy, optimistic air pervaded his manner toward me, making one feel a cynical brute for not being able to place him in a pleasant and lucrative situation at once. "I see that you do not remember me,"

he said.

"Oh! yes, I do," I replied. "Have you found a situation yet?" "No, not yet; but I have two or three people looking out for me, and I have no doubt I will land on my feet yet all right. You see there are so many things I could do. I can do a little shorthand, and have worked the typewriter a bit. I am a good salesman, and understand three or four lines of business. I can keep books, and understand banking, so some of my friends, I have no doubt, will soon place me. I just dropped in now to see if you had happened to hit on anything, anything

in the reporting line on some of the dailies, for instance." "I told you when you were here before that I don't know anybody connected with any daily in London, and at the same time I think that I ventilated my theory that no man can help any man but himself."

"Oh, yes," he replied cheerfully, "but a word in the right place often puts a man in a good situation. It's all Tommy Rot to say that situations don't go by favor."

"They don't," I replied. "Well, I've knocked around the world too much to believe that. There's Blank. Now, couldn't you give me a letter of introduction to him?" He mentioned a well-known literary man who had recently acquired a paper of his own.

the latter remarked to one of the young "I never give letters of introduction to anybody. I never use a letter of introduction myself, so I don't see why should inflict them on my friends. Besides, I know that Blank has ten applications a day for situations, and more than that when he has luck. Alt the situations he has to fill are filled, so Rundschau

"I'd be willing to try it," said the young man; "it isn't much to write a letter that may help a fellow, now is

"But you forget that I don't know you at all. I can't conscientiously recommend a man that I know nothing

about. "Well, I suppose you are right, but it seems a little hard from my point of view. I'll drop in and see him and tell

him that I am a friend of yours. You wouldn't object to that, I suppose?" "Oh, I object to nothing. Try it if you think it will do you any good. I may warn you, though, that he is not such a fool as I am, and that you may find it a little difficult to drop in."

The young man laughed. "I am not so easily discouraged as you may imagine. I called up here several times during the last three months and they told me you were away, but I didn't believe them."

"I was away." "Really; where?" "I was in Switzerland."

"And did you have a good time?" "I didn't go to have a good time; I

went to work." "Oh, is that a fact?" "Yes."

"Why, I should think that there could be no better place to work than right here. "You are mistaken. There are too

many interruptions. Too many people come up to see me on too many subjects about which I have very little interest." "That's bad. Now, I would think

that it would be easy enough to keep anyone out-that is, anyone that you really did not want te see." "It is a difficult matter. They get in on one pretext or another." "Well, why don't you tell them

straight out that you are busy and

can't talk with them? I should tell them to go." "It seems a brutal thing to do, and I have never been able to work myself up to it."

"Then I would give them a pretty plain hint that they were in the way." "As how, for instance?" "Well, there's a dozen ways. I would

say that I was so busy that I had no time to talk." "That is nearly always the case. For instance, here are a lot of proofs that I must do and the boy is waiting for them in the next room. The printers are waiting for him, and so, you see, when I neglect my work I keep a whole procession idle. It isn't only my time that is wasted, but the time of a lot of

innocent people." "That's it, exactly. But couldn't I help you on the proofs? I can read proofs like a house on fire."

"Proofs are like salvation-every man must work out his own. They have been read carefully enough by the professional proof reader. I am going over them to try to mitigate the original bad English."

"Couldn't I help you on that?" "I'm afraid not. My theory-I think mentioned it to you before—is that no one can help a man but himself." "Well, remember that I am always ready to lend a hand if you want me

I have already taken up a great deal of space in setting down this purposeless talk. There is little use of giving any more. He talked on and on while I nervously fingered the waiting proofs. At last he said that he was afra d he must go. He would drop in later, he added, and if anything turned up -. -Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING. A German Has Made Successful Slides

