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VOLUME XXIX.

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### EBENSBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 29, 1895.

NUMBER 47.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."

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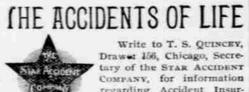
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### A YELLOW ROSE.

BY MARGARETTA M. MORLEY. "Have you seen the mountain yet?" asked an old resident of a bevy of pretty girls as they stood on the piazza of the

Hotel Tacoma Each pretty girl answered with a groan, "No, indeed!" exclaimed one of them. "We have been imprisoned in Tacoma nine days, too, yet not an inch of the mountain have we seen. There seems to be some fatality about it, for to sooner does a Raymond and Whitomb party strike the town than old Tackhammer, as a Puyallup editor has dubbed it, sees fit to hide its head."

"I have begun to question whether there really is any mountain there," observed a tall, fair girl with wistful blue eyes, "and whether you imaginative people have not mistaken a cloud for a mountain at some early period and lived in the delusive glory of it ever since? At Seattle, they say, there is a Mount Rainier, but no Tacoma; while at Tacoma they never heard of Mount Rainier. What is one to think? Now we have been stalled here almost two weeks by the floods and disabled railroads, as the girls have just said, and, although the sun has shone often during this time, that gray curtain in the south has never lifted. It is very odd!" All eyes were fixed on the distant cloud bank and the girl with the wistful eyes continued, dreamily: "It resembles our ambitions, our dearest hopes; success is there-always there-yet the intervening clouds are so dense that at times-" She stopped abruptly, confused by the earnestness of her own

"Who is that girl?" demanded the old resident, turning, with some curiosity. to watch the slender figure. "I did not atch the name as we were introduced.

she one of your party?" "Yes, she is a Raymond. She and her father went through the Yosemite valley, and also to Alaska with our excursion; so, you see, we are well acquainted," replied one of the pretty girls. "Her name is Rose-Rose Monroe, and she is ever so nice."

"You have a pleasant party?" "Oh, yes, indeed, perfectly lovely! And we don't mind being delayed here one bit, for Raymond and Whiteomb pay all our expenses during the detention and we have no end of fun. Only, of course, it would be more exciting if there were some young men."

"Of course," agreed the old resident, with a smile. "But there is a rather nice-looking man now-sitting by the window. Is he not of your party?" "Where? Oh, yes, I see whom you mean!" enthusiastically. "That is Mr. Emerson Dwight; he is from Boston and he is perfectly dear! Did you ever see such a handsome profile? Look at his hands-are they not dreams of symetry? And such hair - that soft rown wave in it is absolutely perfect!'

The old inhabitant was heartily "I am glad you like your traveling companion so well," he remarked; and was then puzzled by a dissenting shake of the head from the very girl who had been sounding the young man's praises.

"Like him? We don't like him," she volained. "We don't know him he's from Boston! \*\*()1:1\*\* "Yes, he is awfully exclusive no, no

that exactly, but - well - indifferent. His manners are perfect, so he is arways scrupulously polite to us, only be doesn't care a pin about us. See? The only girl he has anything to do with is Rose Monroe. In his cold and formal fashion, he is very nice to her." "Do you know, I think he is very

much taken with her," volunteered the youngest of the group, who at once became the target of many scornful glances. "I do, indeed! He talked with her for hours at a time going up to Alaska, and," triumphantly, "he i now holding the rosebud to his lips which she put in his buttonhole this afternoon.

The unconscious subject of their renarks was sitting at a small table unde the window, absently twirling by its long, slender stem a beautiful yellow rose. From time to time he inhaled its delicate perfume, or, as the romantic naid interpreted the action, pressed he flower to his lips. Presently he ommanded a bell-boy to bring him a class of water. He drank of it, and then, to the horror of his little audience laid the drooping rosebud across the piece of crystal ice that almost filled the glass, and, lighting a cigar, prepared himself to read.

"There is sentiment on ice for you warranted not to melt!" cried the pretty girls, mockingly, and the little romancer felt utterly crushed. Night crept in over the sound. The

gray-curtained cloud which concealed

the mountain turned to black, and one

by one the tourists disappeared.

