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ACCEMAN.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

THE IS A PRESENTE WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE LAVES BESIDE. 12

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VOLUME XX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE, 25, 1886.

NUMBER 23

with the servant girl question and preserva

her ideality.' This will cause the reses to

o in her cheek quicker than snything I

low, I believe in marriage. I believe

, angels to heaven. There are men

tises there are a great many good and noble need to the world, and that there will be

on rise at night to administer soothing

other hand there are idle, silly, selfish, ex-

tsavagant wives, woman who white when

stead of an apple, or vice versa, and get it does seem to me as if these kind of weapen

receive more sidulation from the men than

the allsomehantment' of married life than

their husbands are. Women are by nature

more unselfish, more sensitive, timer and

kinder than men are. Their buttes are

more varied and more wearing. They es-

dure greater suffering, have more strain

upon their nervous system and bear up under priversities which a range often shows

bimself in the head to get rid of. They

need more sympathy and tenderer care then a man do a, and I am sorry to say

RAILBOADING IN RUSSIA.

The Straightest Road in the World Dullit to the Order of the Craw

At the time of the Crimean war, Russia

had in all its vast empire in Europe less than 800 miles of rallway. Now it has more than 18,000. If it had had 18,000

miles of rallway then, the Orinteen war

would either have been terminated by the

defeat of the Ailles, or it would have con-

tinued as many years as it did mouths be-fore Russin could have been forced to surren-

der. For it was then compelled to convey

its troops and everything necessary for

their support, as well as most of the

munitions of war, immense distances by

the slowest and rudest means of transport

tation. Of that less than 800 miles of

rallway more than 400 constituted the line

with Moscow, the anglent and gerning,

Bussian capital. At the present there

are through connections by first-class carriages all the way from St. Petersburgh

to Berlin and from Mossow to central

The curriages on these lines are as good

as in any part of Europe, though the speed

16 to 15 miles on hour is the average, and 80 mile, the highest attainment of express

selled upon to comply with the schedule. Stations along the line are numerous and

the stops are frequent, and a slength sub-

ply of good food and too, unsurpassed in

the world, can be obtained at the buffer, on the principal lines. A wavelen in de-

fending the slowness of speed, says: "The

Euglish and Americans must remember

that Bussland are rarely in a lowery, and

fike to have frequent opportunities of eat-ing and drinking. In fiture is not

cess would have a large stock of ready

money on hand, and would often have great dimenty in specifical R."

Moscow is probably the straightest line in

the world. It has been built as the grow files, pays no attending to towns, and sets

out the passengers who are going to pur-

ticular places at rallway stations car-

according to the second-chithops. The explanation of this produpricy is of considerable historic interest, and resorts

much light on the arbitrary methods pro-

this railread beneres every town between

email pince carbot Tver, which happened

to be near the erought thus, to that the course ordered it." Here to the bistory of

When the preliminary survey was bould

introsted with the tack and the minteter

of ways and roads in the number -were

being fuffuenced by personal rather than

by technical considerations, determined to

at the Gordson knot in a true imperial

style. When the minister laid tofore him the map with the inscurion of explaining,

the intended route, he task a ruler and upd drew a straight line from one termi-

carry by far the greater part of the goods

and passengers that go the whole length

Wouldn't Meddle mith the Wenthers

dieter offering to surnish the Line K.

A continuadoathon was be ived from

Cann with a spring the works earlier than tomat in conditionation of the would stan of 65. The Professor to a resident of St.

Louis, and loss profleted more dark nights

during the watchmelon season. then any

Other man in America. Givendam Jones moved that his offer

be accepted. He was getting thred of his

Trastee Pullinek hoped the motion would prevail. If he couldn't go barrious

two weeks earlier than usual this year ha

would have to sit in the house, "I've offer will be successfully declined,"

replied the president -1 am not only and notling's will de wouthen, but if 4s

on dat it here us."- Detroit Free Press.

A very wealthy man in Berlin, a victim of the gent, and unable to guit his easy

hair, received the other morning the visit

of a man who walked soright into the

room saying :- "I am a specialist in cases

of yout, and have effected the most mur-

vellone cares by a stimple remeay. Are you very bail?" "Sir, I am quite unable to put my feet down." "Wint, even in your room?" "I cannot stir from the

spot." "That is very sait. Have you a

servant who could take a prescrieption to the chemist's?" "Yes, but I have just sent him, on an erroad." The doctor ap-

sinables belonging to the patient he made

for the door, raying as he went: -- "Ta, ta!"

greater variety of plants than any other.

Lightte may be readily pressed in bricks

The I so of Lichite.

have relieved you to notes extent !

or finid pitch, or aspendit.

