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He may coolly decry Faith's "anreasoning prayer" And assert, with a calm, Philosophical air,

That the grave is the sum Of humanity's gains-The repreach and reward For its pleasures and pains;

But Philosophy flees From the presence of Woe Like an ally abashed In the face of the foe.

In that glance ere by Death They were silently sealed; O, babe tint has passed

O, parent whose eves

Art thou gone for all time From the pressure of love? Than all mortals else dear, Art thou lost to the soul

That was one with thee here? From the lowly that grieve, Unto them that believe

And their hearts in the years They thereafter abide Of Hope's promise inside Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald

A STREET CHARACTER.

"Doc" Horne walked into the Alfalfa European hotel feeling as if he were a returned Rip Van Winkle.

He had been away from Chicago only two months, and the streets seemed unfamiliar and changed as he came into the Alfalfa neighborhood. At one corner where a four-story building had stood there was now a muddy excavation. The hotel front, too, seemed different. There was something missing or something added, he couldn't tell which. Perhaps the explanation was that he now looked at the old building with a refreshed interest.

There were two strangers seated in the office, but they lowered their papers and studied "Doc" as if he were a

As usual, there was no one behind the desk. The Alfalfa hotel usually took care of itself-the patrons taking the keys from the pigeon-holes, setting down "calls" on the state and hunting or mail out of the assortment left by the bostman. "Doe" put his new tan-colored valisa

on the floor and removed his new black derby hat with the swathe of erape The day was damp and muggy, and

"Doe's" bald frontal was dewy with perspiration. "Anybody at home?" he asked. The strangers did not condescend to

reply, and "Doc" felt more than ever like a Rio Van Winkle. "Well, if it ain't 'Doe!' " It was the lightning dentist. He slapped "Doe" on the shoulder with a familiarity which would not have been pardoned under other circumstances.

"Yes, my boy, back again—back to "I'm mighty glad to see you. All the boys have been asking about you."

"They're all here, I suppose?" "No, haven't you heard? Why, say, 'Doc,' this has seemed like a different place since you went away. Let's sit

They sat on the side of the office where a dim daylight fell from the treet windows, and the lightning dentist gave "Doe" a long, pale eigar with red and gold label around it.

"You heard about the banjo man, didn't you?" asked the dentist. "I haven't beard a word. I've been ery busy settling the affairs of my sister's estate. I had a lawyer and an neountant to help me, but all the responshility practically rested on me."

"We heard about your sister's death. Was it unexpected?" "Well, you go ahead and tell me what's happened here and I'll give my story

"You know the banjo player?" "The one who wrote songs?

"Yes. Well, be's married-married the week after you went away. She's an actress, and they went on the stage together. He can sing some and play the baujo, and they say she's quite a dancer. They act at these continuous

"Well, well. Is our other friend drinking as hard as ever?" "Who, the lush? Well, sir, he's try-

ing his hardest to quit. There was three days last week that he didn't drink anything but ginger and some new eider they've got in at the bar. Then one night be got with some fellow, who was here buying a stock of goods, and he got an awful skate."

"Too bad, too bad. A man of good instincts, yes, sir. It's too had." "The real estate fellow is out on the road, advertising a cough medicine, or something like that. There wasn't anything doing in his line here. I think he

owes the house a little money." "Does the drummer ever come in any

"Yes; he's been here twice—a day or two at a time. But we've got two new ones, 'Doe,' a bicycle man and a book agent. You want to look out, 'Doe,' That bicycle man will sell you a wheel before he's known you an hour." "I don't think so. I have a friend in the manufacturing business who has offered to make me a present of the finest wheel that's manufactured."

"Do you think you could learn to ride, "Doc" chuckled and rubbed the ash from his cigar against the arm of the

"You weren't out here that evening last summer when some of the boys dared me to try to ride a wheel? I forgot who all were there, but I turned the laugh. I jumped on that wheel, rode down the street, turned around and

"Why, when did you learn "" "Learn! I never touched a bicycle until that day. I suppose it came easy to me, because I'm naturally cool headed, and then I learned to preserve my equilibrium when I was walking the

"Why, I never knew that you walked he tight rope." "Well. I never did follow it for any ength of time, but I used to practice

cinnati. That was about the time 1 wont out with the circus. You've heard of Blondin, the great rope-walker?" "I believe I have—yes."

