o forward,
i wir haper before you stop it, if
g est. None but sesiawags do oth
't be a scalawag-life is too short.





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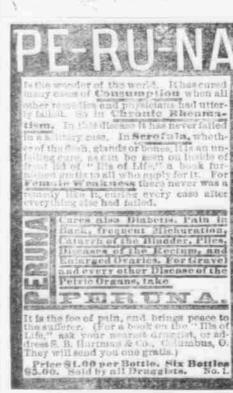
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Usually develops in sarry life and s a pacullar morbid conition of the system, usually coing the glands, often reuiting in swellings, unlarged dara, abscessed, thickening linalips, entarged neck, sore as A resolutions condition olton horeditary, but bad landing food will induce and troubled s polutous swelling of the and with mlears and and which may cause very to paint others may have ind serorola, serofula of the " scrollin of the splean, is of the kidneys, and in of the bones. BUHaLOGO BITTERS WILL away any case of serofula of to appear in another for their action on the occurred bowels will carry the distant entirely from the body.

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A HALLAD OF BUTTONS. They were tribing meath the din reser by the the trade is a factor to great her come-And stands you make feet the failing dow; Though you like two miles formatment the stars And tage the follows posture her brother When to say t comin coming down the lane? They but tasked of vacinos matters, when to: With "A red man, a past man, a beginn man, of the throne with simple love,

The simple buttonic so close above Slight hereit know whose coming step could v head. But when she It could not be a beautiff she should well ! "Those buttons answer wisely," said the rider At the linux one true that tried to look despair;
"If I as you for a meeted you only litush and

Who will a car hand must plead with earn-But the upon on he a to mear, and your oracle is. the wan for rich impact, sweetheart, the man-You know what I would tell you for all my Is 'Oh, may I that wealthy begins be?'" I cannot tell, bet answer, the robin averhead tool i not each the maken marmur, sort and

Sut has vice were glist him brightly, and her cherks were may year.

As up the mention but they wandered slow.

And the home on him fragitist had slipped its And strayed away unhindered far down the For the uple the year has many months, but one And remarce is not spoken every day - Roston Transcript.

### UNDER A CLOUD.

Morris Tucker and his uncle sat at their cozy breakfast table one winter morning, each with a copy of the morning's paper in his hand, each with a clouded brow and troubled eye. The elder gentleman was

the first to speak. "It is a bad business, Morrist"

"A bad business, Indeed, sir!" Then there was another long silence, while each again read the ominous news of the failure of a firm whose business was so involved with the rown that the failure of one home una early utter ruin to the other. The hor chops couled on the dish, the coffee was untouched, and the breakfast literally forgotten, when the gentlemen left the house to ascertain the extent of their misfertures. Bad as they feared there would review the realities were even worse thus the anticipation, and before night the old firm of Tucker & Co. was in

There was a dreary anount of hard, distasterid work to be done after the failure was an established fact; but Morris Tacker never disched from any task or interview till nightshadows fell, and he faced his uncle at the public once more, Then, with set features and a pule face, he said: "If you can spare me for an hour, sir I think I had better call on Miss Cresswell." "I can spare you, but are you wise to hurry an interview that, I fear, will be

very painful in Better to understand my position at once, sir. If—" he moistened his dry lips here, as if the wordschoked him-"if Meta is true to me I will remain here and try to work my way up again to the position I held only yesterday. If she frees me from my engagement, I accept your proposal to go to California.

"I think it is a good time to look up those old claims," said Mr. Tucker, sliding easily over the first part of his nephew's speech; "there may be money in them." "We will see! If I do not go we may be able to find some trusty messenger."

"I am afraid you will go," his uncle

" It may be. Mrs. Cresswell is a worldly woman."
"Meta is a worldly woman! Nay, let me speak Morris. I have said nothing before, though my heart was sore over your choice of a wife. Meta is wonderfully fascinating, beautiful and accomplished as but few women are, but she is thorough. heartiess. I hoped your choice would

ly hearitess. I hope a full of Clarice. She is a mere child?"
"Clarice! She is a mere child?"
"Only two years younger than Meta. I
love her very dearly, Morris,"
"But you are fond of Meta!"
"Not For her father's sake, the brother of my dead wife, I have tried to love Meta

t she repe's met

Yet you never spoke when I told you I should seek to win her love."
"Because love is too shered in my eyes "Because love is too sacred in my eyes for any one to interfere with its expression. If Meta loves you I will give her warm welcome and cordial affection when she becomes your wife, Morris But nerve yourself for the worst, my boy."

