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## VOLUME XXVIII.

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DAWN AND DEATH

DAWN l'ime after time, a m, it ry divine, The mameriess won at of the dawn, we see totaling o'er heaven and tatch so silently, With to see so gentle and so minite line, o subtlest's use could find an i mark the line taken the brist gream of breaking day, set

Mor- than a paler mark, where faintly shine The stars of heaven. But clearer and more Slowly a thousand things come forth to And forms and tints half hidden for and

Melt from gray shadow into amber tight. I h from its ever-sweiling streams are

The full-flushed splendors of the perfect DEATH.

As grows that radiance, maybap we shall That time is merged into eternity: Even while we watched and waited come to know Phat we have died-what they call death be

As men lie down to sleep, and wake to be What they were yesterday, white all things

'the son immort d. now to hold its way. Untraums led thus, through God's resplete dent day.

JOBY PAID HIS FARE.

And Won a Home and a Friend at the Same Time.

progress under a steady wind, paced to you might have caught some words, as "The sea is the place for me, my lads," or "A lively ship and a willing CHICKLY.

Capt. Essex's little song was interupted by a sudden commotion in the forward part of the vessel. There was a sound of loud, angry talking, a hasty sculling of feet, followed by the frightened sobbing of a child.

"what is the meaning of that row?" "A stowaway, sir," answered one of the men from below. "A stowaway on my ship!" growled the captain. "Bring the rascal here! We'll give him a taste of the rope's end

sponse as two of the crew approached, and very ragged boy. place to a look of astonishment, min-

gled with pity, as his eyes rested upon the seivering form of the intruder. But he maintained the sternness of his tone as he addressed the boy.

"Well," said he, "what are you doing "N-nothing, sir," was the trembling

London by the docks, sir." "What are you doing here, then?" "I-I hid away down below, andand they found me. I wasn't doing anything. I didn't touch a the . I

thought they wouldn't mind. I'm not very big, you see, and I don't weigh much." He broke down with a gasp and pressed his small, grimy tists into his streaming eyes. Then, as the captain remained silent, but continued to gaze

at him with a tremendous frown, he made a brave effort to go on with his "I haven't any mother or father, you ee, and I have to earn my own living. Everybody says: 'He's too small. What's he good for?' and they don't take me, though I am strong. I can hft a trunk-a little one. I can run

errands very tast, but everybody says: Oh, he's too ragged and too dirty." If I could get jobs, you see, I could get me a new suit of clothes, but everybody don't want me, and-" Here a fresh storm of sobs shook the

mail frame. "But you haven't told me yet what you are doing on this ship?" said the aptain, preserving his severity with an effort.

"The ship was going to America," answered the boy. "Everybody is rich in America. Everybody wants you there, you see. Tom Dixey went there, and he makes a load of money."

"That's all very well," responded the captain, "but people who go to Ameriea pay for their pass ge, and to hide away so as to go without paying is just the same as stealing so much money." Evidently the boy had never taken that view of the question. He looked up at the captain's stern face with a rightened and startled expression. Then he began a hurried search in the pockets of his ragged jacket. From one he drew forth two coppers, from another a silver sixpence and from a third a shifling, much battered, chipped and defaced. These he held out toward

the captain. "This is all I've got now. I earned the sixpence and the two pennies-the shilling a gentleman gave me. It's broken, but it is good silver, all the

"And what am I to do with these?" asked the captain. "To pay my fare," replied the boy. 'It's 'most enough, I think. I will earn the rest soon when I get over

there.' cindiv:

ey, my boy. You are an honest little ellow, after all. You shall stay with me on the Falcon, and we will make a oan of you.' All day long the good ship labored

with the mountainous waves, leaping ton Herald. and plunging till it seemed as though

me growing, creating musts must HOW DIFFERENT WE WOULD BE. come out of her. But she was a stauch, well-built craft, and had passed

sa cly through many a worse tem-With the fall of the night the gale incre sed in violence. The sails had been reduced to the heavy lower canvas, just sufficient to stealy the vessel. The captain remained on deck, taking a position near the rail, where he could keep an eye on the rigging. Near him, sheltered by the bulwarks, sat little Joby on a coil of rope.

Suldenly, just as the captain was shouting an order through h strumpet, a vast billow seemed to rise ent of th gloom and bear down upon the ship. It struck the vessel's side with an awful roar, throwing tons of water on the deck. Before he could save himself the captain was lifted from his feet and flung overboard into the sea.

