Cambria &

Strumin.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

CURE

Achethey would be almost priceless to those who

saller from this distressing complaint; butform-nately their goodness does noted here, and those who encetry them will find these little pills valu-

able in so many ways that they will not be wil-ling to do without them. But after all sick head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our greet boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and

very easy to take. One or two pills makes dose.

They are strictly veretable and do not gripe or
pure, but by their gentle action please all who
mathem. In visit at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold
by druggists overywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

AMALI PILL. SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

HALL'S HAIR

RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation.

after its test of many years, should be an

assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used Hall's Hair Kenewer know that

it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not

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

trous, and causes it to grow long and

HALL'S HAIR 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. Con-

taining no alcohol, it does not evap-orate quickly and dry up the natural oil,

leaving the hair harsh and brittle. as do

Buckingham's Dve

WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired

and is the best dye, because it is harmless

being a single preparation, is more con-venient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

STRICTLY

The Doctor's signature and directions on every buttle.

Black Pamphlet free, Sold everywhere, Price, 25 cts. Six bottles, 200. L. S. JOHNSON & OO., Beston, Mass.

test, liveliest and most popular both vocal and instrumental, the most elegant manner, inlarge size Portraits.

A, the Spanish Dancer, WSKI, the Great Planist, LINA PAITI and MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING.

up in the most elegant manner, in-

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO.
Broadway Theatre Pidg., New York City.
CANVASSERS WANTED.

ADDRESS ALL DEDERS TO

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL ECHO CO.

Broadway Theatre Pilg., New York City.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

Steel Picket Fence.

00000000000000 A000000 Possesses

CARMENCITA, the Spanish Dancer.

other preparations.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES RESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

Meddlesome Woman.

"Joel Simpkins, you don't mean to

"No, I did not say anybody had

"For the land's sake, what is this

When Mrs. Miranda Simpkins said.

"Well, I never!" in that particular

tone, you were to understand there was

nothing more to be said. But this time

there seemed to be, for she continued:

"Well, all I have got to say is that

"But they did take it," Jo el insisted

"Now, Joel Simpkins, tell me all you

"Why, Bill Jones told me. You

know he has all the money he can

make by renting the old house, but be-

tween you and me I didn't never be-

lieve he would let it. But he has, sure

"For the laud's sake-them poor crit-

ters going in there! I tell you what

ris, Joel, it's dreadful, and I feel it my

duty to warn them. Where did you

"Goodness me, Mirandy, how should

"Why didn't you ask Bill Jones?

"Well, I don't see what it is to us, or

"I'll tell you one thing you might do,

Joel Simpkins. You might ask Fred

Parsons why he don't come 'round here

no more. He came half a dozen times

to see Sally, and then stopped comin't

If you was the right kind of father,

you'd try to make a match 'tween him

and our daughter Salty. He's rich-

to have to drudge the way I have."

lreadful rich- and our gal don't want

"Sally's a heap prettier'n ever you

was, but she's jest as bad when her

tongue gets to wagging at gossip-and

Parsons is a man with enough sense to

understand that he ought to keep

away," said Joel-but he said it under

May blossoms and the new tenants

had come together, and, though the

river house might be haunted, one of

the most beautiful orchards anywhere

near New York was a part of the es-

Mrs. Simpleins, directly she learned

that a servant was cleaning the river

house, started on her errand. As she

entered the gate she looked all around.

as if expecting to see the ghost then

and there. After trying the knocker

at the front door with no result she

went around to the kitchen. Here she

was met by a buxom Irish maid-of-all-

work, who was singing at the top of

her voice, and worked away with a

will, seemingly not earner a fice for his

ghostship. On seeing the stranger

Biddy stopped, and, rerting on her

Mrs. Simpkins paid no attention to

"My poor girl, do you know where

"Shure, and that is what I do, mum,"

answered Biddy, with a cheery laugh.

that every night at midnight old John

Smith's ghost goes roaming through it,

slamming doors and groaning jest

"And does your mistress know it?"

"Yes, mum-a b'y told her the other

"And is she coming in the face of all

"No, mum; she and Miss Nora are

"Yes, mum-or, that is, I don't know.

but Miss Nora can tell ye anything the

loike of ye 'ud be wanting to know

whin she comes. She just dotes on

kins, as she turned and left the house.

while Biddy resumed her song: "Me

"It's my opinion, Joel Simpkins, that

"What makes you ethink so, Mi-

"Well, I went down there to tell

"No. I was so upsot I forgot it. But

the Irish girl called one of them Miss

Nora, and when I come away I heard

her sineing about her darling, Miss

Nora O'Neil, so I reckon that's her

name. I jest think that Irish girl is a

A few days later Joel Simpkins told

Accordingly, Mrs. Simpkins called a

second time at the haunted house.

