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And Reaffired, Jame 1, 1883.

DR J C Arrin & Co.—Twenty years ago 1
was harpes, or in the North Parific, when five
slices if like new and myself were taid up with
kurry. Our badies were hiested, gimes swollen
and decding, teeth house, purple blotches aft
works, an our breath seemed retten. Take it
by and large we were pretty badiy off. All our
line mess was a cidentially destroyed, but the
Option had a comple dozen bottles of Arrai's
Eanwayshilk sed gave us that. We recovyed in it quicker than I have ever seen men
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equally "abuable in Constitution, curing and pre-venting this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach at mulate the

Achethey would be almost priceless to those who enfar from this distressing complaint; but for in-naisty their goodness does note to here, and those who encetry them will find these little pills valu-shle in so many ways that they will not be wil-ling to do without them. But after all sick head

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

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

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1794.

1894.

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"OUT OF SCHOOL."

The clock strikes we in my parlor, With its soft and divery chime; There are vokes and merry burnter, And almow that now is the time When three I tile rog ish pro, le, Whose tast's for the day are o'er, Will run up the old oak staircase And in at my open door.

Their fond little arm; are round me: Soft lies to my own are pressed; Two treht little I usling faces With mergical smiles are dressed Bar one is so sad and tearful, As it lies against my own.

And the poor if tie h art, and tender, Thus utters its childish moan: "Oa, why, mamma, do you send me

Where the hours are all so long? I try so hard with the lessons, But I always get them wrong. At home, with you, I am happy, But there I must keep the rule When I am a great grown lady,

I never will go to school ' Oh, how shall I tell my baby, With her sheaf of golden hair. With the soul through her bright eyes shining. So free from sorrow and care,

That my lessons are only longer, And sterner and strict it the rule That we who are great grown ladies. We never are 'out of school."

-M. E. Van Duyne, in Hurper's Bazar.

A LOVER'S QUARREL. The Story of a Jealous Girl and

Her Lesson. "Don't touch me or speak to me," aid Nina Wilbur, as her betrothed husband, Ashton Craig, came up the steps

of the low veranda of the "Farmer's "Oh. I mean it. I am not one who does not know when she has been inulted."

"Nina, you do not know anything yet." said Ashton. "When I have told

"Told me?" said Nina. "Well, I scarcely need telling. You invite me to the races, and when you are almost there leave me alone here until they "I left you to save a life," said Ash-

"The girl was not thrown out," said Nina "It was well enough for you to stop the horses and carry her in when she pretended to raint, but to send me a note telling me to stop where I was until you came for me, and stay all this while-why, as I said, it is an offense

evond forgiveness." "As I said, you know nothing about said young Craig. "If the girl had been killed there were plenty to take care of her beside

her escort, whom the people told the landlady was not hurt, though he was thrown out. "Oh, I've been nearly wild with mortification, and that good old soul-ignorant, of course, but so sympathetic-

how she has pitied me!" " 'You don't seem the sort to be used so, miss,' she said. I'm going to give you her very words, plain as they were, and so impressive. 'You don't know PITTSBURG, PA, men folks vet, my dear,' she said. When you are my age you will, to your cost. That gal that was run away with is one of the sort that come to the races in crowds. When they get their eyes on a well-dressed young man they don't take 'em off in a hurry. She came to quick enough once she got things the way she liked 'em, and he's been with her on the grand stand all this time, while you've been cooling your heels here, my dear.' That's what she-an experienced old grandmother

> -told me." "Blessed old lady," sa'd Ashton, "and on accept her views?" "Why, as she said, if all had been right you'd have sent some one to being me over, instead of telling me to stay here," said Nina, "and she said things like that often happened, only usually

the parties 'were all much of a muchness;' of course I don't know exactly what she means by that," faltered Nina. "Exactly!" "Not exactly-but it is evident that few hours' intercourse with an ex-

perienced old lady like that is a liberal ducation for a respectable girl." "Well, you prefer this version to any

I can offer," said Ashton, coldly. "Oh, you cannot slip out of it like that," said Nina. "I hope you have had some lunch, Ashton said, ignoring her remark.