Almost at the same instant a small figure was seen to leap upon the rail, cling there a moment, and then leap outward into the darkness and disap-

"Man overboard!" The terrible cry rang above the roar of the tempest. For a moment all was panic and confusion. Then, under the mate's command, the ship was rounded to, with her head to the wind, and a boat ordered to be lowered. "No use," said one of the men to the

mate, who stood by the rail near where the captain had fallen overboard. "We could never find them in the daytime, let alone such a night as "I am afraid not," answered the mate

sadly. "Poor old man! Poor boy! Hark! What was that?" "Fatcon, aboy!" The shout came long and strong from the darkness,

not twenty yards from where the ship

"The captain!" cried a dozen glad voices. "Belay your jaw there, ye lubbers! Tail on that line and haul us aboard, or

we'll be adrift." Line! Us! What could be mean? But the mate had already discovered a curious thing-a light but strong rope, fastened to a ring in the bulwark and extending outward in the darkness toward the spot whence the captain's voice proceeded. It was drawn tight, as if some heavy burden were towing at the end of it.

In an instant sturdy arms were pullng at it with a witl. Then a stout rope was lowered, and up it like a monkey scrambled Joby, followed more slowly by Capt. Essex. Then a great cheer went up, drown ing the roar of the storm itself, as the

crew gathered about the dripping forms of the captain and his little friend. A few words served to explain what had happened. Joby, with his eye on the captain. nad seen him carried overboard. He knew that one end of the coil of light.

though strong rope upon which he sat was secured to the bulwark, for he had tied the knot himself that very day. Without pausing to think of his own danger, he took the free end of the rope between his teeth and was in the water nearly as soon as the captain himself. Though he could swim like a duck.

he was borne helplessly along on the crest of the waves almost into the arms of Capt. Essex, who caught him as he was sweeping by. The captain fastened the line about both of their bodies, and partly swimming and party towed by the ship they had managed to keep their heads above the water until the Folcon was hove to. The storia blew itself out during

the night, and the next morning dawned clear and caim. All the fore noon Joby was observed to be very grave and silent, as if he were pon ler ing some important question. Finally ne presented houself before the captain in the cabin. "Well, my boy," said the captain,

'what can I do for you?" "A man's life is worth a good deal of noney, isn't it?" asked Joby, twirling his cap nervously as he spoke: "Not a y tike me, but a grown man."

"Yes, of course, my lad," replied the captain. "A man's life is supposed to be the most valuable of his possessions."

"Well, then," said Joby, twirling his cap still more nervously, "they say I saved your life last night. I don't sav it was much, you see. Any fellow who could swim could do the same thing, only I happened to do it." 'Yes, you certainly did it, Joby. And

"You see -you see," stammered Joby, "I-I thought that would pay for my passage. Then it wouldn't be stealing, you know."

Joby could not make out why the captain's honest eyes should suddenly grow moist, nor why the captain's right arm almost squeezed the breath out of his small body, nor yet why the captain's voice should be so husky as he said:

'Joby, my lad, while old Tom Essex's hulk holds together, and a single timber of him floats, you shall never want for a berth or be without a friend."-London Tid-Bits.

The History of an Eng ish Canal.

There is a canal in England which cost eighty thousand pounds to construct, and was recently sold for one hundred pounds. It is known as the Stort Navigation, and dates from the reign of George III. In 1873 a firm of brewers obtained it for fifteen thousand pounds, as they found that when their malt was carried quietly by canal a saving in value was effected, as against the transit in trains, the difference being considered about equal to the rent of a malt-house. The present proprietor had been for a long time in the service of the firm, and the navigation of the canal was handed over to him for one hundred pounds, as a token of esteem, by his employers. O scouraging Study.

The case of the honest Irish servant who could never understand why his naster perpetually required him to wash his chaise, since he went directly out and muddied it up again, is paraileled by an actual reply by a dull boy to an examiner in a French school.

The pupil had passed a wretched examination in French history. "What do you mean by this?" asked the instructor. "Why don't you study

Would remain unheard, How many a sentence unspoken, How many a thought Would rema a unwrought How many a promise unbroken. How many a heart.

And hold them no longer in keeping But would riadly express The love we repress How meny an act We would now retract,

With patience and loving devotion How different we Could we look o'er the graves of the morrow Could we look from the light T . the infinite night.

