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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Stoves, Tinware,
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as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as STRICTLY GENUINE, while they will invariably be
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GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Altoona, Oct. 16, 1879.-tf.

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[1-20,'82.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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☞ Office over the First National Bank. Entrance on 11th avenue, second door from 12th street.
Altoona, April 22, 1881.-tf.

AT
WANAMAKER'S

Visitors to Philadelphia are invited to visit the store, whether to see or to buy. Your parcels are checked; a waiting-room is provided, where you may rest with ladies and children; guides conduct you through the house, or you wander at will; there are many things of interest to see, and a welcome.

For two years, perhaps, we have had the richest, largest, most varied and most exhaustive collection of dress-goods in Philadelphia. Before that, we may have had the largest, and even the most exhaustive, but perhaps not the richest. The slowest trade to come to a new merchant is the trade of luxury. It is the slowest to change from one to another. But it does change.

We may say our dress-goods of all sorts are at about their highest now.
Second and third circles, southeast from center.

Silks of all sorts have come; and never were silks more acceptable. And these words have a meaning here beyond any they could have elsewhere; because of the greater variety of wants that look to us for supply. We must have all accepted styles, and all the approved qualities of those styles; and, as to colors, can you think of one that we can do without?

A store that has only one class of trade can get along with comparatively few silks. Which stock would you rather buy out of?
Next outer circle, south entrance to main building.

Two damask towels at 15 and 18 cents may serve to show what we gain by buying of the makers. The very same towels are in the wholesale trade in New York at about 21 and 22 cents, which means at least 25 cents at retail.

We are not going to say that all our retail prices are below New York wholesale; nothing of the sort. "More than one swallow to make a summer." But where such towels are to be got for 15 cents is a good place to look for bed and table-linen, and all the other linens. That's what we mean exactly; it's true, too.
Outer circle. City-hall square entrance.

A very wide and surprisingly good navy-blue twilled flannel for 50 cents; 45-inch.

Do you remember a 35-cent flannel for 25 cents, of which we had 18,000 yards last fall? Afterward we got 7,000 yards more of it; and a little of it is left yet. That is 23-inch. This wide flannel is fully as good as that.
Third circle, southeast from center.

All the warmer sorts of underwear are ready; for men, women and children; thick-cotton, merino, wool, and silk. All the sorts needed for all sorts of people with all sorts of notions; and, for people who want it, there is quite a little wit about underwear to be picked up at the counter. Where else would you look for it? Not in books surely; for goods are changing all the time; and so get ahead of books.
West of Arcade, 1313 Chestnut; West counter.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.
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Accessible by horse cars from everywhere

Farmers, Look Here!
I have on hand, ready for sale, a lot of those justly celebrated ONE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN
Tread Powers and Threshers.
Also, a few TWO-HORSE POWERS and THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS (Separators), which I will dispose of at reasonable prices. The merits of these Machines are so well and widely known that I need only say they are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. These Machines are a part of the unfinished stock left among the effects of my deceased brother, Joshua Gilbert, and therefore they will be sold cheap.
☞ Sale rooms on the Fair ground, near the Altoona Car Works. For further information call on or address FREDERICK GILBERT.
Sept. 15, '82.-2m. Box 783, ALTOONA, PA.

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will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

LEICESTER LAMBS FOR SALE!

I HAVE FOR SALE
10 FINE LAMBS!
which were dropped in April and May—six Ewe Lambs and four Bucks—of pure Leicester blood. The sire of these Lambs was one year old last April, and I clipped 12½ pounds of wool from him last May. The ewes that raised these Lambs were imported from Canada by Isaac S. Train, having been selected and purchased by that gentleman from some of the best sheep raisers in that province. I may also add that the grandsire of these Lambs was owned by Mr. Train and weighed 325 pounds.
☞ I will sell these Lambs singly or all together, as purchasers may desire. The six ewe lambs would make a nice young flock to start with. For further information, prices, etc., call on the undersigned at his residence in Sinking Valley, Blair County, Pa., or address REUBEN FOX,
Sept. 29, 1882.-2m.* Tyrone, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1846
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HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once. Physicians recommend it and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Ladies Due to your sex, much pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative powers.
☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
Acts at the Same Time on Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.
KIDNEY-WORT

