ria : Freeman
Published Weekly at
RG, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.,
JAMES G. HASSON,

Circulation, - - - - 1,200

Subscription Rates.
year, cash in advance $1.50
if not paid within 3 months, 1.75
if not paid within 6 months, 2.00
if not paid within the year.. 2.25
...ns residing outside of the county ...onal per year will be charged to ...
...went will the above terms be de... and those who don t consult their ... by paying in advance must not ex... ...ed on the same footing as those who ... not be distinctly understood from ...ward.
...your paper before you stop it, if stop ... None but scalawags do otherwise.— ...alawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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

$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1896. NUMBER 44.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

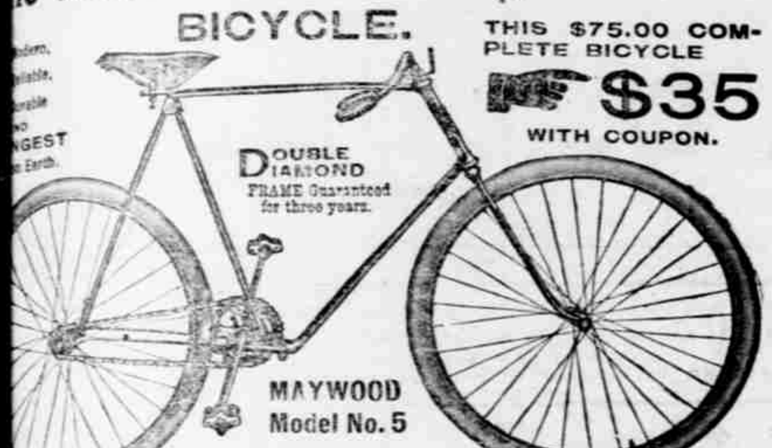
1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
1 inch, 3 months	2.50
1 inch, 6 months	4.00
1 inch, 1 year	6.00
2 inches, 6 months	6.00
2 inches, 1 year	10.00
3 inches, 6 months	8.00
3 inches, 1 year	12.00
¼ column, 6 months	10.00
½ column, 6 months	20.00
½ column, 1 year	35.00
1 column, 6 months	40.00
1 column, 1 year	75.00

Business items, first insertion, 10c. per line subsequent insertions, 5c. per line
Administrator's and Executor's Notices.. $2.50
Auditor's Notices.. 2.50
Stray and similar Notices.. 2.00
Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisements.
Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at the lowest prices. And don't you forget it.

"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN
SAPOLIO
IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

The Indestructible "Maywood" BICYCLE.

THIS $75.00 COMPLETE BICYCLE $35 WITH COUPON.



PATENTS Feb. 24, 1891 May 17, 1891 Oct. 3, 1893 Jan 1. 1895 Jan. 21, 1896 Others Pending

...wood" is the strongest and simplest bicycle ever made. Adapted for all kinds of riders. Made of material that is solid, tough and wiry; simple in construction, ...apart and put together; has few parts; is of such wiry construction that its parts ...ther even in an accident; no hollow tubing to crush in at every contact; a frame ...be broken; so simple that its adjusting parts serve as its connecting parts; a one... in place of a dozen parts; always ready to give reliable and rapid transportation. ...Improved double diamond, guaranteed for three years. Made of ⅞-inch cold ...rods (toughest and strongest metal for its weight known); joined together with ...bronze fittings in such a manner that it is impossible to break or any part work ...arrel of novelty, simplicity and durability; the greatest combination of ingenuity ...mechanism known, to build a frame without brazen joints and tubing, as you know ...continually break and fracture at brazen joints, and tubes when they are buckled ...be repaired. WHEELS—28-inch; warranted wood rims, piano wire tangent spokes ...nipples. HUBS—Large barrel pattern. TIRES—"Arlington" Hosepipe or Mor... ...quick Repair, or some other first-class pneumatic tire. BEARINGS—Ball ...every part, including wheels, crank axle, steering head and pedals. CUPS AND ...best quality tool steel, carefully tempered and hardened. CHAINS—High grade ...rear adjustment. CRANKS—Our celebrated one-piece crank, fully pro... ...patented; no cotter pins. REACH—Shortest, 26 inches; longest, 37 inches. GEAR— ...FRONT FORK—indestructible; fork crown made from gun-barrel steel. HANDLE ...reversible and adjustable; easily adjusted to any position desired; ram's horn fur... ...ordered. SADDLE—P. & F., Gilliam, or some other first-class make. PEDALS— ...rubber; full ball bearing. FINISH—Enameled in black, with all bright parts ...nickel. Each Bicycle complete with tool bag, pump, wrench and oiler. Weight, ac... ...tires, pedals, saddles, etc., 27 to 30 pounds.