"Sne made me take some salt clam soup and a miserable piece of pie. said Nina. "If I had had my nurse with me I should have paid my bill and gome home, but I was not prepared for

this insulting conduct." Ashton walked away and paid the bill, and soon the vehicle in which they were to return was ready. But all the way home he kept perfect silence, and made no attempt either to explain anything or seek forgiveness. Nina was visting an aunt, and at the door of this lady's residence he paused, assisted her to alight and drove away with a very polite bow,

never once looking back, as she saw plainly. By this time she, being a woman, was nearly mad to hear from his lips what had happened-to listen to some story which might give her a chance to

forgive him. Realty, it seemed impossible, when she thought the matter quietly over, that Ashton could have played so low

and shabby a trick. The old woman had influenced her strangely. At best it was very wrong of him-very unkind-but if he had only confessed the truth and pleaded and offered excuses-at least she would have been able to play a dignified part.

Now she felt that she had neither spoken nor behaved as a lady shouldno, not kindly, as one should even to a friend. She should have listened to him be

fore she burst out into that tirade, and she entered her aunt's house with such a face that that lady cried: Why, what's the matter-where is Mr. Craig-why didn't he come in? I've a lovely high tea ready. Why, Nina, I believe you've quarreled with

"Don't speak of Mr. Craig," said Nina; "he is the most contemptible creature-I wish I had never seen And then she burst into tears and

was forced to tell the story-her version of it, of course. She meant it to be the true one, but in the case of a quarrel, people are apt to make the best story for themselves,

in very self-defense. "We were very near the race course, she said, 'when a carriage clashed past us-the gentleman was thrown and

the lady was in danger. Ashton made me alight and go into a little country hotel by the roadside-then dashed on, and, somehow, I cannot tell how, stopped the horses. The girl was not thrown, and I saw Ashton take her in his arms and carry her up the steps of an elegant hotel not far away. Later he sent me a note, telling me not to come over on any account, but to stay where I was until he came for me.

made neither explanation nor apology." "Why, that seems impossible, Nina," said her aunt. "What did you say?" "Well, I was not very amiable," said Nina. "Eut could you expect that?"

He came, after the races were over, and

The aunt shook her head. "He should have explained," she said. Nina could not bring herself to tell her aunt what the old landlady had suggested, or that she had actually repeated her words to Ashton. It all seemed so low and coarse, now that she thought it over.

"I suppose he forgot me," she said. "In that case," said her aunt, "never forgive him; I would not." And Nina went to her room in tears, and, during the wakeful night, resolved to return Ashton's ring on the morrow, which she did by express, with a scorn-

ful word or two written upon the most elegant note paper in her possession. After this she told her aunt that she would go home at once; and that lady, who, though delighted to entertain a niece who was in a cheerful mood, had an aversion to tears and low spirits, agreed that it was perhaps the best thing she could do under the circumstances to go home to her dear mamma,

who would give her the best advice pos-Poor Nina! As, her journey over, she walked up the garden path leading to the door of her suburban home, how heavy was her heart. She began to realize what the old minister and her grandfather meant by saying "all is

vanity." She had been so proud of Ashton and of her engagement to him, and she was ashamed to tell her friends that all was over, and then the heartbreak

Now that there was no going back. she felt that she could forgive him almost anything. And just as she came to this there was a sudden rush of sisters down the path, a kissing and embracing and incoherent cries of: "Oh! she's ever so much better; there's not the least reason to be anxious. We knew you'd come at once. But, oh! how pale you are. And don't you feel proud of Ashton?"

Nina simply stared at them. "What has happened?" she cried. "She doesn't know," cried the younger

"Ma made Ashton promise not to tell her until this morning," said the eldest. "But what did he say to make you come?" said the third sister. "Oh! you ought to be proud of him;

but for him it is terrible to think how we might be grieving now," said the middle sister. "You know Cousin Rodney came to ask ma to go to the races with him," said the eldest sister.

"And we made her go," said the

"And he didn't understand the horses," sad the middle sister. "It was a new team." "We'll never speak to him again,"

voungest

said all three together. And they ran away. "Oh, good heavens! Was that mother? Was Rodney driving her?" panted Nina.

"How noble; he inever told-he kept his promise," said the elder sister. "Yes dear, and Rodney's head was cut open." "Served him right," cried the chorus. "And ma fainted away, and the docters thought her dead."

They all began to cry. "When Ashton brought her home we all shricked," said the youngest. "But she is onite well-only we make her lie down, you know, and she'il be so glad

we were not frightened." "Ashton is the noblest creature." chorused the sisters, and Nina, turning as red as she had been pale before,

burst into tears. "And I am the meanest," she confesse !. "I did not know whom he had rescued, and I quarreled with him for staying away all day, and sent him back his ring this morning."