This time she was met by a middle-

aged lady of fine appearance, who

greeted her pleasantly, but rather fo u-

"How do you do, Mrs. O'Neil?" Mrs.

"I am glad to hear of it, Mrs. Simp-

kins. Will you walk in? You are

somewhat mistaken in regard to my

was O'Neil. I am sure I heard that

girl of your'n singing about her 'dar-

Mrs. Ailen smiled, and said that al-

though her daughter's name was Nera,

Biddy's song had nothing to do with

Incidentally, to invest herself with

some importance, Mrs. Simpkins stated

that Fred Parsons, the richest young

man in the town, was paying at-

tention to her daughter Sally. This

remark provoked an inscrutable smile

Mrs. Simpkins made a long call, but

was not invited to repeat her visit. She

told her husband she could not find out

anything, and was very sure there was

some mystery connected with that Allen

woman, for there were ever so many

"For the land's sakes-1 thought it

name. It is not O'Neil, but Allen."

lint Miss Nora O'Neil."

on Mrs. Allen's face.

Simpkins said. "I am Mrs. Joel Simp-

kins, and I am not ashamed of my

his wife that the folks had arrived at

them about the ghost, and would you

believe it? That servant of theirs said

they're a queer lot down there in that

river house," said Mrs. Simpkins, on

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Simp-

"Do you know this house is haunted-

There ought to be something done

know about the matter, and how you

they must be strangers, for of course

"and they are going to send their serv-

ant to clean it for them right away."

world coming to? Two women looking

at the river house! Well, I never!"

moved in. I only said there had been

tell me that some one has moved in the

house by the river, do you?"

they won't take it."

found it out."

say they lived?"

what we can do."

I know where they live?"

enough."

about it."

his breath.

broom, said:

you be?"

dreadful?"

"Morning, mum!"

her greeting, but blurted out:

"Yes, mum," said Biddy.

day whin she came down here."

coming on the cars, mum."

"Be you an idiot?"

ghosts and such things."

reaching home.

randy?"

Darlint, Sweet Nora O'Neil."

she just doted on ghosts?"

"What's their name?"

"O'Neil. I guess."

dumbed idiot."

the river house

name, either."

"Didn't you ask?"

two women folks looking at it."

NUMBER 29.

inches, I year column 6 months. column 1 year column 6 months. Business items, first insertion, loc. per line exediously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou lorget it.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Caw-BRIA FREEMAN commences it to the invorable consideration of advertisers whose tovors will be inserted at the following low rates:

VOLUME XXVIII.

the above terms be de these who don a consult their paying in advance must not ex on the same tooting as those who

HEADACHE.

WENTOUS DEBILITY. SECTION EXCESSES, AND ALL

KOPFALINE whose nerves are

Sold PROPRIETORS. ELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO. BALTIMORE, MD., U.S. A.



"NO MORE DOCTORS FOR ME! and I was communitive, sent me to al no tennis. Just think of it Mrs. Pinkham, and in it I ol me. So I wrote to YOLA E, PINKHAM'S Compound e weaknesses and ailments

about with the sex, and restores perstandard artiin form of Pills or (\$1.00.

GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETIE."

From Pole to Pole

The Trooper's Experience. we have been stationed we rears, during which time we

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all formagists: Price \$1;

OB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.



STOUR and SEED PO-PERMANENT and

U. S. RUGGY & CART CO. 310 SITIONS IN GOOD MEN.
TO EMENTS to RECINNERS,
TLERITORY GIVEN IF DE-BONANZA LOAGELIS SAMPLES FREE

The mates ream makes a drowsy hum About the | ray old mill: The tient of sheep sounds full and deep From the pastures on the full.

Now every rude and jarring sound That vexed the gardin day Is hushed to r st, the tired winds In whispers die away; Across the darkening fields I hear

Down the still stream the city bells Come dropping clear and thin: On purple can be of fit the night, The tranquil mount draws in With the smell of lessamme

The gloaming, like a halo grave, ests on the village church; The fading lights gild tenderly The little ivied porch: Or ever the yellow harvest moon

Or, might the peace of the twilight hour Drop deep into my breast, And quiet there each daying it care

-Golden Days.

he life of her, Miss Belinda Bubble did not know why.

ree As for the booking I alway it's Squire Carbuncle's buckwheat field or that there clover medder of Mr. Darnell's as does it. But you can fairly taste the sunshine and the flowers

in it!" And it was a genuine sight, at swarming-time, when Miss Belinda issued forth into the black and booming clouds, all gloved and veiled and tied up in a mosquito netting, with a tin pan and skimmer in her hand.

