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NUMBER 45.

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THIS PAPER MAI TO FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADDRESS OF THE REAL AND THE PAPER ADDRESS OF TH

A WREATH OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

CHAPTER III. A month passed away, and during that time Ethel Danyers had seen but little of

Rowland Saxby. She had heard all about the engagement, not from Rowland, but from Grace | sure will I kill you!" Thorne herself. Yes; Ethel had cultivated her acquaintance, and acted towards her as a great friend and well-

Little did Grace guess that this was only a mask—a mask which concealed astonishment and terror. feelings of a far different character to friendship.

Ethel hated Grace with a most fearful You rehearing some part for private thehate. While she congratulated her upon her coming marriage with Rowland, she wished that it would please Heaven to smite her dead at her feet.

While alone, her manner was indeed terrible. Alone in her dressing-room, she would pace the floor after the manner of a caged tigress. Her mutterings of hate and her longtake a terrible revenge upon the girl who,

She did not pause and consider the

to do that. She did not think whether Rowland Saxby had ever hinted one sentence to her of

Had she thought over that she would have been compelled to admit that he never had.

But this was her principal thought as she paced the room day after day, night after night: "I am not to be his wife, but by the

Heaven above me, she never shall—never! I would kill her and then myself. Aye, that I would, and die happy-happy!" One morning Leon was announced. He did not often make his appearance, and although Ethel was by no means in

a good temper, he was ushered into her presence. Making a profound bow, much after the same manner as a courtier before the throne, he said:

"I hope I see Miss Ethel quite well?" "Well, yes, I think so." "That's right. I've some good news

for one so seldom hears good news now," "This"—and Leon produced a note—"is "From whom?"

"Mr. Rowland Saxby." Ethel started, but Leon did not notice it. firmly from the room without uttering

She stretched out her hand for it, tore another word, it quen, and reads "The Art Miss Errick. —We start on Monday for Bextey. May I ask wit there we may hope for the peasure of rour comp no? Leon will join it, and I he peayer not er and yourself will do the same. Peayer py hy Leon, woo will return with the answer of occ. Yours truly.

RewLAND SAXBY." "I understood you to say that you had some good news for me," said Ethel,

"Is not that good news?" "I see nothing very good about it. It is an invitation to join Rowland at his father's residence at Blexley." "Just so; but can't you see the drift of

"I cannot," replied Ethel, but her face showed that she lied. "Well, then, said Leon, "in two weeks HAS always on hand a large, varied and ele gant assortment of WATCHES, CLOUKS JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES time Rowland leads Grace Thorne to the

"At Blexley?" anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Ar Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction gustan eadin both work and orice. "Oh, I see. That's it, is it? Very well. Of course I shall have much pleasure in joining the party; so also will my mother. I am sure. But how strange! I saw Grace three days ago and she said she did not exactly know when it was to take

> "Neither did she. The day has been fixed by Rowland's father." "Oh, I understand. That is the reason. Well, will you say that we shall have much pleasure in being present?" "Yes. And now, Ethel," seating him-

self. "I propose we talk about our affairs." "Our affairs?" "Yes, you know what I mean, Ethel." "I really do not."

"Well, Ethel, I did not come here only to deliver that letter of invitation. I came on another matter as well." "Hem! You are getting quite a business man, I declare."

"Don't mock me, Ethel. You must know for what reason I have called." "I shall know immediately you tell me." eWell then, Ethel," taking her hand within his own, "I have called to tell you once more how sincerely I love you. Oh, Ethel, do not keep me longer in suspense. It is cruel to do so. And all this about

other people going to be married makes me more miserable than ever. Ethel. time after time have I told you how well and truly I love you. Take pity upon me now, and say you will be my wife. I don't think I am such a had fellow, and I am sure. Ethel, if you will be my wife, you will find me most devoted." "I never said you were a bad fellow,

"No, no, my dear, I know that, but-" "I have told you, Leon, that at present I cannot entertain your offer." "You will think over it?"

