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Respectfully yours, Ralphy Y. Wingare.

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Yours truly, and I am now quite well. Yours truly, T. K. Bonen, Trooper, Cape Mounted Eiftemen. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier,

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MY WIFE.

How often her touch, soft and trem-Has sent a quick thrill to my heart! How often her brown eyes dissembling Have caused me in anguish to stort To forget her I've tried, but in vain: Since I met her she's haunted my

> And I scarce can believe, Though the rumor's so rife. That my last year's acquaintance Is this year a wife.

I've disputed with rivals outnumbered The honor of holding her fan; Through the waltzes I've aimlessly

When she danced with some other man. I've quarrelled with my ink-blotted I've snarled that her notes were too

But how foolish and vain Seems that small, silly strife When I think that she now Bears the title of " wife!"

I've given her baskets of flowers; I ve carried her books by the score; Through many a twilight's gray hours I've read her the poet's sweet lore. But a truce to such senseless re-

To what use do I sit here and muse? She has taken the vell, She is dead to that life, She's a malden no more, But a woman-a wife.

I'll never seek pleasure without her, Earth's light would be dreary and

Like a shadow I'll hover about her, Then her form in my arms I'll enfold. Though seeing her close to my side, No being shall threaten or chide. For the woman I sing Is my treasure for life

She's my sweetheart, my lover, My darling, my wife. ---

STORY OF WILLIE ALLBRIGHT.

The Kidnapped English Boy Who Was Rescued from a Showman by his Pa-rents, in the State of Iowa.

The case of Willie Allbright, an English lad, was full of strange adventores. He lived at Sheffield with his parents until five years of age. His father was employed in a great factory there, and his mother was a dressmaker for the neighborhood. They lived in a cottage in the suburbs of the town, and at the age of four the boy was permitted to run about the neighborhood a good deal. At five, when he was kidnapped, he was sent to the stores to make purcha-, and knew all the streets clear to the factory in which his father worked. One day in 1861, about two o'clock in

the afternoon, he was sent to a store three blocks away after some buttons. B fore he reached it a strange man accosted him and asked his name. He then gave Willie some sweetmeats and asked him to go and look at a Punch and Judy show in the town, promising to return with him in a half hour. The boy eagerly set off with him, and

was taken to the railroad depot and placed on a train in charge of a middleaged weman, who gave him more sweeteats and was very kindly spoken. She said the show had moved away and they after it, and the novelty of the child's position prevented him feeling any anx-

When the detestives came to take the case up, as they did two days after the atever. Although he had walked a ille or two, band in hand with the ablactor, along crowded streets, nobody emem er of seeing the pair. They had gone openly to the railroad

stat on, but no one there had noticed them. The guard on the train dimly remembered a woman and child in a compartment, but could give no descrip-

As the Allbrights were poor and lowly no great stir was created, and no great effort was made by the detectives to restore the boy to his parents. The boy was taken from Sheffield to Liverpool, being so well treated on the way that he had no thought of his

At Liverpool he was told that his name was John Manton, and that the woman was his mother. When he disputed the point he was soundly whipped. His hair was cut close, his dress entirely changed, and a liquid was rubbed on his skin, which turned it dark. Except when he asked to go home, or denied that his name was John Manton, he was ndly treated, and after he had been beat-n sev n or eight times he accepted the new name and ceased to refer to his

Young as he was this was a stroke of p licy on his part. He realized that he had been stolen from home, and he kept repeating to himself that his true name was Willie Allbright, and that he lived

After a couple of weeks lessons in tumbling and tight-rope walking were given to the boy. He was never pernitted to go out alone or to converse with strangers, and it soon came natural for him to call the woman

In the course of a couple of months the past seemed a dream to him and he would have forgotten all about it had he not kept repeating to himself:
"I am not Johnny Manton, but Willie Allbright, and they stole me away from