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JEROME TROXELL, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Geo. Troxell, late of Reade township, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate by note or otherwise that payment of their respective accounts must be made without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. [PERRY TROXELL, JOHN TROXELL, } Adm'rs.
Glasgow P. O., Reade Twp., Oct. 13, 1882.-6t.*

THE SHADOWY HAND.

I am a traveler and collector for a large house which executes many orders throughout the country. When I have an extensive district, which is often the case, I frequently have a considerable sum of money about me, and on several occasions the possession thereof has rendered me very uneasy; but no more than that of which I speak.

I had been assigned to a large territory in the West, a region rough and mountainous, and which, I had cause to believe, abounded in lawless spirits who might possibly give me some trouble. A person of my calling is always supposed to have a large sum of money about him when he has been out for a number of days or weeks, and many is the time that I have seen people look at me with an expression on their faces that spoke louder than words how much they would like a chance of seeing what my wallet contained. But thus far they never have had their wishes gratified in this respect, and, so long as my faithful six-shooter does not play me false, I don't mean that they shall.

One day at noontime saw me in one of the little villages of the West, hemmed in on all sides by high peaks and lofty summit passes. I had transacted my business there, and now sought the landlord of the inn to learn the way to the next village that I had wished to visit. From him I learned that it was twenty miles by the public road, and rough and hilly into the bargain.

"But is there no nearer way?" I asked. "If the road is in the state you say, it will be long after nightfall before I can reach there, and it looks much as though we might have a rainfall presently."

"There is a road over the mountains," he answered, after a pause, "but it has not been much used of late years, and the way is rough. Still, it can be got over, and as it is but little over half the distance it is by the main road, you will get to Silby fully an hour earlier than you could by that way."

"Then I shall try it, for I want to get there before the storm, if possible."

"Keep the road straight ahead, and keep your eyes open," he said.

"Thank you, I shall do so," I answered. "Good day."

"Good day," and the landlord waved his hand as I rode away.

For hours I wound along the most wretched road I ever saw. Every now and then a path would branch off, leading, apparently, into the heart of the forest. The afternoon passed away and night came on, and still there was no change in the road, no sign of my being near to Silby. All was the same dreary wilderness as that through which I had been passing so many hours. With the coming of the darkness the rain began to fall. This added to the disquiet I had already felt, for I feared that I had left the road and got into one of those paths that led I knew not whither.

Faster and faster fell the rain, and with every moment the gloom increased, until the darkness was such that it could almost be felt. Still I plodded on, feeling there was little chance of reaching my place of destination, but with the hope that I might stumble upon some cabin that possessed human inhabitants, where I could find a fire and shelter for the night. More than an hour passed, and I had nearly given up all hopes of finding shelter, when I beheld the gleam of a light before me. Encouraged by the sight, I urged my horse onward, and in a few minutes found myself in front of a low cabin, thro' the one window of which the light gleamed that had attracted my attention.

Dismounting, I approached and rapped loudly upon the door. There was the sound of shuffling feet within, then it was thrown open, and a man, holding a candle in his hand, appeared upon the threshold and demanded what I wanted. As the light flashed upon his face I had the impression that I had seen it before; but it was gone in a moment. In answer to his demand, I told him I wanted shelter for myself and horse for the night, and that if in the morning he would guide me to Silby he would be suitably rewarded.

He made some reply, the burden of which I could not catch owing to the driving of the rain; and then, setting the candle down upon the floor, he came out, saying, as he laid his hand upon my horse's bridle, "Tain't very good quarters that you'll get here, mister but perhaps it's better than it is out in the rain."

