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VOLUME XXVIII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1894.

NUMBER 15.

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In J. C. Aten & Co.—Twenty years ago 1

rea sharpouter in the North Pacific, when five
clies of the crew and myself were laid up with
source, the crew and myself were laid up with
source, as the crew and myself were laid up with
source, as the series bloose, purple blotches aft
try and large we were pretty badly off. All our
line pide was seridentally destroyed, but the
capan had a comple dozen bottles of Aten's
Essaraunta and gave us that. We recovcot on it que ker than I have ever seen men
be disabettly any other treatment for Scurvy,
and ye seen a good deal of it. Seeing no menten by your Almana of your Sarsapartila being his your Almanae of your Saranparilla being other survy, I thought you ought to know of s, and as send you the facts.

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correct all discreters of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Achethey would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but formately their goodness does not end here, and those who encotry 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

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BY THE LATE JUDGE GAYLOUD J CLARKE. the day, with its sandals dipped in dew, Has passed through the evening's golden gates.
It a single star in the cloudless blue For the rading mood in silence waits; this the winds that sigh to the languid hours

That wirds along with fulling flow, at either awake, or half-a-dream, I hass through the realms of long ago; bille faces peer with many a smile 'rom the bowers of memory a muric fale.

here are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears, That check the path of life's April hours, tril a longing wish for the coming years, That Lope ever wreathes with the fairest flowers.
There are triendships guileless—love as bright

There are ashen memories, bitter pain. And buried bopes, and a broken vow, And an aching heart by the re-kless main, And the sea breeze famning a .* Hid brow; And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore, Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild, And the tieres desire to stand in the van Or the lattle of life—and the heart of the child is crushed in the breast of the struggling

That fall at the tomb of the vanished years. Phore are quiet and peace, and domestic love, And a troth imquestioning, far above The passionate dreaming of ardent youth;

Spensio In the distant dell, 'neath projecting trees,

Where the streamlet winds, and the violet And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze: and we mourn for pressure of tender lips, And the light of eyes darkened in death's ecline

And thus, as the glow on the daylight dies, And the night's first-look to the earth is east, I guze, 'neath toose t challful sommer skies, At the pictures that hang in the hall of the past: Of sorrow and joy chant a mingle blay, When to memory's wildwood we wander away!

It Was Received in a Very Peculiar Way.

Martha, the old servant, awakened me. She said: "Your uncle is dying." I went downstaics and again found myself before the half-open door, where for the past two days I had been watch

herited me for her! Her? I see her moving about in the lying man's room, a few steps from nc. There she reigns as sovereign. She devotes herself to the patient. She obeys each request of the doctor, who, with her, watches by my uncle's bedside. I watch her every movement, and wild hatred, mixed with agony and

her living at my puele's, and he said: till be a millionaire."

She was very beautiful, but proud and baughty. She received me coldly and in a very ungracious manner, but in spite of that I fell promptly in love with her. Her step made me tremble, and her fine profile charmed me. At the end of a mouth I would have given heaven and earth for her love. I dared o tell her so-to ask her to marry me

"Never!" she declared positively. Ah. that "never," it broke my heart, out I answered her calmly:

gently. like the sentimental fool that I was

hould rob me of my fortune. And to think that during the past two days I have not told her how I despise her! To think that I was satisfied to avoid her, not to talk to her! How she must

As this thought enters my mind I am about to enter the room. But the words of the doctor still sound in my

"Do you wish to kill the patient? It can be done in a minute. A sudden emotion, a surprise and he goes!" Thus even nature is in favor of the spoiler! Again I look at her. She is leaning over the bed with the expresion of a madonna! Suddenly the old man moves and

illed with pity for him. Then he calls: "Laure!" The doctor moves quickly. I hear s confused whispering, then a cry: "I am suffocating! Ah-I-

A dead silence-then a rattling in the threat-and again silence. Then the doctor leans over the bed. listens, and finally says in a low voice: "He is dead "

Laure hides her face in her hands. 1 approach. I would like to accuse her, but a pucrile sense of respect keeps me silent, and it is she who speaks first. I would like to say something to you." Her eyes are filled with tears, but her voice is resolute. It seems as if she

were defying me.

lioweyer, I consent and lead her into the next room. There we remain looking at each other for a minute without speaking. It is she who continues: "You will excuse me for not having sent for you sooner, but your uncle refused absolutely to see you, and conidering his condition I had only to obey. That was at least the opinion of the doctor. Believe me, I am sorry.

with an insulting laugh.

