VOLUME XXVIII.

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1894.

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A LOST RING.

The Old Story of Woman's Love and Man's Jealousy.

"A diamond, Jack? A real diamond! th, how bright it is, like a spark of white fire! Like a star, dropped down out of the sky! I never saw a diamond before; and to think that it is mine! Dear Jack, I couldn't possibly love you any more than I did before, but I do

love you, oh, so much!" The little bit of love-making took place under the frost-bound apple trees of the Back Orchard, where Esther Elmford was standing, with a white woolen hood wrapped tightly over her eurls and a black-and-scarlet plaid shawl enfolding her, mummyfashion. She was a tall, rosy-cheeked girl, with a complexion born of mountain-breezes and eyes that shone with ruddy health-no ideal sylph, but rather a rosy, wholesome, dimpled human girl like Wordsworth's heroine-

"Not too sweet nor good For human nature's daily food ' And as she looked at the tiny, glittering stone, the sparkles under her eyelashes were a dead match for it. "But you must not wear it every day, Essie, you know," said John Jefferson. "Why not?" Her countenance fell.

"You wanted our engagement kept secret, you know " "So I did. Anything but the gossip of the whole combined neighborhood! ried Esther, with a moue of distaste. Well, anyhow, I can put a blackvelvet ribbon through it and hang it

around my neck!" "But you haven't paid me for it yet." "Paid you, you mercenary fellow!" "One k ss. Essie! I don't often get a hance to claim it, you know." She poised herself on tiptoe to accord

the demanded royalty, and then ran, laughing, away toward her home. "How generous he is!" she kept re peating to herself. "A real diamond?" When she got back to the kitchen of the roomy old farmhouse, where Mrs. Elmford was frying crullers in an

atmosphere of fragrant blue smoke,

clear down the lane, and the orchard

it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on baid heads—provided the hair follicles are not that lady east a discontented glance at her. dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; pre-serves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lus-"Seems to me you've been a long time getting that spotted calf into the barnyard," said she. Was I long, mother? But he got us, and causes it to grow long and

> gate was open," equivocated Miss Esther. "The Striker gals stopped here for ou. They was goin' up to the Maple Sugar camp with a lot o' fresh baked

> bread and pies for Tom and Leonidas. and they waited for you till they was clear out o' patience," added Mrs. Elmford, fishing another tin skimmer full of crisp brown beauties out of the bubbling mass of fat and landing them in the blue stone jar, afterward to be liberally sprinkled with white sugar.

> "Oh, mother, can I go?" said Esther. eagerly "I'm sure I could overtake them in five minutes."

"I've no objection," said Mrs. Elmford. "And you might take a basket of these 'ere crulls to your Uncle Peter. He's dreadful partial to fried cakes, and he thinks there ain't none like them I make arter Mother Elmford's receipt."

Esther was right. In less than the specified five minutes she had managed to overtake Alice and Jessamine Striker, with their basket of fresh provisions to the dwellers in Maple Sugar camp, on Giant Hill, where the supreme process of "sugaring off" was just then in full blast. But in the two minutes during which she put on her fur-bordered hood and fleece-lined mittens upstairs, she had slyly slipped the diamond ring on the first finger of her left hand.

"I shall be wearing it," she said to herself, "and no one will be any the wiser. The Striker girls welcomed her joy ously.

"It's so nice to have you," said Alice. "Jessamine declared you would not go, but-" "Why shouldn't I go?" said Esther. 'Don't I go up every year when they

Jessamine Striker began to giggle. 'Yes," said she, "but our Leonidas as never been there until this season, and Mr. Jefferson has never been so particular in his attentions to you be-

Esther crimsoned to the roots of her hair. "What ridiculous nonsense!" said

"Oh, is it, though?" retorted Jessa-"When all the world knows mine. that Jack Jefferson is as jealous as Othello." Esther walked on, with silent dig-

nity. In her secret heart she was berinning to regret that she had put herself out to accompany these silly girls. "Don't mind Jess, dear," said goodhumored Alice Striker, slipping her hand through Esther's arm. "She will giggle at everything-it's her nature. Isn't this a charming morning? I heard a bluebird in the swamp down by the river, and there's a lot of yellow jonquils in bloom in Anne Rebecca's window box. The snow is thawing in the sunshine, but the walking is good yet, and Leon says the maple trees