"Why, you know, the fellow who walked a tightrope across Niagara falls with a man riding on his back?" "Oh, yes; certainly,"

The lightning dentist expected that

'Doc" would claim to be the r in who rode on Blondin's back, but he fidn't. "Well, one day Blondin was in Cineinnati, and he came down to the gymnasium and watched me practice. I didn't know who he was until I came down off the rope, and then some of the boys introduced him to me. He said to me: 'Horne, if you keep at it and practice, you'll make a better rope-walker than I am.' Well, I laughed, and, of course, I appreciated the compliment, but I wasn't thinking of walking ropes in those days. That was the time 1 was interested with some eastern capitalists in establishing a southern branch for a big implement factory.

about ten thousand on that deal." "Why don't you try some time now to see if you can walk a rope?" asked the dentist.

If I remember correctly I cleared up

"Oh, I haven't thought of it for years. I suppose my feet are tender, too. When I used to work in those thin gymnasium shoes the soles of my feet were so hard you couldn't drive a tack in

"Doe" smiled reminiscently, and the lentist, who did not wish to tax "Doc's" powers on the very first day, changed the topic of conversation.

"So you lost your sister?" said he. "Yes; poor Louise. I hadn't seen her very often in late years, but when she was 20 years old she was admitted to be the most beautiful girl in eastern Ohio. She was a very welf-preserved woman up to a few months ago, when her health began to fail. I didn't tell you, did I, that she left some of her eroperty to me?" "No, 'Doe,' you didn't; but I am glad

to hear it." "She was a widow, had no children, and she left her property to be divided

between my brother, Col. Mortimer Horne, of Palermo, and me. Did you ever hear of Col. Horne?" "I-believe I have." "He's a very prominent member of the

bar in Ohio. It is supposed that Mort gave Gen. Grant the outline of the Vicksburg campaign. I have a clipping comewhere in my trunk in which b tells about it. Wonderfully interesting man, Mort is." "Did the estate amount to much?"

asked the dentist, who could not conreal his curiosity. "We can't tell yet, until we get mat-

ters straightened out. Most of the property is in land and lots. My share may amount to-oh, I don't know-\$12,-000, may be \$15,000." "Well, great Scottl 'Doc,' let me congratulate you. That's a great pick-up,"

and the lightning dentist beamed as he -book "Doe's" hand. "Yes, that helps," said "Doc," thoughtfully, as he figgered his tuft of chin whiskers, "Still, it doesn't look so hig to a man who has been accustomed to dealing with large sums at is life. It isn't much compared to

but I made on that C. H. & D. deal; vet

at the present juncture, as I say, h The lightning dentist knew that for two years "Doe" had been living from hand to mouth, relying on a "snap" job a the city hall. Therefore the picture of "Doe" holding \$15,000 between thumb and forefinger and smiling at it indifferently was by far the most pictursque performance ever given by the

cuarkable old gentleman.

"I suppose you'll go back there and cttle down?" ventured the dentist. "No, sir! No, I'll do nothing of the kind. I've got a consin down there who offered to give me one whole end of his house, but I couldn't stand it. It was too quiet. They went to bed at sundown and got up in the middle of the night. The street cars ran two mileapart, and when I'd look down the street I'd see about four people. I'll tell you I got uneasy before I left. I wanted to be back among you boys. where I could see people passing in front and hear an elevated train once in awhile. May be, when I'm older, I'll want to go out on a side street in a country town and sit down and vegetate, but up to this time I'm as much of a city man as I ever was. No. sir; you can't get rid of me. I'm here to stay."-Chicago Record.

RENOUNCE CHRISTMAS.

