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the corner of the house.

doing here?"

row iron bars of the staircrase-window.

She was just in time, for as she stooped again to poke in the depths of

an old ash-barrel with her well-worn

fron hook, a policeman lounged round

"An' is it the cinders ye'd grudge me?" whined Mrs. Dennis, "an' the fire

going out on the hearth-stone, wid the

'Hallo, old woman! What are you

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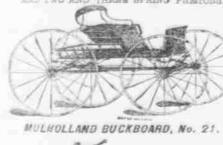
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You're past the days of usefulness; And I remember with a sigh How fast the days and years go by. You've been a friend so tried and true, It is so long since you were new, That scarce a tear I can suppress To say good-by, my old brown dress.

THE OLD BROWN DRESS.

Poor old brown dress, poor old brown dress, You've many wrongs, but no redress; You've learned (like many more, no doubti To always wear your "best side out." But now, alas! 'tis all in vain; You'll basque in sunshine ne'er again; You're trimmed with fringe-that's not

I'll give you still this parting puff. A varied life you've had, old dress, For many times you've gone to press, Been mended, turned and ripped apart. Have known the skilled dressmaker's art. And once you dyed, but looked so That no one near me knew 't was you, While doubtless you "laughed in your sleeve" To see how color could deceive.

Dear old brown dress, dear old brown I smooth your folds with tenderness, So much has happened since the time I wore you in your lustrous prime. The treasured friends who knew me thon Have passed beyond "our mortal ken." I call them, but they do not come;

Their hearts are cold, their lips are dumb. And now good-by, old threadbare dress, How long I've worn you none can guess. You'll now be laid upon the shelf, Just as I soon must be myself. I'm but a speck upon the tide-The human stream is deep and wide-And yet I know whate'er befall A watchful Father sees it all.

- [New York Star. TWO KISSES.

"Madam, will you give me something "Something to eat?" repeated the lady, kind-looking matron of about thirtyfive, who had come to the door on sceing a stranger approach, and cust a quick comprehensive glance over his person

"she added. "Come Who is it, mamma?" asked a little eager voice, as a pretty child of six summers came from an liner room. "Only a poor man, dear, who wants omething to eat," replied the lady. well-filled tray upon the table. "Sit own and bely yourself. 200 The stranger obeyed.

A few words would have told his story. The only child of wealthy parents, Ralph Wentworth had lived to the age of twenty in ease and luxury.
He had graduated with a fair record from college, but with no marked pro-clivities for any grt or calling, save the very agreeable and congenial one of en-joying the good things of life. Within a week after the brilliant festivities that had celebrated his majority, his father had fallen dead in the street from

a paralytic stroke, leaving the family In a week more his mother had sunk to the grave; and the petted indulged boy was left to face the world alone, with no resources save the few pounds that remained of his father's birthday gift, With the first shock of bereavement friends clustered around him,

ready to advise and eager to assist in the spending of his little patrimony. That once gone, his friends went also. Ralph made a few ineffectual efforts to obtain some employment. But where the heir of prospective thousands had been met with smiles and affability, the impecunious young man new

encountered supercitious looks and in-Finally, filled with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he and resolved to quit England, and go he cared not where. On the morning after coming to this cision, while glancing aimlessly over a

per, his eye fell upon an item describthe discovery of gold in California. In an instant his resolve was formed. If his strength gave out before the goal vould care, no one would miss him.

was reached, so much the better; no one It was in this mood that he had made his first request for a ment, for the last few pennics of his slender funds had night him a meagre dinner the day be-And as he now sat eating, a sudden rush of emotion came over him, and

"What makes you feel so bad?" The little entriest voice, breaking in pon his painful reverie, aroused him Seated in a little rocker, which she was gently swaving to and fro, with her hands folded in her lap, and her sweet wistful eyes fixed with a searching yet

forced a sigh from his lips.

sympathetic gaze upon him, was the hild whose presence he had entirely for-Her mother had left the room temporarily, and he had thought himsel! alone.
"Why do you think I feel bad, little " Recause your face looks so sad, and

you don't eat anything hardly; and you almost cried just now," replied the little ereature; "don't you feel happy?" Not very happy, child-that is a And another sigh finished the gen-