BROWNE'S COURTSHIP.

Why He Didn't Marry the Girl of His Choice.

The girl I am going to tell you about is rather pretty and her name is Edith. She has dark hair and her eyes are blue and she dresses well. She has been graduated from a seminary of good repute, and her disposition is amiable to a degree, which more than a year ago brought all the young men of the neighborhood at her feet. I think she won a tennis championship in singles some where last year, but I am not certain about that. What I can recall among her most pronounced accomplishments I will put down here later on. I met her so long a time ago that I have forgotten the circumstances of our meeting, but I guess they were of the ordinary riage, which hurt me so much at the and I think I have lived to forget my first rash determination never to look upon her face again. I called the night regularly ever since. I am beginning

to believe that it was a good thing afte all that she didn't marry me. Woat I want to teil-and it won't take long to tell it in my dry fashionis the story of old Browne's courtship. I make my living by keeping the cash accounts of a big Market street whole sale house, and Browne is the man whose dest is next to mine in the counting-room. Our salary is about the

and I weigh a trifle less. Mrs. Burke, who was Edith's mother, came to me this summer and had quite a long talk with me about her personal affairs. She said that her late hisband's estate was pretty much entangled, and that to keep her present establishment on Arch street going she would have to rent some of her handsome rooms in the house to boarders. Of course, she didn't want to do that, and, of course, I deprecated the plan,

but in the end it turned out that we both had to give in. Old Browne rented the second story front room the day after I told him about it. He had been living away up town, and he was glad to get a little nearer to the office, besides enjoying all the social prestige which geographical conditions could give him. He moved into the rooms with a dozen trunks and a wealth of bric-a-brac, which, to my mind, did not become his age. Mrs. Burke was glad to accept the reference to me which he gave her, and Edith smiled upon him when she gave him

his night key. I thought a good deal of Edith, and every night or two we played cards in her mother's room. See and 1 played partners against young Bob Smith and Mrs. Burke. We were pretty evenly matched, too, for Bob played a stiff game of whist, and I-well, you may remember that I was one of the Pentecost club's prize team last fall. Edith and I won most of the games, though, for Bob was too internally lazy ever to do anything well. And he never seemed to mind it it he lost.

The Presence of old Browne annoved me a great deal, and 1 don't mind saying so. About a week after he took his rooms there I found him occupying my seat at the whist table when I called. He was fumbling the cards in his awkward fashion, and Edith was laughing at him Bob was engaged in giving an imitation of me telling a war story, and even Mrs. Burke was approving the ridiculous proceedings. I coughed, and that stopped the game, but I was uncomfortable all the evening. Bob had the good sense to apologize, but old Browne simply tittered for an hour over what he seemed to consider a good joke on me.

After that all my affairs seemed to go wrong, and I began to seriously consider whether I shouldn't rent every room in Mrs. Burke's house myself. I was actually contemptating this proposition one night in my own apartments, smoking my last bowl of tobacco the while, when the colored girl who waits on the door said that a man had called to see me. I have few callers, and I thought it might be Mr. Phiops, whom I had invited to come to see me more than a month ago.

With this idea in mind I told the girl to delay the man below stairs for a moment while I slipped into other clothes. Then the door opened, and old Browne came ambling in. I was disgusted on the instant, but I managed to conceal my real feelings and invited him to be seated. He looked all around him to see if I was alone, set his hat on the floor and then accepted my invitation with a kind of

'Thank you," he said, "I only want \* ) see you for a moment." I offered him a pipe, and he declined it I told him my cigars were out. "It doesn't make any difference," he

here to ask you some things about the Burkes.

You and I are old friends, and you will take away even the slight doubt there is in my mind. Are they perfectly respectable?"

my head, but his presumption was paralyzing me. "Thank you again," he proceeded "The reason that I asked you is that I

am going to marry Edith."

master my emotions, but I am proud to say I did it. My reply was cool-almost chilly. "Indeed!" I said. "Has she accepted

It took me a couple of minutes to

"No, because I haven't proposed yet. I have given the matter a good deal of thought, but before I took so serious a step in my life I wanted some such wise old head as yours to advise me. Now I am happy, and we'll get married at

idiot didn't notice that I failed to respond. At the door I managed to ask him this question:

