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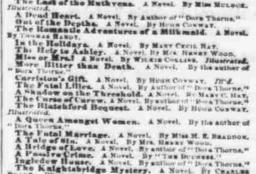
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ONLY A SONG.

was only a simple ballad, Sung to a careless throng; There were none that knew the singer, And few that heeded the song; Yet the singer's voice was tende And sweet, as with love untold; Surely those hearts were hardened, That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory That touches the woods in spring, Of the strange soul-stirring voices When "the hills break forth and sing;" Of the happy birds low warbling The requiem of the day, And the quiet hush of the valleys

In the dusk of the gloaming gray. And one in a distant corner-A woman worn with strife-Heard in that song a message From the spring-time of her life; Fair forms rose up before her, From the mist of vanished years;

She sat in a happy blindness,

Then when the song was ended, And hushed the last sweet tone, The listener rose up softly And went on her way alone. Once more to her life of labor She passed, but her heart was strong; And she prayed, "God bless the singer And, oh, thank God for the song!

Her eyes were veiled in tears.

A NEW CRAZE FOR THE LADIES. Flowers Made From Costly Tissue Paper Quite the Proper Fashion.

"Making artificial flowers out of tissue paper is all the rage now among the oung ladies," said a member of a firm lealing in tissue paper to a reporter, and so great is the demand that large quantities are imported. "A deep red shade used in making Jacqueminot roses costs 10 cents a sheet and \$22.50 a ream. It is imported and is a very difficult color to obtain. The number of different shades now made in this tissue paper reaches 125 and they are The variety of pretty articles that

can easily be made is equally great. An excellent outlit of materials can be bought with a few dollars, and, indeed, we have outfits prepared, without the paper, for even half a dollar " Is it difficult to learn to make these

flowers?' Not at all. The ladles become quite proficient in the work after a little prac-tice. The choice of the flower to be reproduced in paper must of course depend pon the use to be made of it. If it is for room decoration it may be larger, fuller and less elaborate than if it is to be worn, "For Instance, the daisy always looks well, whether in bunches or mixed with overs. As it is one good flower to begin on. It can be made of any size, and when once the exact pattern has been taken, which is done by racing from figures that are found in the book of designs, it can be varied to suit he taste, taking the appearance of a fulopened flower, or by simply pinching he cases together of a bud.

'In making this, as in making all paper flowers, thin wire is needed to port the paper stem, and occasionally a little wool cotton to give the raised appearance which is necessary to produce a perfect result. 'In making a dalsy the most dead-

having decided upon the size of the flower, carefully follow the outlines of the leaves with a seissors. To give it the appearance of reality press lightly in straight lines, either with he scissors point or a pin, on each leaf, and then carefully fasten the yellow heart

white paper should be selected. Then,

In the center with gum. It is made firmer by running the wire of the stalk White jasmine is another simple lower to make. A beginner would do well after making a daisy to attempt a

jasmine by copying it from nature. The same white and the same shade of green would look admirable "Another flower easily made is the tulip. It presents only one form of leaf. The greatest latitude is possible, also, in

point of color, for the worker can adapt he shades and streaks to suit individual "Isn't the rose much more difficult to

"Not so much as you would imagine The number of leaves must, of course, lepend on the size of the rose desired. The first thing to do, after cutting them out, is to make a firm ball of cotton wool for the center and gum the smalles leaves to it. Then one by one gum the larger ones round this central foundation. The bud is very easily made, the only difference being that the centre wad of cotton is long instead of round and that in working it the leaves should be pinched a little upwards and inwards.

"The moss rose requires more skill.

A little coaxing is needed in settling the leaves, and the delicate cares can only be given in accordance with individual taste and judgment. It is very handsome in pure-white tissue paper, the outer moss cup of dark green and the innermost heart of the bud in delicate pink. "In making this there is a great opportunity for the display of individual aste, for although every one would say rose is white or red, a delicate observe knows that these colors include shades and gradations of every variety, and thus in able hands the rose will become a mar vel of delicate work."-[N. Y. Mail and

COUNTRY LYCEUMS.

