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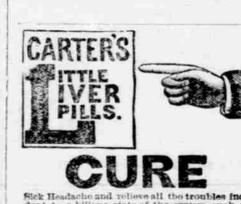
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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who enfler from this distressing complaint; but for unatity their goodness does notend hero, and those who encetry them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while Curter's Little Liver Pills are very small and

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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. Con taining no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil

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"What is her name?"

"Jane." "Jane is an awfully ugly name." "It is not very pretty, but she is named for an aunt of Mr. Montgomery's, of whom he is very fond." "Thinks she'll leave her her money," thought the old lady, but she did not speak, for a door opened in the hall and a firm step crossed to the sitting-

room.

CONG OF THE PRODIGAL

Fresh garlands I wove in the springtime Of the bright and beautiful flowers: I suite with the parts all the season,

Blessian the hours My leart was as light as were they; I thought Lr no moment my pleasure

Might pass away I caroled the songs of my childhood,

Nor broaded a bit about age: I questioned no shadow—how could P None darkened the page.

A favorite subject at court; I drained the brim cup of sweet pleasure— Sweet of report.

Mr steps were unsteady and slow; The Lingdom of laughter deserted, Echoed with woe.

A weste I did travel, upfollowed By pitiless ghosts of the past; I sunk in the storm, and the darkness

I said in my bittermost sorrow: "I plucked all the fatr blooms away, I b f, none to prosper and ripen,

And now the long winter is smiting, My heart is an hungered and cold

The ashes of roses are drifting Over me, old "

#### AN OLD MAID'S MONEY. Why She Didn't Leave It to Her Nephaw.

Aunt Jane was angry. There was a eculiar emphasis in the motion of the rochet needle she was punching into he holes of a piece of worsted work, and a jerk in the rocking of her chair hat spoke volumes to those acquainted with Aunt Jane's peculiarities of temser. It was early in the forenoon and enerally the estimable maiden lady cas bustling about her handsome iouse at this hour, and making the ervants' lives a burden for the day. But on this particular morning they washed dishes and swept rooms in peace. The spasms of anger grew more violent and frequent, till finally the worsted work was made into a ball, tossed to a corner of the room,

and Aunt Jane burst into a fit of weep-She was still sobbing when the door was opened and a pale little blonde came into the room! Looking at Miss Jane Montgomery for a moment, with a lip curled contemptuously, she suddealy drew over her face, like a mask, an expression of tender sympathy, and rushing across the room knelt beside

the weeping lady. "Dear Miss Jane," she said, anxiously, "what can be the matter?" Aunt Jane-everybody called Miss Montgomery Aunt Jane-sat erect with a start, her eyes snapping and her

"Tom is gone!"

"Gone?" "Yes, he's gone! We had a fearful quarrel, and he would have his own way; so I told him to go, and never see my face again."

"Would have his own way!" echoed the little blonde. "Yes, he will marry Mary Hill, and he won't marry you! I've done with him. He has \$5,000 his mother left him, let him try living on that, and see

how he likes it after living here," and Ust Jane's sobs broke out again. "To think of that boy's flying in my face in nat way, after being like my own son or twenty years."

"He is a wicked, ungrateful man," said Miss Julia, energetically. "He is nothing of the kind," snapped

Aunt-Jane. Julia was somewhat startled, but

"To marry against your wish is ungrateful." "Why shouldn't he marry the girl he loves?" eried the inconsistent spinster. "I'm an old fool. I've sent him away,

and I'll never see him again." It seems as if Aunt Jane was right in her conclusions. The stately house choed no more the ringing voice and light step of Tom, the nephew and darling of his maiden aunt.