"What makes you believe she'll have

As he turned the stairs I noticed that he had on a suit of new clothes, a white vest and a red necktie. He said something about feeling like a schoolboy, and I rushed back to my room more affronted than I had ever been in my life. I can always think best when I am in bed, and so I undressed and got under covers very quickly. When I had thought diligently for an hour I

marrying him! I'll propose myself to her to-morrow morning. She has been expecting it, I know, for a long time." I didn't sleep very well, and arose a little after seven o'clock. It took me an hour to dress myself, and, having no appetite for breakfast, I only drank a cup of strong coffee. I then walked nearly a mile before I decided what to say, and was barely satisfied with the result. Edith was the sort of a girl to

Mrs. Burke came to the door and was just as much surprised to see me as I thought she would be. "It was very good of you to come so

soon," she said, "and I didn't think

"Knew what?" said L She pulled me inside the hall and looked at me, half smiling and half tearful.

Then I sat down on the hatrack and shook my head. I felt that it was all over and that old Browne had won, and never in my life did 1 suffer so much misery in so small a space of time.

"Then," said Mrs Barke, "I am glad to be able to inform you myself. Edith and Bob are engaged to be married." I arose and sat down again. I thought of many things, but only one sentence struggled through my lips.

it?" I asked. "Ob, yes; but it won't interest him. ing he told me that he would have to give up his room on account of the sun shining in it too brightly in the morning. I am going to turn the whole house, now, over to Edith."-- R. B. Cramer, in Philadelphia Times.

The Obvious Fact of Communication Between the insects. It is no longer necessary to prove the existence of language among insects. What is now of interest is to find out, if we can, the extent and limits of their language, and the ideas and inferences to which it gives rise. It is still a question however, in what way communication is opened and kept up. Is it by rubbing the antennæ together? The movements of the insects make this seem reasonable, yet a professor in nat ural history in Prussia recently stated that ants are provided with a sounding apparatus resembling that of the wasp, by means of which faint sounds suited to the ears of ants are produced.

This remains to be proved. How is it that these small creatures can venture far from the nest, distances that are relatively enormous, and never hesitate about the road to take when they wish to retrace their steps? Learned men who have studied the matter attribute the power to the formic acid given out by the insect as it travels, so that it finds its way in exactly the same way that a fox or a dog

"One day," says M. Levallois, "I followed an ant for a long time. She was far from the ant-hill, and seemed to have no intention of soon returning.

"In the middle of the path she came upon the dead body of a good-sized snail. She first walked all around it. then climbed upon the ugiy creature's back, crawled all over it, and after this thorough examination, instead of going on, immediately returned to the

"The first ant soon entered the nest, and I lost sight of her; but doubtless she continued her work of informing and exciting the rest, for a long line of ants immediately came out and set forth for the prey. Ten minutes afterward the snail was entirely covered with the yellow swarm, and by evening not a trace of it remained."-Youth's Companion.

THERE is no habit of more fungus-like growth than that of melancholy .-Marion Harland.

blunders in its development as the religious. No wonder; it is the greatest of all.-Theodore Parker.

WHEN JIMMY COMES.

When Jimmy comes from school, at four, J-e-r-u-s-u-l-o-m! how things begin To wairi and bozz, and bang and spin, And trighten up from roof to floor: The dog that all day long has lain Upon the back porch wage his tail,

And leaps and barks and begs again

The last scrap in the dinner pail, When Jimmy comes from school. The cupboard-latches clink a tune. And mother from her knitting stirs To tell a hungry boy of hers

That supper wid be ready soon: And then a slab of pie he takes. A cooky, and a quince or two. And for the breezy barnyard breaks. Where everything cries: "How d'y do." When Jimmy comes from school

As if he nows, or thinks he knows, The guineas join the chorus, too. And just teside the window sill The red-bird, swinging out of view,

On his light perch begins to trill. When Jimmy comes from school When Jimmy comes from school, take care! Our hearts begin to throb and quake With life and joy, and every ache

Is gone, before we are aware. The earth takes on a richer hue A softer light falls on the flowers, And overhead a brighter blue

## MARK'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Men. "Confound her!" cried Mark Howell, bursting into the parlor where Mrs. Ward, his married sister, then on a visit to him, was sitting, quietly sewing. 'Confound her, she's always in-

A Story with a Moral for Married

His sister knew well enough of whom he was speaking. He was speaking of his mother-in-law, also on a visit at the Howells'. "Mark," said Mrs. Ward, looking up, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

