the scalawag-life is too short.

JAS. C HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1885.

"HE IS A PRESMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PRES, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

\$1.50 and postage per year, in advance

NUMBER 22.

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WE GIVE EXCEPT THE APPLICATION

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Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so pecullar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.



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FOR MATTRESSE . New lettle time to charge the Strings to mettor, and we would recommend CORK SHAV. INGS as being the of apost and most impable

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"THE TUNING OF TWO LUTES."

"Nothing shall assuage
Your love but marriage, for such is
The taning of two lates in one key; for
Striking the strings of one, straws will stir
I por the strings of the other; and in
two anims linked in love, one cannot be
lighted but that the other rejoices."
—Supplie and Phaon.

ROSA'S ENGAGEMENT.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pitcher, "what are our gals so dressed for? Ain't it washing day ?" "Hush father!" said his thrifty wife, 'They're expecting company. Widow Collins is coming to wash to-

Mr. Pitcher whistled softly. "Phew w" said he. "In my young days we didn't hire a woman at 75 cents a day when we had good stout arms of

our own." "Things change father," said his wife,

hurriedly. Not always, for the better, though, remarked the good farmer, as he got into his one-horse wagon and drove away. "Do you suppose he'll be along soon !"

said Rosa. "How is a body to tell ?" retorted Fanny, rather impatiently. "Oh, Fanny, I'm afraid!" faltered Rosa. You take my place, won't you? He'll never know that it wasn't you who wrote

the letter." "Rosa, what a child you are," said Fan. ny, with calm superiority.
"Oh, dear,' said Rosa. "I am in such a twiteration! I almost wish, Fanny, we hadn't answered that advertisement.' "It's too late to think of that now," said Fanny. "There he comes, this min-

Where?" cried Rosa, divided between her extreme cursosity to see the man who had advertised for a wife in the columns of the Fairview County Journal and the instinct that bade her flee to the most con-venient closet. "He is handsome!" whispered she.
"And he has got his valise with him!"

tall young man, with sandy hair, a mus-tache to match, and pale blue eyes, veiled behind spectacles. He does," faiteringly answered Mrs. toher. "Please to walk in. My daughin the parlor," thans, " said the young man, hest-Perhaps, said the young man, many might be well to explain to you that I-

walk into the parlor, you'll find her Rosa, sitting exactly in the center of the haircloth sofa, looked not unlike a mouse in a trap, who would fain escape, if it

And then followed an awful silence.
The young man, after portentonsly clearing his throat, began to unfasten the buckles of his valise.

"I have something here which I should like to show you." said he.

"He has got some credentials as to character," thought Rosa, "or perhaps it's an engagement ring. Oh, I hope it's a nice one." young man. "But I needn't ask. Every New England girl is that." "I like it pretty well," said Rosa, much

marveling at the questioner.
"You rend a good deal, I suppose?"
"Oh, yes," said Rosa brightening up a "Exactly," said the young man. "Well, I have here the very thing that will suit you. Tour next neighbor below, Mrs. Slatterly, has taken two copies of it, and it was she who recommended me to call here. A complete cookery book, with all the the recipes in poetry and illustrated throughout, at only \$1 a volume. A sonvenir alike worthy of a parlor table or the kitchen dresser, or even a place in the young lady's boudoir. And as for literary

edged the young man, unwrapping several differently bound volumes of the "Complete Cookery Book, in Verse."
"Will you do me the favor to look at this

"Let me go?" cried Rosa, blindly rushing to the door. "i-I am not well! I think I am going to faint."

The book agent picked up his spectacles, looked blankly at the blue, red and green volumes of his stock in trade, and began slowly to replace them in his value. "I don't believe I shall make a trade here." said he to himself, "The people are queer. I hope I haven't got into a private innatic asylum."

And he opened the front door and walked out of the house, just as Rosa ran sobbing down the grape-wine path in the garden, directly into the arms of a tall young giant, who was coming up from the river with an overcoat on his shoulder.

"Rosa," said he, "I've come here to ask you to pardon me. It was I that advertised. I did it just for a joke. But when you answered it—"
"Jotham Ellett" cried Rosa, nearly choking with wrath, "I'll never forgive you in this world—never."

She strungeled to appears from his She struggled to escape from his grasp,

The book agent went on his way, mak-The book agent went on his way, making tolerably good sales that sultry July day, while Jotham and Itosa sat happily under the grapevines, and the Widow Collins hung out the flapping sheets and towels on the lines and sighed to think of the days when she, too, was young. Mr. Pitcher was well pleased when he came home and learned the news of his daughs engagement.