Mohammedans, Brahmins and Buddhists Deny the Holiness of Christ. There are millions upon millions of people in the world who will not celebrate Christmas, and there are other millions to whom Christmas is objec-

tionable, says the New York Herald. Take the followers of Mohammed, or instance. They are divided into in or 50 different sects, among which are the Nousay-rie-yeb. There are about 50,000 of them, and they believe in transmigration of the soul. They believe that men's souls pass after leath into the bodies of animals. For

them the story of the birth and life of Christ has no charms. Then there are the Druses, who proless to have knowledge that God has visited the world 234 times, but they to not believe in Christ. For them

Christmas has no significance. It is equally disregarded by Budthists, Japanese, Chinese, Brahmins and Mohammedans. "There is no God but Allah," says the Mohammedans, and Mohammed is His prophet." Mohammed's fololwers also have curious otions in regard to the fate of the unbelievers' children. Some believe that these children act as the servants of the faithful in Paradise, and Mohammed is recorded as saving on one ocasion to his wife:

"If thou desirest I can make thee hear their cries in hades." Other Mohammedan authorities, however, dissent from this view, and one of them boldly says: "I know that Allah wiil not torment those who have not committed any sin."

Billy Wasn't Fit. "Johnny," called his mother, "stop sing that bad language." "Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare

said what I just did." "Well," replied the mother, growing inforiated, "you should stop going with him-he's no fit companion for it a good deal in a gymnasium at Cin-lyou."-Tit-Bits,

self.

A Georgia Farmer's Strange Crop BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON. of Catton.

The Seed of It Worth More to Be Destroyed Than for Planting Because, Paradoxical as It May Seem, It Is Too Prolific

WONDERFUL SEED.

An Atlanta farmer oas creat d'a sen sation in agricultural circles by beinwaited on by a committee of south Georgians appointed by the farmers of that section of the state to buy from him the seed from a crop of cotton. The price to be paid for the seed is \$18,000. The man who raised and ownthe valuable cotton seed is Mr. Jackson, a well-known farmer, who lives or and cultivates the farm of Tax Collector Stewart. The citizens of south Georgia are not the only persons who are anxious to become owners of the cotton seed. Other men throughout the state have made offers almost as flattering, all of which have been refused by Jackson.

The unnatural part of the offer to be made Jackson by the committee from south Georgia is the fact that the men who will buy the seed do not wish to plant them. On the contrary, if they get possession of the seed they will destroy them as quickly as possible, taking care that not a single seed escapes. Such a price as that for cotton seed was never heard of before. Jackson has received hundreds of offers for his seed, but even he was surprise. when he heard that a committee would wait on him for the purpose of offering him as high as \$18,000 for his crop.

The seed has a history of a kind that is unusually interesting. Several years ago Mr. Jackson was presented with them by a Jew who had brought them from the interior of Africa, from a part of the dark continent on which the foot of white men seldom treads. The Jew had joined an exploring party which had started to the center of Africa. He was wealthy, and went on the trip simply for the novelty of the experience. When in the very middle of Africa the party came across some cotton, the stalks of which were over 20 feet in height. The government botanist who was along with the party took the measure of one of the stalks and it was from this stalk that the first seed came. The Jew cut off about nelses of the stalk with a view to bringing it to America. On the stalk were 65 bolls, the largest and finest ever seen. The seeds were well preserved by their original owner, and were brought safely to America. While on a trip through the south the man who had brought the seed from Africa told of them, and stated that he would give them to some farmer who would take care of them. Jackson was mentioned to him, and the Jew turned the seed over

Jackson planted the seed and watched its growth with fond eyes. He had heard hew high the stalks from which the seed were taken had been, and he determined to grow stalks equally as high. His first crop was a success. The stalks of the cotton grew to an enormous height.