...Special Wholesale Price. Never before sold ... To quickly introduce the "Maywood" Bicycle, we ... to make a special coupon offer, giving every ... this paper a chance to get a first-class wheel at the ... ever offered. On receipt of $35.00 and coupon ... ship to anyone the above Bicycle, securely crated, ... safe delivery. Money refunded if not as ... after arrival and examination. We will ship ... privilege of examination, for $36.00 and coupon ... is sent with order as a guarantee of good faith. ... binding warranty with each Bicycle. This is a ... lifetime and you cannot afford to let the oppor... Address all orders to

Coupon No. 2606
GOOD FOR
$5.00
IF SENT WITH ORDER FOR
No. 5 Maywood ...Bicycle...

CASH BUYERS' UNION,
...West Van Buren Street, Bx 2606 CHICAGO, ILL.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the Oldest and Largest manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness this way—ship with privilege to examine before any money is paid. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant for 2 years. Why pay an agent $10 to $50 to order for you? Write your own order. Boxing free. We take all risk of damage in shipping.

WHOLESALE PRICES.
Spring Wagons, $31 to $50. Guaranteed same as sell for $50 to $85. Surreys, $65 to $100 same as sell for $100 to $150. Top Buggies, $37.50, as fine as sold for $65. Phaetons, $66 to $100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. BICYCLES FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN.

RIDING SADDLES and FLY NETS.
5 per cent. off for cash with order. Send 4c. in stamps to pay postage on 112-page catalogue.
Elkhart Bicycle, 28in. wheels, pneumatic tires, weldless steel tubing, drop forgings.
Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

Address, AERMOTOR COMPANY. Chicago; San Francisco, Cal.; Ft. Worth, San Antonio, Tex.; Lincoln, Neb.; Kansas City, Saint Louis, Mo.; Sioux City, Dubuque, Davenport, Des Moines, Ia.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Toledo, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Peoria, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Buffalo, N.Y.; New York City; Boston, Mass.; Baltimore, Md.

CUT PRICES by the only concern that ever voluntarily reduced prices, or in recent times originated a new idea in Windmill and Water Supply Goods. Everything the farmer sells is low. Who sells low to him? We have repeatedly refused to join, and have therefore defeated windmill combination, and have, since '89, reduced the cost of wind power to ⅙ what it was. Through gratitude, and because we are price makers, and are safest to deal with, and because we are the sole originators of all that is good in the modern steel windmill and tower, THE WORLD HAS GIVEN US MORE THAN HALF ITS WINDMILL BUSINESS. We believe in low prices, high grades and large sales. We make short hand with long power stroke pumps, with best seamless brass tube cylinders, lower than iron ones—a 2½ x 16 inch at $2.64. We prepay freight to 20 branch houses. Send now for beautifully illustrated catalogue of up-to-date ideas, as this appears but once. Our imitators may not have in print our latest plans. No one knows the best Mill, Pump or Price until he knows ours.

...lms College
...ness & Short-hand
...Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.
... A good school for both ... individual instruction in ... Short-hand, Type-writing, Correspondence, Practical Grammar, ... Stock Companies, etc. ... assisted in obtaining good ... Correspondence with firms ... and works solicited. Write for Catalogue. ...W. P... M. A., President.

FOR ARTISTIC
JOB PRINTING
TRY THE FREEMAN.

...HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
DR. SANFORD'S
LIVER
INVIGORATOR
...thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills ...man Unhealthy Liver than any ... Why suffer when you can ...? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator, celebrated family medicine. DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

MUNN & CO.
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for
PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

ACCIDENTS OF LIFE
Write to T. S. QUINCEY, Drawer 156, Chicago, Secretary of the STAR ACCIDENT COMPANY, for information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. By so doing you can save ... fee. Has paid over $600,000.00 for injuries.
Be your own Agent.
...ICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

GINSENG
WANTED BY
SAM'L WELLS & CO..
67 VINE ST., CINCINNATI, O.
LARGEST EXPORTERS OF GINSENG IN THE U. S.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales, SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. ...ott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
...qualities are unsurpassed, actually ...two boxes of any other brand. Not ...heat. GET THE GENUINE. ...ALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

THE KING OF LAPLAND.

I know a tiny monarch who has taken his command
Within a quiet region, where a faithful little band
Of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true,
And watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms,
And keeping in their shelter, he is safe from all alarms.
This land is something "rocky" if he feels inclined for jest,
Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow,
While east and west are twin-gray lakes, reflecting, I avow,
The prettiest bit of nature that a human heart can see
Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state,
Or bowing to his subjects and serfs importunate,
Retiring to the castle, his regal head, our king
Lay down in princely grandeur, while loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat you need not sail the sea,
For—strange enough—his throne is set in this home of the free.
Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to the command
Of the loving little monarch, who is king of all Lapland.