Nerved for the worst Morris Tucker sought his betrothed bride. From the time he had come from his Western home, an orphaned lad of nineteen, to accept his uncle's offer of a home he had met Meta Cresswell constantly. He had received cordial welcome from her mother, and had not suspected the her nother, and had not suspected the schemes and subtle influence that had led him on, step by step, from the position of friend to that of accepted suitor of the beautiful girl. While his feet were bringing him slowly to the momentous interview after the failure of the firm of which his uncle had made him full partier Mrs. Cresswell was schooling her. asked, languidly stirring her coffee.

partner, Mrs. Cresswell was schooling her mighter to meet the emergency.
"Did you write to Morris, Meta?" she "Not yet," was the reply. He will probably call, being an honorable gentleman, mamma."
"I hope you will be firm, Meta. Remember that you have been the injured

party throughout. From the time your poor papa died I have had every reason to believe Mr. Tucker would make you and your sister the heirosses of his property. and your sister the heiresses of his property. He worshipped your aunt, and he never spoke of any relatives of his own until this nephew appeared. I believe there was some quarrel between the brothers that ended in the younger one going West, while John, the elder, remained here. At all events, it is very clear now that Morris would have been heir to the business and property if this failure had not happened. You are to be congratulated that it came before the wedding, instead of after." Meta shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes! Love in a cottage is not in my style!" And while she spoke the bell rang, and she knew her lover was waiting to test her cold, worldly heart. She sauntered with easy grace into the drawingroom, while up states in her own room her sister Clarice wept for the pain that was to fall upon Morris Tucker's heart. She was a brown-eyed, golden-haired girl, whose quiet, unpretending charms had long been overshadowed by the more brilliant beauty of her sister Meta. She was finded to a fault, and was her mother's e itest milletion in her career of fashion-e gayety. With a higher intellect then Meta's, with more command of foreign tongues with a true musician's love and knewledge of music, a sweet, clear voice, and non-ierful powers of expression, she was so pain ally shy that society was a misery to ber. Her beauty was of the delicate order that does not strike at first glance and her affections were carefully hidden in her shrinking, gentle heart. The land given John Tucker true love since she was a mere bally and sat upon h a knee, playing with his watch chain.
She had never thought of his money, and
when Morris came sie was only glad that
her dear old uncle, as she called him, was to have a companion and friend. She had never questioned her heart about Morris

# A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

Tucker, rejoicing sineerely when his en-ging ment with Meta drew him into nearer bro herry relations with herself. She re-species his worth, his devotion to his decily over the sorrows so suddenly thrown into his life. Shyly as she had liked him, so she crept away to weep for "I lived for several years in the Northhim. The utter heartlessness that would throw bim aside in his troubles was only comprehensible to her from knowing well how her mother and sister worshipped

She heard the door of the drawing-room open and her sister's voice say couldy:
"Good evening, Mr. Tucker. You
have my best wishes for your future suc-

Then a voice as cold and haughty an-Thank you. I have the bonor to wish You good evening."

The drawing room door closed, and Clarice could see Morris standing under the ball lamp, silent and evidently wishthe ball lamp, silent and evidently wishing to recover somewhat from the pain of the trying interview before going into the street. He was very pale, and the brightness that had formed one of the greatest attractions of his face was all streken from it. The sad, pallid face con, nered all Clarice's shyness. With a sudden, irresistible impulse she glided down the stairs and stood beside Morris. He did not hear the light foot fall upon the thick corpet, nor see that he was not the thick corpet, nor see that he was not alone until a soft touch on hisarm startled him. Looking down he saw a sweet, plending face, soft brown eyes, misty with unshed tears, raised to his own, while Clarice said, in a low voice:

"Morris, I must tell you how sorry I feel for you and Uncle John."

"Tannk you," he said, gravely, covering the little white hand upon his arm with his own; "I will tell my uncle what you say." what you say."
"Tell him," she said, earnestly, "that he has no friend who loves him more truly than I do no one who feels more leeply any misfortune that can happen to

"I will carry your message. And will you wish me God-speed, too, Charice? I shall sail for California in a few days." The large, brown eyes dilated, while the sweet face grew white as show. The blow was too sudden. Without word or mur-mur Clarice fell forward, fainting. Morris caught her in his arms and carried her to the library. It was dark there, and no one saw the kiss he pressed upon the pale lips before he put Charice gently upon the sofa and left her. He did not linger again in the tail. Santching his coat and hat hurriedly from the rack he strode into the street and walked rapidly homeward. Five years passed swiftly, and Meta Cresswell had altered little, when, five years after her parting interview with Marris Tucker, she sood in the wide drawing room of her mother's house, waiting to greet a number of invited grests. Time had matured her beauty and taken nothing from her great attraction. Clarice, shy as ever and pretty as a violat stood near her sister, while Mrs. esswell, magnificent in veivet and dia

more s, spoke hurriedly:
"Here is strained neves Meta, Mr. Farvis has as ed permission to bring a friend, and who do you suppose it is to "I section to receive a world Allater, Lower-Little vis is so devo ed to Euterpe."
"No it is 3 orris Tricker! Oh, Meta, I am so glad you have not positively ac-

cepted young Cocket"
"I thought you were very anxlous to be mother to law to his \$200,000 s" "But not since I have heard of Mr. Jarvis' news. My love, John Tucker had some land clauses in California that Mercis hunted up and sold for more than double young Cook's fortune. Fisches come home now, and is settling his acche's estate, being his heir for everything " Thele John dead!" cried Clarice.

