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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth at free Srisson & Co., Portland, Me MICES EQUALLY CHEAP. or own Flannels and Cas-

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A SONG OF THE COUNTRY. Away from the roar and the rattle. The dust and the din of the town, Where to live is to brawl and to battle, Till the strong treads the weak man down Away to the bonnie green hills, Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,

And the hear' of the greenwood thrills To the hy: n f the bird on the spray. Away from the smoke and the smother, The veil of the dun and the brown, The push and the plash and the pother, The wear and the waste of the town ! Away where the sky shines clear, And the light breeze wanders at will, And the dark pine-wood nods near

A man of noted health was asked how it

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

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LAND for SALE. FARMING AND

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1876.

them know that the dog was getting restless; he snuffed and then he growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway with furniture they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But by and-by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and a grating outside the window of the room where the dog was; and he continued growling low. This was enough ; they slipped out at the back door, and left their money to save their lives ; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses black but two . one was the public house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified of finding any dark and deadly deed which woman. They bust into their friend's I have secreted, why, let it prowl. house. "Oh ! Jane, the theieves have come !" and they told her in a few words a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the

all that had happened. "La !" said she; "how timorous you

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your

man, and let him go with us." "My man-he is not here."

women's husbands are, at the public house," she said rather bitterly, for she

The old women, wanted to go to the house for lim; but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and, besides, she thought it was most likely a false alarm. a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart "Nay, nay," said she, "last time I went from the village, and they often felt uneasy for him there I got a fine affront. I'll come with you," said she. "I'll take the poker, and we have got our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose. So they marched to lation, and that set the simple souls all in the toll bar. When they got near it, they saw something that staggered this he- body else save her ; I entertain that prefer-They had a friend in the village, the roine. There was actually a man half her their fears. She admitted that theirs brought the blacksmith's wife to a stand am willing to go there for it, provided the was a lonesome place, and she would not | still, and the timid pair implored her to go cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my im

No Investigation Needed. MAX ADELER RUNS FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

I have pretty much made up my mind now to run for the presidency. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past

history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the most about a candidate, to to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now, I am going to enter the field with an open record. 1 am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope

In the first place, I admit that I did tree winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless are I ten to one he was only growling at brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out the front door in his night shirt, at the point of a shot-gup, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. affection. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I ever have another grandfather. "I suppose he is where other working I am as inhuman now as I was in 1859. No rheumatic person shall snore in my

> I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by as serting that I merely got behind a tree that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went to the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It is a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I prefeted to have some ence vet. If the bubble, reputation, can

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

Twenty-two years ago, or in the spring of 1854, Enos Dalrymple was a clerk in a general store near the corner of Jefferson avenue and Bates street. Dalrymple had then been over from England about one year, and during his ocean voyage he had Merkbam. With their parents they came to this city, and were thus enabled to continue an acquaintance which soon changed into love, and the consequent engagement resulted. Louisa's parents being pretty well supplied with this world's goods were much opposed to Dalrymple as a sou-inlaw, chiefly because he worked for a living ; but their opposition was useless. The young couple met in secret and carried on a correspondence unknown to any one but themselves. Too poor to get married, young Dalrymple as soon as he reached his majority started West in search of his fortune. He had not been absent many months when Miss Merkham's parents dis covered that their daughter was still corresponding with Dalrymple, and sent her to Quebec to be educated, ostensibly, but really to wean her from the object of her

"For eight years," said Dahymple, "I heard not a word from Louisa, during which time I moved to Melbourne, Australia, and established myself as an attorney and counsellor at law. At last, on the 20th of August, 1866, I was surprised sweetheart. In the letter she stated that she had long thought me dead, but seeing my name in an Australian paper the old love had prompted her to write to me, something telling her that the Australian attorney was the Detroit clerk of '54.

"I answered the letter promptly and with the old feeling of affection, but I waited for a reply in vain, until at last I blacksmith's wife ; so they went and told in and half out of the window. This be obtained only at the cannon's month I imposed upon or death had claimed my his. It is better than any corner lot in sweetheart.

Still a bachelor. I toiled at my profes-

THE FROG.

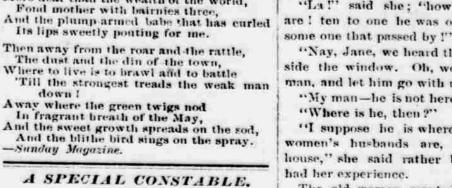
NUMBER 28.