—Alice Crary, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE OTHER'S OTHER MAN

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL.

It was yesterday, after an interval of four years.

I had not seen him since we parted last on Commencement day, and had wished each other good luck on what was coming. In my case it was a medical course at one of the German universities; in his, a few years' sojourn at the law school in Cambridge. Those years had now passed. I was about to become a full-fledged M. D., and Phil—lazy, good-natured, joking Phil Wheeler, the man who led his class (in smoking rank tobacco)—was about to call himself a lawyer. A lawyer—I laughed every time I thought of it; for while Phil was the best fellow in the world when it came to brewing a delectable punch or to doing the fascination talk act to a shy country maiden at her first swell dinner, yet he had no more the making of even a mediocre barrister in him than has many another good fellow, who thinks himself cut out by destiny for the bar.

However, Phil had always been one of my best chums, and, of course, I was downright glad to find myself sauntering into the old "Yard" at Cambridge once more, and on the point of yelling: "Oh, Phil Wheeler!" up to his window in Holworthy, just as I had done so many times before during our undergraduate days.

After my yell I waited a few moments to see if he was in. Up the window presently slammed, and a familiar-enough-looking head was thrust out to see who had called. It had been so long since Phil had either seen or heard from me that he failed at first to recognize me; but it was only for a second; then, when he saw who it was, his face cracked into a thousand creases, and he shouted lustily down:

"For heaven sakes, Jack Fenway, is that you? Come up quick!"

So up I went to receive one of those oldtime greetings that leaves a man's right arm sore for a week afterwards. But I skip all this and come to the point of the story.

On entering the room I had noticed a letter lying open upon the table. Evidently I had interrupted Phil in the midst of it, so, after we had exhausted and lived through the opening bombard ment of usual questions, I glanced at the note again and told Phil to finish it.

He smiled and picked it up.

"Oh, yes, that reminds me," he said, "I've got something to tell you. Here's a letter from Miss Lancaster—you remember that girl I met down at Bar Harbor my sophomore vacation?"

"Do I? Don't I? Gad man, she was a dream—to you. And if my memory doesn't play me false I believe you did nothing but dream of her that whole winter. At any rate you did deuced little studying."

"Yes, Jack, she was a nice girl. I always thought a good deal of her." And Phil's face broke into one of those mischievous smiles that were inimitable with him.

I hadn't seen one of those smiles for years, but I remembered on the spot that I never liked those particular expressions of his, for I had learned from experience that they were generally a prelude to some act of deviltry, an unconscious hint on his part to show that the fellow was dangerously near the point of springing one of his exasperating jokes. I remembered especially one of the last times that I had seen such a smile on his amused face. It had been at a dance near his home, when he introduced me to a young lady he was very anxious to have me meet. As I crossed the hall with my arm in his, he had whispered:

"She's an old friend of mine, Jack; a trifle gay, but sound at heart. So pitch and make yourself doubly agreeable for my sake, old man."

And I remember I immediately proceeded to do so by flirting disgracefully with her the whole evening—just for my chum's sake, you know. The other fellows were crazy with me for monopolizing her; I could see it from the way they kept watching us. One fellow especially stood out all the dances behind some palms, savagely twisting his mustache with one hand and the other plunged desperately down into his trousers pocket. He looked unspeakable things at me all the time I was dancing with her, but I only laughed in my sleeves and pitied the poor fellow. And so the evening passed. Finally the last waltz came, and just as I was congratulating myself on having scored one in Phil's favor—and incidentally one in my own—who should come up to us in the midst of a delightfully exclusive tete-a-tete but Phil, with the man who stood out the dances on his arm.

"Oh, Jack," he calmly and suavely exclaimed, "before you go, I want very much to introduce to you my friend's husband, Mr. Huntington—Mr. Fenway."

So you see I know what those smiles generally meant. Still, that was several years ago, and Phil was now reminiscing about Miss Lancaster.

"Yes, Jack, I always thought a good deal of that girl."

He repeated this, wondering why I had not answered him before.

"Yes, I know you did. And do you remember that Thanksgiving we went on to New York to see the Yale-Princeton game, and you took me to call on her?"

"Sure, that was just after the summer I first met her. And I remember, too, that you were not so powerfully taken with the original as you had been with her photo on my desk."

"No, and I've always wished I'd never made that call. Then I wouldn't have known her, and all those heated discussions we used to have about the girl's worth or worthlessness would have been avoided."

"Still, Jack, you'll have to admit that she was a terribly fetching and fascinating girl."