He was in Liverpool six weeks before he knew the name of the city.
When he had been taught how to dance, sing, tumble, and walk a tight rope-a matter of three months' timehe was taken around the country with a small show, which the woman owned in part. The novelty of travel was so agreeable that he almost forgot his situation, and was for two or three years

quite content. There was no or e to teach him how to read or write but he was quick-witted, and could reason beyond his years. He had hopes that the show would some day reach Sheffield, and he would then slip out and run home, but the people of course carefully avoided the place. Once, when they were showing at Doncaster, a few miles away. Willie observed a man whose face had a familin look, gazing at him in an earnest manner, and presently heard him say to

"The laddle keeps me thinking of the child who was stolen away from neighbor Allbright, but of course It can't be

the one. The boy was about to call out that his name was Willie Alibright when the woman, who always kept an eagle eye on him, came closer and intimidated him. The show then hurrledly packed up and left the place.
The boy now realized more fully than ever that his right name was All

and that he had been stolen from home, but he also felt his helplessness. He had been told that if he ever tried to res away wild animals would pursue and devour him, and he was in mortal terror of a buildog which followed the show. He therefore humbly obeyed all

orders and made no move to run He was about 8 years old when he changed masters, being sold for a good round price to a man who called himself Williams. This man was a ventriloquist and juggler, and he took the boy to Australia with him and gave hall performances for about a year or so. They then returned, and made the tour

or Scotland and Ireland, and sailed for

Alibright was 11 years old when he landed in New York. The Professor then took the name of La Pierre, though he was no Frencaman in look or speech, and travelled for a year.

One day, as they were filling a date at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the boy was sent to the post office with letters, and a curious thing happened. One of the four oys who had witnessed the performance the night previous made up to him in a fr.endly way and asked his

" Johnny Manton," was the reply. "Yes, but that's your stage name. What is the other?" · Willie Alibright." "That's funny. A family named Allbright live next door to us. They used

to live in England." " So did L. Maybe you are related. I'm going to tell 'em about you."

Two hours later a man and his wife called at the hotel and asked for the boy, and the mother had no cooner set eyes on him than she hugged him to her he art. The father was longer making up his mind, but he soon came to ertain that John Manton wa-

Will e Alloright and the boy who had been stelen from him seven or eight The parents had been in America three years, and had long before given up all hopes of ever hearing from the The professor made a great kick, as

hi- bread and butter were at stake, but

Life in Montevideo,

when he found the people determined to have justice done, he slipped away in the night and was heard of no more.

Everybody rides. No one thinks of walking. Each family has its carriage and saddle horse, and even the beggars go about the streets on horseback. It is a common thing to be stopped on the screet by a horseman and asked for a "centavo," which is worth two and a half cents of our money. These inci-dents are somewhat startling at first, and suggest highway robbery, but the appeal is made in such a humble, pithul tone that the feeling of alarm soon van-

"For the love of Jesus, Sener, give a poor sick man a centavo. I've had no bread or coffee to-day." And receiving the pittance the beggar will ride off like a cowboy to the nearest drinking

The national drink is called cana (prenounced canyah), and is made of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane. It conta as about 90 per cent.alcohol and is sold at two cents a goblet, so that a spree in Uruguay is within the reach of the poorest man. But there is very little intemperance

in comparison with that in our owe country. On ordinary days drunken men are seidom seen upon the streets, but on the evening after a religious feast the common people usually engage in a The vestibule of the tenement houses and the patois or courts which invari-

ably furnish a cool loafing-place in the centre of each, are commonly paved with the knuckle-bones of sheep, arranged in fantastic designs like m. saic work. They always attract the attention of strangers, and it is a standing joke to tell the tender foot that they are

the knuckle bones of human beings The ladies of Uruguay are considered to rank next to their sisters of Peru in beauty, and there is something about the atmosphere which gives their complexion a purity and clearness that are not elsewhere found.