This year when the time for planting cotton came Mr. Jackson determines to give the seed a severe test to see if it would stand it. He planted ever seed in the poorest ground on his entir farm on the west side of a hill. As i well known to farmers, the west sid upland ground is always very poor Though the land was unusually perand the year one of the worst cotto; years in the history of the south, thcotton flourished. Mr. Jackson used nothing to enrich the soil in which the seed was planted. The test was a severe one, but, notwithstanding that

fact, some of the stalks are as high a: seven feet. The cotton produced by this seed in of the very finest quality, and is even as fine as long staple cotton. Jack son has been offered ten cents per pound for what he has raised this year, but he has refused to accept it and believe he will be able to get 14 cents for it. One of the peculiarities .? this cot ton is the fact that it is leaness. When the stalk grows up leaves begin to sprout out on it, and after they have grown out for some distance the fruit comes out from the stem of the leaf After the fruit has partially matured the leaf drops off, leaving the stalk perfeetly leafless. This is the only cotton of this kind ever heard of in this cour try, and is eausing no end of comment among the farmers throughout the

The farmers of south Georgia have sent their committee to Atlanta to buy the seed from Mr. Jackson, because the believe that if the cotton is planted throughout the south they will be rained beyond repair. They are of the pin ion that if cotton will do so well under so severe a test, when planted and cultivated it will produce so much that cotton will be so cheap that there will be no money in it for the farmer.

Jackson says that if the cotton is cultivated it will produce at least two bales to the acre, and possibly as much as four. He tells sure that he will be able to convince the committee from south Georgia of the fact that the cotton will be the greatest thire the south has ever seen or heard of He rays that with this cotton in use all over the south the farmer can r. duce his acreage by over one-half ar raise more cotton then than he is rais ing now. The land that he does not use for cotton can be put to a prefitable use. and the income of the farmer will be doubled as compared with the amount

of labor employed in the raising of cot-Jackson does not much like the idea of having the seed destroyed, but will sell it to the south Georgia committee if they will pay him a large enough price for it. If he refuses the offer of \$18,000 he will have the consolation of knowing that he has been offered the highest price ever before offered cotton seed.—Atlanta Constitution-

Gave Herself Away. Lady (in pursuit of a cook)-Why did Cook-I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum.

"What did they used to quarrel about? "The way the dinner was cooked, mum."-Cincinnati Enquirer,

A SISTER.

Army wives generally have unmarried sisters. These sisters always come out to visit them, and the rest goes by it-

Mrs. Lorrilard had an unmarried siser. She was very attractive. She was iar more attractive than Mrs. Lorrilard ever could have been. The girl's name was Spencer-May Spencer. She was 18 years old, if you took her word for it; and she was blond and pink and white and plump. She came from come place in Ohio, and she visited the Lorrilards at Stanton-which is in New Mexico, 100 miles from the gailroad, across Dead Man's valley (there is always a Dead Man's valley) and some steep hills and a lava bed a mile wide. li you have never seen a lava bed, you cannot appreciate that. You might try to imagine the ocean lashed into fury by a simoon, then fancy its great waves and billows and swells changed suddenly to dark gray-brown stone at the height of the storm, and you may form a vague idea of what the lava bed between Fort Stanton and the railroad is

It frightened Miss Spencer badly. The ambulance went slipping, and sliding, and coasting, and thumping, and bounding over the one passable part. in a way that only an ambulance conducted by a driver who has spent his life. on Arizona and New Mexico roads could possibly stand. It put all the laws of centripetal force and of equilibrium at naught. It and the four muies were laws unto themselves.

Miss Spencer was not accustomed to that bort of thing. She stood it as long as she could, and then she told Maj. Roche-in whose charge she was traveling -that she meant to get out and walk. She had bothered the major a good deal already, and he was getting tired, so he did not say anything, but simply told the driver to "slow up" and let Miss

Spencer get out by herself. She fell behind after a moment, and the ambulance went relentlessly on, creaking, flapping its canvas, clanking its chains, its brake screeching shrilly. And as it disappeared, sometimes lost to sight in a great hollow, sometimes toiling up a smooth face of lava, Miss Spencer felt herself abandoned, Indeed, in a New Mexico desert under that terrible secrebing, parching. The sky was like but blue glass. She wondered why, when the lava was hot enough to burn her feet through the soles of her shoes, It did not melt or grow soft. She kept on walking because she was afraid to stop. Twice she slipped and fell and cut her hands. Under the porous, piled-up rock, rabbits and owls and quail were hidden; there were snakes, too, and lizards. At first spe was frightened when they scurried by her, but soon, with her head ringing and ber eyes dazed with congested blood and her mouth open and as dry as flour,

she did not even notice them. She reached the end of the huge rock river at last, and found the ambulance waiting. The driver was asleep, and the major was drinking beer. He offered her some, and when she had drunk t she held out her broad little foot. "My shoes are all cut to pieces, and bey were new and awfully beavy."