'Are you a bad man?" was the next A half smile parted Ralph's pale lips. "Why do you ask me that?" he res-Because mamma says that people-

real good people, I mean—are always happy, and that they only feel sad when they do something wrong." suppose mamma is right," said Ralph, sighing. "And yet I am not a bad man, little one; only a foolish one." 'I am foolish sometimes, and a little bad, too," said the little creature, shaking her head with a serious air. then mamma tells me to sit down in my chair and think about it; and by-and-by I feel very sorry, and look ead like you do now. Don't you feel sorry you was "Indeed I do, my child," said the

young man with involuntary carnest-ness. "But tell me," he added, interested by her artless prattle, "what do I mamma how sorry I am : and then she kisses me, and I feel better. "Haven't you got any mamma or any friends to kiss you?" No. little one. My mother is dead.

and my friends are all gone." The child pondered for a moment. "That is too bad!" she exclaimed.

Then she added: Will it make you feel better if I kiss Yes, I think so. I am sure it will." "Well, I will kiss you." And, rising from her chair, the child stepped to his side and kissed him. Now you won't be foolish any more,

will you?" she asked. "Indeed I will try not to be!" was the earnest answer. "God bless you, little one! That is the sweetest kiss I have

I had a dear little friend like you."
"I will be your friend," said the child. My old brown dress, my old brown And wait a moment, I will get you Darting away from his side, she felt

the room, returning in a few minutes with a small parcel in her hand. "See here," she said, opening it upon his knee. "Papa had my picture taken on some cards the other day, and he gave me this one to do just what I pleased with. He wrote my name on it: Maude Evelyn Granger.'

"I will give it to you, and when you look at it you can think of your little friend, and that she wants you to be "But will your mamma let you give this to me?" asked Raiph with some

misgiving.
"Oh yes! I asked her just now. I told her I wanted to give you something to make you feel happy, and she said, 'Very well, dear.' Now you'll have one friend, won't you?" "Yes," said the young man, taking her soft little hand in his. "And if I

should come back again some of these days, and tell you that I have been real good, and not foolish any more, will you kiss me again? "To be sure I will!" At that moment the returning foot-

steps of the lady were heard and Raiph arose, hat in hand. "I thank you kindly, madam, for your hospitality," he said.

He pressed little Maude's hand in a close, lingering clasp, raised his hat to his benefactress, and left the house.

Five years had passed, finding Ralph Wentworth still working as a common laborer at the mines. Every evening when his work was ended, he would wander off to some socluded spot, then drawing a little package from his pocket, gaze long and earnestly at the pictured face it con-

From abstording and self-derving is a hermit, his life appeared to have in t little to covy. But he had a goal be fore his mental vision of which they knew nothing a goal to the attainment of which every dollar of his hard earned vages, every energy of his life, were Although apparently lost to the world

without Ralph was not forgotten. One day a letter came for him; a thick combrous-looking envelope, directed in a large sprawling hand. In the solitude of his little cell-like room, he opened it, and his pale cheek flushed with a look that was ecstasy.

Then passed ten years more.

The brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Remington's handsome mansion were filling fast with guests, when the hostess same forward to welcome a new comer a lovely girl of twenty years, who was entering, accompanied by a gentleman, widently her father. Good evening, my dear Mande!" she exclaimed, with a rapturous little squeeze of her hand. "I have delight-

al news for you-and all the other parriageable young ladles who will be sere to night? with a gay laugh. I am to have among my guests toright no less a person than Mr. Wentworth, that elegant young man-I call him young, for he is only thirty-five-"He's a splendid-looking man, they say, and immensely rich-owns mining property. He is home for a short visit, and I've secured him for to-night. will be sure to secure you an introduc-

"Do," replied Mande, smiling. Then she passed on to another part of the Half an hour later there was a slight bustle at the door, and a ripple of expectancy among the guests.

