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NUMBER 34.

### EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1894.

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WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP. When I arie takes the baby, and the nodding

Gives to en that it's weary and would like to go to bed An air of death-life stillness bout the house terim to erecp. And everybody's shient when the baby goes to

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost If I charge to multipabit of noise it scares me When iron neath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-From burblue eyes, when baby has almost gone

And when at last a twinkling of a tiny smile On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dream-I give a sigh of gladness, that is full of thanks, and deep. That the world can once more move on for

### WAS IT STEALING?

baby's gone to sleep.

- Edward N. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution.

How a Brutal Husband Was Taught a Needed Lesson.

"Speaking of the disabilities of women, some people would have you beheve there were none nowadays because women are more favored in this land than in others, that their rights are well enough protected and they have nothing to wish for. Why, it was only this morning I heard of a woman knocked down by her husband and called a thief for taking money from his pocket, as if it had been his money only and not hers that she had worked hard for. Her little boy, with other children, had got into some trouble some petty offense and it was to release him that she was hunting around for money. Her husband never gave her any, although a wellto-do man and she a hard-working

Wollingto." The speaker paused, and there were many questions asked and a general buzz of conversation. Through it all Mrs. Arens sat and listened. She heard no names, and she was very attentive. What if it were Ellen, the sister who had been like a mother to her, married to such a penurious man? She should not feel easy till she saw her. At the first good opportunity she ordered her carriage and, putting in some cushions, almost smiling at her fears, she told Dennis drive.

It was at the other end of town, at the foot of a lane leading up to a small, shabby looking house that he stopped the horses, and she got out to walk. The window shades were down, and she walked around to the back door. pushed it open, and passed into the kitchen. On an old lounge was the prostrate form of her sister, with suffering in her face.

"Ellen, is it true," she said, "what I have heard? Did he dare to raise his hand against you, after all these years? Teil me quickly. Where are you hurt?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! It was only the words. They startled me so. It was what he called me. I hit the tablethe sharp corner. I hurt my side. I believe I did fall, and it is very sore; but I am going to get up." She made a resolute effort, but feil back with a white face and an exclamation of pain. "You must go home with me. You are all worn out, and there is no one here to nurse and care for you properly. Lie perfectly still, my dear, till I

come back." Mrs. Arens called to Dennis, who drove away for help. Then she went about the house picking up what would be needed, and when Dennis returned, her sister, quite unresisting, was lifted

into the carriage, carefully wrapped up and driven away. Hiram Blake, on coming home that night, found no fire, no wife, no sup per, no son. Such an experience had never happened before in the whole course of his married life. He had been hard at work all day, and had had no time to think of the occurrence of the morning, but now it came back with a troubled insistence. He went to a house not far away, where lived a woman known as "old Emeline." who sometimes came to help his wife. He hired her now to come and get him something to eat. Then as he moved uneasily about the room, from window to table, trying to read, and putting his paper down again, little Paul came in with a seared look. He said his mother was at his Aunt Ruby's, and

a long time: "Don't wonder!" sniffed old Emeline, casting a black look at Hiram Blake "It's a wonder she wa'n't took sick a long while afore. She had work enough for three women to do here."

that the doctor said she would be sick

At the end of a week the man ac cnowledged to himself that he had never been so miserable in his life. le dismissed the hired men after the day's work, for the faithful wife was no longer there to feed them. Paul remained at his aunt's much of the time, only coming home now and then to report the slow progress of the patient. Lostering in the lane one evening, Hiram Blake saw some one leading a horse very carefully, who inquired if there was any hotel near, as something was the matter with his horse, and he wished to find a veterinary surgeon to examine it. Mr. Blake did an unprecedented thing for him. He asked the stranger in, while he went for a neighboring doctor skilled in the treatment of animals. He prescribed some remedies, and the stranger, who said his name was Dixon, was invited to stop with Mr. Blake, such was his utter loneliness. He accepted gladly for a few days. The old housekeeper grumbled at having another "to do for;" but after the first day she made no further omplaint, saying: "Mr. Dixon was a likely man, and pleasant spoken; some difference between him and Hi

Blake-" and she prophesied "they would not pull together long." Mr. Dixon was so solicitous for his porse, and worked so persistently its comfort, that it excited his host's

comment. "But that is my religion," Mr. Dixon answer 1. "to make everything are." he as happy as it is in my power. You have a good beast there," and he cointed to a strawberry roan named

"My wife is fond of that horse." Hiram Blake's voice sounded strangely to him.