Hope you'll noon recover, at may rate I

white follow tin stend it we should

chilbining and sighed for a rest.

of the line in a shorter time will remain.

-- Christian Advocato

ulling in Russia. The only reason why:

The raftway from St. Petersburgh to

Europe. Indeed, ace could go thus to So

framity of the empare.

they do not always receive it."

the kind, cheery, helpful wisce we so often see, I claim that women are not any more to blame, and not as much to blame, for

their lastwork being them an orange in-

syrup to the bully, and who struggle with the kitcher five in the morning. On the

## ROVAL POWERS SON STRONG

members High Arm ar engineed Principles paramo bi comments, Auto-Absolutely Pure. et and Perfect Ac 7- Shuttle, Sciffeet-The powder never varies. A marvet of parity trength and shalesomeness. More economical dan the ordinary kinds, and cannot be said in competition with the multitude of the low test, " Positive Feed, No. Time Farts, Minimum whort weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cens. Horat, Baning Powder Co., 108 Wall St., New York Va Printion, No Noise, To Fatigue, No

> From Pole to Pole ATRN'S HARRAPARTELS has demonstrated its power of cure for all discusses of the blood.

The Marpooner's Story.

New Redford, since I, 1983.

Dr. J. C. Atta & Co. Theory years are I was a harpeoner in the North Frence, when see there of the crew and myself were held up with scarry. Our belies were blotted, gives awaled and bleeding, tests some, purpor blotches all creates, and our breath seemed return. Takett by and large we were pretty beilty off. All our innegation was accidentally destroyed, but the expital had a couple dezen bottles of Atxa's Bansapanitha and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men broughtabout by any other treatment for Scarry, and I've sum a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanacof your Sarsaparitha boing good for carry, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, Ballen Y. Wingate. The Marpooner's Story.

The Trooper's Experience. The Trooper's Experience.

Mareen, Bassteland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1888.

Fig. 1. C. Ayra & Co.—Gentlemen: There much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Saraquarilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we lad to him in tense. Being under cauves for such a time branch on what is called in this country "voldt-sores." I had those seres for some time. I was advised to take your Baragarilla, two buties of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I use new guite well.

Trooper, Cape Mounted Edwarm.

Trooper, Cape Mounted Edwarm.

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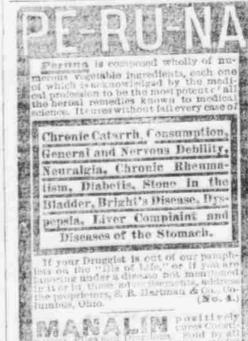
In other advertisements we have said that the Russian Rheumertism Cure was a specific for Shermatism, and all its attendant sches and paint. These are simply Plain Facts. We now present some Positive Precess:

Could one aik anything more to the point than this from Ma. H. Blansunt, a prominent mechanism of Brookney, Mo., who writes Feb. 25, 26; ant of Brookheel, Mo., who writes Feb. 25, 26;

"When in Europe, two years are, I tried hard to fay the rece of no thin year remody. I take to id to;
the rece of no thin year remody. I take to id to. Unsetted in extra fer me at since they give, but at the ret us succeeded. I myself, antered with the means for years and spout himstrode of doi. In the latter of the years are spout himstrode of doi. In the latter of the with the spout himstrode in the latter of the latter two years tooy in have of our latter of the least. I know I has a good thinse type late like withdree. Now I want the agency of the estates." of hydrical property of the state of the sta

the parties, they'll gladly answer any inquiry Our space does not period further testing my. We have plenty of it, however. It makes quite a little book. We send it free to all who sak. As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American proprietors,

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C. A. SNOW & CO., Spp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. FOR WANTED DE SCOTUS beauti-Empire tree pathors he empire acts

DR. BOOT: 042 Broadway, NEW YORK.

WHATSAYS THE CLOCK! What any the clock when it strikes one? "Watch" says the crock," "O, watch, little

What says the clock whom it strikes two? "Love God, little one, on God loves you!" Tell me settly what it whilepers at three, it is, "Suffer hitle children to come anto me," Then, come, gentle lambs, and wender no The the voice of the Shapherd that calls you at

And oh, let your young hearts gladly review Whou it schoes so sweetly, "that blass you." at five.

And remember at six that the fading of day, That 'your life is a vapor that posseth away, And what says the clock when it strikes Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of

And what says the clock when it it likes eight? "Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate!" And londer, attil londer it calls you at nina, "My our give me that heart of thine?"

And leaf let your volues ring at eleven, "Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven." When the despairables at midnight the watch-"La. these are my lewels, these, these saith the King!"

- Philiadelphia Call ONLY A LITTLE THING.