"Yes; that I promise." "But just tell me this, Ethel, and then I will be satisfied. Have you any love for me?" Ethel hesitated-what if she said she

"I cannot deny I have some love for you, Leon," she said softly, as her little feet tapped the rich carpet. "But you arrived.

know that my belief is that real love does not come all at once. I think it takes one would have imagined that she was "You may be right, but so that you

little time, Ethel, you will learn to love me better." "Yes, that is likely enough, Leon." "Then I am to say that your mother and yourself will join Rowland at Blex-

"Yes, please," Soon after this Leon departed, and no very happy.

Ethel rose from her seat. Her face was very pale, and her eyes, ted merrily with them. which had worn a mild expression while Leon was present, now blazed with a dan-

gerous light. hands clenched so tightly that the nails chatted, she was thinking of the best way seemed to be imbedded in the delicate of taking her (as she called it) revenge.

Presently her fury found vent in words, and, raising her hand above her, she said | tion of Grace Thorne. in low hissing tones:

"The time is coming, Grace Thorne; the time is coming. Oh, how I have longed to be under the same roof with you! My revenge will be swift and sure. You don't go to Blexley to be married. No." and her voice rose into a shriek; "you go to Blexley to meet your death, for as sure as I am a living woman, so

At this moment the door was pushed suddenly open and Mrs. Danvers made her appearance. She looked at her daughter, and for the space of a minute stood transfixed with

"Ethel," she said, "what do you mean by uttering those fearful words? Are

* No.17 "Then what on earth do you mean by erying, I will kill you? Kill who?" No answer; Ethel stood before her mother trembling from head to foot.

Of course she had not intended her voice to be heard, but, as we have before said, her ungovernable fury would not ings for the time to come when she could | allow her to think of what she was doing. "Ethel," said Mrs. Danvers sternly, "I she thought, had weaned from her the hope you will not be the means of causing affections of the only man she had ever me to say that I curse the day you were loyed, would have shocked the stoutest born. Your conduct of late has been more than extraordinary, and by no means becoming a lady who has been matter very carefully. Her hasty, un-governable temper would not allow her you have. I am surprised—nay transed at such unmaidenly conduct. Tell me,

who has been here?" "Leon Catheart." "Well 9" "What ?"

"You know what I mean. He was here for the usual purpose, I presume?" "I don't understand."

"Nonsense! He came here, I suppose, to again offer you his hand?" "Not this time, mamma. He spoke no word of love," replied Ethel calmly, but

she did not look her mother in the face. "Then what did he come for?" "This." And she handed her mother the letter of invitation. "Oh, that is it. Well, we will go, of

course, and as far as I am concerned, I shall be very glad when this marriage is all over." "Why?" "Because all your romancing will cease; all that romantic nonsense you talk re-

specting Rowland, and which I hear you utter even in your sleep, will end. And then you will take the hand of Leon, and "Have you, indeed? I am very glad, you will both be very happy-as you ought to be." At these words, spoken slowly and firmly. Ethel's breast rose and fell as if she were struggling for breath, and when her mother had concluded, she walked

> "Ah, me!" sighed Mrs. Danvers, sink- you." ing gracefully into a chair, and settling herself to again peruse the note of invitation. "It is a shocking thing to have a daughter with a violent temper, and that, I am sorry to say, Ethel has. But when this marriage is over she will see how foolish she has been. But what did she mean by kill her? Kill who, I wonder? I never heard that anyone had injured her. Oh, dear! it's very sad-I think she

wanders occasionally." CHAPTER IV. Blexley House, the residence of Sir Rowland Saxby, was a noble building built in the Gothic style from Sir Rowland's own designs.

Attached to it was a levely park of some twenty acres in extent, well wooded, and with a charming lake through it. The interior of the house corresponded in every respect with the exterior, for it contained some of the finest furniture to be found in all England.

Statues and pictures of exquisite workmanship adorned almost every room, and the entrance to the building was guarded by several mail-clad knights, who, it must be admitted, never raised a finger to hurt anyone, nor turned their heads either to the right or to the left, by day or by night.

On one side of the building was Sir Rowland's study, and here he was pleased to show any one of his numerous inventions, some useful and others-so, so, Sir Rowland had made a large amount of money by his own ingenuity; he was proud of it, and delighted to sit and talk of these matters to anyone who would sit and listen to him, of which, considering Sir Rowland's hospitality, there were not

Still, as the years crept upon him, and caused his hair to turn "whiter and whiter still," he began to get tired of his inventions and his books relating thereto, and to think of an altogether different matter-to-wit, of his son's marriage to a suitable lady.

