OLUME VII.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1873.

NUMBER 47.

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BRIDGET E. EVANS. of Administration on E. Evans, late of Camtersigned, to whom all he same, without delay,

foring in any way

of the sense in the sense in a sling for me. Sure, it wouldn't be neighborly to be human; for its breath was like ice, and christened H'oscar.—V. Y. World. But, used to wave her handkerchief. Could she believe her eyes?

### KATIE'S LANTERN.

Truth to tell, the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, at the foot of the narrow and rocky ledge, had a most picturesque position. Away to the southward along the edge thereof swept the curves of Mean be used even in the railway, after what seemed its birth in the parlor without the in the cloven ledge so very near to Katie Crowninshield's home. As for Katie herself, with her sweet, fresh face and her merry brown eyes, the little valley and her nestling home were all the world to herall, indeed, that she had ever known, for she had been but a wee thing when Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield became father and mother to her, in place of those whose faces she could now hardly remember. Neither did it ever occur to her that she was in any sense an heiress, for she seemed rather to belong to the valley than the valley to her; while the idea, if anything had brought it to her mind, that her good old grandparents were not to live forever, would have turned the brightest June day to the gloomiest December.

But, in these latter years, one great entity had painfully struggled into Katie's world, with an apparent mission to unite the valley with that great unknown, which lay beyond the hills and ledges. Katie had seen the ragged rift cloven in the granite wall, watching it curiously from door or window, and listening for the dull reports of the blasting charges, until the barrier was pierced and the railway crept out and found its way down through the valley; and ever since the trains began to run, she had connected with them the idea of a life that was almost human. She had waved her handkerchief enthusiastically to the very first train, and had been liberally re-SLATE ROOFING PAINT. sponded to by passengers and conductor; and, although she had been then a little girl and was now a young lady, she had never yet dreamed of any unmaidenly boldness in giving the same white signal of mystery came rushing out of the cloven wall. There was one train in particular which Katie's attentions were at last pretty well restricted -a through express, which went by at eight o'clock in the morning, and there was another from the same direction again at eight o'clock at night, From the former, just as easily as her own dainty "good morning!" fluttered above the garden gate, so certainly would there be a fleeting flash of white to answer her from the platform of one of the cars or even from the engine itself, for that, too, had happened. And Katie knew very well that, in these latter days, at least, her answer had always come from the same hand. swer had always come from the same hand.

Swer had always come from the same hand.

A tall, erect, manly fellow he was, dressed may part of the country by ex. in dark blue cloth; and Katie had been of tobe sent by freight the | well aware, for a good while, that he was the conductor of the train, but she had never yet been near enough to speak to in Lancaster, Lebanca, Hunt-Blair, and Cambria counties. of Johnstown, has the exclu-esale of the above in Cambria in those swift but almost daily glimpses. When or how he found his way back to the beginning of his perpetual journey, was a question that Katie never asked even of herself. It was enough that every mornmature, treatment and rad- ing the swift train brought him out of the nuknown country beyond the hills, and added a something that had grown to be very pleasant to the peace and quiet of her

There was something very noteworthy, even to railway men, about the manner in which the road broke in upon the valley. A deep cut, a sharp curve, and a heavy down-grade, combined to make the precise point where the conductor had learned to vately and radically. This look for Katie's greeting an interesting her way back to Aunt Betsy's; but that blue clothing, but his face was ghastly pale one; and her white kerchief may even have seemed to wave a species of congratulation at his repeated safe passage of tern under her shawl, however, and stepped had been among the passengers, bent what might at any time have shaped itself very lightly and swiftly forward, trying to gloomily above him.

