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several bars, then closed the window, and rapidly wrote something in his not delay but apply to ALLEN NURSERY CO., notebook. Growers and Propagators, Kochester, N. 1

THE BRUKEN FOLD.

Sit not cazing, white and cold, At the broken curtain-fold. Thou this little chamber hast, But the house is hi h and vast lie hath frection now to go In and out, and two and tro

As he treads from room to room Backward shall the curtain flow In the little chamber low: half he here return and dwell.

Nay, ah nay! Bide thou awhile In thy place nor weep but smile. Some day-sweet day '-thou shalt rise. Smooth the fold and meet his eyes.

#### A MELOMANIAC.

How Capt. Tavernier Was "Transferred to the Thirteenth."

has become deranged. They say of the afflicted man that he is "Transtatistically true that every thirteenth man succumbs to the severe mental strain required for a successful com-

Rene Tavernier graduated at the ead of his class, and was consequenty free to embrace the civil career. To very one's surprise he preferred to nter the artiflery. In all scientific equirements he ranked preeminent, art his records for military tactics and iorsemanship were deplorable, as was deo his want of neatness and disciline. He would appear on parade without a collar or minus his buttons, which usually only clung to him by a thread. He would answer roll-call ong after the drum had ceased beating, and then wonder why his appearance should create such a disturbance. In his opinion the captain had a

queer way of instructing the men. "Mr. Tavernier, you will report for two days under arrest. Return to the tine. You do not know your lesson." "Permit me to remark, captain, that his is hardly the way to teach it to

"You may take four days more." "Delighted, captain, to see that you appreciate the justice of my remark." Why this singular fellow had chosen a military career was a mystery to his ompanions, who even then considered oim "slightly off."

Once assigned to a regiment, matters were infinitely worse. Arrests rained upon his indifferent head, for he whiled away his hours of captivity by solving intricate problems destined for publication, works which gained for him complimentary letters from the eading mathematical lights of Paris. When I met Tavernier, he was with the Eighth artillery, stationed at Metz. He seemed placid enough, but his wideopen eyes had a somewhat restless glance, and his eccentricities had al-

tions to replenish these provisions every morning, for each afternoon they were consumed by a bevy of pretty actresses, chorus girls, and ballerinas

called him, invited to a "five o'clock. These ladies, in more or less startling gowns, seemed to enjoy these gatherings, where they dissected their neighbors' reputations, chattered, nibbled cakes, and imbibed sweet wines, while their host, hands clasped behind his back, walked through the long ex-

In summer he wore a long coat of ight, figured material; in winter, a wadded silk kimono. Turkish shoes curved up at the toes, and a smoking ap, jauntily poised upon the back of

Passing by each group he had a word for each fair friend. "Dear lady, why did you not come yesterday? I was so uneasy about you." "My dear. Cuding four large size Portraits.

CARMENCITA, the Spanish Dancer,
PADEREWSKI, the Great Planist,
ADELINA PATTI and
MINNIE SELIGMAN CUTTING.

Was so uneasy about you. "My dear,
you are positively be witching in that
"Couldn't I persuade my charming friend to nibble just one more lityou are positively bewitching in that tle cake?" etc. Then, relapsing into his habitual silence, he would continue his walk, completely absorbed in hought.

> rect in the best society. Only once the As the captain passed her, she whipped

off his cap, and, substituting the fez, exclaimed: "Behold the pasha!" A general laugh greeted this sally. Tavernier, at first surprised at this lack of respect, tore off the offending headdress. He grew pale; such a terrible expression crept into his eyes, that the light-hearted culprit trembled in fear, and her companions no longer

laughed. At length, pointing to the door, Tavernier thundered forth these three words, which sounded like an anathema from keaven:

"Leave my presence!" At the stroke of five, Tavernier orusquely stopped in his walk. "My dears." said he, "it breaks my heart to interrupt your conversation. but I am forced to beg for five minutes'

He opened the window, sat down before the piano, played for two or three minutes, then leaned forward, auxiousy listening to the sounds without. Evidently satisfied, he returned to the instrument, and again executed

"Now, my dears, pray continue your charming chatter." His feminine friends had not failed to comment upon the apparent coldness of their host, whose friendship ever, was evidently satisfied with their multitudinous presence, and had never

evinced an individual preference. In fact he was desperately in love. Opposite his house lived M. de Vermon, whose young wife was the object of Tavernier's adoration. Strange to say, he had never spoken to her and had barely seen her. One evening her pretty silhouette had appeared outlined against the curtains-that was

