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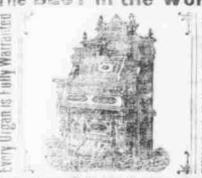
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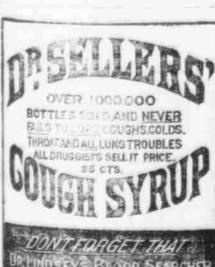
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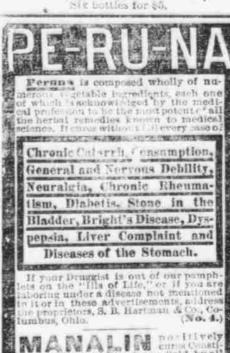
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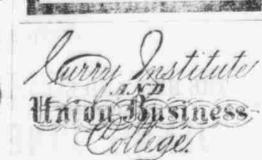
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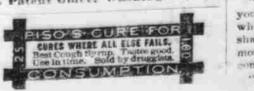
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#### A CHILD OF THE STREETS.

CHAPTER VI. In the billiard-room of the Vagabond Clab, Covent Garden, sat a dozen or so of idlers, smoking and gossiping, one bright May afternoon. They had wondered over the latest marriage in high life, laughed at the newest bon mot, discussed the day's news from Zulu-land, whispered the choicest social scandal, and prophesied

respecting the weather. Suddenly the door opened, and a man entered, dressed in a brown velvet coat. All present looked up as he sauntered in. "Well, old man, you are quite the stranger here. What's the little game now? Some fair one in the question, I bet, since you keep it so dark. What a chap you are! Now, confess where you have been hiding yourself." "Hiding myself? Well, I don't know

what you mean by that? Haven't I been visible on the boards every night since May set in I" replied the new comer. "That's true enough; I spent half-aguinea on you last night, I thought I'd like to hear 'the great Gabriel' for myself. You don't do it badly. You were in very

good singing form in 'Faust,' old fellow,' said Wenthworth Arkwright. "Ye-e-s, my voice is pretty fit just now," was Gabriel's quiet answer, as he complacently smoothed his throat with one of his hands that was ablaze with large rings

set with rare stones. "Well, what's the news, Signor Singer, eh?" asked Ribald Drake, the sculptor. "News? Well, first of all the Leopardi has caught the German measles."

"No!" was the general exclamation .-"Never! What, a prima donna succumb to such a prosaic complaint? I say, that's a bad look out for the company. Tell you what, there'll have to be a 'round robin' got up and sent to Fleur de Marie, or, begging her pavdon, Lady Newen, as she is now, imploring her to take pity on the public and give us her Marguerite, Violetta, and Elies, and all her inimitable repertoire just to give the fair Lorita time to get rid of the spots and infection, and get out of quarantine. Oh, 'pon my soul, it's a good joke to think of Norma sick

"Don't see the joke," remarked Arkwright, "but what's that you said of the Fleur de Marie? Sho's out of England, I thought."

My child, you shock me with your lamentable ignorance. Evidently you don't read the newspapers, or you would have seen the announcement that Sir Cuthbert and Lady Newen had arrived at their house in Bedford square for the season. I bet it's no news to someone, eb. Gabriel P

"Well, I certainly had heard of their return to England," replied Gabriel, deprecatingly, which was a strange statement, considering that a few hours before he had told a casual acquaintance

that the Newens were fixtures in Hyderabad for another five years at least. "I say, Gabriel," said a young mancrossing the room to where the singer was standing. "I want you to do me a favor. You know the Newens, don't you? I mean intimatery, well enough to intro-

duce a fellow, ch F "Well, yes, I suppose I do. You see little Mysic and I are old friends, as she said in her last letter."

"Which, perhaps, you might find it difficult to produce," snecred a voice be-

Gabriel turned hastily, and saw Andrew Brevet at his elbow, his face white with passion and his hands twitching nervousy. Gabriel looked at him insolently with cool effrontery.

