

HOUSEHOLD.

Water makes a good mulch for plants.

Water makes a good mulch for plants. It is as refreshing to a plant as it is to a man.

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BOOKS, THREE CENTS EACH.

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and all are priced at three cents. In each book there are three illustrations and all are priced at three cents. In each book there are three illustrations and all are priced at three cents.

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CURES
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BORAX SOAP

SPECIAL OFFER!
The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, many of them handsomely illustrated, and all are priced at three cents. In each book there are three illustrations and all are priced at three cents.

PATENTS
HENRY W. GARNETT, Attorney-at-Law, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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CURE FITS!

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DO YOU KNOW IT?

PENNYROYAL PILLS

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TULLY'S HAIR DYE

DRAW-POKER

DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

The Visit of an Unwelcome "Santa-Claus."

A Tale of New York in 1800.
"MARRY, the boys and I will go down to the village tomorrow morning with the wood, and I don't suppose we'll be able to get back before Wednesday morning, but I guess you won't be afraid to stay here one night alone, will you?"
John Comstock did not look at his little wife as he spoke, but stood with his back toward her, shaking the snow from his old gray hat and coat, for he well knew the shade of disappointment that was passing over her face.

"Why, no, of course I'm not afraid," was the ready reply. "What should I be afraid of, and up here among the mountains in this honest little place?—but it won't seem quite like Christmas eve to-morrow night without you all—and you know it will be the first time we haven't spent it together since we were married," she added, hesitatingly, with a slight tremor in her usually calm voice.
John said nothing, but went to the window and looked out. The storm was beginning to break away. The snow was now falling more gently, and in the East faint luminous streaks of silver gave signs of a perfect moonlight night. He turned with a brighter face, and spoke cheerfully.
"The storm's evidently about over. If you were snowed the roads will be fair, and if we can get an early start in the morning I think we can manage to get back home before midnight—at least some time before Santa Claus comes down the chimney," he added, merrily—"but see here, little wife, I almost forgot the good news that I have to tell you. Parson Stanley settled that old account with me to-day—paid me every dollar and interest besides, and here it is. Now go and put it in a safe place, and take good care of it till I get back.
Next spring we'll put a face on this old log house that our neighbors won't recognize. Great guns! I'd like to know where all this cold air comes from!" broke off John, with a sudden change of subject. "Good evening! good evening! I thought I'd walk right in without knocking, kind of neighbor-like, you know," and the somewhat startled pair looked to see their neighbor, Hiram Otwood, standing in the doorway.
"Jimmy! man you might as well kill a fellow's to scare him to death," good naturedly exclaimed the honest host, springing up and placing a chair for his queer guest.
"Do tell I did I seeer yer?" I thought I made a great rumpus as I came onto the stoop."
"We were busy talking and didn't hear you. Why how blue you look! Here, take my chair near the fire, I'm going into the other room for awhile," and the kind-hearted hostess rose as she spoke.
"No, I'm not a bit cold. Just you keep your seat," he feebly murmured, dropping into the proffered chair nevertheless without any ado, and spreading his rough, cold hands in the very blaze of the cheerful fire. "I tried to give you some over with me for a little chat this evening, but she was agittin' the children to sleep and couldn't leave," and the wretched fellow's teeth fairly chattered as he tried to keep up a show of conversation.
"I'm real glad you've come over, Hiram, for I want to ask you to keep an eye on my premises while I'm gone down to the village."
"Just so! When be you goin'?" was the quick inquiry.
"To-morrow morning, bright and early," replied the other, "and I can't get back till real late to-morrow night."
"Well, I'm goin' down there myself to-morrow noon, but I'll have Hanner look arter them."
"Is that so?" inquired the astonished John, for a trip to the distant village was not an every-day event among those simple mountain dwellers.
"Yes, that's so, but if Mrs. Comstock feels all skereed and stay all night with her. I saw two or three Injuns a-passin' down the road to-day, and maybe you'd rather not be alone, Mrs. Comstock," he said, addressing her as she now appeared.
"Indeed, I'm not the least bit timid," was the spirited reply. "There's not enough life left in one of those poor creatures to frighten a baby."
"You're right. They wouldn't worry a musketer. But I must be goin' now." And, rising the awkward visitor drew an old faded scarf from his pocket and enveloped his head and neck in it, as if where be the boys to-night?" he suddenly asked. "Oh, they have been abed and stay all night with her. I saw two or three Injuns a-passin' down the road to-day, and maybe you'd rather not be alone, Mrs. Comstock," he said, addressing her as she now appeared.
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SONG CLEAR AND BRIGHT.