"Any shelter is better than none on such a night as this," I answered, and I followed him round to a rude hovel, where he did the best he could for my horse's comfort.

Then we went into the cabin. He picked up the candle he had placed upon the floor, observing, as he did so, "I keep bachelor's hall here—so you are hungry, I suppose?"

I replied in the affirmative. As I drew up to the fire that shone upon the hearth, the heat of which was very grateful after my exposure to the storm, I watched my host as he placed some bread and meat upon the table, and his very look and motion went to confirm the impression that I had seen him before; and then it flashed upon my mind when and where. It was among the rough unshorn loafers that were hanging around the bar.

The food being set out, he placed a rude seat near the table, and told me my supper was ready, making some excuse because it was not better. I answered him that it was as good as I desired; and as hunger is the best appetizer a man can have, I did the coarse provender ample justice. When I was satisfied I resumed my seat once more by the fire, and tried to enter into conversation with my host, but I made poor headway. He did not seem inclined to talk, and after a while I gave it up and we sat there in silence for some time, he ever and anon stealing a glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows, which, in spite of myself made me feel uneasy when I reflected about the money upon me. At last, tired of this, I told him I would like to go to bed, if he had a place where I could lie down. Upon this he rose and led the way into the other small apartment of the cabin, and setting down the candle, went out and closed the door.

There was a rude bed in the corner of the room, covered with a ragged quilt, and upon this I threw myself without taking off my clothes. My six shooter I placed beside me where I could lay my hand upon it at a moment's notice, and then I blew out the candle and tried to sleep. But that I soon discovered was impossible to do. A nameless something kept me awake. I could hardly define it as fear. It was more of a nervousness which I could not shake off, try as I would. My eyes would not stay shut but wanted to remain wide open and fixed upon the wall where the firelights shone through cracks in the partition against which my bed stood, played with a weird sort of light.

Try as I would, I could not keep my eyes from the wall. Did I close them, the next minute they would be again wide open. Did I turn my head, I would be looking there again almost before I knew it. What I expected to see I hardly knew. Yet it came at last.

Suddenly upon the wall, where the light from the flame shone the brightest, there appeared the shadowy hand of a man clasping a long and deadly-looking knife.

For a moment my gaze was riveted upon it that I could not turn my eyes; but a sound in the adjoining room broke the spell.—Starting hastily up upon my elbow, I peered through the crack that was close to my head, and the sight I beheld caused another thrill similar to that which the shadowy hand had given me. My host, with a long knife in his hand, was approaching on tiptoe the door which led to my room. It was the shadow of his uplifted hand that I had seen.

That he had designs upon my life I could not doubt, and thankful for the warning I had received, I prepared to meet him.—Noiselessly I crept from the bed, and, with my six-shooter in my hand, stationed myself at its foot. The door was noiselessly pushed open, and the would-be murderer entered the room as silently as a phantom, and approached the bedside. His arm, with the deadly knife grasped in his hand, was for a moment held above the bed, and then it descended with a force that would have sent it through the body of a man, had one been lying there.

This was all I wanted. Surely it was evidence enough to justify me in what I did.—I raised my arm and fired. With a groan the villain fell forward upon the couch where I had lain hardly a minute before. With my finger still upon the trigger, should another shot be needed, I struck a match and lighted the candle; then holding it out before me, I approached the bed. The villain lay motionless. My bullet had found a way through his heart.

You can imagine how the rest of the night passed to me. With the earliest dawn I mounted my horse, and as good luck would have it, rode directly towards Silby, where I arrived in a couple of hours. I was not long in searching out the proper officers, to whom I told my story, and a little later I guided them back to the cabin, where they found all as I had stated it, and at once exonerated me from blame in causing the villain's death.—*Western Watchman.*