I am older than you. I have been, in

terfering!"

some respects, a mother to you; and, therefore, I speak plainly. And I must say that I think you lalk scandalously of your mother-in-law." "Why can't she mind her own business?" he said, wrathfully. "Hereshe's been talking May over about the new nurse for Johnnie. The one I like, I'm told, won't do at all; and it's all, I do has pretty manners. Instead, they're to have some sour old thing as prim as

"I confess I am on the side of your mother-in-law," his sister answered, quietly. "The girl you fancied was entirely unfit to be put over Johnnie He'd wind her round his tinger. And I don't believe she cares for anything but dress and admiration."

a drill sergeant and as ugly as a Chinese

This rather staggered Mark, who had been accustomed to regard his sister as the perfection of wisdom, especially in housewifely matters. He looked blank, for a moment, but soon rallied.

"That is not all. She has persuaded May to put long stockings on Johnnie, when there's nothing prettier than to see his fat chubby legs." "Nor anything more unhealthy. I

pity the poor little legs on a cold day. "Unhealthy! Half the children in town go barelegged." "And the consequence is that half those who go barelegged catch colds and fevers from which some never recover. You are fond of your bay mare, Mark; but you are careful in a sharp wind to have a horsecover put on her; while you never think of covering up poor Johnnie's legs, no matter how bit-

ter the day. Do you suppose your child is stronger than your horse?" "But it bardens him," said Mark, a little staggered, nevertheless. "Why wouldn't exposure harden your

mare? No, Mark, you're wrong in both cases, and your mother-in-law is right." Mark bit his mustache and growled: "Rut a fellow doesn't like anybody in terfering between himself and wife. you see. May's mother is very nice, generally, I admit; but let her keep to

her own affairs." "But are not these her own affairs? Johnnie is her grandchild. She naturally wants him to be well brought up, and be healthy; and so in advising your wife about a nurse, and persuading her to cover Johnnie's legs, she is only keeping within the strict line of her duty. You ought to be thankful that there is somebody with greater experience than May, to tell her what to do. No young mother can learn everything at once. Besides, Mrs. Barker has never, so far as I have seen, forced her

opinions on May. Has she?" "No," said Mark. "She doesn't nag. if that's what you mean. But she talks May over." "And naturally. Come, Mark, be

fair. Look at the subject without prejudice." "Not entirely. I think. For example. in both these instances Mrs. Barker only advised what was best. Now I have been here a fortnight and I have never known her to advise May wrong.

advice at all unless she is first asked for it." "It's not only in these two things: it is in plenty of others," retorted Mark going back to the old ground as obstinate people do. "She always takes a different side from me, and always gets May to go with her and against me. Confound her!"

"Now, Mark, don't be silly. Don't

quarrel with May, too, and for no bet-

More than that, she hardly ever gives

ter reason than that she is led, in many things, by her mother. Isn't it natural? I often think how unjust men are to mothers-in-law, as a class. You took May from a home where she had lived for nineteen years, and in which the great authority in all matters, not only on dress and health, but everything, was her mother. She looked up to and believed in her mother, as all good children should. You and I looked up to our mother, and I hope Johnnie will look up to his. Now, though all families hold to the same general principles of morality, though all believe it is wrong to lie, or steal, or covet a neighbor's goods, there is the very greatest diversity of opinions between different families on the minor points of life. This is natural. It is natural, too, that a daughter should hold the same views as her mother about these things, and that, even after marriage, the influence of the home atmosphere should hang about

her. Why, you yourself, on some of these very points, cling more obstinately to the traditions of our family than May does to hers "

"But," said Mark, stubbornly, "a wife ought to adapt herself to her hus-

"Well, even if we grant that we must give her time. She can't undo sists on it. But to insist on minor cessions; for matrimony, like everything else in life, is a matter of give and take. But it is absurd to expect a wife to remodel her whole character in a couple of years. The influence of her mother, of her own family traditions, cannot be shaken off so easily; and a husband is wrong to expect it. Yet this is what you mean, when you say

"So she does." "As a fact, she does not," replied Mrs. Ward, stoutly, looking him resolutely in the face, "and you know she doesn't. You are angry, or you would not say it. May sometimes goes against you, and with her mother; but she much more often follows your taste, even when it is more than an open question. And what does it matter,