Encouragement for Aspiring Young People. The country lyceum is sometimes made the subject of ridicule. Its would-be poets and orators are laughed at, and the mblects its members discuss are some times absurd and not well-timed. great things have often come from these aughed-at speakers and orators in country literary societies or lyceums.

Men who have made their first speeches in these lyceums have sometimes made their last in the balls of Congress. Writers who have come timidly and tremblingly forward to read their first essays in little country school-rooms have had the world for their stage and its delighted people for their hearers in

after years.

Every school district should have a literary society for the long winter even-It is a never-falling source of ings. enjoyment, and good is sure to come Almost every neighborhood has readers and thinkers who can discuss clearly

and intelligently all topics of general Every neighborhood has an organ and singers, and if the music is not very good and the singing not good at all, a lesire may at least be awakened for something better.

A taste for good reading, good music, good stories, good singing and for good in all things has been created in country Ridleulous things may be said and done, but a very wise man once wrote,

He who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

The amusing things of life play a most important part in bringing about general happiness and general good. Every man and every woman is better for a hearty

laugh once in a while. A literary society for young people, and particularly young people living in quiet, rural districts, should always have an element of fun in it; and happily this element is seldom missing in such societies.

CATCHING A HUSBAND.

The Troubles of a Married Man, and How He Became One.

In his newly-published book entitled Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War," Admiral Porter relates that while ascending the Mississippi to join Farragut before Vicksburg, he was frequently fired upon from the shore. On one occasion, after having been shelled from the bank, and wishing to learn the name of the place and other details he captured two men who were

wore slouch hats, and had the appearance of laborers. They admitted having lived all their lives in Connecticut, and to have only come to the South two years before. They were, however, staunch "Sesesh." After considerable conversation Admiral

crossing the river in a dugout. They

were coarsely dressed in a linsey-woolsey,

Porter said : " And do you mean to tell me that you two gentlemen, after living in your native State twenty-nine and twentyseven years respectively, after forming the dearest ties and associations, can come South, and in two short years be won over by these people—one of you by hiring his cart, the other for I don't know what

Wall, Kurnell," said Mr. Potter, "you talk durned well, but all them hifalutin' words is wasted on me; if you had married a wildcat widder, with a wildcat darter sixteen years old, an' Jeff Davis a backin on 'em up, you wouldn't a stood out an hour. I stuck it out for three days an' nights, a sittin' out in the rain, before I became a Confed'rit."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Opdyke, "the woman kep a double-barrel gun handy for him, an' says she, 'Jake, don't you move till you're ready to become one of us, or I'll work some buttonholes in your dam' Yankee carcase!" 'And what made you surrender, Mr.

Potter," I inquired. "Why," replied that worthy, "when Zeke he come over to fetch me some whisky, my ole woman she run out and smashed the bottle over Zeke's head, an' then, when I was 'most starved an' begged for suthin' to eat, she sent me a bowl o' hot water with a chicken feather in it. Thar ' says she that 'ere chicken soun is all you'll git till you h'ist the Confed'rit flag.' So I had to cave in. Zeke can tell what I went through with; you wouldn't have stood it half a day, Kurnel. I know it by the cut of your jib.

On being asked how he came to marry such a woman, Mr. Potter professed his inability to rehearse the harrowing tale, unless he had "a drink of wisky." "vinegar bitters" being ordered for him, which the newly-fledged Confederate characterized as "real ole Union, an' no mistake," Mr. Potter still preferred that his comrade, "Zeke," should tell the "Yes," said his friend, "Just as soon as

I get a mouthful of them bitters to sustain me while I relate that melancholy story oy your marryin' that durned alligator, as goes eavortin' round the house If she owned all the guaner Islands in the Pacific Ocean.
"Well, you must know, Kurnel, me an' Jake was hired hands on Mrs. Rumpkins's place. We was hired the day ole Rumpkins died to hulp handle the coffln, an' two weeks arter I hearln that girl

of hers say, 'Ma, I'm tired a totin' wood an' feedin' the cow, an' we must have a " Well, sald Mrs. Rumpkins, hain't we got two men? Make one of 'em tote ed; they kin do it when they comes to

their meals. 'I asked one of 'em,' said Belle, 'an' he tole me he'd see me durned first. We don't want that kind of a man, ma; we want a married man. We can as we please with a good-natered feller like old pop, who can't get away if we crowd him. Zeke. If you don't I will, an' I'd like to hear him say then he'll see me durned