But when they reach maturity, like all Spanish ladies, they lose their grace and symmetry of form and become very stout. This is undoubtedly owing in a great degree to their lack of exercise, or they never walk, but spend their entire lives in a carriage or rocking-chair. - Chicago Inter Ocean. ---

A "Drummer" at Sunday School.

A Boston "drummer" says that he was never cornered in his life, but he came near it once when he was called on to make a speech before a Sunday-

"I was spending my vacation last Summer in New Hampshire," he said. "I went fishing one day on the town pond and as luck would have it, one of the Sunday-schools went on a plente to the same place. "A big thunderstorm came up and we

were all driven for shelter to a farmhouse near by. "We all crowded around the open fireplace to get dry. I was completely drenched and got so close to the fire that its warmth soon put me to

Pretty soon some one tugged at my should r and hauled me on my feet It was the occupant of the house. Said he to the school which was crowded

around me: " 'Mr. - from Boston will say a few words. What shall I say?' I asked half awake, and bally confused. " 'Oh, say three words to them,' said

" 'All right,' I replied. 'Children, I will say three words to you, only three words, I began, and then I stuck. Only three words, I began again. But the three words did not come, and the expectant school seeing my plight began to grin.

Then I suddenly recollected an experience at Cape Cod.
... Children, I began for the third time, 'I will make it only three letters instead of three words. I once heard a Superintendent at Cape Cod tell his school about three letters which he said made the word that Sunday-school children should revere above all things. " Can you guess the word, Mary?" "Can't you, Johnny? It is only three letters. Come now-it is simple easy: 'L-u v'-love is the

How a Dune Reduces Himself. "I say, Gawge, I thought you said those lavendaw trowsers were toe tight. They fit you supawb," So they do, Oscah, mai deah feliah, You see, yestawday, I submitted mai nethew extwemities to a Wassian bawth,

word."

and that cleanw dewice reduced the copowosity of my pewambulators, don't chew know."-- [Whitehall Times.

Wagnerian Music. "Mattie, Mattie" called an Omaha dame to her daughter, "I do wish y u would play something beside Wagner. I am so sick of it." "I am not at the plane, ma," responded the daughter from an adjoining room. "Then who is it?"

An Imprudent Dominie.

"Nurse and the baby."-[Omaha

A clergyman in an Indiana town preached a sermon a few Sundays ago en the sin of bett ng on elections. His leading deacon, a hatter, has since resigned his membership and joined another church .- | Chicago Tribune.

What the Sky Is.

"Mamma," exclaimed three-and.a-halfyear-old Walter earnestly, so he came running in at the back door, "now I know what the sky is; it's the roof to all over." - Babyhood.

WOMEN WHO LOVE WORK.

The Wisdom and Womanliness of Females Being Employed.-A Sensible Plea for Industrious and Indepentent Women. An English journalist says that the assertion which is frequently made, that no woman who earns her own living does so for the love of work, but merely be-

cause she is compelled to work, has as far as be has been able to ascertain by coming in contact with workers of all classes, no foundation whatever. The factory girl and the laundress who understood their work have told me without hesitation that the would rath-

er work than do nothing, and all up the

the more intelligent and intellectual the

social scale it has been the same; but

working woman, the more earnest and enthusias ic about her work have I invariably found her to be. · But once more I would say what has been said again and again, that without thorough training no women will ever succeed in doing her work to her own or to employer's satisfaction, and if this fact is once well understood by parents and teachers of girls the chief difficulty

in the way of the advancement of wome., will be removed. " All other difficulties may in time be overcome, and as the employments for women have during the last 30 years been, and still are increasing, the training and work need be no drudgery, there being a sufficient number of different syments open to every class of women that each may choose a department for which she is best fitted by natural

gift- and idio-yncrasies. There are still a great many men and women who having never by experience known what it is to see life stretched out before them with but the one clear fact standing out of the dark future that that they must earn their living or perish, speak of some spheres of womans'

work as 'unwomanly.'
"The only possible explanation of this assertion is that those who make it have no idea of the meaning of true womanliness.

