ind.
outjuper before you stop it, if stop
%out but scalawags do otherwise.—
havag—life is too short.

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Rowland, taking him by the arm.

The man nooded his head.

"How do you know!"

VOLUME XIX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1885.

NUMBER 47.

"I know it, sir. Oh yes, it's her, or I'm

Rowland waited to hear no more. He

The night was very dark, huge black

clouds floated overhead, giving signs of a

coming storm, the lake was in darkness,

and for some moments not one of the now

excited persons assembled on its banks

They were beginning to fancy that

what the gamekeeper had said existed in

his own imagination, when suddenly,

much after the manuer of a flash of

lightning, the moon burst through the

Simultaneously a cry of horror escaped

There, in the very centre of the lake,

The form of a female. Her face was

turned upward, her hands meekly crossed

upon her breast, and upon her brow was

It was indeed a striking and awful pic-

ture, and one which was never forgotten

Leon did not wait to run round the lake

Leon took her in his arms and followed

They were met at the entrance by Sir

Poor old Sir Rowland saw that what

the gamekeeper had said was correct, but

he felt he could not look at the unfortu-

nate Ethel, so turning his face away, he

tenderly upon the table in the sitting-

orange-blossoms, which she had fixed

tightly upon her brow by a small brooch

Pillows were brought and they laid her

They touched nothing. The wreath of

Grace and her mother begged hard to

Sir Rowland determined to wait until

be allowed to take one look, but they

the morning before the news of the dis-

covery of Ethel should be broken to her

But when the morning dawned two per-

Mrs. Danvers had passed peacefully

away in her sleep. A merciful Provi-

dence had spared her the agony of know-

ing that her daughter had taken her own

the very day that Rowland was to have

to their homes, and then the relatives

and friends of Mrs. Danvers and her

daughter were summoned to Blexley.

And, strange to say, this occurred on

One by one the guests sadly departed

Two days after being found, an inquest

was held upon Ethel, and after a most

minute investigation, the jury returned

the merciful verdict that "Ethel Danvers

was found drowned, but how she came

into the water there was no evidence to

Mother and daughter were laid side by

side, and at this present moment there

exists in Blexley Churchyard the granite

tombstone upon which is recorded their

names and ages, and any visitor may see

The marriage between Rowland and

Grace was delayed twelve months, but at

last Blexley was en fets, triumphal

arches were erected in the roads, the

bells rang a merry peal, and the lads and

lasses of Blexley and the surrounding

neighborhood footed it right merrily to

the tunes of the spirited band from Lon-

And though old Sir Rowland did not

The one desire of his life was eventually

fulfilled, and that was to live to nurse one

was more than fulfilled, for he lived to

After Rowland's marriage, Leon trav-

eled first from one part and then to an-

other-never at rest. But at last the

dart from Cupid's bow once more arrested

him. This time his wooing did not last

long, and in less than twelve months after

Rowland, he also was married, and, we

may add, he and his wife were very

* * * * * *

In a very ancient cabinet in Grace's

dressing-room is a mahogany box bound

with gold. It is carefully locked out of

sight, but when any of her relations or

dear friends visit her, Grace will take it

will open it and display a torn and tan-

gled, but still distinguishable - what!

A WEBATH OF ORANGE-BLOSSOMS

A Fordan Bailroad.

we settled down to quiet running-a

least I could keep my hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter. The conductor was

in halling distance. I looked up with a

ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheer.

Is Life Worth Living !

tor, 'we're off the track now.'

ly worth living !"

ful, and said: We are going a little

smoother I see . Yes, said the conduc-

Czarina, "Ah me! Life is scarce-

Czar (carnestly). "I don't know about

that, my dear. What are our trials com-

pared with those of an American baseball

some of the milways down in Georgia

Simply

out, tell them its history, and in the end

nurse no less than four.

join in the sports, he was none the less

it if he will slowly traverse the first

gravel path after entering the gates.

were gently but firmly denied.

sons lay dead in that house.

led Grace to the altar.

show."

Rowland, who had had the forethought

by the others, walked slowly to the house

It was a mournful procession.

to tell the ladies to keep inside.

allowed them to pass in.

for a boat, but tearing off his coat he

-s wreath of orange blossome!

and in the midst of several clusters of

could see any object in the water.

clouds and illuminated the lake.

the lips of all present.

lilies, was a white form.

by those who saw it.

tears.