" You're crazy, Belle, says the old catamount. 'Your pop's only dead two weeks, an you want me to marry agin.' " Well, then, says Belle, say three weeks, an' bring him to the halter, for I ain't a goin' to tote wood, nor feed no more cow arter that." " . Well, I agree to that,' says old Mrs.

Rumpkins. 'Cos if you don't,' says Belle, 'I'll marry one on 'em myself, an' we'll see whose mistress then."
"I wish you could a seen how Mrs. Rumpkins laid out her lines. You seen a cat a watchin' a canary bird, ain't you? how the critter crawls up and purs soft

as a Jew's harp, an' then you seen the little bird jumpin' round all in a twitter, an' how at last, when the canary clings with its claws to the wires of its cage, Mrs. Cat grabs him, an' he's a goner. "That's the way Mrs. Rumpkins done. Says she, 'Belle, I'll take Jake, I don't like that other feller; he eats too much, an' I'll get rid of him.' So she piled it

sweet on Jake until he didn't know his alphabet from the multiplication table. an' then she lassooed him. You seen 'em catch cattle in Texas? They have a long lariat, an' throw it over the critter's horns, goin' full split, and bring him up all standin'. Now Mrs. Rumpkins uses her long oily tongue for a lariat, an' so wound it round Poor Jake he couldn't a tole who he was; then, when he was quiet as an ole horse with a cart-lode of bricks behind him, she marches him off to Squire Spanker's office. Here, Squire, says she, is a man wot owes me a reparation, an' I'll pay the

\$2 fur the marriage ceremony, an here's the same ring as poor, dear Rumpkins put on my finger, an I'll use it agin. This 'ere feller is a Yank, an' I want him to see that he can't come down here an' win the affections of a lone widder, an' " 'Well, sir,' says the Squire to Jake, what have you got to say to these here charges?

Dunno, says Jake. " Well, then, stan up an be married, or else be drafted into the Confed it army, says the 'Squire. So they was married then an' there, an' the widder tuk his arm an' toted him home, an', says she: 'Now, Jake, afore you get a bit o' weddin' cake, tote in the wood for the day, an' mix the feed for the cow.' Jake obeyed orders, an' has been the most successful husband I ever see."

General Grant's Maternal Ancestors, General Grant in his "Personal Memolts," says of his mother's family (page 22): "My mother's family lived in Montgomery county, Penn., for several generations. I have little information about her ancestors," etc.

The archives of the Hibernian So-

ciety of Philadelphia contain the fol-lowing in respect to General Grant's Matthew Simpson, a respectable farmer of Galen, county Tyrone, Ireland, emigrated with his family to America and settled in Bucks county, Penn. His daughter Hannah, became prominent as the mother of General Grant, and one of the sons was the father of the late Bishep Simpson of Philadelphia."-[Philadelptia News.

"The Other Fellow."

There is a good story told of Bishop He (the bishop) was sitting next to a Yankee navy captain, who said to him:
"You have in your province two rival bishops, C— and another fellow. To which of them do you incline?"
"I am the other fellow," said Bishop Macrore.—[Living Church. ABOUT BABIES.

Some Observations by an Unmarried Man. The baby, according to my observation, is in almost all climates, and at all seasons of the year, nocturnal in its habits. It is also diurnal a good share of the time; but this, of course, is a fact not

Unlike the young of most other species, the baby does not recognize any parental distinctions, but will lament as biterly while riding on the paternal arm at the witching hour of midnight as when clasped tenderly to the mother's bosom at sunny midday. Its sole creed and language is a cry; and no Christian or heathen ever lived up to a creed with more conscientious fidelity than does

The baby is not partial to paregoric. that is a failing of its parents. For Itself, the infant would much prefer lamentation between meals to sleep. But there is a limit to all things, and, thank heaven! paregoric is cheaper than en-