" A woman may break stones at the way-ide all the days of her life; she may preach, lecture, or plead in court; may indeed, engage in any work done by man, and yet be as true a woman as ever lived on earth. And why, in the name of justice, is it

more unwomanly to be a female cabdriver (to take what has recently been much cited as an instance of extreme unwomanliness), who drives her cab to keep body and -oul together, than to do as the woman of the world, who drives her fancy vehicle through crowded streets and parks, with only a tiny page at her back to represent the 'man?'
"There will be unwomanly women in high life and in low as long as the world stands, but no work will ever in-

crease or diminish their numbers. What the extension of work must needs bring about is the solution of one of the greatest social problems of our time—namely, that of the equalization of the sexes; and after the barrier of inequality falls, which now is put up at almost every step against women whose qualifications and capacities are second to none, the way is clear enough."

Something New of Ex-President Arthur. " President Arthur," said Senator Vest, "is the most expert and grace-ful angler I ever saw handle a rod, and I have seen some of the best. "While we were doing Yellowstone Park, one Sunday, the President and

several others besides myself rode ahend of the main party and reached our camping place quite early in the day. It was a beautiful spot, well shaded, with a splendid spring at hand, and near the bank of a river. "After we had dismounted I strolled to the edge of the stream, and on the opposite side in a hole just below a I tile rill I saw a splendid trout playing. He

was a magnificent fellow, and seemed to be disporting bimself in the clear water-it was as clear as crystal-for "I called the others to come and have a look at him, and expressed my tackle with the pack mules.

regret that I had left all my rods and One of the party remarked that he had brought his rod along, and he at once returned to the horses for it. In a few moments he placed it in my hands, and I rigged it and attached a fly. The President, with arms folded across his creast, was quietly watching the trout.

" As soon as I had the fly properly secured I extended the rod to the President, saying: " I want you to catch that fellow. "' No, no,' he responded earnestly,

half turning away from me, 'I never touch a rod on the Sabbath.' I was determine | that the President should have that trout; o I stepped to the edge of the brook which was high and simost perpendicular, and preslouch with the fly, and could have made the cast had I wanted to. After several ineffectual efforts I again turned to the President, who by

this time was e gerly alive to the whole proceeding, and said : Mr. President, you must make the cast. It is too far for me.' "The keen instinct of the sportsman was fully aroused in him, and his eyes

were fairly snapping. · He replied : " 'Well, Vest, I'll consent to hook him, but I will not land him on the Sabbath. 'I passed the rod over to him. He

stepped forward to the spot on which I I had stood and made a cast. It fell a little short; but the next time he put the fly within two inches of the trout's nose, and with a swift dart the fish seized the lure. The Fresident hooked him and

of the rod is my direction, and said hurriedly: Take it, Vest; take it quick; quick. I won't land him on Sunday.' I grabbed the rod, and after playing the fish for a while landed him. "He weighed three pounds and a quarter, and the President ate part of

turning toward me he extended the butt

him for supper."-[Wasnington Post. A Dangerous Girl.

In the country, not more than 15 miles from Modesto, resides a young lady who has developed into a perfect electrie buttery. The first evidence to that effect that

the young lady had, presented itself to her i few evenings ago. She was a out to retire, and extinguished the light in her room, and with a quick motion rolled back the bed covering, when lo, and behold! the bed immediately was turned into a spect of fire. The young lady, much frightened, s resmed "Fire!" and at the same time granbed the bed covering in her arms. When the other members of the family arrived at the door of the room they found her standing in the middle of the room in the midst of what seemed to

be a flame of fire, but no sooner had the bed clothes been taken from her arms than the flames disappeared. Experiments made by the young lady since have proved that she has become possessed of a vast amount of electric-

ity, which shows itself at every oppor-The young lady is not at all satisfied with the phenomenon, as it requires the greatest caution on her part to keep from starting up a small bondire by the slightest movement of her hands.— [Modesto (Cal.) Republican.

