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VATOR

They are the most important

cretory organs. Into and

rough the Kidneys flow the

ste fluids of the body.

ntaining poisonous matter

ken out of the system. If

e Kidneys do not act prop-

ly this matter is retained,

e whole system becomes

sordered and the following

mptems will follow: Head-

the, weakness, pain in the

nall of back and loins, flushes

omach and bowels. You can

oroughly protect the Kid-eys by BURDOCK BLOOD BIT-

ERS, and when any of these

motoms manifest them-

heat, chills, with disordered

mown to me."



MICCION.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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VOLUME XIX.

CASTORIA

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commend it as superior to any prescription Sour Stomach, Diarrhon, Eructation, wa to me H. A. Archen, M. D. Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-

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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1885.

into the fire.

"If we sold every thing, all this which aunty left us—the house, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I

asked, desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let

you do that, Cree, in any case You'll want your share some day yourself; it must t go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over

the value of the mortgage at a forecd sale.

And the furnitune, though worth a good

deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. This plan wouldn't do at all for

any of us."
"Still, there's no harm in thinking about

it, and seeing what we have and what it is worth." I urgeit, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we John."

do sooner or later. Look over the house, and make a list carefully, and we'll con-sult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it though. Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take." I cried, impetuously "Some-thing to fill up the long days and keep us

from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list to-morrow,

"Did you stop at the postoffice, Johns"
"Yes There was nothing for you."
"Not even the Intelligencers" asked She

languidly. "I forgot to tell you. There has been a

great fire in New York, and the Intelli-geneer is burned out. Abner brought the news over: it was telegraphed to the junc-tion. They say the building is a total

loss, so I suppose there won't be any pub-lication for a while—some days at least "

"Foor aunty" how sorry she would be " sighed Sue, "Aunty took the paper ever

since it began, forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it all is up

stairs stacks and stacks of it. She was st

proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I

The ragman will give a penny a pound it," I suggested: "that's something."

We'll weigh the lot one of these days,

and see what we can realize," said John, "Good night, children."

to do next day. The past itself, the faint,

fracmentary past, eems to be wrapped up and inclosed in thos, bundles of time worn arrieles with which elderly year to encum-ber their storerooms and closet shelves.

Some air of antiquity exhales as von open them, and mingling with our modern air.

produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born

collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from used and value, and instinct and principle combined, had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Our list was a very short

one. A few chairs and table, a dozen tin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the

hagh newspaper beap which I had appraised at a penny the pound. these seemed

the only salable things; and we looked comically and grindy into each other's faces as we sat them down.

'Isn't it)" cried Sue admiringly. As

A little more talk and he rose to go

Of course. That is a thing you must

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out west somewhere, and he il sell for a thousand. Social placiness? Humph! With these hers "Yes, some people do. But the ques-tion is will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should com-mand both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new your This tanged beard, and these blear eyes o' A gray old bedger with the rumatiz An' manner that was never superfine?

don't you see? But a new man coming in has a chance to cut me out." "I see. What can be done?" "I see. What can be done?"
"Nothing," with a rueful glance.
"That's the worst of it. I can only keep
on and hope for the best. But it is hard,
when with this miserable thousand dol-Outer plit you are. It was not alloy so, I shou't prefend as now it sin't my fanir That I stick down from and to werse until I've not to where I'm now not worth my salt. lars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you. Sue, darling don't But let me tell you this one thing right here, She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly

Wife? May be she was. What's that to you? She was a suint on earth—not stiff and prim, But just a common goodness ev'ry day. Who never spoke a projer or sing a hymn-

Well, when she died I just let go; that's all. There, so't you preach. I know all that dry There and no use in dosing me with hell-And as for horsen—it robbed me, that's enough! What's New Year, then, to such as me? And Sometimes it seems as if she came again, With all the winnin' sweetness of her life, To make me say to this glad day, Amen!

