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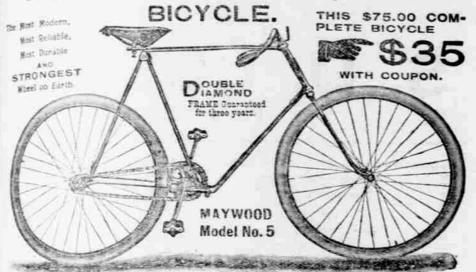
VOLUME XXXI.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSE-

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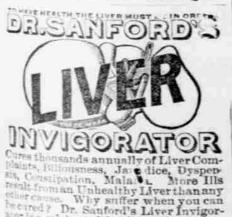
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Wanted—An Idea of some simple thing to patent?

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"I am lonesome," said Susie to Robbie. "Won't you go and play with me, I have a play-house-a pretty play-housedown under the old oak tree, And my toys and dolls are all down there,

and oh! there are the pret lest leaves! And Robbie, I found two sparrow's nests too-old nests that dropped from the And I fixed them up on some tiny shelves, and oh! everything is so nice!

Won't you go down there and play with If you will, I'll kiss you twice. "I am lonesome by myself in the play-

And everything is so nice; think you might go play with me, Rob-

If you will, I'll kiss you twice." Then with hovish contemnt he answered (she was six and he was eight). "I don't care anything for your play-house, and the sight of dolls I hate; And your leaves and bird's nests are noth-ing if they do look so pretty and nice; So I don't think I care to go with you, even though you would kiss me twice, Then her little tips quivered with anguish

and the child's heart swelled with While the tears ran down the soft little cheeks. He saw it, then answered again:

Why, Susie, you know I was joking, Let me get my rocky-horse and new toy

And I'll play all day with you."

The years had passed by all swiftly with their medley of pleasure and pain, And one day I heard these low love words in the spot by the shaded lane: "I am lonesome," said Robbie to Susle,
"Won't you come and play with me? I have built us a house, a pretty new house, down under the old oak tree,

And 'tis fixed all snugly and neatly, 'tis cozy and cheerful and warm— If you'll go I'll love you forever and protect and shield you from harm." I am lonesome by myself in the new house, And 'tis cozy and cheerful and warm I think you might go and live with me,

And I'll love you and shield you from Then with woman's perverseness she answered the lover's plea of the man: 'I don't believe I'll go to your new house; I really don't see how I can

And your next, new rooms are nothing, if they do look so cozy and warm; So I don't think I care to go with you, ever though you would shield me from Then the man felt the thrill of anguish, the man's heart swelled with pain. But she smiled as she looked toward him,

then softly answered again; Why, Robbie, you know I was joking, I am always your sweetheart true; Let us set the wedding day, Robbie,

THE PRICE OF VANITY.

-Finis Garrett, in Nashville Banner

BY H. F. GRAVES,

In an exquisite boudoir Cecile Chet wynde was sitting, one stormy winter night, languidly watching her rich consin's toilet.

It was just such a place and scene as Cecile loved; yet she was only here on ufferance-a poor relation, tolerated with a sort of grudging hospitality. And Mrs. Framley, her wealthy cous in, was a short, vulgar-looking woman

-cross, ill-bred, ill-tempered and gaudily arrayed in ruby velvet.

"How strangely things are ordered! 'eelle could not help saying to herself. is she caught a reflection of her own camco-like profile and aristocratic fit are in an opposite mirror. "I should have been the child of wealth; she the toiler. But, never mind! I will yet ompel Fortune to empty her golden offers at my feet!"

"How do you like the red camellias in my ha'r, Cecile?" Mrs. Framley denunded. "No, Fanchon, not the diamonds, you goose! The rubies, to

restat. The trim little French maid tripped airily to the jewel casket to get out the great erimson rubies, that flashed in the gaslight like drops of blood; and Ceelle, leaving back in her shell-shaped chair, thought secretly that her Cousing Parbara would look like a searlet Samingo in her intensely-colored velvet and jewels, and complexion to match.

And so Mrs. Framley rolled away to the ball in her softly-cushioned carriage, well content with herself, and Cecile started out of her reverie.