As last there was nothing more to be done. Each stocking—Willie's, Henny's, yes, John's, and her own as well—all hung round the chimney, which was surely ample enough to admit the burly form of Kris Kringle himself, if he still kept up his old custom. And now it was time to prepare for the night. As she drew the plain white curtains together she found, to her surprise, that each window was nailed fast, and she knew that this was the work of dear, thoughtful John before he went away. Why had he been so worried about her, she wondered. There was nothing to fear, she tried to reassure herself, as she went to the outside doors and drew the bolts; nevertheless, with candle in hand she searched thoroughly each room, not neglecting to lift the bed-valance, and investigate the proverbial hiding-place of thieves and villains. There she put the candle out and crept softly into bed. Many times she had layed alone thus without a shadow of fear—why should she care now? she asked herself again and again, and trying to believe that she was only nervous from fatigue she at last dropped into a slumber.
How long had she slept? She could not tell, but she had awakened with a start, and was sitting up in bed in a half-conscious state. She could not tell what had roused her, but she thought it must have been the striking of the clock, for it was just telling the hour of twelve with startling distinctness; yet there she sat motionless long after the last stroke dived in the oppressive stillness. The moonlight was shining through the curtains, casting an uncertain light over each object in the room. It seemed as if some mysterious presence had startled her. She listened with painful interest, her gaze fixed on the window opposite, and as she looked to the dark outline of the casement seemed to move upward. No, it could not be. It must have been caused by the strong wind that was blowing; yet, surely the wind could not move it in that direction.
She thought of the Indians that Hiram had seen that day; she thought of the green candles under the foot of the bed, and then John's charge to her regarding the danger sign of the bed in an instant, but the next moment to her dismay, she remembered that she had neglected to bring the dinner-horn into the house, and that it was then lying in its accustomed place in the washbasin. She would not venture out there for a kingdom. All her courage seemed to leave her. Nonetheless she went to the window to ascertain to a certainty that it was secure, and as she examined each one in turn, she could distinctly hear footsteps on the crackling snow, following her, and trying each window. Then the steps seemed to retreat and a few moments later she heard the door-latch softly lifted, but she knew she had nothing to fear from that direction, and taking advantage of the moment she timely raised a corner of the curtain and looked out. Her fears were all too plainly verified, for there in the bright moonlight was the unmistakable figure of a great, brawny Indian. She could clearly distinguish his swarthy features, and as his blanket swayed to and fro in the wind she thought she detected a gleaming knife in his belt.
She hastily dropped the curtain and once more listened with breathless anxiety. For a time all was still, then she heard a strange, rustling sound, and then the thing she realized was that a heavy body was creeping along the roof. Great heaven! what was the creature going to do! A noise near the chimney seemed to be her answer. Already he was coming down there, and taking in the situation at a glance, the courage and strength of desperation came to her. To rush in to the room, drag out the straw bed and fling it on the dying embers was the work of scarcely an instant. Then her eyes involuntarily followed the upward direction of the blaze, and there, thro' the thick smoke, she could plainly see hanging in the chimney a dark form, which appeared to be struggling as if to extricate itself.
Wild with terror, and guided now by impulse only, she flew out of the house, reached the wood shed and grasping the horn she blew such loud, frantic notes that they must have been heard for miles in the still, clear air. Then she started to run down the road, but every thing swam before her, her knees sank under her, and she knew no more.
"Never mind; don't talk now," John was saying to her when she came to herself. "I'll tell you all about it if you'll promise to be quiet and not ask any questions. Santa Claus, alias the noble man, couldn't resist the temptation of trying to come down our chimney when everything was so nicely fixed up for his reception; but he found it rather a tight squeeze and got smothered pretty well by the smoke; and he dropped down at last, and Mrs. Otwood and I reached the house just in time to prevent a thorough roasting. He was very well done on one side and just ready to turn when I gave him a good basting, but concluded you needed my attention instead. And now the oily sillage has been reduced to an oily scum and lies wrapped in bandages over at Otwood's. I begged the poor, heart-broken woman to take him in charge, for he bore such a strong resemblance to Hiram that I thought he might turn out to be a long-lost brother, or something of that kind, you know. By the way, I'm under the impression that as soon as the patient recovers we shall lose our neighbors,

9 TIMES OUT OF 10

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
CURES
Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

99 TIMES OUT OF 100
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
CURES
A Cold or a Throat-ache.

19 TIMES OUT OF 20
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
CURES
Asthma and Diphtheria.

49 TIMES OUT OF 50
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
CURES
Croup and Whooping of the Throat.

H. CHILDS & CO.,
PITTSBURGH,
OFFER TO THE TRADE THE BEST
MADE IN
\$3.00 SHOES
IN THE MARKET.

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil
CURES
Croup and Whooping of the Throat.
Price 50 cents and \$1.00.
SOLE DISPENSERS.
H. CHILDS & CO.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Feb. 28, 1891.

Every drugstore should keep Anthon's and Anthon's Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Anthon's Pills, 112 Wall St., New York, will send either carriage paid or by regular parcel post, either \$1.00 for a box of Anthon's Pills, or \$2.00 for a box of Anthon's Pills, or \$3.00 for a box of Anthon's Pills.

LADIES!
Are you restless enough to venture? It is now two weeks in the Market Pharmacy, 225 and 229 Washington St., New York, of their beautiful illustrated "Ladies' Quineptusil." It is a new, original, and interesting work for every person of refinement.

QUINEPTUSIL
A very pleasing, harmless, and powerful remedy for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, neuralgia, and other ailments. It is a new, original, and interesting work for every person of refinement.