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THE DRINK QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

A Review of Convivial Customs in Early Times, and Legislative Restrictions on the Sale of Alcoholic Beverages. An English exchange remarks that the drink question has been a difficult problem from the dawn of English history to

the present day. The earlier pages of our annals record that the Britons were frugal in their meals, which consisted cheely of milk and venison. Their ordinary beverage was water. They oceasionally induiged in a term-nted drink made from barley honey or apples, and a free use of it never failed to make them ill-natur d

and ready to quarrel.

During the Roman rule in this occurrey wine and other intoxicating drinks were freely consumed. The bush, which was for ages the sign of an inn, is traced to the Romans, and to them also we owe the national custom of toasting or health

The Saxon period was one in which intemperance prevailed to a fearful extent. It is stated on reliable authority tent even the clergy spent days and nights in drunkennes and debanchery. King Edgar must be credited with doing a noble work in the reformation of his countrymen from the baneful effects.

of strong drink. It is remarked by the Roy. Dr. French that the King nearly anticipated by a thousand years the ie. islation proposed by the United King-dom Aliiance. Acting on the advice of Dunstan, says Strutt, "he put down many ale houses, suffering only one to exist in a village or small town; and he also further ordained that plus or nails should be fastened into drinking ou s or horns at stated distances, so that whoever should drink beyond these marks at one draught should be liable to severe punishment.

Archbishop Dunstan was equally zealous in checking intemperance in the cource. We make few extracts as follows from a code drawn up by him: "Let no drinking be allowed in the

"Let men be very temperate at church wakes and pray earnestly, and suffer there no dranking or uncleanliness. "Let priests beware of drunkenness and be diligent in warning and correcth g others in this matter. Let no priest be an ale scop nor in

any wise act the gleeman." The Danes drains to a great excess, and during the time their kings occupied the throne of England drunkenness cas. a blight over the land. The Norman conquest brought about many important changes in social life. Sobriety was not the east of the virtue -

of the Normans. Coming down to ludor times, we find an almo t sim or statute passed to the stringent regulation of Edgar. In the last year of the reign of Edward VI it was enacted tha "none shall keep a tavern for retailing wines unless censed; and that only in cities, towns cor orate, burgs, post towns or market towns or in the towns of Gravesend Sittingbourne, Tuxford and Bagshot, on the forfeiture of ten pounds. And the t shall be only taverns for retailing winin every city or town except London. which may have forty taverns; in York, eight taverns; in Norwich, four; in Wesminster, three; in Brist I, six; in Lincoln, three; in Huil, four; in Shrewsoury, three; in Glou e ter, four; Westchester (Chester) four; in Hereford, three; in Southampton, three; in Contentury, four; in Ipswich three; h

With on three in Octord, three; it Carr four; in olderstor three and in Newcastle-on-Tyne, four," It is chronicled that this legislation was the means of reducing the consump-

tion of intoxicating drink.

Intel igence of the Carrier Pigeon. The intelligence of the homing pigeon is one of its marked traits, and qualities are more necessary for a faithful message-bearer. Instances have equently been recorded by pigeon fanciers, where the bird has shown almost human ingenuity in avoiding dangerous praces when bearing important messages, and by taking a circuitous route they have escaped almost certain death. While passing through the south of France several years ago one of these feathered carriers stopped near a gentleman's house to rest and eat. quietly watching the inmates of the louse through a window the little carrier

ttracted the attention of the owner of the place, who offered it food out of his With a strange featlessness the bird perched itself on the g nti-man's hand and began to eat. The scall packet which the pigeon carried place y informed the gentleman the bird's errand, and, taking the little creature in the house, he allows; it to eat and rest as much as it desired. All attempts to examine the contents of the packet however, were