And when he saw Grace Thorne for the first time, the old man considered that his son had made a proper selection, and upon closer acquaintance, he was certain of it, and congratulated him.

The greater part of the old gentleman's life had been passed in London, and therefore he persuaded his son to marry at Blexley, and thus avoid the necessity of his tiring himself by a journey.

To this Rowland, as a matter of course, consented, and on the day appointed, Grace, Mrs Thorne, and Rowland arrived. It was proposed by Sir Rowland that they should be two weeks with him before the ceremony, as when the wedding had taken place the happy couple would take their departure for a place a little further off than Blexley, and where they had? Well, she determined to tell him a would be-as every young married couple wished-alone.

The day following the arrival of Rowland and Grace, Mrs. Danvers and Ethel

From the appearance of the latter, anysupremely happy. Her face was beaming with smiles, and have some love for me, I care not. In a | -wonderful!-she had a kind word for

Mrs. Danvers and her daughter were accommodated with an elegant suite of rooms, and everything which was calculated to make them happy was done.

One day passed, and the party, which had been increased by Leon, had been sooner had the door closed upon him than | Ethel had accompanied both Rowland and Grace on many excursions, and chat-

merry talk was concealed a most deadly resolve. For some moments she stood erect, her | Little did they imagine that while she But so it was, the thoughts always up. | join the gentlemen." permost in her mind were of the destruc-

For three days she watched their move- and went direct to her room. There for drooping eyes.

place they visited was the summer-house near tire lake. Here they could almost always rely up-

on being alone, but they were not so often alone as they thought. Several times had Ethel stolen by the furze on one side of the house, and had listened to Rowland's loving words to Grace Thorne.

again, and this only served to fan fiercer the flame which burned within her.

by the lake in the moonlight. a terrible thought struck her.

that Grace would lose her life. And all this time Mrs. Danvers thought her daughter was so very happy. "Ab. Ethel, I have found you then? I

round Ethel's waist. she was strolling, her usual thoughts uppermost in her mind.

She started violently at the sound of his vocie, but she soon recovered her self-"I do not hide myself." she said; "I am frequently in the grounds."

"And yet I do not see you very often. owever, I will, with your permission, ke advantage of the present occasion. I know that you will have no objection to take a stroll with me?" And he offered his arm.

"No, indeed," she said, in what she intended to be winning tones, "that I have not. Which way shall we go?" "Oh, let us keep straight ahead. You have no objection to my smoking, Ethel? You know I am a great smoker." with, no; I rather like it, especially in

Leon lithis eigar, and then again attempted to put his arm round Ethel's waist, but she said gently: "I don't think that is quite right, Leon, in case anyone happens to come this way.

Why, they will think we are actually en-"They may think so with pleasure. If such was rumored would you deny it,

we are not actually engaged, what could "Leave them to think as they like." "True. But then-well, we will not talk

about that at present." "I wish you would. The fact is, Ethel, I am getting decidedly impatient." "Poor fellow! From my heart I pity

"I do, certainly. It is very shocking to be kept in suspense, I suppose, but for | we shall be one?" a litlte while it must be so." By this time they had approached the summer-house by the side of the lake. Ethel had not taken any notice of the direction they were going, but when, sud-

dealy, the lake and the summer-house came into view, she turned a shade paler. "How strange," she thought, "that we should come here!" "Isn't this a lovely spot, Ethel?" said Leon as he stood and surveyed the lake

before bim. He was quite right, it was a lovely spot. The surface of the lake was dotted with myriads of magnificent lilies, and in and out of these glided several majestic swans. On the opposite bank were several boats for the use of those who had a liking for

such amusement. "Yes," replied Ethel, "it is as you say, a levely spot, but I would rather not sit

"What, not in the summer-house?" "No, I don't like it."

"You amaze me! I should have thought it was just such a place as you would like. Still, there is no accounting for tastes. And yet I should like to know why you dislike it."

"I hardly know myself, to tell you the truth. But it is enough for me to say that I don't like the place, isn't it?" Leon made but little progress during the walk. Ethel several times appeared to be lost in thought.