Be that as it may, the railway "cut" had brought to Katie Crowninshield, among other results, a shorter and easier path to the home of her aunt, her mother's sister, who lived just a little way beyond the ledge, and who was never satisfied if too many days passed by without bringing the sunlight of Katie's face across her threshold. And so Katie had gone and returned, many and many a time, by the narrow path between the gravite walls. Nobody in that peaceful region dreamed of fear at being "out after dark," and again and again had good Betsy detained her pet until night had fallen, although her only companion homeward was her little star of excited vision of Katie Crowninshield. a lantern. There came a day when Katie's handkerchief fluttered in vain, and then another, when even the reply she received from the train convinced her that there had been a change of some kind, and that she would receive no more signals from the same hand. And so she sadly prepared to give it up, in the first fit of gennine blues she had ever indulged in, but, a persons are hereby few evenings afterward, she lingered at the garden gate a little after her return from Aunt Betsy's, to see the lightning express go flashing by. It was a grand sight ing and mysterious in the darkness than to go there for help. ever in the day, and Katie wondered she

What if a railway train should come along | ly vanished. before you get out."

"O, grandmama, that'll never happen," laughed Katie; "the railroad and I are very good friends."

for that there train." But grandmother was nearer right than clamor of the rushing train.

Katie ; for only a night or so after thatthe train dashed in at the upper end.

Her heart beat quickly for a moment, ly upon a projecting rock that she had ruthlessly past her, and was quickly swal- Katie Crowniushield gave. perch, she gathered her fluttering dress of the deep cut. With a cry of grief and

more closely about her and exclaimed :

of it's coming so near !" back, hard against the crag behind her; ped neglectedly beside her. for it seemed as if she could feel the breath his eager, watching, expectant face came she knew must be prepared for her. so very close to her own!

then swept on in the darkness beyond.

lantern at our garden-gate to-night."

curve, as if the cut had been a speaking | she darted by : tube, the sound of voices that were evidently meant to be low and guarded. There were other sounds mingled with the voices, and Katie could not make out more than a car." word or so here and there, but there was something about it all that startled and frightened her. At first she was half-inclined to turn and make the best of seemed foolish, and Katie was really a courageous little soul. She hid her lanremember if there was not a rock or hollow where she would be as safe from men She was very nearly through herself, beall meant; but, as she paused in the deep shadows of the rocks and peered timidly out toward the now dull and muffled sounds, with which the voices were no longer mingled, a broad quick gleam, as

revealed extraordinary things to the keen,

There were men, three or four, she could not say just how many, but rough, fierce, wild, and anxious-looking, and before them fused heap of heavy granite boulders and estly : fragments. Katie understood it as cleverconfidence, and had told her in words. It was a plot to wreck the train!

And now she was in the open air, beyoud the upper entrance, and she could see

The train must be so very near ! would be well ablaze.

faith at first, but then there followed a tern," almost sobbed poor Katie. "May- the track and in forwarding the passen- to stand ag'in the temptation o' that same the spell that bound her, and set upright

been an answering light, and she could al- The lantern shown like a frosty little as ever. Even the surgeon had done his watering for this very invitation, which her skin, and she shook from head to foot, most picture a tall form in dark-blue cloth- star determined to be seen, as Katie sprang | work and gone. The engine lay battered | never failed to be extended; and he de- as with an aguewound and smiled the fertile valley, a ing, standing on the platform between the forward up the track. She had not far to and helpless among the boulders where it scended from the cart with surprising alactors. The flavoring of the And now, while the October days grow night, instead of being behind as would lay still on Grandfather Crowninshield's to the good cheer set before him by his cloth which she had pinned over the wincooler, and the glorious evenings longer, have been more desirable under the cir- bed, and the fitful slumbers the surgeon's hospitable hostess. Grandmother Crowninshield began to cumstances. Neverhad anything appeared opiate gave were starry with signals that The domestic concerns of the two fami- and also the cold breath of the phantom grumble a little at the disposition her dar. to Katie Crowninshield more suddenly white fiingers held up before his dreaming lies were soon exhausted, and then the conling evinced to pay so many visits to Aunt than did the great, glaring eyes of the lo- eyes. As for Katie and her lantern, the versation turned upon topics of a more gen- had forced the pin from its hold. comotive headlight, that now glowed upon latter had fairly burned itself out and eral nature. "It's a long walk for you, child," she her out of the overshadowing night, and asleep on the little table in Katie's own said, "and it's through the cut, too .- her lantern seemed to have instantaneous-

