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VOLUME XIX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1885.

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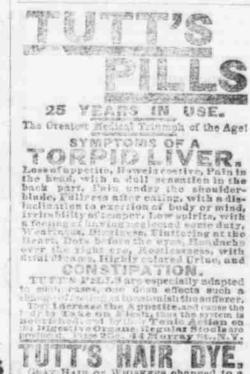
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Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C THIS PAPER MAY IMPOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER Advertising Bureau (ID SPEICE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS NEW YORK. "I wonder why this world's good things Should fall in such unequal shares; While some should taste of all the joys And others only feel the cares? I wonder why the sunshine bright Should fall in paths some people tread, While others shiver in the shade Of clouds that gather overhead?

I WONDER WHY.

" I wonder why the trees that hang So full of lucious Full should grow Only where some may reach and eat, While others faint and thirsty go? Why should sweet flowers bloom for some, For others only thorns be found?

And some grow rich on fruitful earth, While others till but barren ground? "I wonder why the hearts of some O'erslow with joy and happiness, While others go their lonely way

Unblessed with aught of tenderness? I wonder why the eyes of some While others weep from morn till night, Their hearts so crushed with sorrow here?

"Ah, well; we may not know indeed

Each life its mission here fulfills,

The whys, the wherefores of each life;

And watches us through Joy or strife.

But this we know there's One who sees

And only He may know the end, And loving Him we may be strong Though storm or sumshine He may send,"

THE BOTTOMLESS JUG.

I saw it hauging up in the kitchen of a thrifty, healthy, sturdy farmer in Oxford county, Maine-a bottomless jug! The host saw that the curious thing caught my eye, and smiled.

"You are wondering what that jug is hanging up there for, with its bottom knocked out,"he said, "My wife, perhaps, can tell you the story better than I can; but she is bashful, and I aint, so FII

"My father, as you are probably aware, owned this farm before me. He lived to a good old age, worked hard all his life, never squandered money, was a cautious trader and a good calculator; and, as men were accounted in his day and generation, he was a temperate man, I was the youngest boy, and when the old gentheman was ready to go-and he knew it debt | debt | and in the end, death ! And -the others agreed that, since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks the farm should be mine. And to I will, so help me heaven ! me it was willed. I had been married then three years.

me with a mortgage on it for \$3,000. I said to Mollie, my wife:

"Mollie, look here. Here father's had boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men to help him; and he worked hardworked hard-worked early and late-and yet, look at it! A mortgage of two thousand dollars: What can I do "

"And I went to that jug-it had its bottom in then and took a good stiff drink of old Medford rum from it. "I noticed the curious look on the face

of my wife just then, and asked her what she thought of it, for I supposed she was thinking of what I'd been talking about. And so she was, for she said .

"'Charles, I've thought of this a great deal, and I've thought of a way in which I believe you can clear this mortgage off before five years are ended."

"Says I: 'Molly, tell me how you'll do "She thought for awhile, and then said,

with a funny twinkle in her blue eyes-

snys she "Charles, you must promise me this, and promise me solemnly and sacredly; promise me that you will never bring home for the purpose of drinking as a beverage, at any time, any more spirits than you can bring in that old jug-the jug your father has used ever since I knew him, and which you have used since he

"Well, I knew father used once in a while, especially in having time and in winter when we were at work in the woods, to get an old gallon jug filled; so I thought that she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time. I thought it over, and after a little while told her I would agree to it.

"'Now, mind, said she you are never, never to bring home any more spirits than you can bring in that identical jug." And I gave her the promise.

