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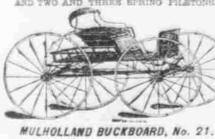
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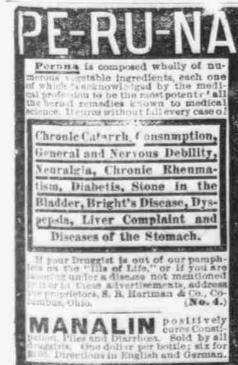
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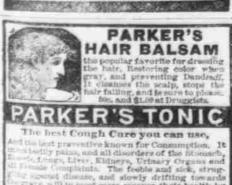
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### TRUER'N STEEL,

A leanin' on the bar-post, an' a thinkin' fer a minit.

THE JAY BIRD.

An' shellio' fer the chickins a car'r corn er so-The air es dry es fodder an' the wind with winter in it, The cracks atween the shingles plugg'd

up with early snow-I hear the jays a hollerin', a jokin' an' A rilin' of each other with their braggy. sassy chaffin'.

Not a pee-wee ner a blue-bird ken be seen aroun' the diggins, An' the cat-bird up 'n sheaked away a An' the killdeer in the stubble with

dandy frills and triggins, Has shiel away along the rest fer fear o' snow. But the jay-birds ain't no cowerds, an' so they keep on stayin', Jest es perk and fest as sassy's if 't was only havin',

Ther robbings, so like humans, when yer posies stop a blowin'. An' the berries that they like air all Strike out'n leave ye lonesome, with the

devs a shorter growin' An' the sun but faintly smilin' et ye through a frown. But the jay-bird stays right by ye-s one es shows a likin' Strongest for ye when the rest hes got ye corner'd an' a strikin'.

When I cut fer the cornfiel' fer a lone-I scarcely git a shock throw'd down fairly ter begin, Fore the jay-birds cum a tearin' 's if

they's Jest a bustin' Fer ter help me out 'n quick like frum the hurry I am in.

An' they holler et each other-keep whoopin an a yelpin An' make me chirk an cheerful, which is good a most as helpin'.

Et I e'u'd write sum verses handy, like I've seen them printers, An' make a tune as nice for them as Mrs. Jinny Lind, They sh'ud both be bout the jay-bird,

a loading through the winters, An' mixin' up their yawpin' with snow an' freezin' wind. It's easy hough in summer when the sky is blue an' glowin' Ter be singin'-but it's defferent when the same is black an' snowin'.

# HOW A DWARF CAPTURED THE SUN.

[Boston Transcript.

An Attractive Red Indian Fairy Story. Once upon a time there was a dwarf, so very small in size that when he killed a wren-all by himself, too-he thought he was a hero in the first degree, and strutted around in the grass as proud as if he had slain several braves of another tribe in single com-

He had one-half of the wren-a fair half; none of your irregular fractions-cooked at once for a feast for the whole lodge, and had a mind to make himself a feather coat. And by and by he did another wren to death, and then he got his coat.

But happening to go to sleep one day in the sunshine, the heat made the birds' skins shrivel up so that they became quite uncomfortably small, and the dwarf was furious. He vowed he would pay the sun out. So he got his sister to plait a rope out of hair, and, having made a slip knot in it, he pegged it down on the side of the hill, close to the top of it, just where he had noticed the sun was accustomed to get up. And, sure enough, when the rose next morning, it ran its head right into the slipknot and got

The consternation in nature was prodigious until the dormouse, remarking what was the matter, went and nibbled the plait through and released the luminary, whereupon everything went on just as if nothing

But the dwarf came home to his sister in high dudgeon. He was not going, he said, to bother himself about suns any more. It was not worth his while. He had more serious matters to attend to. And so he began making preparations for going out on another wren hunt. Such, in the bald outline, is a red In-

dian "fairy story," which seems to me to illustrate fairly well the tone of the humor of the aboriginal Ameri-The hero is a dwarf-and this is an

essential point in the folk jests of a people who consider a fine physique the first qualification of manhood-and in his pompous pursuit of very small birds, and subsequent inflation when he is successful in the chase, the leading characteristics of the red man are slyly burlesqued.

He succeeds in an impossible exploit, and in the true spirit of a hero, makes no fuss about it, but when the sun is let go by the dormouse, he affects to think that such trifles as sun-catching are beneath him, and sets himself seriously to the task of killing another

There is a novelty in the flavor of this fooling and a freshness of scene and circumstances that, so it appears to me, make the absurd story attractive. - [San Francisco Chroniele.

The Old Family Turnout. The vehicles of a place that has long been in one family possession become historic. The wheels and axles of the present "milking cart," relegated now to the farmer's transits over the fields to pastures fair, why, these were once the sparkling belongings of the froggy

that went a courting.