ROYAL ELIXIR.
An elegant English pharmaceutical preparation for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, neuralgia, and other ailments. It is a new, original, and interesting work for every person of refinement.

ROYAL PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
LONDON AND NEW YORK.
Chemists by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen and to the Royal Family.

ROYAL PILLS.
Summery medicinal properties as Royal Elixirs. In bottles, 30 pills to box, for 25 cents.

REMEMBER THE BIG FOUR!
Vinegar Bitters, 20¢.
Vinegar Bitters, 30¢.
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Vinegar Bitters, 50¢.

VINEGAR BITTERS
PURELY VEGETABLE AND FREE FROM ALL ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.
R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK.

KNABE
PIANO-FORTES.
Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
No. 212 1/2 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
No. 112 1/2 Broadway, New York.

SUPERB
FAMILY SCALES
WANTED - LADY active and intelligent, to do bookkeeping and general office work for a well established business. Address: Mrs. J. H. W. W. No. 127 West 12th St., New York.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"A man of principle—the banker. —A joint canvas—that which covers a ham. —I forced politeness—bowing to circumstances. —There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the saucer. —A shining example to indolent legs—the boot black. —The old chaps who wore armor were the first mail carriers. —Physic beats faith; cure, because it has the inside track. —A cry for quarter—that raised by the sleepin'-car porter. —A recent comic song is entitled 'Sap'—because it comes in bars. —'Some men are born great.' You, but grateful; how some of them do shrink. —A restaurant keeper can make both ends meet by serving cat's head and ox-tail soup. —An Indian idol has been discovered in the west. It is a petrified, whisky bottle with the cork out. —The Roman Empire declined and fell. In this respect it differs from man. If he declines, he won't fall. —When Brown gets his salary he puts what he owes his land-lady to one side. He has christened it his board bill. —It is in pocket-picking about the same as in eating fish, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in. —I was told that every dog has his day; but that cannot be so, for every dog knows there are more than 300 dogs in the world. —A young lady in Illinois is named 'Sap', but recently she got awfully much worse again, and called her 'Sap' for short. —It is reported that Winona learned to appropriate by guessing what his wife would say when he came home late at night. —A New Yorker shot his wife, but the bullet hit nothing but her stove-lid. She had so much of it on that she couldn't tell which was which. —A Pittsburgher has taken out a patent for a machine to crimp fur bugs. That's all right. Why shouldn't the fur bug wear a crimp, so long as the fur barrel has bumps. —'Lig! it's odd this mornin', said Sniggles to Higgs. 'I saw an one-sided axle as I came down-town.' 'In deed,' said Higgs, 'was it paid for?' 'Tebaleau!'"

"Mrs. Greene—'Timothy, what have you done with the letter that was lying on the bureau?' Timothy—'I put it in the letter-box, ma'm.' Mrs. G.—'Oh! I'm sorry! I don't see you were no address on the envelope?' Timothy—'Yes, ma'm; but I thought you didn't want nobody to know who you was writin' to.' —Magistrate—'The young woman says that your son abused her, but I am sure he never did so.' —'I never intend in my amorous woman in my life, your honor.' Magistrate—'That's by the way you stare at her so persistently.' —'I'm sorry—'Borax is pretty, and I couldn't help it.' Young Woman—'Let him go, judge.' —At an informal supper—which might have taken place on April 1 but was not—given by Madame X. to her husband, she proposed for them a pleasant surprise. One of the guests was a well known epicure, and Mr. X. especially desired his wife to have something quite new to offer him. As the various courses were removed they were at length placed on one dish, a magnificent silver cover, which the servant placed before the guest of honor. Lifting the top with a graceful air of appreciative expectancy, the luncheon was greeted by a beautiful parrot which rattled its feathers as it said prettily: "Have some?" It is quite needless to say that the tid bit was declined, and the charming feast made Madame X. for a season socially famous.

ROBERT EVANS,
AND NINE PARTNER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE
Ebensburg, Pa.

Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.
Apr. 26, 91.

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
AND TIN ROOFING,
Respectfully invites attention to the fact that he has carried on business at his old stand, corner of Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacture to order any articles in tin, copper, or sheet-iron. He has the largest, the best material and at the lowest living prices. —No pensionary work either made or sold at my establishment. —V. LUTTRINGER.
TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. —V. LUTTRINGER.
75-Mountain, April 13, 1891.

FARM FOR SALE!
A valuable farm situated in Allegheny Co., Pa., 1/2 mile from Ebensburg, and 1/2 mile from the Pennsylvania R.R., is for sale. The farm contains 100 acres, with a large house, barn, and outbuildings. It is in good order and will be sold on easy terms. For further particulars call on the undersigned. —L. B. COLEMAN.
June 1, 1891.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS
A valuable medicine for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, neuralgia, and other ailments. It is a new, original, and interesting work for every person of refinement.

CONSUL DUBUTTS
A valuable medicine for biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headache, neuralgia, and other ailments. It is a new, original, and interesting work for every person of refinement.

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