Leon noticed it and wondered. "It's very strange," he muttered when Ethel had taken her departure to the house, "denced strange." Saying which. Leon flung himself upon

the high grass, place I his hat over his eyes, and in less than five minutes was fast asleep. CHAPTER V. "I say, Ethel," cried Grace, as Ethel came up the front entrance to the house, "there is one thing which I had quite

forgotten to show you. Come upstairs to my room and I will show it to you." Ethel followed her. "What is it, Grace?" she asked; "some new present from-from Rowland P

"It is a present from him," replied Grace, "but not new; "it was the first present he ever gave me."

"Ob, indeed; "I'm quite curious." "You will say it is a strange present," laughed Grace, "but it is very precious

"Saying which she placed the box upon the table, opened it, and displayed the wreath of orange-blossoms and the brace-"Very nice, indeed, dear," said Ethel,

gazing admiringly down upon them; "but what was the object of the orange blos-Grace told her the little story with which the reader is already acquainted. "The bracelets I wear now occasionally," added Grace. "I shall wear them tonight. Rowland is very fond of my wearing them by moonlight."

"In your love rambles," laughed Ethel, but the laugh was cruelly forced. "Yes," replied Grace, gaily, "and you would not believe how lovely the lake reflects the diamonds." "I have no doubt it does. They are

very beautiful." "I will take them out while I have the box open," said Grace, as she took out the jewels and laid them upon the dressing-She did not see the ficrce look upon the was up to meet him. On his entering face of Ethel as she turned, neither did | the room she ran toward him, but Little did they dream that under that she see that with the rapidity of lightning Ethel had raised the lid of the box,

and taking out the wreath had placed it under the light cloak she carried on her "Come now, Ethel," said Grace, "let us But in a few moments after joining the shop girl with whom he was dealing.

ments, and she saw that the principal some time she surveyed the wreath in silence, and then, in a hoarse whisper, she said: "She wear this? Never! Tonight-to-night! Ah, let me think. It must be now; yes, at once-or it will be too late."

Sinking into a chair, and resting her head upon her hands, she thought; and then procuring writing materials, she wrote, imitating a man's hand, several

"Ob, dear!" murmured Leon, as he ily at the everlasting cigar, "what a mislovely moonlight night, of course she is

And Leon took a sent upon a rustic bench, which was placed under the shad- said Mr. Bedford. "If those cards are

ow of a gigantic oak. There he sat until the last fragment of you marked them yourself, and if you his eight had been consumed, and it is quite possible that he would have dropped off into a quiet sleep; in fact, he had settled himself for that purpose.

and looked straight before him. What was that black figure coming

The figure rapidly approached, and Leon darted behind the oak. He determined to see who it was.

Now she passed the oak, and as she did so, Leon almost uttered a loud cry of I'd like to see her?" exclaimed Sarah. apon her features! What does this

Ethel Danvers." Buttening up his cont, he followed her

"My darling, only a little longer, and can't. Tra-la, and may your baldness hever be more!" - [Detroit Free Press. And Rowland, stooping full in the moon's rays, imprinted a passionate kiss upon the heantiful face upturned to his,

beaming with a world of love. "You make me very, very happy, Rowland. I often wender whether there are any young girls in the world so happy

sands and thousands of hearts at this very moment are filled with love such as "Heaven bless them all!" said Grace,

"And now let us go to our old spot, my dear. There we can talk about the fu-So, with their arms entwined, and hap-

towards the summer-house. "I am sorry Ethel is indisposed," said "So am I, indeed; but she has not seemed well lately. There has been a restless, strange look in her eyes. I fancy.

were to be very ill." "Do you think she frets?" can have to fret about."

handsome and rich. I can't think what more she desires." "You are quite right, but-"

that I should very likely find you here. A boy has just delivered this note, sir." And he handed Rowland a letter. "How very annoying," cried Rowland,

As he read it his face assumed an expression of wonder, and when he had findoesn't stop drinking soon he'll have ished he sat down and read it to Grace. snakes in his boots." "Listen," he said, "what a strange thing, 'To Rowland Saxby, Esq.-Sir,-The writer of this has a most important that hasn't more self-respect than to be communication to make to you. He is seen in his company," now waiting for you at the outside gates of the house. Strictly private, What do

erally deemed far preferable to "shop" for the same place; for "shop" means, more probably, a factory. But when gentlemen who are known among their Colonel Knox tells us that "the Chinese more facetious friends as "tanks." I set store by" certain sorts of tea, and Professor White, late President of Corknow of men who for tifteen or twenty years have feamed against the bar regunell, speaks of sombody who "sets store on" certain theological fancies, we feel fortably boozy and then staggered off to bound to call a halt, and insist that the good noun "store" is being overworked, It is a clumsy and colloquial form of speech, quite without sense when set in type. - Frank Leslie.