Thus the perspiring editor of the Boston Globe discourses on the comfortable life of

the frog : "We feel impressed during these fervid days," says the writer, "that it would be nice to be a frog. So far as we know the frog never toils, and we feel quite certain made the acquaintance of Miss Louisa that he doth not spin; but he goes in swimming whenever be feels like it, and he has a passion that way that the most restless schoolboy can hardly emulate. What could be more refreshing than to plunge to the bottom of a cool pond, when the summer sun grows flaree and vindictive, and there meditate on the advantages of amphibiousness? What a luxurious place would the bottom of a lake be for passing one's Fourth of July in peace and quiet ! Oh ! that we were a frog. And the youthful batrachian lives in a perpetual summer retroat, in sedgy streams and by purling springs, in the cool shade of the umbrageous trees and among tall grasses swept by the passing breeze And he wears not exasperating fabric of wool or cotton, nor yet of insidious and sucky linen ; but with the smooth coat of green and black wherewith nature clothed him he can enjoy the cooling shower, or sit in his bath by the hour, with no fear of ague and no sense of seething discomfort.

"Happy frog ! He has no hours of labor, and he seemeth not to be oppressed with the necessity of sleeping at any set time. He can take his siesta at noonday, and his dreamy doze at early dawn, and in the cost of the evening he can sit and sing in the fullness of his joy ! No mosquitoes annoy him, and he has an easy escape from pestiferons flies. As a singer be has few equal-, and as a ventriloquist he is absolutely unsurpassed. He can so modulate and entune at the receipt of a letter bearing the Liver- his voice as to baffle the efforts of the most pool postmark and the signature of my lost persevering boy to find his whereabouts, and without question he has rare sport in thus playing with the feelings of his chief enemy, the small boy. 'Tis not alone in the refreshing and invigorating element, water, that the frog has advantages of locomotion. He will leap you a hundred times his length at a single jump. If a man could do that, what fun it would be ! How exhilarating would be the daily journey to town, with the opportunity of a leap from the bridge on the way !

'The frog has many other advantages Boston. Who ever saw a frog that was lean, or that was reduced either to beggary or the necessity of labor ? Ilis natural food swallowed. And he has no occasion to be over fastidions, for he has no sense of taste and very little of smell. It may not be generally known to the unlearned that the frog, with all his fonduces for water and dampness, never drinks. To some this may seem like a disadvantage. There are degenerate men who, if they were forced prince who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine ; or if they were to be frogs, they would wish for bowls of punch and lakes of liquor. "The frog suffers occasionally from the 'cussedness' of the small boy and the voragity of the Frenchman, but he has few enemics. For the most part he passes a life of screne joy, and never fails to keep missed in high spirits. Especially was I cool in summer, while in winter he dreams the months away in a state of cestatic torpidity. He has no occasion for overcoat or arctic shoes, and cares not for the range of the thermometer or the prognostications. of 'Old Prob.' The rain never spoils his picnic or postpones his evening's entertainnent. He has his place too in literature. Even old Homer sung of his conflict with upon my mind that after going to my rapacious todents, and Aristophanes made him a medium for wit and music in his dramas. How many a lesson has he taught the world, with Esop as his interpreter ! He is famous in song and story, he is happy and joyial in his life, and above all he is forever cool. Happy frog I"



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ronage. The house improvements, and attached, as well as abuninmodation and amuse or the house with their W. J. BONNER. May 19, 1870.-01.

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HEL MCLAUGHLIN, Attorney

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\$600,000. Thos. P. Porter, Ex-Gov Ky., General Manager.

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80,000 40,000 100,000 10.000 Cash Gifts, 12 each..... 120,000 Total, 11,156 Gifts, ALL CASH \$980,000

PRICE OF TICKETS: PRICE OF TICKETS: Whole tickets \$12: Haires, \$6: Quarters, \$3: 9 T ckets \$100: 27:4 Tickets, \$6: Quarters, \$3: 9 T ckets, \$1,000, 100 000 Tickets at \$1? each, Remittances can be made by Express, Draft, P. O. Money order or Registered Leiter, made paya-ble to Kentucky Cash Distributing Company. All communications connected with the distri-bution, and orders for Tickets, and applications of Agents to sell Tickets, should be addressed to

Agents to sell Tickets, should be addressed HON, THOS, P. FORT - R.