"You may go, now, Fanchon," she said, "and you needn't sit up. I have letters to write, and I will attend to Mrs. Framley's toilet when she re-

Fanchon lifted her dovelike eyes to Miss Chetwynde's imperially beautiful

"Shall I not remain to arrange the room, mademoiselle?" she inquired. "No, no, no!" Cecile answered, im-

patiently. "The room is well enough and I would rather be alone." And not until Fanchon had vanished did she lift the scarlet Indian scarf which had fallen over the casket of diamonds, with a smile of triumph mant-

ling her exquisite coral lips. "I will wear them this once," she murmured, to berself. "Harold Disart shall see that I can grace his wealth like any princess. How they glitter! how they sparkle! Oh, will the time ever come when I, too, shall wear dia-

monds of my own?" Swiftly and silently she hurried to her own room, carrying the precious easket of white velvet, lined with snow pure satin, in her hands, and dressed herself in tarletan and elematic blos-

And while Mrs. Framley fondly imagined her young cousin was sleeping peacefully at home, and poor Farchon osed her to be writing letters, Ceile Chetwynde was gliding through he mazes of the redown at a stately mansion in Belgravia, with Harold Disart's admiring eyes drinking in her Hebe-like loveliness, while on her brow and throat and marble-molded arms the diamonds shone and scintillated like threads and lines of fire.

Who else should it be? Confess quickly, and tell me what you have done with it? Why, child, the stones in that eardrop were worth £200." Poor little Fanchon stood pale and trembling before her indignant mis-

"Oh, madame, madame! Pray believe that I never beheld them!" she faltered, wringing her hands and looking wildly around her, as if apprehensive that the emissaries of the law might already be upon her. "What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Fram

ley, angrily. "Here's Cecile, who can bear witness that they were all here last night, when you brought them in, and no one but yourself has had access to them since! Of course it is you, and you only, who has stolen my diamond ring. I was a fool ever to employ a French maid-I've always heard that they are dishonest! Cecile, ring the cell! Send James for a policeman at once!"

Cecile Chetwynde, herself very pale yet languidly self-possessed, pulled the ilken rope. Fanchon de Lisle clasped her hands

and fell at the portly lady's feet. "Oh, madame, spare me! Do no bring this disgrace—this unmerited shame-en me and mine! Oh, madame, I am as innocent as yourself!" she cried.

Mrs. Framley jerked her skirts from the French girl's clasp. "You shall prove that in a court of justice," she said, harshly. "A police man! Why does not some one bring a

policeman? The words had scarcely passed her ips when Fanchon de Lisle fell, white and lifeless, to the floor, her luxurious jet black hair escaping from its bands, and failing, like a veil, over her ashen-

pale face. "She is fainting," said Cecile, with a quiver in her voice.

"She is dead, ma'am," said Mrs. Hoyle the motherly old housekeeper. "If the heart- she was always complaining of pains round the heart. You've frightened her to death, ma'am!"

"Don't be a fool, Hoyle!" cried Mrs. Framley, clutching nervously at her throat. "It's only a swoon. Get some camphor, somebody. Oh, here comethe officer!"

But it was no gruff-voiced policeman vho was ushered into Mrs. Framley's boudoir-only Harold Disart, who looked around him with a puzzled countenance. "Pray pardon me," he said, with a

ourteous bow in Mrs. Framley's direc tion, "I fear I am intruding; but I will detain you only for an instant. I have come to return the diamond carring Miss Chetwynde lost last night at Mrs Fontaine's party. It was found in the conservatory, close to the big palm where I brought you that last ice, Mis-Chetwynde.

Cee'lle grew searlet, then pale, as Mr. Disart laid the glittering ornament be ide her on the table. She shrank from her cousin's eye even while she stroy to mutter some faint formula of thank.

"The diamond that Cecile Chetwynd lost!" Mrs. Framley shrilly elaculated beginning to comprehend the true situ ation of affairs. "Cecile Chetwande at Mrs. Fontaine's party last night! Base girl! How dared you deceive me thus You have been flaunting in my dia monds! You have been systematically acting a false part! Wretch, viper! I will no longer have you in my house!

Mr. Disart looked from the infuriated matron to the shrinking girl, in surprise and perplexity; but there were half a score of voices ready to enlighten him on the matter.