"Yes, yes, Phil, I've admitted that a thousand times, but that isn't the question. My point has always been that she wasn't a girl who had enough in her to warrant a fellow of your good sense going crazy over her. Fetching and fascinating—Jove, man, there are any number of your fickle, flighty, skin-deep sort of girls who are fetching and fascinating, and she's one of them. But fiddlesticks, what do they amount to? Nothing—never get married—grow up into detestable old maids with sour faces and still sourer dispositions. Come now, Phil, I'll bet you ten to one that Pearl Lancaster never gets even engaged."

"No, no, Jack, I won't do it. It's bad principle betting on a girl, anyhow. Besides, you might lose the wager, for she came mighty near getting a man last summer."

"Why, how do you know?"

"I saw her at Bar Harbor."

"Were you down there again last summer?"

"Yes."

"And was she there?"

"Yes."

"Hum, then I'll bet you repeated the foolish performance of your sophomore year."

"I did, Jack, with compound interest. We were together most of the time. Never had such a jolly summer before in all my life."

"And the other man you said she nearly captured—where did he come in?"

"Oh, he was a particular friend of mine, so I didn't begrudge him anything. Excuse me a moment, Jack, I must get some more coal for that fire. Better fill up a pipe."

I proceeded to do so and casually observed at the time that Phil smoked the same abominable tobacco. Expensive stuff, but, gad! how it burn't a man's tongue. Phil was the only fellow who ever smoked it without swearing. The other men invariably declined it, so we always claimed that he used that particular brand to keep his friends from pirating tobacco off him. But then, that wasn't so, for Phil was the most generous-hearted fellow of the gang.

Having filled the pipe I went to the mantelpiece for a match; that was where he used to keep them—when he had any. I didn't find a match, but I found a photograph that had been laid there. It was a new one of Pearl Lancaster—had undoubtedly just come with the letter. I was holding it in my hand when Phil came back from the coal closet.

"Well, what do you think of it, Jack?"

"Grand, good-looking girl beyond a doubt. And I suppose if you were with her again all last summer you must be more cracked than ever over her."

Phil surprised me by uttering a sigh and sinking down into a chair.

"Alas! Jack, I am—fatally so," were his despondent words. "And now what, oh, what, do you suppose she writes me in this letter?"

"Jove! not that she's engaged, is she man? Luckily for me you didn't take that bet."

"Yes, Jack, she says she's the happiest little girl in the world, for she's engaged to the dearest fellow in the world. Engaged at last. Poor girl, I suppose you'd say poor fellow. And such a fellow, too—eh my! Well, all I can say is that I've seen worse fellows and—and better. Oh, dear!"

"But who is she engaged to? What's his name?"

"The man she was with down at Bar Harbor last summer."

"Not the other man."

"Alas, no, the other's other man."

"Not yourself, you fool?"

Poor Phil cowered helplessly down in the chair and feebly held out his hand as if expecting a whipping.

"Yes, Jack," he whimpered, "congratulate and forgive me, old fellow, but I'm—I'm the man."

"Well—! But I say, Phil, you don't smoke any better tobacco than you used to, do you?"—Boston Budget.

HE WON HIS CLIENT'S CASE.

Successful Venture of a Broker as a Criminal Advocate at the Bar.

A Jacksonville broker, while traveling in the Alabama mountains, was invited by a friend, a local judge, to attend the trial of a "cracker" for shooting a "nigger," and the prisoner having no money to hire a lawyer, the judge appointed the broker to defend him, alleging that if the broker was not a lawyer "he was an idiot because he wasn't one"—a judgment amply supported by his conduct of the case. The broker, says the San Francisco Argonaut, cross-examined the witnesses briefly, sending in now and then a discomfiting trajectory. When he came to make a speech he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I have taken great pains to show you that my client was a respectable citizen. Ten witnesses have asserted—on oath, mind you—that he stands high in his community." The defendant was six feet three inches tall, and the jury smiled. "He stood high in the community, and that is sufficient. Now for the law. We find that the 30th verse of the 16th chapter of 'Chitty on Pleadings'—Chitty, gentlemen, was one of the bravest generals in the confederate army—this well established principle of law." Here the broker adjusts his glasses, holds the book far off, elevates his chin and reads: "'No respectable white man can be guilty of crime.' That, gentlemen, is enough. I leave the case in your hands." Each juror changed his quid, looked at his neighbor, nodded, and, without leaving their seats, rendered a loud and emphatic verdict of "not guilty," and then joined in three cheers for the defendant and his lawyer.

A CURIOUS CATCH.

Stolen Bicycle Was Recovered from the Bottom of the Bay of Bermuda.

Among the residents of Bermuda are two brothers, one of whom, besides being an enthusiastic yachtsman, is also a swift and skillful rider of the bicycle. Some time ago, shortly before the date set for a bicycle race in which he was to be one of the contestants, his wheel mysteriously disappeared, and all efforts to find a trace of it proved fruitless.