> "It is so small," she cried, in agony, "and he will never see it."

and stones, close to the side of the track, the lantern throw any light upon the fu- and home intirely!" "You ought to be," said grandmother. Katic took her post of charity and danger, ture. She could not see, just then, and "O, Mr. McCarty! It's dreadful, isn't She sat perfectly still and listened, but "I never saw any living being care more and swung her little lantern frantically to yet the days that followed brought it all to it?" exclaimed Mrs. Best, with a woman's the minutes dragged slowly on without a for a dumb thing than you've always done and fro, while she tried to make her sweet pass, that neither she herself nor grand- ready sympathy. girl's voice heard through the roar and father and grandmother Crowninshield

it must have been that Aunt Betsy's clock him his precious freight of human life, and they declared, nor did he himself pretend every mother's son o' them !" replied the not persuade herself that it was not a foot was slow-for Katie was in the very mid- it flashed upon Katie Crowninshield's mind to deny it, that Katie's husband should old man, with singular complacency, con- that had caused the breaking of the twigdle of the cut when her ears were suddenly what an awful capacity for suffering that farm broad acres of the fertile valley than sidering the sanguinary character of the Only her eyes were free, and they roved filled with the shriek and roar with which train might have on board. On, with the that he should any more be at the mercy proposed remedy. great glare and the all-absorbing torrent of of train-wreckers and wayside-lanterns .sound, and almost before Katie knew it. And when the question was decided to her but not with fear; for, as she sprang light- the object of her hope and fear had dashed liking, such a hug and kiss was that which to us." often before noted as a very available lowed up from her sight in the rocky jaws disappointment on her lips, and a strange "There, I'm safe enough; but to think thrill of pain at her heart, the poor girl sank upon the ground and buried her face Near enough, indeed, and Katie leaned in her hands, while the little lantern drop-

Only for one brief instant, however, did of the iron monster on her cheek. In one Katie yield to the terror and the trouble hand she clutched more tightly the folds of it, for in another she had picked up her of her shawl, and in the other she raised starry friend, sprang to her feet, and dartthe lantern, as if its feeble star could be of ed away down the railroad track toward some protection, and then her grasp of it the cut. She was light of foot as any fawn, grew suddenly very tight, indeed: for and there were sad wings to her speed, but leaning out a little from the platform of a it seemed to her as if she would never get car, and looking forward, as if impatient | through the cut. She paused a moment, for the train to clear the cut, stood a tall, when she reached the lower end, to gather handsome, bearded man, in dark-blue breath and to brush the salt mist from her clothes, with a lantern in his hand, and eyes before she looked upon the awful scene

And then-why, there was the train, It was like a flash of lightning : but the rear car rising close in front of her, Katie knew the face, and she knew also while the others (and there were but few that she herself had been seen, and she of them that night) stood all erect upon had even marked the swift paling of the their wheels beyond-not all upon the track, bronzed visage as it recognized her and to be sure, but all apparently safe -all, except one great, dark mass, whose polished "He was afraid I would be hurt," she metal gilttered in the varying lights that thought; and then she said aloud: "But flashed upon it, and whose hourse throat he must have seen how safe I was up here screammed angrily with the escaping steam, on the rock. I don't believe he swung his for the locomotive had come to grief pretty decidedly among the granite boulders that Aunt Betsy's house was some little dis- were heaped on the track by the fiends tance from the upper entrance, and the who had planned the wreck. The passenapproach to the latter was gloomy enough, gers were swarming out of the cars, and the next night of her visit, even for one none of them seemed to be hurt at all, nor who knew every inch of the way as well as | did Katie hear a sound that told of pain as Katie did; but her little lantern shone out she swiftly threaded her way among and cheerily against its bright reflector, throw- past them. She had caught a glimpse of ing its radiance ahead, as if it were trying a group away beyond even the shattered to tell her: "There, dcar, that's it; don't | locomotive, however, which forbade her be afraid, now, I'll show you the track !" | lingering for an instant. Right down to-She had not gone far, however, before the ward her own garden gate four men were granite walls brought to her ears, all the carrying a heavy burden, and others were way from the lower end and round the following, and Katie heard them say, as

"Who is it ?" "Why, its the conductor. He was thrown from the platform of the forward

"Is he killed ?"