Judging from my personal experience, a large share of the baby's early life is passed on the cars. I do not know that ever entered a car without finding a baby ahead of me. I always brace myself for the wall the minute I open the door, and nine times out of ten it The car may be full of passengers, but for all practical purposes. It is occupied entirely by the infant It is my firm conviction that lables do not like to travel. I may be mistaken, for I base my judgment entirely up n appearances, but I have never yet seen a mby who seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangements previded for the comfort of the traveling public

by railroad corporations. Why under these circumstances, abies should be compelled to travel I annot comprehend. Perhaps it is becaus their fond but unselfish parents wis the world to share with them the wirsome-ness and loveliness of infancy. I believe this is the explanation usually given by conductors.

But there is one disagreeable feature about bables-I will not say which one; some people think it is the nose, others the hair. However that may be, fou are expected to admire the little bruts just as much as if they were really beauti-

The fond mother will never for ive you If you don't say something rel sweet about her cherub. You must lisguise your real sentiments, and leal in veneered platitudes of the to-sweetfor anything and perfectly angele stamp. Don't liken the infant to it father, especially if that gentleman is slightly bald and is just beginning to culivate sunset tinge at the tip of his noe. Say that the babe resembles its motier, and safe. If you add remarkably charming and beautial child. you are in a fair way to redice your board-bill by becoming a frequent guest at the house of the little strange. The best way to get alon with

babies is to remember that you were once one yourself. Your nose was just as red andindeterminute as that; your hair was just as senuty and colorless. You also bawled from moring till night and from night till morning, and visited the lotosland of slumber only by the perfunctory path of paregorle You pulled the paternal hir and

counded the paternal eyes with your ittle fists. You kept the whole house awke with the coullitions of your empty we; you sucked your thumbs and your toes and your bottle like all the rest of them. But you are grown up, and the present

That is the difference.-[Puck. ----LIFE IN EARLY NEW ENGLAND.

The Church and the Minister; the Inn The grade in social life, which was largely a name, was shown most in the meeting house. The seating offamilies and the assigning of pews was one of the difficult things. The minister and deacon wer nearest the pulpit. The boys and colord people were assigned the back pews of those in

the gallery. This idea of "social dignty" was brought from the old country, but gave way in the growing oneness of life in The days of the early New Inglander were not all dark. There was much of the austere in them, but there as also a grain of mirth and cheerfuless. We

must bear in mind that the lergymen were the early historians of the country, and they put much gloom in heir writ-The New England inn was place of great resort. In the poverty of newspapers, people came here to ain what ews there might be. The innholder was a leading san in the community. He got the newsfrom the driver and passengers of the stge coach,

and of the travelers who chared to be passing through the town. The innnolder knew the public men of the country, for they had partaken of hi sumptudinners and had lodged at is inn. If the walls of these ancient New Engand tavorus could talk, what stories would they tell; not of the lebauches alone, but, in the dark and stiring days, of patriotic and loyal senthents and ds, whose influence went at for the

founding of the nation and the expetuity of the blessings of freedom. He who strives to know of sarly New England must not look alone the learning, character, and influence d its min-Isters, but to the manners, life and influence of the innholders. - [Ner England Magazine.

New England Twigs.

A maiden schoolmistress tinks that some of her pupil's compoitions are funnier than anything of Mar. Twain's. From an essay on "Fashion," written by a boy of 12, she cites the folloring: "Sensible people wear sensible fashlons, and insensible people insensible fash-

Another hopeful of hers, wiling on the subject "A Rainy Afternoor" evolved from an inner consciousness coper than that of Josh Billings, the following sen "It rained hard, and I could not go owdoors, and so I went outin the shed and sod some wood." In a little straw frame on her mantel is a sentence from the pen of er youngest and brightest, given in answer to

"Write in twenty words a defi-

Man is an animal that stands up; he

is not very blg and he has to work for a

Stinginess of the Great Napolein.

nition of 'Man." It reads thus :

living."-[Boston Record.

request:

Napoleon the First was a great admirer of Mile. Georges, but by nomeans lavish in his ideas of liberality. One day, however, after alluding in erms of satisfaction to her performance of the preceding evening, he signified Hs intention of bestowing on her a mark of his approval, and asked her what she would like best "Sire," she replied, "my great ambi-

tion is to possess a pertait of your Majesty." "Your wish is easily gratified," said the Emperor, with a smile and, putting his hand in his pocket, he presented her with the desired effigy in thi shape ofnot, as she probably expected, a miniature enriched with diamond, but a fivefranc pioce

FIBBING OUSTOMERS.