One day, about 14 months after the bicycle had been presumably stolen, a fisherman, who was angling out in the middle of St. George's harbor for floating fish, hooked a large one, which instantly plunged into the depths of the harbor in a vain endeavor to escape. The angler played with him for awhile, and then, feeling the line tighten in his hand and the strain become steady, began to haul up. He soon realized that he had at the end of his line one of the heaviest catches which he had ever made, and (what he could not understand about it) that it was apparently almost a dead weight. He hauled away, however, until there appeared above the water not only the fish that he had hooked, but a bicycle, round the handles of which the fish, in its efforts to escape, had wound the line a number of times.

When the astonished fisherman had sufficiently recovered from his amazement at his curious catch he took the bicycle ashore. There it was soon identified as the one which had so inexplicably disappeared. Strange to say, the machine, in spite of the fact that it had been at the bottom of the harbor for 14 months, was but little damaged, and was easily put in running order again.

For some time no clew as to how it found its way to its watery hiding-place could be discovered. Eventually, however, several circumstances came to light that pointed to a man with whom the bicycle rider had once had trouble. At one time whenever he rode past this man's place the dogs which were kept there would run out and bark and snap at the rider, causing him considerable annoyance and trouble. At first he contented himself with simply driving off the brutes as best he could, but when he found that they were set upon him by their master, he took prompt measures to have the man arrested, brought into court and fined. From various circumstances that were found out regarding the disappearance of the bicycle, there seems to be no doubt that the owner of the ugly dogs was responsible for it, and that he stole the machine and sunk it in the harbor in order to be revenged on its owner.—Boston Transcript.

CAT IN THE PULPIT.

Pastor Caught It by the Neck and the Usher Took It Away.

An inquisitive black cat strayed into the Bristol Methodist Episcopal church on a recent Sunday evening just before the services began, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

There were very few people in the church at the time, but the loud and plaintive mewing of the stranger attracted their attention, and they watched its movements with interest.

The animal climbed up into the choir loft, perched upon the railing and looked down upon the congregation. After a time several members of the choir arrived and the cat scampered away, finally climbing down one of the wooden pillars which supported the choir loft and walked down into the aisle.

Several of the congregation endeavored to coax the cat into their pews, but the proud pussy ignored them and with stately dignity climbed up into the pulpit and sat on the Bible. When the pastor came in a moment later he found the cat in possession of the pulpit, but the animal took kindly to the preacher and began to purr and arch his back at the latter's approach.

The pastor took the cat by the back of the neck and handed it down to an usher, who carried puss out of the church. "This is a good omen, brethren," said the pastor and then he went on and preached his sermon.

SALOON IN TWO COUNTRIES.

Ingenious Arrangement for the Thirsty on the Mexican Border.

There is an ingenious saloonkeeper who conducts a place in a little village on the border between this country and Mexico, says the Louisville Commercial. The village is half in California and half in Lower California. There are two bars in his saloon, one on the south and one on the north side of a large room. The dividing line between the two countries bisects the house, and one bar is located in Mexico and the other is located in the United States. The proprietor pays big license to both countries, but still makes a handsome living out of the business. He has suspended all the way across the street in front a unique sign. On the United States side it reads, in letters a foot high: "Your first and last chance." On the other side, in Spanish, it expresses the same idea.

The saloon is known by that name for miles around, and many an eastern tourist who has quenched his thirst there will remember it. It is a great resort for "cow punchers" of both nations who work in that territory. Hence many is the bloody fight that takes place there, and few are the ones brought to justice whose crimes are committed there.

"Bulls" of a Parliamentarian.

Two rather good "bulls" are attributed to the late Sir George Campbell. On one occasion he had been calling attention in the house of commons to some abuse in Indian administration and proceeded to observe that he had further revelations to make concerning other scandals, in comparison with which this one was "a mere flea-bite in the ocean." Another time, when speaking about military affairs in India, he declared that "the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of our Indian army."

—By actual measurement of 50 skeletons, the right arm and left leg have been found to be longer in 23, the left arm and right leg in six, the limbs on the right longer than those on the left in four, and in the remainder the inequality of the limbs was varied. Only seven out of seventy skeletons measured, or ten per cent., had limbs of equal length.

A RESULT OF A FLOOD.

BY FANNIE WILLIAMS.

"Hi, Marse John! Dat ar Pelto boy's huntin' our hogs ag'in."

John Hartwell, who was busily hammering at some piece of boyish carpentry in his father's workshop, turned a pair of kindling blue eyes toward the excited young darkey who rushed in with the above information.

"What's that you say, Tom Pete?"

Tom Pete repeated his statement, adding the remark that the Pelton boy was "a-heavin' sticks at 'em, an' makin' 'em run like de ole Nick!"

