JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1894.

and her lips moved.

Aunt Keziah nodded.

she spoke

zinh'

nodded shyly. Then Mother Sheflo ut-

terred in rapid monotone the words she

seemed to have been saving to her-

self. Her eyes were still on the flames.

The wind shricked in the chimney as

and Marthy Allan-your mother, Ke-

"Twas Beeky and Mary Anna Steele

"All a-bakin' in the kitchen, a-gettin'

ready for the weddin'. Big cakes and

little cakes, an' hams, an' pies, an'

chickens-rows an' rows of 'em. Marthy

Allan a-reddin' up 'n' puttin' spruce and

pine over the pictures, an' wipin' chiny,

an' me in the winder. All day in the

winder, lookin' 'cross the bay. Break-

ers like them a roarin' now. Hear 'em!

Listen to 'em! That's the kind! They'll

wash 'em m! It was John Allan come

runnin' up the path. I saw the wind

bring him along. He burst in with the

wind and spray, an' Marthy Allan

"There's a boat yonder,' he says-

"'Hush!' says Mary Anna, noddin' at

the winder, an' John Alian throws up

his arms and runs out, 'n' I after him.

an' Marthy an' Mary Anna comin' be-

hind. Av, but 'twas gettin' dack, an' a

monster sea was roarin'. We all stayed

out a-waitin' for the boat. It got

mighty dark, dark as night, an' we

couldn't see a thing. I got a lantern

out o' the kitchen an' climbed the bel-

fry stairs unbeknown to 'em all. Ugh,

but the bats hit hard an' screeched

like all of 'em was doin' out yonder on

shore! They hit my face and blinded

my eyes, but I didn't mind. I set the

lamp in the winder an' went down

again-down, down. It shone far on:

to the boat. Ugh, how the breakers

fought that night! He always could

manage a boat, couldn't he, Keziah?"

"So I've heard tell," said Aunt Ke-

"All were screechin' for light. They

might ha' reached 'em. John Allan said

so. They wouldn't let me go out 'n the

water with one. I'd ha' done it, bur

'twas ali John Alian a-holden' me on

shore. But they were all washed in

with the mornin'. Aha, they couldn't

hold me then! 'Don't let her go!' cries

Marthy, a-bangin' to me. But dala't I

fling her down, an' away I went to

Come early to the weddin? They

wouldn't let me carry him, John Alian

wouldn't, but I went along, an' my hair

blowin' on his face. I put on my white

freels, an' my wreath on my hair-

"An' I laughed at Marthy Allan an'

Mary Anna a-cryin' an' wringin' their

-the old woman suddenly turned her

eves from the fire, with a return of rea-

son in them - "go look it it's set;" and

again I went to the window, and again

"Yes," I said, "it's there."

aw the line of light streaming from

"Av. then I'll get home," she mut-

tered, and, reacting her stick, she

wrapped her cloak around her and hob-

"Are you going to ride in the air?"

"Aye! aye! Hear the pretty baby!

"Maybe you'd best stop here," said

Yes, honey, I'll go on a puff o' wind?

Aunt Keziah. But Mother Sheflo was

"Captain's awaitin'," she said, and as

I lifted the latch she gave me a tap

with her stick. "Nice boy, he don't

The wind rushed in and swept her

outward into the darkness. I heard

the breakers lash the beach, and the

light?" I asked, once more by the fire

"Did she really first set the belfry

"Long before my time. They say it's

"What put it out that night?" again

"Your grandmother used to say no-

body ever knew. Owis or wind, most

likely. They say the ship might ha'

kept off the cape rock if there' been a

light, but before another could be set

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and thought

awhile. Dolly's curly head had drooped

forward, and in the firelight her cheek

was the color of the big roses Aunt

"What did she mean by a wedding?"

I asked, presently. "Whose wedding

"Her own," said Annt Keziah, wind-

ing her yarn; "it was his boat. That's

when her mind went, that night. She

set a 'ight in the beifry every night for

many a year, till she got so old the

parson got her out o' it and had it done

She's got some sense left, but she likes

to tell the story over and over. Now

But Dolly could not get awake, and I

"Goin' to ride up 'n' up with the

doves." Resting a minute on the steps.

I kissed her rosy cheek, and looked

"I wish I had known about it be-

"Before I threw stones at Captain.