Joe Ellett is a good fellow," said he. "Rosa couldn't do better."
"But it isn't half as romantic as I thought it was going to be when Rosa answered that advertisement," said Fanny, sorrowfully, in the seclusion of the

A Cat That Stood by His Friends, friend the following facts: His father owned a tom cat and a dog, a firm friendship existing between the two. His grandfather, living a short distance away, also owned a fine cat, and between the two cats there also prevailed friendly rela-

Weight of Applea.

AN AUTHOR AT HOME.

One of Charles Dickens's daughters was for a time a great invalid, and after a worse attack of illness than usual her father suggested that she should be carried as lar as the study, and lie on the sofa there, while he was at work. This was, of course, considered an immense privilege, and even if she had not felt as rushed back to his writing table and jothe saw there, and was trying to catch be fore drawing it in words, then back again to his writing. After a little he got up again, and slow with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, then looking at his daughter, but certainly never seeing her, then once more back to his table, and to steady writing until luncheon time. It was a curious experience, and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely out of himself and into the character he was writing about. His daughter has very seldom mentioned this incident, feeling as if it would almost be a breach of confidence to do so. But she considers it now only right that this experience should be mentioned, showing as it does his characterisearnestness and method of work. Often, after a hard morning's writing when he has been alone with his family and no visitors in the house, he has come in to luncheon and gone through the meal without attering a word, and then has gone back again to the work in which he was so completely absorbed. Then again, there have been times when his nerves have been strung up to such a pitch that any sudden noise, such as the dropping of

Labouchere's Place and Influence, One of the most singular facts in politics and journalism in the United Kingdom is Henry Labouchere, editor and proprietor of Truth, "Labby" has not only effected a marvellous revolution in journalism, but he has gradually changed Englishmen's habits of thought. By his fearless independence and downright truth telling, he has set his countrymen the example of thinking and acting for themselves, mstead of allowing toadyish magazinists and leader writers to pilot them by the nose as formerly. Of highly cultured mind, remarkably sound judgment, thorough knowledge of the history of his own country and times, intimately acquainted with all the leaders of thought and action throughout Europe, a master of the art of what Disraeli called "social diplomacy." and an unsparing dissector of the sins and follies of corrupt or brainless society, he is at once the terror and the delight of the British public. A sincere inter of pretentious sham, humbug and hypocrisy, he has the pluck to expose them unmercifully wherever they appear; and to do him justice his pen is more ready to attack the great and rich than the weak and fortuneless. Hence "Labby" has become a great power here, an institution" in himself about which there exists a most singular curiosity, on the part of strangers as much almost as native Britishers.—Cor. N. F. Telegram,

the very minute, "almost by clockwork,

He Married his Sweetheart's Slater. The marriage of George Finlay, the historian of ancient Greece and for many years correspondent of the London Times at Athens, was attended with considerable romance. Finlay had become at tached to a beaut ful Armenian girl at Constantinople, and, as her family would never have consented to her marriage with the young Scotchman, determined to elope with her. A yacht of an English friend was to take the couple to Greece, and it was arranged that the young lady was to be got on board in a box prepared for the purpose. When the eventful mement came the girl became frightened and refused to allow herself to be placed in the box. Her sister, a girl equally lovely, thought it a pity that the romantic arrangement should not be taken advantage of, and entered herself the box in place of her sister. I suppose Finlay must have been considerably surprised when the box was opened in the cabin of the yacht and not his sweetheart, but her sister was revealed dressed in midshipman's uniform. The brother of the young lady had discovered the affair and was quickly on board the yacht to demand explans-Finlay saw only one course before him. The girl had been compromised; he would marry her. The brother giving his consent, the marriage took place at once.

—San Francisco Alta.

A Lady Train Despatcher. I have twice written about the women who have held or are holding positions in the employ of the Manitoba Railroad Company, but I find I had not known it all The first woman mentioned was Miss Carey, who, some three years ago, was left with three sisters and a brother to support. She learned to be a telegraph operator, and wherever she went she took her family with her and supported them. She taught her two sisters and a brother the business and was appointed agent at Wayzata, where she had charge of all the business, which, in the summer, with short-line trains and steamers on Lake Minnetonka, is very heavy. After a time she was allowed to have her brother to p, and one sister was appointed train patcher on the same road. Think of it? A woman, who used to be considered so helpless and impractical, and generally useless and incompetent, given the control of all the life and property involved in the management of the numerous trains on that busy road. And what do they think of her? "I tried again and again," said the Superintendent, "to catch that woman off duty before I gave her the place, on Sundays and all sorts. her the place, on Sundays and all sorts of odd hours, and I never once succeeded."-Woman's Journal.