Cecile buried her face in her hands. "I-I meant no harm," she faltered. "It was only for once." "And you would have let this poor child suffer for your fault?" Harold

Disart exclaimed, reproachfully, "Ob Miss Chetwynde! how completely you have blinded me up to this time!" And he turned away, in cold anger and ill-concealed disgust.

At that instant the experienced oid physician whom the servants had summoned glanced up from his examina

"It will matter little to this girl," be said, quietly, "what the world may say of her henceforth. She has gone to : greater tribunal to plead her poor little cause!"

He spoke truly.

Fanchon de Lisle was dead. The burial certificate called it "heart disease," and they buried her in a lonely cemetery in a strange land, where a tender hand could hang garlands on he tombstone. But Cecile Chetwynde al beit she bears a brave front before the world, feels that she walks ever with the crimson stain of murder on her slender white hand!

And sometimes she wishes it were she lying under the daisies where Fanchon sleeps.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cost of a Cardinal's Hat. The red hat of a cardinal costs him

more money than kings pay for any except their very best crowns. Ecfor accepting it the grateful prelate must make offerings to the the propagnada and to his titular church at Rome, and pay fees to a long list of officials, rang ng from chamberlains at the vatica down to the cooks and sweepers and the soldiers of the Swiss guards. Indeed, the new cardinal has to pay fees at every step from the moment of his creation to the occasion of his receiving the re hat in public consistory, and when at is over and done finds himself out of pocket to the extent of \$2,500 at least If the cardinal is without means to de fray the cost of his elevation, and if he is to reside in Rome, the vatican is ready to make him a loan to be repaid in installments out of his yearly allowances.

Evading the Rule.

One of the regulations at the new Congressional library in Washington 5 that visitors must carry no parcels into the building. So says the Post, of tha city, and then goes on to relate an amuing occurrence: A rather tall, broad shouldered young woman arrived at th door of the library, having in her hand a neat brown paper package. "No bun dles are alowed inside the building, said the attendant. "You must leave i here till you come out." The your woman objected. The man said it was the rule. The young woman said it wa absurd. The man was firm. He mus obey orders. The young woman best tated; then she undid the percel, hung "But, Fanchon, it must have been several pairs of black hose over her arm. handed the man the paper, and said "There, you may keep that until I come out."

Not That Kind. A gentleman at dinner ordered champagne. By accident an empty bottle was placed upon the table by the waiter. After examining it carefully, turning it round and round and upside down, the diner returned it to the waiter and calmly remarked: "I didn't order it extra

DUCK SHOOTING MADE EASY. How a Millionaire Bags the Game Without Firing H s Gun.

There is a man in this city who has the wealth of a millionaire and the instincts of a sporting man. Being able to gratify the instincts, he had bought a patch of river land in the neighborhood of a duck colony, and there established an exclusive shooting ground.

Now, everybody does not know this. People generally believe that Mr. Millionaire is as mighty a hunter as Mr. Nimrod of Biblical fame.

But here is the secret of this fortunate sport, as related by an eye-witness. An old French hunter is employed on the island, and what Pere Pirault doesn't know about duck shooting isn't worth knowing. He has an unerring eye and a dilapidate lold gun that will bring down more birds at a shot than the best shotgun in the hands of a sportsman, for that gun of Pere's never missed a bird in its career. The usual form of dialogue between Mr. Mil-Conaire and his hunter is here repro-

duced: "Dere eez one duck, Meester M."

"I don't see it, Pere." "Non? You no zee dat duck? Dat is so. H'it make not varry plain. Mysef, I show h'it, Meester M.," and Peregets behind the elegant new shotgun and the amateur sportsman.

Bang, bang! Only one gun goes off. but that is Pere's, and more than one duck falls inert. "You shoot dem duck, Meester M.,"

says Pere, innocently, "H'it was a

great shoot-pour vous." The sareasm of a foreign tongue is lost on Mr. Millionaire. Pere loads up and gives his old gun her head again, and more birds are slaughtered. And it is confidently believed that Mr. M.'s new shotgun has never been fired within the memory of man.—Chicago Times-Her-

THE RUNAWAY STAR.

Traveling Through Space at the Rate of Two Hu dred Miles a Second.