"Ch." grouned the chorus, "I don't believe he will ever forgive you, and you do not deserve it!" But just then, looking up, whom did they see entering at the gate but Ashton Craig. And the look he gave them convinced them that he was not in a

very angry mood. Indeed, when poor Nina turned her tear-filled eyes toward him and held out her trembling hands it was impossible for him not to melt outright, and the sisters knew that the best thing to be done was to leave the two together, which they did. And shortly after Nina and Ashton knelt beside the mother's couch, hand in hand, and on Nina's finger shone once more her engagement ring.

"Don't cry; I'm perfectly well, and only ashamed of having fainted from fright." the mother said.

But Nina could not have given a name to all the emotions that mingled in her bosom and sent such a shower of shin ing tears down her smooth cheeks. Only she knew that she was at once ashamed and comforted, and that for the first time since their engagement she fully realized how well she loved her betrothed husband and how glad she was that she was soon to be his wite - Kansas City Times.

The Way of the World. See that man? He is broke. He was not always so. He used to hold his

head high in the air and as far above his fellow men as he possibly could. He doesn't do so now, because he hasn't got the wherewith. The people with whom he used to associate still know him, but their greetings are not as warm and cordial as they used to be. You may have money to-day and you will have friends. When the former go the latter soon follow. If the latter go first they will invariably have the former in their possession. The moral of this is, not to speculate. - Buffalo Times.

A Fi-ting Term.

day; and if that isn't working like a

horse, what is?"

"Why do you use such peculiar terms?" asked a lawyer's wife of her husband, who had returned worn out by his day's labors. "I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse." "Well, my dear," he replied, 'I've been drawing a conveyance all

THE WESTERN EXPRESS. Why its Delay Caused a Happy Marriage.

"I love her, mother," said Guion Esternall. He was not, in a general way, much of a talker. Consequently, when he spoke, his words had the weight of sense and rarity. But Mrs Esterhall, the fine old lady who sat erect before the clear, sea-coal fire, was too much

excited to consider all this "The wife of my son, Guion," said she, "should be a lady, born and brednot one of those girls who have had to fight the world until all gentleness, grace and unselfishness are ground out of them. No, I can never give my con-

The young man smiled slightly. "Mother," said he, "the diamond itself hardly possesses its true financial value until the facets are ground with much friction." "Humph!" said Mrs. Esterhall. "No

one is talking of diamonds." "I may bring her to see you, mother?" Mrs. Esternall snook her head. "I have no desire to receive her," said "But, Guy, here are the tickets for Henry Irving to-night. Carrie Chip-

half-past seven to be our escort?" "If you wish it, mother." The old lady smiled to herself when Guion was gone. "A little management," she thought, "a little judicious firmness, and Guy

pendale has promised to accompany me

of course, you will be on hand at

will get over this boyish fancy of his. The idea of a shop girl for my daughter-in-law-for Mrs. Guion Esterhail! I think the lad must have taken leave of his senses!" And in her secret heart she rejoiced with an exceeding great rejoicing when Miss Chippendale arrived that evening.

in a pale-blue moire gown, cut decollete, with a glittering necklace around her perfect white throat, and a bunch of hothouse roses in her cors ge. "If we are to have a private box." said Miss Chippendale, buttoning the se enteenth button of her glove, "one

may as well go in full dress, don't you

know?" "My dear, you are looking lovely," said Mrs. Lsterhail, approvingly. Miss Chippendale was a sort of human camelia japonica-fair, graceful and serene-with big, expressionless blue eyes, cherry-red lips, flax-gold hair, drawn in fluify crimps over her forehead, and an unchanging society smile perpetually hovering around her lips. She had been highly educated, and she was destined by her parents to make a brilliant match. The Chippendates belonged to the aristocracy-that is to say, they had never done any work and had always spent a great deal of money. And Mrs. Esterhall

had decided that Carrie Chippendale was the very wile for her son. She went shopping the next day, to match a shade of Berlin wool, to buy some face flounces and to decide on new portieres for her drawing-room down at Esterball manor. At one or two o'clock she experienced, not hunger, but a lady-like sensation that "tired nature" needed some sort of "sweet