John put down his hammer and exclaimed:

"I'll see if I can't put a stop to this business, once for all!"

As he spoke, he strode out of the workshop and started across the cornfield, with such an air of angry determination that Tom Pete, running after him, kicked up his heels and grinned, in high glee at the prospect of a collision which was sure to bring the Pelton boy to grief.

John Hartwell and Tracy Pelton were foes of long standing, though neither of them could tell exactly how their feud had first arisen.

The Peltons owned a small plantation on the Sunflower river, and the Hartwells had come from the north some years before and settled on the next place.

Tracy and John, who were nearly of the same age, became acquainted and were peaceable enough for a time, though they had occasional disagreements, like all neighbors' boys.

But some difficulty more serious than usual had led to ill-feeling between them, which had broken out at last into open warfare; so they were now declared and downright enemies. It was a pity, for they were both fine boys, each in his way.

John was a stout young athlete, quick-tempered, quick-witted and merry, always ready for work or play, and throwing himself into both with equal energy; while Tracy was of a quieter disposition and did not get angry or enthusiastic in a moment, but was slow to alter his opinions after they were formed.

"Obstinate as a mule!" John said, not stopping to think that Tracy's affection was even more deep and lasting than his wrath; that he could be a very constant friend as well as an obstinate enemy.

John was in an exceedingly belligerent frame of mind when he reached the edge of the field which bordered on the Pelton place, and beheld his father's fine drove of hogs rushing pell-mell through the corn-stubble, pursued by a slender, dark-eyed boy, who was vigorously pelting them with sticks, clods of earth, or whatever he could lay his hand on.

"You stop that, Tracy Pelton!" shouted John, peremptorily.

"Mind your own business and keep your hogs at home!" retorted Tracy, as he bombarded the hogs with a lively shower of cornstalks.

"I should think this was my business, and I'll attend to it in earnest if you don't look out!" cried John, bristling with wrath and resolution. "If you hit one of those hogs again I'll hit you!"

Accepting this as a challenge, Tracy promptly threw a short stick, which took the largest of the hogs behind the ear and sent the whole drove scurrying tumultuously toward their owner's premises.

John snatched up the stick and hurled it back at Tracy, striking him on the shoulder with force enough to make him very angry, if it did not hurt him much.

He flew at John with doubled fists, and John, nothing loath, received him in the same manner.

The result was that Tracy got whipped, as usual; for the two boys had had several battles already, and, though Tracy invarialy came out second best, he never shrank from a fresh encounter with his stronger foe.

As for John, though he returned home after the battle flushed with triumph and greatly admired by Tom Pete, yet he was perfectly aware that his victory had not settled anything. It was quite certain that Tracy was still determined to chase the hogs and otherwise annoy his enemy whenever he got a chance.

However, during the days that followed neither of the boys had any time to waste in fruitless hostilities. They were sufficiently occupied with the business which was now demanding everybody's attention—that of saving their persons and property from destruction by the waters of the river, which, after rising rapidly for three days, had overflowed its banks and was fast inundating the whole region.

Water from other streams poured in to swell the torrent, cattle were drowned and buildings were swept away. And still the flood rose higher day by day.

People were obliged to move into the upper stories of their houses; then, as the water crept up higher, to take refuge on the roofs; and, at last, they were forced to flee for their lives to the high ground, at a distance of many miles.

Mr. Hartwell had built a sort of flatboat, or scow, as he called it, which proved extremely useful to himself and his neighbors in this perilous time.

It was constantly in use, conveying people to the hills, picking up valuable floating property and taking off the sheep and cattle which were huddled in crowds wherever some bit of high ground formed a tiny island in the very midst of the flood.

One day, when Mr. Hartwell had taken off a number of cattle, as many as the scow could safely carry, he started with another man to paddle them to a place of safety, leaving John and Tom Pete on the housetop, which was still out of water.

He intended to come back for another load of stock, and as the scow was so heavily loaded, the boys volunteered to remain behind and wait for his return.

In the meantime they amused themselves by fishing for driftwood and such floating property as the waters brought within their reach.

There was a strong current setting past the house, and anything which happened to drift into this eddy was borne along so swiftly that a quick hand was required to capture it; but the boys had a long rope and a pole with a hook at one end, and by means of these implements they hauled in quite a collection of miscellaneous articles.

"Hi! look dar!" cried Tom Pete, suddenly. "Dar's de Pelton boy's doghouse a-comin' down de stream. Is you gwine to ketch dat?"

"No; let it go," said John, with a scowl. "I'm not going to save his old doghouse for him—yes, I will, too!"

And impulsive John reached out his pole and drew in a gaily-painted kennel, which he had at once recognized as the habitation of Tracy's favorite hound.