"He looks overworked." "Yes. He has been doing the work of two horses lately. I must let him

rest a bit, or he will be nothing but skin and bones; but there is no other way to get along. One can't do as he

would like to, but as he can." "I wish you would let me take down the partition between these two stalls. they are too narrow for Peter to rest well. A horse needs plenty of room, and I shall sleep better for it, too," Once a proposal like this would have been met with decision, but Mr. Blake was surprised at his own readiness to

assist, and, while one bathed the stiff

legs, the other brought an extra meas-

ure of meal. "You would soon spoil

the critters." He spoke jocosely, and a little awkwardly. "Oh, no," said his companion, earnestly, "I am only pleading for their

rights." "I didn't know they had any such particular rights." Mr. Bake brought the words out slowly. "Oh, yes, every living thing has rights we are bound to respect. We can make a heaven for them here, if

we will, and for ourselves, too,"

"I thought Heaven was a long way off, with an angry God to rule it." "Heaven is right round us, or we can make it the other place, as many do. I see no anger in God's deafings with us. He has given us this beautiful world. It is the most boundless love day after day; but we are slow to learn the lesson, and to do by each other and by every living creature

even as he is doing for us all the time." Hiram, Blake thought a long while over these words. He had never heard anything like the ideas expressed in them

One evening, seated on the piazza, the two men quite alone, Hiram cited the case of a woman who took money from her husband's pocket, and asked his friend if he did not think it was taking what did not belong to her. Mr. Dixon inquired into the case-if she worked without wages-if she received half of the income regularly; and, having learned the facts, declared he thought it was a plain case of stealing. Hiram shifted uneasily in his chair. He did not exactly like to have the woman branded in this way, although he has invited the criticism. But Mr. Dixon continued:

"Yes, a man that will force his wife to have recourse to such extremetiesa wife who is only a toiler, not a sharer in the velets of a home—that man is a thief of the worst type. For what should he live but to make her happy? Instead of that, he is laving up bitterness for himself, and sorrow for all around him."

Hiram Blake shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He had not expected this climax, and he hastily changed the subject.

"I have been thinking of building on to the kitchen, and putting more windows in. My wife always said it was too small and dark. What do you think?" he asked. "I should build a new house, and

move this one away, if I owned it, and could afford it." "I hadn't thought of that; but I

guess I could do it." Hiram took so kindly to this view of the situation that the next time Paul came home and told his father he had heard his Aunt Ruby sa his mother was never coming to this conse again. Hiram only rubbed his hands and said, cheerily: "She's right, Paul; your mother never will "

He had an architect to draw the plans, and Mr. Dixon gave many suggestions. In time the house was finshed and furnished, even to a row of plants in the broad bay window. The old housekeeper knew the names of some favorites, and even contributed a few herself, with much pride. At last. Peter, harnessed to a low easy carriage, was sent for the long absent wife. Little Paul was the driver, and could scarcely contain his excitement. His father had cautioned him to say nothing about the new house, for he had planned a surprise. Paul began to tell about the horse. "It's yours, mother, your own. No one else can drive Peter unless you say so. Isn't he fat? And the new carriage is all

yours. Isn't it soft and springy?" Mrs. Blake could hardly believe her eves. Of course she had heard something about the new building, but that anything so fine had been prepared for her, it would have taken great faith indeed to believe. Her hushand followed her from room to room with a delighted face. Quite tired out with going over the house, she sat down in the spacious living room before the plants, one mass of bloom and

fragrance. Some of them were Mr. Dixon's gift to you, and this is mine," he said putting into her hand a deed of the place. and a bank book made out in her name, with a cash account of several

thousand dollars. "It is heaven on earth, Hiram!" Those words again! At last he felt he had done something to be worthy of them. -W. A. P. Neal, in Woman's Journal.