"And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at that jug. As I was turning it out for a sort of night cap, Mollie looked up and says she :

"'Charley, have you got a drop left ?" "There was just about a drop. We'd have to get it on the morrow. Then she said, if I had no objections, she would drink that last drop with me. I shall never forget how she said it, 'that last drop!' However, I tipped the old jug bottom up and got about a great spoonful, POLLE COMEINED and Mollie said that was enough. She Price \$ 1758 upward took the tumbler and poured a few drops Cheapest rig in of hot water into it and a bit of sugar, and then she tinkled her glass against mine, just as she'd seen us boys do when we'd been drinking to good luck, and says she:

"'Here's to the old brown jug !" "Sakes alive! I thought to myself that poor Mollie had been drinking more of the rum than was good for ber, and I tell you it kind of out me to the heart. I forgot all about how many times she'd seen me when my tongue was thicker than it ought to be and my legs not so steady as good legs should be; but I said nothing. I drank the sentiment: 'The old brown

jug,' and let it go. "Well, I went out after that and did my chores and then went to bed, and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen -this very room where we now sit-was: "We'll have the old brown jug filled

tomorrow. "And then I went off to bed. And I to bed that night as I had done hundreds of times before, with buzzing in my head that a healthy man onght not to have. I didn't think of it than, nor had I ever thought of it before, but I have thought of it a good many times since, and have

thought of it with wonder and awe. "Well, I got up the next morning and did my work at the barn and then came in and ate my breakfast, but with no

such an appointe as a farmer ought to have, and I could not think then that my appetite had begun to fall me. However, I ate my breakfast and then went out and hitched up the old mare, for to tell the plain truth I was feeling in need of a glass of spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the house! I was in a hurry to get to the village. I hitched up and came in for the jug. I went for it in the old cupboard and took it out, and--

"Did you ever break through thin ice on a snapping cold day, and find yourself in an instant overhead in freezing water? Because that is the very way I felt at that moment. The jug was there, but the bottom was gone. Mollie had taken a sharp chisel and a hammer, and, with a skill that might have done credit to a master workman, she had clipped the bottom clean off the jug without even cracking the edges of the sides. I looked at the jug and then she burst out. She spoke-oh, I had never heard anything like it! No, nor have I heard anything like itsince. She said:

"'Charles, that's where the mortgage on this farm came from ! It was brought home within that jug-two quarts at a time ! And that's where your white, clear skin and your clear, pretty eyes are going! And in that jug, my husband, your appetite is going also! Oh, let the bottom stay out forever! Let it be as it is, door heart. And remember your promise

"And then she threw her arms around my neck and burst into tears. She could speak no more.

"And there was no need, My eyes were opened as though by magic. In a single minute the whole scene passed before me. I saw all the mortgages on all the farms in our neighbrhood; and I thought where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made was to pay a bill held against him by the man who had filled his jug for years. Yes, I saw it as it passed before me-a flittering picture of rum | rum | rum | -debt | I returned my Mollie's kiss, and said I: ". Mollie, my own, I'll keep the promise!

"And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Mollie had said, the mortgage "Well, father died-mother had gone | was cleared off; my appetite came back to three years before and left the farm to me; and now we've got a few thousand dollars at interest. There hangs the old jug-just as we hung it on that day; and from that time there hasn't been a dron this farm in it's first strength of soil, with of spirits brought into the house for a all its magnificent timber, and his six beverage, which that bottomless jugwouldn't hold.

> "Dear old jug! We mean to keep it and hand it down to our children for the lesson it can give them-a lesson of lifeof a life happy, peaceful, prosperous and

And as he ceased speaking his wife, with her arm drawn tenserly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent

TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF. Lost in the Alps it Almost Causes a Tragedy-A Moral.

Jeannie Welch in Buffalo Courter.