Maude, who happened to be standing

where she had a view of the entrance, perceived a tall elogant gentlemon bendog over the hand of Mrs. Remington. At the next moment he raised his head to glance over the company, and heir eves met. Was it lavey, or did a fleeting emotion

cross his face-a look of surprise, almost gladness, light up his fine eyes? Mande was sure she had never met gaze for a moment, a feeling as of & nalf-forgotten memory came ever her. Twenty minutes later, as Maude stood poversing with her partner. Mrs. Remgion's voice greeted her ear;

Mande, my love, Mr. Wentworth wishes to be introduced to you," and ooking up, she encountered amin the armed have of the handson's stranger, the introduction; then a promenade; and then, almost before she was aware, Mr. Wentworth had seemed all the disenpiged dances on her card.

His conversation, unimpated, varied fluent, had at the same time a certain undercurrent of deep, even intense feelng, that lent a strange charm to his most commonplace words, and sent a thrill to the very heart of the fair girl. It seemed as if there exists a kindred chord between them-a chord leng silent, yet living still, and which thrilliwith every vibration of his voice, making her feel, ere that short evening was past, as if he had been a friend of years a loved and valued friend-rather than

stranger whom she was meeting for Mr. Wentworth learned, in the course their conversation, that Miss Granger was spending the winter in the city, pelug on a visit to some relatives; and he further asked and obtained permission

He did call, many times; and at length, one evening, he said in the course of a ng and earnest conversation : Miss Granger, ever since our acuaintance began, I have been wanting o tell your story. Let me tell it now." Drawing his chair closer to where she sat, Ralph Wentworth began a tale with most of which the reader is familiar. Then, continuing, he said:

"One day there came to that young man a letter containing the notice of a bequest of four thousand pounds from a istant relative, lately deceased. "The money, with what he had saved in those five years, completed the pur-chase of a claim that was the beginning of his fortune. Step by step he mounted the ladder of life once more, until he gained commanding wealth, influence, friends, and, better than all a clear and " Then became back to his native city.

to find her who had been his good angel all those years. "Perhaps she had forgotten the man to whom her sweet childish sympathy had been a talisman and a blessing, for he had not even told her his name; but something whispered to him that he would find her again-and find her heart-free.

"Maude," he continued, taking the hand that trembled in his clasp, through all those years that innocent kiss of a warm affectionate heart has lain pure upon my lips, the solace of my lonely life. Temptations I had many, but that little face was present with me always. I could not look into those pure eyes and sin! "On the day when her little hand pointed out the way to a better life, she promised that if I came back again, and

she would kiss me again. I have kept my faith; have earnestly striven to retrieve youthful folly that had not yet "And now will the woman redeem the promise of the child? Will she raise her lips to mine in another kiss-

ould say to her that I had tried to do

my duty, to be a good and useful man,

a kiss that shall tell me she will be my life's angel-my cherished and hon-For a moment Maude's voice failed

her. Back over the years memory swept, bringing up every detail of that memorable interview, and she now new the secret of the subtle sympathy which had seemed from the first to bind them together. A new voice seemed speaking to her ow, one to which her heart responded ith a great and solemn joy; and read-

his answer in her face upraised to in one fleeting glance, Ralph Wentsuch drew her to him and kissed her. In a private apartment in Ralph estworth's Juxurious home langs a amifully executed copy of the photo on he has cherished so lung; while used in a golden locket, which he Il carry over his heart as long as he lives, is another, in minimize, of the awest childish face, which lifted to his

---THE DRILL OF THE GROSTS.

that first innocent kiss of sympathy

nd trust, was the turning-point in his

life—the earnest of a useful, honorable,

and happy future.

An Old Segrenat on the Plains Tells a Savings Story of Covernor's filled. "The strangest especimen I ever the said the old serpoint, was a Fort William, on Governor's let ed. In New York harbor, over twenty

years ago. - I was a sergeant at the time, married, and, with my young wife had been living in a small house on the ver end of the island, but the commanding officer concluded to tear it down, and I was told to select the est rooms of the non-commission officers' quarters in the then unoccu-What with my usual military duties

and the fatigue of moving and placing things to rights, I was pretty well tired out when night came, and slept like a My wife was worn out, too, but id not sleep so sound as not to be turbed every night by what she slied the funniest noises that sound-

just like thunder, but I paid but tile attention to her thinking it was nly the noise of passing steamboats or the wash of the waters on the " It might have been two weeks aftwe I had settled down that one might I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep outh that peculiar feeling of dread of uson me which priots in perienced by nearly all of us.