If Aunt Jane had been alone Tom would doubtless have been hunted up and recalled; but Julia kept the anger alive. She was flatterer in chief in Aunt Jane's court, and she made her cooing voice and soft step almost a necessity in Tom's absence. Miss Jane was very rich, and had no relative but Tom, If she could be persuaded to make a will, who knew but friends might have legacies. Miss Julia fanned the flame of wrath, not openly, but in

covert, sly, remarks, that kept the sore Aunt Jane did not guess how Tom wondered over berobdurate silence, and she fretted and worried and grew grayer and more wrinkled. Two years told upon face and figure, and from a dark-haired, vixenish old maid, she altered to a white haired, whining old woman. One of her friends, remarking thoughtlessly upon this change of ap-

pearance, said: "You have changed so much I scarce-

ly knew you.' A luminous idea struck Aunt Jane. Tom Montgomery in these two years had settled down into a pretty, comfortable house, made home by a gentle wife and a crowing baby. He had invested his little fortune in a partnership in a dry goods house and was

making money To his house one cold December evening came an old woman, dressed

shabbily, and asked for the proprietor. "Not at home," the servant said. "I will wait, if he will come in

A sweet-faced lady opened the door of a cheery sitting-room. "Will you walk in here and wait?

Mr. Montgomery will soon be in." The old lady came in feebly. "You are tired," Mrs. Montgomery

said, kindly. "Sit here by the fire. It is very cold." "Very cold. Is that your baby?" The mother turned down a little the snowy sheets of a pretty cradle and howed the dimpled cheeks of the

sleeping child. "Yes, this is my little girl."

Rosy, panting, cold and beaming was Tom as he came in, kissed his wife, chucked the baby under the chin, and skinned off his overcoat before he saw

the old lady. She thought she was altered by trouble and age, by her poor dress and deep bonnet, but Tom gave one stride to her and caught her in his strong

"Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane!" he fairly shouted. "Mary, this is Aunt Jane." They had her bonnet and shawl off; they had her in an easy chair by the fire, and had sent for supper before she could gasp out.

"Tom, I've lost all my money." "You don't say so!"

"Every cent. Will you turn me out as I turned you out two years ago?" "Muchly!" was Tom's mysterious reply. "Mary, is there a fire in the spare room?"

"I think the back attic is good

enough for a penniless old maid," said Aunt Jane. "Did you put me in the back attic when my parents left me alone in the

world? "Humph!" "If you will light the gas, Tom," said Mrs. Montgomery, "I will put fresh sheets and towels in the spare

Tom rushed upstairs, and Mary, with an apology, went after him. Then Aunt Jane did the meanest of all mean things-she crept softly after them, and, finding they were in the back secand-story room with the door open, she crouched down on the stairs and listened. Tom was making the fire and Mary, moving in her quiet, swift way, was putt ng clean linen on the bed. "Ain't it jolly?" Tom said, enthusi-

"Making a fire?" Mary asked, saucily. "No. I say, darling," sitting down on the floor as the idea struck him. "I never asked you if you would like to have Aunt Jane here."

"Don't be a goose, Tom." "But, seriously, now, will it bother you? I suppose I could get her a room ih some stunning, tip-top boarding house, more like her own home than our bird cage, but-"

"Well?" Mary said, intensely grave. "It would be so lonesome. She has a quick temper, I know, but she is so kind, and she does love me." "Poor thing!" said Mary, "I wonder if she is very poor."

"Of course not, Tom. And if you dare to talk about a boarding-house again I'll stop your allowance of mince "Mary, you're an angel!" cried Tom, springing up. "My fire is out again!

home or a cent, will she, Mollie?"

m awfully glad we called the baby Jane, Mollie. "Tom, make that fire!" said Mary, severely, "or your aunt won't get to bed to-night. I am sorry it is not finer, for I know her own rooms must have been very handsome. I'll get my own rocking-chair; it is the easiest one in the iouse; and I'll hang the photograph of

baby over the mantelpiece. It will make it look home-like." "That's a dear girl. Make her feel at home, Mollie. She won't care so much about her fine house if we make her feel at home here. If you could let her putter round the house a little and

feel herself of importance, Mollie, it "She can boss the whole machinery! But, Tom, I had no idea she was so

"Nor I," said Tom, ruefully. "I wonder if fretting turned her hair so

white." "Tom! Tom!" This voice was at the door, and Aunt Jane stood there, with tears running lown her checks.