List to the thrilling tale of a handkerchief. Not many seasons since a fair and very beautiful Buffalo girl lost her handkerchief in climbing the Alps, and although we may fancy she searched long and zealously in the shadows of the mountain pathway, she ne'er found it. A few hours after a party of tourists, numbering two, and consisting of a newly wedded husband and wife, whose marriage rites had been performed by a uffalo clergyman but a few short weeks before in the bride's native home at Groveland, Livingston county, passed over the same road, and the bride's affrighted steed, backing and rearing at sight of the white handkerchief at the roadside, wellnigh plunged over the precipice. The husband hastily dismounted and picked up the handkerchief, and handed it to his wife who put it in her pocket and henceforth it became as her own, for the name on the border, which she supposed to be that of some English dame, was not to be found on the register of the mountain inn where they spent the night. From that brief blissful wedding journey the bride returned to America to attend the funeral of her father-in-law in Canada, and while visiting a friend in her native place, Groveland, she chanced to mention to a kinswoman the curious circumstances of finding the handkerchief, and her pleasure, since she was unable to get a clue to the owner, of being justified in retaining so dainty a bit of cambric in her own possession About one year after, having returned meanwhile to Europe, she died in Geneva. witzerland, where she had resided since her brief trip to America. In her last will and testament she ordained that her wardrobe should be given to her kins-women at Groveland, N. Y. In the summer of 1885, a young gellant from Buffalo chanced to be visiting in Groveland, and one day in playing lawn-tennis with him his fair young hostess dropped her handkerchief on the lawn. With his accustomed courtesy he dashed across the lawn and seized the handkerchief which lay like a snowflake on the green expanse, when his startled eye oaught sight of a familiar name on the border. Perhaps the original owner of the mouchoir can tell why his hand trembled and his cheek

blanched, as in restoring the bit of cambric to his companion, he said, slightly "Do you know Miss - " repeating the name on the handkerchief. Why, no. Do you " said she "Then, pray tell me," said he, evading

the answer, "how did you come in possession of her hankerchief ?" "Why," replied she, "I may say that I inherited it." A lately deceased kinswoman left me a portion of her wardrobe. and I have always had a peculiar feeling about this handkerchief (which was among her things), because it so nearly caused her death," detailing to him the circumstances related above. "My kinswoman," added she, "always

supposed that it belonged originally to an English lady." The handkerchief was without more ado entrusted to the keeping of the of the tennis field, who returned it to its

first owner. Moral: Mark your handkerchiefs.

Try It. The Microscope describes a pretty eximent. Upon a slip of glass put a drop of and auric chloride or argentic mitrate, with enit a grain of metallic sine in the auric bloride, and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold and sliver ferns will form be-

THE YOUNG IDEA.

Papa-" Ethel, you musn't say 'I won't' to papa. It's naughty." Ethel-"Well, but papa, what shall I say when I mean I won't ?"-Life. "What are the last teeth that come ?"

asked a Lynn teacher to her class in phys-"False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat .-

"What kind of pills do you want, little boy?" asked the druggist. "Plain or sugar-coated ?"

"Mister, I want the kind that's whitewashed."-Philadelphia Call. " Ma, our buby should be arrested for sleeping," said a poy to his mother. "Why, what makes you say that? The baby is not guilty of any crime," said his

"Oh, yes, it is; It is guilty of kidnapping."-Premel's Weekly Little Annic was found one Sunday morning busily crotcheting. "Annie, dear, it is Sunday," said her mamma, Did you forget !"

"Oh, no, mamma," she replied: "I

knew it was Sunday, but I am playing

that I am a little Jew."-Chicago Interior. A young artist who was displaying his latest work, a picture of a lion, heroic size, to a lady, said to the latter's little "Don't be afraid, little boy, the lion won't hurt you. He is not alive."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," replied the little boy: "he don't look as if he was alive."-New York Mercury. Little girl from Chicago-"Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours." Little girl from Boston-" No, it tsn't,

My mother can boast of her forefathers for the past two centuries." Little girl from Chicago-"Oh, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years,"- Phila-

Little Tommy and Jimmy Stendyboy were temporarily attracted from their play recently by a violent thunder storm. 'Jim," inquired Tommy, the young-"does Dod make all ze thunderums wif his dreat big hammer ?"