"Oh, you may stare, Signer Gabriel, but remember, I know you, what you are and what you were; and I also know, equally well the lady of whom you speak so lightly. Gentlemen, I feel confident that there is not one word of truth in the statements he has made. I am certain that he could not snow you one line of a letter of the familiar nature he would wish you to imagine, written by Ludy Newen to him since her marriage. know that at the time she left England she cast him aside completely, as unweathy of her friendship, having entirely forfeited her esteem. Is it likely, men, that happily married as she is to such a man as Sir Cuthbert Newen, she would carry on a regular and confidential correspondence with one who had deceived and insulted her in every way possible to a end and a coward." Andrew Brevet paused at Inst, breath-

less with anger and indignation. Gabriel's lips quivered with ill-concealed passion as he turned to the pro-

on. Honet, if you were not an old "You would hanch me down sie! Do-

That will after I you may entisfaction. I have had my say, and unmasked a lying "Mr. Brevet." broke in Gabriel, hoarse

"Yes, I mean a lying boaster, and I repent it. You may strike me, if you choose. To knock down a defenceless, whiteheaded man would be consistent with the rest of your cowardly conduct. If you | settled the point. He held open the door, have been in correspondence with Lady Newen, as you breat, all I say is-prove it. I do not believe you have received one letter from Lady Newen since her marriage, and I think that unless you can

prove your words, no one in this room will place any faith in them; eh, gentlemen ?" "That's fair enough," said one. "Come, come; prove it, Cabriel; that's easily done," chimed in another.

Produce the letter from dear little so exasperated Gabriel that he felt like Nero, who wished that all the Romans rad one neck that he might wring it. "I refuse to produce the proof in the Our flice is opposite the U.S. Fatent Of form of the said letters, which are not of fice, and we can obtain Patents in less time a nature to be passed from hand to hand, form of the said letters, which are not of

> "Oh, oh, oh," was heard in all the They crossed a short passage, dark as Andrew Brevet took up his hat and | sank into his boots, (inlaried threw open a walked out in disgust, slamming the door | door and almost dragged Mysis into the

> "And if you desire it, I will prove to the threshold, where she stood, with her you how great is my influence, and of | bood fallen back on to her shoulders and what nature the friendship is which I | her cheeks aflame? She turned and fixed share with Lady Newen, in a way far her eyes searchingly on Galariel, who more undeniable than even by the letters," | could not meet her gaze. Suddenly she continued Galariet haughtity. "Flow?" Show your calds " Tis easy A Silence had fallen on the suggest your

to talk." "Where are the proofs?" Such remarks can through the room.

"On the evening of the 15th inst., that is, next Saturday week, I believe that you, Ribald Drake, purpose giving a petite souper for the entertainment of the ladies belonging to Brunetti's company. Well, according to the cards of invitation, one of which I received, I am at liberty to bring a triend with me. What will you may if I escort Lady Newen herself?" "You can't do it. You'll never compass

it. I'll lay you a hundred even you don't bring her," exclaimed Archie Freeland, excitedly thumping the table with his fist. "Done," said Gabriel, making a note of the bet in his pocket-book. "You are witnesses, gentlemen. Till we meet again at Drake's supper table, on revoir, messicurs," and with these words the singer strode to the door, and left his friends to discuss his affairs, and calculate his chances of

success.

Lady Newen sat in her boudoir in Bedford-square alone. It was a charming little room, essentially feminine, a delicious nest of old lace, blue china, and velvet, with Venetian looking-glasses, and Dresden figures, and pretty porcelain brackets fixed up against the canary-tinted walls. Lady Newcn sank down on the softest of yielding divans, and took up a letter which lay open on the table near at hand. It was from her husband in Paris, where he had been delayed, as he wrote, on diplomatic business much beyond the time he had first expected. It was a loving note, bidding his wife take care of her dear self for his sake, and to keep the warmest of welcomes for her truant on his return. "I shall probably not be home for another week, but shall be able to say for certain to morrow. I think, however, perhaps I had better advise you to ex-

pect me when you see me, so you will not be disappointed." Lady Newen missed her husband's pleasant society. She had grown to feel very decided laye for him during the we years in Calcutta following her marthere, and she did not like his being away. Perhaps she had tallen into a semi-slumber over her visions of the past, and her castle-building, at any rate, she started to her feet as a loud double-knock sounded through the quiet house.