A Jeweler Gives a Racy Account of the De-ceptions Attempted by His Patrons. "I want it for a friend," he said, blushing like a young girl and looking

very uncomfortable.

It was in a Pittsburg jewelry store, and the unhappy youth with the red cheeks was asking for a wedding ring. He had a little bit of silk between his finger and thumb, and he repeated nervously to the polite gentleman be-hind the counter, "I want it for a friend-this is the measurement. Luckily it does not require long to choose a wedding ring. There is not much variety in the plain, little gold bands which are the outward and vis ible signs of the matrimonial bonds. The young man chose a ring, it was shut up in a sweet, little velvet-lined box, and the prospective bridegroom

hurried away. "An old fable, a fiction that almost every man who buys a wedding ring employs," said the jeweler as the customer disappeared. "Of course he is the man who will

put that ring on the finger of the bride, but he says he wants it for a There are plenty of other white lies told in front of this counter. Some behind it you say? I dare say, but a tradesman's lies about his wares are explainable if not excusable on business grounds, while some of the lies of our customers are fantastic fibs that one cannot account for on any theory at all.

"Bashfulness, of course, impels the youth to proclaim that the engagement wedding ring is not for him. have customers who tell lies deliber ately, and, so far as I can see, un "For example, there is a resident of this city, wealthy and wise, and, if persistent fabrication makes him so, wicked. He is fond of jewelry, and

has good taste. Solitaire rings are his favorite. "One day in almost every month he rushes into the store, knocks over a stool or two, perhaps scares some lady customer nearly to death, and makes me instinctively reach for my revolver. Then he gasps out, I want to see some diamond rings awful hurry eatch train-start for Washington-half

"This spasm generally lasts two dinutes. Afterward he settles quietly minutes. down and perhaps spends an hour look-ing at diamonds. He never varies his formula, is always just on the point of going to Washington, and I happen to know he never goes. A remarkable romancer comes from a good family. "She is a widow and has money, and I often wonder she does not find

mate again, she is so pretty. intervals she comes and weaves a pretty story for my benefit. There is a variety about her fibs which makes them charming. They are as ingeniious as they are unaccountable. "A month ago she came with her little girl. She has some magnificent diamonds-the handsomest stones and the best cut of any I have seen in Pittsburg. They were in her ears when

she entered the store. "Mr. -, I want you to take these earrings, she said, putting them down before me, 'and make the settings lighter; they are too heavy and my loctor says such a strain upon the lobe of the ear is very injurious "The setting could not well have been made lighter-a mere cobweb fillgree, I knew my customer too well to tell her so. I took the earrings and did have some of the gold taken away, and sent them back to her "Yesterday she came again and told me that somebody had advised her to

have the diamonds more securely set in her earrings. She wanted them almost wrapped in gold network. They are being so treated now.
"You will hardly believe me when I tell you that in the last few years I have set and reset those diamonds twenty times, and every time my lady has had a new reason for making the change. Why she should object to acknowledge that she is proud and fond

of her diamonds is more than I can 'I could multiply these instances of habitual mendacity by ten without en-creaching upon the ranks of the cranks pure and simple with whom every tradesman is more or less acquainted I don't wonder at customers' stories any more: I make it a rule never to believe them."-[Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram.

Married by Their Son.