Bose Monroe was the last to leave the iazza. Her companions had passed er unnoticed, as she stood in the hadow of the house, and she made no fort to detain them, for her heart was neavy and she longed to be alonelone with that black curtain that sen arated her from success. Was it there's Strolling to the window, to see if her father was still in the office, she stumled against a table standing near, and the musical clink of ice against glass attracted her attention. She smiled oitterly as she perceived the fragile yelow rosebud on its frozen bed, and then, throwing herself in the chair Emerson Dwight had occupied a short time before, stroked the yellow petals with a caressing hand. He had left his book,

a handsome volume of Poe's poems, open on the table with a pencil and a sheet of paper folded between the leaves, Her restless fingers sought them out, and presently she began to write: Sweet yellow rose, that in thy chalice

ance. Mention this paper. Holds a dear secret all too tightly furled, By so doing you can save | Lift, but one instant, thy delicious head membership fee. Has paid over \$600,000.00 for That I may read the message none have read. Let this warm air, and warmer still Caress
That on thy petals now with zeal I press, Open them wide, until the truth be freed,

Of which I long have felt a bitter need.

May the soft wish, that fervently 1 O'er thy cold bed, around thy bosom A gentle warmth, suffice to break the spell Which holds you fast, where love can never dwell.

'Tis vain I plead! cold petals like a shield
Close o'er thy heart, and keep its secret W. B. CONKEY CO. Publishers. Chicago III. lose o'er t sealed.

Then, having read her hastily written verses, she twirled them around, with a swift smile of derision, and scrawled across the full length of the sheet:

L'ENVOL Alas, sweet rose, you have no voice! You are—a yellow rose on ice. Pushing the book away with a gesture of impatience, she bowed her head upon her arm and fell into a reverie, from which she was only startled by voices in the office. Realizing, all at once, that the hour was late, she arose hurriedly from her chair; and the impromptu verses never again occurred to her mind until she was brushing out her long yellow hair before the mirror in her

There was no doubt that when Emerson Dwight recovered his book he would find the lines, and it was equally certain that, finding them, he would at once recognize the author by the handwriting, and- She waited no longer to pursue this horrid possibility, but, twisting her long hair into a hasty knot, prepared to go downstairs. The verses must be regained at any cost!

Late as it was, a few men still sat smoking and chatting in the office. Passing them as quietly as possible, Rose stepped out on the piazza and was immediately filled with consternation to find two figures bending over the fatal table. One was Mr. C---, the conductor of the excursion; the other, Emerson Dwight.

There was no mistaking the handsome profile and finely-turned head silhouetted against the lighted window. The girl's heart gave a bound. How long had Mr. C- been with her friend? was the momentous question which confronted her. While they were together Emerson Dwight was not likely to open his book, so there were nine chances to one that he had not discovered her paper.

"Pardon me, Mr. Dwight, but I carelessly left a paper in your 'Poe' while glancing it over this evening; may I trouble you for it now?" Rose wondered at the coolness of her own voice as she waited, all tremblingly, for the reply. Mr. C-glanced at her in some surprise and offered her a chair as he exclaimed: "What! Is it you, Miss Rose? Well,

you are one of the lucky few who can afford to lose your beauty sleep." Locked once more in her own apartment, Rose Monroe threw herself in a chair with many smothered exclamations of relief.

"May I never be tempted to write poetry again!" she ejaculated, fiercely. "If all the would-be rhymsters were punished as severely as I have been during the suspense of the last half hour, the reading public would be delivered of much trash. Oh, thou yellow rose, why wast thou not born a thistle?" She unfolded the paper with a tragic

air, and was about to re-read her lines, when the mocking smile on her lips gave place to a look of blank amaze-Instead of her address to the rose, the

paper contained some lines in Emerson Dwight's well-known writing. She "The secret, lady fair. That my poor petals hold I'll give to thee with joy,

If I may be so bold. "Thy warm and sweet caress Gives joy and hope and life With passion's warmest flow My withered leaves are rife

"Ah, hold me to your lips! My perfume lives again; And in your soft eyes' light Forgotten is all pain.

"The secret's told; I'm sure Your eyes have read it true. My perfume holds one dream-That, lady fair, is you.

"If cold on bed of ice I lie, Tis that my memories may not die. The L'Envol was scrawled across the page just as hers had been, and the whole paper resembled hers so closely that it was small wonder she had been deceived in it at first glance. So Mr. C-had not been with Emer

son Dwight during that fatal interval. and he had had time to open his book! What must be think of what he found there? Rose lost herself in a maze of doubt, and fell to sleep murmuring: "'Forgotten is all pain."

