fact be distancely under-said from

orward, for your paper before you stop it, if stop None but scalawags do otherwise,— scalawig—life is too short.



JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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NUMBER 28.

for Infants and Children.

sequeterio is so well adopted so children that | Casto come ma" H. A. Archuz, M. D. Kula

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No. 591 BROADWAY. NEW YORK CITY.

COOD NEWS



## CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"Twas in the mountains I met her Last summer in early July: You ask if I soon will forget her? Indeed, my dear fellow, not I. So dainty and charming a creature Ne'er yet has graced german or ball: Every pose of her form, every feature, I still can recall,

Her gowns were remarkably tasty. Her hat had a fashionable tone. Her speech, though it rarely was hasty. Yet showed she'd a mind of her own; And I was her favored adorer, Won glanges and smilles on the six

Though mamma hovered watchfully o'er With guardian eye. The end came with hazy September When Gertrude went back to the town: With pleasure I long shall remember

Did I speak out my love ere we parted? The maiden who left me half-hearted Was aged-JUST THREE!

Her laughter, and even her frown.

# HIS GUARDIAN.

DY L T.

Who is she? I would give a thousand dollars if I might but paint that face !" somewhat too loudly for the time and

Many bystanders heard them, and each other, and smiled.

sidelong glance, to show that the artist's mpetuous wish had reached her ear. Calmly she sat in her box at the concert

that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a seuded corner of the stalls sat Gervase Livingstone, the artist, gazing at her, with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eves. "Who can she be?" he whispered to an

"I do not know. The face is a new one," was the low reply.

'A new one! It looks as if it was but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world " raved the artist. "Years ago, when I was a school-

hood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close, and the box was empty-the divinity had

Hurrying from the house, he laquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally, by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said that he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the concert was over, with "a gentleman as might be her father, sir, and they went to the Everett House

looked for the name of "May Cameron"it was the name of his earliest love-ami It was not there.

with a sigh, "And yet I knew him spite of the change—in spite of the added his eves met mine, as we entered at the

And then she blushed at the memory of the words he had uttered. "Pauline," said she, softly.

drowsily: What is it, May ?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question? No, not now," re plied Pauline, stiffing a groan. "What troubles you, my May of Mays? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow." " But not to-night, Pauline. I cannot sleep. I have been thinking of all you teld

Pauline, finishing the sentence. "Hush! Spenk lower, Pauline. There are so many people near. Yes, I am troubled-deeply troubled by what you say of him."

"Who told you, Pauline ?"

"My brother, in the first instance. He knows him well- is often at his roomsand regrets his intemperance more than any of the rest of his friends, I think." "Does your brother think-does he consider him entirely past reform ?" asked

came out of her nest and sat down beside "Dear May, my brother James has

would be a settled thing." "What motive?" "I explain myself bunglingly, I fear, James meant, my dear May, that if Liv-

the lady might work his reformation easily, if she chose to do so." "He loves no one, then, at present?" "No one, May. James says that he be-Heves him to be faithful to the memory of a child who died years ago. It is an odd thing to say of a man like him, but James

declares that Livingstone really loved that "If that is true" said May Warburton, drying her eyes, "he may yet be saved." What do you mean, dear ?"

with an astonished look.
"No. My cousin, Mary Cameron, died, and he must have seen the notice of her

to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day.

"And was it in that little country town that you knew Gervase Livingstone as a 'Yes. He had been sent to the house of some old family servant for his health, and he remained there for two years, while

his parents were in Europe. Oh! Pauline, he was the noblest, kindest, most generous-hearted boy ! If you will only help me now to save him !" "I :" exclaimed Pauline.

"You," replied May, caressing and kissing her. "Oh, don't refuse me, dear. Papa is so stern and unforgiving about such things. He would think Gervase-I mean Mr. Livingstone not worth saving, because of this one fault. It is vain to hope for help from him. But if you will only assist me, dear, good Pauline, I have such a plan !"