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contentiary work either made or sold TIN ROOFING & SPECIALTY. Give me a ca and satisfy yourselves as to my rest and brices, and satisfy yourselves as to my Ebenshurz, April 15, 1885-tf.

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ERBNEBURG, PA. CHAPTER L.

THE WAGER.

well-dressed gentlemen were walking down the shady side of Piccadilly. The elder of the two could not have been mistaken for anything but a soldier. It was not only his bronzed complexion, luxuriant moustache, and his erect bearing, but there is a je ne sais quoi about a

As a matter of fact, Harry St. Albans was in the Guards, and was generally acknowledged to be one of the handsomest of that regiment of Adonises.

His companion was Horace Austen, who in order to avoid the stigma of being called an idle man, had chosen diplomacy as a profession No doubt he would have been an honor

to it, and have left a well-known name behind him, but, unfortunately, when his father died he had been left sole possessor of about fifteen thousand a year, together with the patrimonial acres in Leicestershire.

him to work under the circumstances, and accordingly he enjoyed life after his own fashion.

these two men, and it was probably the total dissimilarity of their natures and characters that made them such staunch friends. St. Albans was firm and determined, but

seldom lost his temper. He was studious -for a soldier, and cared but little for the empty chit-chat of society. He was very proud, and somewhat sensitive, and would rather suffer anything to embark in any enterprise, however

impossible. It was a favorite aphorism of his that there was no such word as "cannot" in the English language. Horace Austen, on the contrary, was

weak and vacillating, hasty and irritable, and would as soon have thought of running a mile as of reading for even an hour. He was as big a gossip as the proverbial "old woman," and was never happler than when detailing the latest on

With all this he was good-hearted and generous to a fault; his defects arose chiefly from want of thought, and were rather those of omission than commission. "She is certainly a most beautiful girl," observed Austen, curling the tips of his rather weakly little black moustache.

"But awfully proud," continued Austen. "I didn't think so," answered the

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed the little diplomatist, "to my certain knowledge she declined to dance with between twenty and thirty of the best partis in the room last night, and kept her card half empty. And when I said, 'My dear Miss Carlton, may I take the liberty of enquiring why you have refused so many dances? she turned her big eyes full upon me-you know the way she has, as though she were piercing you through and through-and replied: You may take the liberty, Mr. Austen, but I don't think I should, if I were you. 'Why not, Miss Carlton T I asked. Because it will be so much more pleasant for both of us if you will mind your own business."

A low laugh escaped from St. Albans as his friend concluded, and he observed: "That was awfully good! You must

have felt rather sat upon?" "Good, do you call it?" cried Austen with mock indignation. "By Jove, I did not think so, and I know if she hadn't have said something rude."

Besides, Isabel Carlton has something about her that seems to keep a fellow within bounds, you know," "Has she, indeed?" observed St. Albans with languid interest. "I must pay more

ably pretty girl, and waltzell better than any one I have danced with this year," answered the guardsman. "But you know, old man, I am not so impressible as you are, and don't go into raptures come across."

"You are a cold-hearted wretch, Harloveliest girls in town sighing for you, and you don't care a bit,'

"To tell you the truth," replied St. Albans, "although it may sound conceited, I strongly object to being run after. I like a woman to be perfectly feminine, and directly she begins to set her cap at, or encourages a man, she loses her chief charm."

"You needn't be afraid of her doing BOILER COMBINED different sort of girl to that." Frice,\$176&upmard

"Indeed!" "Don't you think so?" asked Austen. "Oh, I think she is very much like the rest of her sex," answered St. Albans;

way to work." "I am persuaded you have made a mistake this time. Of course I know the exerience you have had among the ladies, but Isabel Carlton is very different to the

majority of girls." "All right, Horace, if you like to think so," replied St. Albans; "but when you Our flice is opposite the U.S. Patent Of know as much about them as I do, you co, and we can obtain Patents in less time will scree with me that they are all alike. Some are a little better, some a

> exclaimed: "How are you, dear boys? What may

be the subject of conversation? It must be wonderfully interesting, for you have cut about half-a-dozen people who have bowed and nodded to you, knocked down four or five old women and children, cannoned against any amount of male pedestrians, and were finally about to pass me without recognition!"

The speaker was a friend of Austen's and an acquaintance of St. Albans. His name was Barbsly, he had traveled a good deal, and seemed to have brought

home the vices of the different countries he had visited.