The greatest velocity that has been recognized among the stars is found in the motion of a star known as 1834 Groombridge, or the runaway star, as t is sometimes called, which is believed to be rushing through space at the rate of 200 miles per second. This star appears to be moving in a perfectly straight line through the sky, and it may be visiting our star system for the first time, but whence it comes or whither it is going no one can tell and

it is a great enigma to the astronomers Its wonderful velocity cannot be explained, as it is far greater than could be produced by the influence of all known orbs in the universe, and, on the other hand, the combined attraction of all the other stars cannot stop this wanderer in its solltary flight through space, until it has ru h d on to the remoter distances, beyond which the largest telescopes have never pene-

It has been mathematically demonstrated that a body approaching the center of our system from an infinite distance cannot move with a greater velocity than 25 miles a second, if influenced by the attraction of the masses in our universe alone, but here we have been considering a star moving with eight times that velocity and still, notwithstanding the fact that it has the greatest motion known among the stars, it would require 185,000 years for this remarkable star to complete an entire circuit around the heavens.-Chicago News.

SHOTS AT FAIR WOMEN.

Convict-"I'm in here for having five Gives," Visitor-"How are you enjoyng your liberty?"-London F garo. A girl's idea of a pretty wedding dress s one that cannot possibly be of any use to a woman after she has married,

Washington Post. "Was the brute who struck his wife sunished by the court?" "No, when it ame to the trial the woman would not eknowledge herself beaten." - Tit-

"Every man has his price." "Certainly. But if he wants woman to conider it he ought to knock off two cents from the even dollar."-Cincinnati Endiffer.

Mrs. Wickwire-"These clairvoyants' divertisements are so ridiculous. Here one that begins, 'Mme, X-- tells everything.' The idea," Mr. Wickwire "Tells everything? Any woman can le that."-Indianapolis Journal.

There is nothing on earth that gives he average male mortal more satisfacion than to see a thin man arise and ifer his sent in a street car to a fat oman, especially if he has been sitting etween two other women.-N. Y. Conmercial.

"How did your wife eatch that terrile cold?" "Sh! A new family moved ato the house next door on one of he coldest days last week. If you or I ad stood beside an open window all fternoon we'd simply be dead."-leveland Leader.

"I've missed more fun this summer then you could shake your tail at." ansed the bull. "How?" asked the family horse. "To-day for the seventa time I let one of these new women get timost across the field before I realized she wasn't a man."-Pearson's Weekly.

The marshy district called "The Fens," which occupies the northern half of Cambridgeshire, the southeastern corner of Lincolnshire, and parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntington and Northampton, extending 50 miles from north to south and 30 miles in its greatest breadth, and covering an area of 750,000 acres, is the lowest land in this country. The surface of "The Fens" is, on the average, eight feet below the level of the North sea, varying from four feet-to 16 feet below the level of high-water mark.-Tit-Bits.

The Queen's Preacher.

Etiquette is to be observed in preaching before the queen. No personal reference to her majesty is permissible, a pure Gospel discourse being the rule, delivered as though she was not present. Many have tried to evade these rules. The queen likes and enjoys a plain, practical discourse, selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day, to occupy about 20 minutes in delivery. Questions of the day, and, above all, poiit es, must be entirely excluded.-Cineinnati Enquirer.

HOW POLLY PROPOSED.

"Hi! Hi! All right! All right! Now we sha'n't be long!" said the gray par-

I regret to say that the irrepressible young man that brings the daily milk is the tutor of my parrot in the latest up-to-date slang of the day.

I am an old sea-captain-at least, not old, perhaps the word slipped out unawares. I am the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot, I have east anchor in my present abode in the expectation of weathering many a winter's storm yet. Being without a known relation in

the world, I willingly fell in with the suggestion that I should pick up my moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Capt. Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slaver, was pensioned off at an even earlier age than myself, and now lived with his sister - a most comfortable party, fat, fair and 40 or thereaboutsin the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers. His sister I had not previously been acquainted with, but, being in many respects like her brother, we were soon firm friends,

Capt, Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot-his the common African gray, with a red-tipped tail, and mine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar. I had not long settled down in my

new quarters, and got everything shipshape, or what seemed so to me-a very important difference, as I know to-day -when, almost unconsciously at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was, and what a set-off to all my other belongings the figure of Miss Rachel Travers would be by my fireside. But just here the curse of my life began to make itself felt. Inherent byness in the presence of the opposite sex has dogged my footsteps from my earliest recollections. Give me a gale of wind in the Bay of Biseay, a tornado in the tropies, or 20 hours' duty on deck, wet through to the skin, and Capt. Manley, late of the P. and O. service, will thank you for it, and consider life well worth living; but as dispenser of lelicate attentions to the fair sex, in tensely as he inwardly admires their

pretty ways, Capt. Manley does not, no.