Saving One Fare. Getting into a third-class carriage at a suburban station, a gentleman found the only other occupant was a traveling minstrel with a large harp in a green baize covering. Presently the station where tickets were taken was reached, and as the train journeyed on the gentleman was startled at hearing a sort of muffled whisper issue apparently from the harp. Seeing him looking rather curiously at it, the man in charge of it remarked: "I'm sure you are a gentleman who won't cause trouble. The fact is, when I haven't made much money it comes cheaper for my little girl to travel with the harp;" and, hastily undoing the baize covering, out stepped a business-like young damsel of about ten.-London

Tit f. r Tat. A funny man is amu ing the compa ny generally at the expense of one of their number. He calls the little daughter of a guest to him and commences thus: "Can you spell needle, Rosie?" "Yes," said the little one-"n-e-e-d-l-e." "Wrong," said the questioner. "You should spell it thus-n-ei-d-I-e." "I beg your pardon." corrected Rosie. "I don't think there's an 'i' in it." "Did you ever see one without?" inquired the humorist, amid the the laughter of guests. There was a silence for a moment, and then Rosie returned the attack with-"Can you spell pin?" "P-i-n," answered the funny man. "Wrong!" laughed Rosie. "If there was an 'i' in it it would, you see, be a needle!"

### MILLIE'S GREEN PEAS.

The Part They Played in the Scheme of Human Events.

Millie Mitchell was only six years old. Her mother was very poor, and sewed for her living in two small rooms of a dingy New York house not far from East Broadway. One bright day in summer, a day that made even the shabby and dirty street seem pleasant because of the breeze and sunshine that were blended there, Millie's mother said to the child:

"You've been very good for three whole days, and I promised you that if you didn't worry and fret me the least bit for that length of time you should have something nice to eat on the fourth day."

Millie jumped for joy. Her blue eyes glittered, and the red lips curled away from her tiny white teeth in a glorious little smile. Even in her coarse gown she was very pretty, and if she had been arrayed like some of the children who then were romping in the up-town parks, watched by their careful nurses, with her yellow floss of hair neatly combed and daintily beribboned, you might even have paused and said of her: "How beautiful a

"I guess what it is!" she cried. "It's green peas! It's green peas!"

"Yes," said her mother; "and I shelled them on the sly, and they'll soon be cooked. And there'll be potatoes, too, with some meat left over from yesterday. The meat will be cold, for I haven't got time with my sewing, to heat it. But two hot vegetables, Millie, think of that! And now you can run out into the street for a little while, and when you come in I'll have everything ready. But mind you don't stay long, and remember not to pass the corner."

To pass the corner meant to invade the great bustle and breadth of the thoroughfare near by. Millie would not have dared to do that, even if she had desired. She simply trotted along the pavements of her particular block, just as she had done countless times

The merry wind blew back her silken hair below the ragged brim of her hat, with its one old crumpled searlet rose nodding on the crown. She was going to have green peas for dinner, and she was magnificently

Certain residents of the street knew her, and smiled to her from their doorways. To some of these, as she trip ed along, she would say, with a mellow little laugh: "We're going to

have green peas for dinner!" Some answered her laugh rather coldly. Others answered it in a humaner way. Still others gave her a sigh of pity. They were all poor people. but there were grades in their poverty, self-importance and pride. Soon she reached a grim, ramshackle tayern in the middle of the block

From its door a biz man with a puffed. purplish face had just emerged. Beside him was a thin, frail boy, with sunken cheeks. The man had gripped the boy's sleeve, and his frown was full of threat. "Go home." he growled, "and tell your mother that if she sends we here

agin when I'm takin' a sociable glass, I'll send ye back to her with the life beat half out o' you, so I will!" The boy gave a faint cry of pain. His father's hand had clutched bruis-

ingly what slight flesh there was on his fracile arm. Millie came to a standstill, and stared innocently into the man's face. "I'm going to have green peas for dinner!" she said. "I've been good for three whole days, and I'm going to have 'em!"

Here Millie put her head on one side and critically surveyed the wan, sunken-cheeked boy. "I guess he'd like some green peas for his dinner. I guess he ain't going to have any. I wish he was."

As she danced away, with a faint hum of song on her lips and the breeze blowing her bright hair, the eyes of the bloated man followed her. His hand dropped from the flimsy sieeve of the boy and presently it slipped

into one of his own pockets. "You said there wasn't anything home to eat? He drew out half a dollar and gave it to the boy. "That's all I've got left, but it'll buy something, I won't take no more drink to-day. I guess. I can work off this spree before to-morrow mornin'. Go home an' tell yer mother I said that. Hurry, now, an' Ill trudge on after ye."