But the sounds of her piano had often reached his ear and soothed his poor sick brain. He was satisfied with that ideal language which she and he alone might understand. He never doubted that her confidences were sent to him through her music and that she

Her piano told him all her life. She was unhappy. She was married when very young to a young man whose des potic nature blighted her life. She thanked him for his love; it was her one consolation and hope. He, on the other hand, swore an unending devotion, wished to live for her alone, to be her savior, to free her from her loveless

Every night Tavernier indited his imaginary conversations in his notebook. The last leaf was found in his

It read as follows: HK-I could not close my eyes all night. At the thought of your unhappiness, my soul's desire. I wept. I must save you. Say the word. and I am at your side. SHE-My life has become unbearable; come my beloved I await you.

HE-Thank you thank you. I will come to you at ten o'clock. The carriage will wait at the corner. That same night, about ten o'clock, Tavernier, in traveling garb, rang the bell at Mme, de Vermon's door,

M. and Mme. de Vermon were seated near the fire. She was embroidering, while her husband read aloud. "To what may I attribute the honor of your visit, captain?" asked M. de

Vermon. "I have come for madame." "You have come for my wife? How dare you! Captain, if this is a joke, I swear to you-"

What! My wife asked you "Madame herself has said nothing to me, but her piano has spoken." It was then, for the first time, that

M. de Vermon saw the restless look in his visitor's eyes, and he took in the situation in a glance. Reassuring Mme. de Vermon, who clung to him, frightened, he instantly added: "Very well, I consent. My wife shall go and make her final prepara-

give her a little advice?" "Certainly, with pleasure." M. de Vermon led his trembling wife to the door of her room and said, in a

low voice: "Tell Pierre to call an officer immediately."

"So, captain, you are persuaded that my wife is unhappy here and you

hope to better her lot by taking her with you. You are positively noble in your devotion to her." "Not at all-not at all. I love her with all my soul."

"Where do you propose going?" "First to Italy, then to Spain, and finally to Jerusalem."

"Splendid: But for such an extended trip I suppose you have ample funds?" "Of course," and Tavernier poured seven or eight five-franc pieces, the entire contents of his purse, into his hand, exclaiming: "Judge for your-

"You are indeed well provided in that respect," said De Vermon. "One order?"

Eighth artillery that will suffice." "Still, I have my doubts."

At this juncture there was a knock at the door, and the officer entered. "I am glad to see you, sir," said De Vermon: "here is Capt. Tavernier, who papers are not in order."

to go very far without annoyance. If he will accompany me, I will procure "Very well," said Tavernier; "but

be quick, for the carriage is waiting." Just then his eye fell upon the piano. "I should like to notify madame, so that she will wait a few minutes." He struck several chords, then followed the officer.

bling into her husband's arms. "He was mad!" said she. Vermon, tenderly kissing her, "Poor

Gabrielle, I had no idea you were so unhappy!" The next day, accompanied by one

of his friends. Tavernier left for Paris They had persuaded him that the sanc tion of the war department was abso lutely necessary for his trip. He was first taken to Val-de-Grace for treatment. He became worse every day. If you visit the hospital at Charen ton you may see in the main ward a

hands clasped behind him. Whenever he reaches a window he runs his fingers over the sill, as on the keyboard of a piano, leans back and listens, then again resumes his walk. This is Rene Tavernier, "transferred to the Thirteenth."-From the French

of Victor Joly by Alice Ziska, in San Francisco Argonaut. -The common polypus has the most

wonderful power of life. Cut one into a dozen pieces and a dozen creatures are the result. Two have been sliced and joined together, producing monsters with two heads. When turned inside out like a glove finger they do not seem to notice any change or sustain any inconvenience.

from the Esquimaux for two iron hoops and a tenpenny nail." "Very true," returned Hicks. "But I can't spare the time to take the hoops and the nail to the Esquimaux, and my bank wouldn't honor a check for two hoops and a tenpenny nail so I don't see how we are benefited by that s ate of affairs."

#### AN EGYPTIAN REBEL.

arose, white as snow, against a sky of ultramarine below spread the white sand. Heat more intense could not be imagined. The air fairly quivered with it, and it had upon the eyes the blinding effect of the flashing of the mirror in the sun. It was not a time

The little army composed the miliof Abyssinia and the roads for traffic, which in 1866 had not long been

ivil war of the United States, had given Ismail the idea of making Egypt a great cotton-growing country, and since then, railways, telegraphs and all manner of improvements have been introduced.