He was a handsome man of the Machiavelian type of countenance. Dark, with pointed black moustache, large black eyes, low forehead, and thin lips with an habitual sneer ever upon

Horace Austen shook hands with him, and replied:

"We were arguing about a young lady we saw at the Countess of Argand's last night; St. Albans is such a lady-killer that he seems to imagine he has only to look at a girl, and she is immediately won. I was maintaining that this young lady would prove an exception to the rule." "Perhaps Captain St. Albans argues from experience," observed Barbsly with his usual satirical smile. "But may I enquire who the young lady in question

"Miss Carlton," replied Austen; "one of the finest girls in London." A slight change passed across Barbsly's countenance, but he regained his composure so rapidly that neither of his

companions noticed it. "I am acquainted with the young lady you have been speaking about," said he quickly, "and I am of your opinion, Austen, that in spite of his well known successes among the fair sex, he is boasting of what he would find beyond his

strength." "I was not boasting at all," remarked St. Albans quietly, "I merely observed that I thought Miss Carlton was constituted very much like other young ladies." "In what respect?"

"In that any decent-looking man, who chose to take the trouble, could win her," answered St. Albans.

"You are wrong, St. Albans," exclaimed Barbely, who had turned round and was now walking with the two friends; "you are wrong, I can assure you. I have known Miss Carlton for some time, and she is utterly without heart." "Do you think so!" asked the guards-

man negligently. "I am sure of it," replied Barbsly, in for him a somewhat excited manner; "and, what is more, I will back my opinion for five hundred-a thousand-any sum you like." "It is scarcely a thing I care for betting

"What, have you changed your mind?" cried Barbsly. "I thought so "I have not altered my opinion in the least," answered St. Albans; "but when I was at Eton it was not considered good form to bet about women; perhaps they have different ideas where you have been traveling. Where is it-Africa, South

about," answered St. Albans.

America, or Japan?" For a moment Barbsly clenched his teeth, and a lurid light shone in his eyes, but by a violent effort he succeeded in dismissing his emotion, and replied with a low mocking laugh:

"That's a very good excuse, St. Albans, but it won't hold water. You can't pretend to think that anything that occurred between us in confidence would ever be divulged. Whenever a man contradicts differs from me, I always like him to back his opinion, unless, indeed, he has conscientious scruples; but you are not a Quaker, Captain St. Albans, are you?" "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Austen. "Take his bet, Harry. It is only a bit of fun, of course, and will never be known beyond

ourselves." "I don't like it," said St. Albans. "Will you retract your opinion then!" "No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied the guardsman. "I'll take your wager.

How much shall it be?" "Whatever you like." "Say five hundred pounds, then." "All right," agreed Barbsly, pulling out

a little betting-book, and making a note. "And what length of time will you take to bring this haughty young lady down to her bearings !" "Shall we say three months?"

"Oh, you had better take until Christmas," answered the other; "it will give you more chance; and you will require all that time-and a year or two longer." "Just as you like," said St. Albans careleasly.

"Then it stands as follows," exclaimed Barbsly, looking at his book: "Captain St. Albana bets Marcus Barbsly five hunton within the space of six months; dated

dred pounds that he will win Isabel Carlthe 13th of June, 18-7 "That will do," replied the guardsman listlessly; then turning round he added: "We are going down St. James's-street;

which way are you traveling?" This hint was too plain to be resisted. Barbely colored deeply, and was about to make a remark, but controlling himself

"I am going straight on. Bye-bye." "Why did you get rid of Barbsly like that?" enquired Austen as soon as they were alone.

"Because the fellow is such a consummate cad," answered St. Albans, "I never could bear the man, but after this afternoon's business, I dislike him more than

"What has he done?" asked Austen. "Why, your own common sense ought to tell you," responded the guardsman, who was more put out than his friend had ever seen him. "In the first place he had no right, as a gentleman-which he is supposed to be-to offer to bet about Isabel Carlton; and then seeing that I did not care about it, it was a most ill-bred thing for him to force the wager upon me in the manner in which he did I" "But if you didn't like it," inquired Austen, "why did you accept it?"

"Because I'm a fool," answered St. Al-"No, Harry, you are not a fool," observed Austen; but-" "Look here, old man," interrupted his

friend, "let us drop the subject please. I am sick of it, and for two pins I'd send the fellow his money and scratch the CHAPTER II. A GOOD COMMENCEMENT.