The pale boy, with his coin close grasper in one weak hand, hastened down the street. He knew too well his father's good resolves-how soon they me ted in air. But at least the awful want from which he and his little sister and his sick mother were all three suffering would be appeased for a short time.

Fifty cents meant so much! Ten cents would buy lots of bread. Twenty cents would buy a good deal of meat. And then there would be twenty cents left. And that for to-morrow might stave off actual starvation at least an-

other day. As he thought this thought the pale boy, speeding to his miserable home a few streets away, blessed that same little wirl from the lowest deeps of his grateful and astonished heart.

Meanwhile Millie went buoyantly on, with the old crumpled rose on her hat bobbing up and down in the summer wind. Soon she met two girls who seemed

to be quarreling. One was larger than the other and appeared to be very old indeed She was possibly sixteen years old, while her companion could not have been more than fourteen. "I won't go back home, Kate," said the younger girl, who was pretcy, with a face pink as a seashell and

great liquid eyes, tull of dark, starry da low. "Father's drunk half the year. Of course I love mother, but she's always got the young ones to mind. No. I'll earn my own living the 'Susie!" cried the other girl, with a horrified accent, "Yes, I will! Oh! you go along.

Kate. I know what Γm talking about. Ain't I got a first-class chance?" "No: it's wrong." "Wrong? Oh! go along with your notions. Won't the Bowery Paradise give me eight dollars a week to dance only about a half-hour every night in

the new pantomime? I'm to be one of the Moonlight Fairles. Why, Kate, just think! My dress'll be all white lace and silver, and a pair o' silver wings and spangled slippers and a wand and a big half-moon on the top

o' my head!" "Don't go, Susie!" urged Kate. "It'll bring you into bad company." "Bad company! Any worse than my father-drunk most always?"

"Your mother needs you at home,"

Kate persevered. "It would break her heart for you to run away and leave her." "But she won't let me join the show if I keep on living at home," said Susie.

with an obstinate pout. "She's right; she's right, Susie. Oh! say, do give up all this! What are your little brothers and sisters going to do without you? Why, they can't never go out at all if you go. No more play for them-oh! say, Susie-" Just then Millie paused and looked,

faces of the two girls. "I'm going to have green peas for dinner to-day, I am. I've been good, and my mother's cooking the green peas now." Instantly the attention of the two

with her infantile candor, full into the

was caught by the child's confidence and beauty. "Ain't she a funny little thing?" said

Kate, kneeling beside the child. "I ain't always good," said Millie, "Oh, I guess you ain't ever very bad,

are you?" said Susie, looking down, her pout lost in amusement, so facile was her disposition. Millie pondered this seriously for three seconds.

"I fret and worry my mother," she replied, conscientiously, and looking down with shame and wonder whether her elders would speak to her after such a confession. Both girls laughed with delight in the child's pretty simplicity.

"It's very wrong for a little girl to fret her mother - that's what my mother says," said Millie, stoutly persisting.

"And what if you was a big girl?" said Kate, not looking at Susie. "No matter if I was as big-as big-" Millie paused and her eyes roved for a comparison-"as big as the engine house," she ended, surprised by her own imagination of attaining such size.

are you?" said Susie, trying to clutch and kiss the child. But at the tone of praise all Millie's joy came rushing back to her. "But now I'm good-and I'm going to have green peas for dinner!" cried

Millie, skipping with delight past Susie's reach, and then strutting importantly away. As the girls watched her their faces w re sweet with smiles of delight and humor-smiles that gave them again for a few moments the looks of their less troubled childhood. When Kate turning, caught this look on Susis's

face, a deeper satisfaction came into "Well, let's go home, then," said Susie, as Millie disappeared. "Wasn't she a dear little thing"

Kate was too wise to risk any reference to Susie's former mood, for a word of argument or moralizing might have thrown her back on her obstinger by renewing her sense of the monotony of home and the attractions of the Bowery Paradise. All that Kate said was:

"Let us have green peas for dinner, Susie. If there ain't any in the house I'll run round to Mullen's for some.' "Yes, I'm good, too, now, Kate," said Susie, with a look of tears and smiles. "And I'm going to have green peas for dinner!" she cried, imitating the very accents of Millie, skipping in her fashion and then strutting away impor-

tantly by Kate's side. Kate still said nothing. Suddenly Susic stopped and looked earnestly at her friend. "The Bowery Paradise won't have

me for a fairy, if you want to know, Kate. "Well, I'm just as glad, Susie! And we're both going to have green peas for dinner!"