THE ROMANCE OF MT. VERNON.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* says: It was in 1858 that Colonel John Washington saw that Mount Vernon would have to go by the auctioneer's hammer if something did not turn up. And here comes in the romance of Mount Vernon. A woman who had been a confirmed invalid since her nineteenth year raised a fund of $200,000, and embodied a plan that gave Mount Vernon to the nation. This was Anne Pamelia Cunningham, of South Carolina. She was an only and indulged daughter. In her childhood she had visited Mount Vernon, and when she resigned all of life except that which could be enjoyed in a sick room, in her early womanhood, she took hold of a project to buy Mount Vernon, or rather, the project took hold of her. It is one of the most singular instances of indomitable energy and practical perseverence recorded. This frail woman, from her sick bed, aroused an enthusiasm, especially among Southern women that resulted in a splendid success. She inspired Edward Everett with her spirit, and his lecture on Washington poured money into the treasury. She interested Mme. Le Vert and Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie, and in 1860 it was accomplished; the house, the tomb of Washington, and 200 acres of land belonged to a national organization. The Legislature of Virginia granted a very sensible charter to the organization. The capital stock was limited to $500,000. It was granted in perpetuality, and no disposition of the property could be made without the consent of the Legislature. None of the Washington family thereafter was to be interred at Mount Vernon, and the key of the vault was thrown into the Potomac River. Around the marble tombs of George and Martha Washington is a wooden flooring which if stepped upon starts an electric alarm at the house.—Through the open iron work one looks into brick vault where there are only the two tombs. "Hats off" is the stringent rule at the grave; even the most flippant are awed into something like reverence. During some of the bloodiest days of the war Mount Vernon was treated as neutral ground, and soldiers of both armies were seen fraternizing under the trees that guard the tomb.

Frequent description cannot destroy the interest of the house. Year by year improvements are made by the regents. As far as practicable every State has a room ornamented with relics of Revolutionary times, arranged in the style that prevailed at Mount Vernon during the lifetime of Gen. Washington. Hanging in the entrance hall is the key of the bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette; and over the door of what is called the state dining room is Washington's field glass placed on its perch by the hand of Washington himself, and never since removed. The mantel and hearth in the dining room are of marble and extremely curious. They were sent to Washington from France. On the way the ship bearing the gift was captured by pirates. When they found that this marble was intended for Washington they took an opportunity of landing it on American shores, and it was forwarded to Mount Vernon. In the South Carolina room hangs the portrait of Anna Pamela Cunningham. She has a refined and thoughtful face, with deep, meaning eyes. The attic room which Mrs. Washington chose after Gen. Washington's death, and in which she died, is almost in the identical condition in which she left it.

In a quaint little drawing room—Nelly Custis's drawing room—is the grand harpsichord, as large as a modern grand piano, which Washington gave her as a wedding gift. This was the grand-niece of Mrs. Washington, not her daughter Nelly, who died unmarried at twenty-two. In the grounds stands a rose bush, where, tradition relates, Nelly Custis received her first offer, and walking around this rose bush six times brings every young lady who believes in the spell an offer of marriage within the year.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box. For sale by E. James, sole agent, Ebensburg, Pa. [8-9.-1y.]

SALT RIVER is the place that scoops in "fresh candidates."

COLONIAL HISTORY.

BOB BURDETTE IN WEST PENNSYLTANIA—BRADDOCK'S BATTLE WITH THE FRENCH AND INDIANS—THE HUMORIST'S OBSERVATION'S ON MULES.