"You should have kept still," he an-Now, Miss Spencer wanted sympathy. and when she didn't get it she took a disike to the major; and because she disliked him, she eventually made him

For the first fortnight of her visit she was not pretty. She was sunburned from her passage of the lava sea. Her face was red and swollen, then blotchy, and lastly peely. After that she returned to the normal pink and white She was the only girl at the post, and there was a bachelor, a brevet bachelor, a young contract surgeon, and Maj. Roche's son. The bachelor officer was studious-the kind that have much faith and think that the great fathers in Washington will reward lieutenants who pass high exams, and have ideas on indians. He had no time for young women. He paid his one call and retired. The brevet bachelor is peculiar to the service. His wife is back east, visiting her family. He differs from the real article only in that he is ineligible He was devoted to Miss Spencer, but he did not count. There was also the contract surgeon. Of course, he was only a contract surgeon. Still, he was tall and blond and had a beguiling southern drawl. He fell in love with Miss Spencer.

But the exciting part of the story hinges on Maj. Roche's son. He was 20, but he was of no use on earth. He was just a boy, and never would be anything more. He had failed in everything he had ever undertaken. He couldn't even dance, and he was afraid of a three-foot acequia when he rode. He depended on his papa for everything, and he thought he knew women through and through. Providence sent Miss Spencer to show him that he didn't-but the ways of Providence are inscrutable,

and I can't be sure. Well, the con tract surgeon fell in love with Miss Spencer, but, like Viola, he never told his love. Now, as the bachelor was hidden, Miss Spencer couldn't fall in love with him, and no one could have fallen in love with Teddy Roche. so she reciprocated the contract surgeon's passion.

"His name was Randolph-Custis Randolph, to match his nice blue eyes and his charming drawl. His courtship was of the eternally-on-hand sort. The life of a garrison offers even greater advantages for this than that of a southern town. He was with Miss Spencer from guard mounting until long after taps. But Miss Spencer pined to see

"Mr. Randolph, I believe you're lazy!" "Oh, now-Miss May-why? That isn't kind." He gazed at the flag on the ag staff tenderly, and dwelt musically on each word. "Because.

"It is the privilege of a lady to give that reason." His eyes sought the tennis court in tender, blue abstractedness." "Well, I know you are." "Won't you have pity on me, and tell

me why?" "Because you never are up until almost guard mount." "Oh! deah, yes I am. I go over to the

hospital at sick call, you know."

"Why don't I ever see you, then?" "Perhaps you haven't risen yourself.

"I'm always up at reveille." "No! Goodness; why on earth do

you do that?" "I believe you go over to the hespital the back way and aren't half awake and don't even have a collar on."

"Now, Miss May-how unkind." "Isn't it true?"

"I always have my collar on." He told a future truth. After this he would wear a collar.

"I hate lazy people." "Oh, Miss May-how unkind. You

don't hate me, I hope?" His eyes were on the pink ribbon that fluttered form her belt; he took hold of it and wound it around his finger, getting gradually aearer to her.

"I do, if you are lazy." "How can I prove to you that I am

"That's easy enough." "Do tell me how "Just prove it."

"By rising early and letting you see "Well-yes."

"I shall do so to-morrow." "But I always go for a ride before breakfast."