"Indeed?" said Pauline, laughing. "So I am to be bribed with a kiss. Well, let me hear your plan for the benefit of Gervase-I mean Mr. Livingstone-and we will see what can be done.' "I shall need your brother's aid, too,

of you must promise to keep my secret from every one." said May. Then leaning her cheek against Pauline's, she whispered, in the silence of the midnight, her innocent plot for the redemption of a human soul.

but that you must secure. And oh ! both

Pauline Dauforth's stay in Boston was but a short one, and on her return to New York it was noticed by her escort that she carried in her own hands, and for the whole distance, a small ebony box, mounted in silver, and fastened with a silver lock and key. "A jewel box," as he supposed. On the evening of her arrival at the

home in Fifth Avenue, after the family greetings were over. Pauline sought a private interview with her brother James, and, after a long explanation, left the ebony box in his care.

"May is a trump, Pauline, and you are another," was the young man's somewhat undignified exclamation, as he brushed his cambric handkerchief across his eyes. "And Livingstone is well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow evening before he sleeps." "Secretly, James, remember," said Pauline. "He must not know from whom the gift comes, till he has shown himself worthy of it." "Trust me for that," replied her broth-

er. "If there were more women on earth like you and May, women ready to use their influence over men in this fashion, we should be a great deal better than we are, my dear, So James carried off his prize to his own

The next evening a party of gay friends met, as they were often in the habit of meeting, at the artist's rooms. Wine

flowed freely, and the pictures on the wall could scarcely be seen for the cloud of smoke that rose from a dozen cigars. When the revel was at its height James Danforth rose from his chair and held out his hand to the host -"Good-by, Livingstone."

"What | are you going | So soon !" said the artist, surprised. "Yes. Got of for good and all, my

What do you mean ?" "I mean," said Danforth, seriously, "that there is a time for all things, and the time for reflection has now come to me. We are all on the downward track. boys-you know it as well as I. An angel has warned me, and I am going to stop now while I can. Follow my example it you have any regard for yourselves, or for the mothers, sisters and wives at home who love you. Good-by, boys, Good-by, Gervase. I shall join you here no more.

He left the room. They all sat gazing at each other in allence. His words had struck home to every heart, as he had intended them to do. One after another of the now quiet party stole away with some excuse. In half an hour after James Danforth had closed the door behind him the artist satalone by his fireside, leaning his head upon his hand, and gazing sadly into the burning coals.

The wives—the mothers—the sisters at home who love you," he muttered to himself. "They did well to obey the call. I would have obeyed it, in my turn, but who lives now to care for me? My mother and little May are both in their graves; sister I have none-wife I shall never have ! Ah, what does it matter? A short life and a merry one for me, and no one will shed a tear over its ending. I'll have another glass of wine. What's this r

In reaching up to the mantel-shelf for the glass he had left there, his hand struck against the little ebony chest, which stood in the place of honor, directly under a little water-color sketch made from niemory of the long-lost child, The silver key was in the silver look.

The artist turned it, wondering how the beautiful toy came there without his knowledge. His surprise increased when the lid flew back, displaying a beautiful drinking cup of gold, elaborately chasel, and enriched with rubles beneath the curving brim. "What a beautiful thing" exclaimed

the artist, lifting the cup from its bed of rose-colored velvet. "Who can have sent such a gift! Did those fellows bring it secretly with them to-night, I wonder? Anyway, it is a perfect gem, and I'll fill it to the brim with champagne, and see if I can drive these melancholy thoughts away. Approaching the table, he lifted the

flask. Something flashed at that moment at the bottom of the cup. Turning it toward the light he saw a picture, framed in gems, and bending nearer, the large blue eyes of the lovely stranger at the concert looked up at him from the depths of the gobiet with an earnest, appealing graze. He nearly dropped the cup in his sur-

prise. Snatching the ebony case from the chimney-place, he searched it eagerly for some clew to the mysterious gift. Half-hidden in the velvet lining, he found a morsel of paper, and drawing it forth, and holding it to the light, he read :

" Not dead, but hoping and praying for you MAY." "May! May alive! Alive and remembering me " he exclaimed. And then, as the full significance of the gift flashed across his mind, the crimson flushed to

A year passed by, and at the annual exhibition of the Academy painters a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion completely by storm. Every paper noticed it: every person spoke of it; and so numerous and so approving were the comments that pretty Pauline Danforth, who, in general, cared nothing whatever about pictures of any kind, asked her brother James to take her

James, like a kind brother, consented. but with an odd twimkle in his eye, which Pauline could not quite under-When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr. Warburton and hie adopted daughter, May, for a visit of some weeks, James eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and, of his own accord, he invited Miss May to

foin their party on the following day.