"I ginerally have first rate good luck with the swarms," said Belinda, "I don't know when I've lost one, if only folks would let me alone. But it's the meddlin' people that come to offer their help that upsets me and the bees. Squire Carbunele, now he's real sensible. He don't never come round interferin'. If he sees the bees makin' up their minds to swarm he jest gets up off his garden chaic and goes into the iouse. For bees, they're dreadful sentible. They have their likes and their lislikes, jest as human creeturs have-

Miss Bubble herself was not much tory in the neighborhood.

"I s'pose," said Miss Bubble, "Squire Carbuncle 'Il get married some day, and I do hor : he'll choose a sociable wife that I can take comfort with, exchanging patterns and chatting of an evening over the garden fence.'

FREE

(1000 worth of lovely Music for Forty
Confis, consisting of 100 pages an," said Squire Carbuncle, in his deep, shirtless fellows who wanted to marry her merely to be supported. She's a good dear better off single than mar-

Squire Carbuncle's superb liver-colored setter killed her favorite Muscovy duck -and the squire, on his part, condoned the Acase, when Miss Bubble's a ckens scratched up all his early lettuce and made havor with his seeding pan-

sies and pinks. is dog's nature!"

through! No woman could." Thus matters were, when Miss Be linda's cousin, Fannie Halkett, came to visit her-a plump, peach-cheeked young woman who was cashier at a

glove-store in the city. "Cousin Bubble," said Fannie, "why don't you marry Squire Carbunele?" "La, Fannie!" cried the elderly damsel starting back so suddenly, that she stepped on one of the velvet-white

Fannie. "He needs a wife and it would be very nice for you to have a husband. Now wouldn't it?" "Go 'long," said Miss Belinda. "I never thought of such a thing! Nor im neither. Go out, Fannie, and pick mess o' white Antwerp raspberries for tea and don't let me hear no more

such nonsense."

sn't nonsense at all!" Julian Hall, Squire Carbuncle's nephew, who had come to the farm for a week's novels under the old pear-tree that overshadowed Miss Bubble's garden

"Wouldn't it be nice?" said Fannie. "Splendid!" Julian answered, teaning over to put a handful of raspberries EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1894.

Whether he leaned too far and lost his footing or how it happened he did not know; but certain it is that, just at that moment, one of the beehives fell-erash!-over among the raspberry bushes. Fannie fled in wild fright, and Julian himself, recovering his balance as best he might, was driven to

ignominious flight. "Who did that?" said Squire Car-Diggers" is crowded. buncle, issuing out of the door. "I'm afraid I did, sir!" confessed

Julian. "And what am I to say to Miss Belinda Bubble?" sternly demanded his uncle.

swered Julian "Such a thing never happened before in all the years that we have lived as neighbor to each other," said Mr. Carbuncle. "Of course, the bees have got

broken?" "I am very sorry, sir," said Julian. The squire, an eminently just man. harnessed up his gray pony and drove to town the next day. That evening he called at the Bubble farmhouse with a square package, neatly done up in brown paper, in his arms. Fannie

"My dear," said Squire Carbuncle, "is your cousin at home? "Yes, sir," said Fannie, fluttering all

over and showing the way into the best parlor, where the blue paper shades vere down and the stuffed owl on the mantel transfixed the chance visitors with its eyes or glittering green glass. "Tell her I've called on very particular business," said the squire, so-

norousiz. "Yes, sir!" said Fannie, and away she

of those crimping pins at once," said she, "and let me fasten this blue-ribbon bow at your throat. He's in the parlor. He's come to propose."

to kiss Miss Belinda's withered apple of a cheek. 'Do make haste! Don't keep him waiting. Men don't like to be kept waiting." And she fairly

o ask if you will accent.

square package down on the table. 'Yes, dear Seth, I will. Fannie told me you was going to propose to me, but I didn't believe it. And I'll be as good a wife to you as I know how. And, singing school together!" The squire opened and shut his

mouth as if it were some curious piece of machinery. "Eh!" said he, staring mechanically

"I hope," faltered Miss Bubble, "you don't think I've been too hasty in accepting your offer?"

ele, swallowing down a lump in he throat. "I am much obliged to you for saving 'ves,' and I am quite convinced. my dear, that you will be a good wire

engaged; and the squire never told Belinda that it was the colony of Italian bees he had brought her, not himself, to lay as an offering at her shrine. "But it's just as well," said the squire

to himself. "I ought really to be settled in life, and Belinda is a most worthy woman. It is best at times to abandon oneself entirely to circum-

"Didn't I tell you so, Cousin Belinda?" said Fannie, exultantly. One wedding makes many, and

neither of the elders was surprised when Julian and Fannie became engaged shortly after. The humming of bees will be the

sweetest music in all the world to my ears after this," said Julian, fervently "I always was partial to bees," reitrated Miss Belinda .- Amy Randolph,

in N. Y. Ledger.