She looked at me full in the face, her eyes flashed and she stopped crying. You will regret that laugh," she said, haughtily. "It is cowardly. Your duty as a gentleman is first to listen to

I was struck with her attitude, although I believed it to be only another form of duplicity, and I replied grave-THE RESERVE

"Be it so. I will listen to you."

She continued then vehemently: "I know that you believe that I influenced your uncle. I know that you believe me responsible for his change of mind toward you and guilty of having captured his estate. I know that you believe me avaricious, a liar, a plotter! However, I am none of these things.

"Ah! then, you are not his heiress?" I asked, with bitter irony.

"Yes! I am his heiress! But I did nothing that the most scrupulous delicacy could object to! I often begged opposed-"

"But you inherit the estate!" I repeated, with the same melancholy

She gazed fixedly at me. you think?" I exclaimed. drew a small packet from her pocket and handed it to me, saying: "Forgive

> his delirium. I was too much astonished to speak. My hands trembled. Confusedly I realized how wrong I had been in blam-

mered. "That is the will. I give it to you, and you remain the heir of your unhap-

py uncle." I was so overcome by her answer that Iwas obliged to lean against the wall for support-so ashamed that I could not look her in the face-her whom I had so basely accused.

"Forgive me! Take back this packet! would rather die than accept the estate on such conditions." "And I!" she exclaimed, vehemently and disdainfully. "Do you think that

I will touch it? Do you think I would defile myself by stealing?" "I have misunderstood you," I exclaimed. "I have acted like a brute. I am a miserable fool." It does not matter now. We shall

Her beautiful eyes had a faraway look, and now I knew that she was really pure, innocent, stainless, "Ah!" I murmured. "Of what use is the money to me? To receive it thus from your hands is the hardest of punisliments. I will not have it! To receive it from you, who refused me so coldly; from you, who despise me with

consider myself disgraced for life." "What do you say? Disgraced beunreasonable whim of an invalid?" She retreated a few steps, and her ad-

you let me have no part in your life?" "I was a poor girl, treated with kindness and trusted. I should have betraved that kindness and trust in listening to you."

"Would you have listened to me then if you had been rich?" I exclaimed. She east down her eyes and remained a minute undecided. Then lifting her long eyelashes she said simply:

"I think so!" My excitement increased, words failed me, and I could only stammer:

But now-you can --She motioned me to be silent. After a few minutes of deep thought she said: "To-day I think that I have the right to listen to you. My refusal or acceptance depends now only upon my own inclination."

I approached and implored her: "Accept my life or refuse it!"

"I will not refuse," she answered gently. And suddenly smiling sweetly she said, with subtle feminine irony: "I would never have refused it, for if you feli quickly in love with me 1, too, was not slow in loving von."

ber the presence of the dead, which, to tell the truth. I had almost forgotten. Thus I captured my inheritance.-

The Social Side of Animals.

to handle and bring much better returns in the way of profit. Let the indifferent farmer try it and see what an elevating influence it will have on himself as well as the stock.-Western BRILLIANT BITS.

A good name is harder to get than great riches. A TALE-BEARER is a lower order of

and the money is the one. NEVER put off till to-morrow what you oughtn't to do at all. WHEN you pour oil on the troubled

-Young Men's Era. FASHION'S DECREES.

waters, don't touch a match to the oil.

BUTTONS are very large and are made of metal, pearl, jet and crochet. For a to six-button gloves of medium heavy kid are in demand for street wenr.

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THE newest slippers are made of black moire, and are finished with an elaborate garniture of jet.

COUNSEL.

Oft have I counseled with myself And urged: "Be blithe and bonny; You have no name, you have no fame You have but little money; Yet had you name and shining fame All as you list, the very best

Your eyes are clear as any;

The rose is nodding on the bush,

Were to be bitthe and bonny. Some men of years less ripe than yours No heartening glance at you she throws-Ah, do got dote upon her! The clouds float white, the sun shines bright,

Go you, be blithe and bonny These blue-arched skies and sailing clouds With fresh sea winds a-blowing Made young the olden days of Greece When mightier fame was growing. Then gentus wrought-its marbles shine, Its pages still are glowing:

Yet happy who nor wrote nor carved, But saw the roses blowing -Williston Fish, in Puck

Her Romance Was Certainly a Peculiar One.