Down an Aerial Slope. A bird's wings while it is flying perform two functions. They sustain its weight and they propel it. Human beings in trying to imitate the bird have been more successful in the former direction than in the latter. Such manipulations of wings as will drive a person forward, either by muscle or power from apparatus strapped to the body, may be learned eventually, or the future Daedalus may rely upon some entirely separate device for propulsion and retain the wings merely for support and balancing. In either case, all attempts to find out what can really be accomplished with these latter appliances possesses interest for scientists and the public. Herr O. Lilienthal, of Steglitz (near Berlin). Germany, has been experimenting in this direction with contrivances that resemble great wings. In the brief description at hand no information is imparted concerning the materials employed. But the wings had an expanse of fifteen square meters, or one hundred and sixty-five square feet. Herr Lilienthal's plan, according to the New York Tribune, was to find a broad roof, a hilltop or other convenient elevation, run a few steps against the wind and then leap into the air. Horizontal impetus was thus acquired before he left terra firma. He was then able to slide downward at an angle of only ten or fifteen degrees from a korizontal, although it was in his power, by shifting the center of gravity relatively to the center of existence, to change the inclination of the wings and descend more rapidly. No mention is made of his success in steering himself laterally. As the greater part of his weight was suspended below the wings, of course he kept right side up without difficulty. To lessen the atmospheric resistance, however, he drew his legs up somewhat. While he was about it, one could wish that Herr Lilienthal had made a kite of himself and tried to see how long the wind would sustain him at one end of a long light wire, the other end of which was in the hands of three or four stout men, or securely anchored. The Pillar of Safety. Before the erection of the new uni-

versity buildings in Jena, the professors generally held their lectures in various public halls scattered all over the town. In the body of one of these halls, where the professor of theology

used to hold forth, there stood a large

pillar. At the close of the session the

students applied to the professor for

their certificates of attendance, when

"But, my dear sir, I never saw you at any of my lectures!" "Oh, Herr Professor, I always sat behind the pillar." "Strange!" was the reply. "You are the fourth who professes to have sat regularly behind the pillar."-Taaliche

WINTHROP'S ROMANCE.

What Shattered the Lieutenant's Dream of Love.

"Miss Garland, my daughter-Lieut. Winthrop.

The tall, handsome officer bowed low over the tiny hand extended to him "Delighted, I am sure, to make your acquaintance, Miss Garland. All the boys have been talking so much about you that I feel I almost know you." "Lieut. Winthrop," turning toward him coquettishly, "I think that is pure flattery, as surely in two weeks you have had time to make my acquaint-

"True, but then you see I only returned a day ago." As he spoke the band played the march for supper, and, offering his arm, Lieut. Winthrop led his partner from

ance, if you were so desirous of it."

the ballroom. Lieut. Will Winthrop was one of the most popular officers of the -th. Although but twenty-eight, he had been in many campaigns, and was now on leave, spending his time at that most delightful place, Point Comfort.

Miss Daisy Garland was one of the belles of the place. She was not a tall, stately "society" woman, but an impulsive southern girl. She was the only child of a millionaire orange plantation holder. Having been educated in Virginia, she had been in society but a short time, yet was already one of the most sought after and favored girls

in the place. Two days after the ball Winthrop might have been seen slowly strolling up toward the pretty cottage Mr. Garland had hired for the time he and his daughter were to spend at Point Comfort. If anyone had told Will he was going to see his pretty partner of the ball he would have politely told him he was crazy. Oh, no! his praiseworthy intention was to have a cozy talk with Mr. Garland about the least romantic subject, financial news.

Although very few knew it, Lieut. W. Winthrop had a snug little fortune invested in the far north. Ever since his cadet days he had laid aside part of the generous allowance his father sent him.

"Of course," Winthrop soliloquized as he went along, "everyone thinks just because there is a pretty girl here I come to see her, but I will show them the contrary." As he arrived at this conclusion he marched up the steps and gave a de-

termined pull at the great lion's head that served as a knocker. A trim maid servant opened the door and told him the master was out, but she had orders to ask the lieutenant in when he called. as Mr. Garland had left a message. Even as she spoke the parlor door was pushed open and Miss Daisy appeared.

you have come at last," and she put out her dainty hand, which was cordially clasped in his for a moment. "Papa waited until a few minutes ago for you and instructed me to keep you if you came until his return. You can see him at the club if you care to go there, but I am quite alone and will

be very pleased not to have to wait

alone," she continued, pleasantly.