Morals of the 19th Century. There was a time when that degraded by learning vice from the example of his companions, just as he learned how to smoke. Had his education been more severe, had the earliest inclinations been checked by the fear of ruin and disgrace, he would not have acquired the most dangerous of all linbits. That men should be subjected to the same discipline as woman is, therefore, to be wished for; and although the day is far distant, there can be no doubt that it will come; and the future historian of morals will record with surprise that, in the nineteenth century, society countenanced views in man which ished in woman with banishment

SOME FACTS WORTH ENOWING

A candidate failing at a Civil Service examination cannot be a candidate at the next examination.

The parent mint is in Philadelphia; branch mints are in operation in San Francisco, Cal., Virginia City, Nevada. and New Orleans.

At one time during the Revolutionary war the currency of the country had so far depreciated that a barrel of flour was worth \$1,555, and John Adams paid \$5,000 for a suit of clothes and a hat. Decoration Day throughout the North

came to be on May 30, from that date having been first named in a Presidential proclamation. There was at first great diversity of dates, but gradually all the Sorthern states came to adopt May 30. It appears that the death centence in Kausas does not by any means down a numbered to death. The warrant must be argued by the Governor, and as yet no Kan-as (lovernor has ever signed a deat)

war,aut As a consequence, there are the cententiary. A Derlin bookseller, in consideration of the near sightedness so prevalent among the rate, is printing his books in dark three letters on pale green paper. It other pullishers will go and do likewise he con-

tends that in a generation or so Germans will in a great degree be able to lay aside The word symposium is derived from the Greek, and signifies a wine party or drinking bout, which took place after the meal, and to which other guests besides those who partook of the repust were frequently invited to come and join the con-vivial part of the cutertainment. Danc

ing and singing girls amused the young men of treece at these parties. The real Soudanese zereba is made by the Arabs of mimoso brush, the prickly brunches pointing outward to add to th efficiency of the de ence, for the Aralis and blacks, who fight with a rush, do not like to throw their maked bodies against them.

bears the nearest resemblance to a zereba. It is said that the Custom House books of Oporto showed that in one year there were but 130 pipes and twenty hogsheads of wine exported. The books of the Guerusey Custom House for the same year, however, showed an importation of 2,546 pipes and 160 hogsheads of Oporto

In our warfare the fence rail breastwork

wine for London consumption alone. Raising His Price.

During the carpet-bag reign in Mississippi when four-fifths of the Legislature was made up of negroes unable to write their own names, most of the steals were characterized as "public improvements. Whenever anything of the sort was to be along the word, accompanied by a \$5 bill By and by one of the colored Senators began to smell a rat, and he opened with:
"Now you look heah! I donn' go fur to
say dat ebery time we wote \$10,000 fur public improvement, \$9,800 of de money am divided up between you white men, but I destab to inform you dat my wote will heabarter be \$10, widout any discount off for reg'lar steals." His terms were promptly accepted .-Wail Street News.

How to Address the President.

The proper form of addressing the President in documents and letters is, according to the act of Congress, 1790. 'To the President; Sir:" He is to be addressed personally as "Mr. President." He is not the "Honorable" or an "Excellency," only a plain Mister. No person hobling a Federal office is entitled to the appellation "Hon." or to any title of honor whatever, with the exception, perhaps, of the Justices of the Supreme Court. Persons holding State offices are by law "Excellencies," "Lord Profections," High, Mighty and Pulssants," "Honor-ables," and the like.

Bolling Water in a Sheet of Paper Take a piece of paper and fold it up, as schoolboys do, into a square box without a lld. Hang this up to a walking stick by four threads, and support the stick on books or other convenient props. Then a lamp or taper most be placed under this dainty cauldron. In a few moments the water will boil. The only fear is lest the threads should catch fire and let the water spill into the lamp and over the table. The flames must therefore not be too large. The paper does not burn because it is wet, and even if it resisted the wet it would not be burned through, because the heat imparted to ly conducted away by the other.-Nature.

His Persistence Was Rewarded. Poor Man's Gulch," on Butte Creek, in California, got its name in this manner . A miner named Noah Helm tolled season after season in the gulch, but grew poorer every year, and his neighbors often advised him to pull up stakes and leave. He had confidence in the claim, however, and said he proposed to starve there or make a strike. One day Helm struck a bonanza in the claim, moved down into the valley and purchased a ranch, built an elegant mansion, brought his family from the East, and is now one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. Although the spot finally turned out well, it has always borne the title of "Foor Man's Gulch," given by the miners.

