

JAS. G. KASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1885.

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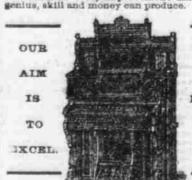
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TO ADVERTISERS .- Lowest Bates for ad-Address Gro. P. Rowell & Co., 16 Spruce St.,

"I'se been ter see Clebelan"," the old man said, As he pulled his waistcoat down, And the colored folks drew nearer to him, From the cabins of their town, They sized him up in his butternut suit,

THE OLD MAN'S JOKE,

They felt of his skinny hand, They marveled much at the one who had seen The 'Cratic boss of the land,

You see the gemmen wat beat Massa "On de word I spoke I stan'." Hab he got spurs on de heels ob his boots. Do he loom up pow'fully gran'?"

The old man bends on his blekory stick, And he feels of his bearded chin. And deep in the lines of his old black face. There lurks a mischievous grin.

"How do he look?—an' how do he talk, ch? flow do he feel to de Souf?" "How do he look? Why, he look wid his He talk like you—wid his mouf."

"Did he ax you fo' to come fo' to go
To de White House hoe-down bally?"
The old man rese on his blokery stock
Like a telegraph pole—so tall.

He didden ax me to come to to go To de noe-down White House ball; An' I didden say dat I scod a man— I didden say dat at ail."

They sized blue again in his butternut suit—
" 'Splain youse' so dat we know..."
" I'se been to see Cichelab," up on de lake
in de State ob U-hi-o." "Peanut," they yelled, and they took the old

And shoved him under the bar, And he quit that village the same afternoon— Covered with feathers and tar. O, beautful land where the dates grow rips, Where the birds in winter-time go-Where the white man's joke dies out in a

PSYCHE.

breath,
Where the "chestnut" has no show.
—Chicago Resald.

"I insist that you are taking a wrong view of things, altogether." Leonard Bruce, dapper in his short relyeteen studio cont and polo cap, inserted a fresh cigar into his meerchaum mouthpiece, delicately carven in the image of a Sphinx, and stood caressing his short, pointed beard with his wellkept hand and reflectively regar ling his

The latter's eye traveled slowly over the trim figure apostrophizing him. It was below the medium height; it had an air of polished picturesqueness; the pose was easy and happy; the voice immensely sym-At its commencement it is but a singuturinal state of the membrane which covers the Lungs; and yet there was in the whole nothing then an inflamation, when the cough is rather a dry, local faver and the pulse more frequent, the checks finished and chills more common. This own form was reflected. Towering above Bruce by fully a head, with herculean the research all morbid trrite. pathetic: the gestures finished, elegant; shoulders, a mass a thick, full beard, and clothes that hung about his powerful limbs with an assurance of being there simply as a tribute paid to the exigencies of civilization, but of having a supreme detachment from any thought of possible adorument in the wearer's mind. The contrast was certainly great.

The clothes were quite shabby, among other things. The hat this young man had pitched upon a chair as he came in was a soft felt with a much-indepted crown : and a brim to which rough and long usage had imparted curves and twists multitudinous and eccentric.

Thus surveying his friend and then himself, Roger Aponyl recognized, with a certain halfscornful humorousness, the difference between their outward sem-

There is no doubt," he said, with grim goodnature, "that your way of looking at things brings visible rewards—of a kind."
"It does; but it is a truism that what I suppose you would call worshiping mammon pays pretty well in this world, whatever it may do in the next. I can take a higher ground from which to argue this subject with you. I think you might no-knowledge that to raise the standard of the mass ever so little is better than not to have any influence that way at all, since you go in for such tremendously high purposes in everything, although I don't begin to have your power-"
"No, you haven't," remarked the other,

I know that, my dear fellow. I know that the difference between us is just that world apart, a difference between talent, cleverness and genin. But I contend that my well-regulated, intelligently employed small powers do more good, if you want to put it that way, than all your arbitrary, lawless genius ever has done or will do. Your flights are too much for the lurge number. And after all, by conforming a little to the popular taste, one can still make one's pictures so intrinsically good that they needn't be a reproach to one's artistic conscience. I don't see that personal success is a thing to be despised, either, when all's said. If we all applied ourselves, with honesty and good faith, to being successful in this world, a considerable percentage of the misery and in-effectualness of it all would be removed." You are a great philosopher." observed

Aponyl. "Do you often talk in that way to Miss Abergrombie " He had never seen Miss Abercrombie; that pleasure was in store for lim that afternoon, and he scarcely knew what prompted him to ask the question. Per-haps certain things that had casually transpired in conversation with Bruce-certain hints he had unconsciously let