"Oh, yes; the cat's all she's got now."

"David," she said, "you'd best re

folks don't think o' that part "-Out

In at the Finish.

took her in my arms. Her head dropped

on my shoulder, and, as I started up-

go to bed, both o' you!"

back at Annt Keziah.

"Why?" she asked.

hearth-broom in her hand.

fore." I said.

stairs slowly, she murmured:

Keziah kept for her jar of leaves.

asked Bolly, whose eyes were heavy

hand "Twas a nice mornin". Go look"

And again Aunt Keziah nodded.

meet 'em all a-layin' on the sand -

Aunt Kezigh nodded.

an's black eyes flashed.

pretty bair, Kezish-"

the beifry tower.

bled to the door.

throw stones—no, no!"

Aunt Kezzah nodded.

saved many a vessel, too."

door slammed.

it went down."

with sleep.

dropped the best blue bowl.

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THE BELFAY LIGHT.

A Touching Romance and Tragedy of the Soa.

"Now, who's that at the door this ime o' night?" said Aunt Keziah, without stopping her needles. But we spole not a word; only Dolly-Who sat on the stool beside me Suspect her hands on her blue-check st

apron and her eyes looked large and bright in the Brelight "Well" Annt Keziah peered over her spectacles "why don't you get up'n

Then Dolly turned her gaze on me, and I put down the wood I was whittling into a boat and went to the door. As I unlatehed it another knock ounded, and then a gust of wind swung it open and pushed me behind it, and at the same time blew in a pueer, witchlike figure, who, with her long cloak flapping about her, seemed swept straight to the fire on the cale She stood there, her black eyes snapping first at Annt Keziah, then at Dolly, while I forgot to close the door. "Why. Mother Sheffo, how did you

vid, shut the door," said Aunt Keziah. "With the wind! With the wind!" the little old woman spoke in a cracked. toice; and as she reached to stand her stick in the chimney corner, Dolly shrank back almost off the stool. "Well, it's a wonder you don't get your death, that's all," said Aunt Kesinh, still knitting. "David, fetch a

Mother Sheflo perched herself on the proffered chair. Her feet did not reach he floor. Her quitted hood showed none strands of sparse gray hair, and er eyes blinked sharply as she seized my jacket sheeve with one hand, which thought looked like a bird's claw. "Nice boy, good boy!" she said peerog into my face. "He don't throw dunes no put

I flushed botly with guilt, and refused to meet her piercing eyes, for the lay before I had thrown a stone at Captain, Mother Shedo's cat, as I assed her cottage; and all the village knew that Mother Shefle's cat was Won brones Wise. "Not not" she repeated.

"No?" said Dodly, and then put her-

finger in her month. Mother Sheffo's eves blinked ramidle 'Ead boys stone Captain, and he know em! Ay, he knows 'em all, every one He follows 'em about! He knows a bit. does tuptain! Nice boy, good boy? The last words were addressed to me. and she smiled sidewise as she released my arm. I drew back, relieved, into the shadow of the chimney. Dolly was twisting her apron into a knot, but her great eyes were on Mother Shello. "Get my death, you say, Keziah Allan? tiet my death?" croaked the old woman. "Not this night! There's death out youder on the sea; there's life on land-life, life!". She began to croonto herself. Her skinny hands were locked together and her eyes were on

"You must ha' caught it, then," said Aunt Keziah, "or you'd never ha' got way over here in a wind like this." "I ride! I ride!" muttered the old

"'Tisn't a broom," said Dolly, putting plump finger on the cane in the chimsev corner and drawing it back sud-

"Ho! ho! Hear the baby! Would

Dolly shook her head with a frightened took and drew back nearer me. "Ah! you're atraid the naughty oys will stone you for a white dove: Nan hty boys, not good ones, like him!" She pointed a skinny finger at me, and in the shadow I felt her black eyes reading my thoughts, for that

parson's housekeeper. "How they chatter and whisper, the toyes that fly through the village, and carry away the words and doings of men! I know 'em! They've told me many a thing o' wild nights when I've gone to see if the lamp was set. Nignts ike this the kind that washes 'em in, vashes 'em in! Go look" -she nodded

I went to the window and drew the curtain. A great wind shook the house. I heard the breakers buttling far off, as I loved to imagine them in the night, making through the darkness the sounds of drum and cannon. Outside was solid blackness, save for one streak of light which shone straight outward-the light in the beliry tower.

himney corner. "So that's what brought you," spoke Annt Keziah to the old woman, "I

parson'll have the light set, never "I couldn't lie quiet this night, not this night of Hallowmas, for thinking of 'em being washed in. The other was such as this, and the light went

out the light went out!" She chanted the words, gazing into "What put it out?" I asked, sitting lown beside Dolly.