After this Austen held his peace, and they continued to walk on in silence. They had just arrived at the end of the street, and were about to cross over. when a sudden exclamation from his friend drew St. Albans attention to an old gentleman who was reastling nearly in he centre of the roadway.

Owing to a levee that was being held at the palace, St. James's-street was crowded with vehicles of all descriptions from the humble hansom to the dashing drag. In the midst of this crowd of carriages the old gentleman was standing, leaning

upon a stick. He had succeeded in crossing half over. and then, hemmed in on every side, he was unable either to advance or refreat. "By heavens!" exclaimed Austen, "he ' that bea gits"

A WREATH OF ORANGE will be knocked down and run over. BLOSSOMS.

> not a living man. She is floating among On the following morning, just after the weeds. She is-" breakfast, Grace came hurriedly into the sitting-room in which Rowland was seatrushed wildly from the house followed by ed. She looked scared and excited. Leon and several gentlemen.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Rowland, rising and folding her in his arms. Why, Rowland, what should you think! I cannot find my wreath." "Your wreath? Why, is it not in the Without the slightest hesitation St. Al-

"No, the box is empty."

locked it."

"Strange! Well, you must have mislaid it." "No, indeed: that would be impossible. for previous to my accident it was in the box, and I placed it in my trunk and

"Oh, quite. I recollect that I showed it to Ethel, and after that I put it away again.

"Well, that is most extraordinary. How on earth could it have vanished! Did you lock your trunk? But there, no one would take such a thing as a wreath of orange-blossoms. It is, putting it in the words of the advertisements, of no value except to the owner.' Had you not better question the servants!"

think it will be of much use. Surely none of them would tamper with such a thing. At this moment Sir Rowland entered, followed by Mrs. Danvers.

"I will, a little later on, but I don't

"Rowland," said his father, "have you seen snything of Ethel?" "This morning?" "Aye, my son."

"No, indeed. In fact I have not seen her since yesterday morning." "Nor I," said Grace. "Gracious Heavens!" cried Sir Rowland, "where can the girl be?" "My poor child!" moaned Mrs. Danvers,

falling into the nearest seat. "What has happened !" asked Rowland, amazed beyond measure. "She is not in her room," said Mrs. Danvers, "and her bed has not been

"Surely you are mistaken!" cried Grace, turning very pale. "No, no. There is no mistake, she has on either side, they did not attempt to "Gove. But where would she got I-"

The maid now appeared at the door, her apron to her eyes, and in one hand she held a letter. on you," said the old gentleman. "Seven "Have you examined her boxes?" asked sharp! You can show your friend the Sir Rowland. "Yes sir. But there are no dresses

missing. Everything is in the same place as I put them yesterday morning, after assisting her to put on her white satin. But in one of the boxes I found this letter," handling it to Mrs. Danvers; it is addressed to you, madam." Mrs. Danvers eagerly took the letter

"Bye-the-bye, you never told me you and tore it open. All bent over her, and suddenly Grace and Rowland uttered cries of astonish-And well they might, for the first thing

Mrs. Danvers brought forth was a long tress of shining dark hair. There could be no mistake about it; all "I say, old man," said St. Albans in a recognized it as Ethel's. Around it was a slip of white paper,

and upon that these words: "TO ROWLAND SAXBY, This keep in remembrance of me." Mrs. Danvers sank again into a seat. Handing the letter to Rowland, she requested him to read it.

Her eyes were blinded with tears. Rowland did as desired, and in a low voice read as follows:

DEAR MOTHER.—Ere this letter is in your hands I shall have left you never to return. Ab, me! You, and you alone, knew how well and rully, how passionately, I loved Howland. [Rowland started, and Grace hung her head] And oh, to think that my love was so totally ignored for Grave. Why is it that he loves her so well, I wonder? Well, well, that matters not now. It is past. I have taken my resolve. Without him, life is not worth having. But not only does he not love me, but one whom at one time did, loves me not. He acorns me because I—but that I will leave him to speak about if he thinks proper. Mother, some time ago Rowland gave Grace a wreath of orange-blossoms. They were worn by his mother on the day she was married, and he intended Grace to wear them on her wedding day. But she will navor wear them, Never! When next you see me, you will flud them fixed firmly upon the brow of your unbappy daughter Ernett.