have never given a better yield." Up at the sagar camp, all was life and animation. Blue threads of smoke wound upward to the sky from the chimneys of the two or three board shanties, thatched with strips of bark and trusses of straw, where the "hands" kept house in a gypsy fashion. The great kettles where the sirup was boiling down to the requisite solidity, were watched by select deputations, lest the fires should slacken or the saccharine masses scorch, while others were attending to the impromptu stone chimney in the open air, while the carcass of a wild turkey was whirling around and around in front of the blaze, impelled by a most ingenious rotary spit, and a nest of potatoes was baking in the hot ashes below. The girls were joyfully welcomed. Uncle Peter chuckled aloud at the sight of the cruller amade after his mother's time-honored fecipe. The two young Strikers extended a hospita-

ble invitation to their meal, even now in process of preparation. Leon shot the turkey yesterday by Lone Lake," said Tom. "And it's a prime one, you bet. Rather nicer

than the salt codfish we had reckoned But Esther declined to stay.

"I'll just take a look at the sugar **HUMBERT AND FRANCIS JOSEPH**

kettles," said she, "and then hurry back to mother. We're going to have the parson's folks to tea, and there's a

deal to do." Leonidas Striker escorted her to the largest kettle of all, ordinarily called "Big Ben," and gave her the monster stick to stir the bubbling waves of sweetness,

"There," said he, "you can say you've helped to sugar off this year. Isn't it a splendid yield? And maple sugar's going to be high this season! Oh, you d better stay, Esther, there's a lot of young folks coming up this afternoon, and Darky Jones is to be here with his fiddle!"

"Oh,I couldn't, possibly!" said Esther In truth and in fact she had not been quite at her ease since Jessamine's un lucky allusion to Othello in conjune tion with Mr. Jefferson; and she did not breathe freely again until she had reached home, where her mother was just clearing away the dinner dishes.

"Has anyone been here?" said she. "Who should be here?" counter questioned Mrs. Elmford. "I don't expect Elder Morris' folks until four

o'clock." As Esther took off her things in the little chamber upstairs, where the shingled roof sloped down to the caves, she glanced down at the engagement finger. Terror of terrors, the sparkling little ring was gone!

It was past four o'clock. Mrs. Morris was droning away in the sittingroom about the last missionary box which had been sent out to the Hougara Indian reservation; Miss Adelgitha Morris was admiring her hostess' most recent erazy patchwork; the two little Morrises were playing checkers, and the good elder himself was laying down tomes of theological law to Farmer Elmford; while Esther, with tear-swollen eyes, was mixing a batch of biscuits for tea in the kitchen. All of a sudden she caught sight of John Jefferson riding past on his gray pony, with averted face. In an instant she caught down the shawl that hung on the peg back of the buttery door, and muffling it around her head and shoulders, darted across the snowy back-yard where she could intercept her lover at the curve of the road.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried piteously. "I've lost it! Your ring! Oh, Jack, do something to comfort me! I am so unhappy."

"Yes," said he, calmly; "I knew you had lost it. I know how you lost it. I know to whom you have given it." Essie stood dumb before the cruel emphasis of his words.

"I was at the sugar camp an hour ago," said he. "Some one told me you had gone there, and I was going to bring you home. And I saw your ring on Leonidas Striker's watch-guard. Wasn't that rather soon to transfer your last lover's gift to your old swain? Would it not have been better taste of him to display your pledge a little less

"Jack, Jack!" pleaded Essie, holding up her hands, as if every word were a blow.

"I need detain you no longer," ha

said, as he bowed frigidly and touched the neck of his horse with his whiplash, and the next minute he was gone Tea was over at last, but Esther Elmford did not know whether she had eaten hot biscuit or cold, basty pudding. She had listened, with a vague, unmeaning smile, to Mrs. Morris' prolonged account of little Tommy's last siege of diphtheria and Miss Adelgitha's proposed visit to New York. It was almost as if brain and nerve were benumbed, when Jessamine Striker's clear, sweet voice struck across the current of her hopeless apathy and she found herself in a confidential corner of the best bedroom upstairs, with Jessamine eagerly

haranguing her. "The strangest thing!" cried Jessa mine. "He found it in the maplesugar kettle. Alice had made some flannel cakes, and he dipped out a dipperful of the hot sirup for us to eat with it, and Leon came within one of swallowing the ring. 'Whose is it?' said he. 'Why, Essie Elmford's, of course,' said I. 'Didn't I see the sparkle of it when she took off her mitten to unfasten the lid of the basket that held Uncle Peter's crullers? And it must have slipped off her finger,' said he, 'when she went to stir the sugar in the kettle.' So he hung it on his watch-chain for safekeeping until we came home, and here it is."