Pederal Patronage. In the State Department of the Government, the Assistant Secretary of State receives \$4,500; two assistant secretaries of state, \$3,500 each; chief clerk, \$2,500; five chiefs of bureau and one translator, \$2,-100 each: twelve clerks of class 4, four clerks of class 3, three clerks of class 2, ten clerks of class 1; four clerks, \$1,000 each; ten clerks, \$900 each; one superintendent of the watch, \$1,000, one assistant, \$800; chief engineer, \$1,200; assistant engineer,

The Newspaper. "Our theory of the newspaper," says Charles Dudley Warner, the editor of the Hartford Courant, "is that it is very much what the public went it and ninke it, and we believe that, as a rule, the tone of a newspaper is higher than that of a majority of its readers. The editor feels inevitably the responsibility of his posi-tion, and, no doubt, would often like to make a better newspaper than he does make. But editors and especially pub-lishers, are human, and many of them have a notion that they must live some-how, and that a little lowering of tone is

Best Evergreens for the Lawn. Mr. E. S. Carman, editor of the Rural New Yorker, whose collections of ornamental trees are very large and choice, says that if he were asked what three evergreens he would recommend above all others for the lawn, he would name first, the Blue Spruce, Abies, or, according to the new nomenclature, Picen pungens; second, the Oriental Spruce, Atries orlentals, and, third, Alcock's Spruce, Abies Alcockiona. These are extremely hardy, and very distinct and desirable in every

Mistakes in Spelling. Professor (to student)-There are several mispelled words in your casny, Mr. B., one of which is "sorhomore," For a col-

lege student such an error is inexcusa-Mr. B. (making the best of it)-But I am only a freshman, sir.—New York FIGHT WITH A DEVIL FISH.

The following extract from "The Toilers of the Sen," by Victor Hugo shows the fare descriptive powers of the famous Such was the creature in whose power Gilliatt had fellen for some minutes. The monster was the inhall thant of the

grotto-the terrible goull of the place. A

kind of squalte femon of the water. All the spie dors of the cavern existed for it alone. on the day of the previous month when Gil inti bad first penetrated into the grotto, the dark outline, vaguely perceived by him in the ripples of the secret waters, was this monster. It was here in its home When, quiering for the second fime into the cavera in pur wit of the crab, he had

that the crab had taken refuge, the picuerc was there lying in wait for prey. Is it possible to imagine that secret ambush ? No bird would brook no egg would burst to life, ne flower would dare to open, no breast to give milk, no heart to love, no spirit to soar, under the influence of that apparition of evil watching with sinister

observed the crevice in which he supposed

patience in the dusk Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it. It held him fast, as the spider holds the

He was in the water up to his belt: his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom his right arm bound and rendered power less by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish, three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this, way, ellinging to the granite on the one hand, and on the other to his human prey, it enchained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, the fingers of which were each nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the

As we have said, it is impossible to tear one's self from the folds of the devil-fish, The attempt ends only in a firmer grasp The monster clings with more determined force, its effort increases with that of its victim : every struggle produces a tightening of his ligatures.
Gilliatt had but one resource, his knife,
1018 left hand only was free, but the
reader knows with what power he could

use it. It might have been said that he had two right hands. His open knife was in his hand.

The autenma of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance, impossible to divide with the knife; it slips under the edge: its position in attack also is such, that to cut it would be to wound the vic-

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fishermen of Sark know this, as does any one who has seen them execute certain abrupt move-ments in the sea. The porpoise know it also; they have a way of litting the cuttle-fish which decapitates it. Hence the fre-quent sight on the sea of pen fish, poulps and cuttlefish without heads. The cephalopters, in fact, is only vul-nerable through the head.

Gilliatt was not ignorent of this fact. He had never seen a devil-lish of this size. His first encounter was with one of the larger species. Another would have been powerless with terror. With the devil-tish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain moment in the conflict which must be selzed. It is the in-stant when the bull lowers the neck, it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. He who lo es that moment is destroyed. The things we have described occupied only a few moments. Gilliat, however, felt the increasing power of its innumerable suckers.
The monster is cunning: it tries first to

stupery its prey. It seizes, and then pauses awhile Gilliatt grasped his knife; the sucking He looked at the monster, which seemed to look at him. Suddenly it loosened from the rock its

sixth ancenna, and, darting it at him, seized him by the left arm.