"Of course," answered Jimmy, with all the confidence of a grown-up philosopher. "An' ze rain is Dod's sweat-drops,', shouted Tommy, clapping his hands in great glee. "Ain't it, Jim ? An' Dod is crackin' bickrum nuts for ze 'ittle augels like pa does for us w'en we's dood."-The

Cause of Non-Church Attendance. According to Information given to the Christian Union by a large number of clergymen, not more than five per ce-t. of American artislans in office babitcally attend religious services of any kind All but two of the letters say that the attendance is diminishing, and all but one that the neglect is not from unbelief in Christianity. The cause of non-church attendance, as given by these experts, may be summed as follows: The men have to go to work all the week, and they regreate on Sunday. They cannot dress as well as those with whom they must associate, and therefore stay away. They think secret societies are as good as the church, They are unable to pay for the privileges because of the high prices of things which they must have. The large salaries of the ministers disgust some. Some feel that the minister is a hireling, and therefore seeks to upbuild his church as a doctor seeks to increase his practice, not from love of souls, but to increase his salary. Some employers of labor are so bad in their treatment of their employees that the men do not want to go where they shall meet those in whose rea Christianity they have so little faith. All the letters indicate that especially in the arge places artisians feel they are not welcome in churches frequented by the

wealthier classes. An Extraordinary Shipwreck. On an outward March trip of the steamship Germanic she discovered one day the wreck of a vessel, to which several men were clinging, and holding aloft a flag of distress. A fearful sea was running, but the Germanic's captain determined to do what he could at all hazards, so a boat was lowered and four sailors, literally taking their lives in their hands, started for the wreck. After several hours of hard work they reached it, when, instead of rescuing the men, they were seen to put about and pull for the steamship. The Germanic's captain was astonished beyond measure, but, after some hours of exhaustive work, the sailors returned, to explain that the wreck was in no danger of sinking, and that the only want the people on board made known to them was to be taken in tow, giving as a reason that they had on board a cargo of fish which they wished to get into market before the expiration of Lent. The wreck's mast, rudder and sails had been blown away, but still her captain would not abandon his fish. The Germanic and her very mad captain steamed away, leaving the fish owners flying their flag of distress. As the wreck has never since been heard of, it is supposed that the fish, wreck and sailors kept Easter at the bottom of the sea.

A New Dodge.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean tells the following anecdote of Robert Bonner, owner of Maud S, Dexter, and other celebrated trotters.

Robert Bonner has a big head. A book agent walked into Bonner's office the other day with a bulky religious volume under his arm.

"I have called to show you a work," he "Haven't time to look at it," said Bonner decisively. "The reason why I came to you," per-

sisted the canvasser with the calmness of assurance arising only from habitual success, "was that your pastor, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, considered this book highly desirable for his library, but did not feel able to buy it. He didn't tell me to go to you, Mr. Bonner, and yet he seemed to want the book so much that I thought possibly you might like to give it to him. Something that he said put the idea into my head, and I said as much to him, but he peremptorily forbade me. He'd rather do without the work, helpful as it would be to him, than have it hinted to you that it would be an acceptable present. Still-"

'You're lying to me," interrupted Mr. Bonner, "and I ought to kick you out." "I might have known better than to have tried my racket on a man with a head like that," mused the agent as he Journalistic Amenities.

on either side. Dentist lequitur : "Doctor, the putient rullies and the chloroform has given out." "Quick, the Common wealth there! Hand it to me! (Reads :) 'The editor of the Commonwealth has been frequently asked, -Ha! thank God! she sleeps! Saved!"

EGYPTIAN ZAIRGETH.