A Novel Way to Collect a Bill. day through the mistake of a man mailing two letters in this city. He had had considerable difficulty in perhad not been sold to her for the mere pleasure of selling, and finally she had ment that she did not want to hear sat down and wrote to the young woman a letter which was characterized rather by terseness and vigor than by any terms of affection. Fortunately or unfortunately for him, he had a social acquaintance with another young to her, too, a personal letter. When he came to direct his envelopes, though, he sent the dunning letter to his personal friend and his personal letter to his debtor. It is needless to say that the mistake was corrected within a few moments after the receipt of the letters, but the debtor's chagrin at the revelation of her position to another was so great that she paid her bill immediately.-Washing-

ton News. Handling Powder in the Navy. It has long been, the enstom of ships lying at the Brooklyn navy yard to discharge their powder as precaution against accident, and the regulations as to entering a man-of-war's powder magazine are of the most stringent character. It sometimes happens that a single catastrophe is responsible for extra precautions that become permanently imbedded in naval regulations. and doubtless the destruction of the frigate Fulton at the Brooklyn navy vard sixty-six years ago was responsible for the stringency as to discharging powder. The Fulton was a temporary receiving ship, and one day while the officers were at dinner a gunner entered the magazine without proper precautions. The result was an explosion that blew up the ship and

on board. -Teacher-"Tommy Simpson, have you any good excuse for being late?" Tommy (beaming) - "Yes, ma'am." Teacher-"What is it?" Tommy-"Waffles!"—Harper's Bazar.

A MINER'S LUCK-PENNY.

1872.

News has gone abroad that "Dog" Kellarey has broken out again, and as he always takes care to have his little bouts remembered a crowd soon col-

set himself to try conclusions with "Kangaroo Jack" of the Midas claim. It is a gorgeous struggle-even old 'Wall-Eyed Bill," who is exacting in such matters, is compelled to admit that. They fight anyhow and everywhere, under tables and under chairs while the lamps flare, the dogs bark and the crowd expresses its admiration in language full of picturesque

"Kangaroo Jack" tires after the twenty-sixth round, and his friends carry him to his tent minus one eye and plus concussion of the brain.

Then, when "Dog" Kellarey counts his broken fingers, every one suddenly remembers the unguarded state of his tent and vanishes into the darkness, not to reappear until the sound of the coach horn is heard on Portugee hill. The arrival of the weekly coach, bearing her majesty's mails, is an occasion of great importance, and ranks even before new finds or Warden's de-

About eleven o'clock the coach creaks and groans up the street, to pull up before the flaming lights of the "Jolly Diggers." It is a curious, lumbering old construction, riding on leather springs and drawn by five strong horses-a sort of badly broughtup cross between an antique mourning coach and a dilapidated Indian

The driver, to whom is intrusted the lives and hereafters of the halfdozen passengers, travels the two hundred and forty miles between the gold fields and civilization twice weekly, and is alwa, preternaturally thirsty. Custom, however, forbids his leaving the box before he has seen his horses unharnessed and led away and exchanged the usual pleasantries with his own particular admirers. When in due time he does descend, passengers, diggers, loafers and dogs escort him into the hotel and in half an hour the excitement is over.

On this occasion, however, it is destined to last longer; "Dog" Kellarey, advancing, invites the driver to take refreshment.

After complying with the request, that individual gets out to the vehicle. to return with a bundle. Then, unwrapping the shawls, he places on the table a baby girl. She cannot be more than two years old, and is fast asleep, her little head and its pretty curls pillowed on one tiny arm.

Every one presses round to look with the exception of "Dog" Kellarev, who has no curiosity in the matter of babies. Then questions pour in thick and fast: "Whose is it?" "Where'd ve get the kiddy, matey?" "Whose voungster is it Bill' etc.