BY SYDNEY DAYER. "Picturest Picturest" Four little girls were on their way to a photograph gallery to have their plotures taken. It was easy to see that it was something of an event to thom. Every bow and ruffle and looping was nicely arranged, their pretty hair braided with great exactness, and each little lassic moved with dwe regard to keeping such an amount of elegance undistribed.

'T'm atraid this wind is going to blow our bair all rough," said Madga. "They always have a brush and comb there," said Ollie, with a superfor rememprance of having had a picture taken very

"I know I shall laugh," said Jesste. "You mustn't," said Madge, very post-tively. "Of all things in the world I do hate to see a smirk on a photograph "You must try to think of something solema," said Olite. "That's the way I always do"

"I shall be scared, I know," said Little "Then you'd better think of something furny," said Cilie. "We must look The great Master who orders the small-exactly ne we always do, or it won't look est thing in our lives in lighest wisdom natural. Cheerful, you know."
Then there was a pause during which each little girl tried to fix her face exactly

as it always was in doing so managing to "How shall we fix our lands?" "Oh, the man will fix them the right way," said Ollie. "And our heads, too; they are screwed up in a queer kind of a thing to keep them still." Kitty felt still more sure of being scared, and her face took on a deletul look which promised poorly for a cheerful picture.
The day was the first bright one after a number of cloudy ones, and they found several afters before them. Others follow-

ed, as they walted for an hour or more. among them a boy, a queer, awkward-look-Ill at ease. He tidgeted and fussed as if waiting was very hard work for him, and at his spoke a few words to the busy artist, who turned to those who waited for a

attting, and said: 'Here is a young contleman who wants his picture taken and connot wait framy one willing to give up their sitting to

No one seemed ready to do so. A farmer who had his family there said something about its being hard for him to get them all into town, and one or two others spoke of their time being valuable. So the man backened to Madge, and she went to take her piace behind the screen, saying to her sisters. "Of course we couldn't

"No indeed," said Ollie, "we can only come on Saturday, and, as we're going to spend the day with Aunt Annie, it would make us too late."

"But I am sorry for that poor boy," said Jessie, looking toward him as he prepared to go. "He seems to feel so badly about it. Looki there are tears in his "Pooh! Such a great fellow to cry about

a little thing like that! Look, Jeode, the man wants you next." But Bessle remembered some things she had heard about Christ's little ones denying themselves in order to do a kindness to others. The four had looked for ward for some fime to this thing of having their pictures taken. It would be

semething of a trial to wait. But she felt sure the boy must have some much more serious resson for desiring haste. So, when Ollie gave her a little push, sho called to him, as he was going out of the door: "Step! You can take my turn." "Jessie, what do you mean?" said Oilie importantly, as the boy, with a very bright look of gratitude toward her, went in to take his slitting. "Don't you know you can't have your ploture taken till next

"Yes, I know it, but never mind." "And after Bridget took such trouble doing up our best dresses!" said Madge. "And yours won't be rice and fresh

then," said Ollie.

Jessie could not help feeling that the sperifice was a serious one, but in a few minutes the boy came to her and spoke a word or two of thanks so very exrnestly. and in a manner so much more gentlemanly than might have been expected from one so bushful looking that she did not regret what she had done. Ollie and Kitty took their turns, and

then the little party went on to Aunt "Oh, Aunt Annie," said Madgo, 'we're all had our pictures taken" - "except .fessie," interrupted Ollie-"And she might just as well as not only there was a boy who wanted his taken first, and Jessie gave him her turn." "And next week we shall send you all

our pletures exc. pt desslots and we don't know when she can have her's taken edict the boy wanted his so believe said poor little Jessle in an appealing tone, onlie overcome at being found so much fault with.

Aunt Annie meked a few questions about it, and then drew Jessie very tenderly to her side. "I am sure," she said, other when I do got Jessie's picture it will be the face of a dear, muselfish little girl, who has the true Christ-like spirit of

And Jessie was fully comforted. Winter, spring, rummer, nearly a year had passed when our four little girls nearly all the members of a large church We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the and Sunday school were gathered, besides

> can't remember where." the have I," said Older "and he's been looking over this way as if he knew us." "Look," said Jessie, "he's coming this way. Ah-I know who he is?" The boy came near with a very sweetfaced budy, who took Jerode's build and

Looked tuto her face.

"Bdward tells me that this is the little girl who gave up her turn at the photo-grapher's last summer in order to let him have a likeness taken first I have a

message for you. "For mer" Jessie looked up with a wondering smile. The boy, as if feeling that some sort of in introduction was expected of him, managed to say, "This is tay Aunt-Mrs.