"I am a miserable old woman, Tom!" "Why, auntie," said Tom, cheerily, 'don't cry. Come in and see how cozy Mollie has made your room."

"I know it, Tom. I've been sorry a housand times I would not see her. But you should have come back to me," she said, reproachfully. "But I wrote and wrote, and you

never answered." "Wrote to me?" "Of course." "I never saw the letters. That viper

Julia must have destroyed them." "Where is Julia?" "Gone home. The day that I told her I had lost my money she packed up and left me. Tom, I don't deserve it, after doubting you; but will you for-

give me for testing your love?" "Testing my love?" "Yes, my dear boy. I meant to talk to your wife and you as somebody else, but you knew me too soon. But, Tom,

that was all fudge." "What was all fudge?" "About the money." "Oh." said Tom, dryly. "You haven't

lost any?" "Not a cent. Now, Tom, don't set your face that way. Come back to your old home and bring your darling wife and baby. Do, Tom!" "Aunt Jane," said Tom, solemnly,

'I'll come home on one condition." "What is that?" "That you here solemnly promise me never to leave me one cent of your

money." "I won't leave you anything but a lock of my hair " She kept her word. For ten years the family lived happily together. Then they carried Aunt Jane to her last resting place, and, her will being opened, her money was found to be equally divided among Tom's children.

-N. Y. News. THE ARTIST'S CORNER.

GREEK sculptors often used eyes of glass or crystal in the faces of their

THE oldest existing statue is one of wood, admirably modeled, colored and with eyes of crystal. It is of a man named Ra-em-ke, an Egyptian, and dating from about B. C. 4000. THE early representations of Christ

in painting were purposely devoid of all attraction; in the eighth century Adrian I. decreed that Christ should be represented as beautiful as possible. In the vatican at Rome there is a marble statue with natural eyelashes. the only one with this peculiarity in the world. It represents Ariadne sleeping on the island of Naxos at the

moment she was deserted by Theseus.

In modeling the horse for his equestrian statue of Gen. Grant, for the Union League club, of Brooklyn, the sculptor, Wi'liam Ordway Partridge, has had easts made from a living Betty burst into tears. "It's lost, John," she said. "I can charger kept at his country home in Milton, Mass., where he is at work. find it nowhere." \_\_\_\_

#### THE MAGPIE'S NEST.

How John Found His Sweetheart Had Been True.

There stood in Berkshire, England, far out upon a quiet country road, a little inn, which the wooden sign swinging at the door declared to be known as

'The Magpie's Nest." It had been thus named because of the number of magpies in the neighborhood. And straight before the door stood an oak tree a century old, among whose uppermost branches, year in and year out, always hung a magpie's nest. to which the country people believed that the same old magpies returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the Magpie's Nest for either man or beast, but its patrons thought the ale good, and then it was served to them by the most charming, rosycheeked little barmaid, who wore a cap with bright ribbons, and had a waist that could have been spanned by two hands-a well-behaved little maid also, who resented too much freedom by a box on the ear, and who was known by the rector of the parish to have been the best girl in his Sabbath school. So, though she was a poor orphan, and had only her little meed of wages, Betty might have married many a stout young farmer. However, she refused them all, and kept on with ber duties at the Magpie's Nest until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as a soldier for several years, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not prove unkind. The innkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy Betty for a permanent assistant, and, amid the chattering of the magpies, Betty and John exchanged their vows under the nest-hung oak tree one bright afternoon, and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring. which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift,

perhaps as soldiers obtain many things n time of war. It was not a costly gift-to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one-but Betty valued it highly. She kept it polished to perfection, and wore it with great pride on high days and holidays; but though she loved John and looked forward to her wedding day with joy, she would not alter the bright coquettish manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung them back repartee for repartee, and even gave them those bright glances which John the soldier thought should only be given to himself. So John grew jealous, and, being a moody sort of man,