At the date of the story, great caravans of camels bore the products of the fields to the various markets, and no roaring, red-eyed steam monster had yet invaded the land of mystery, silence and the sphinx.

Everyone was languid. The officers resting in their tents, the common soldiers squatting about at ease. A caravan on its way south had paused to eat and rest until night fell, and that great, golden thing, the moon of Egypt, should rise to light them on their way. Eact man had said his prayers, and before praying, since water was not plentiful, had rubbed his hands with dust-which was counted to his credit just the same, by the recording angel of his paradise, who always makes allowances for circumstances. Now peace had fallen upon the hot world, where almost everybody slumbered.

In his tent, Capt. Ibin El-Warrakah was dreaming. His dreams carried him away from the tents, the soldiers and all his present surroundings. He was once more in the home of his Uncle Rizk-entertained as a beloved guest. He had seen his aunt, who was his mother's sister, even without the face veil. But she, having sent kind messages to his mother, and given him a present, had retired to the private rooms of the women, from which now and then, came a silvery ripple of laughter, and words spoken in a voice that was the sweetest he had ever

He knew it was that of his Consin Fat-Meh. Fat-Meh had been a beautiful little girl. He had always remembered Fat-Meh affectionately But now he could not ask to see her any more than if she had been the daughter of some stranger. He might not look upon a woman's face, even if she were his cousin. He bowed to custom, as the young man of this country does. But it came into his mind, now that little Fat-Meh, who had been as dear as a sister to him in those baby years, was veiled and hidden from him as from a stranger, that even oldestablished Egyptian customs might be carried too far.

He sat and ate the various dishes which the black slave offered to the guests. But all the while he thought of little Fat-Meh, and laid a plan by which at least to see her.

In Egypt, one is not obliged to sit at table until all the company have finished their meal Each may rise when he is satisfied, say: "Praise be to God," towel and retire from the company.

more to see the garden and pomegranate trees under which he had played in childhood, left the room-

Out into the garden he went and, standing where he could see the latticed windows above, began to sing a little rhome that children sing when they play together, beating time with the palms. What more natural, when

moment and a rose dropped. Above the veil he saw great eyes, like stars, bord, red with kohl. Then, as if by secident, be vail dropped, and he saw his cousin Fat-Meh's face-the baby face become a woman's, and beautiful exceedingly.

promised in marriage and that the meeting of relatives to settle the que tion of dowry would occur very soon It is not often that a young Egyp-

tian sees a girl's face, and this one stimpse of his cousin's face remained in Ibin's heart as a kiss might in that of an Englishman. He was dreaming of her as a man entered the tent in haste and a voice called: "Captainmy captain!" and he looked up and saw a soldier beside him.

him, 'a boy, who appears to be dying, asked to be brought to you. Will you see him?" Ibin sprang to his feet and followed the man into the open air. There, supported by two other men, stood a beautiful, beardless boy, who lifted his

eyes and looked into Ibin's face im-"Captain." he said, "I have some thing to tell you-something which no one must hear. Take me to your tent -take me quickly." Without a word the captain opened

the deacon. Ibin laid his burden down upon the rugs spread in its shadow and knelt

eyes-the eyes of a lover, against which no woman ever yet disguised herself-had recognized his consin Fat-Meh on the instant. Why she thus masqueraded he did not know, but she had asked for him and wild fancies

there he whispered: "I know you! I know you, Fat-Meh! Tell me quickly what it is that ails you!"

filled his mind. Now as he knelt

"Oh, Cousin Ibin, it is a wound," the girl gasped-"here in my arm! I came with the new soldiers who came to-day. Two of them quarreled. One struck at the other. He sprang behind me and the blade entered my arm. I am dying! And, oh! it was so horrible to think of dying amongst strange men, and that they should know! And I knew that you would keep my secret. Hide me! Let no one know even after I am dead!"

"Have no fear. I will shield you with my life if necessary," said Ibin. "Here on your sleeve I see blood. Is it

"Yes!" whispered the girl. On the instant Ibin ripped up the sleeve, and to his joy found a little wound, which had bled badly but not dangerously. When he bound it up and reassured her he covered her face and left her to rest and went out to tell his tale. The little soldier, he said, was not much hurt. He was a mere boy and fancied himself dying and had asked for him that he might send a message to his parents. For the present he would care for him. Then he returned to his tent.