"Eastward go, westward ho, everybody takes the B. & O." from Pittsburgh to Connellsville. At least I did, and I am the only everybody interested in this trip. It is a pleasant run all the way down or up, as the case may be. I think it is up. About ten miles out of Pittsburgh we reach Braddock, a town of twenty-five hundred people, more or less and across the run is the old Braddock battle ground. Braddock was an English general, you may remember. He came over here as long ago as 1755. By that time the good Indians on William Penn's reservation were celebrating their Bi-Centennial in advance with the most thrilling and startling tablean whenever they caught a white man out alone. It was necessary that the red brother should be licked clear out of his moccasins, and Braddock thought he was the man who could do it. He came over here with an Englishman's idea about America, and thought New York and San Francisco were nearer each other than Wappington, New-Half-Market, Old Street Stairs, St. Trevenor's Terrace, City Road, Iffieswich Cross Station, Chorercerster Square is to Iffingham-Iffingham on Walsingham-Walsingham. He intended to spend a few days in this country and then go home and write a book about it. Poor Brad. He never wrote that book, although he furnished materia for it. He came out here, crossed the Youghiogheny river at Connellsville, came up to Braddock Station, and then and there the wild men of the woods and a lot of French fell upon him in the ravines and hills of the Monongahela, and they encompassed him round about, and treated him roughly and smote him that he died and raised lumps all over his arms. It was a dreadfully successful surprise party. From the wooded sides of the steep hills there suddenly broke volley upon volley of rattling musketry, mingling with the frightful war whoops of the savages. The men war whoops in those days. Braddock's regulars, numbering one thousand, fought this unseen foe for three hours vainly endeavoring to employ regular tactics and European methods against an enemy that only fought to hurt and shoot to kill regardless of the regularity of the thing. Washington's Virginians—George was along—saved the army from total destruction by fighting the Indians in their own way, and checking the comparatively small body of men that were doing all this fighting. Sir John St. Clair was wounded, Sir Peter Halket was killed, Braddock had five horses killed under him, and was at last struck from the saddle by a mortal wound, shot by one of his own panic stricken regulars. Sixty-three officers and 714 regulars were left in those dark ravines when Washington led that shattered remnant of the army back home. Braddock died about six days after the battle, somewhere near Fort Necessity, and was buried in the road at midnight, Washington reading the burial service. Some of Braddock, I believe is still buried near Fort Necessity, and the rest of him the general American relic hunters stole.

Connellsville is a live town on the Youghiogheny, and it burns coke for all creation, runs a full hand of tanneries goes to eight or ten good churches, puts up at the Smith house always, manufactures a heap of woolen goods. I think it has a paper mill, and is surrounded with beautiful scenery. Some of the views from the great ridge that towers above the town are very famous. The soft, yellow sandstone in these ridges is worn and cut by time and the weather into curious and picturesque shapes.

Old Ephraim Connell started this town ninety-two years ago, and Col. William Crawford used to live here. He was the same Colonel Crawford who was captured by the Ohio Indians near Sandusky, and put to death with such terrible tortures. Ohio never was much of a State for Pennsylvanians; Maine is their best "bolt" when they emigrate. Blaine is a Pennsylvanian, born down here in Washington county. He had too much sense to go to Ohio after Colonel Crawford's experience.

It is the land of coke. From Connellsville we run past a few thousand miles of coke ovens along the line of the Southwest Pennsylvania railroad. The fires glare and glow with a strange effect against the background of brown fields and green forests, for the trees are scarcely touched by the frost. Along the tramway on top of the ovens, past the columns of flame and smoke that leap up beside him, the patient, much enduring, long suffering mule holds his steady way, hauling a few tons of coal—as much as the car can stand at a load. The mule is never overloaded. Oh, no. Nobody ever worries about putting on more coal than the mule can haul, but the capacity of the car is limited, and it must not be loaded beyond a certain strain.

No wonder the mule is a kicker. Were I a mule, love, I too would kick. Every time I got a chance I would lift somebody higher than a kite. I know just exactly what kind of a mule I would be. A bay mule. One of these sad eyed old fellows that lean back in the breeches and think. With striped legs like a zebra. And a dark brown streak down my back, and a paint brush tail. And my mane cut short, and my foretop banged, and my head as long as a flour barrel, and I'd be worth two hundred and a half in any market, and I'd wear a flat harness and no blinders, and some day when some man hitched me up to a dray and piled on a ton and a half of pig iron, a cord of wood, six barrels of flour, a good load of household goods and a steamboat boiler, I would start off with it patiently and haul it steadily until I got to the top of the grade on the new road and around North Hill, and right about there and then a falling maple leaf, fluttering down in a spark of gold and crimson, would scare me all but to death, and the authorities would have to drag the Mississippi river six weeks to find all of that load and some of that driver, while in three minutes after the emeute, I would be tranquilly browsing on the grassy heights that smile above the silver flowing river. That is a kind of a mule I would be.