"Farowell! May Heaven have mercy upon voice read as follows:

"Farowell! May Heaven have mercy upon A deathlike silence prevailed for some few moments, broken only by the sobs of

Mrs. Danvers and Grace. At length Sir Rowland, rousing himself, cried: "Rowland, quick, order the servants to search the house, and assist yourself. I

will go and collect the keepers and we will search the grounds." And search they did, and no one was more eager than Leon, but they searched

in vain. When night came on, unknown to Mrs. Danvers, the lake was searched, but no, there was no sign of the missing Ethel. She had vanished completely, but where? Attired as she was, it was certain she could not have gone far.

suddenly plunged from happiness into gloom and misery. CHAPTER VII. Another week passed away. Search had been made in every direction for

Alas! The party at Blexley House was

Ethel, advertisements had been scattered broadcast over the country, calling upon her in endearing terms to return. From the time of Ethel's disappearance Mrs. Danvers had been laid upon a bed of sickness-ay, and dying, slowly but

surely, of a broken heart. One evening, or rather night, Sir Rowland and his son, Leon, and Grace with her mother, and numerous guests, were seated in the drawing-room discussing the advisability of employing the services of experienced detectives, when the footman announced that one of the gamekeepers wished to see Mr. Rowland at

"Show him in," said Rowland. The man hastily entered, but no sooner had he done so, than the gun he was carrying dropped with a loud thud to the floor. He was violently agitated, and ked around at the guests with a frightened stare.

"What is it, man?" cried Rowland. The man opened his lips but no sound issued from them. Rowland rang the bell violently, and

umpire?" desired the servant to immediately bring brandy. Hamlet's Advice to the Players. This was done and the man drank off a Western Tragedian (as Hamlet, to first large glass. Then be said in trembling player)-"Speak the speech, I prarray ye, tones: "Oh, Master Rowland, do come to

Advertising Rates. The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-nua Frankan commends it to the lavoraple con-sideration of advertisers, whose havors will be in-serted at the following low rates: 5 months ...

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Remarkable Effects of the Inhalation of Naphtha.

A remarkable effect was produced the other day on some thirty young woman employed at a large India rubber works by inhaling the fumes of naphtha used on the premises. One after another they began to dance, while uttering shrill peased laugh ter and throwing their limbs about in an traordinary fashion. The infection rapidly spread among those who had not come under the influence of the naphtha, and in a few minutes the whole place was in an uproar. The manager sent in all hasts for half a dozen doctors. On their arrival the excited workwoman rushed on them, laughing like maniaes, and before the were aware of it these venerable practs tioners were dragged and pushed into the work room, where they were forced against their will to join the frantic dance, waltzing, polkaing, jumping and whisling is spite of their vigorous protests. On resovering from their surprise they made tremendous efforts to get away from the mad crowd. Most of the women had to be carried out by main force and conveyed home in cabs. On getting into the open air their excitement gradually calmed down; but work had to be suspended at

the factory during several hours. George Washington on His Travels, A few days ago a stranger stopped for the night at a village hotel in Iowa, and, as he wrote the name of " George Wash. ington" on the register, he remarked to

plunged in, and shortly the body of the "You have probably heard of me ?" unfortunate girl was lying upon the bank. "No-o-a; can't say that I have." What! Never heard of Washington?" As they looked at that wet form, and "No. I know lots of folks, but they noticed the peaceful expression upon her are named Jones, Brown, Smith, or face, more than one strong man burst into something of that sort. What's your per-

> tickler lay? Why, I'm the Father of My Country." "Yes. Well, that's all right and perfectly respectable, I suppose. Our rates are a dollar a day, and you won't find any bugs in the bed." Next morning, as the stranger went to

> settle his bill, the landlord seemed a bit embarrassed, and said : "I was telling the family last night that you was George Washington. My boy said as how he had read about you in his school books.

> " Yes, I'm the man." "I went and hunted up a reader, and I see that you fit the British ?"

" And finally licked him ?" " Yes. sir."