The next morning Emerson Dwight appeared at breakfast with a yellow rose in his buttonhole.

"I believe that rose is artificial," sang out Mr. C- from an adjoining table, "for it seems as though you had worn it a week. The florists out here can't understand their business, to put such everlastings as that on the market."

"I have a method, all my own, for keeping it fresh," answered Dwight, with a grave inclination of the head toward his vis-a-vis. "Miss Monroe is in the secret, and can divulge it if she likes." Rose blushed furiously.

After breakfast, Dwight asked her to walk with him on the piazza. She acquiesced, and they lingered a long time at that farther end where the pet bear is chained. They were finally interrupted by one

of their traveling companions who came to announce the good news that the last bridge had been repaired, and that they were no longer prisoners. The pretty girl arrived just in time to hear Emerson Dwight say:

"Yes, I found it, and as I believed there was no hope of seeing you before this morning I killed time by writing a reply. C- joined me just as you stepped upon the piazza, and as that ended all prospect of our having a tetea-tete I could not resist giving you the wrong paper. I would not part with the other, not even to you. By the way, Rose, we must change the L'Envoi to something like this: Most precious Rose, you're in a vise,

You're doomed to bridal wreaths and rice." -N. Y. Ledger.

Wonderful Sagnetty of a Dog. The wonderful sagacity sometimes displayed by the dog in its efforts to save its master is well illustrated by the following true tale of late occurrence: A nine-months-old number of the shepherd variety, owned by Farmer Nathaniel Peardon, of Melindy's Prairie, Wis., was sent to bring home a drove of six good-sized hogs that had escaped from their pen, little thinking the dog could accomplish this difficult task. Imagine the farmer's surprise on seeing the puppy bring each hog home, one after the other, in quick succession, leading it by the ear, each trip stopping for his master's approval. Each time the hog refused to advance or seemed inclined to loiter the puppy pulled his ear all the harder, thus compelling him to move on.

### IMPRESSIVE GLITTER.

The Metallic Splendor of the Diplomatic Corps on New Year's Morning.

Washington's most picturesque feature, the diplomatic corps, never gets into action until the reception at the white house on New Year's day, says the Indianapolis Journal, although the individual members will be seen out in society for a month or more before the recognized social season. At the New Year's reception, however, the diplomats come out strong and the procession of the members of the foreign legations and embassies from the white house to the home or hotel of the secretary of state, where the diplomatic breakfast is served, is one of the gala sights of the year. Many of the population of Washington stay up all night in order to get a place on the white house fence where they may see the procession pass as soon as it has been received and properly attended to by the president.

After the reception the entire organization lines up and puts out on foot for the home of the secretary of state. As they pass from the white house grounds in their glittering raiment they are the showiest things in Washington and worth coming miles to see. The lowliest attache in the crowd will give eards and spades to the most showily-dressed drum major in the country, and will win out with ease. They have gold lace and bullion strung all over them, while the aigrets, plumes, epaulets, cords, tassels and ribbons of any one legation would stock a millinery store. Such is the effect of this aggregation of beauty and valor on the great American crowd gathered without the gates that every man in it utters at some time while the procession is passing, with contemptuous emphasis, the remark which occurs oftenest in the narrative of the adventures of Chimmie

### STRANGE STORY OF CRIME. Trustworthy Servant Turns Murderer-

Husband to the Rescue. One of the most remarkable stories of thwarted crime comes from India. A lady with her two children, who were both young, was going in her own ekka from Ramnagar to a place in the center of the Bar tract.

The driver was an old servant of the family and was thought to be trustworthy. For this reason the lady dinot think it necessary to leave her jewelry behind her. At a lonely part of the road the trustworthy servant stopped and ordered his mistress to pass her gewgaws along. She did so, not unnaturally, and then the man proceeded to bind her, preparatory to kill-

At her request he agreed to kill the infants after he had dispatched their mother. He lifted the ax to strike the blow, but the head flew off and disappeared in the brushwood some yards away. By this time the lady was un-

When she came to she found her husband leaning over her and undoing her fastenings. He explained that he had felt a dread as of some impending calamity, and so had followed her. In the thicket the trustworthy servant was found dead, his body already blue, putrid and bloated. He had been stung by a Khagi snake, whose bite paralyzes the victim on the instant and decomposes him in an hour.