"I have a story for you," said a drummer. "I don't mean a yarn or a joke, but a simple account of a fact. "Last week I was out in Iowa, and one night stopped in Ottumwa. There I became well acquainted with a quiet young man. On his invitation I sat in his room in the evening, and he told me that he was a minister of the Gospel who had been ordained a few weeks before, and had come to Ottumwa to perform the marriage ceremony for some friends of his. In fact, the ceremony was to take place that very

night in his room. "Pretty soon a rather elderly souple came in, shook hands warmly with my friend, ending in standing up before him and being married in the usual form. After a time they left, and my new friend said to me: "That, I think, is the most peculiar marriage ceremony a minister ever per-formed. I never heard of its equal, and

never expect to.' ... What do you mean?' I said. "'I'll tell you,' was his reply, 'only you must bear in mind that it is secret. " 'My father and mother were pioneers in a county not far from this city. I was reared on their farm, and finally sent off to school. My parents are well-to-do people, church workers, and are highly respected in the neighborhood.

"About two years ago my father wrote me a letter, in which he wanted my advice and assistance. To make the story short, and not to stop to describe the pe cullar circumstances. I can say that my father's trouble was that he had never been married to the woman who passed as his wife. ". For years they had been satisfied

with this relationship, but at length my mother began to worry about it wanted the ceremony performed legally. My father had no objection, but did not dare to go to any minister or functionary in the neighborhood, "'You know what country communities are, and what unpleasant talk would have followed. Then my father consulted me, and the result of it was a decision to

"Two weeks age I was ordained a minister, and our plans were theu carried out. The couple I just married were my own father and mother." —[Des Moines

Advertisement for a Wife I want a good wife. I am a farmer or

anything else she wants. Any sort of complexion will do. No difference how high or low she is, so she will be true to my five little ones. I have just returned from Arkansas, where my wife died on the first day of August, 1884. I prefer a light complected woman, and she must have straight hair. I have got my own corn and 75 to 100 bushels of sweet potatoes I have been wanting to get a good woman; and I will respect one when I find her. This offer will be open for ten days. Address S. W. Goddard, Rome, Ga.

HIS MEMORY AT FAULT.

I heard a very funny story of the late Judge Black and David W. Sellers, the well-known Pennsylvania railroad solicitor, the other day, relates a contributor of the Harrisburg Telegraph. The Judge and Mr. Sellers were engaged on the same side as counsel, in a prominent case to be tried in Harrisburg, and both met by appointment at the same

marked that he was very hungry and suggested dinner. The Judge said that was a good suggestion, but insisted on going to a restaurant for dinner, to which Mr. Sellers consented. Five o'clock arrived and Sellers grew impatient.

hotel. They consulted all the afternoon

and about four o'clock Mr. Sellers re-

"I'm very hungry, Judge," said he; let's get that dinner. "All right, Dave," was the Judge's reply, "get me my hat and come on twain started out together, the Judge having hold of Mr. Sellers' arm, talking all along about the case they were engaged on. Down Market street they walked until they came to the rallroad.

I don't see any restaurant here," said Mr. Sellers. "Must be on the other side, Dave," said the Judge, looking about him.

They crossed Market street and walked up as far as Third, halting on the Telegre-

Well, Judge," said where is that restaurant) "I declare ! lide" mee it " Judge; "oh, now I know w this way," and he led Mr. Third street. They went on and on until they got

to Pine, when Mr. Sellers again broke forth: "Come, Judge, produce that restaurant. I'm very hungry, and this delay is positively annoying!"
"Hold on, Dave," said Judge Black, "I see I've made a mistake. That restaurant is down this way. Ies, now I have it for certain. It is down this And he led the half-famished Mr. Sel-

Chestnut street. "There's no restaurant here," said Mr. "Why, yes," said the Judge, looking up at the Reformed Church, "this must be it, but it's shut up. No, this is not it. This is a church, Dave. It's a church. "Well, I see that for myself," was Mr Sellers' answer, and then he remarked:

lers, down Third street, past Market, until their slow pace brought them to

"Judge, I'm very hungry and this delay is positively aggravating."

The Judge stood in the middle of the pavement twirling his tobacco box in an sent-minded way. Suddenly he turned on Mr. Sellers and a bright light suffused his broad countenance as he said -"Why, Dave, I've made a mistake. That restaurant I am hunting is in Baltimore! Yes, it's in Baltimore, Dave, and not in Harrisburg. On Eutawstreet, in Baltimore, and here we've been hunt-

ing it all the afternoon."