Bruce colored slightly. "Oh, Ethel!" he said a little recklessly.
"I have to keep myself strong up at high enthusiasm pitch all the time when I am with her, you know. She's awfully nice—the dearest little girl in the world, but she's exalted as can be. You two will get on admirably together. You will both meet on a plane quite inaccessible to us more commonplace mortals—indeed, quite beyond our limits of apprehension. I should feel as though I were going to marry the north star, to tell you all the truth, if I didn't know that girls drop all their transcendentalisms after they're married. But, as I say, you two will understand each other marvellously. Ethel is always earing about a man's soul and that sort of thing, although she doesn't say so. And you go in for all that, I'm sure-stay-speaking of angels-"

She was coming in now, a pretty, fragile young creature, with her uncle, a rich, elderly gentleman, who had brought her up and would leave her all his money. They had not yet seen Bruce's new picture, which was to be sent to the academy on the following day. To see it now was the object of their visit. A few other people, friends of Bruce, came in with the same object at the same time. object at the same time.

Bruce made an opportunity to present

Aponyi to Miss Abercrombie, and then with a humorously significant glance at the former, left them to themselves. Aponyi had his own ideas about Bruce taking this lightly jocose attitude with respect to the girl who had given him her heart, to whom, he had, supposedly, given his, and whom he was about to marry. It seemed to him irreverential and in bad aste. He bent a keen, penetrating glance on the young girl as he took a seat beside the low lounge whose cushions supported

She, on her part, looked up at him with a sort of veiled eagerness of interest. She had heard so much of this eccentric friend of Leonard's. She knew some of the things which Bruce phased as "Aponyi's mulish obstinacies" to himself, or some other ears than hers, but otherwise and other ears than hers, but otherwise and more mildly designated to her; his abso-lute refusal to turn out "pot boilers" whether he kept body and soul together or not; his declension of orders that made subjects imperative which he thought so futile, so trivial, as to be below the dignity of art; his never conde-scending to sell a picture for one cent less than he thought its value; his averring that it was degrading, by so doing, to throw away one's Esau's heritage for a mess of pottage, and his inveterate pov-

erty, which must necessarily be the result of such altogether crazy proceedings as these.

After a moment she said to herself that he looked like a genius, and that she had never met any one who was quite like him. He was certainly very unconventional. He had no small talk. The girl (et., with some amusement, that he seemed to have the attitude of saying: "If you can speak of things worth talking about we shall have some conversation. If not, no." But this very fact interested Ethel Abercranthis young creature to whom Bruce was engaged; aident, imaginative, with a tormenting sense of those high purposas of which firuce had spoken, and a hunger after only vaguely descented ideas that nothing in the world she lived in had as yet ever satisfied or directed. Her larro eyes looked very eagerly, inquiringly, with a sort of dumb, undefined saluess, into the world, as though dinzly presaging some loss—prophesving some pain to come.
"She looked like Psyche," said Aponyl to
himself. "I should like to paint her so."
And then, with his eyes still fixed intently on his pure profile, with its nervous,
sensitive lines and the transparent skin
that made him think of alabaster bodied which a lamp might burn, he cattgat himself swiftly coming to some not wholly un-

After he had talked to her an hour-they probably would not have known, either o them, how long or how short a time they sat there—a few things had become as clear to him as though he had known them always, instead of having arrived at them, piecing this and that together and apprehending much that did not meet the eye by a rapid train of intuitions. He understood perfectly that Miss Abercromine had become engaged to a man who was not Bruce himself, but an image of him formed in her own imagination. The men formed in her own imagination. The men she had met in her few brief years of "society" experience had not satisfied her undefined cravings that were in her. Bruce, an artist with picturesque assthetic tastes, with a facile and plirant enthu-siasm about things appertaining to the same, had seemed to her, for the first time same, had seemed to her, for the first time to do so. But Aponyi knew that she was doomed to disappointment. At present Bruce kept himself more or less at the level where she had placed him, because he was, in his way, very fond of the fair girl who was not yet his, and because too — to say all plainly—she was a remarkably good match for an artist who, though very reasonably successful, was still not beyond the sordidities of occasional pecuniary misgivings and troubles. But when he had secured the prize he would relax he had secured the prize he would relax his efforts, and then—a few hours before Aponyi would have said: "Well, one disillusioned woman more or less in the world, what would that matter?"

But now he felt a great and strange pity for this girl who sat there with her condieyes fixed on his face. They were benutiful eyes. They suggested all things high and all things deep to him somehow. This would not be only one more woman in the world disillusioned "-she would be one in a thousand in her capacity for suf-fering under the disillusion. Yes, he was sure of it; she was that rare thing, a creature with a soul. Psyche—Psyche that was what expressed her best. onyi was not in the least a lady's He had had neither opportunity nor desire for cultivating the fair ser. But he began after a while to have a faint feeling that this afternoon in Bruce's studio would mark an epoch in his He had an anticipative assurance that the scene—this slight, spiritual looking girl on the low lounge, with the background of rich hangings, stuffs, old weapons, quaint pottery—would remain with him many a

long day. Miss Abercromble had a few early spring flowers—yellow jonquits and a spray of pale hyacinths—in her dress. He even felt that that particular perfume would be forever associated in his con sciousness with that sensitive profile and nose candid eyes.