A Magic Square that Will Answer Your Questions. Below is given a full description of the

amusing magic square, called "Egyptian Zairgeth :' DWWAWOWABH 1 0 I S O T D T T W WOAAAIBNII T S D N T H I A A R OTTNTUWTDE TIAESFLINU E L N J C A D T O C BOHYROWYPE FRWEDIOIAR LNSCTLGHEH

Divide a square of pasteboard into 100 smaller squares, lettering them as above. It will save you trouble to cut the above diagram and paste it to a card). Then ask some person to express secretly in writing a wish, to be answered by the Zairgeth. Let him select any letter on the Zairgeth. This you write down, and, proceeding horizontally from left to right, as in reading, write down every fifth letter from that chosen, taking each line consecutively until the letter first selected is reached, which is not again to be used. Put a little mark over the first letter you use from the top line. When all the letters have been written, begin to form the sentence from the jumble of letters by starting with the letter that has the mark above it; write the sentence and pass it to the wisher, who must at the same time pass you the paper containing his wish. For example, suppose the wish expressed to be, "I would like to travel in foreign countries," and the letter selected from the Zairgeth is "A" (third letter from the left on sixth line). You write down that letter and every fifth letter from it, with this result:

AINTHYWISHWAITANDATT As the letter "W" is the first one taken rom the top line, commence the sentence with it and it reads thus : "WAIT AND ATTAIN THY WISH."

Quaint Sayings of Sam Jones. "I see a St. Louis paper takes issue with me on the proposition that 60,000 drunkards in America stagger into a drunkard's grave every year. I refer the editor of that paper to the 1,200 barrooms in St. Louis. My God | just take a view of that city. It looks like St. Louis would send 60,000 drunkards whirling into hell and let the balance of the country free. And wherever you see a barroom that stands for ten men that have crossed the line. Do you hear that? Whenever you see a barroom lifting its sign and setting out its bottles, that means ten men we claim, that will never recross the line -that will fill drunkards' graves as certain as God made the world. I tell you no barroom can flourish without at least ten men who have lost all hope of recovery and spent their best hours and their best means in buying the drink they will furnish. My God t go to Chicago, with her 3,000 barrooms, and then wonder that 60,000 people every year fall into drunkards' graves. Look over here to Kausas City, at the barrooms sprinkled over the streets of that town, and then wonder that 60,000 people of America stagger into drunkards' graves in a year. Brothers,

er there are 60,000 or 1,000, let us never furnish another moor fool for hell. What do you say ?"? "Well, if there is a woman that I am in sympathy with in this world it is one of these kind, painstaking wives who does her best to please her husband, and today she has had the whole house renovated and everything changed, just so it would please the husband. And then she prepares herself in her best garb and looks, and she says: 'I will make home cheerful for him this evening;' and she meets him with a smile, klases him, and expresses words of kindness to him, and he comes in and takes his seat, and doesn't sit there five minutes before he takes his merciless tongue and cuts his wife right down to the floor. God pity you, you old devil you, for that's what

directly and indirectly. I have not nearly

come to the mark. But I tell you, wheth-

"What we want at this camp-meeting is a gospel of power-mark the expression. How will you get it? You know when God wants to launch out His laws into force to do work for Himself, He don't count noses and see how many noses He bas got, He goes by weight. He puts up scales and weighs us. Do you understand? There is many a great 200pound Methodist or Baptist around this country, and you put him on God's scale and he don't weigh an ounce. He has a great, big, fat body; but if you could pull out his soul and show it, then He would gay: 'What is that starved shrivelled. shrunken thing you have got there? Why, it hasn't had a square meal in ten years."

"Did you ever start anywhere with your wife and keep hurrying her up when you ought to know that she has not only to dress herself, but five children besides, while you have nothing to do but get ready? And after a while she tells you to 'Go on, husband: I'm afraid I can't get ready in time for you; I don't want to hinder you.' I've done just that way. I've walked off and out the gate, and then I'd step and think. Then would walk back, and go in and find worry in my wife's face and tears in her eyes, and I'd go up and put my arms around her and say, 'Wife, I want you to orgive me,' and she forgives me !"