said nothing about it. It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once enchanted John should now offend him, and she herself grew angry with her lover for his seowls and sutkiness.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Marseilles, black-eyed, blackhaired and as polite in his manners as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at "the Magpie's Nest," she felt that he would be really a fine example for surly John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous man angry. Then, indeed, John Leaf spoke out, and Betty discovered the secret of his ill temper. Her pride being flattered thereby, she forgave him, and retired on Saturday night with the tirm intention of winning back John's smiles on the morrow, her holiday, when she would go to church in her best attire and charm his heart from him over again as he walked by her side. What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, ever desired to win from him any favor or any gift, that she did not bethink her of all her finery! Before Betty slept she took from her trunk her Scotch plaid dress, her fringed shawl, her blue-ribboned cap, her Sunday shoes and her silv er ring, and having given the latter an extra polish,

laid them where they would meet her eyes the first thing next morning. John Leaf, sulking in his room under the garret eaves, had not thought of this. Those slow natures do not for-

get and forgive in a hurry, any more than they do anything else. The morning sun, shining aslant against the inn's wall, aroused Betty with his first rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, put her fat little feet out upon the floor, knelt down and said her simple prayer and then flew to the glass. It was only a crooked thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough oaken frame, but it was sufficient to make her happy. She braided her hair, put on her cap, buttoned her dress, tied about her throat the gay neck ribbon, laced

her shoes geometrically, and then looked for her ring. It was gone. Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the country people of that day were superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way, for her door was bolted and her window high from the ground, and she firmly

believed that the loss portended some great evil. Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. The French man had asked for a glass of ale and John, who was always tapster on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when, as their hands almost met in the act, he saw upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counterpart of that which he had given

"You've a pretty ring, monseer," he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. "May I ask where you got it?" "Ah, but, certainly," said the Frenchman. "One does not boast, but a pret-

ty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss John turned as pale as his florid face could turn. He made no answer, but marched straight out of the tap-room and into Betty's kitchen. She stood near the door in her holi-

day dress, with her white cotton gloves on. The magpies were chattering overhead, and afar the church bells were ringing. "You are going to church with me, John?" she asked, softly and with a

"That depends," said John Leaf. Then he warked straight up to her and looked full into her honest eyes. "You don't look like a cheat," he said; "but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty." She obeyed. "Where's your ring," he asked.

"You haven't looked on monseer's finger, then," said John. "You poor fool, to give it to him and think I

shouldn't know it!" "Oh, I'll swear I never did!" sobbed

Betty. "I give your ring to anyone else! Why, John-" But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would hear no word from her; and the next day he left the inn and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India. And Betty left the inn also and took service with a farmer's wife hard by; and whatever

Inch.

heard when John and Betty sat together beneath the old oak tree. Five years went by. At last John received a letter from England, telling him that his father was dead, and had

the magpies chattered about, it was no

more of the love making that they

left all his little possessions to his only John Leaf's fighting days were over, in any case, and he was on the invalid list for life. He had fought as desperate men do, had been commended and promoted, and had some medals and ribbons to show and boast of as compensations for a wooden leg. So he went home again and settled down as proprietor of the "Magpie's Nest," and was a sort of hero among his neighbors, but he was very lonely. Men do not quite forget in five years. He could still see Betty's buxom form flitting about the kitchen in imagination, and when the magpies chattered in their nests, he could fancy that he sat with her still under the oak branches. Then he grew wroth with the magpies, who seemed to mock him, and ordered his little serving boy to tear the nests

In vain the lad pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the new nests went, the old one in the topmost branches should be left "for

"If the old magpies that built that find it gone, they'll peck some one's eyes out in the night time," said the boy. "It's been known to be done often." But John Leaf, the soldier, had east

away his country's superstitions. "I'll have those magpies chattering about my ears no more," he said. "Up, and leave not a nest of them all. Some of the noisy devils will take possession of that old rag if it is left hanging." So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise; and doubtless to this day old magpies tell their children of that massacre of the ignocents at the great oak tree. But there were no birds to chatter and scream in that great rag of a nest which the lad's hand clutched at last. He came down

with the relic in his hand, and stood before his master with a grin. "Eh, master! may I have all I found in the old nest?" he asked. "If it's not a magpie's egg." said