Esther murmured a word or two of thanks. "I was very careless," said she.

But even after Jessam ine was gone. she sat staring at the pretty trinket which had so nearly been boiled down into maple sugar. What was the use of it now? What was the use of anything?

"Esther! Esther!" her father called up the narrow wooden stairway. "Here's Mr. Jefferson wants to speak to you!" How strangely all these things

seemed to succeed one another, like the dim lapses of a dream. She knew not how, but she was standing, with Jack's arm around her, her troubled eyes looking up into his

"My own darling," he whispered. "can you ever forgive me for being such a brute? I have just seen that Striker fellow. He's not such a bad lot, after all, and everything is explained. Sweetheart, say that you forgive me! I never shall forgive my-

And all the horrid nightmare feeling was over, and the engagement was a secre' no longer, and poor little Esther Elmford was happy again.

"But I don't think," said she, "that I shall ever want to taste maple sugar again. Not just yet, at all events!"-Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

TOLD IN FIGURES.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., has two hotels which, together, cost over \$5,000,000. THE Western Union Telegraph company consumes 100,000,000 envelopes a

It is computed that there are in the United States 48,900 blind and 33,900

deaf mutes. The federal census for 1890 reports that of the 19,602,178 women of marriageable age, 6,233,207, or one-third; were unmarried. Over one-half (fiftythree per cent.) of the women between twenty and twenty-five were unmarried, and twenty-eight per cent. of those between twenty-five and thirty, while six per cent. will never marry. | ficiently.

A Brace of Monarchs Who Never Speak as

It Was a Brave One But Could Not Stand the Strain.

existing between the courts of Vienna and Rome were manifested the other day, when Emperor Francis Joseph was permitted to cross over the Italian territory on his way to visit Emperor William at Abbazia, without any of the customary forms of courtesy and attention being paid to him by the Italian the heart of a boy."

This neglect by the Italians was made all the more pointed seeing that King Humbert was at that moment at Venice preparing to receive the visit of Emperor William, which followed immediately after the departure of the Austrian monarch, who for a second time passed several hours traveling through the northern portion of Italy on the way back to his capital.

They Pass By.

The strained relations which led to this lack of courtesy on the part of King Humbert are due, says the New York Recorder, to the persistent refusal of the emperor and empress to return at Rome the state visit which King Humbert and Queen Marguerite were per suaded by their ministers to pay to the court of Vienna just ten years ago. The visit ought to have been returned within at the latest twelve months, and the emperor's hesitation and delay in the matter are attributable to the complications which would arise in connection with the vatican, since the pontiff absolutely refuses to receive at the vatican any Catholic sovereign who has not first paid his respects to the head of the church before holding any inter-

course with the quirinal. King Humbert of course insists that the first visit should be to the quirinal, and this renders the stay of Catholic royalties in the eternal city a source of endless complications and awkward contretemps. To make matters worse, Empress Elizabeth has, even since the death of her son, visited Rome incognito, and been received by the pope without paying the slightest attention to the quirinal, and that it was after this that she was permitted to make a stay at Venice without receiving any attention from the Italian authorities, being even forced to take her turn with the tourists when she visited the royal palace in which she had formerly dwelt as its mistress prior to the forced surrender of Venice to Italy by Aus

A FAKIR'S FAKE.

He Made Money Selling Cucumbers as Perfame Plants.