She mechanically smoothed her ruffled vellow hair (which is a sort of instinct with women, from the dairymaid to the duchess), and a bright light shone in her home soft blue eyes.

No one else could come at this hour. Oh, is;" and Mysie ran to the door and open-On the threshold stood the butler, and

behind him, in the shadow, Gabriel Cole. Lady Newen drew back for a moment into the room, while the pale color deepened to crimson in her cheeks. Then addressing the butler, she said: "Morris, this is not a usual hour to ad-

mit callers." Then turning to Gabriel: "Mr. Cole, I am sorry I cannot see you this evening. I trust your business is not of such a pressing nature but that it can wait till to morrow. I never am at home to any one, except my husband, after six," and she moved away. The servant went down stairs.

"Pardon me for my intrusion, Lady Newen," was Gabriel's formal reply; "but the business which brings me here to-night is of a most urgent nature, as you will allow when I acquaint you with it. I must speak with you. It is a matter of life and death," and he opened his big black eyes, and looked very ominous and tragic.

"Come in, then," she replied, a little impatiently. "I am listening. Be scated." And she preceded him into the boudoir, and stood on the rug by the fire, awaiting his news, while she carclessly warmed her hands and turned her rings round on her white fingers.

"I come, as I say, bound on an errand most urgent. I come from a dying woman, to beg you to follow me to her bedside, and since her hours are numbered, she wishes to make her peace with God and man. She feels she needs your forgiveness before her soul can find rest .-She has sent me to you, begging you to go to her while yet there is time!

"What do you mean? Who is this dying woman who wishes to see me?" asked Mysie, turning a startled face from contemplating the fire.

"Lorita Leopardi. Can you refuse the last petition of one who even now may be passing beyond the reach of your forgiveness? Even now she may--" "Stay; I will not refuse. I will follow

you instantly. Wait for me." And litting the parteirs, she glided into an adjoining room. When she returned, her face and form

were hidden by a long, black, fur-lined clock, with hood drawn down over the Myde's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes shone with excitement.

"I am ready to follow you. Do not let and pale with fury, and coming closer to us delay longer, or we may be too late." For a moment trabuled hositated—the part he was about to play seemed so utterly contemptible. But the horrible alternative of losing the wager, and becoming the laughing-stock of London, soon and Myric swept down the staircase,

> two walked onickly across the sonare. and down a side street, till they came to the cal-tand. It was a silent drive. Mysic's heart beat fast with great anxiety lest she might even now arrive too late. Gabriel, for

Clabrid spened the front door, and the

once, was feeling really nervous as to the issue of this adventure. Suddenly the hanson, came to a standstill. Galariel threw back the doors with Mysic," specred a third, and so on; and a much noise, and, perhaps, a little brava-chorus of banter and chaff followed which do, held out his hand to Mysic, dismissed the cab, and then offered his arm to his

There were bright lights in an upper window and the gayest sounds of receive. She followed Gabriel up a short winding . tairease, dimit lighted. As they as-Lemi langhter, clinking of glasses, bass have received those letters, that is refrain, and a babel of women's chatter

room. But she retreated at once on to

seemed to grasp the situation.

ty. The glasses no longer passed from hand to hand; the laugh and the song were hushed. All eyes were turned on the figure in the doorway, in the furlined cashmere cloak and the shining, pale

"There is either a strange mistake or a wilful deception here. I ask you, Signor Gabriel, to explain it to me, for I am unwilling to believe you could act such a cowardly, contemptible part as to bring me here under false pretenses."

Gabriel shifted his position uneasily from one leg to another, and did not reply. He felt what a very foolish figure he made-like a clown by the side of a seraph. Finally, plucking up his innate impudence, he threw back his head, and offering his arm to Lady Newen, said "Come, Mysic; why take matters so

seriously? Own that I acted the little

fraud vey cleverly-completely took you

in, ch! Well, come, don't bear malice. I'll be candid and tell you. I was rather short of coin, and in order to raise the wind, as the saying is, I accepted a wager to bring you here." "Do you mean to say you have dared to make me the subject of a wager? You have won it in a worthy way, truly. I tell you all here, that this-I cannot call him a man-came to my house, pleading his excuse for the lateness of the hour on account of the urgency of his errand. He told me he came from the death-hed of a dying woman, who wanted my forgiveness before her soul could find rest, and I, belleving his words, followed him, and here

a coward! Good-night." "Stay, Lady Newen, allow me to be your escort home. The hour is late, you st not go alone."