The ancient family coach, marking geological periods more accurately than David ever read in the rocks; that coach whose very rumble was known to the villagers before it came to sight, an inseparable belonging of your family; its front seat the throne of such a succession of kings whose reigns you recall as you cannot the Presidents, each of whom taught you more evil than your careful mother could punish out of you-oh, "tales of my grandfather," told to you on that box seat as you rode outside, and your mother and sisters made party calls,

How long you stood dreaming before the dear old ark! Nothing could in-duce you to sell it, or to ride in it now. You put one foot on the lower step, open the proud patrician door and look in. You see again that Sunday morning load all stowed; your freshcheeked mother, the noisy clean biband-tuckered six, your father, grave and sabbatic, standing as you do now-and you feel your eyes filling; for a thousand other coaches have borne them over

land and sea since then, as wide apart,

and there have been chariots more

ethereal for some. - [Boston Globe.

## THE CONSULAR BUREAU.

Some Chapters of Mystery From the State

A correspondent writing from Washington to the Pittsburg Leader says few would imagine that there was anything under the roof of the State Department that could excite the softer emotions of humanity.
One of its branches is commonly

associated with awesome international secrets, diplomatic dignity and primeval silence; the other with consular reports and monotonous mercantile transactions. But in the room of Dr. St. Clair,

chief of Consular Bureau, there is a cabinet the contents of which suggest tears and sorrow, deaths in strange lands, man's waywardness and woman's devotion. The collection is simply that of the effects, trinkets and papers of American citizens who have died abroad, their abode and relatives in this country being unknown.

The United States consuls send these records to the Consular Bureau. It institutes searches for heirs or friends of the mysterious deceased. Some curious cases have been devel-

oped in the endeavor to establish the identity of Americans who have died at consular stations without removing the veil of mystery enveloping their past ourcors.

Some years ago Mark Hamilton died at Nice, France. He had lived there in the opulence of a retired life, in questionable intimacy with a woman. His name was presumed to be an alias. After his demise and the usual effort had been made to trace his heirs, the public administrator of New York came to the State Department and demanded effects which the Nicene consul had

The gold coin, gold watch and personal papers were turned over to him after proper authentication of his official position. Ho had himself secured in New York city \$12,000 belonging to the estate of Mark Hamilton,

Afterward letters came from persons in Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio claiming kinship with him. They were all transmitted to the public administra

Here was a man whose papers disclosed the fact that he had extensive stock dealings with brokers in New Fork, Chicago and St. Louis, He had \$25,000 worth of stocks honored, and yet his death had been a complete extinguishment of self, either as a memory or an ever existent fact. It is not known whether any distribution was ever made among those who

asserted heirship.
In one corner of this cabinet is a small package, which comprehends the entire estate, "devised and residuary," of S. Sanders, alias Isano Landers, of the British ship Robert Pearce.

This seaman died at Havana in 1881. In the Package are \$25, a Testament and some letters. Upon the fly leaf of the Testament is written: "Presented to Isaac Landers to commemorate a solemn Who could not guess that that yow

was abstinence from grou? The letters are from his sister, Hattie Landers, who writes from Bradford street, Lawrence, Mass., and also from Boston. And yet she has never been found by advertisem ut. In the common wooden box are some of the "estates" of unknown Americans

who died at Shanghai. The handwriting upon most of the packages is that of Burg Pawie Lewis, whose tagic fate was as sad as that of these fellow-countrymen whom in death he sought to befriend.

Lewis was summoned to this city from China as a witness in the George F. Seward investigation. When he was sent back he was penniless, Though the orders were explicit for his reinstatement it was delayed. Finally poor Lewis was restored to his

dace, but the debts contracted during nforced idleness so preyed upon hi mind that he ended an oppressive life by a bullet in his brain. In this box is an ordinary black muslin-covered portfolio. In it is an envolope with no enclosure.

Upon it is written in a plain, bold hand, suggesting high intelligence: "My mother's address is Mrs. Nathaniel Ruggles, care of Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Evanston, Cook county, Illinois, I leave this so that should sudden accilent overtake me some kind soul may write my mother '

The writer of this pathetic memorandum was Jonathan Ruggles, who died at Shanghai, Dec. 19, 1869. Sixteen years have passed; year, may be, of alternate hope and despair in a mother's breast brooding over a son's wayward-In a pasteboard box are some trinkets

that indicate feminine ownership. A velvet case encloses the daguerreotype of a man whose features suggest the libertine. This was what Leonora Williams left

when a deprayed life ended at Shanghai. There are more of these personal effects of wanderers and fugitives. They are not relics of the saints, rather souvenirs of mysterious sinners. When the work of tracing personal

histories is begun by the Department officials it proceeds almost invariably through details of liaisons, aliases, flights from justice, dispositions to roam, and all the shadows that fall upon human life.

### One of the Oddest of Mortals. Farmer John Sellers is one of the oddest of mortals. John lives near New

Philadelphia, Ohio. He never shears his sheep, but allows the wool to grow on their backs until it drags on the ground. People traveled for miles last summer to see his flock of sheep that had not been shorn for six From a distance the sheep looked like havshocks in the field. The wool was 18 inches in length.