"John, do you hear it now" asked my wife when she discovered I was awake: 'It sounds like some persons at work below. "Listening for a short time, I recogniced familiar sounds, and had I not been positive that the doors were eked, with the keys hanging on a nil in my room, I would have sworn that the batteries were manned by experionced gumners. The quick tread of the men as

they dragged the gons in, the ring of the pammer, the handling of the shot that lay piled in readlasss for use, the return of the iron wheels over the rails as it was run out of the port were perfect in every detail, only lacking the words of command and the report of the piece to complete the " As I listened the uproar increased volume until it was impossible for to hear each other's voices without

sing them to a high pitch. The gans were served with what arried increalible rapidity and the ery walls, massive as they were, embled under the heavy artiflery in estimual motion, while the balls were illing from one end of the casements other, striking the sides with eavy thuds, Unable to stand this state of afsirs any longer, I arose, and, lighting y lasters, took the keys along with

lorded revolver, and, descending the stairs as lightly as possible, reached the door. The noise at this point was anything, more deafening than when left my room. Cautiously inserting the key into he lock. I cocked my six-shooter, and rabed lantern and weapon presented stored the nearest casement to fine gun and the shot stacked in their

It was the same in every battery Not a footprint disturbed the thick dust upon the floor, nor was there a finger mark upon either the place, and no carriage had traveled r the custy ralls.

Confounded even still more than I before, I returned to my room, and was disturbed no more that night The racket, however, was commenced again the following night, and was kept up, with slight, intermission, for a My account of this singular dis-

turbance was met with jests and laugh-ter from my fellow soldiers, which they modified, it is true, when I corroborated it by my wife, but then only so far as to declare that it was a scheme on our part to get removed from uncomfortable quarters to one of the new quarters then about com-Nettled at their taunts, I vowed

that if ever the noises commenced again I would have other witnesses to them, and I did not have long to wait, for about one month after I was awakened by the phantom gunners. "This time I passed out over the drawbridge, and, going to the men's quarters, awakened a sergeant by the name of Smith, and much against his will made him accompany me to the

"After standing listening to the racket until Smith's face was as white as a sheet and he was trembling from head to foot, I throw open the door. Smith always declared that for a ment he saw the ghostly crew at their places, but could detect nothing, nor could I ever discover any cause for the disturbance, although I often was awakened by the nightly drill of my invisible artillerymen.

"Some months after leaving the isl-and I learned that during the Mexican war an artillery company drilled with these guns some time before they left Mexico, and that they were no all killed in battle. I suppose it must have been a freak of theirs to have their reunions in these casements and practice with their old friends, the guns."-[Minneapolis Tribune.

None Of His Business. "Mister, will you please give me a dime?" asked a boy of a gruff-looking Why should I give you a dime?"

"To get something to eat with."
"Why should I care whether you eat or not? It's none of my business." Shortly afterward, as the man was running to catch a car, his plug hat blew off and went rolling at a rapid rate. "Please stop that hat," he shouted to Why should I stop your hat?" the

boy replied. "It is none of my bust-"Now, look there, you young wretch, a wagon has run over it." "That's so, but why should I care? It's none of my business."-[Arkansaw

LITTLE CHARLIE.