The Secret of True Happiness. Somebody has said, what everybody has observed, that those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course, that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy: for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as overexertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

Reciprocity of Thought. I am convinced that people think enough; it is the utterance of thought that is needed. If the habit of brave attempts at this utterance could be formed and, despite all criticism, be persevered in, how much more should we give to each other? What a world of enjoyment and improvement would spring up! How Athenian would Yankee life become! A Socrates at every doorway, an Aspasiawithout Aspasla's reproach-at every tea urn, full of discourse that would exclude the weary pettiness of thoughtless talk. Scene-Dentist office in Topeka: beau-Do this for your neighbors and you will be tiful maiden in chair, dentist and doctor to them Ferdinands and Isabellas, making of them the discoverers of more than continent, for they will discover themselves, and you will pay to them the debt you owe to those who have done the same for you. But do not conceive yourself an original person. It is a snare and a delusion. - Rose E. Cleveland.

THE CAT'S NINE LIVES.

An Explanation from a Scientific Point of View.

Popular Science Houthly. Of the cat it is commonly said that it has nine lives. By this saying nothing very definite is meant beyond the opinion that under various kinds of death the eat lives much longer than other animals that have to be killed by violent means. When any question is asked of the police or of other persons who have to take without exception, according to my ex-

And then she grew terribly calm the lives of lower animals, they tell you, periones, that the cat is the most difficult to destroy of all domestic animals, and that it endures accidental blows and falls with an impunity that is quite a distinguisbing characteristic. The general impression conveyed in

these views is strictly correct up to a certain and well-marked degree. By the lethal death, the value of the life of the cat is found to be, at the least, three times the worth of the dog. In all the cases I have seen in which the exactest comparisons were made, the cat outlived the dog. A cat and dog of the same ages being placed in a lethal chamber, the cat, may, with perfect certainity be predicted to outlive the dog. The lethal chamber being large enough to hold both the cat and the dog, the vapor inhaled by the animals being the same, with every other condition identical, this result, as an experimental truth, may be accepted without cavil.

The differences, always well marked, are sometimes much longer than would be credible in the absence of the evidence. I have once seen a cat, falling asleep in a lethal chamber in the same period as a dog, remaining breathing, literally, nine times longer, for the dog died within five minutes, and the cat not only continued to breathe, in profoundest sleep, for forty-five minutes, but would have been recoverable by simple removal from the vapor into fresh sir, if it had been removed while yet one act of breathing continued. This, however, was exceptional, because the cat, in the same lethal atmosphere as the dog, does not, as a rule, live more than thrice as long : A. e., if the dog ceases to breathe in four minutes, the cat will cease in from ten to twelve minutes after falling asleep.

FLINGS AT VASSAR.

She can talk in all topics with over, She goes home, loaded down with degrees. And folks say: "How much knowledge She has gained at the college?" While her ma washes, cooks and makes choose.

Louisville-Courier-Journal - An ocean vessel has taken out a loaf of Vassar girl broad

Oil City Derrick-We see now why they are called "sweet girl graduates." The girls of Vassar College used forty bushels of onions

Lowell Citizen-A captions critic says hat Vassar girls cannot write postry. If this be so we hall with delight another triumph of the higher education of women Texas Siftings-Vassar girls consume forty bushels of onions in a year. That is one of their strong points. They know that in

Puck-It is hard to get up a reunion of old classes at Vassar College. They tried to get up a rounion of the class of '52, but nobody came. All the good old 752 girls claimed to have been graduated in '79. Norristown Herald-Somebody speaks a good word for Vassar College girls. He says

hey cannot write poetry. Parents should send their daughters to Vassar to obtain an ed-Burlington Free Press-A reflued and beautiful graduate of Vassar College, while writing up the Salvationists for a Ney York paper, became converted, and is now one of their principal speakers. We shall paste this item on the wall, and when young ladies come

to ask why we can't give them a job at reporting, we shall call their attention to it.