"I will go into Maricotta's," she thought. Maricotta's was full, as it generally was at that time of day; but presently the old lady succeeded in obtaining a seat in a curtained angle, where the waiter took her order for a chicken salad and a cup of tea. Just then she heard a clear, low voice on the other side of the drapery, as a party settled themselves to a table-Miss Chippendale's

restoration."

soft, well-modulated tones. "Oh, yes, Irving was very fine," said Carrie. "Oysters, please-a box-stew for one and fritters for two and three cups of Vienna chocolate, nicely frothed, waiter-but all the same, I nearly died of canui. The old lady is the most dreadful bore you ever knew. and Guy is a regular prig. Handsome you know, and very talented, of course; but one don't want to be on full-dress parade as to one's brains the whole time. He isn't half as nice as Freddie Fortune-only poor dear Fred hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and papa

looks thundercloud; at me whenever he ealls. But once I'm married, it-" A chorus of well-bred giggling interrupted Carrie's words. Mrs. Esterhall rose hurriedly from her seat, grasped her gloves and eyeglasses and made all haste out of the restaurant. When the waiter came with the chicken-salad and the tea he found his customer gone. The unconscious Miss Chippendale and her friends enjoyed their Vienna chocolate and oyster fritters very

much indeed. Mrs. Esterhall decided to return to the manor at once. Carrie Chippendale's grace, ul treachery had affected her more than she had deemed possible; and, leaving a hastily written note to explain to Guion that she had al tered her plans, she took the late express, which reached Clevedon Junetion at nine, there connecting with a branch train for Esterhalistation. She was traveling alone, as her maid remained to pack up the last things and

follow her the next day. There had been a heavy snow-fall, the night had settled down dark and tempestuous, and the train was runnin g behind time. At last it came to a full stop. Mrs. Esterhall started from a doze and looked anxiously around

"Ten o'clock!" some one said, con sulting a watch. "Why, conductor, we are due at Clevedon at five minutes before nine!"

"Yes, I know, sir," spoke the official, but the road is all blocked, and the vestern express is overdue at this point. We're waiting here for the signal to move on." "And what's to keep us from waiting

all night?" petulantly inquired the old gentleman. "Nothing, sir-unless the western express Is heard from." Mrs. Esterhall began to be a little

frightened. "Conductor," said she, "is there any danger of a collision?" "No, ma'am-not as long as we're on this side of the switch " "Isn't there a dining car attached to this train?"

"No, ma'am-this isn't the through

express, but I hope we shall not be detained here much longer," the conductor cheerfully added. Slowly the minutes dragged themselves by, gradually lengthening into hours. The passengers gathered in knots and whispered. One or two of

the more adventurous spirits got out, peered into the darkness, fleeked only by the driven snow, and then got in again, with the customary uncomplimentary comments on the railway management. Mrs. Esterhalt was nervous and unaccustomed to travel. She

began to cry softly behind her veil. "Ah," she thought, "if ever I live to get safe home again, I'll stay there. I'll never tempt Providence more, on

these night roads." Across the aisle two young girls were seated-the one pale-faced and rather plain, as Mrs. Esterhall had already noticed by the light of the cluster of lamps under which they were seated: the other a brilliant young brunette, with soft hazel eyes, peachy cheeks, and wavy dark-brown hair, brushed carelessly back from a low, broad forehead. Presently the latter rose, and, coming to Mrs. Esterhall's side, asked in a soft, sympathetic voice:

"Are you ill, madam?" "N-no," stammered the old lady, quite forgetful of her society dignity. "Only I am so faint and weary. I expected to dine at home, long before this hour; and I took almost nothing to eat

-before I started." "I have some nice, homemade chicken sandwiches in my bag," suggested the pretty girl. "My aunt jusisted on my taking them, although I dined heartsly before leaving home; and I have a little alcohol lamp with every convenience for making a good, strong cup of tea as well. If you will allow me to prepare it for you-

Mrs. Esterhall was a genuine tea maniae. A new brightness came into her eyes at this suggestion. "You are very kind," said she. "But

you will want it yourseif." "No," smiled the girl. "I don't care for tea. But my kind old aunt would put the things in. Now I am glad that she did so."

In five minutes Mrs. Esterball had eaten and drunk and felt infinitely refreshed. How it happened she did not pause to question herself, but she presently found herself reclining comfortably, with her head on a pillow improvised out of the folded blanket shawl that belonged to the young girl; and, mingled with her drowsy reflections, came the soft, low murmurs of the sweet-eyed brunette, who had changed the one directly back of Mrs. Esterhall, and was talking almost in a

whisper. "No, I am not going back; and I do not intend to communicate my address to anyone."