It was a gloomy half-lighted attic-room in a tenement house. Not a pleasant place to die in, and perhaps it was just as well that poor Phoebe Wells, in her restless delirium, fancied herself back in the sweet-scented orchard

Meanwhile a child of four years old, with his round face besmeared with dirt, and his flaxen curls tightly matted together with neglect, sat coiled up in a window-seat, playing with a headless wooden-horse and singing softly to him-What did little Charlie know of Sore, it's wanderin' she is," said one

of the women who were sitting in the

and enough to tire the patience of the bleased saints themselves, sitting here. There's the bit of a letter sho began to write and hadn't strength to linish. What shall we do with it?" " Burn it," shortly returns a wrinkled old hag, who was already busy in turning over the slender store of linen in the worn hair-trunk to find something fitting for a shroud; "it t no use to anybody now, an she can't spake reasonable as to where it is to go. Yes, yes, honey, I know," as Phobe stretched out he attenuated hands with a wistful erv of, "Charlie-you'll take Charlie home. "Sure, an it's that we will," said the old woman chuckling. "We've got nothin' else to do, my fine lady, an lots o' money to spare, excursioning round the country! Lie still, dear!" But still she cried, "Charlte-Charlte!" and the younger woman lifted the little creature, still clinging to his wooden

horse, on to the bed. Charlle opened his blue eyes and began to cry. "Mamma, what makes you look so She drew him so close down to her with a shuddering sigh, his cheeks against hers, his tangled curls mingling with her dishevelled black tresses. Oh, my baby, I cannot go and leave

The death-rattle in her throat interrupted all further attempts at speech. There were one or two incoherent murmorring sounds—that was all-and so poor Phobe Wells died. They took little Charlie away bewildered and terrifled, and dispatched someone for the "pauper's coffin,"

which was to enfold the poor creature's

last remains. 'She's got no friend Dennis, 'an' it's but fair. trouble we've had, Nora should divide the little she "It's me ought to has clothes an' things," said N You never came a-nigh two days.

"Well, an' it's no men-Norah, dear," said the Irishweman smoothly; 'an' you goin to be mar-ried in a month. You kape the clothes, an' welcome, and I'll have the bit of a boy; he's just the child I went for since they took poor little Barney O'Toole away, worse luck to em! Come along, child, an' stop that ervin' or it'll be the worse for yez. Did ye want a taste o' Mother Dennis's stran Charlie followed his rough guide, frightened into a trambility Sidnes. Poor little creature! it was well that

he was not old enough to realise the terrible fate now opening before him.
"Yez wouldn't belav it, an him so young," said Mrs. Dennis triumphantly, but he's the best lifter in all the children! See there, Mike Dooley, two handkechers an' a snuff-box, let alone the two apples from the peddler's stand, an' an ash-box half full of Illigant paper-rags. Give him a drop o yer beer, Mike, an 'ye shall have baked potaties

an' pigs-trotters for your supper, This was one of Charlie's lucky days. Sometimes he came home, blue with pennyless, and without booty of any kind; and then Mrs. Dennis was as liberal in the use of the strap, and what is called "the rough side of her tongue," as she was in her rewards. [11] run away when I'm big enough resolved the little six-year-old many a night as he lay on his strawpallet, with half-a-dozen other puny wretches as miserable as himself, watching the peaceful stars shining

through the rafters overhead. "Mrs. Dennis says my mamma's name was Bridget Lanigan, but it wasn't; it was Phobe! She told me so once; and I had a wooden-horse to play with, and I used to say my prayers at night. I can't remember em now; and Pat Reelan says they're all trash-and-and-and-So little Charlie dropped off to sleen,

as forlorn a little wretch as night broaded over with her peaceful proteeting wings of starry darkness. But Charley did not run away. In the first place, there was nowhere to run to, and Charlie was sufficient of a conservative to remain quietly when he was sure of shelter and daily bread to eat; not always that, however, unless Mrs. Dennis was in good humor. Then, child as he was, he felt himself to be a sort of parish in the outer

world, his tiny hand against every man's, and every man's against him. Such was the state of affairs, one December night, when our little hero eame walling home with purple cheeks and chilled fingers and toes, concious that he had nothing to plead why he should not be sent supperless to bed. But, to his astonishment, Mrs. Dennis was all motherly affability, and Mike Dooley himself took him between his knees in front of the blazing fire, and helped to chafe his hands. Mike, in general, being as brutal a ruffian as ever came in contact with the

law, Charlie could not imagine what it all meant. "It's two old malds of 'em livin' all alone," said Mrs. Dennis, resuming the conversation where it had been broken off at Charlle's entrance; "and there's a closet full of old plate, an' North says-North cleaned them, yez knows -the staircase windy, openin' on the back street, would let a good-sized cat in between the bars, and where a cat can go our Charlie can. Wouldn't yez like that, Charlie dear, to help crack a