## A NEWSPAPER FILE.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney amb. It was the chimney of alter it—one of the wide old-fashioned kind, with pot-ho ks and blazing logs, and a bake oven at one side. The soot blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair and lilylike sleader throat. She is very pritty, prettier than any body I ever saw. I recol-lect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an afti-fule by the chimney side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince, but alas no fairy godmother was likely tremerge from the apple tree for her becent: Appl Pris, who in a small way had concred that part toward as, was gone, and her big rocking chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swang empty in its

'I wish it were possible to eat Intelligenrers, said I. "They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Suc-"warmer than blankets." were tired and spiritiess, and John Slade was coming presently to look over things, John came as usual in the evening. 'Here's enterprise," he called as he came

Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to lest nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely, and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat "The Intelligencer: Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire." That's what I call pluck ' us in aunty's rocking chair. It was a combert for him to do that. The house

she drew the paper from its wrapper, and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our melancholy little list. "You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver, and those wretched I was interrupted by a startling cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her

'What is enterprise ?"

hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.
"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath. 'Just read this! Oh, John, I don't be-She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

\$1,000. The office file of our paper having ing of the 18th inst, we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligence from its firm of the intelligence for a complete such as a such as a second of the intelligence for a complete such as a second of the intelligence for a second o gencer from its first number, march 4th, 1888, to present date. Any person able to supply a set, as stated, will please communicate the publisher. P. O. Box 231, New York. "A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh, John! what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream : " as danced up and down the kitchen floor.

John and Sue were equally excited. "Only," permised the former, "we mustn't forget that some one else may have a file of the Intelligencer, and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted overnight for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mails! When morning

came I was too weary and too fidgety to

employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes. "Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so? You haven't heard yet; you can't, for the letter is only half way there." "But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter-drove over to the junction, tele-graphed, paid for the answer, and here

Blessed John! This was the telegram: "Send file at once. Check ready to your rder," P. HALLEFAX. How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfac tion of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hope; to me, the lift-ing of a heavy weight, home, security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added very deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! and at at other times, how ittle! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue still kept her sweet, wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and quivered and sobbed now and then when turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this teast: "To the memory of the late

Samuel F. Morse,' John seized another and added: "The Intelligencer—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!" I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.-[Harper's Bazar.

He was at breakfast wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him: "You always say there is something to be thunklul for in everything. I guess you'd be troubled in this matance." Not at all," he responded, to plug to breathe. "I was just thinking how grateful we should be that we met it was in the said of when it was coung."

Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, recently married a bride, for whose mather and grandmotter he had performed the RICH CHERCH GOERS.

Where New York's Wealthlest Men and Women Worship.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt pays \$500 a year for led to great disappointments. Jay Gould's folks were also of a Methodist turn, but Jay Gould himself has no time to waste in church-going. He showed his idea of improving the Sabbath by calling on William H. Vanderbilt one Sunday even-ing to arrange for mutual co-operation in the Western Union movement. Gen. Grant was one of Newman's pillars, and his illness had been a serious injury to that disappointed pastor.

Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt attends

the Church of the Strangers, whose pastor (Deems) owes his present independent po-sition to her patronage. She was the means of his acquaintance with the Commodore, who bequeathed him \$20,000 in cash and also the lite use of the church in which he now preaches. Mrs. E. D. Morgan is a nember of the Brick Church (Presbyterian) in which her husband was for some years the chief pillar. Mrs. A. T. Stewart is a member of St. Mark's (Episcopal) Church, where her three children are buried. Her husband's remains were stolen from the same vault nine years ago and have never been recovered. A sarcophagus, how-ever, of great beauty and cost, has been placed in the Stewart Memorial Church at Hempstead for the merchant prince, and it is a small matter whether his benes are there or not. Mrs. Stewart will even-tually be buried in the same place with similar honors. Miss Kitty Wolfe, who is also immensely rich, and liberal to a cor-responding degree, is a member of Grace

Miss Harriet Lenox is a nuember of the Presbyterian Church, of which her father was an elder and her brother James a trustee. She is the sole legatee of the estate and keeps up her brother's method of silent and hidden charity. Mrs. Robert the richest congregation in America, Mrs. entire wealth accumulated by her bushand is expected that she will make some very liberal bequests. - [Trny Times.