"May I not join you?" "If you like, I don't care." Which is feminine for earing very much indeed. So Dr. Randolph rode with Miss Spencer the next morning, and he breakfasted at the Lorrilards', and he sat on the Lorrilards' porch, to watch guard mounting, and then he played tennis with Miss Spencer, and when it was too hot to do that any longer they sat on the porch again, shaded by the crowsfoot and morning glory vines, and read aloud by turns. They parted for function, but immediately afterward they went again in the Lorrilards' sitting-room to practice the mandolin and guitar. Randalph dined with the Lorrilards, and then he and Miss Speneer walker a prof down the line until taps, and after taps they sat on the porch

once more and talked in undertones. Occasionally the Roche boy made a third, and, though he was far from

welcome, he never guessed it. Now, it may seem incredible, but it is true, that though this went on without a pause for ten solid months, Randolph st2l modestly doubted if he were loved, and dared not voice his passion. Mrs. Lorrilard began to think that she had done quite all that the family could ct of her, and she grew hopeles and weary, moreover, of boarding free two hungry young people. She told Miss Spencer as gently as possible that she might go the next time the aminlance went over to Carthage, which was the railroad station. Miss Spencer told Randolph she was going and wept. And Randolph consoled her from afar, and actually thought she was weeping at leaving her little nephew and niece and her sister. There are men like that.

The ambulance went a week later to carry Maj. Roche and Teddy Roche to the railroad. Teddy was offered a position at Tucson, and was going to take it: the major had government business at Carthage. The Carthage road is a branch; it joins the main line of the A. T. & S. F. at a station called San Antonio. The major would chaperon the young woman to Carthage; thence she would go to the main line and east, and Teddy to the main line and west. Only Teddy and May compromised. They both went to Socorro, which is on the main line, a very little northeast

of San Antonio The contract doctor and Miss Spencer had a harrowing parting. The latter lost her temper over his procrastination, and burst into tears. It nearly

broke his heart and entirely silenced his tongue. After she was gone, hopelessly gone, he determined to reveal the secret of his heart, by letter. But, being named Custis Randolph, he put off doing it. Instead, he swung on his kammock all day, and thought of her blue eyes and pretty face and guileless smile, and regretted his erstwhile constant companon. The ambulance would return. empty of its lovely load, in five days. He knew that. He would write when it

So, on the afternoon of the fifth day, he sat, still swinging in the hammock and smoking a pipe, the ashes whereof besprinkled his coat, when the four mules and the ambulance rattled into the post. They stopped at the major's quarters, in a cloud of dust, and two men and a woman alighted. There was no doubt about who the woman was, In his delight, Randolph lost his head. He strode down the broad walk to the Roches'.

Miss Spencer was still standing by the ambulance, hunting-with the driver's help-for something under one of the sents. The major and Teddy had gone indoors.

"Why, Miss May!" said Randolph, and this time there was no drawl-"how delightful! What brings you back?" "Oh! my husband. Teddy and I got married in Socorro, and joined the dear

old major again in Carthage the same "How delightful," Randolph repeat-"Well, Teddy seemed to think so, but the dear, sweet old major didn't. Anv-

way, you know, he was so horrid about my shoes on the bad lands that day. She smiled demurely. And that was all anyone ever knew about it.-Gwendolen Overton, in San

A Secret Worth Knowing. When one observes the ill-dressed

Francisco Argonaut.

women to be seen on the streets daily a person is led to think that their most ommon fault is carelessness in matching shades. Better take a contrast if you cannot get an exact match, but in London, at least, patience will always secure what is wanted; if one shop does not have it, another will. Harmonies in dress are more effective at ail times and in better taste than contrasts; thus, if you have a pink evening dress try rather to get the same pink than of white kid or of tan. Again, if you have a hat with a red or a blue flower, and are buying a dress that you are likely to wear with it, get something with a spray or line repeating that very tone of red or blue; this applies to every color. Strike a note in each costume, however, simple, and keep to it. The cheapest gown, if all the details are studied, will cost no more and will surpass in effect something at thrice the price.

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upon her face; "are you sure that you

love the the same as you did before marriage?" "Why, you little simpleton," exlaimed Mr. Hartleigh, gently pinching his better haif's bewitching little chin; what a question! Of course I do."

"And you will keep all promises you make to me?" "Religiously," "And whatever I ask of you, you will

"Yes; that is to say, darling, every-

thing in reason." "Ah, Harry, in our courtship days you never thought of reason."