Woman and Education. A Pittsburg young lady got into a discussion with a young man and wound him up in this fashion: "Do you know that if woman had as free access to the purse as man our educational institutions would not go begging, as they often do? Woman is more generous than man and she answers appeals to her generosity more quickly than man does to his." "What has brought you to this conclu-

"Common observation. Why, the fact that they appreciate education so highly that their gifts are not limited to institutions that open their doors for the admission of women. Do you doubt this? If so, here is the proof: Up to 1880 Harvard had received \$325,000; Hamilton college, \$130,000; Union college, \$107,000; Bowdoin, \$95,000; Dartmonth, \$65,000; Amherst, \$56,000; Andover Theological seminary and Chicago Theological seminary, each \$50,000, and Phillips academy \$100,000 from

"Do you want further proof !" womanlike she persisted. "If so, you will find it in the fact that during 1881 over \$500,000 was given in educational benefactions by women, of which \$100,000 was given by Miss Lenox to the Union Theological seminary in New York."

He Liked Them Salt. Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, tells the

There were a dozen fellows up in our

following amusing story:

pine timber country who clubbed together one fall to go into the woods and cut logs. They hadn't much money, and their plan was to work together, incurring just as little expense as possible, run their logs together, and, after marketing them in the spring, divide the money equally. This plan was acceptable to all, when it orcurred to some one that they should have decided who should be cook for the party. It was positively necessary that some one should do the cooking, for they were determined not to hire a cook. So they all fought against the duty. But some one must do it, and so it was decided that they should draw lots, and the one getting the longest should be cook, but if any fellow complained of the cooking he should take that duty himself and excuse the first one selected. So they went into camp, and the first duty that the new cook essayed was to cook a pot of beans, By some chance he got them altogether too salt, so much so that they were entirely unfit to eat. The men were hungry, however, and at meal time were promptly on hand for their beans. Some of the more cautious tasted them in silence, but one fellow, who was especially hungry and fretful, bolted a whole mouthful and springing to his feet, shouted in his disappointment, "Great heavens, how salt these beans are "then suddenly recailing their agreement about the fate of the first kloker, sat himself down quickly, and resumed his meal with the remark, "but then I like them salt."

A man is not bound with the chains of habit at once, but the Lilliputian throads are slowly wound about and wound about, and beenuse they are to allula they are disdained. once. He plays with the tiger's cub at first.

It is small and playful, but its fascination binds bim as it grows, until at last the beast is helpless wriggling the his master.-Dr. Edward P. Ingersoll.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable electricism of the Cak-mura Francian commences to the favorable oc-sideration of advertisors, whose favors will be it-serted at the following low rates:

Busin ess items, first insertion 10c, per line : each

equent insertion 5c, per line, ninistrator's and Executor's Notices... itor's Notices...

1 inch, a times... 1 a months 1 months.

f months.

BER LITERARY WASTE. They eat in the library alcove,
And they gazed at the hundreds of books, And she gave, in exchange for his sighings,

The sweetest and shyest of looks. "Here are volumes of very great value. And you," he remarked, "are well versed; Now supposing a fire should break out here, Which book would you try to save first?" I would seize"-and she grew quite excited.

I would seize papa's pockstbook first, sir That's the kind of a book-worm I am " A North Carelina man shot his best off

to cure a ring worm on his neck. Genuine butter can be bought in lowe at seven cents per pound, and the cown grin at the lardine factories.

Reform at Niagara has not yet hart the hackmen, who are still permitted to charge \$2.50 an hour.

At the annual sale of yearling colts from Winter's stable in Sacramento, fifteen colts sold for nearly \$14,000.