"Let us sit down on the grass," said has Vernon, while I tell you why Edward was in such a hurry that day. His father is a missionary on a South Sea Island, many, many thousand miles away. Edward had just arrived in this country, having been sent here to be educated. He left his mother in poor health, and one of her latest requests to him was that he should send her his likeness as soon as

"On the day he met you he was on his way to us, under appointment to meet us at a country railroad station a long way from here. It was his only chance to secure a picture, and he knew that if it was not sent by a vessel which was to sail soon, there might be no other opportunity for months, for no require line touclas at their island. But, thunks to you, the pictures were finished and sent to us from the artist in time, and reached that far-off shore to be an unspeakable comfort to his mother before she died."

A lump same into Jessie's throat, as she thought of that poor mother longing for a sight of the face of her boy. "I sent a letter with the pictures, continued Mrs. Vernon, 'telling her how it had been obtained through the kindness of a little girl whose name, even, we did not know. And she sent a message of love and thanks to you, and this little thing which she wished you to keep as a reminder of the great happiness you seemed to others

by an act of self-dealed?" "But it was such a little thing?" said "Almost all the kindness in the world nomes in little things, dear. Very few of us have opportunity for doing great things, but little kindnessess are the

blessings of every hour." She was unwrapping a small box, from which she took a little curiously carved and polished bracelet which she clasped on Jessie's arm, saying : "It is the work of the natives of the island, and is a curlesity this country. Edward has always felt sure he would see you again, and has watched for you over since we came here

Oh, dear, Pm so glad I did it P said Jessie, with terms in her eyen "And so glad I know. I wish we could always know how it comes out when we try to de "We ennuet always know, dear child.

have worked. But we can always be sure that no set of leving kinds, as falls to do its tull share in making the world sweeter and brighter and better." "More like heaven," whispered little Acasio to hereoit.

Train Talls.

Five or six drunamers sat in the smoking enloon of a sleeper telling stories over their eigers. The eigers were good and the stories tunny. But over in the corner set a little drummer who hadn't told a story. He had been eldpool every time. This was limity noticed, and they all present him for a contribution to the merrimont. "Boys," he saw, "Enever told a story in my life, I can't remember stories, and I couldn't tell can if I could remember is. efer to-night. At least, if I tell one at all, there'll be nothing funny about it. It fen't so much a story as a little beident of life -a little tragedy—that came under my observation. The last time I was in the an I went down on State street with some friends, just out of our early. We went into the lowest saloons because we wanted to see that phase of society. One of these places I remember well. It was way down low. Behind the bor was a vilbour looking fellow, and he deak on that brief of whileley that brings tears to your eyes when you drink it. While we were there a man came in who was estremain. He were good clothes, but they were solled and torn. His hand-some face was smeared with dirt and his splendid eyes were bloodshot. He boked around at

Makin' a night of it, y' know, see I nights n fact. Here, gentlemen, is the lest deliantive got in the world. "N" if do shop it well at home Pre-get the niorat little ttle b-boy. 1-I won'r 'f he wanned to kies-Gen'lemen, this is my les' deliar. But let 'er go. Let 'er go's she lays on the bar here. I'll thicep out 'r go t' the sheshun house. Gen'lemen, will you take " Boys, " sentimued the narrator, as he

lowered his vottle and glarged at his listen-ers, "in two infantes there wasn't a dry eye in that seloon. "

A Clever Considence Couple.

A benutiful gld, with large blue eyes and golden bair, but shabilly dressed, greatly interested a large crowd of gentle-men on one of the East fiver ferry books the other day by similing very sweetly and tenderly the well-known hymn, "Jesus, gover of my Soul," As she concluded one verse, a large, well-dressed man called deck hand and ordered him to put her or of the cabin. She looked despatringly and burst into tears. There were cries of "Throw him overboard," "Let her slone," "Shame?" The large man, who looked like a railroad president, insisted; said that the deck hand was defing his duty, and that the ferry company had ordered all nvisances suppressed. He acknowledged that he had complained of her. The murmurs of discontinuation and onger arose accorm, at which he seemed somewhat disconcerted and, approaching the girl, said

What's the matter, sissy ?"
Then she tob! her pitiful story of a sich mother, a deed father, no work, hungar distress, and her analyty to get employ ment. "Oh, don't send me to prison, she cried, breaking completely down. The large man was absolute, and the crowd looked empty stal scornful again. He at once apological, and to show his regret for his blander, transcriptly book out a stability which be dropped into his hat. They he passed the hat, which was sout filled with money. After the pursuagers he left the boat, he joined the girl and they both went off together. He was a vollknown clover confidence man, and the young women was his wife, as clever as he -- New York lotter

Dickens' Mother. Charles Dickens tuberfied from his mother a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pashetic, as also considerable dramatic talint. She is described as a ing to her youth, having bright basel eyes. and being a thoroughly good-natured, companionable body. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludierous, and her power of imitation was something as tonishing. On entering a room she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents, and if anything happened to struce her as out of pince or ridiculous.

ther friends and requilibraness.