# MEN AGAINST HORSES.

Former in Long Ones, As regards speed for a mile or two, or even several miles, there can be no comfar and away the speedier: but after horse, it seems, begins to come back to the man. The relative speed of horse and either to ride or drive a horse when he is being tried.

the champion time for the bicycle is 239. Leaving out intermediate distances, I same time. It is, therefore, plain that in staying power a man on a bicycle, or even on a tricycle, which is a much heavier machine, not primarily adapted for racing, is infinitely superior to a horse. Probably up to twenty-five miles the best horse would beat the best bicyclist, but, after that distance, the horse would, in yachtphrase, never see the way his ad-

"Gem'len," began the old man as he smiled benignly down upon the shining pates of the first row, "de Presundenshul leckshun am a thing of de past. It am gone foreber. It am gathered into de ar-chives of de forgotten, dar' to be kivered wid de cobwebs of decay. It am well. Dar

are some things we donn' want too much 'Let us now turn ober a new lenf. If political bigotry has fur the pas' three months prevented us from borryin' coffee of a Democratic naybur, it need no longer stan' in de way. If de bias of our feelings has made us hesitate to lend our flat-frons to a Republican, we mus now offer him our wheelbarrer as well. It has been a long, dark night. We hev called each other liars, horse thieves, cheats, swindlers, robbers, nabobs, tyrants an' corrupshimists, We has sot each odder's houses on flah, an' burned each odder's hay stacks. We has pizened each odder's dogs an' shot each od-der's cats. We has stood an' glared at each odder wid murder in our hearts, an' we has brick-bats in our hands
"De long night am ober, an'daylight has
broken. Let us forgive an' forgit. De

INTELLIGENT BOZ.

A Scotch Collie That Can Do Everything but Talk. There has been in this city during the past week a dog called Boz, which is really a wonderful animal. He is a thoroughbred Scotch collie, twenty months old. He is of about ordinary size for one of his kind and age, light brown in color, with white breast and nose, and weighs thirty-five pounds. He has a very intelligent look and a great deal of grit. When three weeks old he came into the posses-

sion of R. B. Williams, of New York, who soon after began training libn in Newark. Boz was an apt pupil, but it required a large amount of patience and persistence on the part of his master to complete his education-so to speak. It is undoubtedly within bounds to say that this is, the best educated dog known in this country. Mr. Williams says that he has been offered \$5,000 for him, but will not part with him. Boz was awarded the champion collar for educated dogs by the Medford fancy goods company of New York-a silver trophy of considerable intrinsic value, and highly prized for its significance. Within certain limits, yet covering a

wide range of subjects, Boz seems so well informed that he will at request do anything asked of him. He responds not only at the command of his owner, but just as well to that of any spectator. This in itself is something remarkable, This in itself is something remarkable,
The appliances used to show Boz's knowledge are a set of blocks, with leather
handles, each bearing a letter of the
alphabet; a set of similar blocks with the
numerals from 1 to 0; a pack of playing
cards, a number of coins, pieces of paper,
books, pencils, pocket knives, etc. He will
stok books, pencils, pocket knives, etc. He will pick up any object mentioned, no matter how many different ones may be placed before him. He can find any card of the pack, and pick out a good hand for enchre, poker, casino, etc. He can add, subtract, multiply and divide, by means of the numbered blocks. When asked how many times a person claps his hands in his presence, he gives the same number of presence, he gives the same number of barks or picks up the corresponding block. Asked to bring a certain figure he does so, and when told to add another to it he gets the one showing the sum. He can give the product of one figure by another, even when one is fractional He shows the number of days in a year a month, or a week, also the number of working days in a week; when asked how many days he would like to work he picks up the cipher. Coins represe

him, he singles out any one asked for, either according to value or size. When asked if he were sent to a store with fifty cents and spent half of it, what change would be bring back, he takes up the quarter. In answer to the ques-tion what he would write a note with he gets the pencil; and for a letter he takes the pen. He will jum; over a chair as many times as requested, and on no a count will be do more. He distinguiscolors correctly; also the quality of clott as silk, cotton, etc. He spells by means of the alphabet blocks many works of three or four letters, as cat, corn, dog, etc., and picks out cards, showing the words milk, beer, cow, yes, no, etc. Asked what he likes to drink his answer is milk, and where milk comes from he signifies cow. When asked what he would do if he were sick and in a hospital, he lays down and groans, and when a doctor comes he lolis out his paw and puts out his tongue.
When requested to do a certain thing he barks vigorously if attempts are made to direct him wrong. Boz is continually learning new things, many of his own accord, and some of these utterly unlike anything he has ever been taught. It is markable dog employs to perform these feats. It would seem that he must have a better guide than mere instinct; indeed he shows not a little reason in many things he does. That he has a most won-derful memory admits of no doubt.—[Buf-

Whittier to the School Girls, A gift of seventy-seven roses to mark his seventy-seventh birthday, last month, drew out these lines from the poet Whit-

To the Girls' High School, Junior Class, Bos-The sun of life is sinking low,
Without, a winter's failing snow,
Within, your summer roses fall;
The heart of age your offering cheers,
You count in flowers my many years;
God bless you one and all!