Not many miles out of Connellsville we run past a tract where an earthquake has evidently been prospecting for coke coal.—The ground is scooped up and dug out in a thousand directions, and beats an Arizona mining camp for dips, spurs, leads, angles and sinuosities. It is very charming, this broken country, with the wealth of a fertile soil on the hills, and the greater wealth of coal under them. They cultivate both sides of a farm here, top and bottom, for the coal begins growing where the corn stops.

Pleasantly familiar this land is, too. I see a face I knew at Scottdale and catch a wave of the hand that fills me with a cheery sense of welcome. I have told you all about these coke ovens and the mines of Scottdale, long ago. And as we near the next station the brakeman shouts "Hawkeye," and I half expect him to shriek "copy!" And so, through twenty-four miles of winding creeks and swelling hills, from fields and glowing coke ovens until we reach Greensburg, where I look out and wonder if Judge Hunter is home, and wish I could just step off the train and find him. But the train on the main line comes roaring along like a great monster, and snatches us up and runs away with us and lands us in a mist of rain and smoke and soot and noise and roaring flames and clanking hammers, and we are once more in Pittsburgh.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Few Suggestions as to Etiquette for the Young.

Young children who have to wait till older people have eaten all there is in the house, should not open the dining-room door during the meal and ask the guest if he is going to eat all day. It makes the company feel ill at ease and lays up wrath in the parent's heart.

Children should not appear displeased with the regular courses at dinner and then fill up with pie. Eat the less expensive food first, and then organize a panic in the preserves.

Do not close out the last of your soup by taking the plate in your mouth and pouring the liquid down your childish neck. You might spill it, and enlarge and distort the mouth unnecessarily.

When asked what part of the fowl you prefer do not say you will take the part that goes over the fence last. The remark is very humorous, but the rising generation ought to originate some new table jokes that will be worthy of the age in which we live.

Children should early learn the use of the fork and how to handle it. This knowledge can be acquired by allowing them to pry up the carpet tacks with this instrument, and other little exercises such as the parent mind may suggest.

The child should be taught at once not to wave his bread around over the table in conversation, or fill his mouth with potatoes and then converse in a rich tone of voice with some one out in the yard. He might get his dinner down his traches and cause his parents great anxiety.

In picking up a plate or saucer filled with soup or with moist food, the child should be taught not to parboil his thumb in the contents of his dish and to avoid swallowing soup bones or other indigestible debris.

Toothpicks are generally in the last course, and children should not be allowed to pick their teeth and kick the table through the other exercises. While grace is being said at table, children should know that it is a breach of good breeding to smouge fruit cake, just because their parents' heads are bowed down and their attention for the moment turned in another direction. Children ought not to be permitted to find fault with the dinner or fool with the cat while eating, boys should, before going to the table, empty all the frogs and grasshoppers out of their pockets, or those insects might crawl out during the festivities and jump into the gravy.

If a fly wades into your jelly up to his gambrels, do no mash him with your spoon before all the guests, as death is at all times depressing to those who are at dinner and retards digestion. Take the fly out carefully with what naturally adheres to his person and wipe him on the tablecloth. It will demonstrate your perfect command of yourself and afford amusement for the company. Do not stand up in your chair and try to spear a roll with your fork. Say "thank you" and "much obliged" and "beg pardon" whenever you can work in these remarks, as it throws people off their guard and gives you an opportunity to get in your work in on the pastry and other bric-a-brac near you at the time.