John Leaf. "It's better than that," said the lad. "It's a silver ring." "Let me see it," cried John Leaf, and snatched it from his hand. It was the ring with which he had plighted his troth to Betty under the old oak, and he knew now that the

magpies had stolen it, and that the Frenchman wore only one that resembled it. The first thing that John did was to call himself hard names: "A jealous fool!" "A suspicious brute!" Heaven knows what else. Then he melted, and all by himself in the bit of woods beyond the house shed tears, and vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not; but one day when the sun was setting in the west he opened a little cottage gate to which he had been directed and saw, at her knitting, under a vine-covered porch, his lietty, not changed one single bit. And she? She looked at him and did not know him,

with his thin, sallow face and his wooden leg. "What may you be wanting, sir?" she And he said: "Betty!"

And she cried out: "Why, it's John

Leaf!" Then he sat down on a bench close by her side. "You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty," he said. "I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you were true and no cheat, and that you never gave my ring to monseer. I found it-or my lad did, for I'm not very good at climbing now-in the old magpie's nest in the oak ton "And so, Betty," said John, "if you ll

bygones, I'll be a happy man." "I owe you no grudge," said Betty. "And bygones are bygones, John Leaf." "But you'il let things be as they were, Betty?" said John. "You'll be my sweetheart again?"

overlook the past, and let bygones be

"Don't you know?" she said. "Why. look there " He looked. Through the gate came a foreign-looking man, with a silver ring upon his finger, who led by his hand a toddling child. "Why, it's monseer," said John. "You see," said Betty, "I went to him to ask him how he came by his

She laughed.

ring, and he proved it was none of mine. It has a name and a date on it that mine never had. And he was kind to me, and you had been cruel. And so we have been married three years, eh, Louis? And this is our boy. "I had better go home, I think," said

John Leaf. "One is always punished for being a fool. But this is your ring. Will you have it Betty?" "Pray, keep it for your sweetheart,"

said Betty. "You'll find one soon, no doubt." But John Leaf never found one again, and the ring found in the magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

IN FASHION'S TRAIN. BEETLE's wing green is a fashionable THE newest invitation cards are quite

liliputian. FOUR-BUTTON gloves are the maximum for ordinary wear. THE newest shoes for dancing are of gold or silver tinsel.

Ir you have style you make your pur-

THE newest flower holders take the form of a thistle or a water lily. A RECENT bride, her maid of honor and the pages wore Venetian costumes. OLD rose and dim blue blend admirably and the combination is becoming to nearly everyone, blonde and brunette.

chases in "shops," not "stores."

A HOME MISSIONARY.

How Polly's Hopes of Doing Great Things Were Realized.

Polly longed to be helpful. She had dreamed ever since she was a little tot in pinafores of being a missionary on "the burning plains of India," like Harriet Newell; of going to nurse wounded soldiers fighting in a grand cause, like Florence Nightingale; of leading a great crusade against wrong, like Frances Willard. But there seemed little probability that these dreams would be realized.

At the age of sixteen she was just plain Polly Hopkins, with a snub nose and freckles. Not that she was an ugly girl; by no means. She was as fresh and wholesome as a peach that has ripened in a sunny garden. Her figure was good, her teeth were white and even, and her hair, though it was undeniably red, was rich and abundant. But Polly was dissatisfied with the likeness reflected by her little looking-glass. She adored great black flashing eyes, and raven locks, and pallor, and classical features. Nobody would ever take her for a heroine, she was sure. She was, in her own estimation, much better fitted to be a milk-

But Polly suddenly began to look less in the glass and more at her duty as daughter and sister. She had been to the village circulating-library, one day, and was returning through the one long street of Bakerville, on her way to the little red cottage where 'the Hopkinses" lived. She had "The Wide, Wide World" in her hand, and was reading its first pages with the same interest that girls used to feel forty years ago in the fascinating story. Suddenly she heard her patronymic pronounced by an unfamiliar

"Hopkins?" said another voice.