JEANIE'S LOVE LETTERS.

Jeanie Campbell came back from the tailor's shop where she worked and found a company of boys and girls congregated round the doorstep of the tall tenement house in which she rented one small, back room. They were hooting and jeering at a man seated in his shirt sleeves on the doorstep placidly smoking a huge German porcelain pipe. The man did not seem in the least disturbed by their jeers and shricks, but smoked on with his eyes fixed upon the only strip of sunset sky visible above the grimy roofs.

Jeanie pushed her way in. "What's the matter?" "Yah-Dutchy! I'nt 'e a blooming soft! Give a boy a snillin' to go and fetch 'im something to eat, and is witing 'ere for 'm! I'nt 'e a style: Wonder 'ow long he'll wite!"

"Who is he?" "A blooming Dutchy! 'e carnt speak no English, 'e carnt-'as to make signs -and nobody 'ere can speak nothink

else. I'nt 'e a softy!" The girl paused and looked at the man. There was something in his patient attitude that aroused her pity. Some softer remembrance of the days before she came to this great, wicked London came over her. The man's eyes, so blue, clear and bright, and the healthy tinge of his who, esome face, smote upon her with a pang of recollection of the honest Scottish faces she had left with contempt for their content, when she had started forth to see life in London.

him to follow her indoors. She tried to make him understand that he had been robbed. The soft, gentle tones that ans wered her were quite unintelrigible; he smiled, shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands and looked at her with that calm trustfulness one sees in dogs and children. She smiled, nodded, pointed up the stairs and then ran out of the house.

She returned with a loaf of bread and

a half pound of sausages for him and a

She went up to the man and signed to

roll for herself; she would make that do; he was a stranger, alone and friend-She put the things in his hand, pointing down the street as if to indicate that she had brought the things from the boy. He seemed to understand, took her hand and raised it to his lips; the action was so simple so grateful. that she felt ashamed and ran up the

stairs to her own room. Her comfortless breakfast of a dry roll the next morning made her a little regretful of her charity the night before. "He must shift for himself as I have to do," she thought, and she

went out to her day's work. When she returned in the evening she found him standing outside the door. He bowed and smiled, opened his door and showed his various purchases on his table. He had evidently

found his way round to shops. She went up the stairs, feeling the least little bit disappointed that he did not require her help any more. He seemed different from the jaded, vulgar men and women she came in contact with in her city life. The air of the fields seemed to eling to him still. She thought as she toiled up the weary stairs how sweet the country must be looking now. Was the sun shining on the hills at home and making the waters of the loch sparkle-the bonnie hills that she would never see again? Friends were dead, and to a tatioress at twelve shillings a week it was indeed a far cry

to Loch Awe. Something was on her table, a little sketch of a sweep of wide hills, with fir forests clinging to their sides, a little-cluster of houses with wide overhanging roofs, and shutters in the windows. A figure was standing in the

doorway of one of the houses. "This is his house," said Jeanie to herself. "What a funny thing to do, to give me a picture of it! I wish I could send him back one of Loch Awe, and our house up on the braes."

The next day was Sunday; she usually passed the morning in bed, tired out with her week's work. When she came down about the middle of the day she met him coming in, evidently in his Sunday best. Could be have been to church? Well, it was clear he had not learned the manners of Eureka court

She tried to express her thanks by looks and smiles. He seemed to understand, and laughed, and then she felt with a quick touch of dismay that he glanced in surprise at her untidy dress and towzled hair. Jeanie did not "tidy" herself until afternoons; then in an enormous hat and feathers and much-becurled head she perambulated the adjacent streets in company with girls of her acquaintance, not yet vicious, only ignorant, vain and craving for a little of that happiness which seems to all girls their birthright.

That same hair was in wrappers now -she blushed as she recalled the facther hands were grimy, her face unwashed. His eyes noted it.

They did not meet again during the week, but next Sunday morning found Jeanie with her hair out of papers and her hands washed; she was loitering at the street corner when he came back in his spruce clothes. She gave him a pert nod; she felt annoyed with him for some unknown reason, and that evening made horself as resplendent as possible in her cheap, gaudy finery. "He shall see that I can be smart,

yet in the distance, the same little village with the pine forests around,

"His father is dead," said Jeanie, and

the two figures, the man and Jeanie, walking arm in arm up the village The nurse held her sides for laugh-"It's the funniest thing I ever saw in

with some dignity. -I think it was just the nicest thing that ever was done to a girl."