he certainly does not, show up to ad-

Although fond of pets generally, I have an antipathy to cats, especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in its aspect or other qualifications to feline constitution, but I know that until I was inhuman enough to start an air-gun cannonade on my numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest. One infernal black and white Tom defied my finest efforts. If average cats have nine lives, I am sure this one must have had 19, and I began to wonder what sort of uncanny being this was that had no objection to letting my builets pass apparently through its body without suffering any inconvenience. But after all it must have been my bad marksmanship, for one afternoon I saw my enemy quietly walking up the low fence that divided my back garden from Capt. Travers'.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and quietly getting my air-gun, I took a steady aim and fired. There was no mistake this time, and without a sound poor puss dropped on to my flower-bed as dead as the proverbial

loor mail. My exultation, however, was of short luration, for to my horror and dismay, on proceeding to pick up his unfortunate carcass and give it decent burial, I saw that my shot had passed right through the unlucky animal and killed my neighbor's parrot, which had been put out to sun itself in a little summer-house that stood at the bottom

of the garden. I was staggered at my position; 1 knew the parrot was a supreme favorite with Miss Travers, and how I could ever xplain my carelessness I could not magine. Suddenly a way out of my dilemma presented itself to my mind, and I hastened to put it into execution. I knew that the Travers were out, and would not be back for some little time. so hurrying indoors and taking my own parrot from its cage, I carefully painted the end of its tail with red ink in imitation of its deceased comrade, and finding no one was about, I stepped lightly over the fence and substituted the living for the dead bird, which I buried, together with the cat, in my own garden. I knew that my parrot would not readily talk before strangers, and I hoped that by the time it had got used to its new surroundings, it would have forgotten its former accomplishments; at any rate, I must risk it.

Alas! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," sang some poet, who, I expect, never wore anything harder than a nightcap, but, true as it may be, compared to the toriure of my mind, now launched on a course of duplicity, it would be a bed of roses.

It was towards the end of the following week that I happened to be out in the garden and saw my old friend come stumping down the path of his own garden in his dot-and-carry-one style. and, seeing me on the fence, he cried; "Holloa! captain, you're quite a stranger! What's been up? Rachel has been talking about coming in to inquire about your health, as she was

"Yes, I have been a bit poorly," said I. Oh! how easily the words slipped out, although I had been as right as ninepence why that particular sum should be endued with more rectitude than its fellows I have never been able to discover-this by the way. "A bit of cold, perhaps," said Capt.

afraid something must be wrong."

Travers, "Well, come over the fence and have a dish of tea in the summerhouse, and Rachel shall come in afterwards and make you a good glass of something stiff for a night-cap." Punctually at five o'clock I donned

my sprucest attire, and with a smart flower in my button-hole-gay dog that I was slipped over the fence. Miss Rachelwas there, looking as fresh as a spring cabbage with the dew on it, which I consider a very pretty simile, driver must be scarlet.

and she bade me welcome with one of her beaming smiles. There, too, was the unlucky parrot in its cage, and standing just outside the summerhouse. I had noticed that it had been set out to sun itself us usual on all fine

days, and as far as I could see nothing had transpired to make me think they had any cause to suspect my imposition. I purposely sat with my back to it, and avoided taking notice of it in any way whatever. Tea went off all right; my old friend

was very cheery and Miss Rachel showed me great attention. I could hear Polly rubbing her beak up and down the wires of the cage, and swinging backwards and forwards in the metal ring.