A Warning. One of the most prominent merchants | citizens," was the eloquent reply,

A Smart Reply. "I beg pardon, but aren't you mistaken?" week at daybreak to buy postage stamps courteonsly said a gentleman to a pretty. That is what I call nure gall." And shak-

coming more and more amused as he indisposed. Never mind: I'll make the advanced until, when the thirtieth card most of it. I'll rest in solitude and make | was reached, his counsul was convulsed myself as miserable as possible under the | with laughter, and even the Judge found difficulty in keeping a straight face.

added, addressing the court, "I move that the case be abandoned." The two Suddenly, however, he sat bolt upright

without comprehending what everybody was laughing at. rapidly towards him? Was it a woman? "Now, that's a strange thing," muttered Leon. "What on earth does it mean? Yes; it is a lady, but who?" ways to the vain," observed the court as a woman of 40 came out with a flashy

bow tied to her throat, Nearer and nearer came the figure, and smartly impuired. Leon could see that whoever it was wished to escape being seen, for she kept | self?" well in the shadow of the trees.

astonishment. "By Heaven!" he muttered, looking at. bad bad bad. I shall have to send. "Deny it? Why-well, considering that her like one stupefied, "it is Ethel Dan- You up." vers! And what a terrible expression is mean? What mystery is here? Ah, she goes in the direction of the summeriouse. Is is a dishonorable thing to do, tended to. but I must see what this mystery is,

slowly but rationally.

"Of course there are, my pet. Thou-

"Amen to that?" replied Rowland, as he pressed the slight form closer to him .-

py beyond expression, walked the lovers

I should not be at all surprised if she

young society lady, and as they sat on "Frets? No: I don't know what she thing not only complimentary, but bril-"I wish she would yield to Leon. He the matter in his mind during a ten loves her so very, very much; and he is minutes' burst of silence, he said ;

Rowland was interrupted by the sudden appearance of one of the footmen, who, bowing respectfully, said: "Beg pardon, sir, but Sir Rowland said

own volley. tearing off the envelope. "Who can this be from?"

you think of that ?"

[To be Continued.]

"Store" and "Shop," The American use of the word "store," for a place where goods are sold, is gen-

of Rockingham, N. C., who had worn his "chin whiskers" for a number of years, been owing me a bill ever since I came on a trip to New York shaved smoothly, here. except his mustache. On his return home, which, by the convenient and ac- laughed the tuilkness gleefully, and the commodating schedule of the railroad, grocery man scratched his head till he ter of fact, is a poor worker. Too much was about 3 o'clock at might his wife ; stopped suddenly and darted for a pistol. His roice then revealed his identity just in time to save him from a burgiar's has got to keep his eyes open if he escapes

hop girl with whem he was dealing ing up four cents worth of "garbs" in a "of an a miss, but not yet taken, sir." bottle he put a label on it, raked a silver gentlemen, Ethel suddenly disappeared, she cople to with a bright blush and dollar into the drawer, and slid a quarter

TOO GOOD A MEMORY.

"You have a wonderful memory,

marked as you say they are 1 believe

did not mark them I don't believe you

know anything about what you've been

pretending to tell us. Your honor," he

persons most interested left the room

Fifty Per Cent.

"Sarah Ann Jones, the race is not al-

"Sarah, why won't you behave your-

"You are far, far from it. You are

"Judge, am I below par?"

"Well, possibly."

"You'll say thirty?"

'Am I good for 50 per cent.?'

Stories of Circus Life.

circuses of France and America.

She Answered.

either side of an ope, grate fire his heart

was full of a burning desire to say some-

liantly suggestive. So, after resolving

"Ah, Miss Lillie, why are those fire-

tongs so like Frederick? [He meant her

to guess, or him to tell her "because they

glowed in her service," or were prostrate

at her feet," or something of that kind.