May accepted the invitation with a suppressed sigh. Hearing which, James smiled so broadly that Pauline hunted him speedily into a corner, and demanded a share of his secret, whatever it might be But James proved obdurate. She would know all, he said, at the gallery, where the name of the successful artist was to be proclaimed on the following day. Pauline reflected a moment.

"Oh !" she exclaimed; and her eyes be gan to dance in their turn. But not one word said the little traitress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery should be paid at a very early hour, before the fash onable world had scarcely risen from their beds,

Early as it was, however, one gentleman stood before the famous picture, gazing intently at the beautiful golden-haired guardian angel, who, with white waving wings, bent forward over the shoulder of a dark-browed man, walking heedlessly on a flower-strewn descent, toward a fearful gulf, and drew from his unwilling

hand a golden cup overflowing with wine Pauline gave one swift glance at the angel in the picture and at the solitary gazer. Then she touched her brother's arm, and while May went unsuspectingly forward, the two vanished into an inner room, where a portrait gallery had been recently improvised.

Hearing the light step behind him the artist turned away, with a crimsoning brow, from the contemplation of his own But, with his first glance at the face of

the newcomer, he paused. May, unheeding him in her haste to see the picture, lifted her eyes to the canvas. She stood rooted to the spot in her amazement, her heart throbbing, her color ris ing, and at last, her blue eyes filling with "Oh, Pauline!" she exclaimed, in an

"Yes, thanks to you sweet angel, under God, he is saved !" replied a deep She turned, and met the dark eyes of the artist gazing at her in worship.

agitated tone. "It must be his picture

No one else could have painted it! He is

'May-my little May-will you take the life you rescued ?" he asked. With a noble courage she laid her hand in his. And now no home is happier than that of the famous painter, where his sweet "Guardian Augel" smiles upon his walls, and dwells enshrined within his

## The Mushroom Industry.

The growing of mushrooms, an industry at yet little developed in this country, as sumes vast proportions in the neighborhood of the French metropolts. Whether the Parisian epicures have an especial weakness for this most delicious of vegetables, whether their cardeners are more enterprising and skilful than those of our cities, or whether the immense abandoned stone quarries in the vicinity of Paris offer unusually favorable conditions for mushroom growing, does not appear. The fact however, is not to be disputed, that the environs of this great city produce more mushrooms than those of any other city of which we have knowledge. Her sub terrancan caverns cannot solve the whole mystery, for large quantities are produced above ground, and in private gardens thrifty beds of this delicacy may often be seen growing in tubs, boxes, or even upon simple wide boards lying upon the ground.

When we are told that the average daily production of the Paris mushroom growers amounts to 25 tons, we may begin to realize something of the importance of the business. Of course this vast amount is not all consumed by the Pari sians. On the contrary, a large proportion s preserved in various ways, for shipment o other cities and countries, and in many of the far inland towns of our own country we may purchase French mushrooms at the better class of grocery stores at fancy prices.

# Sailing for Wealth.

An expedition will soon sail from Philadelphia for Vizo, Spain, in search of the Spanish treasure galleons sunk in the bay in 1702. An engineer who visited the spot last summer declares that he has positively located eleven of the sunken treasure galleons, and, in a diver's suit, went down upon the decks of several of them, which were lying at the depths of thirty or forty feet below the surface. With a charge of dynamite he blew off the deck of one of them and laid bare the general cargo, which consisted of huge logs of mahog any and logwood in perfect preservation He also picked up coins from the deck, and iron balls, mementoes of the sea fight 168 years ago.

# Taking Up Forest Trees.

To take up a young forest, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, first wind wet sack around the stem, close to the ground, so tightly that it cannot slip; then take a timber hitch with a small cable-chain, cut off a few roots on the side op-posite the steady team, and you will get nearly every root whole, and plenty of soil. I took up 100 Hack Maples in this way last spring, after I had learned to wind the sack properly, without damage to the trees. In this way two men with a team will take up more trees in an hour than they could without a team in half a

Oh! Come in-Dan't go Past.