I am. I have no more to say, but good-

night. Signor Gabriel, you are a liar and

Mysie turned and saw George Curzon. "Pardon my presence here, and, believe me, I knew nothing of this wager that Cole had made. Had I done so, I should have warned you long ago of his intentions, and thus set you on your guard against him."

She looked at his earnest face and could not doubt his truth. She held out her "I do believe you, Captain Curzon, and

I will accept your escort home;" and without another word she took his arm, and the door closed behind them, There was silence during the drive

"If you please, my lady," said the butford square, "Sir Cuthbert serived sud-I am glad he has returned. Yes, here he denly after you left, and enquired for you. I told him you had gone out with Signor Gabriel, and I did not know when you would be back, and he gave me this note for you, my lady." "Is he not at home, then? When will

> he return?" "I do not know, my lady. I do not think he will return to-night." "Give me the note. Thank you. You

> can close the house now, Morris. Goodnight, Captain Curzon, and I shall not forget the service you have rendered me to-Don't say a word about it. I could not

do less, Lady Newen. Good-night." Mysic went up to her own room and shut the door; then she opened the folded

"I imagined from the tone of your letters to me interfy that you felt lonely med missed my secrety. I returned at us early a date as new-bie to please and surprise you, neglection most organt ansiness for your sale. I arrived home at 10:30, and I food from Morris that you had just left the house with Gabriel, without saying when you should return. I shall leave for Paris by the morning train to Bover. You know my address. If you have any excuse of explanation to make for your strange conduct you can write.

The letter fell into Mysic's lay. The letter fell into Mysie's lap.

"That man seems to pursue me like fate, and always comes between me and happiness." \* \* \* \* \* \*

George Curzon returned to the suppertable in Jermyn-street. The "moths" had forgotten the tiresome little contretemps, complimented Gabriel on his assurance, and laughed and sang as shrilly as before Lady Newen had appeared. When the tumult was at its loudest, and the kissingcup was being passed with much merriment from lip to lip, the door suddenly opened and George Curzon entered. He was greeted with many sallies and much

gay banter. "Ah," sneered Gabriel, rising to bis feet, "here comes the preux cheralier des dames, the champion of deceived matrons. It must be a very long way to Bedfordsquare, judging by the hour. However, we must not grudge him a midnight tetea-tete with the loveliest lady in London." There was a chorus of laughter, in which Gabriel joined, but his laugh soon changed into a groan as he staggered backwards, blinded by a blow from Curzon's fist, administered between the eyes. Gabriel rushed at his opponent, and re-

ceived a second blow in his month, which brought the blood and cut his lip open. Then Curzon left the room, and walked downstairs. Gabriel, maddened by drink and passion, followed him. "Don't think you'll have it all on your

side, you carsed coward," he hissed as they stood in the doorway. "What, haven't you had enough? There, then, take that," and Curzon dealt him a simushing blow just under the jaw close by the right ear.

Gabriel fell backwards heavily. Freelaffi and Deake now came upon "I say, old man, that was a nasty one,"

said Freeland, "I believe you've done for him. A crowd will be gathering directly if we don't look sharp. Here, give us a hand. We'll carry him in. You run for a doctor, Drake. He don't seem to be coming to, somehow." They carried him up into the supper-

room he had just left, and laid him on the The white, death like face, with its gliastly patter and the cenel gash series the lip, seemed such a mockery of life lying in the mid-t of the feast under the

glaring gaslights. Sir Cutlibert Newen was sitting over his breakfast in a very sullen mood at the Hotel de Louvre, Paris, when his letters He glanced at the address on each. One

was from his wife. He read it with brightening face, from which a dark cloud had been cleared away, just as surlight disperses the mist. "Pack up my things to day, Cross," he said to his valet. "We leave Paris by the

night train." So he came back to his home and Mysie, and their first and last little misunderstanding was all made straight, and the husband and wife talked it over, and came to the conclusion that "fulling out

with those we love is not so painful when it comes to kissing again with tears."