The polygamists of Utah now introduce one woman as "the wife" and the others as her "companions," and the law is put out over the trick. A grand-nephew of Bonaparte lives in

Baltimore and has so much of the fighting blood in his veins that no one dares tread on his coattails. A fool in a Kansas village brushed his

hair upright and stood still for a noted marksman to shoot off the ends of it. A scalp wound was the consequence. A reformed burglar delivered a lecture to a large and sympathetic andience in

Oregon, and a confederate picked up

eleven wallets while the crowd was filing

in and out. A Vermont girl went into a meadow to sketch a cow. The cow happened to be an old one with a ring in her nose, and they picked the girl up on the side of a eeven

South Carolina is the only state in the Union in which an old gander who has outlived his usefulness can be conxed to set on hens' eggs and bring forth the Spring chickens.

Michigan has a Judge who says from the bench: "Any girl foolish enough to marry a drinking man should be compelled to live out hef days with him, no matter what the abuse." A remarkable bedstead made to order by a Milwankee furniture urm is twenty-

four feet wide and has nine compart

ments, each intended to hold one of the purchaser a children A Chicago girl had two suitors. She angered one by going for an evening walk in a park with the other. The curaged chap borrowed the uniform of a policeman, lay in wait for the sentimental conple, and arrested the favored lover for kissing the maiden. The fraud was not discovered, for it was dark, until the offen-

der had begged for mercy and paid a bribe of \$5 for release,

Pacts about Ment. BY A PARILY DOCTOR. Over-done beef or mutton is quite as indigestible as hard-boiled eggs; it should be well cooked to be healthful, but rather inclining to under-done. Roasting retains the juices of the meat; boiling does not, but the liquor in which meat has been boiled may be used as soup. Made dishes are not so wholesome or easily digested as joints, and if much flavouring or rich sauces be used they are bad indeed for the dyspeptic. Veal does not suit the dyspeptic well. The fat of beef is digestible, that of mutton less so, and that of game apt to disagree.

Much of the flavor of meat lies in the fat immediately beneath the skin. A word about regetables. The potato is king of them, but very seldom well cooked Potatoes ought to be very well mashed. then stirred with a little milk till as white as snow and as smooth withal. All green vegetables are better mashed, and they should be eated separately, and not with the meat. They ought to form a d sh, indeed, and might often take the place of soup with great advantage to the dimer .--

Cassell's Magazine, How to Double Your Stoney. In return for ten cents sed a postage stamp a New York swindler souds to the unsophisticated the following valuable information in a cheap unscaled manila envelope, and is printed on a slip of the cheapest white paper:

DEAR SIR-In reply to your esterned favor of recent date, asking us to teach you "how to double your money?" We will tell you a plan for gaining wealth, Setter than banking, trading, or leases; Take a new green back and fold it up, And then you will find your wealth in-

Keeps your cash in your hands and with nothing to trouble it; And every time that you fold it across "Tis plain as the light of day that you double

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss

How Rosalind Was Aroused. The birds were carolling forth their

rtures to the rising sun, which electrified each dewdrop into a sparkling diamond. It was nature's awakening hour, and Hosalind McGush aroused berself, and gazing form the casement of her boudgir soliloguized Isn't it bountiful! How warm and delightful the morning's haze rests upon you eastern

Rosy! Rosy!" sounded a sharp voice at the foot of the stairs. "You've got to milk them cows this mornin'. Your father's got the

"Do you know," said George, warningly, that in this extremely hot weather two or three dishes of this ice cream might prove

"What class of boarders have you?" he asked of the landledy while beking at the fourth floor back; "fashlonable people?" Yes, indeed," she replied: "some of the

Never Again. A gentleman sald to a minister: When do you expect to see Deacon Smithe

A Tender Heart,

Young Lady-And so you've really been on a whaling voyage, Mr. Hardyman?

Young Lady-How delightful !. passionately fond of fishing, Fisks, feel sorry sometimes for sameria Co. Pa

hill. I would compose a symphony on the oc

Taking the Chances.

"I haven't a doubt of it," replied Clara, "but it would be a happy death to die." A Fashionable Boarding House,

biggest bugs in town board withine.

emnly. "The descon is in hoaven."

Mr. Hardyman-Yes.

HEAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,