Miss Lillie, looking so selenmly demuse

that the clock stopped, said she didn't

know unless it was because they had

two thin legs and a brass head. He was

groping blindly for the front door before

she had recovered from the shock of her

He Didn't Seem to Respect Guzzleby,

"I'm not."

"Why not?"

"Charlie, I'm afraid that if Guzzleby

"Why, there isn't a snake in the world

"Ah, but you know delirium tremens

"Then I'm sure Guzzleby won't have

Tippling "Tanks,"

men are varied in the extreme. But I

think the most incomprehensible of all

forms of amusement is that practiced by

larly every night until they got com-

How They Made it Out.

new grocery man of the milkman, as a

well-dressed men went by.

caught on .- Merchant Traveler.

back.

"Who is that old duffer?" asked the

"Why, he's one of our most trusted

Brooklyn Eagle: The amusements of

is only an affection of the mind."

The dude was visiting a charming

How the Cards Were Murked in a Little Poker Game, In a dingy little saloon on Worth street, says the New York Times, Antonio Martrangelo sat down to a game of cards with the proprietor, Joseph Chittading Autonio had won \$50, all

> wrath in the parent's heart. Children should not appear displeased with the regular courses at dinner and

the preserves. Do not close out the last of your somp by taking the plate in your mouth and pouring the liquid down your childish

neck. You might spill it, and it enlarges and distorts the mouth unnecessarily

The child should be taught at once not to wave his bread around over tha table while in conversation, or to fill his mouth full of potatoes and then converse in a rich tone of voice with someone out in the yard. He might get his digner down his trachea and cause his parents great anxiety.

with soup or with moist food, the child should be taught not to parboil his thumb in the contents of the dish and to avoid swallowing soup bones or other indigesti-Toothnicks are generally the lost course, and children should not be permitted to pick their teeth and kick the table through the other exercises. While grace is being said at table, children should know that it is a breach of good

"Who's going to have a race?" she "If there's a woman in this town who comes nearer being an angel than I do those insects might crawl out during the festivities and jump into the gravy. If a fly wasles into your jelly up to his spoon before all the guests, as death is at all times depressing to those who are at dinner and retards digestion. Take the fly out carefully with what naturally ad-

court's Les Freres Zemganno, and the Death Foretold by a Bream.

> When she awoke she felt greatly troubled, and the more she thought about the nintter the stronger the impression grew on her mind that the civid cenes in her dream had forefold the death of her parent. The time passed on and she received no news until a week after, when she told her husband that he must go to town; that she knew they would get a letter. He came walked in through the rain-and when he called at the post-office he received two fetters from his wife's brother, Win, Nerk of Castle. The first that he opened stated that their father had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and also stated that the night before the old man had dreamed that he had seen his daughter Mrs. Kessler, weeping. The other letter,

> fus!" are head from composing and editorial rooms. Then the proprietor salls "I sent him to the telegraph office with

In a little while cries of "Rufus," "Ru-

ville Screamer," says the editor, and "I told him to hurry up. "How long has he been goner" "Twenty minutes."

Good Lord!

usual, on the floor and went about his "Rufus, come here," says the editor, severely. The boy moves up lively. "You are getting to be as rapid" nake the surcasm -"a- a district belograph boy, Rufus; I timed you on that last ten-minute errand and it took you

He knows who pays his stlary and it.

"How do you make that out? He has "That's just how we make it out,"

The "Brugger's" Idea of Gall. "Yes," said the druggist, "there are Imposition. Why, blame their skins, men have waked me up three times this Hardd of Health

TABLE MANNERS OF YOUNG POLES. Bill Nye Throws off a Few Hints to

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the Children. Young children who have to wait till older people have eaten all there is in the house should not open the dining-room door during the meal and ask the host if he is going to eat all day. It makes the company feel ill at ease and lays up

then fill up on pie. Eat the less expensive food first and then organize a panic in

When asked what part of the fowl you prefer do not say you will take the part that goes over the fence bast. This remark is very humorous, but the rising generation ought to originate some new table jokes that will be worthy of the age

in which we live. Children should early learn the use of the fork and how to handle it. This knowledge can be acquired by allowing them to pry up the carpet tacks with this instrument and other little exercises such as the parent mind may suggest.