ABOUT A SCHOOL TEACHER. The Interesting Time he Had in Michigan

"Yes, Iv'e been up to Northern Mich's gan teaching school all winter," said a South-bound passenger with long scars on bin face, "but I haven't had much fon, It's a tough job, and I don't think I'll go back again. I know when I have enough, The boys up there are a bad lot I thought I could handle 'em, but the very first day when I stood 'em up to a row for a lessonin spellin' something astonishing happened. Little streams of black atuff began to come down on me from the direction of the celling. On making an investigation I found it was ink, but for a long time ! satisfan't tell where it came from. Soon It was black and stained from head to foot and the spelling book which I held in my hand was so daubed up I could hardly tend a word out of it. Where do you suppose those streams came from? From little beles about as big as a pin bered baliveon the incisors of these boys. They would take a mouthful of lak, put on the pressure with their tongues and cheeks and shoot out a stream that would fly thirty feet as straight as a die. They broke up that spelling lesson, and the worst of it was I couldn't get back a them, because I never could tell which boy was the offender, Those chaps had Sered those holes on purpose and they had more fun than you can shake a stick at But it was rough on mrs. After having my complexion and four suits of clothes spoiled I got mad and attempted to thrash avery boy who had ink-stains on his lips-That was where I got these scars. How-Why, from finger natls. The boys had is their nails grow an tuch long, turned them under into claws, and sharpened the ends to a point. They would scratch like wild sate with 'em, and it is a wonder I got off with my life. But I did, and taught that school through the whole term, just the same. How? By wearing a shoot-fron musk over my face and a gom-cost on my back, carrying two revolvers in my beit, and keeping a constable in the ante-room. Don't think I'll take the job next winter

though, Pm no hog."-[Chicago Herald. CATHERINE COLE AND JUMBO The Elephant Lifts Her Up by Her Boalle and Wrechs St.

Catherine Golo, one of the best known sterary women of the Scoth, tells this experience with the lamented Jumbo.
The worst fright I over got in my life "The worst fright I ever got in my life was from Jumbo. I was in England and visited the Zoological Gardens frequently. That was before Jumbo became noted for having the moset, as the Mahours call it—bad temper in Emgand. One find day I attired myself to a new dress with an exceedingly harge bustle, as was the style then, and in my rounds dropped in

at the Zea I was walking around the garden when suddenly I felt myself lifted like a feather into the air. I tried to screen, but I could not I didn't have the time. The power that paised me sloft had my by the bustle, and I could hear that Irail protuberance crushing together as if a mountain had mashed it. Then I described a semi-circle and was let down, bustle and all on the walk. I heard a shout of merry children votces and Jumbo peased with twenty or thirty children on his back. It seems that I was just in front of him and quick as thought he setzed me by the bustle of my dress and carefully lifted me to one stile. His gentle squeeze of my bustle broke into a uscless wreck, and I lost five pounds of flesh from concentrated fright. I took me an hour to realize exactly what had happened and take an inventory of the smash-up. I never went Back to the Zoo may more. I arn now as a Texas cowboy is about Indians. He likes them better feat. So to I stephents. I always bustle to get sway from these mustodons when I see them corafng.

"Girls are besteading to realize more and more that a life of independence is not to be thrown saids. The number who now relinquish good structions to marry is growing small. One of our contributors, Royallien, seems to fear that the condition pictured above is a dangerous. one daily growing more common. Ho has little more, I am convinced, to dread in this direction than that men likewise may forget to take their meals at regular Interests. Surely one who has seen the tendernoss of even a frivolous girl, as she grooms over a buby, singing to it little hollabys and carcesing it so tenderly, could never fear that the maternal tostinct could be erushed by the love of gain. I too am a suffragist and appreciate fully the glarious apportunities which this free aga opens to women, and yet I feel sure that it will be not less but more true in the future that the majority of women will care more to be good mothers than to be powerful or to win the prises of wealth or honer. Women will not so readily marry as op-portunity offers, but matrimous will be-come a more noble and sacred relation and motherhood will be a truer and grander responsibility, assumed, as it should be, with deep correstness and helter and more enduring love. She who writes with a naturally strong moral instinct and deep affections, a broader judgment and heener insight, caunot but take up all relations of life with a surer and prore stendy hold; and her offspring will in turn give place to another yet more true and faithful Surely in the more spiritual and better sease, "the hand that rocks the credle rules the world," and she who could mother this world might help to save it. Every good woman, then, as well se every true man, will join in the prayer, 'God bless the mothers'"-