Charlie stared vacantly into the fire. and munched his crust of stale bread.
"All ye'll have to do will be to creep in atween daylight an' dark, honey, and hide away like a mouse. North says there's an illigant place under the turn o' the back stairs, just where you get in a'most, and you can lie there as still as a kitten until they've gone to bed, and then, sure, it'll be alsy to steal out and unbolt the basement-door, and Mike and me'l waitin'; an' if we get what we want, you shall have a brand-new so it of lothes, like Mickey Warren's, wid gould Charlie's eyes brightened somew

Mrs. Dennis, nodding her head triumphantly at her condiutor. "Sure it's a pleasure to dale wid the likes of himalways cheerful and willin'. "Oh, stow you blarney!" contemptuously ejaculated the less rhetorical Michael. "What's the use o'words? If he'll go, he'll go, and that's the end on't. To-morrow night at eleven. Mrs. Dennis acquiesced.

There! you see he's all right, 'sald

To-morrow night, at eleven, I'll be

waiting at the corner of the street wid a cloak and a big market-basket, an' I'll sec that Charlie's there afore us." The next afternoon, just as the wintry twilight was fading into the black, indistinguishable dusk, Mrs. Dennis skillully propelled the slender, cat-like figure of little Charlie through the narsix little ones blue with the cold? Arrah, an' its hard lines for poor folks, so it s, and Mickey McGargan, me husband, "Well, well, you needn't make such a noise about it," deprecated the policeman striding on. And Mrs. Dennis smiled stealthily

under her ragged red hood.

Meanwhile, Charlie, obedient to orders, curied himself up under the stairway, amid a lot of tin buth-tubs. disused furniture, and invalided saucepans, and went composedly to sleep. How long he had slept he did not know, but the narrow stairway was lighted up by the glare of a candle when he woke, and a hand was on the ragged lapels of his cont.

Why, bless me, it's a child!" "Nonsense, Nancy; it's only the cat!"
"I tell you it's a child, and he's asleep." Another figure advanced into the reliow circle of flickering light thrown by the candle-that of a pleasant-looking oman, with a something in her face that made Charlie's heart stand still, and brought the long disused word mamma" involuntarily to his lips. "How on earth came you here, little

boy?" she asked. Little less astonished than her companion had been. Charlie glanced furtively about the room, in vain search for a loophole of escape; but there was none, and Charlie had no idea of sacrificing himself for the sakes of Mother Dennis and Mike. "Mrs. Dennis put me through the window," he whispered, "and she and Mike are coming at eleven o'clock to

teal the spoons and things, and I'm to unbolt the front door for en; and ease ma'am, I never did such a thing fore, and I'm so cold, and and -Charlie wound up his explanatory speech with a burst of very genuine cears, and screwed his little knuckles tightly into his round blue eyes. "My goodness gracious!" ejaculated

if nothin had happened. And, oh, don't

" Don't be afraid, my little fellow."

said Miss Nancy, who had been giving

some orders in a hurried whisper to a

privated old servant-maid who and stops

a shaded be-tre through the room.

with eyes of represent and curiosity.

mere baby! What is your name, child?"

Only Charlie-and mamma's name

At that instant, in his restless motions

around, the little fellow caught sight of

a portrait hanging in a recess, hitherto

obscured from his gaze. He uttered a

"Graelous goodness!" exclaimed Miss Nancy, trembling in every joint; "what does this child mean? That is our

Phoete and she had black hair just

that one flower of memory in his mine

for two long years, began to sob and cry

"I want my mamma! they have taken her away from me! Where is my

Miss Betsey rose up, pale and solemn.