"Oh, dear, I am very, very sorry! Poor, reckless Gabriel! And do you really mean that he never will sing again? I am grieved, all the more so because I feel, and always have felt that in his love for his art lay the poor fellow's only chance for redemption. Now he will just sink back into the streets which were once his home. Poor Gabriel! He always was a vagabond at heart. Oh, his beautiful voice! What a pity! There is no tenor like it in Europe."

So Mysie Newen mourned for her old comrade's fall from fame's high pedestal, and in the sorrow for his great punishment, forgot and forgave completely the insult he had offered her. And Lorita! She recovered from her

short illness, and returned to the stage,

to fall in love with the next new tenor, Egberto. Gabriel Cole was soon forgotten. When his money was gone, and his voice was lost, he found that his boon companions gave him the cold shoulder.

Gabriel, with all his faults, had been lavish enough with his gold while it lasted. There were those, both men and women, to whom he had lent large sums of money at different times, when they had come to him pleading themselves "so awfully short, don't you know."

Then came the day when he, too, in his turn was very "hard up," and he went without hesitation to these friends and asked them to belp him, and they shrugged their aristocratic shoulders, and showed him the linings of their pockets. "What a fool I have been," he cried. "I

might have been rich and famous, and the husband of the loveliest woman in London, and now I must be, what I was "A CHILD OF THE STREETS!" THE END.

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The Too Smart Judge. A good story, told at the expense of a well-known ex judge, is going the rounds of the lawyers' offices, and it is heartily appreciated by those who best know the irascible but good-hearted disposition of the old gentleman. It was an admiralty case, where he is most at home. The deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die had to be taken at his bedside in Brocklyn. "How long," the ex-judge snapped out as the first question on crossexamination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the

lision occurred?" The sailor was himself something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross examining lawyer. "Wani," he drawled out, "'bout ten minutes, 1 s'd judge."

"Ten minutes! Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man, how long do you think ten minutes to be?" "Jest 'hout ten minutes," was the un-

ruffled reply. "How do you generally measure ten minutes!" persisted the lawyer. The old sailor turned slowly in his bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned back again and said indifferently : "Waal, sometimes wid a watch and sometimes

This made the lawyer a little mad. He jerked his watch from his pocket and said in a querulous, high-pitched voice: "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin and you tell me when ten minutes are i The sailor sorly winked at the lawyer

on the other side, and he took in the sitnation in an instant and made no objection. The ex-judge stood with his back to a mantel on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it. "Aye, aye," the sailor said, and remain-

ed silent. After three minutes had passed the exjudge became impatient and exclaimed: "See here, are you going to keep us here all day?" But the sailor made no answer. As five and six and seven minutes went by the lawyer became almost wild in his assumed anger at the man for keeping them so long beyond the time. But not until the hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes did the sailor speak. Then he said carelessly: "Guess the time mus' be 'bout up."

The judge put up his watch and sank back in his chair. "Well," he said, "of all men, dying or alive, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

It is said that the ex-judge does not even yet know what made the other lawyers double themselves over with laughter as they did at that last remark of his. -Neit York Tribune.

Just Like Ordinary Men. T was amused yesterday by the story of f. policeman who was sent to the opera one night last week, and who stood for a time in the corridor near two famous millionaires. "When I seen them two faces," he said,