"Yes," was the reply, "George Hopkins. He's a limb, an' no mistake. 1 shouldn't be at all surprised if he was concerned in that post office business." There was a chestnut tree on the other side of the wall that skirted the street, and somebody was looking for nuts, unaware that the conversation was being overheard. Polly's heart seemed to stop beating

for an instant, then to go plunging on as if it would suffocate her. That postoffice business! Will she knew to what the gossip referred. The post office had been robbed not long before of an insignificant sum-five or ten dollar .- and it was currently reported that certain boys were implicated in There were boys in Bakerville, as in

all villages, who had the reputation of being seamps and scalawage - boys who robbed watermelon patches, milked cows on the sly, stoned the windows of vacant houses, and frightened lone women out of their seven senses. Polly had never dreamed that George was one of of these; she did not now believe it; yet where there is much smoke there must be some fire. George must have been associating with companions that he would be ashamed of if he were found with them. He must have secrets from his sister and mother. How far he had gone in forbidden paths Polly had no means of guessing. She could not confide her trouble to her mother, for she, poor lady! was an invalid from heart

trouble, and had to be guarded from all excitement. All that I have written flashed through the girl's mind in the moment after hearing her brother's name pronounced by the unknown nutters. hurried home, her book forgotten, her

Miss Weymouth. To her she went with her trouble, the next day. School was over, and Miss Weymouth pro-"We can talk as we go along," she said "The fresh air will help us to a

mind full of a new and terrible fear.

Polly had a stanch and wise friend.

one of her teachers in the high school,

wise conclusion. One is always a little more sane under the open sky, I It was a crisp November day, with nothing dreary in its aspect. The grass was still lush and green, here and there a belated buttercop showed a golden disk, blue asters still clustered by the old lichened walls, the chickadees were calling cheerily in the grove that the friends approached, and a partridge whirred suddenly as they

greens. "I am glad you have waked up," said the teacher, suddenly. " 'Waked up!" " echoed Polly. "Yes, from your dreams of far-away exploits, of missionarying, and preaching, and nursing imaginary heroes."

passed in among the oaks and ever-

"Don't you believe it is a noble thing to be a missionary?" "Oh! yes, by all means; but not necessarily a foreign missionary. The home field has its claims, too; pressing elaims, in many instances." "You mean there is work for me to

"George needs a sister," said the lady, looking intently into Poliy's anx-"Tell me, Miss Weymouth, what I can

"Fascinate him. Make home so

bright, so beautiful, that it will eclipse

every other place. Has he any special

do at home," said Polly. Then she told

Miss Weymouth all she had heard.

tastes?" "He likes chess, but it's the pokiest game, I think-I never have patience to play it; and he used to be always fussing with his flute till I made so much fon of it that he gave it up. He likes animals, too; he would bring home every miserable cur that happens to follow him, if I would let him. He seems to have a taste for misery in general. You should see the gamins he used to pick up and make friends of!

Oh! I fear his tastes are not very high." "Well, you must try to get hold of him through his tastes, and then refine them if they need refining. So far, you have not told me anything very terrible. I should think him a kindhearted boy who is so lonesome and strange at home that he has gone outside for companionship." When Polly reached home, she found

George in possession of the sittingroom, surrounded by a group of boys whom she could not altogether approve, the whole party smoking eigarettes. She was greatly annoyed, but she wisely hid her feelings and began at once playing the part of the smiling, courteous hostess. Ignoring the un-

combed heads, the unbrushed slines, the soiled linen, and not overelean hands and faces, she got out the photographs that her Uncle George had sent her from Germany and Italy, and before she knew it had entered upon a very interesting lecture about cathedrais, bridges, towers, fruins, etc. Then came her album of famous men and women, and the boys listened and looked till dull eyes brightened, and heavy brows took on a new look of gentleness and intelligence. The eigarettes disappeared one by one, hats and caps

fit for the surroundings and for the young lady's company. When the entertainment was over the boys showed very plainly, though somewhat uncouthly, their pleasure

were doffed, and many a shame-faced

glance was cast on hands and feet un-

and gratitude. Then a bright idea. flashed through Polly's brain. "How would you like to form yourselves into a club and meet here once a

week, for the present, at least?" "That would be jolly" was the sense of the meeting. Jim Allbright remarked, his face getting red as he spoke, that 'it would bea good deal of trouble for Miss. Polly." "But I wish you to pay me," she re-