### VERY FRUGAL PEERS.

Members of the English Peerage Do Not Squander Their Wealth Needlessly. There is no one in the English peerage who has the reputation of driving a closer bargain and possessing a keener eye to the main chance than the duke of Westminster, says the Brooklyn Citizen. The young duke of Bedford, who runs his grace of Westminster very close in the point of wealth, distinguished himself the other day in the London police court by the animosity which he displayed in prosecuting the poor itinerant venders of fruits and vegetables who had attempted to dispose of their wares in the neighborhood of Covent Garden market, which belongs to him and is one of his principal sources of revenue. He claimed that by hawking their wares on the border line of the market they interfered with those who rented stalls therein from him. And now we have Lord Robarts, the richest peer in the west of England, and possessed of tin mines in Cornwall which alone yield him over \$250,000 a year, getting the best of a brother peer, the popular earl of Hardwicke, by foreclosing a mortgage which had hitherto been considered a friendly agreement. Of course, Lord Robarts is within his strict legal rights, but by his altogether unexpected foreclosure he has managed to acquire Wimpole hall, the ancestral mansion and country seat of the earl of Fiardwicke, as well as the large estate in connection therewith, for one-third of the value at which it was officially appraised three or four years ago.

### HAS SAVED MANY LIVES. Wonderful Record in Death Cheating Made by a Sea Captain.

Which boy has saved the greatest number of human lives from drowning? was asked of Tit-Bits by a correspondent, and this was the answer: Capt. Hans Doxrud, commander of

the Red Star steamship Switzerland,

trading between Philadelphia and Antwerp, is believed to hold the world's record in this respect, as, white quite young, he saved the lives of 83 persons, rescued from nine sinking ships. Among the boys who lately received rewards from the Royal Humane society for saving life was W. E. Irving, aged 13 years, who, at a great risk, saved the life of a little fellow at Aldermoor, hear Coventry, on April 11. This is the second life saved by Irving, who was the recipient of a silver medal in December last. Another boy, Alfred Goodwin, 13, saved a boy of 11 in the Acton waters near Wormwood Scrubbs; and Fred B. Cooper, a little fellow of 11 years of age, who has only the use of one hand, succeeded, on February 28 last, in rescuing another boy who had fallen through the ice in the recreation ground which runs by the side of the Trent. A few years ago the Royal Humane society awarded a silver medal to Frank Lines, eight years of age, who saved the life of a boy ten years of age who fell through the ice in the Broadwater, Brocket park,

### BLISS BOUGHT AT AUCTION.

for half an hour, for I am in a pickle!" exclaimed Fred Sawyer to his friend. Come up to my quarters. Thave something to show you, and-no joking-I

'Lead on, and don't lose any time in re-

riddles, you know." "Why, yesterday I dropped into the saleroom at a London station. You know, they sell off the uncalled-for luggage at intervals, and a sale was just gongon. A number of the boys were there, and we each commenced to bid for a trunk. I selected a rather small one, and- Here we are! Come right in and view the burden of my woes."

He led the way into a pleasant apartment and pointed to a small leather

"Open it, if you want to," he said. Tve had enough of the confounded thing. It's full of woman's stuff, and what do you suppose I can do with it? I haven't an aunt or a cousin in the wide world."

"Keep it till you're married, Fred. These seem to be good clothes," said Courtney, peeping into the box and lift-

sell them to the second-hand-No, I've a better scheme than that. Why not go through the trunk systematically, find out the owner's name and addressthere are surely letters or something-

thing for a reasonable sum?" you will keep Mrs. McGaffrey out. Fare-

Courtney laughingly locked the door; but the smiles soon left his face as he proceeded with his task. He wondered if the little battered trunk had been lost in some of the dreadful catas trophes he had read of; he imagined the owner killed and her body as well as luggage unidentified in the horrible excitement.

veils and ribbons, ginghams, silks and prince.

"No clew yet," he murmured. "Perhaps there are letters in this box." Its catch was bent, but he wrenched it open and out flew-his own photo-

He sat down plump in a box of laces and stared. On the other side were his initials and a date he had been trying for three years to forget: "June 22, 1890,"

"Nell Burr's trunk!" he exclaimed "Oh, my little girl, what has happened to you? Maybe some one ... No, here are your initials on this belt buckle, and your gloves were number six, and tle foot.

he lifted a package of letters from one

there are!"