Fat-Meh was awake. Her great eyes turned upon him.

"Ibin," she said, "do I seem bold to you? I suppose so. But listen. I have been learning lessons. In Egypt women are slaves. They sell us as if we were birds. I, for instance, have a heart. I wish to marry one I love. And there came to our house an old woman, who told my parents that a rich man wished to marry me; and they said I must marry him. I prayed them not to give me to him. They laughed. The preparations were complete. The time had come. Do you blame me for running away? A few jewels bought the help of an old woman. While they were looking for a lost girl, a boy marched away with the

soldiers. "Oh, I would have done anything to escape that frightful man! See, I have even cut my long hair! Does it make me ugly? Do you think me bold and bad-very, very bad? I saw that you loved me when you looked up at me from the garden. But, if I have made you despise me, at least let me stay and be a little soldier, and see you now and then, and perhaps, wait on you sometimes. And when there is a battle, fight beside you. Only do not send me back to marry somebody I hate. Pity me, even if you scorn me."

On this, Capt. Ibin El-Warrakah quite forgot Egyptian good manners, and took Fat-Meh's hand in his and held it against his heart, and told her that she was a rose, a nightingale and a dove, and he recited this verse to her:

" Ya milah kuntoo min Allah Wa shamai ashik li-ah Hobukum mek tooh min Allah, Kaddarn I mowia aleirjia."

Which might be very freely translated thus: "Oh, beloved one! Since Allah has given us to each other, the love we feel is ordained by him. Therefore, let no one blame us for what was decreed in

paradise."

But in spite of this bold speech and their brave hearts, matters might have ended badly for both had it not hap pened that the khedive elected to visit his soldiers that morning, mounted on a prancing horse, followed by other highmightinesses mounted on other prancing horses, with music and clash and jingle and floating banners and great pomp and ceremony. And it so happened that Capt. Ibin El-Warrakah had of late accomplished certain doughty deeds, and been reported favorably for them, so that when he begged for mercy, mercy was granted. Like all the viziers and sultans in

the "Arabian Nights Tales," the khedive was sentimental. He felt for true lovers. Therefore, having a right to do as he pleased, he declared that these lovers should be married, had the ceremony performed as soon as possible, bestowed his blessing and a dowry upon the bride, made the captain a colonel, and sent a message to the parents to the effect that they had better not let him hear them make any ob-

jections. And this was all very lucky for little Fat-Meh, for Egyptian fathers make nothing of putting a daughter who has N. V. Ledger.

Unappreciated Humor.

Senator George, of Mississippi, speaks with a broad southern accent. Just after the organization of the Fifty-second congress the senator one day walked over to the house and procreded to go by the doorkeepers. One of the guardians, not knowing the Mississippi statesman, laid his hand

"No, sah," said the Mississippian Representative Kilgo', sah."

This doorkeeper was one of Iceman Turner's appointees, who had cultivated 2 grim sense of humor which he was in the habit of exploiting at the expense of men with idiosynerasies. He promptly replied:

den change of doorkeepers at that par ticular portal. - And the keeper of the do', sah Was heard of never mo', sah -Washington Post.

Two Masters. "Can'a man serve two masters?" in ouired the pastor of the mild-eyed dea-

"He has to, sometimes," confessed "I think not." "You never had boy twins at your

THE BOY WHO WHISTLES.

and the light Drop down at the set of the sun.

As they pass by my window is one Whose coming I mark, for the song of the lark, As it joyously sours in the sky. Is no dearer to me than the notes glad and free Of the boy who goes whistling by

And my spirit seems clouded with care, It all flies away if he happens to stray Past my window a-whistling an al-

And I scarcely can know how much gladness I And I never could tell should I try.

But I'm sure I'm in debt, for much pleasure I

A hope his endeavor to crown.

To the boy who goes whistling by. And this music of his, how much better it is, Than to burden his life with a frown. For the toiler who sings to his purposes brings

I say to myself I will try To make all of life with a lov to be rife Like the boy who roes whistling by, -Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal

#### A THANKSGIVING BEAR. Night Hunt in a Canoe Two Duck-

ings and One Bear.