The evening shadows were creeping into the studio when he got up suddenly and rather brusquely took his leave, first of Miss Abercrombie and then, shortly, of

The latter presently came up to Miss Abercrombie where she stood, bright eyed and silent. "I have enjoyed my afternoon so muck," she said softly. "I like your friend."
"Oh, I knew you two would hit it off," laughed Bruce, somewhat off his guard. "You're both about equally transcenden-tial, and all that. A fellow here asked me a moment ago who the seedy Samson dis-coursing to Miss Abercrombie so pro-foundly about the Thusness of the It might be. Oh, yes, Aponyi belongs to the

seventh sphere. Miss Abercrombie flushed a little; she looked hurt. But Bruce, who was in high good-humor, and considerably elated at a large order one of his guests and patrons. had unexpectedly bestowed upon him to afternoon, did not notice this. It was not kind or gentlemanly, she thought, for Bruce to aliade that way to his friend's poverty. And yet the thought was thrust back almost before it took form. Ethel Abercombie had but one faith. She loved Bruce: and she was loyal to him even to the most secret motions of her

Bruce had not seen Aponyl for some time, when he one day climbed to the studio under the caves where the latter As he went in Aponyi was standing with

is back to the door, so engrossed in templation of a canvas to which he had just been conveying some rapid touches that he did not notice the newcomer till Bruce stoood at his shoulder. turned abruptly and a very slight color didn't mean that you should see

his," he said blumtly. Bruce, without replying, stared at the canvas and then at the painter.
"Has Ethel-Miss Abercrombie-been giving you sittings?"
"No. I have never seen her except that afternoon at your den."
"You are even more of a genius than I took you for, the "," said Bruce, with some

irony. "And she is supposed to be—"
"Psyche," said Aponyi, briefly. "Ah!"
Agraiu Bruce looked at the picture. It was not only the wonderful resemblance to the original, drawn, as it had been, from memory, which struck him. That peculiar look which this Psyche wore, it occurred to Bruce that he had never seen it in Ethel Abercrombie's face, and proba-bly never would; but that Aponyi must have seen it—or divined more than over he had done. After a while he slowly

Are you in love with Miss Abercrom-The suddenness of the question did not take Aponyi unawares. He stood quite still for a moment before replying. "No, I am not yet. But I might as well be frank. I think if I saw her once or twice more I should be. She comes nearer my ideal than any woman I have ever met; in fact, she fills it. I would be a happier man with her for my wife," he added, as if to himself. "She would be happy with

"Well, it's certainly a great pity you're too late," observed Bruce with an irritation that found went in a short, satirical

"Yes, it is a pity," said Aponyi, very quietly. "I think we two were—" he broke off short. "But this is not a subject to talk about. The lady we are speaking of is to be your wife. I shan't see much of of is to be your wife. I shan't see much of you after that event. I don't know that I shall see anything of you at all. That will be the only thing that will remind you of the few words I said this afternoon. As for this sketch, I shall destroy it. I meant to do so anyhow, w.en I had got the idea I wanted to fix fairly expressed. You've drawn a prize. I don't think you appreciate it. I know you don't. But that's the way of the world."
He threw himself down before his easel

and began scraping the paint from his

its destruction closed a chapter in that great unwritten book of what might have

palette.

"Oh, come, don't be so melodramatic," said Bruce, finally deciding to take the thing as a joke. "When I'm married you will be coming around, sitting at my fire-side and admiring my wife as you would a nice sister. That's the reasonable way to look at it. See if you don't come to it."

"Yes, I'll see," said Aponyi, dryly. And he turned the conversation. he turned the conversation.

A few hours later there was not a fragment of the canvas which had borne the shadowy Psyche in existence. And with



Gon. Amson Stager, Who died at Chicago on the 26th of March was born in Onterio County, N. Y., in 1825. When statech years old he engaged ting under the instruction of Henry O'Reilly, who afterward become a ploneer in the building and operating of tele-graphs. O'deilly induced young Stager to follow him into this undeveloped enterprise, and he took charge of the first office at Lancaster, Pa., on the line between Phindelphia and Harrisburg in 1846. From that time nutil his death he was prominently identified with the growth of the great electric belt. During the Rebel-lion he was chief of the United States Military Telegraph and had charge of the cipher correspondence of the Secretary of War. He removed to Chicago in 1869 and war. He removed to Chicago in 1869 and became the leading Western representative of the Vanderbilt interests. He founded the Western Electric Manufacturing Company, the largest manufactory of electrical machinery in the United States, and continued to be President until January 1 of the present year. General til January i of the present year. General Stager had been prominently identified with the development of the telephone business in Chicago and the Northwest. He also took a prominent part in the introduction of the electric light and had been the President of the Western Edison Electric Light Company since its forms on. Baliroada also received a great doel of attention at his hands.