## Leaf Compost. Spread twenty bushels of dead leaves a great diminution of labor. The article three inches thick on the ground, then a | will be greatly improved in color, and the

Public Benefactors. The gifts to American colleges from convenient add thin layers of muck. twenty different individuals aggregate Weeds in Lawns.

# HOME DECORATIONS.

double each in the middle crosswise, put

two thus folded together, and fold them

in the middle lengthwise then fold over and

over till you have a strip about an inch

folded proceed with the other ten, folding

two together, till you have six long

the same length. When all are even.

with a needle and thread, tack each cor-

ordinary sized mat. When the tacking is

complete with sharp scissors cut the

doubled sides, then cut in fine fringes as

near to the center as possible. The finer

the fringe is cut the prettier it will look

when shaken out. Having out all the

ends give the fringe a turn through a

crimper, then shake it all lose, rubbing it

between the hands to increase the curly

appearance. If a rainbow mat is de

obtained can be used.

monds.

like an envelope.

around.

stred the greatest number of colors to be

CHAIR COVERS.

linen which is lined off into diamonds

with a star in the middle of each diamond.

The goods are generally sold for kitchen

tablecloths. Divide three stars into groups

of four, six, or eight, and work each star

over with worsted of different color, tak-

ing care that the colors harmonize with

each other. When all the stars are em-

broidered, sew narrow black velvet rib-

bon over the lines which form the dia-

PHOTOGRAPH DASES.

A pretty case for cabinet photographs,

preferred by many to an album, is made

of plush in any desired color. Nine inches

by twenty-six are about the right dimen-

sions. That is, have an oblong piece as

wide as the cabinet is tall, and about

three inches more than three times the

width of the picture. Line with satin or

silk, wadded a little, with a little satchet

cord with ends to tie around the case,

after it has been folded twice across, so as

to make a receptacle shaped something

LAMP SHADE.

joined. The upper edge of the ribbon is

PIRE SCREENS

firmly on this net, beginning at the edge,

placing the feathers a little beyond it, and

finishing off in the center. Let the best

feathers be placed at the edge, for there

they show the most, and place the small

ones in the center. Do not let the qualis

of the feathers be too long, or it will have

a bunch effect; put the teathers as closely

together as possible, and take care that

the thread does not entangle in the small

light feathers and make them look ragged.

The best way is to hold the thread rather

tightly round the little finger of the right

hand until it is nearly all drawn through.

When the feathers are strongly sewn on.

cover the place where they join with a

bird's head and neck, or a toft of pea-

Good Coffee,

of the simplest things in the world to

make a good cup of coffee, and this can

easily be accomplished by applying a lit-

tie common sense. If you put boiling

water on coffee, and do not let it boil, you

have all the good qualities preserved.

One reason dyspeptics can not drink cof-

fee is because it is boiled. The style of

coffee is just a matter of fancy. I have

made as good coffee from an old tomato

can as I have ever supped from a cup fill-

ed from the finest French coffee urn. We

should take lessons in this matter from

the Turks and Arabians, who grind their

is ground as fine as possible put it in a

should be tied tightly enough to prevent

cup of unground coffee you can make

ever a quart of very strong, black coffee,

In making coffee many people sacrifice

flavor for strength. Bitterness comes

from boiling. When boiling water is

placed on the bag of ground coffee it

should stand at least three minutes be-

fore serving. Remember, the longer is

Linen That Has Turned Vellow.

pound of fine white soap into a gallon of

milk and harry it over a fire in a wash

kettle. When the soap has completely

melted put in the linen and boil it half

an hour, then take it out. Have ready a

lather of soap and water, wash the linen

in it, and then rinse it through two cold

waters, with a very little blue in the last.

When linen has turned yellow cut up a

stands the stronger it becomes.

Mrs. Corson,in a lecture, says: It is one

cock's breast feathers.