It's Phrebe come back to us, to put her

little child's hand in ours! We have

searched for her in vain these five years,

low her orphan child has come straight

"Don't you see God's hand in it,

Nancy? We disowned her, and sent her

away, because she would marry the man

she loved-we never relented when we

heard she was left a widow, but we

mourned and sought her long when it

Her voice was stifled by tears, but

e home and the hearts that were walt-

The policemen, summoned duly by old

Margery, arrived and were put on the watch. And when the basement door

was stenlibily unbolted, Mr. Dooley and

Mrs. Dennis walked straight into the

"It's that little chare o' the world who has betrayed as, but I'll tear his heart out!" shricked Mrs. Dennis valuly strug-

gling with her captors. But Charlie

holding tightly on to Miss Nancy's pro-tecting hand, holdly defied her threats

and Mike Dooley's deeper and mere silent

he had escaped a fate worse than don't The two old-maid agents took him but

Charile learned for the first time in his

sey would say reflectively, "but I call it

Providence. If you don't believe what I say, just let me tell you the story of our

A Chinaman's Theology

The Chinaman had for his counsel

When asked if he believed in God,

Mayor Kirkland and for his interpreter,

the Chimman replied: "Me knowed

Kirlickland, he God; Mr. Jim Ladford,

he God; Meltene mance no foolee

Mayor Kirkland, enthused with his

newly acquired divinity, made an elo-quent appeal, and won the Chinaman's

Curious Entry From a Marriage Register,

being entirely without arms, the ring was

register with her right foot."

of and she wrote her name in this

Chinaman on God-not much

cause .- [Abilene (Texas) Reporter.

"Some people talk of fate," Miss Bot

life what it was to have a home.

little Charlie!"

Mr. James Radford.

street, Edmunds.

Charile was too young to know it, but

arms of two burly detectives.

little Charlie was held close-close to

Nancy, it's a voice from the grave!

And the child, who had treasured up-

like that and big black eyes.

Mamma !- that is Charlie's own

It is mamma! Mamma's name was

But the child shook his head.

" Charlie what?"

THRITING!

was too late!"

you give me up to our please, please,

me to the doctors afterwards!

the elder lady.

Nor is "Little Dode" always as proper in what she says to older folks as I desire her to be. After her nurse had put her to bed

-turing in the background. "Come with me. Why, now cold your hands are! Out shopping one day with her mamma, a clerk sald: No one shall harm you. She led the sobbing, shrinking little prohin into a cosey parlor, where the eriuson carpet and curtains seemed to reflect raddy lights Trees the glowing ser-coal fire, and the chandelier of fuse

my curls." The walls were bong with soberly-The funniest thing about my little sweetheart is that she speaks quite seriously even when her words seem to be part; and there are times when to stare down upon the pewildered child Miss Belley, according down the tangled curly hair as she led him to the fire the talks about God and beaven a 'And only see wint blue eyes he has! Poor little soul! and so young, too a

Don't you talk to me.

and was saying: Papa, I love you. I love you all the day and when the moon shipes.

love you all the time, papa, dear. Me kiss you good-night."

And the tiny angel in her night robe slipped off my knee to be placed in er own little bed. May God spare to us our " Little lede." We dure not think what our home would be without her. -[P. A.

4.0

A Disgusted Juror. An old fellow who had served during 'Squr," said he, "jes' listen to me miluit, if you please. I reconsize the I come here an' hung round tryin' to git on the jury, an at inst I got

as I told you, an' we lit into busness. I thought that I would hear all about how fellers got killed, an how somebody was nurdered, an I thought that we'd say some feller was guilty an' would see him hung, but I was Here come a lot of cases about fellers removin' mortgaged cotton, an' all about Mr. So and So auin' each sther, but I ain't bearn nothin' bout killin' nor nothin' interestin' of "I am a powerful band for fan, jedge, an' I never could stand dry deher heart. The outesst babe—the little neglected parish, had been led by the guiding hand of Providence straight to tails. I wanter hear suthin that'll make my hair stand up on cost.
"I thought that a juryman had a fine time. I thought that with him it was a regular show, but us I tolo you. I've been decrived.
"Wy, I mout stay here a month foolin' with sich stuff, an' even then wouldn't have nothin' ter tell the bays. when I got home, so, jedge, of yer doan't give me a chance to hang a fol-

A Hint For the Ladies.