"Come on, Judge, let's go back to the hotel and got a cup of tea." And they went.

Mr. Sellers was speechless. He said :

Union of Minds in Marriage. A recent writer says: "I would enter a protest against early marriages, based on grounds which have not, I believe, been made as prominent as they deserve to be in this discussion Love alone is not sufficient to insure a lastingly happy union. "A modern post expresses this most

happily when he says : ". But if heart must mate with heart to make the husband and the wife; Mind must also match with mind to make the perfect wedded pair. "Now, take a young couple and see

how widely in a few years their tactes may differ. Daily the husband comes in contact with all sorts of men; in the thoughts that crowd mankind,' he takes interest, while she-'she knows but matters of the house, and probably wishes to know little else. All her slight literary tastes die out for want of exercise, though at the time of marriage they may have corresponded almost certainly did correspond, with his "And so gradually they drift apart finding scarcely any common ground to meet on, though enough to disagree on. Coldness and estrangement spring up, and they drag on a weary life together. "It may be urged that the above ap-

plies to marriage at any age. Not so:

for at 20 our tastes are unformed, and

upwards, the tastes after but slowly; the

may take any direction, but from, say, 2

man with a love for literature at that age will probably retain it; the scientific man then is one to the end, and so in other

departments." The Honeymoon. The word "honeymoon " is now ap-plied not only generally but particularly to the four weeks' holiday exactly covering a funar month-which newly-married people take immediately after the tying of that knot which metaphorically makes them of "one flesh."

The origin is traced with much difficulty No dictionaries give any deriva-Long before the Christian era It was the custom among the Hebrewe who could afford it and did not live too far from the Holy City to take tafter celebrating the social and civil rites at home) a bridal tour to Jerusalem and seal their union by the solemnities in the

Metheglia, or mead, is a dark fermented liquor, and sometimes of considerable strength, made from honey. It is sweet and has a pleasant flavor. It was on old German custom to drink of this boney-wine for thirty days, or a moon's age, after a wedding feast, and hence came the term honeymoon.

---The Tiger's Springing Blow. An Englishman to Madrae bas, by a igety sections, susceeded in making a photograph of a tiget in the act of seiz-

Ing its prey.

The camera was focused on a buffalo tled to a stake some thirty feet off, and had just received a dry plate, when a tiger leaped from the jungle and struck down the buffalo with a single blow. The operator kept his presence of mind and released his shutter before taking to his beels The negative was a poor one, but

showed the relative attitudes of tiger and buffalo prefty well, and confirmed the generally accepted opinion that the tiger, with his knock-down blow, endeavors to dislocate the neck of his victim. Something for Inventors to Bond,

A portable sanitary stove is called for by the Lancet. It says:

"There is great need for a portable stove which might be used in a sick room. ithout either poisoning the atmosphere with the tymes of paralline or the pro-ducts of combustion or consuming a large proportion of the available exygen. The apparatus should be of moderate size, should give out a fair amount of heat, should be capable of boiling a small

kettle of water, and should be provided with a flexible tube which might be conducted into the chimney.

"There ought to be no great difficulty in devising a heating appliance of the nature required. It would be invaluable for use in cases in which, no nurse being in attendance to keep up an ordinary fire, a moderate temperature might be mainPEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

Some Experiences of a Depot Master. "For a nice, every day, go-as-you-please nulsance," said the depot master, 'give me an ancient and provincial roman. I am not an old man, nor have been in this business very long, but I am getting gray just the same, and I

believe these women are responsible for

There was one in here the other day. She arrived one hour and a half before the trainshe wished to take was scheduled to leave. Five trains went out before hers did, but she charged on the gatekeeper at every departure. You cannot get a woman to believe standard and local time are identical. I don't know why, but you cannot." "Are all travelers obnoxious to you,

then? No. sir. We meet with some very pleasant people I can tell you. dest travelers come from the East. Massachusetts or Connecticut people are refreshing to deal with. They do what ou tell them, mark what you say and

don't repeat questions.