[Ghlongo Inter-Ocean. A pleasant story of Ralph Waldo Emer-son runs to the effect that, when Mr. Emerson was traveling in Egypt with his daughter, they met an Englishman who did all in his power to make it pleasant for them, and when the time same for their separation, said . "You may wonder, sit, at my having overstopped my usual reserve so far as to become so latimate with you : but it is for the sake of a country. man of yours, one bearing the same name -Emerson-Raiph Waldo Emerson. He has done me much good and I hope some time to cross the ocean to meet him " And Mr. Emerson never told bim it was he himself whom he soguht.

The Prevailing Color.

The Art Amateur, discussing the famous peach blow vase, it being of the optaion that is was worth nothing like the particuse sum it brought as the sale, says: "It is certainly curious that not one of the numerous French writers on Oriental porcalains from Jaconsmart to Gonza tella nic little woman who had been very nice-look- of the carity of this interesting product of the potter nor do I find mention of anything suggesting "peach-blow" or turnshed strawberry,' as it is also called, in Julian's translation of an exhaustive work on Chinese porcelaina."

The number of men, rank and file in the United States army is limited to 25,-000. The exact numbers can be ascershe would afterward describe it In the | tained by writing to the Secretary of War quaintest possible manner. In like man- or by consulting the last angual report of nor she noted the personal peculiarities of | the communiting general.

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THE LITTLE GIRL OF GRITTSBURG. Twee Gettysburg's last day.
The deed and wounded in
On trempled fields and ridges battle-torn,
Among the outer posts,
Around the guarded boets,

Rode Hancock, watchful, on the fated mora-And lot a little child, With cyes and second wild Glose to the lines had strayed, and met him there, And tightly to her become A heavy load she prest-A musketi-all her slonder strength could bear,

"My brave and pretty dear, Tell me how came you here Upon the field, before the light is done?" Then, at her lisped reply, Tears disumed the General's eyes. "My papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun." \*An somei fooldent, related by General Hancock. -[Henry Tyrrell, in Wide Awake.

RECOGNIZED.

I stepped into my room one day
And waw some children there at plays
I sought my little girl, and found her
With haif a dozen youngsters round her,
And, from the way she slapped thornia,
I knew that they were "playing school." I may my little girl a kiss-Apleasure that I never miss;

A murmur through the schoolroom run.
A smalle pervadut every feature—
"He must be a committee quan?"
They loud exclaimed—he kissed the teachers—
(George Hirdseys)

A SPICY LETTER

A Reply on the Subject of the Discrebant of Marriage. The following extracts are from a bright letter written by a indy reader to the New York World in reply to a correspondent, J. B. B., who attributes the "disillusionments of married life" solely to the negligence and lack of interest shown by the

"Now. I have never seen a man who would not prefer the morning paper to the society of his wife. She may sit at the head of the table dressed in the daintiest and most tasteful of gowns, serving a well ordered breakfast on hand-painted china. she may be bright, cheery, even intelligent-and wives are sometimes intelligent. The husband will take the breakfast and the morning paper, and there will be nothing left for the poor wife to do but to gaze out of the window. I have seen women at the head of their tables making the most frantic attempts to draw their husband's attention from the newspaper. I have seen them resort to all the arts of playfulness and coquetry, and finally, as a last and desperate resort, come out with the matter of fact question, 'What's the news, John!' 'Ch! nothing, nothing,' and yet it took if in the entire breakfast time to read 'morbling.' I am inclined to think that the newspaper is largely respon-

attractions can compete with a live journal?

J. R. B. tells us that a hasband is alwave drawing contrasts between his wife as she is and as she was. Moreover, that he is always drawing contrasts between his wife and other women. This is just where a great deal of the marital unhappiness comes in. There is too much of this thing going on all the time. A man, for example, goes by invitation to call upon a continuous friend. The lady of the use has been apprised of his coming. She is dressed becomingly for the occasion, and unites besself agreeable, of exercise A pleasant Impression is made upon the visitor, and he goes home and for the next week costs it up to his poor little wife. a teething buby, an inciliatent corvant or po servent at all, that he does not know how it is, but Jones' wife always fooks well drossed, and the domestic ma bloory of their home seems to move on without a close or bar. It seems to be the resturn of the average man to admire may other time to after the today period of the choneynosen' bus past. I have a triced who is a tine amateur musicien. She plays in excellent tuste and with fouch southment and teeling classic music, all the green from the opens, as well as the higher coraposers, elle makes her home bright with her presence and cheerful with accomplesments. One evening her husband went to call upon the afore-eld Jones, and upon his return he told her that Jones wife played such a boautiful plece for bira, that