And whenever I hear his notes full and clear

The homes of the Duncans and Taylors were situated near the Little Red. a swift stream that flowed through a region but little opened as yet and still inhabited by the animals of the west. Indeed, bear roamed at will through the dense canebrakes, and not infrequently made reprisals on the scattered settlers. Wolves, too, abounded in the region, and in winter their tong dismal

howling made the cold nights hideous. The Duncan and Taylor boys Roy and Phil had been companions from childhood, and when their parents settiled in the new country they were in their element, as they could roam the woods, or paddle down the Little Red. every now and then picking up a bear or markey with their trusty rifles.

It was not long before they became known as the best young Nimrods in the whole district, and whenever they started on a hunt it was taken for granted that they would return with a well-filled bag. One of their favorite methods of

bagging wild game was by the fire

hunt, and these adventures generally

took place on the river. They would set up their torch in the gance, and while paddling up stream, or floating with the current, would by its light see the eyes of the bear or deer on shore, and a shot was pretty sure to bring down the fascinated targets. The night before Thanksgiving Phil Taylor strolled over to the Duncan homestead with a proposition almost sure to find favor with his young com-

fire hunt on the river for the purpose of, as Pail expressed it, "bagging a Thanksgiving bear." "We can float past the big brakes near the bend," said he, as he laid his proposition before Roy. "Tom Huner, who came through there the other day, saw lots of fresh signs, and we may be able to get a big one for to-

panion. This was nothing less than a

morrow s least. Taken with the prospect of some exciting adventure. Roy at once acquiescell, and the two boys began to prepare for the fire-hunt. The canoe was dragged forth and the pine knots for the torch gathered and made ready. A torch of pine knots, if fashioned properly, will throw a fierce glare for many rods over the water, and animals will come to the shore and gaze at it, fascinated, as it were, natil the unerring bullet of the hunter in the canoe

terminates their careers. The young hunters of the Little Red waited with some impatience for nightfall, and when the hour came they liauneded their cance and sprang into iit. The torch had been placed in the stern of he boat, and Phil, who was to have the Arst shot, took his seat underneath it in such a position that the light, stranging over him and from behind, world throw its radiance along the shore, thus gevealing the gleaming eyes of woif or Bear, but without the glare dazzling his own eyes.

In some places the river was dangeroms on account of susseen rocks, over which the water boiled like a cauldiron, while in others canoeing was perifectly safe; but the boys knew the stream well and had paddled it on gnany occasions after dark. Taking the paddles Roy, with a sharp lookout along the shore, drove the light bark into the middle of the river, while Phil under the torch watched the tall canoes that lined the edge and tried to eatch the first sight of game.

The night was calmly beautiful, and the paddles made no noise in the water as the canoe swept down stream. As they neared the bend where they expected to catch sight of a living target Phil and Roy increased their watch fulness. All at once the paddles in Roy's supple hands seemed to rest, and like glanced at his companion. Phil at the same moment had seen what had ecomorbit Roy's eve. 1

On the right, where the gall canes seemed to seek the solitude of the stars, gleamed a pair of intense eyes, very close together, and near the ground.

"It is old Ephraim," whispered Pail, as he moved his rifle and leaned forward for a better look. "We have found our Thanksgiving bear at last!" The canoe had reached a quieter place in the current and Roy had

brought it to anchor there. "Don't miss him." he said to Phil. "In all my lafe I never saw eyes shine so. I believe I can make out the outlines of the bear's head."

Slowly, with a cool hunter's deliber ation, Phil: lifted the rifle to his shoul der, and while he watched the shining eyes, Roy seemed to hold his breath. The crack of the weapon awoke the echoes along the shore, and as the smoke lifted both boys leaned forward with eagerness and looked toward the

"You missed him." cried Roy. "No. Look yonder! The old fellow has tumbled into the water and is in the death struggle. Quick! Row toward him before the eddy sucks him in. We shall lose the bear if we are

not careful." Roy needed no urging to force the canoe through the water toward the spot where something was splashing among the rocks, and Phil, who had reloaded, was watching for another shot, as he saw that the bear was desperately wounded, though not yet quite conquered.

As the canoe neared the spot there was a sudden plunge on the part of the animal, and the huge bulk vanished

for a moment.