HOW TO BHYELOP MUSCLE.

An Old Athlete and Prainer Makes Some Valuable Suggestions to Young Mon.

Few people have any idea of the amount of good even a moderate amount of everdisc regularly taken will do them. Many a young man thinks of how much care he would take of his health and strength if he were only able to join an athletic club and devote the amount of time he thinks neccesary to his physical development. There is scarcely a man who can not spare ten minutes every morning and evening when rising and re-tiring. The sleeping chamber, no matter if it is only a little hall room in a chesp boarding house, can now, by means of the inventions of late years in a gymnastic and calisthenic appliances, be made into a miniature gymnasium. A pair of dumbbells and a pair of Indian clubs can be easily purchased, and in a half a day a rowing machine with a sliding seat fit in.
and a hooked contrivance by which all
the movements of a pulling weight box
could be taken advantage of placed on the wall. A horizontal bar, to be raised or lowered, might also be placed in the doorway and apunching bag could be kept in a closet and attached to it when desired. A young man who will fit up his room in this style and faithfully exercise ten or tifteen minutes every morning and even-ing will soon make as great increase in all his measurements in the course of three months as any member of the

costliest athletic club or gymnasium.
If a young man who has a desire to improve himself physically is willing to give the little requisite time and use a little ingenuity he need not spend \$30 or \$40 in turn ng his sleeping apartments into a gymnasium, although an investment, perhaps, if he can afford it, of about \$10 in one of the new style of rowing machines, which are so constructed that they can be manipu-lated for almost any sort of exercise, will not be a bad venture. Few people have any idea of the amount of exercise that can be taken without either clubs or dumb bells and by using the hands alone to go through the common light dumb-bell manual. Rapid movements are the most beneficial. Besides a rowing machine and paper weights, in lieu of dumb bells, a chair with wide spart and strong arms should be procured. If such a chair is not handy the edge of the ed may be used, or the floor, but the latter only after a little practice, if one is unused to exercising. Catching both arms of the chair or the edge of the bed in the hands, or placing both hands flat on the floor, the person exercising should stretch as far out as possible, bearing the weight on the raised toes. Then bending the arms the chest should come down so as to be even with the hands, if the chair is used, or touch the edge of the bed, or floor if it is not convenient to use thuchair. Then the body should be pressed back to the first position by the strength of the arms alone. This should be done until the exer-ciser is thoroughly tired, which may be before the body is raised and lowered half a dozon times. If one finds himself weak it would be better to try this exercise first on the wall, as that style will be found much easier. This exercise will be found one o the best movements to develop the muscles of the back and ches and the extensor muscles of the upper arms. A harder form of this exercise is by placing two chairs back to back about a foot and a half apart, and with the hands grasping the backs letting the body down till the knees touch the floor and pushing the body up as many

times as possible A stick a little longer than a cane can be also used as a wand and a number of exer-cises had. Improved calisthenics will be mainly used for the development of health and strength in the youth of the future, athletic authorities think. The light and quick have been for some time supplanting the old system of gymnastics which made the muscles showy but slow.

Playthings of the Children in Africa The girls in Africa, as elsewhere, are fond of dolls; but they like them best alive, so they take pupples for the pur pose, and carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. Some of them "play baby" with little pigs. The boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the "white man's gun." Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is a tuft of loose cotton.

In one African tribe the boys have

spears made of reeds, shields, bows and arrows, with which they imitate their fathers' doings: and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters "jump the rope." Besides, the African children, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves "making believe." They imitate
the life around them, not playing "keep
house," "go visiting," or "give a party,"
because they see none of these things in
their homes; but they pretend building a
hut, making clay jars, and crushing corn
to est.

Juvenile Comprehension. While teaching in a large school in Pennsylvania Miss Crayon by of a not particularly bright little fellow whose education had just begun. During the reading lesson one day Georgie stumbled and came to a dead stop at the

"Spell it, Georgie," anid the teacher.
"M-a-t," read the boy.
"Well, what is it?" 'Don't know.'

word mat

"Oh. yes, you do," said Miss Crayon, en-couragingly. "Come, now, Georgie, what do you wipe your feet on?" "Oh," cried the little fellow, with a long drawn sigh of rellef. "M-a-t, toucd."

THE TYPE-WRITER.