"Yes, more than a year ago, though Morris has just returned. The be'l! Some one is coming.
In the crowded drawing-room, an hour later, Morris Pucker bent gracefully over Meta's hand, and respond politicly to her cordial greating. He met all her nevances with such evident pleasure in his welco ne that her heart leat high with hope. Life had been a struggle for a rich husband even since she had made her debut in so-

ciety, and now there was one paying her deferential attention upon whose heart she had at once made deep impression. Would be forget that cruel parting inter-view, and lay his forcure once more at her feet:
Mr. Cooke, a young man about half-witted, possessed of \$200,000, watched the brilliant beauty who had smiled so wextly upon him all winter with jealous eyes ter Morris entered the room, but Meta orgot him in her new born hope. All the evening Morris hovered about Meta, won-lering where Clarice and hidden herself; but when the supper call thinned the rooms Meta missed her cavaller. In the conser-vatory Morris had seen a vision of a

golden head and white, fluttering dress; and Clarice, half hidden by a flowering screen, saw him desert Meta to come be-Longing to see him, in an agony of maid-Longing to see him, in an agony of maid-enly shame at the secret she had revealed when they parted, she hid there to watch him unseen. But he came swiftly across the flower-bordered path to her side, and taking her hand in his, said: "Clarice, I have come all the way from California to win your love. Little one, with all my heart I love you. My sole hope of hanniness is the home that you will be

of happiness is the hope that you will be my wife. Must I go back again desolate, or will you bid me stay?" She looked into the earnest face, the pleading eyes, and her heart grew faint with its own happiness as she whispered:
"Stay, for I love you, Morris."

Meta saw the sister she had always de-spised for her timidity, and the lover she had thrown aside in his poverty, enter the drawing-room together and her heart was full of jenious anger as she read their se-cret in their happy faces. She has been Mrs. Cooke for three years -the miserable wife of a jealous miser, whose sole aims in life are to save money and to keep his wife out of society. In their unhappy home there is constant quar-reling, while Morris blesses every hour the temporary poverty that led him to ap-preciate the heart of his little wife, and won for him a knowledge of the treasure of her love. There is a toddling boy named John, who calls Morris "papa," and in the peaceful happiness of her home life and mother love Clarice is rapidly con-quering her old timidity and letting the quering her old timidity and letting the world of society see sometimes what an accomplished, graceful lady Morris has won for his wife.

And Morris, holding her to his heart, will often say, tenderly:

"The happiness of my life commenced, Clarice, when your tender sympathy greeted me at the time I was under a cloud."

While Colonel John Watkins was plodding his weary way on the road from Laredo to Uvalde, Texas, in company with some friends, they were canabt in a thousder shower and thoroughly drenched Arriving at camp they spread their covering out to dry, and Colonel Watkins' pockettook having been interrated with water, he emptied it and had his group-hacks on a blanket to dry. While busily encaced in preparing their food, a jouny, on waich they carried their packs, very innocently protended her townie and took in her throat \$785 of Uncle Sam Scuttmoney. In her throat \$785 of Uncle Same actionacy. The Colonel, by more chance, happening to look that way just as file jeany was swallowing her valuable rations, ran to her, put his hand in her mouth and slown her throat, seized the green acks, and to his great joy brought them forth intact.

—[Unable Hosperian.

There is no newspaper in the world published at such a risk, as the Nibilist cornal in Russin called the "Will of the People." The lives of all concerned in it. from the editors down to the carriers, are in constant danger. Even those who read it or have it in their possession, if detected, are lodged in a foul dungeon, or doomed to perpetual labor in Siberian mines. No mercy is shown to the writers or printers connected with it, and some of them, rather than to endure the tortures that must inevitably follow discovery. have blown out their brains when canufat.