"The truth is," said his sister, laughingly, taking up her sewing again, which she had laid down in the heat of necessary you should. You resent interference, and would resent it from anybody, only you make the mother-in-

law the scape-goat." "Well," said Mark, who had recovered his temper by this time, and who had the good sense to acknowledge, at least to himself, that he was in the wrong, "a woman, they say, will always have the last word. So I let you

have it." "What a blessing, though," retorted Mrs. Ward, with another gay laugh, and another shake of the head, "that

ter Honored in the Breach. One of those English customs which would be more honored in the breach than in the observance is that of presenting a lecturer to the audience by a chairman. This unnecessary presiding officer, having read up on the subject, "rises to say a few words of introduc-

squire and a garrulous rector both introduced a lecturer, and their "few words" occupied nearly all the time

board a small American vessel. "The captain, the mate, and a passenger dined together. A roly-poly pud-

'Stranger, do you like ends?' "'Oh, don't ver? Me and my mate

An Englishman, a temperance lecers. The chairman also introduced several speakers whose names were not onthe list, and the audience were tired

ton Road, and I wish you all good night."-Youth's Companion.

PEOPLE.

A sox of Mrs Burnett, who is said to have been the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is to enter Harvard university next fall.

story writer, says that he is satisfied to make two thousand dollars a year with his pen. MRS. TERRY, of Rome, Italy, the mother of Marion Crawford, is said to be the oldest American resident in the

Eternal city. She was living there with her first husband. Thomas Craw ford the sculptor, when Hawthorne wrote "The Marble Faun," in which Mr. Crawford, his identity lightly LORD ROSEBERY has become a milkman, one of the most extensive in Lon-

don, but he does not have his name on his milk wagons, as Lord Rayleigh does, preferring to carry on the trade under the name of his managers. Two other peers who turn an honest penny the same way are Lords Londonderry, retail coal, and Portsmouth, fruit and garden truck. \_ -

## None but scalawage de otherwise, calawag—life is too short. A QUICK RELIEF FOR EVERY TYPE OF

E very headache is a prayer of the crantal neives for mest, - Soothe them with Korr-

type of headache, especa pointed type pecultar to arregularity or aterine irri-require them to stand for

ALCOHOLIG AND STHER EXCESSES, AND ALL KOPFALINE

YOLA E, PINKHAM'S Vegetable slent with the sex, and restores per-

ydis E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

From Pole to Pole

for Americ of your Seraparilla being from your thought you orght to know of the send you the facts. Fig. PALPHY WINGATE. The Trooper's Experience. Arra & Co. Gentlemen: Thave

worship effective blood purifier, a that exallentes the poisons of er, and Contagious Discass Sold by all frangists: Price \$1;

OHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT For FAMILY Use. FOR ARTISTIC Dropped on surar suffering children love to take it. Every Mother should have it in the house, it quickly relieves and cures all aches and pains, asthma, bronchins, colds, coughs, catarrh, cuts, chaps, childrains, colic, cholera morbus, earache, headache, booping cough, indiamonation, la grippe, lameness, mamps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous headache rheumatism, hites, burns, bruises, strains, surains stimes awellings stiff joints are threat

Family Physician.

Bave, satisfied everybody for nearly a comhave, satisfied everybody for nearly a comAll who use it are amazed at its wonderful power.

It is safe, soothing, satisfying, so say sick,
sensitive sufferers. Used Internal and External,
sensitive sufferers. 

STRIONS to GOOD MEN.
BUS EMENTS to REC'INNERS.
TLEETORY GIVEN IF DE-Hawks Norsery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Even from the night itself, shall come

Passed from the earth painless and peace-

even thus some day, insensibly and slow

Familiar round them. Only with that morn Shall on us break a folier consciou ness, Such sense of deeper life on I light be born, t must with joy in affable powers.

-Stuart Sterne, in Century.