1 Inch, 5 months.

"Lost!" exclaimed Roy. Before Phil could reply, something dark and wet rose almost underneath the frail cance, and the next moment he saw the taffrail in the grip of a bear. The great paws, looking doubly formidable in the unsteady light of the torch, with the weight of the bear, threatened to overturn the boat, and the ugly head with wide mouth bleeding from the boy's shot, was enough to send chills of terror to the Nimrods'

"Back off," eried Phil, as he saw that the canoe was almost among the rocks and liable to be capsized by their

Roy sprang anew to the paddles, and

swift waters caused the torch to seatter a rain of fire over the devoted boys and the bear, but the beast only

Finding that he could not get a shot at the bear as Roy backed the boat off, Phil struck with all his might with the gun, bringing the heavy stock down upon the huge head. He shattered the weapon by the blow, while he apparently left the skull of his antagonist uninjured.

In another movement the bear lunged forward again, and the canoe at the same time striking a rock was capsized, spilling its occupants into the cause and clamber in again.

Roy, who was fortunate enough to retain one paddle, pushed the boat from the rocks and sent it out into the river, where it was caught in a swift current and carried along like a feather. "This is befter than drowning among

bear," said Phil, as he looked back, "But we've lost our Thanksgiving bear "Lost the bear?" cried Roy, sharply,

This was true, as could be seen by the moonlight which at that particular place fell through the trees upon the eddying waters: The two boys stared at the bomely head lifted above the tide and at the sharp claws that seemed to dig their way into the woodwork at stern. The bear held on with a death grip as the current bore the cause and the young Nimrods rapidly down the stream, now narrowly missing some hulf-sunken tree, and

tried to escape a hidden rock. last, as he turned a frightened face toward his companion. "The bear is determined to prove our Jonah, and in a short time we shall reach the falls." "Cut him loose," said Roy, "You

have your knife, haven't you?" Phil hailed the suggestion with a ery of joy, and brought from the depths of his pocket a big jack-knife, and in another moment he leaned toward the bear in their wake.

root of the claws, and drew it toward him. The bear growled savagely, but Phil bravely faced the beast, and severed the other foot likewise. "A tree!" rang out Roy's voice at this moment, and before Phil could duck his head the canoe struck

the limbs of the lodged tree-In this they were successful, and when they had drawn themselves up among the branches they looked at one another with grim smiles. They knew that they were destined to pass the night in the tree, which they did, and when day came they found themselves

near a plantation. By dist of shouting until they were hoars: they made themselves heard, and were rescued by several plantation hands, one of whom discovered the bear lodged in smother tree a littie farther down the river. The animai was dead, and when he was drawn ashore the boys related their thrilling experience with his bearship the night

A wagon was procured and the homeward journey began, and in ample season for dinner the boys arrived with

the Thanksgiving bear. The canoe, which had been swept

The Armenians are one of the oldest races in the world. Their country is mentioned by Xenophon and Ezekiel. and in the cunciform inscriptions of Babylon and Assyria. All the nationthat surrounded them have passed away, but they remain, though their country has been harried with fire and sword for centuries. The permanence of the Armenian race has been ascribed to the virtue of their women and the exceptional parity and stability of their family life. Even in their beathen days polygamy was unknown to them. They have been a Christian nation for more than lifteen hundred years, and have undergone perpetual persecution for their faith from the surrounding oriental people

Defrauded. A short story, but very much to the point, is one told of John Allen, an English clergyman. He had heard that a brother minister kept his congregation waiting, and kindly remon-

church?" asked Mr. Allen. "About three hundred.

"Three hundred? Well, then, you Youth's Companion.

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on Washington.

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FOR ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING TRY THE FREEMAN.

FOR ALL THE NEWS, READ THE FREE- to meet more than half way. He, how-

refer from this distressing complaint; but form-nately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try 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

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The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that

UNLIKE ANY OTHER 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, broachtits, colds, coughs, catarrh, cuts, chaps, chilblains, colic, cholera morbus, carache, headache, hooping cough, inflammation, la grippe, lameness, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, nervous headache rheumatism, bites, burns, bruises, strains, surams, stures, swellings, stiff joints, sore throat,

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Cents, consisting of 100 pages
full size Sheet Music of the

Zummmmmmmm Zummm

AGENTS WANTED by an old cettable from place profits,

O the crystal-fountain'd halls! Otherow-windowed waits?

Dear my friend, gylove not o'er much For the vanished voice and touch:

O the music and the bloom

James Bu kham in N. Y. Independent

The pupils of the Polytechnic School of France have a queer way of expressng the fact that one of their number erred to the Thirteenth"-for it is

pletion of the prescribed course.

ready become proverbial in the regi-He occupied an apartment consisting of a small bedroom and an enormous parlor, scantily furnished with a grand piano placed between two windows and a round table in one corner. This arrangement of things removed all iseless obstacles which Tavernier night have encountered in his endless walk up and down. On the table were invariably placed a bottle of absinthe me of sirup, a decanter of water, classes, and plates heaped with sweets and cakes. His orderly had instruc-

whom the "crazy captain," as they

tent of the room. ris head, completed his singular attire.