"Speaking of street fakirs," said the tall man of the party, according to the St. Louis Republic. "I used to know a man in Lawrence, Kan., who was the king of the crowd. He could make money out of anything. A block of commor-soap was worth many dollars to him as a greate eradicator or something of the kind, and for as outlay of a few

cent she could turn pockets full of eash. "One day this young fellow came to me and asked me in a mysterious manner to go into a loft with him. I went and there found one of the most ingenions out its I ever saw or heard of for doing a gullible community. This is

what the outfit was: "There was one hundred small cloth bags, each filled with wet bran. In each bag was planted a cucumber seed. Under the warmth and dampness the seeds would soon sprout and then my young friend would take each bag and dip it into a tub filled with highly-perfumed water. Then the small flat leaves which first sprout would be carefully taken off, leaving the next leaves, which are rough and wrinkled and do not bear such strong evidence of identity. Then the hundred bags with their sprouts would be put in boxes and carefully carried to some 'jay' town, where my young friend

would actually get fifty cents apiece for them as 'perfume plants.' "The plan was worked by him successfully a number of times and he always managed to get away without being injured. He was a fluent talker and always disposed of his 'perfume plants' in an easy manner. Then, as persons who have been caught at any such 'sucker' game do not care to 'squeal,' his chances of detection were reduced to a minimum."

An Imperial Silver Wedding.

The silver wedding of the emperor and empress of Japan, according to foreign papers, was celebrated with great pomp a few weeks ago. There was a review of the soldiers in the afternoon, and in the evening there was a gala dinner, to which all the prominent officials and their wives and foreigners were invited. Afterward there was a reception and dance in the throne-room. Male dancers produced the famous 'banzairaku," a dance which was composed by the Emperor Yomei 1,300 years ago; the "taiheiraku," which was the fashion 1,037 years ago, and the "bairo," a dance brought from India about the year 600 which, in its various evolutions, represents the subjection of all enemies of the state. All the guests received silver mementos of the celebration.

Russian Doctor's Fees.

An interesting regulation is just announced from autocratic Russia, by which the government hopes to prevent over-charges of physicians. By the new rule cities are divided in three classes according to size, and the patients in three grades, as follows: The first, capit_sixts, proprietors and manufacturers; the second, members of profersions, and the rest of the population is included in the third. Fees are then named according to the grades. First class, five roubles; second, three roubles and thirty kopeks for the third. Antiquity of Asparagus.

Asparagus, deservedly a favorite vegetable, was extensively cultivated by the ancient Romans, but was not introduced into England before 1660. In some parts of Europe the seeds are used as a substitute for coffee, and a pirituous liquor is made from the ripe berries. Asparagus is both lithic and diuretic, and its roots were once extensively used in medicine. The young tender sprouts or stems, from six to ten inches long, are the edible parts, and those that are entirely green are the most tender and delicate. The white asparagus is, as a rule, very tough, the tips alone being eatable. In some old recipe books directions are given for boiling asparagus one hour, but this is a great mistake. Twenty or thirty minutes is long enough to cook it suf-

THE HEART OF A BOY.

Indications of the peculiar relations "It does not really seem possible," sighed Mr. Simplex, as he folded his napkin, adjusted it accurately under the rim of his plate, and pushed back his chair from the breakfast table. "However earnestly one may try, it does not seem possible really to reach

His maiden sister, Miss Simplex. sniffed, half scornfully, from behind the coffee urn.

"I am not certain," she said severely, "that I am prepared to believe in the existence of such a thing as a boy's heart. I dare say the little animals have some sort of a muscular organ that pumps blood through their bodies. I know that they have stomachs, and Jared certainly has brains, such as they are, but I am pretty sure boys do

not possess hearts in any spiritual sense of that word. Miss Simplex was collecting the glass and china, which always received her personal attention, meditating meantime in no hopeful frame of mind on the probable future of her young nephew, who had been her particular charge and trial ever since the time, eight years before, when his pretty, delicate young mother had gathered the three-year-old toddler to her heart, kissed him for the last time on earth, and charged him with her dying breath to be a good boy and do as Aunt Sarah bade him.

Just now Jared was home from school in hopeless disgrace. "It seems impossible to make any impression upon him," the principal wrote, "and perhaps it will be as well to leave him to his

own desires for awhile." His particular offense this time had been cutting up the leather covers of his grammar and making therefrom an elaborate penwiper holder, soaking and embossing the leather very cleverly with the aid of his penknife and a key. When punished he had taken the chastisement sullenly, and wholly refused to admit that he was sorry for his wanton destruction of the book. "The inside's just as good," he said, "an' I don't want the old thing, anyway." This was but one of Jared's many offenses. "He had no sense of order or niceness of arrangements Miss Simplex said. He would destroy anything for the sake of making some preposterous, ugly thing thereof.