An Incident in a Country where Cold-Weather is Cold.

west," remarked the Colonel. "The greater part of the time I was in Dakota. I was in Pembina County in the winter of 1881. I don't suppose a colded winter was ever experienced in the whole Northwest. The thermometer registered from 10 to 50 degrees below zero for weeks together, and blizzards were of almost daily occurrence. I had some business to transact in the northern part of the county. It was a bright, saushiny morning in January when I left the county seat and started for Young's farm, which was situated about fifteen miles distant. I had a fast team, and the entter was piled full of buffalo robes. I wore a pair of rubber overhals, which are about the best thing to keep the wind out that have ever been Invented. I had rubber overshoes on lined with fur, a fur hat which came down over my head like the snuffer of a candle, for gloves, and over all a long wolf skin ulster that trailed after me on the ground. It didn't take long to reach Young's. It was too cold to linger by the way. Young's place was laid out as most Dakota farms are. His house was a comfortable frame building without any more rooms than were absolutely necessary. Lumber costs money 300 miles away from the nearest sawmill. His woothouse was joined to his kirchen, and his barn, which was by all olds the heat building on the place, stood at the other end of the yard about 300 feet away. While we were eating dimer we heard a roar like the tramp of an army in the districts and the lorses. on army in the distance, and the bouse trembled as if it was afraid. Nearer came the roar and marrer, until it sounded as if a battle were being fought in the yard. The house shook until the dishes ratifed on the table, and then it rocked on its foundation like a cradle. We looked out of the window, and it seemed as if sheets had been spread across the frames. You could no more see out than if they had been closed in with sheet iron. All this time the sun was shining, and we could see it through the snow rather dim but still at work.

see it through the snow rather dim but still at work.

"Blixaard, by Thunder!" remarked Young Incontently when we had recovered from the shork. "Well, I hope it won't last long, that's all. I'm getting tired of 'em. This makes the fourth we've had this month and the frest lasted nearly a week. We like to've starved to death."

All that day and much the storm continued willough a second's re-eation. And tinned without a second's re-sation. And all the next day and the next until we had been in the house for four days and four nights. In the me wime the horses and the cows were nearly famished, and none of as lared to venture out in the howling storm to feel them. Finally, with be danning of afth day Young concluded be would try a trip to the barn and give them some food. The weather was bitter cold. I don't think I ever knew before what his head to his feet, and around his waist was tied a piece of clothes line. This was intended to insure his return. If he stopped too long by the way or fell or became benumbed we could use the rope to pull for he couldn't see a foot before his fare. After he left we walted with considerable had gotten there all right. Then we wait-ei again for him to pull the rope and let for all he had to do would be to follow the rope, which we would pull in. In the course of an hour we began to be uneasy. The rope hadn't moved. Finally I offered to go to the barn and see what had become of him. I bundled up and started out. I followed his rope and reached the barn.

I followed his rope and reachest the barn in a very few minutes. The borses were all feeding; the cows were up to their borns in folder, but Young was nowhere to be found. Not a trace of him was left. The barn door was tightly closed, which showed that he had not stepped outside intending to return in a moment. I shouted until I was house, and finally returned to the house and made my report. Then the hired man and I went back with two lanterns, for it was growing rather dark. We searched the barn as thoroughly as we scarched the barn as thoroughly as possible, but he was not there. Then we stumbled around the barnyard, keeping hold of one end of the rope, but all to no avail. We were obliged to go back without our host. His wife was inconsolable. She insisted that he must be in the barn, and to please her we made a third trip, but with the same result as before. Two days afterwards the storm lifted and we started out to search for Young Wa

With a Little Waif.

The policeman had been saying some-

Thad put on a mighty solemn and she began to cry. Just then the baby cried too, and I began to feel as though I'd pay a month's salary to be down on I'd pay a month's reaking heads. The I had put on a mighty selemn air, and

Halsted street breaking heads. The fainute the baby cried the girl set up

himute the baby cried the girl set up louder than ever, and I says:

"Whist, now, be off with you. I'm going to the Foundlings' Home."

"Well, sir, with that she grabbed the basket off my arm that quick that I couldn't stop her and struck for the park, with me after her. Freity soon I lost her and then I whistled for help. When another officer came we gave the park a thorough going.

came we gave the park a thorough going over, and at last we found her under one

of the bridges, holding the baby tight to her breast. Then she cried and begged

us to leave her alone. She confessed that she had put the baby on the doorstep; that it was hers and that she had repented of it the moment she saw the little thing taken in.

to call the wagon for her.

and went on as follows:

says she.

days afterwards the storm lifted and we started out to search for Young. We found him about twent feet from the barn door frozen stiff. He had a rope around his waist. He had evidently made a mistake in fastening on the rope in his hurry to return and tied on the wrong rope. The one he used was not attached to the house at all out the form of the rope in the storm of the rope in the r house at all, but was lying in the barn be-side the one he had just taken off. He had probably tramped around in the snow for an hour trying to reach the barn or the house, but was unable to do either, and finally fell within a few feet of his starting point. That is all the bilizzard I ever want. MOTHER LOVE. The Policeman Tells His Experience

thing in a general way about foundlings. when he bit off a piece of hard tobacco

"I had a hard time getting one baby to the Home last summer. The people living in a house over on Adams street found it in a basket on their doorstep one evening, and just as the gentleman started to carry it to the station he came across me on the corner. Then he wanted me to take it, so I wrote down his name and address, and was walking along by the Home, just near Jefferson Park, and thinking of nothing in particular, when I felt a hand on my arm, and looking down whom should I see but a girl with a shawl over her head and her big eyes Senator Jones is, however, a man of practical ideas, a hard student and is ada-looking at me.
"Where are you taking the baby?" How do you know it's a baby?"

mired for his intellectual attalaments as well as his rare modesty.