"My loofe!" said the man again; "it is my first Engleesh to you, and it will be my last. My loofe" And Jeanie, with all the dreams of her girlhood back upon her, put her arms

ENCIRCLING THE GLOBE. CUBAN barbers lather their patrons

with their hands, from a bowl made to fit under the chin. No brush is used. A SWARM of locusts six miles wide recently darkened Graham's Town, Cape Town, Africa. They were flying seaward.

sary to buy a cow. Doubtless the coldest civilized place on the globe is Werchojansk, where the thermometer once registered a tempera-

ture of 81 degrees below zero.

THE GINGER-DREAD HORSE. There are people and places that fade from our

And days that grow dim in the past. And nothing seems true to the last: But back in the days of the long, long ago

I hen the little back yard was our course, The friend who was dearest and sweetest to Was the galloping ginger-bread horse,

Can we ever forget him? His arched neck and His sugar-glaced ears and fore-top?

We sped to the back cellar door, And there, in a paradise, mibbled and munched Till the ginger bread borse was no more!

Oh, my ginger bread korse, how the taste of thy And the peppery sweet of thy name With thy black current eyes, and thy brown softened sides

Come back from the dim past again?

How I taste, as I dream, every mouthful I Of thy luscious young self!-For in truth, There are times when I feel I would give all I For a ginger-bread horse of my youth!

-Everard J. Appleton, in Detroit Free Press.

The Remarkable Experience of a London Specialist. About two years ago there came to

A STRANGE PATIENT.

me a tall, handsome feilow, who gave the name of George Griffiths. He had a fearless eye, a cheerful, even genial expression, an exceptionally well molded, aquiline nose, and a splendid mustache, trimmed and tended, evidently, with scrapulous care. There was no obvious reason, certainly, why he should require my services; there was no possibility of making him better looking. "I hear that you are a specialist in

dermatology," he began, after I had greeted him with the usual formality. I admitted the soft impenchment. "Well," he went on, "I want you to perform a surgical feat on me. I want my nose altered." I expressed surprise, and assured

him that, in my humble opinion, his nose was best let alone. But he dispated this proposition, and insisted that he had reasons for being weary of the aquiline, and for craving a proboscis as unlike as possible to that with which nature had endowed him Seeing my curiosity, and possibly not wishing to be deemed a madman, he proceeded to explain them to me. "After several years roughing it in

Texas," he said, "I have come back

rich, and there is nothing to prevent

my enjoying myself but the pestering

attentions of relatives whom I had hoped to have done with forever when I went abroad. But I cannot escape them or their importunities, and so, however eccentric you may think me. I must enlist your service. I presume there is no danger in the operation." "No danger," I replied, accepting his explanation as that of an eccentric man, whose affairs, after all, were no

-practically none, in fact. But you must keep indoors for a few days after it is over. When and where shall I call upon you?" "Could you not operate here, and

business of mine, "and very little pain

now?" he asked. "Impossible. Your journey home would not be without great risk." "But could 1 not stay here? Could you not accommodate me for the short time necessary? Doctor, I could and would pay you liberally for the service. Consider, if I go home, my identity would be again revealed to those from

whom I desire to conceal it." This speech, one would have thought. would have aroused my suspicions, but it did not. The man's frank and open expression disarmed me entirely, and I could but look upon him as I had done previously, simply as an eccentric individual. It so happened I had a spare room. I could not regard the question of remuneration with indifference, and so, to cut a long story short, I con-

sented For the purpose of more conveniently operating I suggested, somewhat timidly, the sacrifice of his beautiful mustache. To my surprise, he assented eagerly, and was for the application of scissors and razor forthwith. You searcely credit the difference the removal of this artistic hirsute appear "tiage-"the crop of many years," as he jokingly decribed it-made in my patient. It displayed what had been concealed before, his mouth, and the sinuster expression of this was such as to effectually nullify the honest genia, ty of his upper face. In fact the removal of his mustache constituted, as I promptly told him, sufficient disguise to baffle any number of inquisitive relatives. But he insisted on the masal operation nevertheless. His motto was

evidently "Thorough." Well, I performed it, and when, six days later, George Griffiths left my house with nothing but a rapidly heal ing and almost invisible sear to blemish the straight nose which now adorned his face. I would have wagered my case of instruments to a two-penny penknife that the most observant of his precious acquaintances would never

have recognized him. About a week after my eccentric patient's departure the particulars, so far as they were known, of a remarkably brutal murder were made public. The body of a lady named Bates, evidently stabbed to death, had been discovered in a house in a London suburb, where she had resided with her husband, who had now disappeared and whose portrait and description were now freely circulated by the police. A brief amount of attention to those published details was sufficient to convince me that my patient, George Griffiths, was the criminal. I lost no time in communicating what