Nothing ever occurred at these somethat equivocal gatherings that would not have been considered perfectly corusual calm was disturbed by a little variety actress, who, in a spirit of fun, had brought a Turkish fez with her.

they would have been willing enough

Sphinx.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1894.

alone understood him.

apartment after he had left it for good.

"Announce Capt. Tavernier," said he to the servant.

"It is no joke. I am aware of madame's sufferings in this housebesides it is all arranged between us."

tions for departure. But before she leaves, captain, will you allow me to

Then he returned and sat down near

more question-are your papers in "I have no papers," said Tavernier: "besides, if any difficulty arises, I shall simply say that I am captain in the

proposes to abduct my wife, only his "Then the captain will not be able the necessary passport."

After they had gone, Mme. de Vermon entered and threw herself trem-"Mad for love of you," said M. de

poor maniae incessantly walking, his

-"I see by the paper," said Mrs, Hicks, "that you can buy a sealskin A Romance in the Land of the The tents of the Egyptian army

of battle. tary cordon with which Ismail Pasha protected the recently established orienlinral districts on the borders

pened. The dearth of cotton, caused by the

heard.

wash his hands in the ewer which the servant holds for him before and after meals, dry them on the embroidered And so, as soon as he dared, Ibin did this, and saying that he wished once

memories of youth returned with the sight of the garden where, before Fat-Meh had been able to walk alone, he had led her by her tiny hand-what more natural than that he should remember the rhyme and sing it again? And while he saug, another voice, soft and low, took up the strain. Some one was singing behind the lattice of the window. He knew it was Fat-Meh. A little later he saw that the lattice was pushed softly open. A veiled face peeped forth, a hand was extended for

It vanished. The window was closed He picked up the rose and hid it in his bosom and returned to the house. Before he left his pucle's abode, however, he had asked some questions and learned that Fat-Meh 2ve -bready

"Captain," this man said, saluting

his arms to receive the fainting form. and, lifting it, bore it into his tent. The soldiers did not dare to follow, and, seeing they were not wanted, retired. Softly as a mother bears her child

down beside it.

His heart was beating wildly. He trembled from head to foot. His

disgraced her family as completely as this little rebel had certainly done into a bag, along with a few lumps of lime, and having her quietly tossed into the nearest river. As it ended, we may suppose that she lived happily ever afterward.-Col. Howard Appleby, in

> on his arm and detained him. "Here, sir, I say, sir; are you a representative?" he called. gravely. "I am a member, sah, of the United States senate, and I wish to see

Representative Kilgo's sah. Is not on the flo sah. He went home at half-past fo', sah, And he won't be back no mo'. sab." A Aav or two after there was a sud

house, did you?" inquired the deacon softly, and the pastor retired in discomfiture. - Detroit Free Press.

When the curtains of night, tween the dark And the tollers return to the loved ones at

If a sense of unnest settles over my breast

hearts.

as Phil rose in the boat to thrust the rifle into the bear's face and terminate the contest, the animal made a desperate effort to climb aboard. The situation was now full of peril and the rocking of the boat in the

blinked his little eyes and redoubled his efforts to scale the fragile rampart

the water and putting out the torch. All this happened in a second, as it seemed, and the boys thus thrown into the stream, and at the mercy of the bear and current, struggled to right After awhite they succeeded, and

the rocks-or being eaten up by the as his face whitened. "Look yonder. He is still clinging to the stern of the

now nearly capsizing again as Roy "What shall we do?" cried Phil at

Instead of striking at the throat, which was exposed, he drove the keen blade into one of the feet, near the

the obstacle in the middle of the Little Red, and in a juffy they were in the water again and streggling to grasp

underneath the tree, was never found. but Phil and Roy were willing to lose it since they had saved themselves and the well-won body of Old Ephraim: but the next Thanksgiving, and the next, they were careful to provide for by daylight, for their thrilling firehunt on the Little Red was not soon forgotten.-Cleveland Leader. An Ancient Race.

strated with him. "It was only ten minutes," said the offender, apologetically. "How many people had you in

wasted three thousand minutes."-

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