"Southern people are seen but seldom around here. Those that come bmostly of the lower clanorant in the er

He is not extinct, y any means. There are two or three of them who stand on the other side of the street and work everybody who goes in or out. Canadlans and country people are their softest prey. Eastsnares, immigrants once in a great while, but a Western man, never. They are afraid of Western people, these sharps, and never attempt to work them. "As a class, which are the most preferable about a depot-men or women?

Women are

Give me men every time in a waiting room."- Detroit Journal. ---

slovenly or careless, I don't know which.

They throw the remnants of a luncheon

on the floor without the slightest con-

cern, and are generally more trouble-

Men by all means.

". Where is it?" I said.

The Shower of Diamonds. Mr. Streeter, the jeweler, told our representative this story.
"Just after the fall of Pekin, a suspicious fellow called upon me, and, tak-ing me aside, said he had just returned and had something to show me.

two afterward, having got the river, each with his revolver. We ter, and were passed into the man's bed-room, where he was living.
"Now, my man, what have you got?" "He said, Come here and I will show you, motioning me to go behind the bed.
'I didn't quite like it, but he reassured

"Down at Gravesend;" and a day or

my pistol, he let down his trousers and bade me put my hand on a belt which was strapped round his waist. ... I want £20,000 for that, he said. Will you give H? softly "After some persuasion, he opened the left and poured out a shower of

diamonds which lighted up the shabby

"He refused to say, and after some

bargaining we came to terms. He handed

me the diamonds, and then I turned round

Where did you get them from?"

me; and when he had me face to face,

keeping my eyes on him, and my hand on

and said, 'Now, my man, if you will call at -, my banker's, you will find a check ready for you at 10 a. M. to-morrow morning. But before that I must have references and an account.

"Hegave them to me without a murmur and I found them all right."-[Pall Mall Gazette.

The Month of Babes and Sucklings. "Now, Minnie," said a mother to her four-year-old daughter, "I want you to play with your little brother while I am down town. " An' what will you bring me?"

"Never mind I'll bring you some-thing; and now, mind you, if he wants toplay with your toys you musn't cry." When the lady returned the little girli

ran to her and said : I played with my little brother. Now, what did you bring me?" "Mamma brought you an orange. Where's little brother?" "He's sloop. Gimme the orange."

You didn't! Why, you are a good little girl." Yessum, an' when he grabbed my doll I didn't car, siver."
"You didn't?"
"Nome."

She took the orange and said:
"When he grabbed my dishes I didn't

" What did you say?" " Nuffln', but I knocked him down will the little chair." The Duchess's New Bonnet. A certain Duchess happening to pass through the Burlington Arcade, in Lon-

don, stopped for an instant before a bonnet shop. An elderly individual came up, and in winning tones inquired if she admired the bonnets. Slightly surprised, she answered that she thought them very protty. "Then," said he, "would you like meto buy you one?"

Thoroughly appreciating the joke, she immediately said that nothing would se her more. After having carefully examined every her socient admirer promptly paid. What address shall I send it to, make am?" saked the assistant. The answer came in a clear, steady colce, "To the Duchess of- No .- -

When she turned round she found that her friend had vanished. A Boy's Claim for Damages.

The Galveston News relates an amusing incident in connection with the disastrous fire there. A little eight-year old, who had been one of the sufferers by the fire, hearing that be might relief by applying to the com mittee, determined to propare his After careful consideration It

written out and presented the follow-ing unique series of items: "A bictele, \$3; two ginnic pigs, \$2; one prery dog, \$1; half pound shot, \$6.; a rifel, \$6; cartickets in bank, 65c."

Don't Whintle, Young Ladies. A few years ago when a party were go-ing on board of a vessel at Searbo-rough, the Captain declined to allowed

one of the ladies to enter it. " Not that young lady," said ho; "she whistles," Curiously enough, the ves el was lost on her next voyage, and had the poor girl set foot on it the misfortune would certainly have been ascribed to her as an argument in favor of superstition.

According to one legend this superstition originated in the circumstance that a woman stood by and whistled while she watched the nails for the cross being forged.