At the same moment it advanced its head with a violent movement. In one head with a violent movement. In one second more its mouth would have lastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his fwo armsentangled, he would have been a dead man. But Gilliatt was watchful. He avoided the antenna, and at the moment when the mouster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clenched in his left hand. There were two convulsions in opposite directions—that of the devil-ish and that of its prey. The movement was rapid as a double flash of He had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and by a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whip in the air, described a circle round the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The folds re-laxed. The monster dropped away, like the slow detaching of hands. The four hundred suckers, deprived of their sus-taining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sunk to the bottom of the water. bottom of the water.

Breathless with the struggle, Gilliatt could perceive upon the stones at his feet two shapeless, slimy heaps, the head on one side, the remainder of the monster on the other.

the other. Fearing, nevertheless, some convulsive return of his agony, he recoiled to avoid the reach of the dreaded tentacles. But the monster was quite dead. Gilliatt closed his knife.

A Remarkable Canary. A Milwaukee watchmaker has a common canary that sings "We won't go home till morning." Every note, writes one who heard the finte-like tones, is as true and prompt as a French music box. Despite the animated appearance of the songster, it is so uncommon to hear the

roystering melody given by an ordinarylooking yellow bird, that listeners wonlooking yellow bird, that listeners wonder and look around doubtingly, as if
the sound came from a music box. The
owner bred the bird, the parents being
chosen for their voice and quality. As
soon as it was born the education was
begun with the aid of a mouth-organ. The
bird was graduated in eight months. The
canary can sing the one tune faultlessly,
but that is the extent of its accomplishments. "We won't go home till morning," was played three times a day in the
bird's hearing for eight months, and it is
not surprising that it knows no other
tune. The owner refused \$45 for the bird. To Destroy Chicken Mites.

Put sprigs of cedar in the nests of all your hens, and lay the cedar wherever there are any mites, and you will not be bothered with them long. For the sore head in chickens, give them, in their food, sulphur once or twice a week, it will cure all that have it and keep the others free from it.—Home and Farm. Hope.

Farmers, go at your work hopefully. Nothing adds more to your strength than hope. The promises are all for you; the world depends for food and clothes on your success. Keep ever in mind this sense of universal brotherhood and interdependence; it makes a day's plowing ensier.

Fruit Regulates the System. No one thing will do so much to make people independent of the medical profession as the daily use of fruit. Farmers in whose families fruit is regularly and largely consumed, seldom need our servloes -A Physician, in Rural New Yorker.

A CAMP-LIFE INCIDENT.

A Game Spaniel's Successful Fight with a Rednah.

While we were waiting one morning for

a fish breakfast that Miller and Charlie Earle were pledged to supply us with, Miller noticed a long pole in the water some distance up the bayon, which is about fifty yards wide at this point. It floated down the bayou until opposite our camp, and then suddenly turned and went backward quite rapidly. Then we saw that it was a fishing rod and that a big fish must be at the end of the line. All was excitement in the camp. Our breakfast was assured us, provided we could capture that fish. How were we to get it? We had no boat, and the bayon was deep, the water cold, and our fishy friend on the other side of the bayon, say forty yards away. Somebody suggested making a long raft, and Frank Earle eagerly grasped an axe and was about to make ome young pine trees sick, when Charlie Earle sang out, " Why not send your dog for it, Rendie ?" No sooner said than done. Charlie, my water spaniel, a magnificent water dog, who likes nothing better than swimming and diving, had his attention directed to the fishing rod by a stone thrown in its neighborhood. He swam toward it, divined his errand, grabbed the rod at the thick end and proceeded to swim back with it. "Our breakfast" at once noticed that somebody else was bossing that rod, and he began to object very vigorously. He tugged at the rod, and for a few moments it was a question who would win. Finally, by a supreme effort, the fish made an immeuse dash, and actually pulled the dog (weighing fifty-two pounds) completely under water. First round for the fish.

Charille came up looking half drowned.

but still holding the rod in his mouth. He dropped it, however, and swam to shore, looking very puzzled and annoyed. Having taken breath he was a second time dispatched to secure "our breakfast," which was now careering madly up the stream, no doubt chuckling to 'hisself as how he had fooled the dawg." Charlle again swam to the rod, grabbed the big end and began havling it to shore. All was quiet until about half way to the shore, when the fish began to give battle. The struggle was tremendons, but result ed in a victory for the fish, who again pull-

ed the day completely under water. See ond round for the fish. The dog again returned to shore any was again sent out after our breakfast He grasped the red for a third time and with a look of desperation on his hand-some doggy face and a feeling in his breast, no doubt, that the honor of his race was at stake, he swam toward the shore. The fish tugged and tugged, but slowly and surely Charlie reached the shore and laid the rod at my feet, and I then maded a magnificent redfish. As a mutter of fact, this was the only caught on our fishing and ducking expe-dition. We found out afterward that the rod had been pulled by the fish at the end of it from the hands of a farmer's daughter who had been fishing near her father's home. We found the owner and returned the rod. New Haven Palladium.