"Spirits! Bad spirits!" "Homoh! Owls and bats, more like ly." said Aunt Keziah.

"They don't trouble it, you know that, Keziah Allen! It don't stay set unless I keep my eye on it, for the night they all washed in, it went out! The light went out!"

when you were the first to notice it, that's the truth," said Aunt Keziah, her needles flying. "I don't believe on ever sleep o' nights!" "Not nights like this, I can't lay

quiet in my bed," said the old woman. "Why not?" I asked, growing bolder. "Spirits," she cried, with a sudden flame in her eye. "They're about such nights, boy, and they move the light, and in the morning they're all washed in-washed in on the sand."

"Law, Mother Sheflo, there ain't been any wrecks washed in for a long time, and no spirits have been about in my day," spoke Aunt Keziah, soothingly "I've heard tell of 'em often enough, but they must have left these parts a many a year ago. It's nothin' but the wind and the bats that puts the belfry

But the old woman did not seem to hear her. She looked straight at the fire. Her fingers worked nervously

MEPHISTOPHELES IN CANADA. "Tell about 'em," I said, and Dolly

> His Manners and Customs. In the legendary lore of Canada the ceptible, and the attractive cavalier s wafted out of the window, carrying as, for instance, a stove or the frying pan. The girl may escape with a sharp scratch of a claw, particularly if she should happen to have a cross or a

Canadian rustics never answer "Entrez" when a knock is heard at the door; they invariably respond: "Ouvez." This is founded upon the old legend of a young woman who replied "Entrez" to such a summons, when the devil came in and carried her

erneitix.

ATE ITS OWN TAIL.

"Then all of a sudden the light went out-clean out. Keziah!" The old wom-The Absurd Trick of One of the Central American Chameleons.

> recently told rather an amusing story. "Down in my country," he said, "one of the first things you get acquainted with is a small, bright green lizard. They are quite tame, harmless and very lively. When caught by the tail they have a peculiar fashion of slipping away, leaving that appendage behind them.

One afternoon I was sitting on my doorstep watching one of these little creatures darting about for flies. It became quite bold, and in one of its quick movements jumped on my foot. my hand

arrived almost to their destination I noticed the lizard, a few inches away, missing property.

bit of a tail, swallowed it with evident

THE SHORTEST TWILIGHT.

World in This Peculiarity.

The period of twilight shortens toward the equator and lengthens toward the poles. In other words, the less the thickness of air through which the rays of the setting sun have to pass the sooner darkness comes. From this it naturally follows that the region of the shortest twilight is the one which is situated nearest to the equator and at the greatest elevation.

in the region in which stands Quito, the capital of Ecuador. This plateau nine thousand four hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea; it is also surrounded by mountains, twenty peaks, eleven of which rise beyond the snow line, being visible from the streets of the city. Added to this it is only fifteen miles south of the equator; hence it has a shorter twilight than any other spot on the equator, partly because of the elevation, and partly because the western mountains intercept the rays of the setting sun and so cause darkness to follow daylight with greater rapidity than at any other spot on

PROGRESS IN AFRICA.

tustoms of Civilization.

As a continent it is the home of a srous race of mankind, which, while resisting assimilation with Eurepean civilization, defies permanent conquest. According to the Nineteenth Century, it views with equanimity, or at least is powerless to resent, the occupation of its coasts and the more healthy contiguous regions; but the heart of the continent remains, and must ever remain, the home of the African. Allied races, and people who have for centuries undergone the scarcely perceptible process of acclimatication, may, it is true, effect a lodgment in the heart of Africa; but if they remain there, they themselves eventually undergo absorption into the princitive elements of the population or somer total extinction.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