"Wall, that was real good in you. About a mile up the road I've got the nicest lot of turnips in the State of lower If the stage will stop for you, you can pull all you can eat, but if you knock any rails off the fence please put 'em back again. George Washington, eh. I'l write that name down so as to remember

A Nation of Smokers. The Burmese are a nation of smokers. Every man, woman and child, from the king downward, may be said to smoke immense cheroots four or five inches long, made of a coarse leaf rolled up and filled with wood chips, raw sugar and a dash of tobacco, according to tasts. One of these cheroots, once lit, frequently passes round the entire family circle, not forgetting even the smallest member of it. The practice of tattooing the body from the waist to the knees may almost be said to be universal among the male population. The operation is extremely painful, and in most cases it is performed in instalments; but some with stronger nerves, or by the aid of opium, have it done at one time. The absence of tattoo marks is regarded as not very creditable; and those without them wear their dress in such a way that the want shall not be too evident. The origin of tattooing has been much disputed. The Burmess are fond to a surprising degree of gumbling, amusements and sports, or of anything that will excite them. Boat racing is a national sport, while boxing, foot, racing and wrestling afford an endless fund of amusement. The tng of war is a favorite amusement of theirs, into which they throw themselves with great rest --

[London Graphic.

No Change. "Got cider here?" he asked of a farmer on the market.

" Fresh ?"

- Just made vesterday." "I used to make cider myself." " Did you "" " Thousands of barrels. Ten years ago the proportion used to be six gallons of water to every barrel of older. I wanted

to ask you if there had been any change "Guess not: haven't heard of any," was the candid answer .- Detroit Free

at least of his son's children. Ay, but it Press. The Whisky Tost.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently and tinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep. Patrick asked him: 'An' how'll we know, Jimmy, when

you're dead-you're after wakin' up ivery "Ah, thin, bring me a glass of grog, an' say to me, 'Here's till ye, Jimmy, 'an' if I don't rise up and drink, then bury me."

Crear Proposes. What was Casar's temperament? He was very resolute

Did he ever fall in love" He did. Where did Cresar fall in level

With whom did he fall in love? A Gallic or a German maiden. What historical evidence can you produce in support of all this?
It is said, when Cosar come to the

Rhine he immediately proposed to Bridget

(bridge 11)

Curing the Measter. A ludy who and two children, sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion the lisdy who inquired about the pickles re-ceived the remedy for the measles, and the anxious number of the sick children read with horror the following; "Sould them three times in very hot vincurar, sprinkle them with salt and in a very few

A thief on his trial retused in he seems.

The Decline of Politics. Angry Old Gent .- "Now then, I thought

is an experience of the second of the second

are a little shaky. The old Jerkwater line is especially boose in the joints. A commercial traveller relates a little experience while bounding over that road We were whooping along," he said, eat the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the old train was weaving terribly. I expected every minute to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one and of the car to the other. I held on like grim death to the arms of my seat. Presently

days they will be cared." HOBSON'S (HOREL

"Or what use," queried be, "will my evidence If I tell what's not true, the Old New will get - Francis E. Lempp in the Contury.

I told you children not to play around this stoop. If you don't clear out this instant I'll have you attrested. Do you hear me? I'll have you all taken to Eldest Naisances with you can't skeer

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WON FOR A WAGER.

It was a warm afternoon in June as two

military man that always betrays him to the careful observer.

Of course there was no necessity for

There was a great difference between

than it should be imagined that he feared hazardous, or that he considered anything

"Yes," replied St. Albans, rather ab-

guardsman.

been such a deuced pretty girl I should "You'd only have been sorry afterwards," remarked St. Albans. "I suppose I should," replied Austen.

attention to her. I was only introduced to her last night, you know."
"And didn't you think she was charm-"I only noticed that she was a remark-

over every pink and white complexion I ry," laughed Austen. "Here are half the

that!" exclaimed Austen. "She's a very "I haven't thought much on the subject," replied the guardsman carelessly. "But honestly, old man," said his friend earnestly, "what is your opinion of her?"

"easily won if a man only goes the right "You are wrong, Harry," cried Austen.

As he spoke the old gentleman was standing erect, eyeing the approaching vehicles defiantly. At this moment a handsom cab dashed round the corner at full speed, the driver

whipping up his animal to renewed speed. In an instant St. Albans took in the Before a warning could possibly be given or understood, the cab would have passed over the prostrate body of the old

ing some and bending under others, he threw himself in front of the helpless old The next moment the hansom was upon them. With a grasp of iron St. Albana seized

the horse's reins close by the bit.

Pushing past the horses' heads, dodg-

bans sprang into the road.

Then exerting his immense strength, he forced the animal back upon his haunches. The cabman now commenced to be abusive, but, fortunately, a policeman made his appearance, and St. Albans was enabled to land the old gentleman with

safety upon the pavement. "My dear sir," he exclaimed, holding out both his hands, "you have saved my life! What more can I say? I was all through the Crimean campaign, and witnessed some gallant actions, but I never saw anything to beat your pluck and promptitude of action?"