A Poker Story. The Inlander, at Dayton, this territory,

relates that two lawyers named Jones and Perkins went from there to Walia Walla on business. Not being able to eatch the return train that evening they each sent a telegram to their wives as follows: "Will not be home to-night; see Mrs. Jones." Will not be home to-night; see Mrs. Perkins." The ladies got together and concluded to reply and remind their husbands of some purchases they had promised to make, so the following disputches were sent: "Don't forget your errand; see Jones." Don't forget your errend; see Perkins." During the evening the gen-tlemen became interested in a highly anmated game of poker. Jones had just danked down \$75 on a big bluff and Perwas handed him. He read it and then on a pair of seven spots put in the \$75.

"That's good," said Jones when the show down was made "but how in the devil did you come to call me on that hand!" Without a word Perkins handed over the telegram. It read: "Don't forget your errend; see Jones."—Scattle (W. T.)

A Man, a Duster, and a Lamp Post, " I'll tell you a funny story about a fat printer I once knew, He had a linen duster on that was a mile too big for him and he was 'full.' What I mean by that is, that he was drunk, and awfully drunk, too. Two of his companions were trying to get him along, when they met a third party, who invited them into drink. The fat fellow wasn't able to stand alone, they didn't want to let him fall, and he wouldn't sit down on the curbstone until they came out, so they deliberately pulled him over to a lamp post and buttoned him around it by his duster, while they went in the saloon. It was the funniest sight I ever saw. It was moonlight. The fat fellow had lost his cap, and the moon glistened and shone on his baid head like daw on a flo.ver. When his friends came out of the tavern they found him all right, as erect as the lamp post to which they had fixed him."—Philiadelphia Times.

The Mouse's Blanket,

One day Willie's mamma missed a bank note which she was very certain she had put in a particular place. Thinking that Willie might have taken it for a plaything, not knowing its value, she asked him if he had seen it. But Willie knew nothing | purl to the end. about it, neither did the nurse, nor anyabout it, neither did the nurse, nor anybody in the house.

By-and-by papa came home. He pointed
to a mouse hole in the nursery floor, and
said the mouse must have stolen it! A
carpenter came and took up the floor, and,
sure enough, there was a nest of little
mice all huddled down on the bank-note,
which Mother Mouse had spread out as a
lining for the nest. Other pieces of paper
were found, all torn and nibbled, but this
being nice and soft had been saved for a
blanket by the wise old mother.

He Bit Himself.

On the 5th of February last we made mention of a peculiar case in Crawford County, near the Warrior district. Mr. Alford Long, a farmer in that section, was aroused at midnight by pain. He found that during his sleep he had chewed his tongue horribly. Next morning it had swollen to such an extent that he could not speak. After the swelling went down cancer was discovered on the tongue. a cancer was discovered on the tongue. This grew to such an ext ent that the poor man could only be fed with great difficulty. Thursday Mr. Long died. He was reduced almost to a skeleton.—Macon

- Married Under Difficulties.

The following certificate was recently filed in Brown county, Dakota: "Be it known that A. H. H -- and S. A. Zwere lawfully united in the holy bonds of matrimony in Town 124, north of Range 63 west, near the northwest corner of said town, and on the south side of Elm Creek. it being bank full of water, Wednesday, A. D. April 27, 1881." This singular form was due to the fact that the Justice was on one side of the swollen creek and the matrimonial candidates on the other, and no way to cross. It was necessary to scream out the questions and respon

Crude Petroleum Protects Boards. The late George Geddes, who was renarkable for his sound judgment, thought it cheaper to cover a barn with rough boards, without painting, and to repeat the covering when time had caused decay, than to have the whole surface planed and painted; but cheapest of all is to soak the rough boards with crude petroleum.—Country Gentleman. COOKING RECIPIS

A Michigan lady sends the following to The Housekeeper of Detroit:

ORANGE CAKE. Twelve eggs, the weight of ten in polverbed sugar, the weight of six rigs in flour, the june and graned pred of our orange and half a lemon. Best it like sponge cake, and bake it in jelly-cake pans. Take the whites of two eggs, half a pound of sigar, the juice and grated peel of one orange and half a lemon. Beat it and spread it between the layers of the cakes.