I knew to the authorities, by whom, it must be said, my story was received with some incredulity. You see, my special branch of surgery is but little known to the public, and it was the opinion of the police that the murderer had left the country some time before Mr. Griffiths had quitted my house. But a few months ago, happening to to be on a visit to Dresden, whither I

had gone on a brief summer holidayand having in a way largely succeede ! in dismissing from my mind the events above related-I was startled to see, seated at a table in the Gowerbehaus in that city, enjoying the strains of the talented orchestra, my no longer mysterious, but now dreadful, acquaintance, George Griffiths!

A THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF T

call attention to any matter of limited or indi-vidual interest must be paid for as advertisements. Book and Job Printing of all kinds nearly and excliously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it. My duty, I decided after a moment's

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reflection, was plain-to denounce and deliver him to the authorities. Quickly, therefore, least he should leave before I could have him arrested. I explained myself as well as I was able to the nearest official. He looked and was unbelieving. So, too, were the others whom he summoned to hear my story. That part of it which referred to the operation was received with a smile; and the upshot of it was that so far from effecting my expa-

ridiculed as a mad Englishman. But I could not allow myself to be baffled in what I considered my clear duty, viz., to deliver a foul murderer up to justice. I determined, therefore, to renew my acquaintance with him there and then, to give him no inkling of my knowledge of the truth, and to communicate once more with the English police, while continuing to keep him under my own surveillance in the

When, with a polite bow, I approached and spoke to him, he recognized me at once; I could see that, though at first he pretended not to know me. We had a glass of beer together, and spoke of many matters of general interest; I flattered myself that nothing in my conversation or bearing gave him the slightest ground

to suspect me. That same night I wrote a letter to the London police, again stating my certain knowledge that this man, changed though he was, was the murderer of Mrs. Bates, and suggesting that they should forthwith send over to Dresden an official armed with information as to other distinguishing marks on Mr. Bates' person besides his aquiline nose and heavy mustache.

During the next few days 1 became very intimate with my ex-patient, and in pursuance of a scheme I had formed invited him more than once to bathe with me from one of the floating baths. This he cheerfully did being an admirable swimmer. On the fifth day from my writing to London an answer arrived in the person of a stalwart detertive from Scotland Yard, who informed me that the real Mr. Bates had, as I suspected, the distinguishing marks which could be verified; among them an anchor tattooed on the left foreacm, which I had myself, of course, noticed while we were bathing together. To satisfy himself before acting on the warrant he had brought with him, the detective, Mr. Hanway, it was agreed. should join our bathing party on the morrow-a simple and not disagreeable preliminary to the contemplated ar-

But alas! for the schemes of mice and men! We called together at Mr. Griffith's-alias Bates'-rooms in the

race, and then returned to find him-Whither, we could never trace, and I have never seen him since. From that day to this he has buffled the skill of the police of two countries, and it is my belief that if he is still alive he has again persuaded some guileless surgeon to operate on him and once more

Pawnbrokers' Methods. "Have you ever noticed," said De-Broke the other day, "that pawnbrokers will never answer the question: What can I get on this?' They always make one tell what he wants to borrow. and then no matter how low one places the amount, the broker will always go him a dollar or two lower. I knew of a fellow in an office who was pretty

fun, I would see if this fellow would actually try to go me one lower on the "I asked for six dollars, and as he

But I was obstinate, and slipping the ring on my finger went out. "I easily got ten plunkers on it from another money lender."-Philadelphia

Untactful.