ing of It Would Lead One to Believe-The Method

There are about sixty thousand characters in the Chinese language proper, but the average Chinaman no more learns all of these characters than the everyday American learns the one hundred thousand words in the English language. The Chinaman, however, learns on the average more than does an American in a similar position in life. A Chmaman who can neither the New York Evening Post. Chinese is not a monesyllable language, as many suppose, and it is impossible to utter in Chinese any but the shortest sentences in monosyllables. In writing the Chinaman makes one complicated but integral character for each word. but that word may be properly spoken syllables are divided by no longer intervals than are his words, and that is what makes the language sound to a foreigner like a sing-song jargon. We do not know whether he is telling a story or attempting a song. The Chinese perhaps thinks the same thing of an American who bites off his words and swallows them or telescopes one into the other. Business men thrown in contact with Chinese merchants who speak pure Chinese say that it is not difficult to learn. Instead of twenty-six letters, not including the useless &, the Chinese have five hundred or six hundred syllables, and these are combined into various forms to make the sixty thousand words in

Their language is sufficiently copious without resorting to the brutal forms of speech. The most withering conexpressed in the politest terms.

CLOSED ON THE DUCK'S BILL. How an Oyster Resented Impertment

Curiosity in Chesapeake Bay. The meek and lowly oyster can some times become a revengeful as well as a deadly grasp, and the tragedy that must have been enacted as described

was revealed. How Navajos Produce Dyes. by elaborate and laborious processes, but the Navajos also use dyed wools made in eastern mills.

-During the most of the sixteenth tion to the Scriptural writings.

Clarendon Press in 1717.

THE STING OF THE NETTLE. Some of the Poisonous Vegetable Mon-

NUMBER 25.

sters of Other Lands. The leaf and stem of a nettle are literally clothed with erect hollow hairs. If one of these hairs is viewed under a microscope it will be seen that its free end, after tapering to a very fine degree of slimness, finishes as a little knob, while in the other direc-

tion, after gradually becoming more

robust, it suddenly expands into a large bulb corresponding with the poison gland of the adder. The point of the hair, says Good Words, is very brittle, and contact with our skin causes the end to snap off, leaving a hollow needle point which readily pierces our cuticle, and, pressing upon the bulb at the other end, the poison is forced though the central channel and inflames our blood. The tenderhanded who stroke the nettle are stung for their pains. because their gentleness has only served to break the brittle points and render them fit for piercing, but the rough-handed break the hairs at their

thickest parts, where they are too stout to prick. Our common nettles, though they are capable of inflicting considerable annoyance upon many persons, are too insignificant, nevertheless, to be included among vegetable monsters, and we have only referred to them for the sake of making clear the enormities of some big cousins-giants of the nettle family. These are, first, the Urtica stimulans and Urtica crenulata of the East Indies, species whose attack upon one's hand is sufficient to cause the arm to swell with a most frightful pain. which lasts for weeks. But even these are milk-and-water nettles by comparison with the Urtica urentissima, which grows in Timor, where it bears the signiticant title of Daoun setan, or devil's leaf. The effects of its sting last for a year and have often produced death.

THE INDIAN MONEY LENDER. He Is as Hard-Hearted and Mercenary as a Shylock.

The Indian money lender almost everywhere is a thorough Shylock Rajah Brooke tells me that in Sarawak, where land may be sold for debt. unless as a penalty for swindling, and where a limit is put on the interest. that his courts will enforce, the Indian money lender has been found as hard and merciless as the Chinaman and Malay are fair and reasonable. With men like these, says the National Review, and an ignorant peasantry, one would have thought that Earlish judges would have done their best so to administer the law between the two as to give the debtor a fair chance. while allowing the creditor what was justly due. But they are so hidebound, such slaves to the letter of the law and to English precedents, that not a helping hand can the debtor get. and the courts are mere machines or directs at his pleasure.

which the money lender sets in motion I remember a case in which a Mohammedan fady, one who never appeared in public, and the owner of a valuable village, was such for something like tifty thousand rupees, the money advanced being, so far as I could ascertain, not more than two thousand rupees at the outside. The court of first instance, a native subordinate judge, appointed a committee to examine the creditor's accounts, which reported them as very suspicious. Still, a bond for the amount swed for had been given, and, in face of rulings by the high court, the sub-judge had no alternative but to give a decree for the full sum. And an appeal to the high court of Bomlay, which was prosecuted by the lady's friends, met with no success. However much the lady might have been defranded, they decided the bond was in order and the village must go.

The Man and His Stomach.