"Not even to him?" "No, not even to him." "But he loves you, dear."

"Yes; and that is the very reason I am determined to create no dissension between him and his friends. Perhaps he will forget me.' "He will never do that." "But at least I shall feel that I have

done my duty," said the bazel-eyed girl.

firmly. "I shall love him to the end of his days, but I shall not have ruined his future." "And all this," cried the companion, "out of deference to the whims of an old woman whom you have never seen!" "Out of deference to his mother, Alice," gently corrected the first

speaker. "What a quixotic notion!" dreamily mused Mrs. Esterhall. "But she has an excellent idea of duty, this dark-eyed

"That is you, all over, Effie! ' said the friend. "You are always effacing yourself in favor of some one else. Here you are giving all your tea and sandwiches to a person you have never heard of, abandoning your seat to a poor little woman with a crying baby. because it is a trifle nearer the stove, and, to cap everything, giving up the

man you love and who loves you, because-"Because it is my duty," said Effic. Please, Alice, don't let us discuss the matter any longer. It is because I love Guy that I am willing to sacrifice every-

thing for his sake." "Guy! Bless my soul! Guy!" thought Mrs. Esterhall, sitting suddenly up. "But, of course, there are other Guys than mine in the world." Just then there was a tremble of the

frozen ground under them, a roar and rush of lighted cars past them. "The western express at last!" shouted the choleric old gentleman, bobbing up in his seat like an india-rubber ball. "All abo-o-ard!" bawled the conductor, with a twitch at the bell-rope; and on moved the train at last, creaking and groaning like some monster serpent in pain. Mrs. Esterball leaned

over the back of the seat, toward the hazel-eyed girl. "My dear," said she, between the throbs of the engine, "is it Guion Esterhall that you are speaking of?"

The girl started and colored. She could not repress a cry of surprise. "Yes, I thought so. Come over here and sit by me. I am his mother, and

I want to talk to you." It was two o'clock in the morning when they reached Esterbail station, but the covered sleigh was waiting for them, with hot soapstone foot-warmers and about half a ton of fur robes and wrappings. And Effic Dallas stepped into the luxurious conveyance with Mrs. Esterhall, for the old lady had insisted on taking Effic nome with

her to the manor. "She is such a contrast in every way to that selfish, cold-hearted Chippendale giri," said Mrs. Esterhall. "I'll telegraph to Guion at once. Really, it does seem as if there was a special providence in our train being kept so long waiting for the western express

As if there is not a "special providence" in everything that bappens in this world of ours!-Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

The Compass Plant.

On the western prairie is found what is called the compass plant, which is of great value to travelers. The long leaves at the base of its stem are placed, not flat, as in plants generally, but in a vertical position, and present their

edges north and south. The peculiar propensity of the plant is attributed to fact that both surfaces of its leaves display an equal receptivity for light (whereas the upper surfaces of the leaves of most plants are more sensitive to light than the lower); the leaves thus assume a vertical position, and point north and south. Travelers on dark nights are said to feel the edges of the leaves to as ertain the point of the

#### STORY OF A STORY.

A Lost Manuscript and How It Was Reproduced.

The lot of a manuscript reader for a great magazine soon gets to be as joyless as that of a "taster" for a tea-importing house. He loses all zest for literature, while at the some time an almost painfully acute sensitiveness to literary flavor possesses him. He cannot help detecting the most exquisite fragrances and aromas of the author's art, but it is too often with the feeling of the victim of rose-fever who is compelled to pass through a garden in full

bloom. It was somewhat remarkable, there fore, that Payson Dewey, reader for the Midland Magazine, should have slipped into his pocket the manuscript of a story he had been reading, with the intention of taking it home and sharing his enjoyment of it with his wife and niece. If it had not been a unique as well as delightful story. Mr. Dewey would certainly not have thus departed from his usual custom of leaving the shop behind him when his work for the day was done. For he had reached the point where the conventional story, no matter how eleverly done, only nauseated him. Of course he could pronounce upon it, as a professional critic, without the least personal bias; but for himself he would have enjoyed flinging every story of a certain popular type into the fire.