Any other man would be bewildered not so Bill Burns. He says slowly and solemnly, as if aware of his unique importance: "For 'Dog' Kellarey!" What?" shouts that gentleman, 'that's a lie, you Bill! Who says the

kid's for me?" "I do!" replies the driver. "Poll Waites of Wild Dog shoved it aboard. aloud with its duds, for yer. The little 'un's father pegged out on Saturday-'Flash Dick' of Wild Dog creek. 'Is last words was: 'Sen' the kid to my old mate "Dog" Kellarey; an' so I fetched it along, and the passengers made up the fare among 'em, so there's nothin' to pay-there!"

"Old Dick pegged out!" the "Dog" mumbles slowly-"old Dick pegged out an' sent 'is kid to me!"

The crowd is so tickled with the idea that it ventures upon a laugh. The laugh decides him, and, stepping up alongside the sleeping child, he sings out: "The kid's mine, an' the man as laughs agin' 'er laughs agin'

me. Now let's see 'im as is game to grin!" He has evidently gone home, for no one answers.

Sunday morning, and "Dog" Kellarey's claim is the center of attraction. The little arrival of the previous night plays about his tent door. The "Dog," fearing harm to her from his crowd of visitors, carefully defines his boundary, and threatens dire penalties on the head of any man who

News, news! - great and glorious

News which runs like wildfire through the Field, which flies from tent to tent-from the police cell on the hill to Dutch Joe's across the flat, past the Eureka, down to the Daydawn-never stopping until everyone has heard it.

"'Dog' Kellarey's proverbial bad luck has turned at last-he has bottomed on the Lead, the new claim has turned up trumps with a vengeance." It is full of gold-specks, specimens and nuggets. Not nuggets as small as peas, but large as teacups. Not here and there, but in a big deep lead, a fortune at every drive of the pick.

The Luck-penny, who has been sleeping in the shadow of the tent, watches and chuckles at a piece of glittering mica. In his excitement the "Dog" sings out: "Boys! 'tis 'er 'as done it; there's the

lass that brought me luck!" Three p. m. More excitement!

A nugget weighing fifty pounds. The monster of the Field, a wonder of the country, and a fortune to its finder. Picks and shovels are thrown down, the roar of cradles and sluice-boxes stops as if by magic, and the excited erowd starts at a run for the claim. On their arrival "Dog" Kellarey says nothing, but for the second time he

carefully points out his boundary. He places his revolver on the cradle, ready to his hand, and, bless you! the crowd understands what he means by that. The Luck-penny sucks her thumb and crows contentedly; womanlike, she knows she is the center of attracluck to the old man. Now, look here, three parts of that claim belongs to you, it does!" And he meant it.

1892. A bright, fresh morning, with a few white clouds scattered about the heavens, the better to enhance the blueness of the sky beyond. A happy spring breeze dashing round corners, and playing the very mischief with silk hats and dainty skirts, whistling through telegraph wires, and covering the harbor with a coating of continuous white foam. A morning on which

to feel thankful for existence. It is easily seen that something unusual is affecting the inhabitants of Potts Point, that fashionable suburb

of luxurious Sydney. At St. Mary's church door I find a large crowd assembled, representing all ranks of society, and, for the first time, obtained some dim idea of the event I am about to witness. In order to make doubly sure I question an ancient lady, whose dress suggests connection with some charitable insti-

At first she seems inclined to treat my thirst for information with contempt, but finally a desire for gossip overcomes her reticence, and she condescends to tell me all in one breath that "This 'ere is to be the weddin' o' Miss Athelwood; not but that 'er name ain't Athelwood, but Kellarey. 'Er as 'dow'd the alms'ouses down the street -which times bein' bad an' a lone widder as 'ad no 'usband an' whose son is doin' 'is last stretch, bein' as innocent as a babe unborn. An' rheumatiz' bein' that bad, she would curse, only she wouldn't. And Miss O'Sullivan, as lives in No. 9, said as 'ow Miss Athelwood was worth well-nigh 'alf million of money if she was worth a pennynot but that she shouldn't be, seein' as 'ow she had been born on the gold diggin's, and every one knowed them was good times. And a prettier and better lady never stepped, beggin' 'er pardon for sayin' so."

quiry as to her parentage.

"Ah! well may yer say that; not but as 'avin' a 'alfpenny of the money. but."

I stopped the dear old lady's family history by asking whom Miss Athelwood was about to marry. As I put the question an old and villainously dirty swagman placed his roll of blankets down at the church door and pushed his way toward us.

went on, "Miss Athelwood's a-goin' to marry, as it's not in my mind to remember-a dook or a hearl, but I can't say which on 'em. Haide-de-camp to the governor, they do say 'e is. But look! look, 'ere they comes!"

of fashionables. Then, amidst continuous cheering, Mr. and Miss Athelwood arrived. She looked surprising passed through it and we had rushed into the church to see the ceremony.