The charming wife of a congressman, noted for his energetic labor in behalf of his constituents and his general efficiency and unfailing good-nature, is quite a noted cook. When she is to entertain at dinner, she is fond of surprising her guests with a dainty dish of her own preparing. "I believe," she said, when some one complimented her on her accomplishments, "that we grow like what we cat. My husband has a sensitive digestion, and bad cooking came near making a fiend of himand a maniae of me. I set myself to correct this, and I flatter myself that I have succeeded. Improperly prepared food depresses one, and will transform my husband into a cynical pessimist in less than an hour. I really consider that his popularity in his district and his return to congress depend upon the food I give him and the manner in which it is prepared."

A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE. An Old Lady's Story of Being Held in Washington's Arms.

In Dr. Mines' volume of reminis cences, "A Tour Around New York," the author devotes a paragraph to the attractions of Battery park, and adds a pleasing little story of a time before his own:

I remember a dear old lady who loved to talk about this park and tell of the people she had met here and the scenes she had witnessed; and of these one man and one morning's adventure stood out most prominently.

A little thing in white, her nurse had brought her to the park to witness a civic ceremony, and the crowd prevented her from obtaining a good view of the pageant.

As, with a child's impatience, she tried to press through the throng, a tall and handsome elderly gentleman, clad in a suit of black velvet and with a dress sword at his side, stooped down to her, inquired pleasantly about her trouble, and then listed her upon his shoulder and held her there until the procession had passed.

Delighted with what she saw, the child thought little about the gentleman who had brushed away he trouble, but thanked him when i.c. released her with a kiss and set her down upon the ground. As he moved away, the nurse, in an awestruck voice. asked the child if she knew whose arms had held her, and then told her that it was President Washington. The little eyes watched him out of sight, and never forgot his stately appearance.

I think dear old Mrs. Atterbury was prouder of having been the heroine of this incident than of all the social honors that afterward fell to her lot.

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Joying Life. "Ignorance of things ginerally pre vents us from enjoyin' a dreadful lot of happiness in this life," said Aaron Linscott to a minister one day. He was given to this form of discourse with the clergymen, doubtless on the same principle that led him to talk sickness with his doctor and crops wi h

his neighbors. "You git a ter'ble blind view of life an' the way things is runnin' if you don't edicate yourself up to knowin' a blessin' when you see it. When I see folks throwin' their blessin's away, it allers makes me think of a barr'l of cranb'ries "

A barrel of cranberries! If the visi-

"Well, after a time a letter kem back ful, but he said, most unfort nate, that the fruit looked putty, but he hed to throw it away, for in comin it hed

ELEPHANTS CAN COUNT. The Animals Thoroughty Enjoyed Their Benefactor's Little Joke.

I was in a fix.

YANKEE INTELLIGENCE.

An Unsuspecting Lawyer Part to Rout by the Seedy Witness. A lawyer recently objected to a wit-

ness on the ground that he was incompetent to testify. The witness in question was a seedy specimen of a Yankee farmer, without many visible indications of intelligence.

privilege of showing the witness' lack of intelligence by asking him a few questions, which was given him, and "Can you tell me who made you?"

some time as if in deep thought and then caused not a little merriment by answering in a drawling tone: "Moses, "There, your honor," exclaimed the lawyer with great satisfaction, "you

Just at this point the farmer unex-

pectedly spoke up and said to his tormentor: "Say, Mr. Lawyer, as long as ye don't

like the way I answered yer question, The lawyer laughed and answered, imitating the drawling tone of the wit-

"Wall, I declare!" exclaimed the farmer. "We dew read in th' Good Book that Aaron made a calf, but who'd er s'posed th' pesky crittur'd got in

ODD BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS. Pigs, Poultry, Cocoanuts and Fruit in Payment for a Concert in the Pacific.