The Bad and Worthless
are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe that they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

A TREASURED LOCK OF HAIR.—Among the dead, after the engagements during the late war, lay the outstretched form of a young man, of fair and intellectual features. He had been struck down by a ball in the centre of his throat. The stranger gazing for a moment at the inanimate body, so lately instinct with life, thought of the loved ones yet to hear and mourn over their lost one. It was a strange impulse, perhaps, but that stranger—albeit an enemy a few moments before—kneeled beside the dead, and separating a lock from his beautiful but disheveled hair, placed it carefully in his pocket. The body afterward proved to be that of young Preston of South Carolina, and the lock of hair soon after the report of his death found its way to the hand of the young lady at Providence, Rhode Island, to whom he had been betrothed, as an invaluable souvenir.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE ON SPEER'S WINES.—A committee was appointed to visit Alfred Speer's Vineyards, at Passaic, N. J., to examine his wines and cellars and report. The following is a part of the report: Many will be surprised to learn that within so short a distance from this city has been prosecuted an enterprise of so much importance and with so much success.

"The qualities of these wines are not excelled by any producer in the world and during the season when the operations of bottling the grapes, expressing the juices, and the other treatment are in active progress it is interesting and instructive to visit the vineyards and witness the operation.

A. S. HEATH, M. D.,
R. H. MARTIN,
J. DISTURNELL, } Committee.

For sale by E. James, Ebensburg.

THE BILIOUS.
dyspeptic or constipated, should address with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"AN HEIRESS' QUEER ESCAPADE.

HOW A FIFTEEN-YEARS-OLD NIECE OF GOVERNOR FOSTER WENT TO SEE THE WORLD FOR HERSELF.

Miss Susie Pollard of Cleveland, Ohio, is only fifteen years old and is the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Cleveland. Being an only child, she has been allowed great liberty since her tenth birthday. Extremely precocious for her age, she attracted much attention by her evidences of talents, and her literary efforts, notwithstanding their erudity, were surprising. On October 7th she disappeared from home. Her father and friends searched for her in vain. There was absolutely no clue to her whereabouts. As she was unusually attractive in person, and as she was known to have a considerable sum of money in her possession, it was feared that she had been decoyed away by some designing villain, or had been forcibly abducted. Acting upon the theory that his child had been kidnapped, Mr. Pollard conferred with the leading detective agency, and advertised extensively in the newspapers throughout the Northwest, offering a reward of $2,000 for information as to her whereabouts. The girl's appearance was minutely described, and detailed accounts of her dresses were given, but the days slipped by and there was no news of the missing heiress. The girl was discovered by a happy accident in Chicago. A chambermaid at the Palmer House picked up one of the city newspapers, and the first thing that struck her eye was a description of the missing girl. It tallied exactly with the appearance of Miss Gordon, who occupied room No. 464 in the hotel.

Miss Gordon had registered at the Palmer House on Tuesday, October 9, giving her address as New York. She was assigned to an apartment, but the fact that she was extremely young and was accompanied by no guardian, made the authorities suspicious, and induced them to watch her closely. But although persons were stationed to watch her room they saw no one enter save Miss Gordon herself, and they concluded that, however mysterious her mission might be, her conduct was certainly irreproachable. Some of the lady boarders took quite a fancy to the lonely girl, attracted by her youth and innocence, and she readily made friends with them. During her stay of two weeks, however, she allowed no one to penetrate the mystery that surrounded her. She discouraged all prying questions, and showed that she was perfectly able to take care of herself and keep her own secrets. On Thursday when the hotel authorities confronted her with the published description of the missing Cleveland girl, she looked the picture of innocence. When they addressed her as "Miss Susie Pollard," she said:

"Why, my hair is not brown, and I have not blue eyes, and, look at my dress, it is not the kind that is mentioned, is it?"

The hotel people beat a retreat, and telegraphed at once to Cleveland. In the meantime "Miss Gordon" gathered up her effects and prepared to depart. She gave it out that she intended to go West, and had engaged to join some friends in an adjacent town, who were to accompany her. When she applied for a ticket, however, she found that the hotel people had anticipated her action, and instructed the ticket agent not to sell her one.

At this point