Unfastening the cord, he turned the etters over and found many of the envelopes scribbled upon by a familiar hand. There were items jotted down to be remembered in answering, and scraps of poetry which had not long since reached his eye, and been ever since cherished in his memory. Upon the last one-for they were all num bered-was written in ink this girlish confession: "Al Courtney, I love you, but will never marry anyone so inconstant."

silence, he exclaimed:

and now, perhaps, she is dead." paper when his chum entered.

"Well," he cried, "what mystery did you unearth?" to my sisters. What will you take?"

"Oh, come! You're just doing that to help me out. I know your benevolent old heart. No, I'll follow your advice, and hunt up the owner. It would be quite romantic, and, besides, you hinted that I might make a shilling or two by it. You found her name and address there, didn't you?"

"I'm not sure about that," said Fred. "I've thought about it all the morning and the idea grows on me. It will be

-luggage is seldom lost except by some. such accident, and maybe she is an old

"Come, Courtney, lend me your ears need your advice."

"If you take it, it will be for the first time," laughed good-natured Courtney. ieving this suspense. I'm not fond of

trunk which stood in the middle of the

ing dainty garments with a half-reverent touch, in spite of his laughing "Humph! The idea of such advice from you! Why, old boy, I shall not marry for ten years-five, anyway-and I'm not going to risk keeping these things here and being taken for a lady

burglar. Mrs. McGaffrey would find them in spite of everything-smell murder in the air, and hunt around for the skull bones, No, I'll dump the trunk in the river; that's what I'll do." "Pshaw! You're too sensible for that. These things cost money-lots of it, I imagine-and you paid something for them in the bargain. You might

and write to her, offering her the whole "Do an act of charity, and yet turn an honest penny Anyone would know you are Scotch. But I must go back to the store, and- Here! you have all the time there is; suppose you go through it for me? Al. I ask is that

dieu!" And off he went.

They were girlish things-dainty snowy linen. He lingered over a small, worn slipper, and felt a thrill akin to that awakened in Cinderella's

graph!

this slipper would just fit your dear lit-The young man grew excited and rapturous over each article; presently

"My own-and they express the createst happiness life ever brought me. They are like the leaves that flutter down in the November rain, I wonder why she kept them. How many

Resting his head on the empty tray in

"I was a fool-a consummate fool-A noise outside aroused him, and in a bewildered way he surveyed the garments strewed on every side, and gazed mournfully at the beautiful hat through which he had run one foot, and the box of laces he had unconsciously used for a cushion. Fred would be coming in a few minutes. He began repacking the things with ruthless haste, and, stowing the letters in his own pockets, was lying lazily on the couch reading the

"No mystery at all," was the deliberate answer; but the 'stuff.' as you call it, is worth something, and would be a regular gold mine to a girl. I've a notion to buy it from you and present it

'Yes." Al reluctantly answered: found her name and an address, but it is hardly likely that you could find her after so many years. You know, they keep luggage a long time before it is

rare fun to try, anyway. What did you say the name was?" "But no doubt this girl was killed

"Just as if that would make an act of charity less meritorious. Old women don't usually wear white lace hats, though. You must have found some-

thing precious in there jewelry, or something-which makes you auxious to martyrize yourself. It's mine, how ever, and I'm not as anxious to part with it as I was not till I've looked

through it, anyway." As he turned the key Al remembered that his own photograph was lying in a conspicuous box, and exclaimed: "Wait until after dinner, then; I'm a

half starved." "Perhaps it would be better," was the answer, and they passed out together. When fairly downstairs Al said he had forgotten his handkerchief, and

flew back three steps at a time to get it. Securing the picture and placing it in an inside pocket, he said to himself: "Surely there's nothing else to give me away. But I must wheedle him out

of the trunk. After dinner Fred "went through" the contents of the trunk, making boyish remarks concerning each article as he threw it aside. Al inwardly winced at these remarks, and could scarcely restrain bimself from knocking him over

on the spot. "What makes you so crusty?" queried Fred, suddenly, as one of his choicest jokes was met by a gruff "H'm!" "There's no fun in you, and why you want this stuff beats me. Your sisters would turn up their noses at secondhand clothing, if it is pretty. But it isn't worth fussing over, so take it

along. No doubt it would prove a white elephant on my hands sooner or later." Not until the trunk was safely in his room could Al breathe freely; even then it was no easy matter to keep it out of his sisters' sight. They both made a pet and confidant of their one brother, and had a fashion of dropping into his room at all hours to tell him of their schemes and woes. He had pushed the trunk under a mahogany table in the corner, the old-fashioned cover of which reached almost to the floor.