"They say so. Nobody else was hurt. He was a splendid fellow."

A tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark when they laid him on Grandfather Crowninshield's own bed, and the surgeon, who

"Head all right," muttered the man of science. "Only a cut or so. Ah, there's as she had been from the passing train, a rib, two of 'em, and his arm below the elbow. Struck the ground so, that's clear, fore she could any way make out what it and the other bones are likely to be all right. Must have been leaning out to look ahead, I should say. Hallo, what's that light on his face ?"

The light in the room, what with the every house she came to. crowd and the country candles, had been from a lantern suddenly shaded or extin. none of the brightest, but just at this mo- Carty!" called out the housewife from the guished, shot across the track not many ment a clear, golden gleam was poured doorway. yards below, and then all was darkness down on the face of the injured man, and slowly, as if the radiance itself had awak-But that one moment of illumination had ened him, he opened his eyes and looked lily. "It's a foine day we're havin', this dreamily about him.

The surgeon heard a sigh that was half a sob close behind him, and looked up to you this way I hope we may have many of then her rest was troubled; but at last see that the sudden light came from Katie's them." lantern, but just then the questioning on the railway track, from which the rails eyes of the wounded conductor fell upon bread for the babies, Misthress Best. The Then her mind began to work again. At had been pried away just there, was a con- her face, and he exclaimed faintly but earn- dame told me that the male was getting first it was merely a sense of depression.

ly as if those men had taken her into their room to stop the train in, but we'd have all so fair a day ag'in in a hurry." your light. You've saved them all."

present if she would have allowed them, but | ting on with that cruel ent." the only really welcome words she heard "He's doing bravely. He shows himself And'still the danger approached -nearer, had never thought so before; but she al- Katie did for a moment think of kindling from any one were those of the surgeon. | a McCarty," replied the old man, proudly; nearer—until she felt its breath on her

fortnight."

She almost refused to give them any | "There's nothing but my own little lan- | Of course, no time was lost in repairing | it 'ud be haird for an ould man like mealif | With a mighty effort she struggled thro' quick flush in her cheek and a warm glow be he will know it when he sees it; but he gers, and a few hours after saw the old | ilegant brewing you're so noted for." at her heart; for she was sure there had must be warned before he reaches the cut." farm-house as quiet and peaceful looking | Indeed the old man's mouth had been a clammy sweat stood in beads of ice on

"To whom?" "Why, to her lantern, of course."

### A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

BY HAP HAZARD.

"Do not sit up for me, Mary. It will be well toward morning before I can possibly

"But why travel in the night, John? If you cannot reach home until late, why not wait for daylight?"

"I expect to meet a party from the Cross Roads the first thing in the morning, and Here, Johnny, my boy, papa's going," and as a little curly-headed fellow, who was tumbling over and over in the grass in high glee, jumped up and ran to him, he took him up in his arms and kissed him, with a father's pride in his first born.

"Me too! Me too!" cried a couple of ringing voices. Sceing their brother caressed, Nell and Sue had dropped, the one her rag doll, the other her pet kitten, and now stood at their father's knees, urgently demanding their share of attention. The father stooped down and clasped his

children in a common embrace, while the mother looked on with a happy smile to see their little arms go round his neck in eager hugs of fondness and their tender lips and faces pressed lovingly to his bearded cheek. It was over at last, and the happy father stood erect. "I must go, my dear," he said. "Good

bye! Take care of the children."

And with that he was gone, radiant, happy, and with no foreshadowing of evil. John Best was a justice of the peace in the township where he lived, and his judicial duties frequently took him from home. So, although their cabin was situated in the depths of the forest and at a distance from any other habitation, his little family went about their usual pursuits without feeling particularly lonesome in his absence.