A Labor-Saving Machine Which Sprung Immediately into Popularity.

About ten years ago the first type-writer was invented. It was patented by two Detroit men who soon sold their rights to the machine, but drew a royalty on it for some years. One of these men was a printer by trade, and for years he had been experimenting with a writing machine to supplant the pen. He first invented a machine for numbering automatically the pages of books such as ledgers. When the type-writer was first upon the market it was a crude machine, very different from what it is to day. The foot was brought into operation in it to pull back the earriage upon which the paper was rolled, somewhat like a sewing machine. There were various other clumsy appliances con-nected with it, and the mothins was re-garded by the public more as a curiosity than as a practical writing instunent. A few large offices, however, began to use type writers, and the instruments were seen where a large number of manifold copies were required and it was desirable to have a very plain and easily deciphered copy. Improvements were made from time to time in the mechanism, and as the machine was gradually being perfected it became more and more popular. Meantime its success prompted other in-

Meantine its sincess prompted other in-ventors to apply themselves to the amb-ject of writing machines. One of the first to come out was invented in Sweden and patents obtained upon it througout Europe. The principle of this type writer was radically different from that of the American machine. Instead of the type being arranged in a circular pocket and flying up to hit the paper, in the foreign machine the type and keys were arranged like pins in a pincushion and the instru-ment was in the shape of a hemisphere. With the keys sticking out all over its surface it very much resembled a por-cupiae. This machine was very small and could almost be carried in the pocket. It had many advantages over the American sachine, and likewise many disadvan-Hardly had the foreign scacaine been upon the market than another American

machine came out upon some of the prin-ciples of the first machine, the patenta upon which had expired. This was followed by another on an altogether different plan, the type being made of rubber and plan, the type being made of rubber and all together on a little pad. When writing the letter is brought over a small hole in a plate and through this kiss the paper, all other types at the same time taking up a supply of tak. On the other machines an inked ribbon is brought between the type and the paper, and the ink takes the shape of the letter pressing against it.

This was followed by still swother machine wherein the type, made of hard rub-bor in the form of a cylinder, revolved in a horizental cavity and the paper was driven up against the type by the release of a small bannuar every time a letter was struck. One of the advantages of this latter machine is that an number of characters can be used in it, and type for writing in German and other foreign languages can be inserted at A member of the Turkish Legation in the United States not long ago expressed his admiration of the type writer and his intention of having one made that would write in the Turkish language. There are thirty-three letters in this language,

and Hassin liftendi made a copy of them and gave it to an engraver to make a set of letters for the type-writer. It was only at the last minute that he discovered that all type-writers work from left to right, as the English language is written, while Turkish is written from right to left. The excessive cost of altering a machine to write in this direction decided him not to get one. A type-writer for writing in any anguage can be made, however.

The manufacture of type-writers is now an important American industry. Nine-tenths of all the type-writers used in the world are made in this country. The traveler can now find the American

machines in daily use in England, France Germany, Russia, and indeed in all the European countries. The English govern-ment, which is very slow to make changes of a radical or progressive nature, has adopted the American type writer, and in all the Government offices in India as well as those in Loudon and elsewhere the machine is now in constant use.

The Chinese are about the only people who will be left out of the type-writing nations. There are so many thousand characters in their language that it would be impossible to construct a machine ca pable of doing the work. There are many thousands of type writers in daily use in New York City, and the instrument has long since ceased to be a curiosity. With the telephone, the Wall street ticker and the type writer s part of every well appointed office the duties of clerks have indeed been revolutionized within the last half century. Very many authors now write all of their books and magazine articles on the type writer among these are W. D. How-ells and Mark Twain. The Declaration of Independence was not written on type writer, but if Thomas Jefferson liv n this age he would probably have ticked off his immortal document upon one of these little labor-saving machines. A light decision has been rendered to the effective that although type written mannscript is printed it is writing all the same, and the Postal authorities regard it as written natter which must pay full postage. One of the openings for women that are constantly soming up is copying manu-script on the type writer, and very many girls and young women now find it pleasant and remunerative business hort-hand writers have also found the type writers a valuable aid, and lawyers are beginning to use it for write and other egal documents.
There are now nearly a dozen different type writers on the market, each, of course claiming to be the best. The prices range from \$25 to \$100. The sale of the machine is large and constantly in-