Telegraphy in Japan. I remember when the telegraph was first ntroduced into Japan, there was always a native staff with one European in charge of the office. At first, while the Japs were learning to send messages, they had to rely upon that European entirely. The natives themselves were too proud to acknowledge ignorance of English, and when a message was brought in, if the native operator was there he would look learned, as if he un-derstood all about it, and when the sender left he would show the message to some other foreigner and ask him to rend it. This lasted for awhile, until the firms began to find out all about each other's business, and then it stopped. But the Japanese are very precise and correct, as a rule, in their pronunciation of English, as they learn more or less like parrots. One day a man went into the Hiogo telegraph office with a message to be sent to Osaka. The polite Jap took it from him, looked blandly over it and then said: You-cannot-send-this-message-to-

day."Why!" "The gentleman who takes charge of the telegraph office is drunk." "Indeed! Is he often taken like that?" He is very frequently drank.'
Well, what am I to do '' "If-you-will-leave-your-address-I -will send-and-tell-yon-when-he-

### The Ply was Londed. "Talk about dynamite, I can tell you a

is-sober."-[San Francisco Chronicie.

true story of what nitro-glycerine once did in our State. It was out near Prairie du Chien, where they were blasting on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road. The contractor had several kegs of the stuff in an underground place. One day a workman left the place open; by and by some hogs came along, found a keg open, and, as glycerine is as sweet almost as honey, the animals filled themselves. One came out by and by and soon wandered into a stable which contained about forty horses belonging to the contractor. The hogget fooling around among the horses' aind legs, when one of then drew off and gave Mr. Hog a good one. The concussion started the business, and not a vestige was ever discovered of the hog, of a single horse or the stable. And where the stable once stood there was a hold in the earth fifty feet deep and more than 200 feet in circumference. Fact, g tlemen!"—[Madison (Wis.) Democrat.

Inflammable Ornaments.

Pampas grass must now be put among the things beautiful in their place, but requiring caution in placing either of them near a light, or in striking a match too near their vicinity. An example of recent conflagration by pampas grass is sent us by a Philadelphian who had received a large packet of the showy and feathery grasses from California in a Christmas box. The grasses were laid on the table under a shaded lamp, whose flame was covered by a chimney. In moving them about, a sort of light dust or down was released from the plumes, and so, in the most unexpected way, the grasses caught fire when they were simply lifted from the table. The floating, cottony substances from the pampas must have settled over the flame of the lamp, or in some way communicated fire to the whole parcel. Cottony dust is quite as combustible as flour dust is known to be, and as the pain pas grass is quite a popular ornament, it is well to be a little careful in handling its downy stems after lamplight.

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NUMBER 10. Jos l'aintisa et all kinds neatly and expedit-

### HER PROTOGRAPH. WALTER LEARNED.

I know the photographer pinned A little while eard an the a seem.
When he'd wrapped up his head in a cloth
And focused his ideture machine:
As he turned hack to the chair.
I am equally cectain that he
Sald, "Wen't you look right at this eard?"
Yet she seems to be looking at me.

And after arranging her chin, And revisiting and turning her head, And artisating the folds of her dress, I am sure the phetographer said.

Now please for a summer sit still.

And smile till you hear me count three,

As he whished of the camera's cap;

Yet she seemed to be smiling at use.

I presume that she thought it a bare.
And that she was quite ill at case.
Saw little black specks in her eyes.
And felt at comparison to success:
That she wandered how long it would take,
And what seri of a picture it would be:
And yet, when I look at the face.
She seems to be thinking of me.

And when the brief seconds were passed,
And the artist had said "That is all t"
I presume, as she rose from the shair.
She only said, "When shall I cally"
But the message that waits on these lips,
That smilling, half-sparied, I see,
Is as sweet and as fair as her face;
And it seems to be waiting for me.