"Ah! Mr.-I mean," with a pretty

blush and smile, "Lieut. Winthrop, so

"Well, Miss Garland, if I won't interrupt you reading, for I see you have been quite studious by the book you carry, I will wait for Mr. Garland here.' As Will followed his hostess in he could hardly conceal his surprise at the beauty of the drawing-room. The walls were hung in the palest rose color. Great lounging chairs and tiny gilt ones stood around in an inviting way. The table was covered with magazines, and a handsome bookcase was well filled with the choicest

literature. Everywhere was the evidence of refined taste. Each stand was loaded down with flowers. Great hardy jacks crowded out the dainty tea roses, while violets nestled lovingly in their bed of leaves. Near the window stood Daisy's favorite chair, and the second volume of the

book she stiil held in her hand, thrown carelessly on the floor, showed she had left her nook hastily. As Will took in these details his eye rested upon Daisy. To him she was the sweetest picture in the room. Her dark, curly hair was pushed carelessly back from her white forehead, and her hands were clasped behind her head as she leaned back in a big chair talking lazily to Winthrop. One tiny boot was thrust forward and tapped the floor gently as she spoke. A few pale roses were fastened to the white folds of her collar, and one nestled in the dark

masses of her hair. Mr. Garland did not come in until five o'clock, so although Will had come intending to stay only an hour, it was well past six when he walked back to his hotel. In his mind he saw the

pretty face he had just left. The next day Mr. Garland left for a short stay at his home in Virginia. Will had a cordial invitation to step in any time and see his daughter. After his last visit Winthrop thought he had done his duty and stayed away three whole days. On the fourth he reconsidered Mr. Garland's invitation, and

on the fifth yielded. Then began again the old story of Eve tempting Adam. After his fall Winshrop was a constant visitor at the Garland's pretty home. Soon it became known to every one that the handsome lieutenant was a suitor for the hand of the southern beauty. Every day promptly at two Winthrop would appear on his well-groomed horse, leading a pretty bay by the bridle. In a few minutes Daisy would step out in her stylish habit, and off they would ride. About two months after Lieut. Winthrop was sitting in a large armchair before the fire and evidently in deep thought. Suddenly he addressed

the fire thus: "See here, old man, you're in love. No use denying it. Here you sit grumbling and wondering what to do, and there is only one course for you to take. Bless her heart, she has always seemed glad to see me whenever I came. Yes! by George, I will try my fate to-night."

After making this resolution Will put on his hat and went out. Strolling in to the club he found a square white

envelope addressed in the hand he knew so well. "I shall be very glad to have you spend the evening with us, as papa is coming home"-so ran Miss Garland's note-"and he is to bring a particular friend, Mr. Lane, to spend a few days with us."

Will's face flushed with pleasure as he strode away whistling. Promptly at seven he was dressed and waiti g. Having some time to spare he threw himself upon a lounge and lay musing in the darkness. Now that he was ready to test his faith he was not quite

so confident. "Suppose she refuses me? But, great Scott! she is no coquette, and, then, hasn't she shown she likes me? Perhaps," but he put the thought aside as preposterous. No, of course Lane couldn't be on the same errand as him-

At last! The hall clock sweetly and clearly rang out eight strokes. It was time to go. How well he recalled the pretty picture Daisy made the first time he saw her in her own home. Hastily, joyously he mounts the steps of her house and smiles to hear the resounding noise his energetic knock has made. The door is opened as before by the trim servant, but this time she shows him into the parlor at once. Winthrop never forgot the picture as the drawing-room door opened. Daisy was lounging in an easy chair before the fire. Near her on a footstool was one of her most constant visitors, Arthur

Scott. Lane was leaning on the heavily carved mantel, talking easily with both. The firelight glittered on Daisy's hair, bringing out the golden tints and making her simple white gown rosy red. This evening she was attired in a soft white silk, and hearts-ease was her only ornament-a bunch at her

waist and throat. As she rises to greet Will he notices that her eyes are very bright and she appears very nervous. After speaking a moment with his hostess Will turns to Lane and both his outstretched hands are caught in a warm clasp by wim.

A couple of hours passed pleasantly, and then Scott rose to go. As soon as Daisy left the room Herbert Lane turned quickly to Winthrop and ex-"Old fellow, you will belp me, won't

you? So glad I explained everything in my letter-saves bother now, and Daisy is so pleased." Winthrop stared stupidly at Herbert and gasped: "What, for heaven's sake,

are you driving at? What letter do you mean?" It was now Lane's turn to look amazed. "You don't mean to tell me you never got my letter? Why, Daisy was atways writing how kind you were to her, and I thought it was on that account."