All that can be truthfully said of the oratorical efforts of Scinator Plumb, of Kansas, is that they are invariably directed to the accomplishment of his private ends. He has ability and excels a description of the recomplishment of his private ends. in decisimation, but the well informed al-ways see a job beneath his words when he advocates or opposes a measure. Senator Lamor is next, to Mr. Bayard. the Solon of the Democratic side. He is portant questions, and no other man's opinions have more weight.
Senator Jonas, of Louisisma, is a man of

few words but great practical legislative ability. He is a worker rather than a talker, a man who can always be seen in his seat and is more esteemed than many of those who furnish the Senatorial noise These are the gentlemen whose voices are oftenest heard in the United States Senate. Among the others there are a few scrupulous workers, a few who have not yet had time to show their abilities and several brainless millionaires.—[Philadelphia Times.

We thought at first we would have while my partner says: 'We better let 'em go. It's all square.' That's a That's a question for the captain, says I. So we took her up to the station, and when she had told her story and promised never to abandon the child we let her go, "She had to walk about a mile and a half to her home, and though I had to travel a good part of the way with her to get on to my beat again, she wouldn't let me carry the baby a rod. She just hugged

## SENATORIAL ORATORY.

Pen Pictures of a Few of the Men Whose Voices are Often Heard.

Much has been said of the decay of eloquence in the United States Senate since the death of the Whig party and the stirring times immediately preceding the civil war. It is true that there is no individual Senator of to-day who is the pear of Clay, Webster or Summer, but taken in the aggregate there is quite as much eloquence in the Senate as there has been at any time since the framing of the Control o stirring times immediately preceeding the at any time since the framing of the Con-

Among the few who can command general attention is Senator Bayard. Though lacking in lung power and foreible delivery, he has only to address the President and there is at once a general dropping of papers; letters are left unfinished, while the writers wheel around to face the Delaware Senator. As he proceeds his voice rises, though he seldom departs from the conversational tone. His gestures are of the mildest kind, as he evidently relies rather on the strength of

the horny-handed, blg-brained member from Kentucky. I have heard it said trom Kentucky. I have heard it said that by actual count his speeches occupy as much space in the Record as these of any other five Schaters combined—always excepting Ingalls, who talks for the sake of taking. Mr. Beck is not cloquent, nor is there any considerable number of his listeners who can be said to hang upon his words; still his speeches bear the impress of a hardy intellect and wide reading. When he rises to speak he always has a formidable array of documents in his hand, but as he seldem refers to ways has a formidable array of documents in his hand, but as he seldem refers to them It is said that his object is to dishearten the enemy by exhibiting his strong fortifications. His voice is rather monotonous, and his only gesture is a swinging left handed one, which is anything but impressive.

Senator Edmunds is confessedly the ablest civil haver in the Senate, but I fancy that he would ent a hear figure before a

that he would cut a none figure before a jury. He tacks nearly every attribute of eloquence. His voice is so weak that the reporters can with difficulty eatch his words: his delivery re-cubbes that of a schoolboy, and the closest observer can seldem detect a change in his immobile face, no matter what now by the tenor of his remarks. The Vermont Senator's words look well on paper, but coming from his lips have a remarkably soportile

They are as different in person as in their manners of elo quence. Ingalls, tall, angular, with silvery voice, finely modulated, and a rare command of beautiful longuage, mind. Vest, short, with rounded shoulders, which are almost deformed, lacks the natural gifts of the Secutor from Eansas. His voice is indicrously thin, he gestures awkward, his person unprepos sessing but his hery eloquenes drowns these defects and carries the mind of listeners along in its forrent. Ingalls is cold, polished, and seems to weigh the Vest, hot, impatient and careless of the nice distinction of words, makes language only a vent to his feelings. Ingalls is the Cicero of the Senate, Vest the Demosthenes. Both are men of cultivated in tellect, both somewhat of poets, and both at times not at all practical in their ideas of legislation. Senator Hawley is a calm, business like speaker, seldom grows excited, and shows eminently practical ideas on the subjects he discusses. He is a ready beingter and a bitter partisan. Senators Coke and Morgan, though men of recognized ability, are inmoss for their skill in emptying the galleries and causing a general strapped even from the floor. Like Edmund Burke, they can

make able speeches, but they have not make able speeches, but they have not the taste to adapt them to the mental calibre of their hearers.