LINES TO MY SPRING OVERCOAT. Thou fickle thing!

Oh, I could smite ther with a tongue of brass, But words are dumb and so but let it pess!

For thou art false as other men.

I hate the now as I did love the then,

Early last spring.

Why, false one, see! Then once wast warm enough for any ciline: And mark, how short age was that sweet time. In August last, when sunstrokes filled the sky And for the lack of other coat I were thee aye Than smotheredst me!

Of chill November makes me wish thee we may bound leaves in the shivering edities round me swarm; Thou art as cold as frigid Greenland's snows.

And every one who sees thee languand knows
Pil tracks to death.

—B. J. Burdette.

## THE BRONCHO.

### He is a Centle Looking Beast, But is Full of Guile.

A broncho is a horse. He has four legs, I'ke the saw horse, but is decidedly more skittish. The broncho is of gentle deportment and modest mien, but there isn't a real safe place about him. There is nothing mean about the broucho, though; he is perfectly reasonable and acts on principle, All he asks is to be let alone, but he does ask this, and even insists on it. He is firm in this matter, and no kind of argument can shake his determination. There is a broncho that lives out some miles from this city. We know him right well. One day a man roped him and tied him to put a saddle on him. The broucho looked sadly at him, shook his head, and begged the fellow, as plain as could be, to go way and not try to interfere with a brougho who was simply engaged in the pursuit of his own happiness, but the man came on with the saddle and continued to accress. Then the broncho reached outwith his right hind foot and expostulated ly mouned the broncho is quite fatal, and If you can get close enough to him to examine his cranial structure von will find a cavity just about the eye where the hump of remorse should be. The broncho is what the cowdoys call "high strong." If you want to know just how high he is strong, climb up onto his apex.

any unnecessary style when we went to get of. The beast evinced considerable surprise when we took up our location up on his dersal in. He seemed to think thement, and then he gathered up his loin and delivered a volley of heels and hard ware, straight out from the shoulder The reced was fearful. We saw that on sent was going to be contested, and we began to make a motion to dismount, b the beast had got under way by this so we breathed a silent hymn and tighter ed our grip. He now went off into a spasm of fall, wiff-legged bucks. He pitched us so high that every time we started down uld meet him coming up on another trip. Finally he gave us one grand, forewell boost and we clove the firmamer and split up through the husbed etherer until our toes ached from the lowness of the temperature, and we could distinctly hear the music of the spheres. Then we came down and fell in a little hoap about one hundred yards from the startin point. A kind Samaritan gathered up or remains in a cigar-box and carried us the hospital. As they looked pityingly a us, the attendant surgeons marveled as to the nature of our mishap. One said I was a cyclone, another that is was a rad road smash-up, but we thought of the catico hided pony that was grazing peacefully in the dewy mead, and held our

We rode a brougho once. We didn't travel

The Mexicans and South Americans are feats of horsemanship which would do horse at full speed upon a point designated. will exactly touch the wall. For a small wager some have been known to rush at a

the opposite direction, the rider ke finger of the other hand in contact with is

in which the affairs of the whole family are succincily recorded, Appoint one of the family journalist. If there are several record of your family in the years to come? - [Springfield Hamesland.

## THE BOY'S PROFESSION.

### Let Him Follow the Natural Bent of His Mind and He'll Succeed.

Parents often nucke grave mistakes by choosing professions for their sons without reference to their fitness. A muss who has risen from poverty or the lower levels of business life to comparative wealth does not care to have his sous pass through all that he experienced. It is not necessary that they should Let them profit by his hard carned knowledge. Some men do not seem to know how to make this knowledge available for their sons. Instead of endowing them with a knowledge of how to make money and how to use it to the hed advantage they give them all they want of it. Bays instinetively know how to spend money.

Some of the most noted spendthrifts and total wresks are the sons of men who made their fortunes by hard work and the closest economy. Through a desire to see their sons enjoy the finits of their bibor, they made gentlemen of them instead of business men,

A boy with a decided taste or aptness for any culling is easily disposed of It is the one with no special gentus who is hard to fix. Such a one is a good all round scholar, can make a sled tinker a sewing machine, play the piano, make a passable drawing, dance well, write a fair essay—in short, do almost any hing telerate.

any well.