When he told them he was going away for a little business "trip," they beset him with questions and petitions to be taken with him, finally declaring that they would clean house while he was gone, and "sort out his trash."

So behold him, in the dead of night narrow attic stairs, bumping his head on every rafter and getting colwicle on his mustache. He covered it with old clothing, pushed a big box in front of it and then crept downstairs, feeling as erime. At breakfast the girls both talked at once about the burglar who tried to get in, and how they pounded on Al's door and could not even get an

At boon he was on, and as the train whirled onward he became possesed with fears. She might not be at Hastings; she might not care for him after these three years; she might even

be married or dead. Ariving at his destination at last, he only stopped to leavehis bag at the hotel, and walked rapidly to a familiar house in the suburbs. Ringing the bell he inquired for Miss Burr in a matter-offact way, as if he had seen her the day before. He watched the girl's face as he spoke, and saw no trace of surprise.

She simply said: "Miss Burr may not be able to see you, but come in, and I will ask."

Presently he was shown into a small. sunny room, where, on a couch, lay the one girl he had ever loved. He meant to explain at once the cause of his fool ish going and eager coming, all of which he had framed into frank, beautiful sentences; but somehow they forsook him. and he fell back on the commonplace. She received him with quiet words of welcome, and then said:

"Pardon my position, but I am such an invalid that it is a trial to sit up."

"An invalid!" he echoed, faintly. "Yes," she answered. "Did you not hear of my accident several months ago? On coming home from a visit ! stopped for a day or so in a London ho tel. The building caught fire a few hours after I entered it. The horror of the scene is so stamped - branded would be a more appropriate wordon my memory that I cannot bear to talk of it. I lost everything except the ulster which was wrapped about me and would have lost my life but for the prave fireman who broke my fall. Oh. o, I am not seriously injured," she con inued, in answer to his half-speker mestion, "though I have been ill ever ince. It was such a shock, you know.

By deft questioning he succeeded in naking her say: "Yes, I lost my trunk. It was left at the station (I expected to go in a day or two), and the deposit ticket was destroyed with my pocketbook. Railway people are necessarily particular about dentifying luggage, and for weeks I cas too ill to even remember it. Besides, I had only gone for a short outing, and it held nothing of much value, except some keepsakes that were dear to me."

A deep flush stole over her face at these words; he watched it for a delicious moment, and then gathered her up in his arms, exclaiming: "I will bring them back, if you will oay the reward I want."

Then-or, rather, after he had torured her impatience mercilessly-he old her of Fred's "bargain" bought at uction. She begged for it, coaxed, deaded, all in vain. He declared that she could only have the little leather renk as a wedding present. And a very happy wedding party it was, too.

-Tit-Bits Saved His Conscience. The comptroller of the treasury is an

autocrat whose decision overrides even that of the chief magistrate of the nation. Some years ago, the then incumbent of the office refused to sign warrant for money which Gen. Grant thought it proper to expend. "That is right," the president said, "I admire your firmness. Where your conscience is concerned never permit yourself to be coerced. You may consider yourself clear in this affair, for I shall appoint a new comptroller to-morrow,"

-The second war with Great Britain began June 18, 1812, and ended on February 17, 1815. It involved the enlistment of 471,622 volunteers and the service of 85,000 regulars, a total of

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The large and relite circulation of the Cax-tia FREEMAN con mends it to the favorable neideration of adv. tisers whose favors will be serted at the following low rates:

### CYCLING THE GLOBE.

The Feat of Riding Around the World on a Bicycle.

How It 's Performed These Days by Wheeling Enchusiasts-Hair Raising Stories Told by the Heroes.