Here was a tale, however, completely and decidedly sai generic. It was told without dialect, and, what is still more remarkable, without dialogue. The characters did not jump up, bow. squeak and retire as their strings vere pulled. Indeed, there were but two characters in the story and these were never allowed to appear, either singly or together, without the personal chaperonage of the author. Their story was told for them in the sweetest, simplest, quaintest way; and finally they were sent away, hand in hand, as unaffectedly happy as two Arcadian lovers. Then the author bowed to the reader, presented him with a tail-piece, and retired without even giving his full name. But the initials were those of a young and very popular story-writer, and Payson Dewey, from his interior relations with the sanctum, knew that

the story was written by this man. On the way from the magazine office to Mr. Dewey's home, the manuscript

was lost. It was useless to speculate how it happened. Looking at the stain of spilt milk fills nobody's thimble. There s precious little satisfaction in these retroactive imaginings. What comfort can it be to a man, who has fallen and broken his leg, to have a series of snapshot photographs of the curve he described in falling? Yet people always try to assuage their feelings in this way, when they have experienced a disaster. Payson Dewey did. He spent the whole evening speculating, with his wife and his niece, Vida, how that manuscript could have gotten out of his pocket. Perhaps it was pulled out? Perhaps it slipped out? Perhaps it went through?-no, that could not be; there was no hole in the pocket, and manuscripts, presumably, have attained no mastery over the fourth dimension

of space. The conclusion of the whole matter was, after all, that the manuscript was lost. When Payson Dewey went back to the Midland office in the morning, he had to tell the editor in chief that he had lost the manuscript of the story, "All in a Nutshe I." Of course, the editor looked grave and vexed. "There are just two things to bedone, Dewey," he said, "and I will leave you to do them both. First, advertise in all the evening papers, and again to-morrow morning (it ought to have been done this morning), for the story. Offer as tempting a reward for its return as -as you care to pay. The other thing is to write to the author. Tell him frankly that you have lost his manuscript. Ask him if he has another copy, or a rough draft, and then offerprovided the story is not found within

a week-to stand the expense of having another copy made for us." None of the advertisements brought the lost manuscript, which was a pity. for they cost Payson Dowey six hardcarned dol ars. In two days a decided ly wrathy letter came from the author.

"MR PAYSON DEWEY, DOAR Sir, I must be permitted to say that your carcle such a la inck usable, and seems likely to cost me the oss of one of my best product ons. I should cannot find it. You, or the Mediansi Macazine must bear the responsibility. What do you propose to do about it?"

"What do I propose to do, Jane?" asked Mr. Dewey of his wife, pathetically. "Pay him what the Midland would

have given for the story." replied Mrs. Dewey, promptly, "and let that end the matter. You can wear your old suit all summer to offset the loss and I will make over my dresses and bonnet, and none of us will go to the seaside, as we proposed." Mr. Dewey sighed from the bottom of his waistcoat, but he wrote a letter,

nevertheless, offering to pay for the story at the Midland's "special rates," or terms for solicited matter of high grade. This would be about two hundred dollars. In due time came the reply: "Money is the least satisfactory equivalent

you could offer. I really cannot afford to lose

this unique story. You must either and it or

Mrs. Dewey's eyes flashed when her husband read to her this petulant and unreasonable note. "Very well!" she cried. "We will reproduce it-at least, I will. And it will not be the first story I have written, either. Now. Payson, I want you to give me, as fully and definitely as possible, a sketch of the motif, incidents and characters of 'All in a Nut-hell.' The story struck you so forcibly that you must be able to remember a good deal of it in outline. Give me an idea, too, of the method of treatment, style, atmosphere, etc. Cudgel your brains, and

then I will endgel mine." Payson Dewey did endgel his brains. He was able to give his wife a reasonably adequate idea of the plot, method or treatment and style of composition of "All in a Nutshell:" but the characters of the story bafiled him-especially the girl. He t ied for a long time to give his wife some concrete idea of this central figure and the exquisitely sympathetic way in which she had been treated. All at once, however, a flash of revelation and surprise lighted Mr. Dewey's face, and he exclaimed:

"I declare! Come to think of it, she was exactly like our Vida-looked like her, talked like her, thought like her, neted like her, and had the same sweet, helpful, generous disposition, combined with an idealizing and poet-

ical way of looking at things. If you

can only make a vivid, characteristic

picture of Vida, you will equal or sur-

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pass the author's delineation of his "Hush!" , whispered Mrs. Dewey. "Vida is in the dining-room setting the

table for brenkfast." "What of it?" demanded Mr. Dewey. "She ought to be thankful to get into literature -especially under the auspices of two as brilliant writers as will be represented in 'All in a Natshell" " And he nudged his wife styly. The fact is, Mr. Dewey had such unbounded confidence in his better half that if she had announced her intention of rejuvenating the moon, he would have joyfully and unhesitatingly indorsed her ability to do so. The scheme of reproducing "All in a Nutshell," even verbatim et literatim (or practically so) already began to look entirely feasible, and Mr. Dewey's spirits rose

accordingly. Sweet little Vida Dewey! She was entirely unconscious of being put into a story; and yet she wondered sometimes, during those days in which her aunt was agonizing over the reincarnation of Mr. -- 's heroine, why the keen gray eyes followed her every novement so closely, and why for hours Mrs. Dewey would keep her talking about a thousand commutic things which had never before been discussed between them.

At length the story was completed, and one evening, when Vida had gone to singing school, Mrs. Dewey read it, with palpitating eagerness, to her hus-

"Jane!" cried Mr. Dewey, when his wife's voice had died tremmously away upon the last syllable of the reproduction, "your woman's intuition has made you absolutely clarvoyant! Why, you have reproduced the story so faithfully that I could have said, did I not know the circumstances, that you had found and were reading the original manuscript!" Mr. Dewey was so elated, so rejoiced, that he took his wife in his arms and hogged her; an impulsive nethat were enough in themselves to compensate her for all the pangs of author-

It was a daring thing to do-perhaps not altogether ethically excusable; but Payson Dewey, instead of sending the reproduction to the author of "All in a Nutshell," reported favorably upon the story to the assistant editor of the Midland, who, in the absence of his chief upon a summer vacation trip, read the manuscript-new to him-liked it also, and passed it on to be put in type. Then the perfictions Mr. Dewey wrote to the author that his lost manuscript had been discovered, accepted, and would

appear in due time in the Midland Magazine. It was November before the story appeared. The author read it, as he habitually read his own productions, with entire satisfaction and a degree

of pleasure quite consonant with an after-dinner eigar. Indeed, "All in a Nutshell" proved to be more gratifying to him than be had expected. "Marion is exquisitely sketched," he said to himself. "I knew while I was writing the story thatwithout distinct purpose, perhaps-1 was painting my ideal of maidenhoodthe girl I should like to marry, if I could ever find her - Gad!" he exclaimed, running down the page, "what a touch that is! It really doesn't seem possible that I could have put it quite so neatly and 'to the manner born.' with my merely theoretical knowledge

of women." A second reading of the story plunged the famous young man into a still more skeptical admiration of himself. What a lucky thing it was that the man Dewey persevered until he found the lost manuscript," he cried. "This is really the best thing I ever did-this picture of Marion. Confound it, though! did I do it? I couldn't have known some of these things about girls unless I dreamed them. However, I'll settle it. I'll find that first draft, if it's under

er I really do know what I seem to know about women or not!" About a week after the appearance of "All in a Nutshell" in the Midland Magazine, Payson Dewey received this note from the author of "All in a Nut-

this roof. I am bound to know wheth-

My DEAR MR DEWEY-I have found the original draft of "All in a Nutshell," and hav-ing compared it with the story as it appears in the November Midian's, find that the two resemble each other about as closely as a paper snowstorm in a theater resembles Emerson's mmortal picture of a winter night. Whoever reproduced my story has done it with a master hand and I congratulate myself and my un-known collaborator. Now I know that the demeator of the improved Marion had a nying bro thing, propinguitous model for the lovely picture, and I simil forgive you the treachery of which you have been builty only on the condition that you tell me who rewrote "All in a Marion. I am invaraget. If you do not make a clean breast of it, I will hold you liable to all the penalties and retributions of literary

forgery. Yours expectantly, "I declare! Who would have thought it," exclaimed Mrs. Dewey, when eight months later the famous vonne story writer had asked and received permission to wed Mr. Dewey's lovely niece and ward. "Vida is so happy, tooand so curious to know how it all came about! It seems she never read my story in the Midland, or perhaps she

might have guessed." "Your story?" cried Mr. Payson. "Certainly," replied his wife, complacently. "Does the pearl still belong o the oyster when a wiser squebody has found it and polished it into a gem?"-James Buckham, in Springfield

(Mass.) Republican. FROM MANY SOURCES.

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are seven times stronger than lions.

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