The stout ship Falcon, leaning galantly to the wind, was making her way down the channel, bound for America. The saits had been reefal, the cables coited, and everything made soug for the night. Cap. Essex, deased, as an old sailor always is when his vessel is well away from the dangers of the land, and making good and fro on his quarter deck, gruffly humming a little song, the greater part of which was lost in his thick, bushy beard, though now and then

"Hello!" exclaimed Capt. Essex.

first, and then-but what is that?" "The stowaway, sir," was the reading between them a very small The anger in the captain's face gave

"Who are you and where did you some from? Speak up, now! No non-"I'm Joby-Job Oliver, sir," said the boy, between sobs, which he vainly enleavored to choke down. "I live in

The good captain could maintain his gravity no longer. A smile lighto up his rugged reatures as ne said, "There, there, Joby, keep your mou-

> your history?" "What's the use?" drawled the pupil; "they're never going to get it finished. They're making it now!"-Bos

To sever the ties That at present comprise

How different we Could we know of the future awaiting The life that our hopes are creating How many a word

Would its feelings impart How many a seifish emotion To joyiully bear

Chifford Howard, in Ladies' riome Journal

Vixation and care

sort. I live two doors from her house, and I drop in to see her and Mrs. Burke at least once a week. Even her martime, did not separate us for very long, of the wedding and have been calling

same, and, although he is two years younger than I am, I being fiftyone now, we both have held the same positions for twenty years. Browne weighs more than two hundred pounds,

The Lord only knows how I looked at him as he hesitated for a moment. "I have seen enough of them," he went on, "to believe that they are perfeetly responsible people-otherwise I would not have taken lodging there.

said. 'Td rather not smoke. I came

Somehow or other I managed to nod

you?"

once. He shook hands with me, and the old

He seemed astonished. "Have me!" he repeated. "Why, she's been after me ever since she knew me. I'll settle it to-morrow evening."

turned over and said this to myself: "The old fat beast. The idea of her

be particular about such things, and I wanted to please her fancy.

von knew it vet ' "Didn't you come to-er-congratu late anybody?"

"Does-does old Browne know about Before he went down town this morn-

LANGUAGE OF ANTS.

"When half-way home she met one of her companions. In an instant they had touched or rubbed antennæ with great animation, and she was pursuing her course. The same performance took place when she met a second and a third, and as soon as she had left them they quickly turned toward the spot where the snail lay.

PITH AND POINT.

EVIL, once manfully fronted, ceases to be evil; there is generous battle-hope in place of dead, passive misery; the evil itself has become a kind of good .-Carlyle.

I was educated to regard liberty as an evil; I have learned to regard it as a good. That is a formula which sufficiently explains all the changes of my political convictions.-Giadstone.

The rooster on the garden fence Struts up and down, and crows and crows.

takes her mother's side." Seems bent above this world of ours, When Jimmy comes from school:

-James N. Matthews, in Ladies' Home Jour

> after all? For I am talking of things indifferent in themselves. A man ought to be too much of a man to want to tyrannize over his wife in little things of that kind."

it's a sister, in this case, who will have the last word, and not a mother-inlaw!"-Woman's Journal.

An English Custom Which Might Be Bet-

which had been allotted to the lecture. The lecturer, however, was equal to the occasion. He spoke about twenty minutes, and then, looking at his watch, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I must now

ding was placed on the table, and the captain said to the passenger: does;' and the captain cut the pudding in two, giving one end to the mate and appropriating the other." The audience saw the point, and heartily ap-

out, when he said: "Mr. Bailey will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bailey, rising, "is 45. Loughborough Park, Brix-

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, Who ranks with Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page as a southern

veiled, figures conspicuously.

band's tastes." the work of nineteen years in a few months, or even a year or two. In matters that involve no question of right or wrong it is generally wise for a wife to yield to her husband, if he inthings too much is neither wise nor fair. There ought to be mutual con-

that May always goes against you and

Mark began, by this time, to realize that he had the worst of the argument, so he made no reply, but stroked his mustache-a favorite trick with his kind in similar circumstances.

discussion, "you are jealous. That's the whole story. You want to monopolize every look, and word, and action, and even thought, of May's. You want to be master, to the minutest detail. You are like most young husbands in this, however; and 1 will not be too hard on you. It is this very jealousy that is at the bottom of the general dislike on the part of new husbands towards mothers-in-law. You lords of creation, even in matters which ought to be left entirely to the women, fret and champ the bit, when a woman comes in the nick of time to take things in hand. You fret and champ the more, when the woman is the one most fit to interfere-a motherin-law. You don't like to play second fiddle," with two or three merry shakes of the head, "even when it is

INTRODUCING A LECTURER.

tion," and sometimes anticipates some of the lecturer's best points. In an English village a loquacious

leave that I may catch my train, but I will ask your permission before I depart to suggest for your consideration an occurrence which took place on

plauded. turer, was invited to speak on total abstinence. Being nobody in particular, he was placed last on the list of speak-