Polly ran up to her room and brought down her little writing-desk. She sat down and wrote out rapidly an antieigarette pledge; then she called the boys around her. "I wish you to pay me by signing

this pledge," she said. "George will sign first;" and she rose, giving her seat to her brother. As George had not formed the smoking habit, and was already ashamed that his sister had seen him with a eigarette in his mouth, he readily wrote his name. His example as leader was powerful with the others, and of the four, all signed except Al Carter, who didn't feel sure that he wished "to

be led by the nose by a girl."

When Polly found herself alone she sat down to reflect. "I must have help," she thought. "I wonder if Ctara and Mand wouldn't like to come over and assist me in receiving when the club meets? And we might have chocolate and some simple cakes; and there ought to be books for collecting this very afternoon. I know of a dozen families who have plenty of books that would help these boys, 15-

ing in the corners of their bookcases

and of no use to anybody."

Polly dressed himself in her new blue gown and jacket, put a jaunty little hat atop of the bronze braids without looking too long in the mirror, and started out to find her girl friends, Suchad not walked far before she met them face to face. "Good!" called out Clara. "We were just on our way to your house. We are going over to Johnstown to-morrow. on the nine o'clock train, and we want

you to go with us. We will have

luncheon together, and no end of fun

in the afternoon, and get home by sap-

per time. You know Tom House is clerk in Mann & Malley's, We'll call on him, and he will treat us to lobster salad and things if he can get off- and he generally can." The blood rushed to Polly's checks. Clara meant innocently enough, and Porly herself would not, perhaps, a week ago, have hesitated overmuch at the proposal; but her anxiety for George and her plans for him and his friends had already worked a change She knew instantly that a higher self had awakened in her, antagonistic to such an outing as that planned for the

morrow; but she uttered no criticism. only told the girls, as they walked along, of the new club, and of her need "I think," she said, "that if you will come, prettily dressed, and chat with the boys, and one of you pour the chocolate, it will be just splendid!"

Then she went on to tell about the

books that she hoped to get, and ended

"How jolly it would be if we could subscribe for two or three papers and magazines just for the club! "Why," said Maud, "our trip to-mor row, if we take it, will cost us a dollar and a half apiece; that would make, including Polly, four dollars and fif y cents! Clara, let's give it up and sub-

scribe a dollar and a half, apiece to the

literature fund." So it was decided:

and all three went rummaging

through the book collections at Clara s

and Maud's for spare volumes that could be devoted to the service of the That first club meeting was an eventful occasion. No unblacked shoes nor uncombed hair, no soiled hands nor uncared for nails, appeared. There were some honest blushes-always a good sign-when the "members" were presented to the young ladies who had come to help entertain them, and more than one resolution made to work hard and save money for new shoes or hats or coats, or whatever was most needed

to make the young fellows presentable on terms of self-respect. Miss Weymouth, who had come to spend the evening with Mrs. Hopkins. peeped in when the affair was in full swing.

"I shall never forget that picture."

she said: "those bright, winning girls giving all their attention, exerting all their charm, to help and strengthen boys who had already begun to drift slowly downward." "How things grow!" said Polly, rather obscurely, as the last boy de-

think our club had been organized for months." "It was just immense!" said George. "A thousand times better than stoning windows on the sly or suppling off stolen chickens," he added But the last remark was made softe voce -Mary F. Butts, in Doom or 's Magazine.

parted, book in hand. "One would

She Spoke from Experience. George! I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty and all that, but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by

marrying her. Why she knows no

more about housekeeping than I do

George-Perhaps not; but she can Mother-After marriage is rather late for that, George. George But you said yourself that

about Greek-not a bit!

you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married. Mother-Very true, George and your poor father died of dyspepsia

twenty years ago. -Boston Globe.

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