After the meal Capt. Travers went indoors to get his supply of necessaries for the evening, and, turning to me, Miss Travers commenved:

"By-the-by, Capt. Manley, how is your parrot? I have not seen it out in the garden lately." I felt my heart beating a bit faster,

but with every semblance of outward calm, I said: "No-the fact is, it's not been at all well; in fact, it's dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "Well, never. What did it die of?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "It died quite suddenly about a week ago." "I hope our Polly isn't going to follew suit," she continued. "She has been very dull and quiet the last few days,

ing. I don't think she has spoken a word all the week." "Thank goodness!"I inwardly ejaculated.

but seems a bit more lively this even-

Things were beginning to look a bit awkward, and I cast about for some thing to change the course of conversation. I am not a quick thinker, however, and before I could collect my wits, Miss Travers continued:

"Dear, dear, to think your poor Polly's dead! Well, I am sorry! I sould be sorry to lose you, Polly dear," she said, addressing the parrot. "But really, Capt. Manley," looking me straight in the face, "I can't make our Pollyout, Sometimes I could almost believe she was a different bird. She hasn't once seemed pleased to see me all the week." I felt the blood rapidly rising to my

show. I feebly replied: "Perhaps she's moulting." It was an unlucky slip, "Well nov I come to think," said Miss Travers, "I noticed that its tail looked much paler after its bath the other morning, and the water was quite red. Is that a

sign of moulting?"

cheeks and forehead, but I trusted to

my tanned complexion for it not to

my own parrot." "But I thought your bird had no red about it," she pursued. "Confound the woman's persistence, I thought, but I stammered: "I mean-

that is to say-you see-I've noticed it

in all red parrots I have ever come

"Yes, I often used to notice it about

across. They shouldn't be bathed at all, it injures their constitution." "Oh! I thought you recommended it," she said. So I had, dozens of times. "Only for the gray ones,"I said, forming a convenient distinction on the spur of the

moment. Miss Travers did not seem inclined to pursue the subject further, much to my satisfaction, and then there was a dead pause.

During the whole of our conversation the subject of it had not ceased to continue its antics in the wire cage. Whether it was the sound of my voice that caused it to be thus excited I do not know, but at this opportunity it burst in with "Hi, hi!"

I was getting desperate, and could

think of nothing to change the subject: and yet if I didn't say something I was terribly afraid the parrot would, A bicycle bell sounded down the

"Are you thinking of getting a bicycle, Miss Travers?" I said. "No, certainly not," she replied; "bow can you ask such a question?" Another awful pause, during which

mopped the perspiration from my

"Ra-Ra-Rachel, I love you!" came in clear tones from behind my back. The wretched bird had caught the exact tone of my voice. "Capt. Manley! Sir!" said Miss Travers, raising herself to her full five feet

one and one-half inches. "Did you ad-

brow.

dress that remark to me, sir?" I had, however, utterly collapsed, and burying my head in my hands, I leaned down on the little round table. Whether the sight of the poor old ship in distress touched her tender heart I don't know, but she added, in softer tones: "This is very unexpected, Capt. Man-

I could hold out no longer. "Miss Rachel," I cried, "I'm a thundering old hpyocrite. My parrot isn't dead at all; there it is in that cage; it's yours that's dead; I shot it. I didn't mean to. Can you forgive me for all the lies I told you?" "All right! All right!" said the sol-

emn voice of the parrot behind me. "It was Polly that made that remark just now, not I; but, believe me, she speaks the truth, if I don't. Rachel, I do really love you." I ventured to look up. Tears were standing in her eyes, and the expression

on her face made me hope that I did not look quite such a big booby in her eyes as I felt I did in my own. Moving nearer, I clasped her hand, and as it was not withdrawn, I put one arm gently round her ample waist. "Now we shan't be long," said the

gray parrot,-Tit-Bits, Mourning for a Chinese Ruler.

When a Chinese enperor dies the inelligence is announced by dispatches to the several provinces, written with purple ink, the mourning color. All persons of rank are required to take red silk ornaments from their caps, with the ball or button of rank; all subjects of China, without exception, are called upon to forbear shaving their heads for 100 days, within which period none may marry, play upon musical instruments or perform any sacrifice.

Mourning Color in Brazil. At the funeral of an unmarried woman in Brazil scarlet is the mourning hue. The coffin, the hearse, the trappings of the horses and the livery of the

FOR PUZZLED HOUSEKEEPERS. Sharpen all kinds of fish sauce with

lemon juice. When using vanilla for flavoring add half a teaspoonful of peach extract. A dash of black pepper greatly im-

proves vanilla ice cream Put plenty of salt pork into veal loaf, for it is one of the best seasonings. Put sugar in water used for basting meats of all kinds-it adds a flavor, es-

pecially to yeal. Boston baked beans can be greatly improved by adding a cup of sweet ream the last hour of baking.