But the most repulsive feature of Jared's character, as Miss Simplex declared as his anxious father noted and the principal regretted, was that he seemed incapable of loving anyone. Silent, almost morose, he seemed entirely to lack the usual impulse of childhood to please. "He seems to care more for a common dog than for his own kind," was one of his aunt's worried indictments against him, and, fearful lest so unnatural a tendency should be fostered, his father had required Jared to part with the brokentailed mongrel cur that for nearly a year had been his most constant companion, wandering with him in his long, solitary wood tramps, and lying beside him for hours on the hillsides in the sun where he loved to spend his time, dreaming the long, long thoughts

Poor little Jared! He had an unhappy time at the morning meal, until at last, overcome with the sense of disapproval with which the two "grownups" regarded him, he had flown from the room, seizing his hat as he ran, and rushed for refuge to a favorite haunt of his beside a little stream up in the hills.

There is no more pitiful sight in this

whole pitiful universe than a boy in

trouble. Your little girl, thanks to

mamma's careful training, auntie's de-

votion and grandma's loving oversight,

rarely has a chance to get into trouble. Her little life is carefully mapped out. her little footsteps sedulously guided into easy, correct and conventional ways, and she grows up into a nice little parrot, or a clever, correctlyarranged, finished article while her brother is being knocked about in a complexity of circumstances, getting licked into shape by the efficient and ready tongue of "Life as He Finds It." But the licking process is hard, and the boy suffers under it. Who can tell the tormenting thoughts teeming under the shocky hair-the doubts and wonderments of the bewildered boy soul, and the wild rebellion of the tough little heart under the shabby jacket? He fights his mental and spiritual battles alone for the most part, for few understand the little animalthey're only boys, you know, and do not need the fostering care the little girls must have. Only the mother usually gets down to the fittle, warm, loving, yearning, wondering heart, and she often, all too soon, lets it go out

slain by them. Down in the damp grass, under a tangle of swamp willow, Jared lay and thought. Was it really true that he was a hardened sinner, as Aunt Sarah said? He was sure he loved the God who had made the blue sky and the green earth; at all events he loved the earth and the sky. What had he done that he should repent of and call himself lost? He had knocked Tommy Gray down last term for calling him a liar, when he had only told him the truth about his having seen a rattlesnake change his skin, but he had told Tommy he was sorry, and had even given to him, as a peace offering, the skin that he had picked up and treasured. Surely God wasn't laying that up against him.

alone to seek and slay its giants or be

A little red squirrel hopped across the open and sat on his hind legs a moment, studying Jared, then suddenly whisked around and disappeared in a hole. The little chap wondered vaguely if his sins troubled him. Then he put his head down on his arms and groaned. "I suppose I'm bound to be lost," he moaned. "I must be awful wicked. I can't even repent." And then the poor little sinner fell fast

asleep. Lying there in the shade of the trees he had not seen the ominous gray clouds that crept over the sky, nor noted the occasional vivid lightning flash that tore its ragged way from out

the gray. He was awakened by a piercing scream, the voice of a man in bitter agony, close beside him. Springing to his feet he looked hastily about him. The rain was coming down in great sheets; it seemed to him he had never before seen it fall so heavily. He was

saturated, soaked and dripping, and chilled to the very bone. Again he heard that awful cry, but could see no one. Rushing hastily forward in the direction from which it came be suddenly found his way barred by a huge tree that, struck by the lightning, had fallen in the path. Beneath it, its terrible weight lying square across his body, lay a man. After an instant Jared recognized him as Sam Baker, a tramping farmhand, who had been about the village for a few weeks, and had finally gone to work for some one of the neighboring farmers. He had been plowing in the field below when the storm came up, and had stupidly taken refuge in the clump of trees on the hillside, leaving his plow in the

furrow and his horse still inspanned

to brave the storm alone. The tree under which he stood had been struck by lightning, and had fallen upon him. It was smoking a tittle where the branches forked-only the dampness keeping it from burning. "Get it off! get it off!" the poor fellow shrieked as he saw Jared. The boy was old for his years and uncommonly quick of wit, but his strength was wholly inadequate to move the tree. He pondered an instant, amid the roars of the storm and the screams of the tortured man, and then rushed down the hill and across the half-plowed field, with its muddy furrows, to where the patient, lumbering, old white plow horse stood, head down and his lowset, mongrel tail turned to the storm. To unspan him from the plow and lead him up the hill was but the work of a minute. The reins had been length ened with rope, and taking this Jared twisted it and looped it firmly about the tree, hooking the singletree into it. Sam saw the idea and its dangers. "If you drag that tree across me," he groaned, "you'll kill me. It must be