with rather an awe-stricken face, which

the same havin' been made familiar to me by the Illustrated papers for years back, my knees nearly shook themselves out of joint. You can't tell me anything about some men not bein' greater than other men. Like my cousin, who suddenly found himself within three feet of the Prince of Wales durin' his visit to Dublin about a year ago. The Prince looked at him careess-like, and me cousin turned pale. Then the Prince smiled very quiet and pleasant, and Pin blessed if me comin didn't fall down seven stone steps and bust his right kneepsn. There must be something wrong with the kneepans of my family anyhow. When them two millionaires stopped in front of me at the operay the other night I looked at their two faces, and I felt the front part of my knees jogging around like the tin ventilators in the station-house windows. I says to myself. Here's bundreds of millions within two foot of my nose, an' I can't win a nickel of it. The two millionaires stopped and one of them says careless-like, 'Damp night.' The other looked kinder tired, an' then he said he knew the storm was comin' on a week back, because he always had a peculiar feelin in his bones a few days afore a storm began. The other one gapped a little, and said: 4t must be pretty valuable to be able to foretell the weather that way.' Which the other returned the more valuable to foretell the stock market. An both of them laughed jist as easy and natural-like," continued the policeman, with impressive earnestness, as he waved his hand gently, "as though they were ordinary men. Everybody wot passed stopped and looked back at them. and one of them turned and half looked at me in the most friendly way you kin imagine, just as much as to say, though I wasn't nothin' but an every day copper, I was just as welcome to their little joke as though I had two hundred and fiftyfive millions - Fan Francisco Argonaut

IMAGINATION OR RABIES?

NEM OBINELE RECALLS SOME CURIOUS EFFECTS OF DOG BITES.

How He Overcame His Own Fears

and Saved a Valuable Beast! The

Beath of the Gifted Ada Clare Caused by Fear-Doctors in the Hydrophobia is one of the most terrible,

the most mysterious and the rarest of diseases that afflict humanity. Not one doctor in a hundred ever saw a wellauthenticated case of it.

I am at this moment writing this article with a hand lacerated by the bite of a strange dog. I encountered htm one Sunday morning two weeks ago in front of my residence. I am a lover of dogs. This was a brindled bull terrier held by a chain. I patted him on the head. He wagged his tail, jumped up affectionately upon me. I slapped him playfully on his side and in an instant he fastened his fangsin my right hand. One of them struck an artery and cut it. I bought the dog. It cost me \$15. I domiciled him. For forty-eight hours I had one of those subjective struggles which teach a man how absolutely he is at the mercy of his imagination. I went up to Dr. Hamilton. He looked at my hand, and asked at once, "Where is the dog!" "Iv'e got him," I replied. "Is he all right" "Sound as a dollar." "Then don't give the thing another thought. If I cauterize the wound you are liable to have a secondary hemorrhage, and then you will be disabled for a fortnight." "That was all the medical treatment I received. But I found myself that night dwelling upon the incident. All the dread possibilities were rehearsed. My fancy exaggerated my knowledge and my feelings. I felt pricking and burning sensations run up my arm. I fell into an uneasy doze. I heard the snarl and saw the gleam of fangs in

the phantasmagoria of a nervous sleep. I woke up in the morning unrefreshed and with a dull consciousness that something was impending. After a bath and a walk in the sun my resisting power began to assert itself. I saw that at this rate I would evolute out of nothing all the symptoms of rables

I sincerely believe at this moment that I could have brought on the symptoms of tetanus if I had only placed myself under my own imagination. If that dog had shown any symptoms of sickness I should have been a case for Pasteur. But he proved to be as straight as a trivet. I made friends with him. I found that he had a broken rib. I must have struck that when I slapped him on the side. Now consider a moment. If I had killed that dog when he bit me as it was

very easy to do, all the science, all the intelligence and all the reason of the world could not have saved me from my own fours. And that is the result with almost every case of dog bits. The first step on the part of stupidity is to kill the dog. sets in the chain of subjective and fanciful resulta. Science and common experience agree that unless the dog has rables there is no danger of the victim of his bite having hydrophobia. Well, my own experfence tells me that one dog in about five thousand that are killed as mad really has rables. Dog men are bitten every day. Your ordinary doglighter is covered with scars. There isn't a sportsman who hasn't had the mark of a tooth

The dog is subject to epilepsy and persons attacks that are common enough. But if a poor animal should get a fit in the streets of New York the cry of mad dog is his doom - and the doom of everybody the bites. Could be be saved from the ignorant malice of the mob something might be determined. We should at least know if imagination can bring on the symptoms in the man while the dog is bealthy. Everybody remembers the gifted Ada