As the morning advanced, the noise of a vehicle jolting over the rough road, accompanied by a voice drawling out a song in that peculiar cadence which characterizes the melodies of the Emerald Isle, broke in upon the quiet of their little world. It proved to be a rickety old cart drawn by a cow in quaint rope harness. The animal was driven, or rather was suffered to go at her own gait, by a gray-haired old man, who drew feebly at the stump of a clay pipe which he held between his straggling yellow teeth, occasionally removing it to give utterance to the refrain of a song which probably carried him back in imagination to his younger days in his home far over

The cart came to a stand still before the the old cow was accustomed to stop at

"A neighborly greeting to you, Mr. Mc-

"The thop o' the mor-rning to yez, Misthress Best !" returned the old man, heart-

"It is, indeed. And if that's what brings

"It's to mill I'm going, for we must have low, so I have in the ghrist and hitched up Then it seemed as if some undefined dan-"I knew it was you. There was hardly old Betty, thinking belike we'd not have ger were impending over her little ones.

ing a neighborly chat and a mug of beer, phere began to clear, and the dread spec-And so Katie Crowninshield suddenly are you? You've made a great stranger tre took the form of something-a man or found herself a heroine, with a swarm of of yourself lately, and must come in and animal-creeping stealthily toward her. the peaceful light still shining from Aunt grateful people about her, very much to her tell me all about Mrs. McCarty and Jamie. when it came, incomparably more interest- Betsy's window. But there was no time discomfort. They would have made her a I haven't heard how the little fellow is get-

thress Best, An' if the truth must be told, bonca!

go, for the train was ahead of time that had forced its wilful way. The conductor rity for one so old, and addressed himself wrapped in darkness. The flapping of the

would consent to any more railroading or spalpeens! Sure, we'll never get shut o' tension of her muscles. Still she could On came the railway giant, tugging with signaling. It was much better, indeed, them, at all, at all, without murdthering not prevail upon herself to move; she could

ly you don't think there can be any danger move. It was slowly coming in to view

And Mrs. Best, her mother's heart quick like the head of a man! from threatening danger.

I'm a-thinkin'!"

John's away."

at home," rejoined the wife, eager in the defence of her husband. "There's not a

better husband or father---"Surely! surely!" interrupted the old up a plaintive wail of terror. country I'd be doin' as knows there ain't her breast.

or a shindy!"

his pipe, arose to go. Mrs. Best did not sing about her work so softly "Papa! papa!" were drowned in cheerfully as she had done before. There the lusty cheer of master Johnny.

now she kept him, by one device and an- and knew that all was well. other, as long as possible, and felt more lonesome than ever after he was gone. She could not rid her mind of the gloomy foreherself again and again that her fears were groundless, but all to no purpose,

As the sun went down she stood in the door and looked wistfullytoward the bridge. "I wish John was at home!" she said. almost ready to cry. Then she roused herself, called the little ones in, and closed

After their frugal supper, the children were soon put to bed, but the mother sat up, trying to overcome her restlessness of the active mind. with fatigue. Then, at an hour that was quite late for one of pastoral habits, she rolled up her work and began to propare

"It is cheerful for John, and he always door, very much as a matter of course, for expects it when he is coming home at night," she said to herself as she placed a lighted candle in the window, first having village or county newspaper, and you feel to pin a cloth across the sash, where Johnny's ball had knocked out a pane of glass. Then she undressed and laid herself beside her sleeping children, but not before she a man for his true position in life as food had offered up an earnest prayer for their preservation through the night and the

safe return of her husband. It was long before she fe'l asleep, and overtaxed nature yielded, and there succeeded some hours of dreamless repose. fails. Give your children newspapers. It was as if a great cloud had east its chillgone to pieces if it hadn't been for you and "But you're not going by without have ing shadow over her. Finally the atmos-

> She essayed to start up-terror paralyzed tongue clove to the roof of Ler mouth !