Curlous Traditions of the Ashr ses, The Ashantees have this tradition, and on it their religious opinions-if religious they can be termed-are built: In the beginning of the world God created three white men and three white women, three black men and three black women. That these twelve human souls might not complain of divine partiality and of their separate conditions, God elected that they should determine their own fates by their own choice of good and evil. A large calabash or gourd, was placed by God on the ground, and close by the side of the calabash also a small folded piece of paper. God ruled that the black man should have the first choice. He chose the calabash, because he expected the calabash, being so large, could not but contain everything needful for himself. He opened the cals bash and found a scrap of gold, a scrap iron, and several other metals of which did not understand the use. The white man had no option. He took, of course, the small folded piece of paper; and dis-covered that, on being unfolded, it revealed a boundless stock of knowledge. God then left the black men and women in the bush, and led the white men and women to the seashore. He did not forsake the white men and women, but communi cated with them every night; and taught them how to construct a ship; and how to sail from Africa to another countryfor the circumstances of the dispensation happened in the heart of Africa. After a while they returned to Africa with various kinds of merchandize, which they bartered to the black men and women, who had the opportunity of being greater and wiser than the white men and wom-en, but who, out of sheer avidity, had thrown away their chance.

Some of the most efficient law reporters in Chicago are women. In the City Court House there are forty women employed in the official departments, and are paid by the amount of writing done, their wages ranging from \$6 to \$15 per week.

Mrs. Hattle Dennison has been confirmed by the United States Senate as Postmaster of Vancouver, W. T. This is the first instance in the Territory where a woman has been appointed to a Presidential office. NO SIARY IN THE ROUSE.

No bally in the house I know,

No logs by careless fingers arewn.

Upon the floor are seen.

Linear rarks are on the panes.

No seratches on the chairs;

No protect them ask up in rown, the substantial ed off in passes; No 1914 shoot, one had be darmed. All request at the tone, Ma of a second at the tone, had no protect to be mortised; No 1914 fractions to be mortised; No 1914 fractions to be mortised;

No growing training to fee monitoring.
No growing fringers to he washind g. No stories to be built.
No stories to be built.
No micknames "Three Michael".
No many fruite after to.

No many fruite after to.

Iteratington Hawkers.

A KISS IN MISTAKE.

The family of Mr. Benjamin Barby, a gentleman of very close habits, was alarmed one bright, sunshing morning by the vonerable old gentleman, whose voice

was heard in all parts of the house at the same time. He had run from the garden "Martin! Martin! Where is that precious rascal, Martin?"

Martin was a bustling, active servant in the family, ramarkable for his polite and agreeable manners, which quite atoned for the ugliness occasioned by a black patch over one of his eyes and another across his nose. The family of Mr. Harby consisted of himself and ward, a young lady of 19, to whom he had been left guardian by an old friend and school-

He did not like the idea of being set as a watch-dog over the inclinations of a young girl, but respect for his friends' memory would not admit of his refusing to take upon himself the charge. Seeing the host of suitors addressing ker,

and being unable to separate the wheat from the chaff, he resolved upon discountenancing them all by expressing his determination that Millio Winters should not marry at all. 'She shall have no busband at all," he cried. "Better be without a husband,

Millie, than have a bad one." The wary old man accordingly chose for Millie's maid a remarkably curious-looking, humpbacked old woman, thinking she would be true to his luterasts. But Mr. Barby was mistaken, for Julia was remarkably fond of money-a £3 note would throw her into a state of delirium,

during which she continued oblivious of all that might be going on around her. summons. But still the old gentleman "The precious villain! Oh, that my family should be thus insuited and dis-graced. I saw him press his lips to my ward's check, and the sound of the kiss

still sounds in my ear

At this moment Martin appeared and mildly asked: Did you call, sir !" Whereupon the enraged old gentleman rushed upon him and cried : "Zounds, you scoundrel! what do you mean by kissing my ward?"
"I, sir!" exclaimed Martin, with a surprised and innocent look.

'Villain' my own eyes have not deceived me. I saw you not ten minutes ago steal behind Miss Millie and—and—" Sir, sir!" exclaimed Martin, writhing in Barby's grasp. "It is impossible."
And thus saying, he struck his hand
upon his forehead. As a sudden thought

"Sir, a thought strikes me which may justify your suspicions. There is some strange mystery in this." "Mystery!" quoth the old gentleman, in an enraged voice. "I think there is." "I confess, sir," said Martin, with a tone and look of shame, "that I did steal into the garden just now and take chaste salute; but on my honor, sir, believed the person to be Miss Winter's maid, the worthy Julie, to whom I have the honor of paying my addresses."
"Villain!" repeated the old man, stamping his foot, but Martin interrupted him.