It was the leveliest thing he had ever heard, and that he wanted her to got it and learn B right away. She asked him what it was and be said, elivery Waves." That plece was gray and toothies almost before she was born.
I know a grathman who te always criticising his wire's dress, particularly her hats and homeon. She is a lady of refined and modest tastes and quite elected in appearance. She recently purchased a winter hat, black velves of stylish shape trimmed with white wings, a most delicate and tasteful combination, becoming to her style of face and appropriate to any of her costumes. She showed it to her business! who viewed it with a orbio's eye' and pronounced it the ugliest thing he had ever seen, and said if she was going to wear that thing' out she should not go with him. A few days after she sets the hat to a friend, explaining the situation and usicing her to wear it over to her house in the evening when her husband would be at home. The lady did so, and after she had gone the husband turned to his wife and said: 'There now, if you had mosten a hat something like that you would have

shown much better taske and judgment. So runs the world.

"As to the question of drues, women should be next about their personal uppearance. They can be need even if they cannot be fine, but as to a woman's proserving at all times a ogretivating ideality I claim that it is simply impossible. There is too much bigh ert' about for me. Your correspondent ought to know that there is not much bignify about worsding with the kitchen fire in the morning. A woman cannot make the struggle in an esthetic grown. She cannot always be need at such times, because the kindling-wood will fly up in her face, and the soot blacken her dainty hands and apron. Then tidags will happen in the best regulated families. Every women without an income of her own is a pauper. This is a strong word to

woman to have to ask for everythous " And now to the other side of the allefilusionment' hostness. Our friest says nothing about the husband's throwing off his disguises. A woman likes an ideal bushand just as well as a husband admirea an ideal wife. A num in his shirt sleeves and without coller is not an object of admiration, any more than a wife on desha-

the ground. Many a woman good cithout

Cainty little tricks of dress rather than sake

for the wherewished to get them. I have

always thought it a deproducton put up of

"It seems to be a common failing of the gentlemen after they have been married a little while too discard all the little courtestes which they had been went to show end thank you' is targetten. When I go to a place of amusement and see a lady and gentleman together I can tell in almost every instance whether they are man and wife. If the laty drops her program or handkercheff and has to stoop and pick it up herself, I my she is that man's wife. On the contrary, if the gentleman is kind and nolite to her careful about draughts.

etc., I say they are not married. "We hear a great deal of talk shout the for burning by the addition of a little tar, trials and cares of a man in business. They have to buttle with the world it is

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WIVES OF SOME SENATORA

true and labor for our support, but women are the homekeepers, and the little trials and cares which come up every hour in Women who have Helped to Win Their housekeeping are just as bard for them to bear as a man's office or shop duties are to him. To beep a house well is no play bus-lness. I would like to see a womap wrentla Husband's Farne. The Washington Correspondent of the

St. Louis Globe Democrat, writes: There are many brilliant and entertain-ing women in the familted of the present Senators Mrs. Logon and Mrs. McPhorson, wife of the New Jerrey Senator, are the two eleverest women to the circle, each in a different way, Mrs. Logan is the typical Western woman and Mrs. McPherson & typical eastern women, clever, polished, graceful and brilliant in conversation. Bad health and long absence abroad have kept Mrs. McPhorson from being as generally known as she would be were she here all the time, but when present she is a power and a force quickly appreciated, Mrs. Mahone is a universal favorite, and bosides shiring with front of dismonds on grand occasions, shince by her conversa-

Mrs. Mahone always koops a bublifting of mirth about her and relates her ewn experience and describes things and posplo to a way quite her own. She is an uncompromising American and carried the flag triumplicatiy through many en-counters with the insufferable British tourist during her recent stay abroad-She has a proper scora for the Europeanfred American and his affectations, and a comical story that she once told was of her going to a store, or shop, rather, in an English town and imposently nelting too crackers. The proprieter hunted through all the shelver and boxes and under the counter, and finally sent an apprentice boy up a ladder and brought down a dusty paper of the erachers. Though she had to call a crucker a biscutt for the two years that she was away. Mrs. Mahone is quite the same as ever now that she is in the land where a cracker is a cracker. At Senator Sherman's her pale blue satta dress was half-covered with lace and the front of her square-out possage was all a glitter with the sprays, pine and ornamente

aibnominib 30 Mrs. Spooter, wife of the new Wiscousts Bunton, who has made a stir with her maiden speech and favoral oration is onother of the very clever women in the