A traveler just back from Japan says that the passengers on the Pacific Mail and Canadian Pacific steamships get much amusement from seeing the marvelous exploits of the during men and women who are now making their perilous ways around the world on bieveles in great numbers. Every ship takes several of these heroes and heroines. On the way to Asia the passengers do not know the heroes, or even suspect. them. As the wheels are stored in the cabin baggage rooms, it is impossible for the rest of the passengers, looking on at a pallid boy who turns ill at the smelt of a cigar or a girl who lies next to death's door in her stateroom, to dream that these are the people who are going to write home to the papers that they have been chased by Persian bandits and lunched with Kaffir kings as they annihilated Puck's record round the globe. When the ship stops at Yokohama out come the wheels, and the heroes ride the full length of the Bund-a commercial street about a mile long. The rest of Yokohama is on a hill too steep for wheeling. At Kobe and Nagasaki the town sites are more nearly level and the heroes ride perhaps two miles, having their wheels lifted back aboard the steamer as she voyages from place to place. Having done Japan by going ashore at three points, they forge fearlessly ahead on the teamship, yearning to brave the ter-

ors of China on their flying tires. China they discover to be one of the inest fields for this phase of reckless deviltry in all the world. The ship takes them to Shanghai, where the Bund is nearly two miles long and all lined with churches, clubs, banks and brokers' and hipping offices-as safe and occidental as Broadway. They hear that they can ride five miles on the Maloo and the Bubbling Well road before they come to the muddy towpaths that form the actual roads of that part of China, long which no wheelman can ride with their hearts in their throats, fan ying every poor devil of a coolie they neet to be a murderer fresh from sackng a missionary's house, they pedal inward. When they come to the tea ardens, whose gateways swarm with binese, they all but faint, and could he Chinese dandies and courtesans at hese gates read what the bicyclists fterward report of their experiences I the time they would find themselves escribed as an undisciplined mob of oldiers and lawless retainers in front of a mandarin's palace, with this adtional statement: "They seewled so ercely and made such threatening estures that only the swiftness of my sheel prevented another massacre beng added to the list of crimes against

oreigners in China."

Rack to the ship the wheeling hero flies and writes notes of his hairbreadth scapes in central China until the vessel passes Woosungg and begins to rock him back into seasickness. Hong Kong is the next place at which the bicycle is nken out-a British possession no more o be regarded as dangerous for a forign lady of the most timid temperanent to walk about alone in than is the European republic of Shanghai or the baunt of mountain desperadoes in New Jersey called Tuxedo. So the journey around the world continues-aboard ship with the historic wheel safe in the baggage room and only an occasional chance occurring to take it out in places like Singapore, Aden, Port Said, Alexandria and the rest of the desperate lurking places of European merchants on the way to Europe. Terrible moments are experienced and recorded on the way. For instance, on the Red seanotes are kept of the ferocious character of the inhabitants of the dark continent. On the Mediterranean the ship passes Greece, with its pirates, and Italy, with its banditti, each of which avage and relentless bodies of people s worked into the wheelman's or wheelcirl's diary in such an effective way as to almost make the diarist turn pale as

be or she reads over what has been writ-Finally comes Southampton, or Liverood, or Havre, and there the now worldamous wheel makes its last spin-so that its owner can truthfully say it has 'done Europe"-before being hoisted board a steamer homeward bound for

### New York.-N. Y. Sun. CONCERNING BLOOMERS.

And again, when the bloomer woman goes into full effect, that deep mystery, the dress skirt pocket, will go out .-Washington Post.

BLOOMERS will never be made the

ground for divorce. Wherever the wife

wears trousers domestic affairs have reached a settled condition. - Washington Times. THE difference between ordinary trousers and bloomers is that bloomers do everywhere what ordinary trousers do only at the knees.-Milwaukee Sen-

MR. AND MRS. JOHN QUILL had a quarrel over the matter of Miss Maggie Quill wearing bloomers, during which John lost his whiskers and Mrs. Onill was deprived of her alleged reason. This seems all the more strange inasmuch as jonquils are naturally bloomers. Perhaps, after all, they are not so much John Quills as passion flowers.

-Boston Herald THE late Mrs. Bloomer is receiving posthumous glory to which she is not entitled. The bloomer costume of the woman who wheels is both good to see and comfortable to wear. If the good woman had devised such a costume she might not have been doomed to failure. bocker, however, in application of his name to a costume, gets no more than his fair show. - San Franelseo Examiner.

To Keep Rim from Unraveling. At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number. "And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders, in dismay. "His head!" echoed one of the ministers; "he has no head! What you call a head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from rav. eling out."

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