Jared saw that his words were only

lifted."

too true. Something, however, must be done. Sam's shrieks had ceased but he was still groaning in agony. only failing strength husbing his cries. Down on his hands and knees Jared got, putting his puny shoulder against the trunk of the tree. Had his boy's body been half as stout as his heart he would have lifted. When all was ready he gave the old white horse the word to go forward. The chain tightened and with strength born of his extremity the boy raised his bugh fairly forcing himself beneath the tree, giving it an upward impetus as the horse dragged it forward. He was not able to lift, save for a single instant, but that served to carry it free from Sam's chest and head, and when it fell from the man's body, Jared. too, fell forward with a strange, suffocating sense of oppression in his chest After a minute he rallied and staggered to his feet. Sam was unconscious and lay upon his back, the rain beating down upon his face, and mingling with the blood that flowed from a dreadful wound in his breast. It was plain, even to Jared, that he would die if help was not quickly brought. It was a mile to the village, and he felt sick to death himself, but gathering his little strength he pulled the harness and tugs from the borse's shoulders-the

tied up the reins and clambered upon his back. The awkward creature was unused to being ridden, and he started, swirling and plunging. Jared tucked one arm under the big collar, seized the reins in the other hand and dug his heels furiously into the horse's sides. A sharp flash came just then, and the quickly-following thunder clap added to the animal's terror. The big, lumbering brute sprang forward with a lunging attempt at a run, which finally settled into a blundering threecornered gallop as he tore down the hill, sending the damp earth up behind him in great clods from his enormous hoofs. At every rise Jared had all he could do to keep from going over the animal's great chuckle-head; at every impact of the shovel-like feet upon the ground the breath seemed about to leave the boy's body, but he clung grimly, arging his ungainly steed on as though death followed behind. One by one the familiar landmarks were passed on the road to the village. Straight down the single street he rode, and pulled rein in front of the one store that was trading place, post office, club room and general lounging stand for the whole neighborhood.

collar was beyond his ability to move-

"There's that young imp, the Simplex boy, on my old Bill," shouted Farmer Briggs as Jared fairly threw himself to the ground, while the still frightened brute rushed on again relieved of his rider. 'Drat that boy! Look at that. He'd orter have every bone in his blamed body broke for letting that hoss run off," and he wrathfully started for the door just as Jared

entered. "Something's wrong here," cried Dr Barton, who was one of the rain-bound loiterers within the store, as he saw the boy's pale, strained face. "What's

up, Bub?" The effort to speak was almost beyond Jared's remaining strength. He made two or three inarticulate gasps and finally managed to ejaculate: "Sam Baker-dying-Mill Creek Falls, 1

ain't hurt, Bill. Mr. Briggs-I-" The doctor bent over him anxiously. tenderly - the words of blame died from the pale lips of Briggs the men crowded round, breathless, watching the physician as he made his examination. At last, with a pitying sigh, he straightexed up. "Nothing can be done. Some one carry him home while we go and find Baker," and the tall, burly doctor bent over and kissed the

boy's blue, blood-stained lips. "It was a stout heart," he said, "and a brave one, but only the heart of a boy after all: it could not stand the strain."-Boston Budget.

A Heroic Medical Experiment.

A German pathological journal records a recent experiment of Drs. Sawtschenko and Sobolotny which seems to border on the heroic. They vaccinated themselves with a preparation made from cultures of the cholera bacillus, and afterward swallowed virulent cholera germs with entire impunity. Then, with serum from their own blood, they irocalated guinea pigs, and found that those animals could thus be protected against cholera. Usually it is the guinea pig who has first to face the chances of life or death in experiments of this kind, but in this case the doctors were so sure they were right that they shouldered the risk themselves.

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Being Eaten by a Wolf. A recent dispatch from Johnson City, Tenn., says: Last Saturday a big wolf. which has terrorized the people of the Bumpas Cave region, over in North Carolina for the last two or three years, entered the cabin of a mountaineer named Brown during the temporary absence of the housewife, and seizing the only occupant, an infant, six wonths old, by the clothing in the region of the chest, lifted it from the rude cradle and bore it away into the mountains.