These covers are made of coarse gray

Weave these together in checker-

vide. When you have one strip rightly

Amy Lawson, of Brooklyn, Tells How to Make Some Useful said a voice in the street. and Ornamental Things. LAMP AND TOLLET MATS. Take twelve sheets of fine tissue paper,

He threw the book on a table, opened the window and looked out. The cathedral clock struck two. The gaslight flared in the keen wind. The street was still, save where now and there a belated pedestrian burried along, and

board style so that all the ends will be of Till daylight doth appear. ner and center piece securely together. This makes a center amply large for an

position, yawning, and said: Certainly, my dear sir. Anything to oblige. But you should not be so vehement

Policeman. I object to going to prison. I am neither drunk nor disorderly, and I have no felonious intents upon my neighbor's goods. I thank you for your interest in me, but a coolness on your part, a studied avoidance of my vicinity, would please me well. Au revoir, Mr. Police-And so saying, the man lay down on the steps. The exasperated officer caught him by the coat-collar and jerked him to a sitting posure.

powder on the wadding, edge with a silk

A shade for a round lamp globe is made of ribbon three or four inches wide. A plece is needed just long enough to fit verse criticism," the stranger said, waving his hand. "The customs of society do not warrant a man in going to bed with his easily around the globe after it is gathered slightly to make it conform in

WHISK BROOM HOLDER. Take a straw ouff and gild or bronze it: ornament it with a few peacock feathers, held in place with a satin ribbon bow. Add a ribbon to hang it up by. FLOOR MATS. Take heavy pieces of woolen cloth and cut tongue shape, three inches long and two inches wide at the broad end. Work

in coarse button-hole stitch all around with shaded Germantown yarn, and then put in a star of some contrasting color in the center; now take a piece of carpet for the center, and sow three rows of pieces Cut a foundation the shape required of stiff Mack net. Sew peacock feathers

> sured him that he might eat with im-punity. The other professed himself satisfied and went to eating. He was evidently very hungry and equally reluctant to let it be too apparent, so that

He looked so thin, so pinched with hunger, so blue with cold, so niterly for saken and disreputable, that for the first time Dr. Vickers felt a compassion for him. He drew an armchair to the other eide of the fire, opposite him.
"I don't imagine life wears a roseate
hue for you, eh?" said he, interrogatively,
"Well," said the other, "I have not
much of which to complain at present. I

"You may live without books—
What is knowledge, but grisving?
You may live without hope—
What is hope but deceiving?
You may live without love—
What is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without
dining?"

coffee to a fine powder. When the coffee little bag of unbleached muslin, which never thoroughly trained in anything I am the man of no account," he said, exactly as though he was introducing somethe escape of the grounds. If you use a What has been the matter?" asked the other.
"Wrong training," replied the man of no secount. "If I had been apprenticed in early life to a shoemaker, and learned somewhat, but it is fatiguing to the

The Cathedral clock struck three. Then

is when memory wakens up. Sometimes in the night when it storms. And always in the night when is cornis. And always in the spring. Out in the country, you know, when you smell things just starting to grow, and after sunset, when the gray night begins to cover the fields, and the frogs are peoping in the pends. Something burts me then; everything is so innocent and peaceful. I always get into town as fact as I can, and beg, borrow or steal a drink or two. That fixes me all right. I forget everything then, only that I am a benst without a soul. I wish I had a drink now." said he, in what tried to be a The Doctor made no reply to this and the man dropped his breast and sat silent for quite a little while. When he spoke again it was in an altered tone and with an altered manner,
"I've always thought if my mother had lived it would have been different. Perhaps it wouldn't, but I've noticed a man's mother is about the best friend he has. A woman is generally good to her child, no matter how bad she is every other way. It seems to be their nature. Heaven knows there isn't much use in a man putting any faith in one under any other ear-cumstances. Let me tell you something.

Dr. Vickers was in his office, where he had been sitting, reading an old German book.

from an adjacent square some votaries of Bacchus were vociferating their intention of not going home till morning,

A man was lying asleep on the office step. A big, burly policeman had him by the shoulder, shaking him. "Get up, I say! Get up !"

"But really, now, you are too attentive,

der any circumstances, to wish to accompany you. You exceed the bounds of probability when you say that, my good fellow. But since you are so importunate, I will go, always under protest, though, always under protest."

So saying he deseended the steps. The Doctor had been an interested spectator of this scene, and now, acting from impulse, Wait a minute, officer," and shutting

no harm."
"But he can't go on a layin' round asleep on door steps," replied the majesty of the law. "I admit my conduct was open to ad-

apology if necessary," he continued, bow Ing to the policeman.