Mrs. Spooner is a thus receipt in addithon to other things, and is quick witted and hurnocous in conversation

connecting St. Petersburgh, the modern, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Prue give the same honors to Ludiana and Maine by their clover conversation, full of witty turns, and Senator Daws's daughter keeps up conversational fireworks right and lott all the time. There are other ladies of equal telent in the circle and Mrs. Don bustopel. Odegsa and to the a suthern ex-Cameron, Mrs. Call and Mrs. Dolph are considered the most beautiful among them while Mrs. Rustis, Mrs. Ingalls, Mrs. Morsderson and Mrs. Hall are women of than is not very great. On many of the reads and striking uppenses

HETNERY, W

She Had a Lume Sister, for Whom She Spout lise Days Catching Mics. Two very small boys and a sorrowful me preserving. The logs carried a small took and the little strl's toy spade. They moved a beauty back under the cim trees, and when near the garden wall they patred. The boys dug a hole a few feet drop and tablithe box in D. The other child held but aprox to let eyes and wept, They were very matter of fact boys and They were very hanter-direct boys and piled the earth over the box in a burdense. Ithe way livery time the earth struck the Lair a great of broke from under the agree. It was all over seen, and when the young billy with the brown eyes and dark built maked the little girl why she was crying shalous the aprint from her tear-statural special and: They have such just buried moother note Photosy there." Who was Photosy Photosy was a possy out, and its life and history were very dear counsed by fields. On inquiry the unfor-tnesste whells lines that the steelers may be several sales from the town, which he minus reach on foot, in wagener or stages,

to the infuntile funoral party. Pinkey, every one thought, had never done naything remarkable in her life, was certainly sufficiently commonplace must to have attended very while attended.

"We got Pinkey," said the little girl,
"when she was on very small. She was argundl that she could not see and at first we thought she had seen born blind. They told us that all pleasy sets were born blind, but we would never believe that Finkey would see until one morning her eyes were wide open, and they were pink eyes, so we called her Purkey. I must say," continued the little lides, "that she was always a very wild pressy cat, and I often told her that consumption or some such territor disease would be her end. The was just the same as after Rittens, only I noticed that at a very easily age and drew a stratight line from one termited in a tone only I solved that at a very early age should be offered all discussion. "You will acceptate the line so:" This meet to be reflected, and could show the evils of a constitution that great advantages occur to frustian as a whole, through the shortness of this line, and that though the shortness of the line of branch lines to such as need them will, in the end, remedy the difficulty, while the great benefits of being able to carry by far the greater part of the goods day she went out.
She didn't come home that night nor the heat, and I walted and watched and

beped that inchang had happened to her.
And, oh didn't I feel glad when she did
come back, and I gat's her big saucers full
of milk and the step feet year in the
house: she was a good purey then for a long, long while, and it was not for a month afterward that I saw her again at the winafterward that I saw her again at the win-dits. A givent fear cause over me, and I led her away, but she want out again and again every night, and only same back in the mornings. One day she killed a tiny morse, not into thatly has with it to the door and cried as though her heart would break to be allowed to go out. I opened the thore and away she can with the mouse over the fonce, and she did out return for a week. Her eyes were red, too, and she exactly very thin. The next day Pinkey exught another mouse, and I cried: 'O treergie! treorgie! do folier. Plukey and reo where she good! He ran down the gar-den and sprang over the wall, but when he got into the churchyard beyond all be could -e was the sulp of Pinkey's tall go-Ing around the corner. Every day after that Georgie tried to follow her, but couldn't, and so I staid at the church cornor, and one afternoon I saw Pinkey come dushing by with a little brown mouse in her togeth. I ran tedand her and saw her go under the church, and there I lost ber. went into the church; and under the great dark floor of the church, and searched all around for Plukey There is a boller in the church for beating it on Sunday, and down by its side I heard a pussy's voice that I know was Pinkey's, I hurried there, and would you believe it, lying on a little straw was Pinkey. I could see by the cliemtst's ?" "Yes, but I have just her eyes that she was dying Lying on the sent him un an errord." The doctor appeared to relice a moment or two; then had been been the same day as Pinkey. suntaking up the watch, purse and other | and had fallen off a fence and broken her log. She was Pinkey's sister, and so I knew that my passy had been saving all her mice and dalmies to give her lame six ter under the church floor. They died there that day, poor Pinley from being out at picht, and papa says her sister's leghard have become inflamed and cause her death. He buried them in the san The Italian key is said to be the gentlest : of the various kinds and to work on a box. Dear dear! where shall I every ench another pursy?

So the little maid spoke, and the with the brown eyes took her intob, house and there were tears in he too. | New York Star.

. RG.