Senator Frye is the bitterest looking man in the Senate. But, whatever his faults and prejudices, he is certainty a powerful talker. His mind is as clear as rock crystal, his diction rough but strong and his voice can be heard distinctly in the remotest nooks of the looby, He generally keeps his left mand in his pocket while speaking and when very expocket while speaking and whom very ex-cited he has often been seen to crain, both hands' into the "receptacles of his breeches." Mr. Frye's features wear a

continual scowl, which drepens as he grows warmer.

Senator Hoar is a master of good English, though not at all forefile in expressing it. He is a typical New pressing it. pressing it. He is a typical New Engiander. Mr. Pendleton, Ohio's Damocratic Senator, is not much given to talking, but be can be eloquent in his quiet way. His words always excite interest on the Democratic side on account of his long connection and prominence in that party, but the Republicans affect perfect indifference to his opinions. Mr. Pendleton's Republican colleague, Senator Sher-man, would make slight impression on a popular audience. In the Senate, how-ever, he has attentive listeners. His suc-cessful resumption of specie payments and generally wise administration of the Treasury Department while Secretary

makes him somewhat of an oricle on questions of finance.

Of the Senatorial Joneses—two at present and three in prospect—the man from Florida alone raises his voice in the Capitol. His namesake of Nevada is too much engaged in private speculation to give any time to public measures. The Senator any time to public measures. The Senator from the Land of Flowers affords a langhable contrast between physical proportions and voice. He is fully six feet tall and unqualifiedly obese; yet a more delicate feminine voice than his never proceeded from the mouth of the most ethereal dude. When he takes the floor, he throws back his shoulders, inflates his chest and indulges in a commanding sur-vey of the Chamber. A stranger, ex-pecting a thundering voice to proceed from such an imposing presence, hears only a most attenuated tenor.

The story is published, respecting the origin of balloons, that Madame Montgolfler had washed her petticost to wear to a great festival on the next day, and hung it over a chaffordish to dry. The hot air, it over a chafinglish to dry. The hot air, swelling out the folds of the garment, lifted it up and floated it. The indy was astonished, and called her husband's attention to the sight. It did not take Montgoliar long to grasp the idea of the hot say hellows. it close and cried every step of the way." | hot air halloon.

### THE VALENTINE.

Eh! give you a lift? Why, surely, jump in, Whose Both in you critter!) Wal, yes, sir.
The walkin' is rough, I see.
You're a stranger in these parts, I take it.
(Hoin' to stop a spell?
S'pose rou'd put up at the invern? Oh.

Wal, yes, when I was a youngster, I used to be An' there and a contenteder couple new than the woes of the wife of such a man, as But we had a sorrer that come to us more'n | told by herself, and there is a lesson in An' it sector disslowed our lives, like a hart the heritages.

Fixe years would a been long snough, sir, to have a pure deep sear.

The heritages well to talk about working years would a been long snough, sir, to have a pure deep sear.

He was just a last but eighteen, sir, the month the first, waying be glayes in an argumentian became away. his arguments than on the muscular or declaratory mode of convincing, Learned, polished, courteous, conservative, fertile in ideas and with the literary ability to express them in choice language. Mr. Bayard is pre-eminently the gentleman and scholar of the Senate.

It is safe to assert that few persons have attended three conscentive sessions of the senate during this or the last Congress without hearing from Senator Beck, the horny-hunded higheralized manks.

An' it is barn't beauty but there's come not aline from the will invent. He goes inventing around from maxing till and the way said he will invent. He goes inventing around from maxing till and in the way said he will invent. He goes inventing around from maxing till and in the way said he will invent the goes inventing around from intention and aline from the will invent the goes inventing around from maxing till and it is mother an' me are a-waitin' some mosage to tell us so.

It is safe to assert that few persons have attended three conscentive sessions of the senate during this or the last Congress without hearing from Senator Beck, the horny-hunded his braden and aline from the will day.

An' it is barn't ask, but there's come not aline that day.

Whether he winter day.

It is sufficiently for an' in the way said in the will have no peace or confort.

I don't have no peace the will have no peace the will

I'll play that Hotsey an' me was 'way back to a first a countrie' time.

An' I'll buy her a Valentine somethin' nice, with picter an risyme!"

An so I've part it all safe, sir—the puttiest one I could find.

An' my old woman'll know that I have her allers in mind.

Go home with me, did you say, sir? Wal, I don't know as I mind.

Tho' wife won't be dressed for comp'ny, an' our food alm't the latel kind:

But if you'll jest take pat-luck, sir, why wife an 'me'd be glad.