After a little more parleying with the offended policeman, the Doctor induced him to depart without the offending sleeper. Still acting from impulse, he invited the stranger to enter the office. The park explanation of his conduct was that only explanation of his conduct was that he wished to hear him talk. Possibly the fact of the German book having been a psychological work may have had some bearing on Dr. Vickers' anomalous con duct. Beside, it was in the night, and no one would know it. Deeds under such circumstances are never so helnous as when rformed in the broad, uncompromising

ght of day. Once seafed by the fire, the Doctor saw and courteously invited him to est. The other drew his chair up to the table, and then said, with an affected air of concern With assumed solemnity the Doctor as-

the Doctor made an excuse and withdrew When he returned the plate was empty and the stranger was seated in front of

am warm and have eaten. It is not always so with me. A stomach is such an inco venient thing. I often reflect on the felly of my having one." Here the unknown struck an attitude and continued.
"You know what the poet says:

"But what do you intend doing in the future?" asked the doctor, "Do?" repeated the other, "Just as little as possible till the end of the chapter. What esa watch downenit has no main spring? have no main-spring." He smoked a

the other clocks in the towers took it up and told the hour.
"One—two—three," repeated the man.
"Quite a romantic situation for you, isn't
it—sitting at 8 o'clock in the morning.

adering something that had never existed. Well, when the money was gone I went to work. I never dreamed of her nos ming true to me, so I had the hope of her to help me. It was up-hill work, brought up as I had been I used to think I'd be obliged to remake myself. But I might have done something in time: I don't know, though. One day—I remember it as though it had only been an hour ago—I had a letter from her teiling me she was going to be married. It was a led day in August. I was on the whart when I read the letter I never see the sun shiring on water to this day but what it makes me I fell over, they said, and they thought

The other interrupted him. You, nor any one else, can do anything And he opened the door of the room And he opened the door of the room,
On the steps he turned and lifted his hat.
"Good night, sir. When I say good-bye
to you, I probably say good-bye to the
last gleam of respectability that will ever
cross my path. Good night."

And he was gone in a moment more,
and the shadows of the black night had
continued his no.

swallowed him up. Three days afterward Dr. Vichers was to the city hospital. An attendant said in

tween the two long rows of beds. As they neared the last one in the row they saw a group about it. One of the nurses came You are too late, Doctor; he is dead," said he.
The Doctor drew near. They took away the sheet that covered the face The cold, gray light that came through the window fell upon the dead face of "The man of no account."—Courier-

for my dog?" Keep him in the house, dear. This is the easiest way. - Boston-

Orleans Picaguno. "Attacked While in Bed" is the title-of a new story. Instead of writing about its the author should have lit the lamp and killed them.

it usually lingers upon a young man's shoulder unless her head rests very quist-13. The reason why Gladstone did not understand how to run the government perfectly was probably due to his negiect

When an editor tells a good-lookingyoung poetess that her verses on "Lilacs" are "perfectly lovely," you may not it down in your mind that he can blac everything when he wants to.

If Adam had only had the "chipper readiness" to remark, when invited by his spouse to taste the forbidden fruit, "Not this Eve," we should all be living in Southern Mesopotamia at the present day, -Burlington Free Press. The inferescope reveals that there are

as a grain of sand, and they spin a thread so fine that it would require 400 at them to equal the size of a single hair. The Rev. Sam Jones advises us to "kiek this old world as we would a rabber ball." No, guess not, Sam ; we've seen the trick before, only it was done by placing a common strawberry blands brick beneath an antiquated the on the side-walk. It is

only take outside the city limits. Judge-"Please describe the man you saw talking to the prisoner." Prisoner-"I don't know how ter do it. yer honor."

"Can't describe him? Did he look like any of these lawyers? Did he look like "No, yer honor. He looked like an in-

One Man Out of a Billion.

"People may talk as they like about

the dishonesty of cashiers, but I know ours is all right," said the president of a Wall street bank to one of the direct-

"I'm sure of it." "What assurance have you!