GRNNRAL MANAGER, FRANKFORT, KY. FINANCIAL REPORT OF BARR TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT for the year ending June, 1878: PETER BECK, Treasurer, DR.

To amount received per Tax Duplicate. . \$ 789.31 of State appropriation ree'd from former Treasurer ... 262.64 \$1,:.94.17

Ca. By amount of orders canceled \$985.45 commission s'I'r asurer To balance due in hands of Treasurer.

We, the undersigned Auditors, have this day ex-

amined the above, and find the same to be correct. Witness our hands this 3rd day of June, 1876. ANTHONY SUHNABLE (CASPER LIEB, ABRAHAM COY,

*:89 02

July 21, 1876,-3t.

NOTICE .- The following described N personal property has been purchased by the undersigned at Sheriff's sale and left with by the undersigned at Sheriff's sale and left with HARRY MARLET, of Clearfield township, during the pleasure of the owner: 1 bay horse, 1 dun horse, 1 bay mare, 1 cow, 2 hogs, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 two-horse spring wagon, 1 buggy, 1 gig, 2 sets buggy harness, 3 sets heavy harness, 1 grub-bing machine, 2 plows, 1 harrow, and a lot of stave timber and bark, besides stoves, tables, chairs, bedsteads, bedding and other household an i kitchen furniture. All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with

cautioned against interfering in any way with said property. E. ELLIOTT. July 21, 1876.-31.* STRAY MARE.--Came to the prem-ises of the undersigned residing in Allegheny township, Cambria county, on Friday, the lith inst., a bay mare with three white feet and a small stripe in her forehead, supposed to be about six years old. The owner will please come for-

ward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. JOHN P. HERTZOG. July 21, 1876.-8t.

STRAY HEIFER.-Came to the premises of the subscriber in Carroll township, on or about the 25th of May last, one brindle heifer, (no marks), about 2 years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property pay charges, and take her away: other-wise she will be disposed of according to law. S. A. SHOEMAKER.

discourse sent them home downright miserable.

To the light-plumed birch on the bill.!

And steaming above and below, Where the heart has no leisure for feeling

And the thought has no quiet to grow ;

Away to the cottage so sweetly, Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,

Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me With thoughts ever kindly and good ;

BY CHARLES READE.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll-bar at

One day they received a considerable

More dear than the wealth of the world,

Away where the clear brook puris, And the hyacinth droops in the shade,

And the plume of the fern uncuris

down !

Sunday Magazine.

Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner. "The fools !" said he ; "how is anybody

to know they have got brass in the house ?" "Well," said the wife, "they make no secret of it to me ; but you need not go for to tell it to all the town-poor souls."

"Not I," said the man ; "but they will publish it, never fear ; leave women folk alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

There the subject dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about besides their neighbors.

The old women at the toll-bar, what with their own fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night came on. However, at subset the carrier passed through the gate, and at sight of his face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night. "Why, how can I?" said he. "I'm due at ---- ; but I will leave you my dog." The dog was a powerful

mastiff. The women looked at each other expressively. "He won't burt us, will he?" sighed one of them faintly. "Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he tell me, I hope he will and without delay. called the dog into the house and told them to lock the door; and went away whistling. The women were left contemplating the

dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. At first he seemed staggered at this off-hand proceeding of his master; it confused him; then he snuffed at the door ; then as the wheels retreated, he began to see plainly that he was an aban doned dog; he delivered a fearful howl, and flew at the door, scratching and bark-

ing furiously. The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window, screaming to the carrier. "Come back ! come back, John ! He is tearing the house down."

"Drat the varmint," said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good natured fellow took his great coat out of the cart John sternly, "let us have no more nonsense ; you take charge of that till I come back, and don't you let nobody steal that there, nor yet t'wives' brass. There, now,"

said he, kindly, to the women, "I shall be back this way by breakfast time, and he won't budge till then."