Now what is to be done with such a chap! He does not play the fiddle well enough to make a good tiving iniditing; his sketches are not strong enough to guarantee success as an artist; his pen is peared; trembant enough to scarcely trenchant enough to justify making an editor of him; his skill as a tinker does not indicate any special mechanical genius—in short, the surface indications are in a manner useless, none of them be ng strong enough to warrant an investment. What is to be done with

If he has no money and has to make his own way in the world, periaps the best thing is to pay strict attention to his hattes and his morals and let him go. Being forced to earn his own bread will very seen find a niche in which he is comparatively comfortable. However, if he is so situated that he does not have to work for a living, it is not probable that he will do much skirmishing, but wait contentedly for something to turn up. He knows the dinner bell will ring and the tailor be paid all the

same, plather be works or not. If there is no way by which he can be dumped ut into the world and made to feet that his existence depends upon his ownedorts, the next best thing, probably, is to assist him in choosing a trade or profession, and then put him at it in carnest, keep him down to it until he shows signs of post-tively liking or atsliking it, and let him be governed accordingly. The country is full of doctors, lawyers and preachers, who are such because was not known what else to make

to make a lawyer out of a born mechanidoctor out of a natural artist, or a business man out of the stuff intended for a lancing master. While it may not be clear waste to make either out of a mixed stick, the chances are the result will

will formed habits and good morals constitute the best search picks all-trades can have. With these there is but itt-tle danger of his going to the bad, even if he does not make a great hit in life. Without these has a just to the life to so when they pay no select on to the sur-face indications and so their sons up in there. Some do this when they are morally certain the place is not suited to them. Failure in such cases is inevi-

## BURIED ALIVE.

### A Chinese Leper Followed His Own Coffin to His Grave,

In the village of Chim-long, where the Basil Chinese mission has a station, the following sad event has lately taken place. A man of sixty years of age was afflicted with leprosy and lived in a hut within the village. The villagers often urged the old man to remove his hut outside the village and live on the hills to prevent contamination, promising him that they would always provide him with food. However, the leper did not wish to leave the village, nor dared his relatives press him to do so.

Lately it happened that the leper was lying asleep in his hut. His son came and wanted to bring him something to eat but, calling into the but, he received no answer from the father. There was mon a gathering of the people, but no one ventured to go inside the but. Some stones were thrown at the door to see if the man took any notice of it, and as there was still no sign of life in the but the general conclusion was that the occupant

was dead.
The resolution was forthwith taken to have the leper buried. His son went to a neighboring village to engage goolies for digging a grave and carrying the corpse out. During the absence of the son the ont. During the absence of the son the elder of the village came to the scene, and, learning how matters stood, boldly opened the door and entered the but, when lo and behold, it turned out that the leper had only enjoyed a sound sleep. However, the cooles had been engaged for a certain sum of money, and came along with the son, ready to do the work which was required of them, or at all events receive the promised pay. After some deliberation the villagers unantmously put it before the loper that as things had come to this pass, he had betthings had come to this pass, he had bet-ter make up his mind and allow the funeral of himself to go on. To this the unfortunate man consented, and took leave of his daughter in law and two grandchildren, enjoining upon her to feed the two pigs well and also take care of the poultry.

A coffin was now provided and the

shroud redeemed from the pawnshop. A fowl was killed and rice and park provided as a farewell dinner for the leper. Next morning very early the procession started from the hut. First came the coffin carried by the coolles, and behind it walked the leper to his grave, the son and the elder bringing up the rest, carryand the elder bringing up the rear, carry-ing the shroud and the pot which con-tained the opium. Having moved up a hill to a distance of about two miles from the village, the party halted and a grave was dug. The leper took a last meal and then swallowed the opium. After this he put on the shroud and a pair of shoes. and laid himself down in the codin, when the coolies put the lid on it, without wait-ing till the leper should have lost con-sciousness, and lowered the codin into the grave.—[Deerland Mail.]

When General Roger A. Pryor and his wife introduced their daughter into itrook-lyn society a few days ago, there were present William M. Evarts, Henry Ward Beecher and General George B. McCellan. Tea was served from a solid tea service. Presented by the State of Virginia to Col the ex-Unit a mercal read on the silver. "I can recitly to the valor mentioned," he remarked good-bumoredly. Thank you, general," said Pryor, and the two men shook hands.