Add a cup of good cider vinegar to the water in which you boil fish, especially if it is a salt fish.

Make snowcake with arrowroot flour and you will be surprised at the differ-When baking fish place on top thin

slices of salt pork; it bastes the fish and improves the flavor. When making crabapple jelly put in some sticks of cinnamon and a little

To give an appetizing flavor to a broiled beefsteak rub a cut onion over the hot platter with the butter. Three tablespoonfuls of freshly-made Japan tea with a pinch of nutmeg im-

parts an indescribable flavor to apple To improve sweetbreads and give them a fine flavor soak them in mild lemon juice water an hour and then boil 20 minutes in beef stock.

Chocolate is greatly improved by add-

ing a tencupful of strong coffee just be-

fore serving; a teaspoonful of sherry also helps.

FADS AND FANCIES. Moire effects appear in silk, wool and

The smaller dress skirts bring trimmings in their wake. All sorts of collars, pelerines and small shoulder capes of fur are worn.

Attractive toilet sets come in canary

vellow opaque glass set in silver.

Heavy English brocades and rich emroidered velvets are used for evening A novelty in muffs is long and flat, with sable on one side and chincilla on

the other. The tiny empire fan dangling from a chain puts the finishing touch on an

Among modern table requisites are high chocolate cups, of peculiar shape and decorated rococostyle. The new photograph frames in Venetian glass afford exquisite effects in

delicately tinted flowers and foliage. No one style of hairdressing prevails, but the pompadour effect in front and a soft knot at the back seems to lead. Souvenir floral and calendar spoons, always in demand, assume increased importance as the bolidays draw near, Silver tableware this season is characterized by elegance of form, chaste

ornamentation and skillful workman-Silver-plated pudding and pie dishes are standard articles in modern homes. The same may be said for baking cups

ir Dresden ware. The latest novelty in wedding cake boxes takes the snape of a heart and is of silver, with the combined monograms

of bride and bridegroom in gold letters. ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

An all-white coon has been shot near Rollin, Mich. At Marlow, N. H., a snow owl with a five-foot spread of wing was shot re-An Indianapolis physician, after an

nour's lively chase, caught a 'possum in

his backyard. Chiltwood, Ore., has a rooster which came there on the pilot of a railroad enrine, and since his arrival has behaved properly, but before his advent there and made two prolonged stops in his progress along the line of the railroad and had run with a flock of sheep and

then with a herd of cattle. Edwin F. Soule, who builds stone oridges for the Maine Central railroad, has a pet cat which often goes over the road with him, and one day when he went away without it the cat climbed upon a truck of the dining car and rode 60 miles after him from

Beecher Falls, Vt., to Fabyans. LITTLE NOTHINGS.

Little by little the child learns; the horse, too, by bits. A close shave is not necessarily a

hair-breadth escape; if you have the

The man who was a good liver, but

wanted to be a better liver, and partook too copiously of bacon and fried liver-well, now as no sort of a liver, he is out of sight. When the little angel woman with the love-lit eyes says: "Matrimony is a ten-

der, cordial relation," up bobs the old synic with: "Cordial? Yes, it's the helicks-her of life!" Occasionally a man who lavs claim to horse sense establishes his claim by a superhuman effort, but it is always precarious for the horse, for the man is liable to make an ass of himself and there-

by sadly humiliate the other animal.-Up-to-Date. THE FAST HORSES.

Forest Boy, 2:16%, has been sent to Europe. Idol Wilkes now has two pacers in he 2:10 list. Chan, 2:171/2, was sold at auction

lately for \$165. An offer of \$5,000 has been refused for Juinette. Wilburn, 2:27, by Wilton, has been

sold for export to Germany. Two sons of Nelson, 2:09, are now rembered among the sires of speed. John Reamer is going to sell Minnie R, 2:1414, and all the rest of his horses. Elf, 2:221/4, trotting, will be camnaigned as a pacer in 1897. She has

More Than He Wished. Suitor-How much dowry will you give your daughter? Father-A thousand for every year

of her age. "And what is that?"

been a mile in 2:12.

"Thirty-eight."

"I'm afraid that's more dowry than I care for."-Fliegende Blaetter.