"And he won't hurt us, John ?" "Lord, no. Bless your heart, he is as

sensible as any Christian ; only, Lord sake, woman, don't ye go to take the coat from him, or you'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired and the old women kept at a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and indeed, when they spoke cajolingly to him, he even

wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as they moved about, he squinted at them out of his blood-shot eye in a way

Nay." "what for? I see but one-and hark-it i is my belief the dog is holding of him." However, she thought it safest to be on the

honse.

same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her. So she made her way into the kitchen followed by the other two; and here a sight met her eves that changed all her feelings, both toward the robber and toward each other. The great mastiff had nimed a man by the throat, and was pulling at him to draw him through the window, with fierce but muffled snarls. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture frame, and in that frame there glared, with folling tongue and starting eyes, the white face of the blacksmith, their courageous friend's villainous husband. She uttered an appalling scream and flew upon the dog and choked him with two hands. He held and growled, and tore till he was all but throttled himself. they he let go and the man fell. But what struck the ground outside, like a lump of lead, was in truth a kump of clay ; the man was quite dead, and fearfully torn about the throat. So did a comedy end in an appalling and most piteons tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, but his poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had not dared to

confide the villainy he meditated. The outlines of this true story were in several journals. I have put the disjointed particulars together as well as I could. I have tried hard to learn the name of the village, and what became of this poor widow, but have failed hitherto. Should these lines meet the eye of any one who can -Harper's Weekly.

A PATRIOTIC JURY. - Mr. Charles M. Lee, a well known criminal lawyer of Rochester, N. Y., was defending an old revolutionary soldier for passing a forged promissory note for some thirty dollars. There was hardly the faintest doubt of his guilt, but Lee contrived to get before the jury a fact that the accused, when a youth nineteea, was one of the storming party that followed Anthony Wayne in his des perate assault upon Stony Point, and help. ed to carry the wounded general into the fort during that terrible fight.

In summing up, Lee, after getting over the ugly points of the evidence as best he could, undertook to carry the jury by escalade, on the ground of the prisoner's revolutionary services. He described in he might be made useful to fatten the graphic language the bloody attack on natives of the Cannibal Islands, and to im Stony Point, the impetuons valor of Wayne, the daring exploit of his client, and wound np with the stanning interrogatory, "Genmen of the jury, will you send to the state prison for passing a contemptible and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff thirty dollar forged note, an old hero of instantly laid himself on it. "Now," said three score and ten, who, in youth, cheered the heart of his country in the darkest hour of the Revolution, by storming Stony Point ?"

the jury quivered ; but the foreman, a bloff farmer, put on an air which seemed to say that storming Stony Point was a good thing enough in its line, but what had that

After being out a couple of hours, the jury returned, when the clerk went through the usual formula : "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict ?" "We have."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty ?"

"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point !" thundered the stalwart foreman. who, it was afterward learned, was the last to come to an agreement.

The andience applauded, the crier rapped to order, the district altorney objected to the recording of the verdict, the judge sent the jury out again, telling the fore man, in a rather sharp tone, that they must find an unconditional verdict of guil ty or not guilty.

mortal and inflexible purpose is to get suddealy over the fence and go home. My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of any given fight two-thirds more men than I took in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

The last time 1 ran for the presidency here was some unpleasant talk about my mplication in a transaction with the widow Pollock's ducks. The matter was hushed up ; but I have no objection to admitting the troth respecting it. I have always had a favorite theory that roast ducks are conducive to hysterical symptoms, and as every instinct of my nature prompted me to protect the widow from the ravages of hysteria, I entered the coop in her garden and regretfully but firmly removed those ducks. The fact that she began a prosecution against me is not a matter of conse quence. It is the fate of the philanthropist to be misunderstood. But duty is my guiding star, and if it leads me to ducks or destruction I shall follow it.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, with the advocates of inflation and contraction. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind that I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under one of my grape vines is founded upon fact. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the presidency ? The constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of the office because he enriched his grape vines with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd preindice?

I admit, also, that I am not a friend o the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, prove our export trade with that region ; 1 shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign ery will be "Dessicate the poor working-

man ! Stuff him into sausages !" These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man-a man who starts from the basis of total depravity and proposes to be fiendish to the last .- The Illustrated Week-

"WRICH."-Yesterday morning a boy entered a Woodward avenue drug store, bottle in hand, and said he wanted ten cents' worth of "arnakymony." - The druggist had him repeat the word two or three times, and then said :

"Now, do you mean arnica or ammonia?" "I duuno," was the reply.

"What is it for ?" asked the druggist. "I'll be licked if I tell." replied the boy. arting slowly out. He went as far as the door, got a bright idea, and turned and

sion and accumulated wealth, and last swarms in his favorite haunts, eager to be January, filled with a desire to revisit Detroit and my old home in England, also intending to visit the world's fair at Philadelphia, I took passage on the steamer Calcutta for San Francisco, where I arrived on the 22d of February. Without delay I started East, and since that time to take all their liquid refreshment externhave traveled across the continent three ally, would covet the fate of that English times.