'My dear sir, pray don't mention it," replied St. Albans, "I only stopped a horse." "And lucky for me you were there to stop it, or I shouldn't be standing here now," answered the old man.

Then catching sight of Austen, whom

he had not noticed before, owing to his excitement, he exclaimed: "Ah, Austen, my young friend, I am glad to see you. Doubly glad because you can do me the favor of introducing me to this gentleman." "With pleasure, general," replied Austen. "Allow me to introduce you: Gen-

eral Carlton, Captain St. Albans-Captain

St. Albans, General Carlton."

"More than pleased, sir, to make your acquaintance," cried the general, "and a very lucky acquaintance for me. And now what are you young gentlemen going gaged, you must come and dine with me." "Only too happy," answered St. Albans. "Very good. Then I shall depend up-

way, Austen. Until then good-bye." A hearty shake of the hand and they parted; the old general going in one direction, and the two friends in the other. "What a curious coincidence," exclaimed St. Albans. "I might have waited for five years if I had tried for such a thing."

"Deuced strange," said Austen.

were on familiar terms with the family," continued the guardsman, "or even that you knew the old gentleman." "You didn't give me an opportunity," replied Austen, coloring slightly; "you shut a fellow up so that he has no chance to say half he wants to."

low deep voice, and looking searchingly at him as he spoke; "there's nothing between you and this girl, is there! If so, for Heaven's sake, speak out, and Barbsly and his bet may all go to the deuce together for what I care!" "No, indeed, Harry," answered Austen. "She cares no more for me than she does for you. I admire her, of course, as any-

tion of the beautiful, but she certainly does not return my admiration." "That is all right then," remarked St. Albans. "Now let us go in and have a brandy-and-soda." The motion was agreed to, and carried. After which came a game of billiards, and then they adjourned to their chambers in

one would who had the slightest percep-

order to dress for dinner. It was about a quarter to seven as they alighted from their hansom at the general's door, and as they were going up the steps the general himself drove up. They entered together, and Carlton

"Come upstairs, my boy, and let me introduce my daughter to the man who saved my life." They entered the drawing-room where two young ladies were seated. Isabel Carlton and her cousin, Lucy Isabel Carlton was a magnificent bru-

nette, with very large eyes, gorgeous hair, and a clear pale complexion. Her form was most voluptuously moulded, and her features were as regular and as perfect as though they had been cut from marble. Lucy Meredith, on the contrary, was a blonde, petite, with blue eyes, and golden hair, her little nose a trifle "tip-tilted," as the Poet Laureate expresses it, and innocent mischief lurking in every dimple. There was nothing regular in her countenance, and yet the

tout ensemble made a charming face. "Oh, papa," cried Isabel, rising as her father came in, "what has made you so late! We were getting quite anxious!" "You may well have felt anxious, my dear," replied the general. "For if it bad not been for this gentleman I should nev-

"What do you mean, papa?" gasped

er have returned alive."

Isabel, looking from one to the other as though to ascertain the signification of her father's words. "I don't understand." "Why, my dear, I was in the middle of St. James's-street, crossing over, when my gouty foot gave me a reminder. I waited for half a minute, and then I saw a cab charging down upon me, as hard as the man could drive; I couldn't get out of the way, and I gave myself up for lost. Suddenly Captain St. Albans dashed in among the vehicles, laid hold of the horse, forced him back, and got me safely on to the pavement. By-the-bye, how did you manage that, St. Albans? Upon my soul, I believe you carried me. Never mind, here I am, safe and sound, and now I'll run away and dress, while you thank the gentleman who saved your poor old

[To be Continued.]

Rible Revision. Perhaps the revision of the Bible was unnecessary after all. The Boston historian is impelled to this reflection by a sage remark which was uttered in his hearing in a street-car the other day. On the opposite side of the car were two women, who were talking rather loudly. Sald one: Did you know Sarah had had another lot of money left her by her consin's will?" "Law me" exclaimed the other, "the

the lake; she is there!" All leaped to their feet. They knew Rible never said a truer word than them what the man meant.

"In the lake, do you mean, man!" cried

as I pr-r-ronounce it tew ye, tr-r-rip-peeuglee on the teongue; but if ye me-outh it as many of your-r play-yer-rs doo, I had as her the term are rier spake ma