For the sake of your two blue sees. But them For the sake of your two blue eyes, like them that our own boy had.

What's that you say? Will I let you give Why, surely, I won't gainsay it, but Botsey Why, shrely, I wen't gainsay it, but Botsey

An' it's kind of you, stranger—but use, sir,

Why, shar is the below that a beats

operation, I swears!

Say, wire, old terman, come out here? (Why,

surely that's Betsey's scream; "

Whoal Dobbin, you jeste critter!—hew, I

must be hevin' a dream.

Else why is my woman kissin the face o' that
stranger so,

An'—Oh! prace God for His goodness, I've
brought her own son, I know!

—(Nary D. Brine.

BROTHER GARDNEE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Solid Chunks of Wisdom Thrown at

the Lime-Riin Club.

"Donn' look for infallibility in de human
ruce." said Brother Gardner. "We has
all get our off-days an' our weak spots,
liminstry, patience, morality an' religion, an'
we now re him accordin'ty. Fust we know
he slips a seg. He am tempted outer de

### "JOSIE! JOSIE!"

The Cry that Went Over the Waves

from Squirrel Island. Sculrrel Edand is a popular summer renebec, and a two hours' sail from this city by the way of Back River. A few all right, but when you add mother you days ago, on one of the coldest mornings of am gwim to break em down. We grade the winter, a fisherman sailing out of Boothday Harbar saw a man standing on the rocky shore of this island shouting at the top his voice. His cries could be larrely heard above the booming of the surf, which beats against the ledge with great fury. The fisherman thought the "King of the Island," as the man in charge of it is called, must be in distress, and signalling for assistance; so he put his smack about and made for the island. When he was within halling distance he shouted to the man on the rock, but rescatted to the man on the rock, but re-ceived no reply. He was a handsome young fellow, and stood gazing to sea, paying no attention to the approach of the lisherman's boat, and occasionally uttering a loud cry that seemed full of anguish and amazed the bronzed old salt who heard it. This was the young man's

The old fisherman thought the young man was crasy, and after listening a few minutes made for the Cuckles and was soon hauling hake over the side of the

The secret of the young man's strange communing with the breakers is now known. His is a most pitiful story. He is a graduate of Williams' College, and became a journalist in New York. Subsequently be concluded to be a lawyer, and was admitted as a student in the office was admitted as a student in the office of one of the leading legal firms in New York city. He has a fortune, inherited from an uncle, who died worth \$2.000,000. He became engaged to a young lady in a city not far from Bath. She was beautiful, a musician and an artist. He and his affianced spent all lest summer together at Squirrel Island. In October she was suddenly prestrated, and died after an illness of six days. She died at mem illness of six days. She died at noon, At ten o'clock of the same day they were married at her earnest request. She said but a few words after the welding ring was put on her finger, and in two hours the britisgroom was a widower. Since that day the young man has been folding healthy and mentally. His grief has been comething terrible. He went to New York, but had to rourn, and spent the most of his time at his wife's grave.

Finally he chartered a steamer at Bath, took a box of fuel and a supply of provisions and went to Squirrel Island. He remained three days on the Island and it was he whom the fisherman saw standing on the rock where the spray splashed over him, and crying "Josie," as if he expected an answering voice to issue from the waves.—Boston Record. Gen, Grant's Promotions., General Grant entered the service in the late war as colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He was pro-moted to brigadier general of volunteers on the 27th of August, 1861. He was promoted to major general of volunteers in February, 1862, after the battle of Fort Doneison, and to major general in the regular army after the fall of Vickburgh, July, 1863. On the 1st of May, 1864, the

grade of lieuntenant general was revived by Congress, and Grant was appointed to the position. On July 25, 180, the grade of general of the army was created for him. He resigned the position in March, 1800, to become President. The grades in the army are in the order general, when the latter became President. Philip H. Sheridan was made lieutenant general when Sherman became general. By law the office of general ex-pires with Sherman, and the office of Beatenant general expires with Sheridan. The blabest office in the army after Sheridan's death or retirement will

be that of major general.—St. Louis Globe

One of the season's sports in Maryland is musarat limiting, and thousands of the creatures are killed and caten, the hide being sold to furriers. A colored woman, who is noted for her skill in making muskrat palatable, said she skinned it very carefully, washed it well in fresh water, and then if the weather was cold en rung it in the air so that it would freeze. The longer it is allowed to freeze the better it gets. The cold takes away the wild taste. After this she either stews it, or, if she wants it fried, particils it and fried it afterward. When served hot, after the foregoing treatment, it is a dish not to be described. espised. The meat resembles the fie the guinea, and tastes something like that of the squirrel.