"Last Tuesday evening I was at Chicago, and to pass away the time I visited one of the theatres. What the play was I do not recollect, save that there was a re-union of two principal characters after a long separation, and, as usual, the audience was dishappily impressed, for in the person of a lady who assumed the part of a kind, matronly old woman I fancied that I recognized the voice and features of the love of my youth, and try as I would I could not dismiss the fancy. So deeply was it impressed hotel I examined the play-bill and after long consideration resolved to call upon the 'old woman.' The next day I carried out my resolution, and there occurred a mutual recognition, which, had you seen it, you could nevet forget."

"The result is that after nearly ten year, of life on the stage, Louisa has left it for good, and together we will visit Philadel phia and old England, after which we will return to Melbourne to end our days in peace and happiness, as I hope."

A reporter who had overheard the remarks of the man in the chair introduced himself, and was not only received cordially, but was asked to "come up to the Howard House at 2 o'clock and you'll see the sequal."

Having accepted the invitation with thanks, the reporter was on hand, and with marriage of the Australian lawyer and the actress from Chicago, and soon after saw the old man with shining face and steady hand inscribe with extra flourish in the hotel register : "Enos Dalrymple and wife, Mel bourne, Australia." - Detroit Free Press.

A TRUE STORY OF THE CENTUNNIAL Snow .- Here I will tell a story, new and rue. At the great exposition of Philadelphia is a jury designated as No. 8. It exconsidered, by license of power, corsets, On the jury is a smart French politician named Dietzmannae. The whole jury is attentive and just, and as there were thousands of patent corsets, the devoted class of number 8 had to fumble them through, each patent shown by an expert. here, At last when they were all, as it was supposed, done and relieved, a somewhat meager young female rushed in and demanded audience for another patented sort of corset. "Very well," said the Frenchman, with polite resignation. The little woman wrapped the corset around him and expatiated at tiresome length on its perfection. The jury stood up and felt of it, clasped and unclasped it, looked wise -and tired. "Madame," exclaimed Dietzmannae, "what is the special merit you claim for this corset ?" "The fit Monsieur!" "But we cannot tell how it fits. What

THE CENTENNIAL.

A correspondent of a western paper thus advises the home folks. Everybody who has been there talks in the same strain ; "No person who can possibly spare the

money should fail to come. I do not say time and money, for a person who has the money and thinks he has not time is a goose. He is worse than a goose. He cheats himself. He denies his eyes a feast such as was never offered to eyes before. His very soul will be educated and expanded by what he sees there. It will be a feast for his memory forever.

"Stay away? Don't think of such a thing if you have the health and money to come. As for your time, there is nothing four or five invited guests witnessed the more useful to which you can devote it. And as for the trouble and fatigue, one tour through the Art Gallery will repay all. The Art Gallery ! What pen can describe it ? There are more than an acre of paintings from all the world, some of them rare, famous and costly. All the pictures I ever saw put together do not compare with this collection. A lover of art can remain among these treasures a week and then leave with regret.

"And the Government building, it is worth a journey and several round trip tickets to behold, even where there is nothing else to see. And Machinery Hall, and amines rubber goods, among which are the main building, and-but I will not enumerate anything more, The subject is too vast for enumeration. It is too vast for anything except to look, and look, and look until the closing day, and then the circle has not been ran. For should you devote only two minutes to each article exhibited, you cannot finish in three months. No one pair of eyes can see all that is

"I confess that I had no conception of the magnitude of this exhibition, although I have been credited in some quarters with having an imagination. The half had not been told me, and no dream had approached the reality. The man who can come and don't, stands in his own light. We share with him the pity we feel for the man who wants to come and can't. A few weeks at the Exhibition this summer is equal to a journey around the world,"

At il e close of a concert, while a young said that checked all desire on their parts to try "If your wife hit you on the head with a gentleman was strugging with his hat, cane, overcoat, opera glass, and his young on the carriers's coat. After an absence of a few minutes they chair leg, which of them medicines would L McLAUGHLIN. Attorney: Longing on the spectral of the product of proof have we of that?" The little woman

This was a poser. The chins of some to do with passing this forged note ?