FEATHER CARE. One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half teaspoonful soda, or one and a half tenspoon baking powder.

Beat four eggs and two coffee cups of sugar well together, and two coffee cups of flour, two tempoons cream of tartur, one of soda two-thirds cup of boiling water; flavor with lemon; add the water last.

STEAMED BRUNKIN BOTH STORE Wash, peel and cut the rhubart intoline he pieces. Put it into a granite double buster, add one cup of sugar for a pint of fruit, and cook till the rhubarb is soft. Do unte star it. When the rhubarh is very some steam it without sugar until the juice flows, then drain it, add the sugar and steam again till the sugar is dissolved. Or pour bolling water ever it and let it stand five minutes, then drain and steam

CRANDENDIES.

Put three pints of washed granberries in a grante stewpan. On top of them put three cups of granulated sugar and three gills of water. After they begin to boil cook them ten minutes, closely cov-ered, and do not stir them. Remove the soum. They will jelly when cool, and the skins will be soft and tender.

ORANGE ICE. Squeeze the fulce from six large oranges and two lemons; pour about five gills of boiling water over the broken peel and pulp and let it stand until cool; then strain and add the water to the orange and lemon juice. Sweeten to tasts with loaf sugar and freeze.

CREAM CAKE. One cup sugar, two eggs, four table-spoonfuls sweet milk, one cup flour, tro heaping teaspoontule haking powder. Bake in three layers and spread between a cream made in the following manner: One cup milk, one half cup sugar, two teaspoontule corn starch, one egg; flavor. FRUIT CARE.

Three cups sugar, one cup butter, two enps currents, two cops raisins, half cup cold strong coffee, half pound citron, one tenspoonful of cinnamon, one and onehalf teaspoon allapice, one of cloves, one of grated nutmeg, one of soda, four eggs and four cups flour. HONEY PUDDING

Three pints thinly sliced apples, one ont honey, one pint flour, one pint cornmeal, small piece of butter, one teaspoon-ful soda, the juice of two lemons and three grated lemon rinds. Stir the dry soda into the honey, then add the apples, melted butter and a little salt. Now add the other ingredients and stir in the flour. Bake one hour and serve with sauce.

Blanch and pulverize one-half pound of almonds, beat the whites of three eggs to stiff froth, and one pound of pulverized sugar; mix thoroughly. Drop on buttered paper in tins; bake a light brown in a quick oven. CARROTS.

Scrape, wash and lay in cold water a half hour; cook in boiling water until ten-der; drain well, and mash with a wooden spoon; season with butter, pepper and

RICE, BAKED.

Wash a rup of rice well. Take cup broth, strate through a thin cloth, and add twice as much boiling water, with a little salt, put on the rice and cook slowig until it has taken up all the water and is soft; pour in a large cup of hot milk, in which have been mixed two eggs (raw), two ta-blespoonfuls of grated cheese and a table-spoonful of butter; stir up well, add about a cupful of minced yeal and ham, taken from your soup, turn into a greased mold; cover and bake an hour in a dripping pan of hot water; dip in cold water, and invers upon a flat dish.

One cupful butter, one cupful sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder, one pint flour, one and a half cupsful flour, one and a half cupsful of curranta, washed and picked, two teaspoonsful exwashed and picked, two teaspoonsful ex-tract of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful ex-tract of lemon. Rub the butter and su-gar to a white, light, white cream, add the eggs, one at a time, bearing a few min-utes between each; add the flour sifted with the powder, the currants and the ex-tracts. Mix into a medium batter, bake in paper-lined cake tin fifty minutes in a moderate oven.

POTATO PANCAUES. Twelve large potatoes, three heaping ta-blespoonfuls flour one tablespoonful bak-ing powder, one half tempoonful salt, one or two eggs, two tencupsful bolling milk. The potatoes are peeled, washed and grat-ed into a little cold water (which keeps them white), then strain off water and pour on boiling milk; stir in eggs, salt and flour mixed with the baking powder, if agreeable flavor with a little fine chopped onions; bake like and other paneakes, al-

lowing a little more lard or butter. How to Make a Knitted Lace Collan Cast on thirty-four stitches.

First row-Knit five, purl twenty-six, over two, purl two together, knit one. Second row-Thread around needle, knit eight, over two, parl two together, Third row,-Knit seven, ever, narrow

narrow, over, narrow, knit one. Fourth row-Thread around needle knit nine, over two, purl two together, puri to the end. Fifth row-Knit twenty-four, over twice, purl together, knit three, over, nar-

eight times, knit one, over two, purl two

together, knit two, over, narrow, oven,

row, over, narrow, over, narrow, knis Sixth row-Thread around needle, knis ten, over two, purl two together, puri te

the end. Seventh row-Knit seven, over, narrow eight times, knit one, over two, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over narrow, knit one.
Kighth row—Thread around needle, knit eleven, over two, purl two together, purl to end.