violently objected to by the carrier. After half an hour's rest the bird hecame uneasy, and taking its perch upon the window sill, it began tapping significantly on the glass with its bil entleman curious to see what the bird would do if foreibly detained, paid no attention to this mute but plain appeal. The bird then began to fly from the window to the man's shoulder and back again, pecking angrily in turn on the window pane and at his host's ear. S. iil fluding no response to its demands, the bird became frantic in its action, until finally, losing all patience, it dashed itself heavily against the window-glass and shattered it into a hundred pieces. Whether the bird was hurt by the sharp glass could not be ascertained, as the ai. hful little messenger quickly mounted in the air and was soon lost in the distance. - [Southern Bivouac.

Where Mustangs Are Not in Pavor. Mustangs are not in so much favor as two or three weeks ago, when the big sombreroed and bespurred lasso throwers from Texas were rushing wildly about the town of Westfield with their drove of untamed steeds and lots of people were eager to exchange shekels for the useless animals. Not a few men and boys have learned

new lessons in natural history from owning these beasts. One is that a horse and a mustang are two different things, and that a mustang has all the bad qualities of the mule with none of the mule's good ones. Another discovery is that mustanes

have a liking for human flesh, and would rather nip off a good ite from the top of the head, or a choice morsel from the sacuider of the unfortunate individual stending them than to seed on the choicest hay or grain. Then, too, a ter a time, one gets tired of exhibiting himself on the tack of these stubborn, bucking animals for the

a .. usement and diversion of the specia-Any would-be buyers of these beasts make good bargains in Westlieid.— cated.—[London Figaro. [S, ringfield Republican.

Only fler Husb mil.

Mrs. Peterby hired Matilda Snowball as a cook, but in about a week she had occasion to say to her: When I hired you, you said you didn't have any male friends coming around, and now I find a man in the

kitchen half ... e time." "Why, maam, bress your soul, dat man at 't no male friend ob mine. He am only my husband," was the reply,-[Texas Siltings.

4 3

A SAMARITAN'S EXPERIENCE. Graphic Discouragement for the I difica-tion of the Type of Philanthropists.

A newspaper man of wide acquaint-ance and benevolent disposition was going home one night not long ago when fell in, at the doorway of a hotel, with a person of some consequence in the community, who had tarried much too long over the wine cup, and was in a stale where disgrace if not harm might come to him if he were not got safely

home very soon. "Bless me!" said the newspaper man to himself, "here's a chance to do the good Samaritan. I'll have to handle Jobson carefully, because he is very drunk, and adroitly steer him home while seeming to let him have his own

So he stopped and fell into easy con-versation with Johson, and presently

Well, I must be going home, Jobson, Won't you walk along with me?"
"Shert'nly, ol' bo, shertn'ly," said Jobson. "Great'ey pleasure'n 'e warl' shee a man home. Come ri' long, ole They set out together, the newspaper

man supporting the unsteady movements Suddenly the former remembered that he didn't know where Jobson lived, except that it was somewhere away off in the southern outskirts of the city, a fearful distance beyond his own house. he didn't dare to ask any questions that would suggest to Jobson that he was taking him home, and simply depended on the impetus in the right direction to carry them along.

Presently they reached the newspaper man's house, and Jobson lusisted on leaving him there. But the newspaper man grew very brotherly and kept Job-The latter protested that the night was damp and chilly, that it wouldn't do for him, the journalist, to stay out,

and so on. But the newspaper man kept him going and going. There wasn't a car or a carriage, and the good Samaritan wouldn't have dared to take one if there had been. It grew very late, and he thought of his own wife getting up in alarm at his absence. But he was in for it.

Along toward morning they reached a door which Jobson, who had grown drunker and drunker, seemed to have a friendly interest in. The newspaper man tried it, and Mrs.