There is no more interesting subject

of study than currency. People do not realize how difficult it would be to get along without it. Some years ago, says a writer in the Washington Star. Mile. Zelle, of the Theater Lyrique, at Paris, on a professional tour around the world, gave a concert at the Society islands, in the South Pacific. It was arranged that in payment for an air from "Norma" and three or four other selections she was to get one-third of the receipts. Her share consisted of 3 pigs, 23 turkeys, 44 chickens, 5,000 eocoanuts and considerable quantities of bananas, lemons and oranges. The live stock and produce would have represented a value of about 4,000 francs in the markets of her native city, but it was hardly practicable to dispose of the former off-hand and the latter had to be fed to the pigs and poultry. A joint stock company, known as the African Barter company, limited now existing in London, carries on a great business on the west coast of Africa entirely by bartering European manufactures for pulm o l, gold dust, ivory, coffee, gum and other raw products. Eggs have been in circulation in lieu of money in the Alpine villages of Switzerland. Nails have been similarly employed in Sestland, dried codash in Newfoundland, whales' teeth in the Fiji islands, mats of rice straw in America. salt in Abyssinia, beeswax in Sumatra, red feathers in the isles of the Pacific. tea in Tartary and iron hoes in Madagaseur: A century ago tobacco was made legal tensler in Virginia. When women were imported into that colony for wives for the settlers 100 paunds of

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get across the meadow this night? Da-

the fire

ou like to ride some night, my pretty me, up, up, up where the doves whis-

very day I had stoned a belfry dove, and the doves belonged to Letty, the

at me-"go see if the lamp is set in the

"It's there," said L returning to the thought as much! Why don't you keep n your bed a night like this? The

It has gone out more than once

angry bull. He made for the fence, Life's Calendar, but soon discov ered that the bull was overtaking him. He then began to run around a haystack in the field and the bull pursued him, but in making the short cireles around the stack Lincoln was the faster, and, instead of the bull catching him, he caught the bull and grabbed him by the tail. It was a firm grip and a controlling one. He began to kick the buil, and the buil bellowed with agony and dashed across the field, Lincoln hanging to his tail and kicking him at every jump, and as they flew along Lincoln yelled at the bull:

"Darn you, who began this fight?"

levil plays a prominent part. He does

Odd Superstitions of the Peasantry About not appear as the strong angel, who fell through pride, the enemy of God, but as the medieval devil of monkish legend, the petty persecutor of man, says a writer in Popular Science Monthly. In the rural districts of Canada Satan is supposed to be very active. His company may be looked for on all occasions. The accidental appearance of a little child in the room often betrays the presence of the evil spirit, as the poor innocent is sure to bewail itself vigorously. The Prince of Darkness may be met at a ball in the guise of a handsome young man who excels all the rustic gallants in appearance. He wears gloves to conceal his claws, and disregards the trammels of conventionality by keeping his hat on his head to hide his horns. He selects the prettiest girl in the room as his partner, but his choice is usually the village coquette, whose vanity or levity has exposed her to the evil influence. In the midst of the gayety a piercing cry is heard. A strong odor of brimstone becomes perwith him some useful domestic utensil.

A traveler from Central America

I made a sudden grab and caught it by the tail. With a wriggle it was off. leaving that portion of its body still in "As I had no particular use for it, I threw it on the ground. In a few minutes I noticed that a lot of ants had discovered the piece of tail, and were dragging it off as fast as they could to their hole close by. When they had

intently watching the ants and his "Just as the ants were making a final pull to their nest the lizard darted out among them, and, seizing his

Quito, the Capital of Ecuador, Leads the

These two conditions are combined

A Country That Is Slow to Adopt the

Nature has, in short marked off tropical Africa as the abiding home of Aunt Keziah looked up, with the the black races. European travelers, traders, musionaries, conquerors may at their will and at their peril penemember always that when folks are trate into this dark sanctuary, but cranky in this world, there's most time: their ojourn is for a day, and on the been a heap to make 'em so, only other morrow the faint traces of their passage are obliterated by the exuberant growths of barbarism. Grudgingly as it is cometimes conceded, it is nevertheless a fact that the bulk of the con-Crossing a field one day President tment of Airiea is still untouched by Lincoln, it is said, was pursued by an western civilization. I, for one, cannot believe that Africa will ever be Enropeanized or brought within the pale of western progress. For, in order that Africa may progress, it is absolutely ess utial that it be developed along natural lines; but, as yet, the inherent powers of native genius have neither been discovered, nor, in the absence of any cohesion among native tribes, and in view of European rapacity, are they, even if discovered, ever likely to be encouraged or fostered. No: Africa is a continent fated to be conquered and exploited by the heirs of civilization to whom it may pay tribute, but homage never.