It was a cumbersome article to manage, but the two boys contrived to get it on the housetop by dint of stout tugging. As John straightened up after the lift, he remarked, with an apologetic accent:

"It cost Mr. Pelton three dollars to get the old thing painted, and I haven't got anything against him!"

At this moment Tom Pete gave utterance to another excited "Hi!"

"Dar's a hull raft ob stuff a-comin' down f'm Pelton's place," he said. "Sumfin's done busted ober dar!"

"Must be their ginhouse; father said he was afraid it wouldn't stand," replied John, gazing regretfully at the mass of boards and timbers which came swiftly down the current. "I hope all that lumber won't come bumping against this house," he added, with a look of apprehension.

"If we do, we'll bust up, too, fo' sho'," said Tom Pete, sagely. "It ain't a-gwine to hit us, dough—it's gwine to pieces."

In fact, the mass of timbers began to fall apart and drift away separately; and John got ready with his pole to pull in the boards as they were sweeping past. All at once, with a great start, he exclaimed:

"Tom Pete, there's somebody hanging on to that board out yonder!"

"It's dat ar Pelton boy!" cried Tom Pete. "He'll git drownded, sho'!"

Before Tom Pete spoke, John had become aware that it was Tracy Pelton who clung to that drifting board, and his whole generous heart went out to his helpless foe in a moment.

"Tom Pete, you hold onto the rope," he said, hastily twisting a coil of it around his arm as he spoke. "We can't reach him with the pole, and he don't know how to swim. I'll have to go after him."

"Is you gwine to drown'd yo'self fo' dat kin' ob a feller?" Tom Pete demanded, with strong disapproval.

"Of course not. I'm going to save him."

"He ain't wuff savin'," declared Tom Pete, contemptuously.

"What are you talking about," said John, with flashing eyes. "He's the pluckiest fellow to fight that I ever saw. Do you suppose I'm going to let him drown because he doesn't happen to be the best friend I've got? What do you take me for, anyhow?"

"Don' take you fo' nuffin'!" said Tom Pete, with a scared look, and hastening to clutch the rope, as John impetuously added:

"Hang on to that rope now, and help me haul him in. If he gets away I'll pitch you after him."

And John, with a shout of encouragement to his imperiled foe, flung himself into the water, and struck out to Tracy's aid. He was a sturdy swimmer, and in a few moments he came alongside of the board to which Tracy was clinging, and fastened his rope to it.

Tom Pete began to haul in the rope with great zeal, while John, putting one arm under Tracy's shoulder, and swimming with the other, aided in propelling him to the housetop, where they quickly drew him up, wet, weak and shivering, but by no means devoid of the courage and "pluck" which John so much admired.

"John Hartwell, you're a good fellow," said he, clasping John's hand, with a look that spoke more than his words. "I thought I was gone when the ginhouse went, and I can tell you I was glad when you called out to me. You have saved my life, and I shan't forget it."

"How came you on the ginhouse? I thought your folks had all gone to the hills," asked John.

"Father and I came down to feed the stock over on the high knoll," answered Tracy. "I thought I should be safe enough on the ginhouse, while he went over there with a boatload of corn and hay. But it gave way, and went over like a pile of chips. This current was too much for it. It will cost father a pretty penny to build a new ginhouse," he added, ruefully.

When Mr. Hartwell came back to get the boys, he was very much surprised to find Tracy Pelton in their company; and when Mr. Pelton discovered what had happened, he was too grateful for the rescue of his son to complain about the loss of his ginhouse.

When the waters had finally subsided, so that people could return to their homes, the two planters, like all their neighbors, found themselves much poorer for lost stock and injured property; the flood had one good result for John and Tracy—it had made them friends.—Golden Days.

This Happened in England.

The church, in the person of the wife of the bishop of Winchester, has taken to cycling, says the Lady's Pictorial. Rev. E. Husband, by the way, the well-known vicar of St. Michael's, Folkstone, preached a special sermon to cyclists recently, in which he not only followed some of the old divines by seeing no harm in taking a punning text—"They toil not, neither do they spin!"—but further remarked he firmly believed that, had velocipedes been in existence in ancient days, the sacred writings would have contained approving references to them. It may interest the excellent vicar to know that in a country church of which I have heard a cyclist figures in a stained glass window.

Matchmaking in Sweden.

Sweden has the oldest and largest match factory in the world. Matches were made there long before the old, roughly trimmed splinter of wood tipped with sulphur was discarded with the tinder boxes for which they were used. In 25 years the export trade of Sweden in modern matches increased to 1,000,000 boxes a year. Some of the machines for making the matches which we use in these days make 200 revolutions a minute each and turn out about 2,500,000 boxes annually. Altogether there are in Europe about 50,000 factories, and they yearly produce matches valued at $50,000,000.