Kate's failure in attempting to imi-

tate Millie's tone male Susie laugh more than before, and the two went happily away with arms round each other's waists. Meanwhile Millie entered the little kitchen where her mother stood with the flushed face of a toilful yet tri-

umphant cook. "I guess dinner must be ready by this time," said Millie. "It is." said her mother, and pointed to the pine table, with two plates and

three dishes gleaming from its coarse, clean cloth. Millie, with a gleeful smile, climbed into her own chair. "You must have had quite a long walk," said her mother, as she took the remaining chair. "I s'pose you

stopped and talked to people; you generally do, the neighbors tell me." "I talked to a few people," answered Millie, "but I guess I forgot what I

said."

"Oh, I know, you little goose." laughed her mother, as she uncovered the peas. "You told them you were going to have green peas for dinner." "Yes." said Millie, with an intellectual abstraction caused by whetted appetite. "I guess that's what I did tell em, but I aint quite sure. I-I guess I was pretty excited, and didn't 'xactly know just what I said."

Her mother laughed again, and helped her generously from the dishful of peas. And Millie ate them with a fine elish and in splendid i norance of how wholesome and important a part they had caused her to play in the mighty scheme of human events. -Edgar Fawcett, in Youth's Companion. Unfortunate M. De Lesseps.

The great and unfortunate M. De Lesseps in his extreme old age finds himself a very poor man. He married late in life and has a family of thirteen children. It is generally believed that the blunders of the Panama were not criminal on his part. But recalling his past great services to commerce in the construction of the Suez canal, it is proposed by a majority of the shareholders that during the rest of M. De Lessep's life he shall be given an annuity of 60,000 francs, or about \$12,000, and that after his death and till his youngest child is of age, 40,000 francs a year shall go to the widow and children. This illustrates that there are cases when great corporations show they are not soulless.

A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

Could I but hear the voice once more That thritted my heart in days of yore, its sweet, pathetic, tender power Would soothe my spirit's daraest hour.

The warbling bard would coase its strain;

And how rong lightly on the wing. Enraptured hear its rival sing. Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine! For which my wearied soul doth pane. Oh, may I hear its sounds on high,

Before these notes of joy or pain,

Mid angels' voices in the skc. -Helen Wilkie, in Chambers' Journal.

### SOPHY CLARE'S FRIGHT.

How a Plucky Little Schoolma'am Was Frightened.

A schoolma'am in the far west-a hardworked, scantily paid little drudge, who "boarded 'round" at the various farmhouses, log cabins and one storied shanties within an area of ten miles, and consequently enjoyed a panoramic view of human nature in a pleasing variety of aspects-this was not the sort of a career that Sophy Clare had looked focward to when she graduated with so much edit from the Massachusetts state normal school and carried off her bine-ribboned diploma! But she had come out west, fured by glittering prospects and fair promises, which had torned into mere will-o'-the-wisps on a nearer view, and now it was either work or starve with our courageous little Yankee. So she had taken the West Athens

district school at tweive dollars a month and her board.

"After all," said Sophy, valiantly, "it's rather fun to teach here in the wilderness. One sees all sorts of characters 'boarding 'round' And I'm sure, if I were a novelist, I could make my fortune by pen-and-ink sketches of their strong points. To be sure, it's a long walk to the schoolhouse-and rather a lonely one-but the forest path is so lovely, now that it is all carpeted with the gold and crimson of fallen leaves, and the roar of the river in the glen below and the rash of the wind through the treetops is grander than any orchestra."