She smiled at her fears, and was about "They do say," declared the old man, to get up and relight the candle, that her room, and she herself had by no means between the whiffs of his pipe, which had late returning husband might not miss the clearly comprehended, as yet, the happy succeeded Mrs. Best's beer, "they do say cheerful beacon, when she was suddenly consequences of her railway signaling. It as them bloody bathens of Injuns be up to thrilled by a sound from without. It was was very much like a dream to her, for the ould anties, off to westward. All the only the snapping of a dry twig, but in the Nevertheless, on a low mound of earth Katie was no prophetess, nor could even Juniata folks are drove clane out o' house present state of her nerves it was enough

repetition of the sound. She shivered "An' faith it's that same, the bloody with cold and ached with the continued

about the room incessantly. Suddenly "And then they are so near. But sure- they became fixed. She saw something above the sill of the window. It was round

to take the alarm, involuntarily put her All power of motion was now gone. arm about little Sue, as if to protect her | She was frozen with terror. She sat bolt upright and stared at the dreadful specta-"Now, will ye be aisy?" exclaimed the cle. Slowly, inch by inch, it rose. Fear old man. "An' who said as the murdther- and darkness prevented her from noticing ing de'ils 'ud be prowling around here? anything save that it was round-that it Bad cess to the likes o' them! it's a warm | was a head! Higher-higher-until from welcome they'd be getting in these parts, its conformation she judged that the eyes were above the sill, and then stopped .-"You musn't think me over-fearful, Mr. Her excited fancy pictured horrible glaring McCarty, but I'm a woman all alone, now eyes—eyes so fierce, so flaming, that they would almost seem to burn and sear all

"He's a thrusht lad, iver away from the that they rested upon. house, that same John," observed Mr. Mc- Just then little Sue awoke, and as she strained her eyes through the gloom, said

and seeing their mother so still, they set

"Oh! but he makes up for it when he is in a voice hushed by childish affright : Her moving aroused the other children,

man, in a conciliatory tone. "It's not "Hush! my poor babes " cried the aggainsayin' that he's the best b'y in the onized mother, clasping the little ones to

him as 'll pull an even yoke wid him for The next moment she started and looked many a good mile round-be it a fisticuff about in amazement. The cause of her emotion was a deep, fervent "Thank God!" Mrs. Best took no exception to this some- In an instant she was out of bed, and ber what equivocal enconium, considering the trembling fingers were busy with the fast good intentions of the speaker; and the old ening of the door. The next she fell alman, having first replenished and lighted most fainting into the arms of her husband; and the greeting of the parents, and the After the departure of her old friend, voices of the little girls, who kept cooing

was a feverish nervousness perceptible in A hasty explanation disclosed the fact her manner; and she kept her eye on the that Mr. Best had heard of the Indian children, making them stay just about the raid, and hastened home to find the light, which always awaited his return, no long-Dinner time came and passed; and in er burning. Feeling that his worst fears the middle of the afternoon it was with a for his family were realized, and apprehenfeeling of great relief that she heard the sive that the undisturbed appearance of returning cart. It didn't take a second the house was but a snare to entrap him, bidding to induce Mr. McCarty to again he crept cautiously forward to reconnoitre, enter and do honor to her brewing. And when he heard the voices of his children

NEWSPAPERS,-Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with boding of coming danger. She assured which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satisfied, and books, though useful, yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. Our country newspaper is eagerly sought and its con tents as eagerly devoured; then comes the demand for the city news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings

> Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county and locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance the very next thing after family greetings, he inquires for you discomforted if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are com-

> pelled to say you do not take it. Newspapers are just as necessary to fit or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefooted boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child who is eager for newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal it is a rule that never

A Boy's Composition .- An editor is a man who lives on what other people owe him until he starves to death. A subscriber is one who takes a paper and says he is well pleased with it, and he tells everybody else 'he ought to subscribe. After he has subscribed about seven years, the editor writes to him and asks him to let him have \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents), and the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more, for there is nothing in it, and then the poor editor goes and starves

himself to death, some more.

DISSOLUTION .- most unconsciously raised her little lantern a bright fire on the track, but that would was born on a street railway ear in St. Louis. If it's a boy it ought to be A BADY was born on a street railway ear ror would come before even a small fagot a month or so, but he'll be up again in a refuse a dhrop from a friend like yez, Mis- seemed to freeze the very marrow in her as it's a girl, the mother has determined to name it Car'line. - Courier-Journal.