My whole attention was devoted to watching the bride. I could not drive one of the oldest families in Europe.

After all the carriages had rolled away and I was turning to go the old swagman touched my arm, saying: "Mister! I'm a-goin' to get yer to do

me a favor!" Asking him what it was, he replied: "Let's go somewhere out of this, where we're alone, an' I'll tell yer!"

fitting place my companion spoke. "I guess you'd call me a liar if I told you that I was the man as brought up that girl as we've just see married? But I am-I'm 'Dog' Kellarey, sure enough, 'im as give 'er into Lawyer Athelwood's 'ands twenty years ago,

hear she's been hunting high and low

for you!" "That's just it: I know she has. But d'yer think I'm a-goin' into the com-

the corner, 'I ain't forgot yer, mind." I wrote as he directed, and inclosed -what do you think? A baby's little woolen shoe! The old man had kept this relic as his most sacred treasure for nearly twenty years.-Guy Boothby, in Pall Mail Magazine.

Ash Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday is so called from the curious custom of strewing ashes on the head as a sign of penitence. It was probably instituted by Gregory the Great, who was pope from 590 to 604. Originally the ashes were conse crated on the altar before mass. sprinkled with holy water; and signed three times with the cross. During this ceremony the priest recited these words: Memento quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteria. (Remember that thou art dust and must return to dust The ashes thus consecrated were then strewn on the heads of the officiating priests and the assembled people. The ashes were usually obtained by burning the palms consecrated on the preceding (Palm) Sunday.

Conrier.

envelopes on the table, and she could see the name "Smith" plain as nothing, and she was sure Mrs. Allen had been reading them very letters. Now, what business had Mrs. Allen with

By this time Mrs. Simpkins and her friends were a good deal excited over the mystery concerning the people at the river house. Mrs. Allen and her daughter seemed oblivious of all the dark hints that were thrown out about

Suspicion grew fast. Many things were said of the occupants of the river house. Si Jenkins, who lived near, told his wife that lights burned there all night. Ezra Burke saw a woman in white come to an upper window and look out with wild eves. He knew it was a woman because of her long hair, else he'd "a-thought it were old Smith's ghost." Conjecture ran high. At last it was decided that a delegation of women headed by Mrs. Simpkins should

explanation of the mystery. "For such is our Christian duty," said Mrs. Burke, who stood high in the church. "It is my opinion that their name is not Allen at all, but Smith. and I'd not be one bit surprised if they turned out to be some kin of that old John Smith whose ghost haunts that very house, and whose grandfather,

they do say, was hung." So the next afternoon the delegation started on its errand.

"I'm just aching to tell them what I think of such doings," Mrs. Simpkins said, as she raised the heavy brass knocker and applied it with so much energy that the door was opened al-

most immediately by pretty Miss Nora. "How are you, ladies? Walk right iu," she said, evidently rather surprised. "Mamma will be here in a very few minutes. She has gone for the mail " Mrs. Simpkins nodded to the others

the door to meet her. "Come right in, mamma. There are some ladies waiting for you."

Mrs. Ailen was astonished to find so

many callers in her parior at one time but showed no trace of surprise in her "Good afternoon, ladies; I am very glad to see you. It was such a lovely day that I went for the mail myself. I ope you have not been waiting long." Her greeting was so cordial that Mrs. Jones afterwards said she was glad she was not head of the delegation. After

one or two ineffectual efforts Mrs. "Mrs. Allen, or Mrs. Smith, or whatever your name is—the Lord only knows, we don't!-we have come here this afternoon to find out who you are. You give your name as Allen, and get letters for Mrs. Smith, and we ain't used to no such goings on, and we have come here to have you explain, if you

our neighborhood." swer her letters. That is the meaning of the supposed mystery which has caused you so much distress. Like the ghost, it exists only in imagination."

She ceased speaking and gianced toward the door, evidently expecting her visitors to go; but Mrs. Simplins was not easily routed.

can you tell us, ma'am, who the poor at night, all in white?"

Mrs. Allen's face was very stern as

"I had hoped that it would not be necessary to go into the details of this painful matter; but in order to check malicious gossip I will explain that my sister is a confirmed invalid, and left the city because she was on the verge of nervous prostration. We came here that she might be perfectly quiet, and have avoided company on her account. She is not able to read or answer her letters, which all refer to business, as she owns considerable real estate in town. Now, ladies, as I have nothing more to say concerning my private

affairs. I will bid you good afternoon." Mrs. Allen's tone and manner forbade further words, and the discomfited.