And involuntarily the little schoolteacher broke out into the refrain of a song as she walked along with light, elastic steps, her empty lunch-has et on her arm, and the scarlet-frilled hood tied around has feach tital. For the western sun had dinned below the edge of the woods, and Sophy was on her way home to Hosea flarkins. the miller's, where, just at present, she was making her home, with Mrs. Harkins and the twelve little Harkinses-a seven-mile walk from the old. red schoolhouse on the river shore. But as the twilight darkened, and

the purple shadows began to cluster, like spectral figures, in the silent aisles of the woods, Sophy Clare shran'; within herself, and involuntarity quickened her footsteps. "They shot a bear in these woods. last spring" she thought within her self, with a little apprehens ve thump of her heart. "And Charles Harkins was

ouite sure he saw a panther stealing through the underbrush in Dead Man's glen, only week before last! I wish I hadn't stayed in school so late, correcting those compositions." And as Sophy fled swiftly along, her scarlet hood gleaming like a tropic bird, through the dark aisles of the

forest, her overstrained imagination converted every rustimer leaf into the stealthy tread of a wild beast. But suddenly, as she reached a copse of dars pines at the bend of the path, the sound of low, muffled voices struck upon her ears. She paused with a curi-

ous sensation, as if every drop of blood in her veins were standing still. It was two men crouching by a fallen log which lay in the pine copse, mantled over with gold-green moss, and half hidden with tall weeds. Evidently, they were quite unaware of the approach of anyone and, as Sophy shrank back into the shadows of a black-green laurel bush, she could hear their muttered words quite plainty.

"Rut to kill her!" said one. "And she's such a little beauty, too!" "Pshaw!" growled the other. "Don't be a fool. Hal Tucker. It's only one stroke of a sharp knife and the thing's

done, and can't be undone." "But it seems so cruel!" "Stuff and nonsense! Ain't it done every day?" "But what will the children say?"

"They'll miss her, I suppose, just at

first, but they'l! soon get accustomed to another one. "Would you do it at night?" said the man called Hal Tucker. "To-night will be the best time," said the other. "Harkins' folks are all going out to singing school to-night, and the coast will be clear. You have the wagon at the door to carry it away,

of it with my new knife before she has time to ery out." "I never hated to do a thing so in my

and I'll undertake to make a clean job

life," said Hal Tocker. "The more fool you!" gruffly retorted the other. And then the sound of their voices, receding through the dense undergrowth of the forest, grew indistinct, and finally died into silence, while Sophy Clare stood, pale and paralyzed, with one hand clinging to the laurel branches and her chestnutbrown hair blowing about her frightened face. She knew Hal Tucker very well-a gool-natured, shi tless, ne'rdo-weel, who lived on the proceeds of any odd jobs he could get in the neighborhood, and had no more idea of providing for the future than if he had been the grasshopper in Lafontaine's fable. And the voice of the other man was also familiar to her as that of one Jeremiah Slocum, who bore no enviable reputation among the simple settlers of those wild western regions. And, with a thrill of the heart, she rememebred that Jerry Slocum had been sitting by, the night before, when Miller Harkins, who was one of the school trustees, had paid her her month's salary in clinking silver dollars.

"It's I they mean!" cried Sophy, out aloud. "They mean to murder me, and all for the sake of that wretched paltry silver! One stroke of a sharp knife, and the thing's done and can't be undone? O merciful heaven! Can it be that there are such brutes in the world? 'Harkins' tolks going to singing-school to-night, and the coast will be clear!' Oh, the peril I should have been in if I had not been fortunate enough to overhear those horrable words! I must hasten home at once and tell Mr. Harkins. But, oh, if I should chance to meet these ruffians on

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the road again!" She stood still and listened, but no sound greeted her ears other than the rush of the wind in the tree-tops overhead and the murmur of the river below and the wild beating of her own

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"At all risks," she thought, "I must get home. I can't stay here in the forest all night, though perhaps the perits from wild beasts would be less than the dangers from my own kind!" And flying in desperate haste through the gloomy paths, where the first faint silver rays of the starlight were beginning to irradiate the scarcely visible way, she came at last in sight of the old stone mill by the waterfall, with the long, low dwelling of the Harkins' at its side, all shining with

welcome lights. "Supper's b'en ready this half hour." said Mrs. Harkins, a lean, fretful female, who always wore a sunbonnet, winter or summer, indoors or out, and shuffled around the house in flapping carpet slippers. "You're late ain't you, Miss Clare? And, good land ative, how pale you be!"