"No, probably not," said Harry with a smile that bore on the border of eynicism. "No, dear, of course not." "Then why do you now? Alas! I fear that you do not care so much for

your Mamie as you used to do."

"Nonsense, darling! I meant anything that it is possible for me to do." "And you are sure, Harry, that I am never out of your mind? That you are always, always thinking of your

"You are never out of my mind an instant while I am away, and when I am asleep you are always with me in my

"And, Harry dear, can I trust you?" "Always, darling, and with anything. Of whom do I think or care except your sweet self?"

"But then, men are so changeful." "Some men, darling; but not your oving husband. You will ever find me the same, always true to you, always keeping you in my thoughts, always bent upon pleasing you, always ready to respond to your behests!" "Are you sure, Harry?"

"I have a great favor to ask of you, Harry."

"Oh, that's it; well, it is granted before it is asked." "Harry, my love, be careful how you cromise recklessly. It is no common

hing I am going to ask of you."

"It makes no difference what it is larling, you have my promise." "You may think me foolish, Harry, but this is such an awful thing to ask "Awfui? Why, what in the world

can it be? You arouse my curiosity. Come, dear, out with it." "Well, dear, you are sure you won't

think me univasonable?" "Not a bit." "Nor exacting?"

"Don't trifle. Harry: this is a serious manther." "Serious? You don't mean that you

have been cooking something?" "What an idea! No." "Or that your mother is coming to ive with us?"

"Harry, you know better than that!" "Then, for heaven's sake, tell me "I will But don't start, and don't refuse me. Here is a letter, dear, that I want you to mail. It is important, Now, you won't forget it, will you?"

once? Of course I will do it. I'll put it in the box at the corner as I go by." "And you will not forget to do it?" "Forget? Impossible." "O Harry, you don't know what a load

"You silly little goose! And it is

only this? Why didn't you tell me at

you have taken off my mind. Here it is: mow be sure? They embrace and kiss, and Mr. Hartleigh goes off with the letter in his hand, so as to be sure not to forget to mail it, and his little wife goes singing about the house happy in the assurance that she has a husband whom she

In the evening, Mr. Hartleigh, after the customary greeting, discovers dust on her husband's coat. Proceeding to dust it off with her hand, she perceives that there is something in his

breast pocket. "What have you there?" "Nothing, that I know of," Harry replies. But mechanically he thrusts his hand into the pocket and draws something thence with the exclamation:

It is that letter which he promised to His little wife bursts into tears, "0

Harry!" she cries; "mother told the

truth. The men are all alike. My dream

of happiness is over. My husband has proved false. Oh, why was I ever Mrs. Hartleigh did not go home to her mother, but in a few days she appeared on the street in a new seal sacque

and a perfect love of a bonnet. Boston Transcript. A FAVORITE TINT.

With Frost in the Air Golden Brown Is the True Automa Color. Soft shades of brown always spring into favor at the first frost; perhaps because it is harmonious with the fading leaves, and perhaps because there is so much warmth in the color. A lovely gown of this color prepared for a well-known leader of fashion at Bryn-Mawr has the skirt made of a soft canvas cloth in the most beautiful, warm shade of golden brown, over crimson satin, showing beautifully through the

A narrow rope or cord of crimson velvet outlined every scam of the gracefully-gored skirt. The bodice had a body of golden brown mousseline de soje, drawn in soft fullness over a lining of the crimson satin, and brought into a belt of twisted crimson, finished with

a knot directly in front. An odd collarette of appliqued tan figures on a groundwork of golden brown mousseline de soie sets over the bust and the tops of the sleeves, then down the front into the belt. It is a most effective finish to the bodiec. A thick ruche of golden brown mull sets off the neck.

The sleeves are narrow-topped lego'-muttons, finished in a point at the hand. Golden brown and white combine daintily. A smart gown with this combination shows a box-plaited skirt and box-plaited blouse. The entire under side of the plaits is of white taffeta. The effect is wonderfully pretty when the skirt opens like a fan, revealing the stripes of white. Short jackets of brown velvet are worn with tailor-made skirts of a lighter tone of brown with striking effects.