STRANGEST OF FISHES.

A Marine Wonder at the Columbia University.

There is an animal at Columbia university which has neither ears, eyes, head nor heart.

The absence of the head and heart is naturally the odd feature of this strange creature, which biologists call a lancelet. One of them is now being experimented on in Columbia university's biological laboratory, says the San Francisco Examiner.

Although this wonder looks a good deal like a fish, it is really an animal, for there is just as much difference between the lancelet and a salmon, for instance, as there is between a man and an ordinary bird.

Epicureans with a sweet tooth for fish will hail with delight the prospect of having all the lakes and rivers of the country stocked with the lancelet, for in their entire body there is not a bone. True, there is a kind of backbone running the length of the body, but as this bone is not a bone at all, but only a strip of what ordinary mortals would call gristle, no trouble with fishbones can follow from the attempt to eat the animal when a man is in a hurry to catch an "L" express.

Still another advantage exists to a man who wants to eat the lancelet in a jiffy. This advantage is, perhaps, "one better" than the absence of bones. Every man's eyes perform the function of an X-ray machine in good working order, for the lancelet is absolutely transparent in every section of its extraordinary corpus.

ITALIAN ANTIQUITIES.

An Underground Trade in Them in Spite of Legal Interdictions.

Some days ago a well-known dealer in antiquities offered for sale to the Louvre museum in Paris a splendid collection of ancient vases from Italy or Greek or Italian workmanship, says the London News. The museum was unable to pay the price asked—£20,000—and declined the bargain. The Italian minister of education, having learned of this, has taken proceedings under the Pacca law against Sig. di Prisco, the owner of these antiquities. The latter is a large land owner at Bosco Reale. He secretly made excavations on his estate and found 28 silver vases of remote antiquity.

Notwithstanding the Italian law prohibiting owners of antiquities from sending them out of the country without leave, or, rather, on account of this law, which prevents old works of art from commanding anything like their natural price in the impoverished country, Sig. di Prisco smuggled his find out of Italy and offered it to a Paris dealer for £5,000. Continuing meanwhile his search, he found other silver vases, which duly joined their fellows in Paris, and the whole lot was offered to the Louvre. The Italian minister of education throws interesting light on the facilities which underpaid officials are supposed to afford illicit exporters of antiquities. He issues a notification that, should any officials be found to have connived at this latest evasion of the Pacca law, they will be criminally prosecuted.

PHRYGIAN CAP AND THE KNOUT.

Means Taken by France to Keep Out Russian Exiles.

The French republic, thanks to the new alliance between the Phrygian cap and the knout, has done its best to make its soil insecure for those who fled from the tyranny of czardom, says the North American Review. Among Russian exiles living at Zurich, Geneva and Lausanne spies have latterly been introduced, even in the guise of alleged lady students of the same nationality. In England alone proscribed Russians are free, and in England, partly in consequence of their contact with the quiet operation of parliamentary institutions, partly on account of a change of feeling among the cultured classes of their own country, men like Stepniak, the author of "Underground Russia" and kindred works, who once had a hand in the fierce active fight against autocracy by all available means of irregular warfare, have gradually ceased to be connected with the organization of so-called terroristic attempts. Their London monthly organ, Free Russia, shows how much they have moderated their demands.

If the young emperor would only consent to the introduction of some kind of representative assembly, such as all European nations have, and as even the sultan had adopted shortly before Turkey was beaten down by the armies of Alexander II., the reigning czar would rally around him many who are at present his adversaries in what is believed to be the camp of the most extreme party.

X Rays for Eye Trouble.

One of the neatest uses to which the Roentgen photography has been applied is the detection of glass splinters and other foreign bodies in the eye. The difficulty of photographing the eye is very great, because it is practically inclosed in a bony case and cannot be got at. Dr. H. Lewkowitsch has, however, invented a contrivance which enables this operation to be successfully performed. The plate is so made that it can be inserted (under anaesthetics, of course) into the orbital cavity between the os lachrymale and the eyeball, and in this way a photograph can be taken which shows the position of objects quite beyond the reach of the ophthalmoscope. In fact, Helmholtz' wonderful instrument is useless, except where the foreign body is located in transparent tissue, and is free from extravasation of blood, conditions which do not apply to the Roentgen photograph at all.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Likes Prison.

Some years ago a rich man was sentenced in England for some crime to a term of penal servitude. So enamored did he become with prison life and with his surroundings during the period of his incarceration, that, since his release, he has built for himself a miniature prison, with cells, exercise ground and tread mill. Upon the latter, it is said, he daily works just as he did while he was under his sentence.—London Graphic.

—Since the beginning of this century the use of the Italian language has greatly increased; in 1801 it was spoken by 15,070,000 people, and in 1890 it was used by 33,400,000.