In picking up a plate or saucer filled

breeding to smouge fruit cake just be cause their parents' heads are bowed down and their attention for the moment turned in another direction. Children ought not to be permitted to find fault with the dinner or fool with the car while eating. Boys should, before going to the table, empty all the frogs and grasshoppers out of their pockets, or

"Then give me only half what you in-"I did intend to make it sixty days, heres to his person and wipe him on the table-cloth. It will demonstrate your perfect command of yourself and afford amusement for the company. Do not stand up in your chair and try to spear a "Thunks! I'd be good if I could, but I roll with your fork. Say "thank you" and "much obliged" and "beg pardon" wherever you can work in these remarks, as it throws people off their guard and There are only two really good stories gives you an opportunity to get in your of circus life, according to the Saturday Review. One of these is M. De Gonwork on the pastry and other bric-a-brac

near you at the time.

other is a little book for boys called Toly Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus Those who believe that dreams often written by an American named Otis. foretell death and other calamities have It is a sketch of the adventures and mishere a circumstance that will strengthen adventures of a little boy who runs away their belief, and those who are skeptical with a traveling circus, and falls into on that subject will and something unexevil company, and makes friends with a plainable and mysterious, something that certain monkey, whom he calls Mr. Stubbs cannot consistently be attributed to a and is betriended by the Fat Womanmere accident. Mrs. Katherine Kessler, goodnatured after her kind. Slight as the the wife of Philip Kessler, a German little book is, perhaps it succeeds as well citizen living four miles from Favettein giving a suggestion of life in one of the ville, Penn., the other night dreamed huge American traveling circuses as that her aged father, named Mathes does M. De Concourt's more labored Nerk, who resided at New Castle, Iowa, volume in describing the conditions and had died; that she had been with him circumstances of life in Parisian circuses. in his last sickness, was present when he So far as we know, these is no English expired and had seen the stamp of death story which does for the English circuses upon his features. what these books have done for the

> written a day or two afterward announced his death.

A Printer's Devil. Rufus, take these dispatches and run to the telegraph office with them," said, the editer to the printer's devil. The P. D. goes reluctantly.

and wants to know "where that apecials for The Boliver Bugle and Sky-

Six minutes later the boy came in on the rush as if he had run every footstep of the way. He bung his hin, as

precirely 25 minutes; what have you got o say for yourself? What yer given me; go by an egg," and the irrepressible boy turned on his heel and walked away in "what-dy-yer-

is not the editor. The P. D. is well-

of feeling in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a good man can do. The men who accomplish most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, methodical manner, timishing each job properly and not expending their nervous force in bustle,

Fors and Peather People. The basting, aurrying man, as a mat-

ing up dust. The habit of hurrying and

the saloon keeper had, and was about to She had listened until her heart seemed lines. This she directed "Rowland Saxby, gather in the last pot when Joseph drew bursting to the kisses given again and Ksq." and sealed up. a revolver, and threatened to kill him if he did not give back his winnings. The "Ha, ha!" she laughed, "I am as clever money was promptly returned, but Joas you are, Grace Thorne. Your time on But suddenly it came to her knowledge this earth is short, and then I shall be seph was later indicted for robbery. He was tried before Justice Cowing and exthat the lovers were in the habit of sitting free to try to win his love once more. No plained that Autonio had cheated him one will suspect it is I who was the cause And when this came to her knowledge, of her death. No, no; that would be imby marking the cards with his thumb mail, and he fully believed at the time he possible " demanded the return of the money that She determined to put a plan into exeten ma. es after this she joined her ention by which it was almost a certainty . ther, and was as cheerful as possible. it rightly belonged to him. "How did he mark the jack of clubs?" Truly, a most remarkable woman was asked Prosecutor Bedford. Ethel D.nvers. "Three straight lines in the upper corner," was the prompt reply. "And the ace of hearts." have been looking for you for some time. sauntered through the park, puffing laz-"A cross scratch near the middle," Where do you hide yourself!" was the answer. And the arm of Leon Catheart stole erable, unhappy wretch I am! No one The exact marks alleged to have been made on the backs of over 30 cards were to speak to! It is awful! And when I He had caught her in the park, where thought Ethel would go for a walk this tion by the prisoner, his audience be-