When the mother returned to the house and missed the baby she rushed to the door just in time to see the wolf and its precious burden disappear into the neighboring woods. The distracted woman began to scream. This brought the husband, who was chopping wood not far away, to the scene in a state of excitement. The story from the lips of the hysterical mother almost drove the brave fellow daft, but he seized his ax, called his dog and started in hot pursuit. There was about two inches of snow on the ground, and it providentially enabled the desperate father of the kidnaped infant to strike the trail of the wolf immediately after leaving his dooryard. Once upon the track of the beast he rushed through the mountains with a speed born of distraction. About two miles from his cabin the tracks of the wolf led the pursuer under a long shelf rock, protrading from the side of a mountain. There was no snow here and the father lost the trail, but he now urged his dog, which up to this time he had compelled to remain with him. The dog took the lend and the man followed, fully expecting to find the entrance to the wolf's den, from which he could hardly hope to get the baby alive. But his fears were groundless; he soon came upon his faithful dog wagging ais tail and looking down at a little white bundle at his feet. It was the baby sound asleep and almost frozen, apparently unburt otherwise. Brown took off his coat and, wrapping the infant snugly in it started hastily for home. He soon met his wife and two or three of the neighbors to whom she

had given the alarm. It was a most remarkable resene The mountaineers say that it was only tle one no doubt owes its life to a drenching of petroleum given it for some cutaneous affection by its mother just before it was carried away. The odor of the oil was too much for his wolfship. He probably sniffed about the child after laying it down under the rocks and preparing to make a meal, and then left in disgust.

TELEPHONES ON RAILROADS.

Officials Considering the Advisability of Displacing Telegraphy. In France the management of some of the railroad companies think of replacing the telegraph by the telepisme even for the transmission of important orders. There are, says the Raitroad Gazette, some milroads with light traffic where the telephone is already used, but the entire substitution of the telephone would be difficult. The single iron conductors used for telegraph would not be suitable and it would be necessary to establish special telephone lines with double wires. On the Vincennes railroad, in the stations be tween Paris-Bastille and La Varenne, which are at distances of about one mile, at a signal by telegraph the telegraph wires are connected with the telephone instruments and are thus made available for an extended telephonic intercourse. The arrangement gives excellent results. The Northern railroad of France has established on trial telephonic stations on the open road along some of its main lines. through which assistance can be summoned from the stations in case of acei dent. The stations are equipped with telephone receivers. Portable telephone instruments are in use on some small French reads. The large Austrian railroads use field telephone instruments of the Gattinger system. which in a few minutes can be connected with the telegraph wires at any point, their use not interrupting the telegraphic communication. Under favorable conditions conversation is possible at a distance up to thirty-one

In England telephone connection between block signal stations is common On the seven large French railroads there were in use in January, 1863, about 1,210 telephones, against 5,200

ROYAL ATHLETES. Europe's Nobles Are Paying Much Atten-

telegraph stations.

tion to Physical Development. Athletics meet with due and respectful consideration from royalty. Indeed, it was a prince or a duke or a grand high functionary of some sort who made bieyeling the fashion in Europe. Royalty led the way, and all joined the procession. Almost every crowned head owns a cycle; some of them have several. Queen Victoria may possibly take a daily tour around Windsor Palace grounds on a safety, although no picture of her has yet appeared showing her in knickerbookers The khedive of Egypt has a bicycle of the most gorgeous description, so covered with silver plating that one can hardly see the black enamel underneath. A photograph displayed in a London shop window is labelled, "Some Royal Cyclists," and shows a group of five very good-looking, well-developed young men, each standing beside his sievele; they are Prince Weldemar of Denmark, Prince George of Greece, the Czarewitch, Prince Nicolaos of Greece,

and Prince Carl of Denmark. " · latest royal convert to bicycling is the king of the Belgians, who now takes exercise for an hour or two every morning on a bicycle in one of the

avenues adjoining Lacken palace. The king of Italy presided at the Rome cycle races on April 1, and was the donor of the principal prizes, which were won by the son of one of his sec-

retaries. Every Man His Own Doctor.

The British war office is considering a proposition that all soldiers should be instructed in the elements of anatomy and physiology in order that they might be able immediately to stop the flow of blood from a leading artery. The proposer of the scheme also offers the unpleasant suggestion that every soldier should have the leading arteries mapped out on his body by dotted lines tattooed in India ink.