The pages of amusing literature are stocked with the sayings of honest and untactful people. The following incidents have, moreover, the merit of being strictly true: A lady who had studied an elementary treatise of astrology one day took it upon her to "east the horoscope" of a boardinghouse acquaintance. "Let me see," she began, after taking down the day of the "subject's" birth, "you are in Aries Aries is intellect. "Why, no?" she suddenly exclaimed, looking up, as the full force of the definition struck her, "there must be some mistake, You can't be in Aries!" Another innocently frank person was admiring the baby grandson of a famous man. "Now," said she, encouragingly, to the parents of the child, "thisboy will be a genius. It is perfectly safe to expect it, for you know genius always skips one generation!"-Youth's Companion.

The emperor of Russia had up to a short time ago a double in the person f a banker of the name of Carlshen in Copenhagen. Carlsben was introduced some time ago to the ezar, v ho himself remarked the extraordinary likeness. This proved unfortunate for the banker, who beneeforth drove in a carringe and four, and was only too. pleased when he was taken for the emperor of all the Russias. As a result Carlsben went insane on the subject and recently died in a madhouse in the firm faith that he was the ezar.

Philadelphia Record. -Dependence is a perpetual call

upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatever. - Thackeray.

111111 FOR ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING TRY THE FREEMAN.

Policies written at short notice in the

1794. Chensburg, July 71, 1882

LIFE L_AVLS.

a history breathe o'er the foldest flowers.

And pure as the stars in the halls of night.

But short the regrets, and few are the tears,

And ki see of children on tip and cheek, and the parent's bliss, which no tongue can There are loved ones lost! There are little

MY INHERITANCE.

ing the agony of my uncle. He had brought me up and had been the kindest of guardians. He had banished me from his presence. He had commanded that I should not be admitted to the chateau. He had done all this without motive, without any offense on my part, but simply because he had disin-

lumiliation, burns in my veins. On my return from Germany I found ."She is my old friend Senart's danghter. He died ruined-poor old fellow! hope that you will not object to my giving her a small dowry. You will

but she refused me without hesita-

You might have told me so more "It would have been less efficacious," he returned, calmly. And I admired the barbaric frankness of her answer, To-day I know what the girl with the dark eyes was hiding! I now inderstand her silence, her cold eception, her insulting rejection. It was because she was sure of her posiion. Already she knew that she

laugh at my folly!

noans like a little child. My heart is

"I should think so!" I exclaimed,

your uncle to send for you, and I only ceased when the doctor assured me that my constant demands worried the patient. Your uncle was my benefactor. He saved me from misery and I could not do anything which would prove me ungrateful. When he was attacked with the strange whim of preferring me to you, I was obliged to submit. As he was then too ill to be

"I inherit it-well?" "If you were in my place, what would "Just what you will think," and she

the old man and destroy this proof of "What do you mean?" I finally stam-

After a few minutes I collected myself and begged in a supplicating voice.

probably never see each other again.' she stoke gently in an absent manner

such humiliating gentleness! I should cause I return to you what belongs to you? Because I refuse to profit by the mirable beauty filled my heart with adoration. "Ah! why should you not accept my love?" I cried. "Why would

I caught Laure's hands and kissed them humbly, but she gently drew them away, and begged me to remem-

Animals have a social nature and the domestic animals a friendly feeling for the kind hand that affords shelter and the daily supplies which add to their comfort and growth. Though the selfish owner may have in view the premature ending of the fatting carcass or the perpetual servitude of the patient beast he should be humane and kind in the highest degree. If you are out of patience kick the side of the barn or yourself but never the dumb animal which is at your mercy. This is not only humane but it pays in more ways than one. Make pets of the animals and they will be much more easy

creation than a tail wearer. THE miser and his money are one-

too," she thought, and tossed her head as he approached. He stopped, and, drawing a notebook

to the other? But that walk did not take place. The smart tie around her neck had been the price of her dinner; she turned faint and reeled, then sat down on the stairs and burst into tears. She hardly knew if she was vexed or pleased to find herself picked up like a baby and carried up to her ow room and laid upon her bed. She sat up and drank some water, while he stood look-

from his pocket, rapidly sketched a

church front upon it. She shook her

head. He looked pazzled; then his

quick fingers drew the outside of one

of the commonest type of meeting-

house. She shook her head again, and

moved off. Somehow she did not like

to show him how she spent her Sunday

The weather became very hot. Jeanie

drooped more and more in the un-

healthy workroom and stuffy streets.