Clare, who was bitten in the face by a pet

dog. She died in the most horrible parox-

ysms of hydrophobia. I saw her just before she died. She was a woman of mental accomplishments and a strong, imaginative temperment. Science stood help-less at her bedside, nnable to save her, and powerless to assuage her agonies with the most powerful drug know to the pharma-Mr. Butler, I think it was, in Burling slip, who obtained the dog. At all events a month after Ada Clare's death I received a note from a well-known dog fancier to

come and see the dog. The animal at that

time appeared to be in perfect health. I

have always believed that Ada Clare was the victim of her own imagination. Per contra, I saw a case of undoubted hydrophobia in Wisconsin that was diagnosed as fetanus. It was that of a child six years old that was bitten by a Spitz dog, that died two hours after in a rabid paroxysm. The parents were ignorant Germans, knew nothing of hydrophobia whatever, and the wound was a mere pin-

prick in the thumb. But a month later the child was taken sick, and died, as I say, with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The French doctors, with characteristic French vivacity, have put affoat more theories of hydrophobia than all the rest of the world. Their speculations have not, it is true, verified anything, but they have stimulated inquiry. Some years ago they shut up forty dogs and left them without water until they died, in order to see if the deprivation would induce rables, but it didn't. They they tried an enforced continence, and here they got a little light, for several of the dogs developed incipient

The theory was then propounded that hdrophobia was a sexual disease, found only in the male dog, and was due to not take any stock in this theory. He has pursued his investigations on the line of germinant or gymetic megalation, and not on the line of energetic recundation. But even Pasteur does not claim that the bite of a dog that is not rabid ought to

cause hydrophobia, and his first question

when a case of dog bite is brought to him owhere is the dog?" The answer to that question always is: "Oh, killed, of course." Pasteur and all the rest of them are groping in the dark

after that. It sounds somewhat absurd to say that the life of a dog that is supposed to be mad ought to be saved. But when the case is understood the absurdity vanishes. In the first place the rabid dog does start out as the popular fear points him upon an indiscriminate biting career. The dog, whether mad or healthy, bites and snaps only when irritated. It is the hunted dog that bites at everything, and the assumption that he is mad sets the crowd upon him. Then, wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, he lates and tears all within his reach. It is possible to produce this kind of hydrophobia in any highly

A Journalistic Johe.

The Sod House is the name of a paper published at Cimerron, Kan., and Chicago has a new paper called The Hog It would be just like some mean rival to start a paper called The Pen, and then brag that The Pen is mightler than The Hog. And then it would be just like them both to consolidate under the name of The Hog-

organized dog .- | New York World.

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It is Shown in a Conflict with a Husgry Liver-Gray Wolf.

While hunting in the Wind River Mountain the Chicago Tribune correspondent witnessed an encounter between a silver-gray wolf and a beaver. On the log that formed the basis of the beaver dam there crouched an immense silver gray wolf. He was intently watching the surface of the water. Soon there came a long ripple from one of the banks. steadily approaching the log. A beaver was on his way to the top of the dam. Instantly the wolf crouched still lower, while his eyes never moved from the ripple. He wanted beaver meat for breakfast The water broke close to the edge of the log, and the broad head of the beaver appeared. There was a savage spring, a ond plash, and both the wolf and beaver

disappeared beneath the water. In a few seconds the wolf emerged alona clambered back on the log, and disconso-lately pawed several bunches of fur from beneath his glistening fangs. The beaver had escaped. But the wolf was not discouraged. In a moment or two he moved further along the log and took up another position of observation. The point he now occupied was at the junction of a huge limb with the parent stem. This limb made a semi-circular sweep of twenty-five or thirty feet, its extreme end resting on the bank. The water space thus enclosed was not as deep as the rest of the pond. and near the shore was quite shallow. All at once the wolf pricked up his ears, and there could be seen the ripple that annonneed the presence of a beaver. Soon a black object appeared above the water near the shore. It was the nose of a beaver. Slowly the wolf crept along the

limb. His movements were noiseless. The water was so shallow that the beaver, once in his enemy's clutches, could not possibly escape. The spring was made and the beaver was caught. what was this? From every side arose black forms and white teeth, and the wolf was the centre of a save but from cade. He fought desperately, but from the hopeless. The beavers swarmed to the attack until fully fifty were there. The marander was literally torn in pieces and the water covered with fragments of hair and hide.