It Is Not So Monosyllabic as Is

Commonly Supposed. Nor Is It as Difficult to Learn as a Hear-

read nor write is a rarity, according to in two, three or four syllables. His

their "dictionary." These syllables vary in meaning according to the tone in which they are spoken or the strokes used in writing them. A Chinaman can unite any two of the six hundred syllables and make an intelligent word. This is not the case with the English language. This flexibility is perhaps owing to the

shortness of their words (seldom more than three syllables) and the tone or strokes belonging to the syllables when spoken or written. A syllable may mean one of a hundred things. and its particular meaning is limited by placing another syllable of similar significance before or after it, using its particular tone, or stroke when writing. Sometimes the syllables are uttered in such rapid succession that they seemingly form one word, but the trained Chinese ear notes the tones. and he is easily understood-the marvelous subtleties of accent conveying the expression to a nicety. He does not have to state a proposition. and then, in order to make himself clear, restate it by the usual "or, in other words." There are no "other words" with the Chinese. The tone gives the meaning. The Chinese have a system of two hundred and fourteen radicals, having various strokes from one to seventeen, which are combined with the characters. Each radical has a separate meaning, generally denot ing the simplest object, as man, sky, earth, water, king. The student first learns these, which answer to the A B C; he next studies the syllables, or combinations, and thus he has learned to read and spell. Grouping the syllables into words depends upon his powers of speech or of composition in writing. What is popularly known as 'slang" is not known to the Chinese.

tempt or the keene t of satire may be

dangerous antagonist, as an unwary duck found to his cost a day or so ago over on the eastern shore, says the Baltimore American. This careless duck, belonging to the tribe known as "fishermen," was swimming about in search of food off the shore near Claiborne, when he espied an oyster-a nice, fat, juicy oyster he was with shell widely parted, feeding, doubtless. on the simple and rather intangible diet upon which an oyster is supposed to feed. The duck, true to his greedy instincts, dived for that supposed juicy morsel and was about to swallow him whole, without salt or pepper even, when the angry passions of the oyster arose, and, snapping his shells together, caught the ansuspecting duck's bill in a vise like embrace. The duck rose to the surface, shook his head mumbled apologies through his tightshut mouth, but the bivalve's heart was hardened, and he held on. Soon the constant load pulling down his head, and growing weightier and weightier, began to tire the duck and his neck arched lower and lower until finally it sank into the water and he was drowned. A deckhand on the steamboat Tangier saw the duck floating with his head submerged and picked him up. The oyster was still elinging to his victim with a relentless.

The Navajos produce the brilliant red of their blankets from bayeta, a bright scarlet cloth made in eastern cities and raveled by the Indians for the yarn. Their gray is the natural color of some of their sheep; so are their white and black. They produce a deep yellow from the alder boiled in water and afterward mixed with impure native alum. A dull red is produced from alder bark. Black is also obtained from the aromatic sumac. yellow ochre and the gum of a species of pine. The last dye is essentially at ink. Most of these dyes are produced

century the English people called the Bible the Bibliotheca, or the Library, this word being limited in its applica-

-The "Vinegar Bible" is so called from an error in Luke 10. "Parable of the Vineyard" appeared as "Parable of the Vinegar." It was printed by the

LIKE CRANBERRIES.

tor felt small interest before, he certainly lacked none now. He expressed his surprise. "Yis, a barr'l of cranb'ries," said Aaron. "When I was out in the West

Injies there was a man tuk keer of me when I was sick, an' he wouldn't take pay, but said I could send him somethin' off the farm; so when I got home I shipped him a barr'l of cranb'ries by a vessel that was goin out from our He writ very perlite an' seemed grate-

And then Aaron added his moral: "That's what I call missin' the sweetness of things 'cause you didn't know how to get at it."-Youth's Companion.

A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This ne was to carry while accompanying me to the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting-they had scented the fruit -that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the parrow stable I turned and was about to begin distribution again, when I suddealy reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated and give me a smack with his proboscis, so I went to the door and began de novo as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then

I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in that herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held t up conspicuously, coolly peeled it and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to see the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly enered into the humor of the thing .-English Letter.

The objecting lawyer asked for a he began: The witness thus addressed stood for

see I was right. The witness hasn't intelligence enough to answer this simple question."

s'posen yew try. Who made yew?" ness: "Aaron, I s'pose."

here?"-The Voice.

tobacco per head was charged for them, the price being subsequently raised to

150 pounds.