A singular case is that of May Wilkinson, of Newark, New Jersey, who, bean a mute, never uttered a sound in her life till the day before she died, when she began to laugh, and laughed uninterruptedly till she died.

Vienna is to have a beer exhibition, in which all visitors are to be allowed to sainple the goods exhibited Number- of influential citizens are inquiring of as if we know anything about excursion tales

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THEN STAR. Another New Year, chr. What's that to me? I've seen a minut on with young and sed And 6 in I no better off for them that's gone. And them to come won't fetch me is no gold!

My sort? I sin't no sort—I'm a'll alone. There ather to be low what would draw to me. To beinge about in some down-collar dive is all the signs of home I ever see.

I den't so charge to woman with my case. Whatever elee I am, I'm fair and square, And'don't go leadin' her with my disgrace.

But lid her duty patiently and mack, And took the post and bud with smiling face, I used to think the Lord used her to prove That over, where He has a dwalling place.

Faith! Thankee! And who knows but you are A prayerful word has made God's glory shine pon a dying thiel that turned to Christ— this well, this night her eyes may beam on

It was two days after Aunt Prisef'la's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting togother by the kitchen fire with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial. All the afternoon we had been busy getting the house to rights, not meddling yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine and furniture dusted and re-arranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more, and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile custom as well as inclimation accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each other, with the chinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were

about to separate.

which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to

so we saved our words.
Dr. Sinde-John-was Sue's lover. vaiting, his step sounded without on the crivel, and with a little tap-courteons but unneces ary, for the door was never locked be entered, gave Suc a genile kiss, me another, and sat flown between

emed less forformat once. "Well, children, how has the day gone?" Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired to night. I think. I'm glad you are come, John dear. We are tetting lonely and dismal, Cree and I." Lucretia is my name, but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree." John adjusted a stick on the embers and with one daring poke sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered Then be took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and patting it gently, said: "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three "That 'three' was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was 'made so,'" Aunt Pris said. And he

certainly carries out the purpose of his Did your aunt leave any will!" he "Only this," and I brought from be-tween the leaves of the Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note paper, on which dear aunty had stated, in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucret's Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our washerwoman, were written below a Very well," said John, "That's good

in law, I fancy: or, if not, you are the hearest relations and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides She i ad an annuity of \$250 a year and nore from some turngike stock. That's all except the house and furniture. and there is a mortgage of \$000 on that. Squire Packard holds that. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whisele, but refrained. "Your aunt was a clever mauager," he said-"a capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, dein't she? I don't know anyone else who could live h \$300 a year, with mortgage interest iken out. You have always seemed cozy

and comfortable We always have been. But we had the garden you know, and the cow, that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunty was a wonderful housekeeper, though Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men. She always said so."
"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous.
A diet of ten and vegetables don't suit them very well they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well my dear girl, our summing up isn't very satisfac-tory. Even without the mortgage you oldn't live on 850 a year. No. And I've been thinking what we

could do. So has Cree, though we haven't sp ken to each other about it. "I might ea h a district school, perhaps. And could take a place as plain cook There isn't any thing else I can do so well. Plain cooking, with dripping and soap fat by way of perquisites;" and I gave a by way of perquistes," and I gave a laugh which meant to be merry."
"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fing it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars, now. Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelie in his ex-penses; but if I could command that sum

(a) (a) (b)

would make us three comfortable for "How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had "I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to

a pew in St. Bartholomew's Church, but this does not imply regular attendance. The Astors are also Episcopalians and attend Trinity Chapel, which is an up town branch of Trinity Church, John Jacob, Sr., is a member of Trinity corporation, which is the highest honor this Church can confer on a layman. The Ciscos are in the same Church communion, and the founder of the house was also a member of Trinity corporation. Russell Sage calls himself a Presbyterian and attends John R. Paxton's Church, which by the way contains a number of rich families. Horace B. Claffin is one of Beecher's best supporters, but does not pay as heavy a pew-rent as in former days. Cyrus W. Field and all that family are supposed to hold to old-fashioned orthodoxy, of which their father was a preacher, but their residence in this city has not strengthened the religious character of the family. The Harpers are fashiomable Methodists, and so was Daniel Drew, who was a liberal contribator until he got cleaned out, and then his broken promises

Church, which has enjoyed her benefac-tions in an unstimed manner.