"All ri' old girl," said Jobson, "my fr'en' seen me home, now I mus' shee him home, Goo' night, ole girl! Can't let him go 'ome 'lone in this damp air!" It would seem that nothing could retown with his companion. Finally he insisted, as a compromise, that the newspaper man should stay all night with Mrs. Johson gave an appealing look. and the journalist consented, thinking to

get Jobson in the house and then ally out, by his wife's aid. But once in, Job son insisted that he must sleep with him, and grew very ugly when he tried to get out of it. And so the unfortunate newspaper man went up to bed with the drunkard who took off his coat only whe his friend di , and wouldn't touch a single button until the other had unfastened

the corresponding one, and wouldn't get into bed until the other had. At last both were snugly under the she t, and the newspaper man was walting eagerly for some sign that his companion was asleep, when Jobson ex-

"Great ---, ole fellow, did you shay your prayers?" " By zhe ole Harry, get up and shay your prayers, an I'll shay mine!

The newspaper man got up and knelt at one side of the bed and Jobson at the other. When the coremonies were completed, both got back into bed, and in about five minutes Jobson began to snore loudly. The newspaper man saw his oppor-tunity. He rose stealthily, put on his underclothing with trembling hands, sneaked down the stairs with his outer garments in his arms, and floished his

iressing below. Then he bade the weeping Mrs. Jobson good morning, and started for his own house. It was broad daylight when he reached home, and he found another weeping woman there to gree him.
"The next time I find a drunken man making a night of it," the newspaper man says now, "he can make a night of it for all me. I have had enough of

the good Samaritan business to last me all my life."-[Boston Record.

The Middle Woman. The wife of an acquaintance in San Francisco who read the papers became imbued with the idea that it was wrong to patronize Chinese labor when poor white women were suffering for the chance to earn their daily bread, and expressed her views to her husband, saying she knew a poer woman next door who would be glad to do their washing at \$3 per week-they were paying the Chinaman \$1.50. It was an advance, but white labor must be encouraged, so the washing was handed over to Mrs Murphy.

The husband met Ah Sam a few months after and, feeling a little qualm of conscience and interest in him, inquired how he was getting along. seemed to be in a cheerful state of mind, and answere! · Fuse rate; plenty wash business. All samee me do your washee, all samee me catchee close Miss Murphy

house. She pay me one dollar hap It turned out that Mrs. Murphy had been giving out the washing to Sam and paying him \$1.50 a week, and making a profit of the other \$1.50.

Sam was restored, and that is about the way the thing goes. [N. Y. Times, A Queer Religious Sect. The Nest for Godly People is the title of a Russian religious sect which has come into existence during the last fif-

Its headquarters are at the historic fortress town of Bender, and its strange name is due to the fact that its members -all of the peasant class-dig a grave in the floor (which is of dried carth) of beir habitations, or else in their gardens, and lie therein until overcome by hunger, in order, as they say, to com-mune with God, confess to Him their

sins, and examine their past life. To enable them the better to do this, he grave is covered with a wooden bexe iid, or eanopy, having a door in it or ingress and egress, so that they lie in he grave as in a coffin; and were it not for small apertures in the top part of it. hav would run the risk of

A Remedy for Hydrophobia.

There is a remedy for hydrophobia which is not generally known. The treatment consists of vapor baths, washing the wound with a solution of ammonia, and warm drinks to cause free perspiration. The originator of this remedy, Dr.

Buisson, is said to have cured himself and nearly a hundred other people suffering from the bites of mad dogs. When the malady is fully developed, the patient remains in a bath till he is cured. It rains."

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APPETIZEES. German Bulis from the Fatherlan . The Irish haven't a monopoly for the manufacture of bulls. The German papers abound in them. Here are a few 'After the door was closed a soft fe-

male footstep slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the Both doctors were unable to restore the deceased once more to life and

"A man living at Ereudenstadt tried to shoot his wife, but missed her, for which offense he was promptly

The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls," was what a revolutionary leader told the Vienna students in 1848 in a

The Ladies' Benevolent Association has distributed twenty pairs of shoes which will dry up many tears." "I was sitting at the table enjoying

a cup of coffee when a gentle volce tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and saw my old friend. Among the emigrants was an old blind woman who came to America to see her only son once more before she died."