"Speak quickly, Herb!" exclaimed Will. "Before she comes back. How dare you call her Daisy? What right have you. I say?" "Why, man, the best in the world,

for-for she is my wife." "Your wife? Your-your wife? You're fooling. Herbert, say you are, for I love her." For a moment he spoke as if dazed, then sank on a chair and covered his face with his hands. Just then Daisy appeared in the doorway. She looked

in amazement from one to the other, then as Will raised his head and she saw the direct misery in his eyes she came swiftly forward. He sees the face of the girl he loves, all her pretty color gone and all her happiness gone. Will tries to speak,

but Lane comes gently to her and says:

"Go, Daisy dear, leave him to me." Then as Will's face again falls on his hands, she bends softly and giving Winthrop one quick kiss hurries away. When Daisy had gone, Lane told everything. How he had loved Daisy for years, but could not get her father's consent, until, taking matters into their own hands, they had married se-

cretly. When Lane found that Mr. Garland intended to bring his daughter to Point Comfort he told Daisy to make friends with Winthrop and he would write a letter to Will explaining all. And that was the letter Winthrop never re-But now he (Herbert) had a good position and had come to confess to her

father, and had wanted Will to say a good word for him. Daisy was only too glad to have a friend who knew her secret, and so showed a marked preference for Will's society to that of any of the other men that flocked about

up and grasping Herbert's hands said "Herb, dear fellow, I will do my best. Leave me alone and I will see her father, and congratulate your-your wife for me."

When Lane had finished, Will stood

As Lane left him Will sat down and gazed around wearily. What bright dreams had come and gone in this little parlor, but now all was over. He touched the bell and asked to see Mr. Garland. How he pleaded his friend's cause, or what he said. I never knew; however, he must have done his best, for Mr. Garland forgave and forgot. The next morning Mrs. Lane sent

came or got the note, for he had left for the north the night before. When he reached New York he wrote to Daisy, his first and last letter, and that was a note of congratulation. To Lane he wrote more briefly, as follows: "DEAR HERBERT: Do not think I envy you your happiness, for of all men on earth you most deserve it; but I could not stay and see her day by day. When I left the house that night, and had to leave without her, the only woman I ever loved it was never to return Give your wife my heartiest congratulations and tell her for me if I could not have her she is married to the very man I would have chosen. Believe me, old friend, yours faithfully, "WILL WINTHEOP."

a note of invitation to Winthrop to

spend the day at their house. He never

-Chicago Journal. SCRIPTURE NOTES.

THE shortest names mentioned in

the Bible are Ai, Ar, Ed, Og, No, On, So, Ur and Uz. The following words are to be found but once in the Bible: Ash atonement, immortal, millions and reverend.

THE word "its" is not to be found in the first edition of the King James version, 1611, but has been substituted for "his" in the edition of 1653. STEPHEN LANGTON, archbishop Canterbury, first divided the Bible into

chapters and verses, this about the close of the twelfth century. THE quotation, "He shall be called Nazarene," used by Matthew in the last verse of his second chapter, is not to be found in the Old Testament.

THE total number of capital letters in the whole Bible is 106,990; of small caps, 6,897, and of lower case, 3,452,593; grand total of letters, including one Æ, 3,566,481.

STRUTHERS' ADVENTURE

Result of His Efforts to Save the Sukia's Daughter.

Struthers was discontented, so was Bones; the causes were different, but

the effect the same Struthers had knocked about Central America for almost four months on a vain quest for adventures which would make his college vacation a unique one, and fill his room at the "Hall" with trophies and the boys' ears with thrill-

ing stories. Bones was beginning to rebel at the society of native curs, whose combined forces did not suffice to give him a semblance of the delightful scrimmages he was wont to have in Cambridge.

Struthers' latest vagary-and owing to his father's liberality he was able to indulge in many such-was the chartering of a small native schooner. With a crew of six black Caribs he was now skirting the Mosquito shore of Honduras on his way to Cabo Gracios a Dios, where he expected to catch a homeward bound steamer.