Had Mrs. Simpkins got a glance into the orchard, where May blossoms made a thick, sweet-scented carpet on the ground, she would have been even more amazed, and utterly enraged

For Fred Parsons, and Nora Allen were seated there. She was holding a sprig of the blossoms, which he had just broken off for her, and Fred was

"I wonder if those old gossips have gone, Nora? What a clatter they would raise if they knew that I had just surrendered my beart to the fairest stranger that ever came to this queer old town!"

The gossips heard all about it later, when the wedding bells pealed. Mrs. Simpkins vented her spite in her characteristic way. To this day she can't understand why Fred Parsons ignored the chance to gain a wife and a

Not on the Bills. A lady playing the leading part in a

melodrama carried with her a very cross panish poodle, which slept in her trunk while she was engaged in the play. The little dog was a sound sleeper usually, but this evening was an exception. He was wide awake and onto the stage, procured a firm hold on away at them until his mistress was obliged to arise from her knees, stop "spare her life," and return the poodle

None but scainwags do otherwise,-

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inef-dent to a billious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausca, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most

E prayer of the cran-tal nerves for unst.— Southe them with Kons-When children suffer with hondache, or one else for that matter, use Korrains,

d. Sale, sure, wincope of headache, espec paulal type peculiar to egularity or utcrine from ours them to stand for

KOPFALINE CURES

Price, 25 cents.



If Kidney Complaints. a freely answers, letters of

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

OHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT UNLIKE ANY OTHER The Harpooner's Story. For FAMILY Use. Dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. Every Mother should have it in the house, it quickly relieves and cures all aches and pains, asthma, bronchitis, colds, coughs, entarth, cuts, chaps, chilblains, colic, cholera morbus, carache, beadache, hooping cough, inflammation, la grippe, lameness, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous headache chematism, bites, burns, bruises, strains, sprains, stings, swellings, stiff joints, sore throat, sore lungs, tosthache, tousilitis and wind colic. Originated in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, Family Physician. Its merit and excellence have satisfied everybody for nearly a century. All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power. It is safe, soothing, satisfying so say sick, sensitive sufferers. Used Internal and External.

roughly effective blood purifier, in the realizates the potents of

FOR ARTISTIC

The above out shows Picket Pence with Gate. [This Is not a retting] can be used on Iron or Wood Poets. When writing for prises give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wasted. We also mainthrouse heavy Iron Fracing, Creating, Statle Pittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAFES, Cellar TAYLOR & DEAN. 201, 203 & 205 Market St.

J. DIAMOND, Optician,

EYES EXAMINED FREE

Do you NEED GLASSES?

Fetab'd, 1861. 22 S xth St., PITTSBURG, PA BullelES at & Price same s Sil outsell as a sile competitors at Se Bay of factors at Se Bay of factors at Se Law and save st.75 Modd leman's 120 profit.

EVERTIVE. The daylight dies, the evening air

The schoolbo, s still at play.

Hath lit her ruldy torch.

That on my spirit prest, That my heart might is unfettered, free, And like nature's heart-at rest!

MISS BELINDA'S BEES. How They Assisted the Little God

of Love. When the city visitors who swarmed around Maple Center and registered their names by the score in the books of the village hotel strolled out on the Maple road they always stopped at the Bubble farmhouse and cried: "How exquisite! How picturesque!" And, for

"It ain't as if I could afford a coat of paint to the old house," said she. "It's ust a slate brown, with winter storms nd summer suns; and the grape aroor's all a-tumblin' down for lack of a prace or two of solid timber; and the well sweep ain't half as convenient as Mrs. Ciaghorn's new chain pump, an way you can fix it; and the stun' wall's all overgrowed with them pesky runnin' vines and briers! To be sure, the four o'clocks and mornin' glories are sort o' pretty by the fence, and there ain't no prettier hollyhoeks in the country than them dark-red and cherrycolored ones jest this side of the pear like beehives, even if it wasn't for the honey. My mother set a heap o' store by them beehives, and there they've tood, nine of 'em in a row, ever since I can remember. And there ain't no honey in ail the county as has got the flavor of ourn. I don't know whether

nd they never could get along with quire Carbunele!" Squire Carbuncle was a quiet, grizzleeaded man of fifty, who farmed a nodel farm, with all the new mabinery patents liberally oiled with gold, read the agricultural papers, and was always "just going to" write an article for the Gentleman Farmer.

younger. She supported herself in a genteel way by vest-making for a fac-

"Belinda Bubble is a sensible womsonorous voice. "To my certain knowedge, she has refused one or two Miss Belinda never said a word when

"Neighbors orter be neighborly,"

said Miss Belinda. "And dog's nature "I must stop up the cracks under the fence," said the squire. "Of course, Belinda can't help her chickens getting

paws of the pet kitten. "Yes, truly, why don't you?" said

"Nonsense!" echoed Fannie, laughing, as she went off with a blue-edged bowl in her hand. "But I think it And among the Antwerp raspberryvines she talked the matter over with trout fishing, and who had developed a very strong propensity for reading

into the blue-edged bowl.