- (Texas Siftings.

Picturespie Wonders in Maine. What marvels to delight and amaze the

traveler in foreign lands can be cited that cannot be equalled or surpassed in A gentleman was narrating his experience on a Western raiway the other day that the last car met the engine coming

" Pooh! that's nothing, " said a true son of the soil. " You ought to sail up the Songo River. Why, in going up yestersley we went by one man's front yard four times without turning round Folk- who want broken and rugged

back at one place.

scenery don't need to go to Switzerland or Sandinavia. - [Lew ston (Me) Journal. - ---

Assurance " Ithout Premlums. Two commercial travellers, who inormer times had often gone their roundtegether, lately met once more on the First Traveller: "What branch are Second T.: "I am at present in the

I rst T. : " Life, fire, or hall assur-Second T. : " No, none of those." What kind, then Second T : "I'm going about assuring

all our creditors that they will be pa d some day." - Humoreskin. Specimen Minister's Joke.

The gentle and benign nature of a

derical joke is well illustrated by the

The Key. Francis Washburn of Bon-dout, me ting a Mr. Knight the other day, said to him, at the same time assuming a serious cast of countenance Mr. Emght, I am sorry, but you will

"Why?" asked the astonished Knight. " Because the Good Book tells us there will to no night there, " replied Mr.

How Many Toes Has a Cat? "How many toes has a cat?" This was one of the questions asked of a certain class during examining week,

and simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency the principal was niplied to for a solution, and he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by a simple question, hit on the idea of sending out a delega-

ion of boys to scour the neighborhood When this idea was announced the whole thes wanted to join in the hunt, Several boys went out and soon returned

A returning board was at once ap-

dinted, and the toes counted, when to the relief of all it was learned that a cat possesses 18 toes, 10 on the front and 8 on the hind feet .- [Columbus (Ga.) En-

---Baked Milk. Baked milk, a contemporary tells us, almost equals cream in richness, and will be found very beneficial in all cases where nutritions dut 1- advisable. It

The milk should be new, put into a stone jar, tiel over, and set in a slow oven for some hours. If left in all night so much th better. A hot oven will have a different effect entirely; the slower the oven, the thicker the milk

It may be taken just as it is, while

will sometimes work wond is in con-

warm, or if preferred, cold. It is better to bake small quantities, not more than sufficient for each day's con-

She Gave Her Flower to God. At a babyls funeral the family gathered about the little open grave and each one or pp d into it a sweet fragrant enowy blossom, the last souvenir of earthly love All but one. When it came to the younges , a little recious flower she held it rightly in her desped hends, as if defring anyone to

tage it from her. "Give it with the rest," urged her father, gently; "mamma had to give up On, but mamma gave her flower to God," hisped the child instantly.

A suggestion that carried an infinite

care into the hearts bowed down with

She Got the Ticket. It was a touching case, truly! The Providence station in this city was the place, and the Monday of the late flood

"A ticket for Providence?" asked a indy. "We cannot sell you one, was the

But I must have one," said she. No train will go through to-day," was the answer. " But you must let me have a ticket. I must go through. I am to be married to-night," was the rejoinder.

And how could the clerk longer refuse?-{Boston Congregationalist He Could Swim. People on board a steamer at Chatham, N. B., heard a splash and saw a chair floating in the water. Next rose above

the waves the head of a man, who remarked: Don't mind me; I can swim." The spectators, not to be outdone in politeness, fished him out at encs. He had placed a chair for himself in such a position that it went overboard

with him, when he sat down on it. The Meteorologica Department. "Ol I don't lolke to live out there at all, "said Mr. Conovan, speaking of his experience in Texas. "It niver raise excipt in dary weather, and fat h we

niver have any dry weather excipt whin

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