"Why, only yesterday he borrowed umbrella from me and returned it last

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Sprains, Bruises. Burns and Scalds Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is a safe, sure, and effectual Remedy for

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BEST OF THE PERSON 25 YEARS IN USE. DYMERICA OF A Last mapped to the transmission in the the head, with a dutil consulton has be TUTTS HAIR DYE.



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PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON death, or heard of it, and supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my good Uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless or it in the Work and the second of the supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my good Uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless or phan, adopted me as his own child,

# UNE PETITE.

and gave me his name boy ?" inquired Pauline.

Well, no, I did not, for you see -The Rambler.

"Fair as a lily, graceful as a gazelle The words were spoken hurriedly, and

looked at the speaker, the lady, then at But the lady herself-a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale, golden hair, and a face like the picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed-held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression or even a startled

intimate friend.

w in the country I know a child with , face almost as pure and sweet. She died as earthly angels always do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that gifl. Poor little May !" Leaning his head upon his hand, the artist lost himself in a dream of his boy-

To the Everett House followed the enamored artist, only to be disappointed. The servant whom he feed liberally assured him that no such young lady was topping there. Some wild impulse, for which he could scarcely account, led the artist to examine the hotel register. He

Meanwhile the fair object of his search was speeding from the city as fast as the midnight train could carry her toward Boston. Although the hour was so late she with wakeful, and clasped her hands over her eyes as she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to sharout from mind and memory the picture of a "Hadid not recognize me," she thought,

ght, the altered face, the dark moustache-I knew him at the moment when

The second occupant of the "section stirred on her couch, and, answered,

"About Gervase Livingstone?" asked "It is true, May."

May, with a trembling voice. Mearing it, and the suppressed sob that followed the question, Pauline Danforth, who was a kind-hearted little city belle,

often sald that if Livingstone had a reason -a motive for reforming, his reform ingstone could be induced to fall in love.

Signs for a City Drug Store. Hundred Springs-Puplic Telephone-Postage Stamps-Parcels Mailed-Pack-

## bushel of slaked fresh lime, then leaves | texture will be benefited. months cut it down and shovel it over, Slake the fresh lime with salt water. If

An easy way to kill plantain, dandellon, and other weeds in a lawn, is to place a little sulphuric acid with a stick on the crown of each plant, carrying the acid in an open mouthed bottle with a long handle, so as not to touch it with fingers or THE MAN OF NO ACCOUNT.

"Wake up here! Wake up, I tell you!"

The sleeper rose from his recumbent

in your manner. You really should not. You would find it to your inivantage to cutivate repose." "Don't be a givin' me any o' your lip" said the moral policeman, "but come along to the station-house."

"If you don't come along now, you'll wish you had," he said, at the same time giving him another jerk that sent him on his feet. The man looked into the face of the other and replied:

"No, it would be impossible for me, under any dryumstance to wish to

the window went out into the hall and opened the street door.
"Let the fellow alone, officer," said he to the policeman, "I will see that he does

warrant a man in going to bed with his boots, especially when his couch of dreams is naught but the cold, cold stones of a door step. But I will make a handsome shape to the globe. The lower edge is finished off with a border of antique lace.

> that his new acquaintance was a man something over thirty years, who would have been handsome under happier curcumstances But neglect and dissipation had made sad havoc with his face. The Doctor placed a linch on a small table, 'You must give me assurance, Doctor, that food partaken of at this late hour will not be detrimental to my general health. I never play tricks with my di-

"You are acquainted with the poets, are you?" said Dr. Vickers.
"I have, sir, quite a knowledge of polite literature. In fact, I have done a little writing myself. It never came to anything. Nothing ever does that I undertake. I was

ceiving the confidences of a common tramp!
But I am a human being, sir, and I once
had a conscience and a heart. I have been through things that were spough to kill both, though once in a while I have an uneasy ache where my heart was like the throb of a nerve after a tooth is out. That

sometimes, when any transfers of any siding a dark, lonesome much with test lamed with walking and a thred best, and bear nearly crased with thinking I feel head nearly craced with thinking I feel like I difind some relief in talking a six over with some one. That helps any one if he is in transle beloe decent, respectable people, I steam. Of course nothing could do me mach good. But I'm going is tell you she thing always he my mind only whom I am drunk. When I was a young fellow, nearly through college, my father lost his money. I was engaged to a give-such a pretty girl all smiles and dimples and golden hair. I thought she was the purest, sweetest woman God ever made. And I he lieved her and loved her my God! How I loved her! I could have knelt down and I loved her! I could have knelt down and kneed the hem of her garment. I look back now and feel as carry for myself us though I had been some other young fool,