You know what had sight I have, sir, bo said. "One eye entirely gone and the other very troacherous, as it is now proven to be, seeing that I mistook the mistress for the maid, and have thus insulted a lady and offended a worthy gentleman, whom my inclination and duty have ever prompted me to regard with profound respect and veneration Mr. Barby was compelled to admit that, owing to the defective sight of Martin, it was possible for such a mistake to have

occured, and the "precious villain" was called a careless fellow. Wishing perfectly to retrieve his character, he explained to his master that he and Julie were to be married—that she had obtained Miss Winters' consent, and that e was thinking of saking Mr. Barby that The old goutleman expressed his sur-

prise that a spruce little dandy like Mar-tin should wish to unite himself with the old humpbacked Julie, but Martin clasped his hands, and with repture de-clared her the woman of his choice and a paragon of womankind and Sir. Barby, to wound the honest fellows feelings, contented himself with saying:
"Well, there's no accounting for tastes."
In the course of the day Mr. Barby ac-"Well, Julie!" he exclaimed: "I wish

'La, sir," said Julie : I ain't going into Why, yes, you are; you are going to be 'Married, sir!" echoed Julie, in aston-"Married, sir" echoed Julie, in aston-ishment. "I a-going to be married! La, sir, I wish I was."

"What's the use, old woman, of your standing there counterfeiting such sur-prise! I know all about it, sir!"

"All about it!" squealed Julia, unable to comprehend her master's meaning.
"All about it sir!"

you joy in the new situation you are going

"All about it, sir!"
"Yes, to be sure, all about your billing and cooling. Why, how you look! He told me so himself." "He" cried Julie. "Who?"
"Why, Martin, to be sure." "Oh!" exclaimed Julie, and hung down her head, after affecting to blush. "What a fool the old woman is!" said Barby. "If you were a young girl there might be some excuse for this shyness and tomfoolery. There, get along with you and be a good wife," and so saying the old atleman went his way: chuckling to uself at having discover the little love affair between Martin and Julie On the following, morning Mr. Barby violently rang the bell in the breakfast

The servant who attended the summ he desired would inform Julie that he had been waiting full have an hour for her mistress: a quarter of an hour again elapsed, and the old gentleman again rang-Send Julie to me.

Julie slowly appeared.
"Julie, where is your mistress?" "Mistress has gone out, sir."
"Gone out, sir," echoed Barby, "Gone out so early?

Yes, sir, they've been gone this hour

and more

"They! Who's they?"
"Mistress and Martin," said Julie, meekly. "Mistress and Martin!" roared the old man. Fire and furles! What! your intended

"My intended husband? La, sir, how can you imagine any hing so absurd." "What, didn't you confess." "I, sir? No, sir. You only made me

"I, sir? No, sir. You only made me blush by your observation."
"That fellow is a villain, after all."
In a moment Barby summoned the whole establishment, dispatching them in all directions to go the round of all the churches in the metropolis. He had a shrewd notion of what had occurred; but they were spared further trouble by a carringe stopping at the doer, and presently Martin and the late Millie Winters stood in his injured presence.

that, second to say, Abrilla was an almost man. He no longer were a servani's diess; the h decus patches had dis respects the perfect gentleman.

Barby gave vent to his rage, and when

his encours had subsided the chilvant Marcin in ordered him that when he found out that ae had determined upon setting his foce against all his ward's autiers he his face against all his ward's solvers behad adopted the diagnise and served in the capacity of a mental, for the sake of her be leved, and proved to Mr. Barby's full issuishation that his character and fortunes catitled kim to the lady's hand. Early was confounded, but knowing that what had been done outld not be undone he shook hands with his waid and exclaiming. exclaiming:
"What a fool I was that I should have he level it to have been a kiss by mis-

CONVEDEUMS AND WISE SAYINGS.

Can a gas meter lie any harder than a

t mbrellas and good jokes don't always belong to them who use them most. "Why is sugar dirt cheap?" "Because there's more sand in it than sugar."

A cloud with a silver lining—The dar-key with a pocketbook of change.—Boston Bulletin. "What is the difference between a dude and a blacksmith?" You can have some

respect for a blacksmith. " Who is that across the street ?" "Oh, that is a very close friend of mine." deed!" "Yes. Never lends a cent."

"What is the difference between a ring around the moon and a ring around agirl's finger?" One is a sign of rain and the other is also a sign of a reign

"How do you pronounce at-i-n-g-y ?"
asked the teacher of the dunce of the
class. The boy replied: "It depends a
good deal on whether the word refers to a

"My dear, "said Mr. Smith at the break-fast table, why is this Mehdi called "EIP" "Oh," replied Mr. Smith, as he took three more buckwheata, "That's a mere abre-viation, you know—the English habit of dropping the h's." "Is this strained honey, Mr. Short-weight)" "Yes'm," promptly replied the grocer, but compromised by softly apolo-gizing to himself that the honey might be glucose, but he had strained the truth

about the honey." FLYING SCUD. Things that Fly Across the Sea of Journalism.

It is estimated that a ton of gold is buried

each year with those was die in this country. this country annually reaches a value of \$12,000,000 The London and Great Northern Rail-

way has put in buffet cars between Lon-don and Manchester.