The Latter Best in Short Races; the

that of a man on a bievele. The horse is about twenty or twenty-five miles the man, quite unimcumbered by weight has never been tried, as it is always necessary

But in comparing the best times on record of a trotting horse driven in a light gig, as is the fashion in America, and a man riding and propelling a twentyseven-pound bicycle, the conditions, taking the relative strength of the contestants into consideration, may be thought tolerably equal. Mand S., Mr. Vanderbilt's celebrated horse, trotted one mile in 2:00; Leaving out intermediate distances. I find that Lady Mack did five miles in 13:00; Mr. Hillier has ridden it on a bicycle in 14:18. Controller did ten miles in 27:23 I-4; Mr. English accomplished that distance in 29:19 3-5. Twenty miles was done by the horse Capt. McGowan in 58:25; Mr. English, who holds the record for twenty miles, accomplished it in 59:06 3-5. Twenty miles well within the hour must surely be looked on as a wonderful performance. But after twenty hour must surely be looked on as a won-derful performance. But after twenty miles the man rapidly begins to go to the front. The best fifty miles on record has been done by Ariel in 3:55:401-2, but Ion Keith-Falconer rode that distance on a bicycle in 2:45:583-5. Conqueror traveled 100 miles in 8:35:53; F. R. Fry, on a bicycle, did 100 miles in 5:50:05-2-5. The same distance, 100 miles, was done on the high road by George Smith in 7:11:10. The other times mentioned were per-formed on the cinder-path. No trial has been recorded for a horse beyond 100 miles. been recorded for a horse beyond 100 miles. But a tricyclist has ridden 2221-2 miles in 24 hours, and a few weeks ago a performer on a newly invented little two wheeled machine of strange appearance, called a kangaroo, traveled 266 miles within the

versary went - | Nineteenth Century.

kentry am all heah vit, an' sich of us as hev survived de struggle mus' purge our hearts of rancor an' bank up de house agin cold weather. - [Detroit Free Press.

Facts relating to the wardrobe of the Empress Eugenie have recently come to light. The story above the Empress's apartments was devoted to her wardrobe. The rooms were lined with presses in new oak. A room was given up to boots and shoes, another to hat and bonnets, a third shoes, another to hits and bonnets, a third to furs and opera clonks, a fourth to dresses, a fifth to laces, a sixth to silken stuffs that had not passed through the couturiere's hands; and over the dressing room there were figures exactly her size stuffed with bran, which were dressed daily in the toilets that she meant to were between the carly working and the were between the carly morning and the even-ing. Everything that should go with the robe was put on the mannikin, which, when it was wanted, was let down by a lift into the dressing room.

## peace, - Sunta Fe Democrat.

all good riders and they constantly perform credit to the Bedoutus themselves. It is a common amusement for them to turn a by a bianket; they will charge a solid compart with the rapidity of lightning and stop so suddenly that the feet of the horse cliff, rear their burses fore leas in the air, so that they would for a moment tremble over the dread precipice and then which round into safety.

But the feat which shows most completely the high training of the horse is

that which Darwin saw performed in Chill many years ago. The rider held the rems loosely in his left hand and dashed at full ful speed up to a post previously prepared and made the horse execute a complete wheel round it, while, with its right arm extended at full length, be kept one finger just touching the post line ing completed the circuit the roles were transferred to the right hand, and without pause the horse wheeled round the post i

A Good Suggestion. The diary which we commend is a book

children, let each take the duty in turn a month at a time; but if the children are too young, let father or mother look after it. This family diary should briefly chronicle the weather each day, with any incident of note-the arrival of a visitor or caller, any sickness in the family, the death of a friend or any person well known to the family in or out of town, the purchase of articles of wearing apparel, or of coal or other supplies for the house, &c. It should tell briefly what has been accomplished on each day. Any matter talked about in the house and of inter-est to the whole family should go down into this familytdiary, and the more de-tailed you make it the more valuable and interesting it will be to look over in after years. What would you not give if you could look into the family life of your ancestors by means of such a record? And dren's children delight in reading such a

It is interesting to learn, in view of the general belief in the lengthening of the average of human life, that Mrs. Sarsh Howlett, of Amelia, Virginia, has just cut a third set of teeth, and that Sir Moses Montefoire, at the age of one hundred, has recovered from a severe attack of presuments.