He yearned for the delights of civilization and ice, and felt that, after all, the conventional pleasures of tennis, canoeing and dancing at Bar Harbor were perhaps preferable to the uncertain joys of mule back and hunting in the wilds of Central America. The outfit, or what remained of it,

ships which had wrought this change in his "impedimenta" had been vastly beneficial to the owner in hardening his muscles and broadening his shoul-With Bones things had not gone so well; an almost steady diet of bananas had made him thin, and between the

chigoes and garrapatas very little of

was rusty and battered, but the hard-

his glossy coat was left, save in shreds and patches. "It's too bad, Bones, old fellow; they haven't left you much hair," said Struthers. "Never mind, your troubles will soon be over. I say, Ossorio," turning wrathfully upon the Carib captain, what is this beastly, old country of yours good for, anyway? I haven't had a decent adventure or seen anything worth telling, in the whole length and

You haven't seen him all, Buckra," replied the Carib, a splendid specimen of that race of semi-civilized black smugglers, who dart along the Caribbean coast in their swift dories. "Way yonder," he continued, pointing toward the west, "is de lan' ub de

breadth of it!"

no sabez him. No white men dere, not eben Spanish man, only Waikus, Buckra, only Waikas." "Perhaps you're right, Ossorio, about the plenty fun. At any rate, I'll have another try at amusement before I cut the country; so put about and make for

Waikas; plenty fundere; but white man

some river you think your friends, the Waikas, may live near." Soon they were sailing along the low sandy coast which lay to the left, and as they rounded a little cape Struthers cried out: "Look, there's the mouth of the river."

"I see him," answered the Carib, "make we put in dere. I tink me, p'raps, see Walka town soon by." The Carib's supposition was correct, for the schooner was soon near enough for them to perceive the high-peaked

thatched roofs and bamboo walls of

the native houses nestling among the

waving palms and plumy cocoacut trees which lined the river bank. The schooner was over the bar and abreast of the village before the natives were aware of their presence. Then they came running and jumping down to the river Lank like so

many children, in high give over the arrival of strangers and the possibility of beads, and perhaps a little rum. The landing was soon made, and the Carib, polyglot that he was, acted as interpreter in presenting Struthers to the old chief, Dama Pisano, who at once bid the strangers welcome and conducted them to his watla, or

Installed in a wide hammock within the semi-darkness of the watla, and a large gourd of cool pineapple mishla at his side, Struthers forgot his discontent and asked many questions of Pisano through the Carib.

ant upon the death of an old sukia or "medicine man," whose funeral was to be held on the following day. "To-morrow, at first sun up, de fun'ral begins. Dama Pisano asks you if you wan' to see him-better you do-

He learned that the music they had

heard was part of the ceremony attend-

maybe it 'muse you," said the Carib, with unconscious sarcasm. At sunrise the next morning he was suddenly aroused by the rattle of musketry, followed by doleful howls and lamentations Rushing out of the watla, where he

had spent the night, he saw a large pit-

pan (dugout) coming slowly down the

river, while on the bank abreast of it

marched two columns of Waikas, the men constituting one column, the women the other. In the ritpan was the dead medicine man, his three widows and a solitary

The pitpan made a landing, and the coffin, followed by the crowd of silent Waikas, was carried along a narrow trail into the forest. The open space of the burial ground

was in the midst of the great jungle-

a small circle of light surrounded by impenetrable darkness. Room was made for Struthers, Ossorio and Bones, and at a signal from Pisano the crowd fell back, the new sukia stepped forward and the cere-

monies began. Bending low over the swathed body, the sukia began in a low, rapid murmur to bewail his loss and recount the good deeds of the dead man; one by one the women joined in-the chant increased rapidly in velocity and volume until it formed a grand swelling chorus of distress, then slowly died away into an inarticulate sorrowing.

fled tones of the tom-toms and the sobs of the erouching women, the new suking kneeled down and solemnly stuck little wooden images of men with uplifted sword-like machetes in the ground This, explained Ossorio, was to

In a silence broken only by the muf-

frighten away any evil spirits who might attempt to steal the body. The dead man's entire kit of weapons and a bunch of plantains was placed in the coffin with him, to proteet and feed him on his long journey to the land of everlasting felicity.

Again the low-murmured wail began

and continued until it reached a fren

zied pitch. Faster beat the drum and

faster whirled the women about the open grave in a wild ecstatic dance until, weak and dizzy, they sank to the ground, squirming and clutching at the grass about them while the foam flicked from their months as from rabid animals. Once more silence fell upon the as-

patched three dogs and a cat which were to bear the dead man company on his "I say, Ossorio, this is horrible-it's

sembled crowd. The sukia stepped to

the grave and with his machete dis-

voodooism-let's go," muttered Struth-"Yes, Buckra, obeah au' voodoo; de Waikas long time come from Africa; dey still keep up er r'ligion ob der faders. But make me wait: he stop now, see, dey do something else," added the Carib, as the natives swayed back. The crowd parted and two hideous old hags stepped into the open, dragging between them a trembling young native girl, who east terrified giances

"Shame to whip such a nice little girl," murmured the Carib. "What do you mean-who is going to whip her, and for what reason?" de manded Struthers.