The British Government pays \$4.50 per ton for transporting freight from England to Egypt for the Soudan campaign. Between 1864 and 1884 England spent \$1,250,500 in the purchase of paintings for her National Gallery in Trafalgar.

The latest song is entitled, "Oh, Kiss Me Once and Let Me Die." The sentiment would seem to imply that the oscillator was inordinately fond of onlors. The matches consumed in the United States require wood to the annual value of \$3,258,562; the railroads use about

\$,000,000 for ties each year. The champion enter of prison fare, according to a Boston paper, seems to be a tramp who are at the Madison police station, one day recently, sixty four hard tack and drank fifteen pints of water.

A French physician has written a long letter on the advantages of groaning and crying. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from 120 to 60 in the course of a

few hours by giving vent to his emotions. Ages of Many of the Popes.

The eightieth anniversary of the birth' day of Pope Pius the Ninth-which occurred on the 13th of May, 1378 brought back to the Christian world the recollection that after Gregory XI, whom St. Catherine of Sienna, returned to Rome In 1878, history records the age of all the pontiffs, with few exceptions. Prior to that date the details are often wanting. We find, since 1378, that out of fifty-three popes fifteen exceeded their eightleth year. The youngest of these venerable per sonages is Gregory XVI, who died in 1846 sonages is Gregory XVI, who died in 1845, aged eighty years, eight mouths and twelve days. Then came Gregory XII. (1405), Calixtus III. (1435-1438) and Benedict XIII. (1724-1710), who attained exaquo eighty-one years; and the first of these three pontills, who abdicated in the year of his election, lived on to the age of ninty-two. Popes Alexander VIII. (1689-1691) and Pins VI. (1773-1799) died after passing their eighty-second year. Four went beyond the age of eighty-three, Greogory XIII. (1572-1585), Intocent X. (1644-1656), Benedict XIV. (1740-1738, and Pins VII. (1800-1828). Only one, Paul III. Pius VII. (1800-1823). Only one, Paul III. (1884-1585), died after reaching his eighty. fourth year. Three lived to be eighty six—Boniface VIII (1894-1808). Clement X. (1670-1676), and Innocent XII (1901-1790). One only, Pope Clement XII (1700-1740), attained the age of eighty-eight; and another the longest lived of all since 1878, Paul XV., raised to the papal see at eighty-Faul XV., falso to the paper see at eighty-nine years of age in 1855, lived four years more, and consequently died at ninety-three. Nevertheless this last is but the senior of all the pontiffs; as if we go farther sack than 1375 we find Gregory IV., the friend of St. Francois d'Assiss and St. Denviolek, who, being sightwals at the Dominick, who, being eighty-six at the time of his election, in 1227, reigned nearly fourteen years, and died almost a cenfourteen years, and died almost a centenarian, after having had the hener of canonising two saints, and also St. Claire, St. Antony of Padua and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, of which last, he has been the spiritual father and tutor. John XXII. died in 1334, after a reign of eighteen years, at the age of ninety and Celestin III (191-198) at ninty-two. Among the pures whose ages have been resistered. the popus whose ages have been registered in history we find twenty who have more or less surpassed his boliness Pius IX, in

Fruit House for Cold Storage. Mr. John S. Collins, of Moorestown, N.

of a fruit house for cold storage. In describing the building he says: "My fruit house was originally a baru twenty four by thirty six feet; I moved is to the side of what in whater is an ice pond, lined it on the inside with luch boards and filled it with twenty-four inches of sawdust. Six feet from the floor on the inside, are six heavy white-oak pieces the inside, are all heavy white oak pieces running crosswise, supported by upright posts, over which and running lengthwise of the building is a floor of chestnut rails. On these the ice is packed to a depth of ten feet, and above this is a floor on which fifteen or righteen inches of sawdost are placed. One third of the upper sawdust and floor, opposite the filling doors, is the lids of the crates to keep off all water. Strawberries, resubstries and blackber. Strawberries, respherries and blackberries can be kept for a few days, but apples and pears, if picked carefully before too-rips, can be kept as long as desired. I had

J., sends the Rural New Yorker plans

Salt Pish Manure.

mer over 2,500 baskets of apples and pears.

Chop the fish up fine, and mix them in thin alternating layers, with three or four times as much manure or compost; let the whole rot for some months, work over, and apply so that there will not be many bushels of salt to the acre, unless for as-paragus, which may have it more copions. by. If well worked together, it will be useful to almost any farm or garden

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angell's Asthma and Catarra Remedy. Having struggled 30 years between the and death with ASTHMA or HTHISIC, treated by eminest play distant and receiving no benefit, i was compelled, during the last five years ad night gasping for breath; my suitings were beyond description. It despair I experimented on myself being roots and herbe and inhaling the

DOWNS' ELIXIR.