One very pleasant fittle feature of forem accessingly alow in adopting is that. of offering some wlight refreshment to necta. This is more especially true of ie Eastern bostass, notwillistandi has travoled more than almost any other

In France and Unly there is always the

isfy a Western woman's rotion of a friendly welcome, but here the off-self-sel caller somes and goal without area as

our of boulion, or ten or come, or ariuss of wine, while it correctes the guest, also cohanges a hundred told the sociolatic of a sell, and a hostess never appears to suoi advantage as when as bling at some soch graceful hospitality New York World.

Resolutions or provesiting of any corporation resolute a .1 communications designed to call affection to as, matter of limited or individual interes JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly and expedit

" I year .

Advertising Ha

The large and reliable circulation or the

nnia Fareman commends it to the favoracia com-elderation of advertisers, whose favors will be fa-serted at the following low rates:

Business items, first insertion 10g, per line; each

tray and similar Notices.....

"LITTLE DEDE." We call her "Little Dede." By we, mean her manima and I, who aim ier father, and the friends who know or best. Her right name is Edith.

ut when she was two years old she ve us her baby version of "Little Edith," and we have called her by the name of her own making ever since She lives in New York, where she was Little Dede" is four years old now, and she is very proud of telling

folks so. She says very bright things sometimes, and this is the reason why now tell the boys and girls some of the little speeches she has made. One day quite a long time ago, she was more quiet than usual, and I missed her baby singing. Won't you sing for papa, Dede?"

"I can't, papa; my monf is locked." On one occasion when the letterman brought a paper for me, "Little Dede" said : Let me take the skin off, papa. That was a busy time for Dede's" eyes when the doctor came to accinate the buby. She watched him

very closely as he scratched the little fat leg with his sharp lancet. When he had gone she looked all around, and then asked: Did the doctor take his bloodpicker with him?" She was two years and a quarter old when taken on a visit to England. While there she lived in a big town, and one day was missed for hours. People went every way to find her. Her cousin Eddie mel with her quite a long way off. What do you think she was doing? She was at an openair meeting of the Salvation Army, her dear little head uncovered from the light rain that was falling, and listening with all her might, her deliy handing limits over her arm to the hanging limply over her arm, to the worship. The Army folks had a band, drums and clashing cymbals and noisy brass borns, and hearing them pass, the little witch had slipped out and followed them. Very glad was dear Eddie to find her, but he said, as if

much hurt that she had run away; "Oh, Dede! Why did you run away "I wanted to hear the mousic, Eddie," sabl "Little Dede" moistly. I cannot say that my treasure is always a good girl. Her mamma some-

one night, that grave person was over-heard to reprove her. In a tone of igh scorn the youngster replied:

"Won't you give me your pretty He was a large, fat person-his head Looking up at him, " Little Dede" Your head is too large and fat for

is the best and wisest minister he ever She has just left him, and is sleeping in her crib near by. Ten minutes ago she had her arm round my neck

several weeks on a jury created a sen-sation in court by arising during a trial and addressing the judge. fact that I have made a big mistake.

"Well, what is the matter with you? the demanded.

ler, I'll have to Jog long towards home."- Arkansaw Traveler

woman in the world.

In nearly every part of the universe, except here in New York and New England, a guest be seldent allowed to leave a house without being offered some little fainty by way of refreshment. Even a Cannibal Islander will offer her neighbor a bit of cold missionary when

whos and confection for the guess; in Gormany, the native glass of toer or grape milk; in England, the cop the black coffee and the friends engagette. the gu st is overwhelmed with d perhaps Nothing less than a "special" will sat-

much as a glass of water being offered This is a greatedistake, and New York women would so well to take a hint from their risters abroad in this regard. A

An English paper gives the following curlous notice, found in the marriage register of the Church of St. James, Barry "1832, November 5-Christopher New-son, Charity Morrell. Charity Morrell placed upon the fourth toe of the left