Visiting the President.

The President has grown stout and it is with difficulty that he buttons his Prince Albert coat. He is scrupulously neat in his appearance, Several members tell funny stories about their reception by him and the way he treated them, but any one who is daily around the White House understands one or two things by the way be moves his arms and hands. Generally the President stands with his arms behind listen he holds his hands about six inches apart, with the back part of the hand against his cont. The fingers generally are quiet; but if they begin to work or con tract he is growing tired. Then he will shift from one foot to the other. If the man bores him the arms gradually come forward. The move is gradual, but if the infliction continues the hunds full to the side-thumbs in. If still the visitor persists in staying, the arms go out and the thumbs beat against his side. Then is the time for disappearing." The game is up when Cleveland begins to beat time with his hands on his side. It is well to remember this and when one sees the hands moving from the back out the interview short and depart. The President has worn two quite smooth places on each side of his cost, simply by bearing time against

them with his hands .- Washington letter.

Deception Punished. A young man goes twice a week to see a young lady residing a few miles in the country, making his journeys on foot. One night he remained with his girl untill midnight, and found it tark and snowing when he went to the door. He disliked to go home in the darkness and hinted the fact to his girl; but, as she did not lavite him to remain over night, he resorted to deception to accomplish his design, and is now sorry for it. He let himself fall gently upon the steps, and at once set up a groan. The girl shrieked, the men folks came out, picked nim up, and put him to bed. His prospective mother-inlaw inquired the location of his inturies and when he said in the small of his back she left the room hurrfedly. He had just begun to congratulate himself upon the success of his ruse as he listened to the storm beating against the window, when his intended mamma-in-law returned to the room bearing a huge mostard plaster, which she clapped over the region of his kidneys and sat down to await the result. For two hours he writhed in pain, and by that time a blister of sufficient size to sat-

isfy the old lady appeared, and he was left alone to repent his folly. An Anecdote About Wagner. Richard Wagner generally received his visitors in mediaval costumes, such as he always were when composing. Alexander Dumas, calling on him one day was highamused at the masquerade. "You are all dressed up to play Gessler," said Durens, with his good-catured laugh, which rather hurt the feelings of the author of "Tannhauser," who nevertheless returned M. Dumas's visit when next he was at Paris. After some considerable delay M. Dumas appeared at last, dressed magnificently in a dressing gown with a arge flower pattern, a beliniet with flying dumes, a life belt round his waist, and enormous riding boots. "Punden me." said he majestically, "for appearing in my working costume: I can do nothing without being dressed in this manner. Half of my ideas live in this belinet and the other half lodged in my boots, which are indispensible to me when I write my love

Miss Franklin's Presence of Mind. Miss Belle Franklin, a young schoolmistress of McHenry county, Dakota, is the heroine of the Missouri slape. Miss Frank-lin was sleeping in a slaud, which she had built upon her claim, when she was awakened by the cruckling noise of the preirie fire. Looking out across the plain, she saw the dancing flames skindning across the prairie. The lunce girl knew that her neighbors living a hair mile distant were away from bome, and the fire would soon envelop the house, bare, hay, and grain. Jumping from her bed, she nurried away to the low log bers in which the farmer's extra team was tied. Harpessing the animals, she rushed them out to the plough, and before the fire had reached the premises she had turned several furnows and formed a fire break which saved the projective

Pa, does the sansage come out of his sole on Candlemas day and look around spring? Ma says it does." "What are you tacking about?" says the paper to the little out of its hole, not the samage. min't sausage ground hog?"-[Foreign Fun

Tramp Philosophy. "I am a philosopher," said a tramp to a gentleman be met on the street.

-Yes, sir, I is." "Never you mind," interrupted the

tramp. "I ain't begging; but my philocuply is Plenty of sleep at night, and an abundance of rest during the day.