Ninth row-Knit twenty-four, over two, purl two together, kult five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, kult one. Teath row. Thread around needle, kult twelve, over two, purl two together, knik-nineteen, turn around.

Eleventh row—Slip one, purl eighteen, over two, purl two together, knit six, over,

narrow, over, narrow, narrow, knit one. Twelith row-Knit thirteen, over two. purl two together, kait nineteen. Thirteenth row—Slip one, purl eighteen, over two, purl two together, knit eleven, Fourteenth row-Slip and bind four. knit seven, over two, purl two together,

knit nineteen.

Turn and commence as in first row, slip one, purl eighteen, over two, purl two together, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, thit ope next one same as second and so on. When finished crochet a little edge on the plain side and Hyacintha. To promote the rising of the flower

stalks of hyacinths above the leaves, florists cover the plants lightly with sheets of paper. The usual season for potting ranneculus is in October or November, but as the roots, if kept dry, retain their vitality for two or three years, they may be planted at any time. They require a rich, rather stiff soil, and must never be lowed to become too dry.

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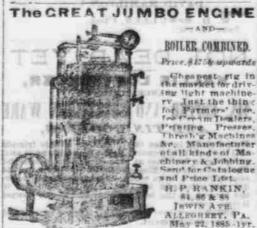
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A western dealer finds a bushel of Baldwins to weigh 48 pounds, Rome Beauty 47, Winesap 44, Vandevere 43, and Ben Davis

Who Wrote "All the Year Round." weak and ill as she did, she would have been bound to remain as still and quiet as possible. For some time there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen, when suddenly be jumped up, went to the looking glass, ted down a few words; back to his glass, again, this time talking to his own refleclon, or rather to the simulated expression

any sudden noise, such as plate, seemed a spoon, or the clutter of a plate, seemed him real agony. He never could said Fanny.

"La" cried Mrs. Pitcher. "I wonder if he expects to be asked to stay?"

At the sound of footsteps on the doorstone Fanny fled precipitately, Rosa sank, panting, on the haircloth sofa, and Mrs. Pitcher hastened to answer the knock.

"Does Mr. Pitcher live here" said a tall young man with sandy hair. to cause him real agony. He never could bear the least noise when he was writing, and waged a fierce war against the organ grinders, bands, etc. Charles Dickens was a most delightful and genial host, had the power of putting the shyest people at ease with him at once, and had a charm in his manner peculiarly his own and quite indescribable. The charm was al-ways there whether he was grave or gay, whether in his very funnlest or in his most serious and carnest mood. He was a strict master in the way of insisting upon everything being done perfectly and exactly as he desired, but on the other hand, he was most kind, just and considerate. His punctuality was a remarkable charac-teristic, and his visitors used to wonder how it was that everything was done to "No explanations are necessary," said Mrs. Pitcher, growing more and more flurried. "She quite understands. Please

The young man sat down his valise and bowed stilly.
"I hope I see you well, miss," said he,
"Pretty well," stammered 16 sa.
And then followed an awful silence. Are you fond of cooking?" said the ung man. "But I needn't ask. Every

His tongue was unloosed at last; he was sufficiently voluble now.

Hose started to her feet.

"Are—are you a book agent?" she That's my business, miss," acknowl-"No, I won't !" excitededly cried Rosa.
"I only ask a trial to convince you

but in vain.

"Now, Rosa, don't be vexed," said he.
"You will forgive me; you must! And
you shall marry me, too. There! I always said I could pluck up a spirit to ask
any girl to marry me; but somehow this
matter seems to settle itself. No, you
shall not go till you've said yes. You're
the very girl I've always wanted. And
you don't know what a deal of store I
shall set by you, Rosa dear!"

"Don't tell pa about the advertisement,
then," whispered the fast relenting Rosa.
"I won't tell a living soul," declared
Jotham.

A gentleman well-known here, gave to a refer, here, to the Postmaster, the of Money Order Div. and to officials at Came down and savagety pitched into the dog. After a sharp fight the cat was getting the better of the dog. The other terms and references to octual clients or own State or County, write to get thoroughly whipped he rushed in, and the cat and dog gave the other cat a most unmerciful whalles.—Brunswick (Mc.) Telegraph.

for life. - Reade's Martyrdom of Men.