A farmer's wife in Bollinger County, Mo., left the buby in his care while she went to town shopping. The father, being busy plewing, nailed a box to the plaw beam, in which he placed the baby singly, and thus the industrious and ingenious father so ceded with his work, to the set is faction and unitisement of the little ale.

### HE INVENTED.

The Wife of a Genius Tells Her Pathetic Tale of Woe.

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Imagine what a trial in the family a man must be who every week or two thinks he has invented a new mechine of some kind, or some labor-saving instruthought, to revolutionize American influxivy. The Baltimore American reports

But to double that time seems a'most like indies put up their sewing." but I'd like possion's trouble too far:

An' he was our only child, sir, the boy that ran aff to see.

An', though he had been a wild un, we loved him, his mather un' me.

Ing for the tenthen." said one as the ladies put up their sewing. "but I'd like is have seen one reliance what I am to do with my instant I'm asked a sympathetic shi indy

open without madding. It went by clock-work. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till the next morning, when it now open and dis-closed Whitiam with the life almost smothered out of him."

# BROTHER GARDNER'S PHILOSOPHY.

he slips a con. He am tempted outer de true path, an' we whoop an' howl ober his downfull as if it war' sunthin' unper-cedented. It ain't bekase he was not a fairly good man, but mo' bekase we had gi'n him too many variues. He couldn't hold up moler all of 'em.

alike No matter what deir blood, whar' bo'n or low brung up. We 'speck to find 'em all possessed of null vartues to carry 'em half way to heaben when day die. It musn't advertise \$3 reward for \$50 lost yesterday an speck de finder to hire a street kyar in his hurry to restore de lost cash. While we may reasonably expeck all men to speak de truth, we ain't gwine to git rich outer eashin' checks for strangers nor believin' what we read on do circus posters - [Detroit Free Press.

# IT SPLODED

A Twenty-Year-Old Shell that was

in Good Order. In going over the buttlefield at Malvern. Hill we came across one of the monster shells thrown from gunboats in Turkey Bend. An hour later, in going up the Varnum road we met four colored men driving a mule and cart, and told them of the location of the relic. They harried off to get it, and went into the cemetery, Just as the party were ready to return to Richmond the usule belonging to the colored rang come clattering past, having the thills dragging behind him. He was pretty closely followed by one of the negroes, who went by us at a 2-30 gait and he stopped to pant he was asked what had

happened! "Pow-powful times, boss!" he gasped "Aren't you one of the men who went after the shell "" "Deed I is, an' Pze one of de men who What happened?"

"We dun out to broke him up wid de ax. De newl his stone by Julius Henry has gone by, an' heaft I is, while de rest ob de crowd am makin fur de Jesmes riber and pickin out pleses of iron as dey fly | Dat shell up an went an 'spleded onto us,"—[Detroit Free Press.

Excited Sints. The warehouses of Moore Brothers. grocers, Camden, have been for some weeks past overrun with rats. They became so bold that even when persons were at work in the warehouse they would continne their depredations until chased away by the employes with clubs. Poison in various ways was u-cl, but without avail. Cats failed to scare them off, and a black and tan terrier which occupied the premises for several days was only too glad to make his escape. The firm was almost disheartened, when the elder brother, Edward Moore, put in a execution a plan which has worked like a charm. He set which has worked like a charm. He set two traps in the warelsouse, temptingly baited with reasted cheese, and was rewarded on Thur day last by their being occupied by two signatic rats. He then bought two toy bells and fastened them with wire, one around the nock of one of the rats, and the other to the other's tail. The linkling of the bells attached to the rats, which were then released, had the effect of so scaring the other rats that not one has been seen in the warehouse

A Woman of Business. A Miss Mand St. Pierre, of Tennessee, owns nearly three hundred thousand neres—about four hundred and seventy and plains, rich in coal and minerals and metals in Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky, the largest tract being in Tennessee, bordering on the Alabama state line. She works the coal mines herself and in her realms she is called the coal queen. She has built a cabin on one of her mountain spirs, and when at home dwells among the clones, in the region of perpetual pure air. She rides over her domains on her race mure, Mollie, a sister of Maud S., woman in the world. She wants no part-ner, either in her cabin or in her minest She did not buy the land all at once, but in sections of the descendants of old plan-ters, who, having lost their slaves, had become "land poor," Her first acquisition was 22,000 acres, on both of the Nashville, Chattanagar and St. Louis railmed, facts. Chattanooga and St. Louis railroad, forty-nine miles from Chattanooga and 102 miles from Nushville. Her possessions grew by accretion of adjoining tracts. She recently bought Lookout mountain and found a spring in one of its caverns 225 feet above Chattanooga and a little over two miles from town which yields over thirty barrels of pure water per minute. She now offers to build waterworks for Chattanooga which can be done at comparatively little

sure at the height of the motion