He seemed to notice it, for on Saturday

night she found a drawing of trees and

a path and figures walking about, and

underneath the figures 2:30. Could be

be asking her to go for a walk? She

At 2:30 a knock came at her door,

There he was, with his square, ug v.

good-natured face smiling at her. She

felt awkward going down the stairs

with him. What could they do during

the whole walk if neither could speak

evenings.

waited in to see.

that he should see her untidy, disorderly room. He went out. In a few minutes she heard her door open, and something pushed along the floor. It was a little bug of hot coffee and milk and a plate of German rolls. The next day another picture was

left. It represented a large workshop,

ing perpiexed at her, and she beasted

with men sitting at tables, all bus...y engaged over some mechanical work; underneath was written the figures 30s. With unskillful tingers she drew an outline of a coat and waistcoat and a needle and thread and posted it at his door as she went out; but she had to come back again, she was so ill, and all day she lay there alone, waiting for what was the only friendly signal in the world to her, the scrap of paper of

She heard it pushed under the door

at last, and feebly rose and groped for

it. Her head was throbbing so that

she could scarcely see that it contained

the foreign artist.

a whole line of portraits-an elderly man and woman, and younger faces, among which was his own. His family doubtiess. She made a rough outline of her hat, with a sharp oval for a face underneath. She was too ill to get it down to him. She pushed it out and trusted that he would get it. She heard him in the morning come up again, and then she heard no more, for the fever seized upon her, and when next she woke to consciousness she was lying on a hospital bed. For days she was too weak to speak or think, but, when she was able. one of the nurses asked her if she would

like to see some papers which had been

brought to the hospital for her, and the

nurse spread them out before her.

The first was of a man following a stretcher through the streets, then the same man strung alone in a solitary room with his head bowed upon his hand and weeping. The next, the same man at a door, evidently asking questions of a porter within. The next, the man was beside a bed on which lay a deathlike figure. "Has he been to see me?" "Yes, it was when we thought you

found it was Wendish, from the borders of Saxony and Bohemia, and one of the doctors here got him a bank in it, by which he could study English. You will see by the sketches." The next one represented the man

The next showed the man in a train,

and then on board a steamer, and then

with the book in his hand.

Jeanie dropped the papers.

in another train.

were dying he came every day, but we

could not tell him anything, no one

could speak his language, but at last we

"He is gone!" she said, with a little weas cry. "Oh, why have I got any better?" "There is another picture," said the nurse, and she unrolled it for the trembling girl. The man had arrived at the little village Jeanie remembered in his first sketch, then the interior of a house was shown, a coffin lay in the middle of the room, an old woman, two girls and

three men knelt around it.

she turned to the next. The man was at the hospital door. "Oh, he is coming back!" she cried. "See, this is the last," said the nurse, and as she held it up she laughed. It was the man on one knee before a girl-Jeante in her outrageous hat; but there was in a little sketch, up in the right-hand corner, as if it was

my life!" she said. Jeanie gathered her papers together "I don't call it funny," she said. "I "My loofe!" said a voice at her side, and there was the man. Jeanie gave a

around his neck, and sobbing, said: "And I don't even know your name, but I don't care for anything in the world but you."-N. Y. Tribune.

GLASS beads pass as money in parts of Africa. In Masai, five blue beads will buy a woman, but ten of them are neces-

Auctions in Japan are conducted much like American primary elections. The bidders write their names and bids on slips of paper, which are put into a box for the auctioneer to open.

Don't we still feel the thrill of uttermost joy As we carried him out of the shop! Then, breathless with happiness, longing to

tient's capture, I was myself lightly

Saxon capital.

morning and found him busy with some correspondence. "If you will wait for me half an hour or so on the terrace," he said, "which your friend will find very pleasant, I'll join you for our swim in about half an hour." Suspecting nothing, we took our leave, and waited for him, as he had directed. But we waited in vain. Whether the features of my friend, Mr. Hanway, were known to him, or whether there had, in spite of my care, been anything in my manner to excite his suspicion, I cannot say. Suffice it that we remained a full hour on the ter-

alter the outlines of his features beyond recognition. - London Million.

green for a pawnbroker, but who had learned this first principle. "I had a beautiful solitaire ring and I needed just a fiver. So I thought, for

looked at the ring he smiled sarcastically and said, curtly: 'Five dollars.

-Maud-"Why den't you give young Sewers some encouragement if you love him?" Nell-"O, he ought to be able to press his own suit. He's a tailor."-

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