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It was a sunstroke. I never believed in anybody after that. And I didn't care. What had I to care for? I just drifted. Ten years afterward, I came out of a gambling house in New York city at midnight. It was a bitter night. There was a cold what higher that a cold wind blowing that seemed just from the eternal snow fields of an Arctic winter. There was snow on the ground, and the moonlight made the very air white. I stood in the door, dreading to brave the wind. A waman came around the corner and accested me. Six if I was sent to endless forment and suffered for sent to endless forment and suffered for an eternity, I could not forget. There she stood, a thing too low for an honest man to look at. Her thin dress blowing round her shivering limbs. Her shoulders wrapped in a dingy shawl. Her hair—great heaven how I once loved it. I used to call it "Goldbocks"—It was blown around her neck in an unkempt mass. And the face—the face. How I could over its counterfelt representation. Its counterfelt representation: The little picture I once carried of her had been blistered with the hot tears that had tanear at the tered with the hot tears that had tanear the Years of longing, lonelineses. Page boy! poor boy! Why could not God have taken me then, when I was innerent and believed in hor? And now! minst carry niways with me while my seal shall live, ferever and forever, if what they say is true. Always see the face as it was then. true. Always see the face as it was then, blear eyed and bloated and degraded. I knew her in an instant ; ruined as she was, I tried to speak to her, but my tougue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth. leaned forward and serred her arm. A her face. She shrieked out my name, and then ran down the street, with the wind blowing her scanty clothing round her, till she was lost to view." He stopped and wiped the drops off his forehead with his ragged o That is all I never saw her again waking or sleeping for it comes to me in dreams I see her as I saw her on that night, only when I drink and loger it." fle rose from his chair with these last "I am going now."
"But is there nothing I can do for you?" begun the Doctor. "Isn't there some

him:
"There was a man brought here yesterday badly hurt. I think he is dying. I
wish you would look at him"
So he walked through the downstory be-

Journal.

ALL SORTS. Elsle naks: "How can I get a good name

"Auld Lang Syne" is like the Lord's

prayer; everybody thinks he knows in

until he attempts a second verse.-New

"Ob, where does beauty linger?" sings. a Philadelphia poetess. Considerable of

to read the editorials of American aditors. touching on that subject.

more than 4,000 rauscles to a caterpillar, and that the eye of the drone contains 1,000 mirrors. There are spiders as small

a pretty good trick, Samuel, but it will

telligent gentleman,"-Philadelphia Coll.

"How do you know "

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"I mean that I am that child, Pauline, "But the child died," replied Pauline,

his temples, and sinking on his knees, he laid his head down beside the magic goblet, and burst into a passion of tears. Those who called at the rooms of the artist during the next week found them closely shut. At last it was rumored about that he had suddenly sailed for ngland, and a few days more proved the

When linen is scorched use the following Soda Water-The Spas at Home-One remedy: Add a quart of vinegar, the Juice of half a dozen large onlens, about Free Attarmizer with Attar of Rosesan ounce of soap rasped down, a fourth of a pound of fuller's earth, an ounce of Hme, and one ounce of pearl-ash. Boll er's Express: Trunks 5 cents. Advertisethe whole until it is prefty thick, and ments Received for all the Papers, and spread some of it upon the scorcked part. for the New ones to be issued next week -City Directory-United States Gazetteer Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape -Cigars-Messages Cheerfully Delivered it off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the linen, unless so -We know Everybody and Everythingmuch scorched that the fiber is destroyed. A little pipe clay dissolved in the water

used for washing lines will clean it thor-

oughly, with half the amount of soap and

more than \$23,000,000. Stephen Girard, Johns Hopkins, and Asa Packer gave \$14.5 000,000 among them. Henry F. Durant gave \$1,000,600 to Wellesly College, whose under-graduates have afforded material for fervent poetry to all the college papers in the land.