"I-I walked very fast," said Sophy, with a convulsive catching of the breath and turning paler than ever as she saw, lounging on the wooden settle, just within the huge stone chimney, the very man whose voice she had heard half an hour ago in the twilight woods - Hai Tucker himself!

Involuntarily she drew back, falling almost into the arms of honest Hosea Harkins himself, who had just come in from the mill, with his working clothes on, and his hair and eyelashes powdered over with flour. "Hel-lo!" said that worthy. "You

ain't a-goin' to faint away, be you, Miss But spirit and courage had come back to the Yankee schoolma'am once again. She drew herself up and pointed to the lurking vagabond on

the wide, wooden settle

constable, are you not?"

at Hal Tucker.

"Wal, I guess I be," answered the miller, staring with all his might out of a pair of pale-blue eyes. "In that case," said Sophy, "I call upon you to arrest that villain-that murderer!" And she pointed straight

"Mr. Harkins," cried she, "you are a

"Eh?" said the miller, his eyes more like over-ripe gooseberries than ever. "Eh!" echoed Mr. Tucker himself, ing upright, all in a heap, like a

"I heard him plotting in the woods this night," she gasped out, "with his confederate Slocum! Let him deny it, if he dares! "I swan to gracious, I was there!"

said Hal, scratching his head. "Me and Jerry!" "Let him deny," went on Sophy, with an unconsciously tragic effect, "that he was plotting to murder-with a sharp knife-when all the Harsinses were at singing-school to-night! Oh! Mr. Harkins, arrest him! For heaven's

sake, save my life! It was I that was to have been the victim' The miller stared harder than before Hal Tucker seized his head in both

hands, as if apprehensive that it might split if not safely guarded. 'Hold on, Miss Clare, hold on!" said he. "You're clean wrong, as it happens! 'T wasn't you at all as we was goin' to murder! Good Lord above for bid! It was little Polly's pet lamb there! And the missus wanted to turn it in toward the butcher's account, and she wanted it took away on the sly, because of the children. And me and Jerry we thought it would be a good chance to-night, when they was all off to singin'-school. But the cat's out of

the bag now, I reckon!" Sophy Clare sat down on the old patchwork-covered lounge, with a burst of relieved laughter that was almost hysterical. The miller clapped his hands on his thigh with a force that surrounded him with an aureale of flour dust. Mrs. Harkins smiled grimly under the shadow of the sun bonnet, and the children, one and all, set up a howl of deprecation over the face of

their beloved, woodly lamb! "Mr. Tueser," said Sophy Clare as soon as she was able to regain command over her voice, "don't take poor little Snowflake away! I will pay her value to these good people for the sake of the relief I now feel. And the children shall not los their pet."

kins, who did not know what sentiment "But it's the children's darling. pleaded Sophy. And so Snowflake's life was saved. and Sophy Clare's fright all went for

"It's only a lamb!" said Miller Har-

And the very sound of Hal T cker's voice, speaking in the twitigue, was enough to blanch her cheek. For she had been terribly frightened -poor little Sophy Clare! -- Amy Ran-

dolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

But she could never pass Jeremiah

Slocum afterward without a shuider.

Antelope Preserve in Africa. An effort is being made in England to form a society with the object of preserving m: . . of the species of South African antelopes, which are in

danger of soon becoming extinct. The scheme, which is being promoted and supported by a number of wellknown sportsmen and scientists, is to inclose a suitable tract of country in the district near Fort Salisbury with a wire fencing of, say, forty-five miles in circumference, and drive into this inclosure small herds of the still existing species of antelopes which it is desired to preserve. At certain seasons of the year, to prevent overcrowding, a number of specimens would be let loose or exported for the use of zoological societies. To carry out the plan a comparatively moderate capital would be required; and it is said that the British South African company will receive :- petition before long asking their consent to the fencing in of the proposed preserve.

Workingmen's Clubs in England. The clergymen of the Church of

Eveland are forming w clubs throughout England, Ireland and Scotland. The object of these organ izations is to elevate the laborer, and the . aim to do it by means of lecture and cheap coffee. Has it ever struck the statesmen and high officials of the Church of England, and of other lands, that it might be a good idea to form clubs of capitalists and employers, and impress upon them the fact that labor has its needs and rights, and that if it were treated fairly we would have fewer strikes and less need of workingmen's clubs?

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