The Romance of a Daughter of the Australian Mines.

It is Saturday night on an Australian gold field. The bar of the "Jolly

On this particular Saturday he has "I'm sure, sir, I don't know!" anaway and the glass honey boxes are

Halkett came to the door.

"Cousin Belinda, take your hair out 'Nonsense, Fannie!" "But he has! He as good as told me of" cried Fannie, standing on tiptoe

pushed Belinda Bubble into the best "Miss Bubble," said the squire, solemply, rising to his feet, "I have called Yes, Seth," cried Miss Belinda, flinging herself into his arms. Luckily he had bethought himself to lay the

oh, Seth, I've always loved you since we were young people and went to

at the owl. "No. Belinda, no," said Mr. Carbun-

And so this autumnal couple became

Quite a novel suggestion in the way of bill-collecting was made the other suading a young woman that his goods lismissed his messenger with the statefrom him again. Nothing was left for the merchant to do but to resort to the United States mails. He accordingly lady in the same house, and while he had his pen he thought he would write

killed forty out of one hundred persons

the "Dog" picks her up, and says, emphatically: "Kinchin! It's you as brought the

When the last visitor has departed

tution

The old woman, once started, was hard to stop. But I was interested in Miss Athelwood, so ventured an in-

what yer mightn't understand, seein' as 'ow ye're a stranger in these parts. The poor young dear never 'ad no father to know but Mr. Athelwood, the lawyer. I 'eard tell she were just fetched up from them gold fields by a feller called Kellarey-a miner chap, who give her to Mr. Athelwood along of a fortune which 'e said was 'ers. That's twenty year or more now-the same year as my good man was took by the perlice fer the Orange bushrangin case, an' 'im not never so much

"In beggin' yer pardon," my lady

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the church door and set down its load ly beautiful, and I noticed that the old swagman was so overcome with astonishment that he kept his eyes staring at the door long after she had

her romance out of my head. She went up the aisle a homeless girl, the prodnet of a gold field, and returned to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a countess and a member of

When we had adjourned to a more

with 'er share of the mine that panned out so rich." "Why don't you go to her, then? I

pany o' the likes o' 'er friends? Not me! I'd be makin' a fool o' the girl, and she'd be ashamed o' 'erself. No: I've tramped close on four hundred miles to see her married, and now I'm a-goin' back into the bush to-night for good. I want you to write this 'ere in a letter for me-it ain't much. Say: 'From "Dog" Kellarey to 'is Luckpenny on 'er weddin' day,' and put in

-Conundrum-"What's the difference between a cat and a legal document?" Answer-"The one has clawses at the end of its pawses; the other has pauses at the end of its clauses."-Buffalo

BLOSSOMS AND GOSSIP. A Much-Needed Lesson Taught a

> M rs. Smith's letters, she would like to know?

wait upon Mrs. Allen and demand an

as much as to say: "Just in time." And they followed Nora into the parlor. She tried to entertain them until her mother returned, but felt quite relieved when she saw her coming and went to

Simpleins abruptly began:

can, for we don't want no mysteries in Surprise rendered Mrs. Allen speechless for a moment; then she coldly said: "Ladies, I gave my name as Allen simply because that was my husband's name, and, consequently, is mine. Mrs. Smith is my widowed sister, who resides with me. For reasons not necessary to state, I receive and an-

"You say your sister lives with you; it's odd no one has ever seen her and that you never have no company. And

critter is that roams about this house

women rose in a body and marched out of the house. Not until they reached the gate did Mrs. Simpkins recover her powers of speech; then she exclaimed: "Well, I never!"

mother-in-law proficient in the art of gossip.-N. Y. Journal

sitting unobserved in the first entrance watched the play when the heavy man seizes the leading lady. shricking: "Then, curse you! I'll strangle you!" The poodle sprang the heavy villain's trousers and jerked sobbing and plead with the villain to to the dressing-room and lock him in.

CARDINAL POINTS RESPECTING



C.A.SNOW&CO.

the Hawks Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.