"De Waika man tell me de dead sukia's ber fader," answered the Carib. "Waika always whip de lations of de dead man at de fun'ral; maybe she do something when he live he no whip her for-dey whip her now for shunh." Hardly had the Carib spoken, when a brawny Waika buck stepped forward

flashed through the air down upon the girl's shrinking shoulders, and left a long red welt of tortared flesh. A shrick burst from the girl and she writhed and twisted vainly to escape from the clutches of the hags who held

with a heavy manatee whip, which

"Look out, Ossorio, I can't stand this," gasped Struthers. "I'm going to But the faithful Bones, who had erouched till then at Struthers' feet, relieved them from all further responsibility, for, as the Waika raised his arm for the second lash, Bones, at a whispered word from Struthers, gave a low growl, and, gathering himself together, made one of his famous jumps and launched his forty odd pounds of

bone and muscle straight at the executioner's breast. It was all so sudden that the Waika was down, with Bones at his throat, before the assembled crowd realized

what had happened. Then, with fierce yells, machetes were drawn and the men made a rush at Bones. Struthers and Ossorio were before

them, however, the former vowing he

would shoot the first man who touched

Bones, obedient to his master's com-

mand, released the Walks, who, staggering to his feet, rushed to the grave and, seizing from beside it a loaded musket, raised it to take aim at Struth-

Before he could fire, a knife thrown by the Carib pierced his right arm, which fell limp at his side. To make a stand against such overwhelming numbers was madness, so the two men dashed into the trail he-

hind them, hot pursued by the shrick-

ing, maddened mob of Waikas.

On and on they dashed, till they were breathless, till their hearts beut against their breasts, as though they would burst through. With every step their pursuers seemed to gain, and Struthers. was about to give up in despair when a glimmer in the heavy shade ahead revealed the river. They crashed out into the open, and

in an instant had jumped into the pitpan, which had recently borne the corpse of the sukia, and were well out into the river when the angry Waikas emerged from the forests. The yells of the disappointed natives spurred them to swifter paddling, and

they were on the schooner's deck before the Waikas could launch another The Waikas were too cautious to risk an immediate attack, but soon had a dozen pitpans manned and armed.

"O, for a breeze," cried Struthers, "to

take us out over the bar and away from

these heathers!" But no breeze came, though the anchor was catted and all sail set ready for the wind. On came the Waikas, the war draws beating, the gourds rattling, and the

Suddenly, amid the pandemonium

raised by the Waikas, came sounds of

men yelling like demons.

rasping and creaking overhead. The Carib looked anxiously aloft from his place under the bulwarks and gave a ery of gladness. Hardly had he spoken when a shout of anger came from the Waikas. Struthers, raising his head above the taffrail, saw the pitpans slowly falling behind, while the freshening breeze,

the open sea-For a long time he watched the receding canoes until they were but specks far stern. Finally the Carib touched his shoulder. "Bucka," said Ossorio, "we are out at sea now. Which way must I head de

dory? You want to make for Cabo

carried them faster and faster toward

Gracios an' de home steamer, or you tink you want to hab some more 'ventures?" Struthers turned slowly upon the questioner; he looked first at the peaceful Bones, who was slumbering blissfully on a coil of rope, then at the fading shore line, and replied with a little

eatch in his voice: "No, Ossorio, I think this adventure will do me for a time-let it be Cabo Gracios and the steamer."-Stevens Vail, in Boston Globe.

A Terrible Stroke of Lightning. Nineteen soldiers were marching along the highway at Bourges to reach

thunderstorm broke over them and in a minute drenched them all to the skin. They began trotting, but had not advanced much when a terrible stroke of lightning came and in an instant laid the whole detachment prostrate on the ground. After a short time some of the men recovered and rose to their feet. They called to their comrades, who rallied and rose slowly one after another. But four remained immovable. They were taken to the hospitul. Three were restored to life, but the fourth was quite dead. He had a deep wound on the crown of his head and his chest was burned as over a furnace.

BY JAMES G. HASSON,