His geese are never picked, nor does he ever brandish that woeful weapon, the razor, on his own face, which is hid den in a Rip Van Winkle riot of beard. "God puts the wool on the backs of the sheep, and it is sinful to clip it," says the Buckeye philosopher, with 415

Protection Against Deceitful Charms. An unrepealed law of New Jersey, passed while the State was a British colony, reads as follows: "That all women of whatever age,

rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

### OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

Reports of Recent Experiments of Sea Captains in Heavy Storms.

The hydrographic office of the Navy Department, in view of the evidence of the value of oil to lessen the dangerous effect of heavy seas, and desirous of disseminating facts as widely as possible, recently prepared a circular to be issued to communities of despises vessels willing from this and other ports, requesting experiments with oil when the opportunity occurs, and reports of the re ult to one of the branch offices of the

Hydrographic Office. The use of mineral oil is not recommended, while the importance of carrying a supply of animal or vegetable oil for use in conergencies, the chief of the mreau says, cannot be overestimated. Among the reports filed is one from Captain Avery of the schooner Jennie A. Chency, in connection with a severe hurricane off the Florida coast. He says he used oil with very satisfactory

results, and adds: "After the sails were blown away, finding it necessary to do something to save the ship and the crew, I took a small canvas bag and turned about five callons of linseed oil into it, and hung it over the starboard quarter. The wash of the sea caused a little of the oil to leak out and smooth the surface, so that for two hours no water broke aboard. I consider that the oil used during the last and heaviest part of the hurricane saved the vessel and the crew."

Captain Frost, of the ship St. David, speaking of his experience in a tempest on September 23d, says:
"I got up three canvas bags, oakum and some old fish oil that had been in the ship for a long time; cakum balls were placed in the bags after being saturated with oil till each bag was half full; then one and a half gallous of oil

were poured into the bag on top of the oakum, and the bags sewed up, pricked and lashed one in each weather channot, so that when the ship rolled to the windward they would go under water. In this way the oil dripped out gradually and spread over to windward as the ship drifted to leeward. After this no wave broke over."

Captain Dawson, of the ship Halloween, used paraffine and colza to smooth the sea down, and asserts that he thus saved his vessel .- [N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

### A Mink Farm in the West. "There are some mighty green men

in the world," said the passenger from the West, "an' I struck one of 'em a week or two ago. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now. " Last spring I went out into western Nebraska an' homesteaded a quarter section. I hadn't seen the land, but took

it, supposin' it was all right. But when I got there I found it already inhabited. About 150 acres of the 160 were covered with a prairie-dog town. "Well, I concluded to settle down and see what I could do, an' I am mighty glad now that I did. About two weeks ago I was up to the railroad station, trying to get trusted for some bacon and flour an' terbacker, an' feelin' right

smart discouraged. I was out of money an' grub, an' I couldn't see my way out of it but to eat prairie dogs, an' they're mighty hard to catch. "But that day was the turning point in my luck. "While I was at the station an Englishman got off the cars, an' said as how he was out West lookin' for a place to make an investment. Said he'd heard

o' the fur business, an' wanted to know if he was out in the fur country yet. " 'Fur,' says I, 'there hain't no'-an' just then an' idea struck me, an' I hanged my tune. 'Furs,' says I, 'there bain't no better fur country than this on 'arth. Just come out to my place till

I show you my fur farm.' "And he went out with me, and I showe I him the prairie-dog town, an', as luck would have it, it was a bright, sunny day, an' the dogs was out scootin' around by the hundreds.

" 'Talkin' about furs,' says I, 'what d've think of that? I've been six yeer rowin' those mink, an' hain't sold a hide. It's all natural increase. Guess they's 'bont 7,000 of 'em now, an' they double every year. How many will there be in ten years?' "You ought to see that Englishman's

eyes open as he took out his pencil an' figured it up. He made it 7,168,000 mink. " 'Well,' says I, 'call it 5,000,000 to he on the safe side. It won't cost \$1 to keep 'em, either, an' if they're worth a

cent, they're worth \$1 apiece. There's millions in it." "Then we got right down to business, an' in less than an hour I had sold out for \$7,000 cash, an' the next day I paid \$320 for the homestead at the land office, got my patent, transferred it to him, and took the first train for the East Step into the buffer with me, partner,

and take a drink."- [Chicago Herald. Cuvier on Tight Lacing. The great naturalist, Cuvier, was walking one day with a young lady who was a victim of tight lacing, in a public garden in Paris. A lovely blossom upon an elegant plant drew from her an expression of admiration.

Looking at her pale, thin face, Cuvier "You were like this flower once; tomorrow it will be as you are now." Next day he led her to the same spot, and the beautiful flower was dying.

She asked the cause. "This plant," replied Cuvier, "is an image of yourself. I will show you what is the matter with it." He pointed to a cord bound tightly

around the stem, and said: "You are fading away exactly in the same manner under the compression of your corset, and you are losing by de-grees all your youthful charms, just because you have not the courage to resist this dangerous fashion."-[Washington Republic.

Anecdote of the Late Mr. Vanderbilt, A retired newspaper man tells of a pleasing experience with Mr. Vander-

"I went to interview Mr. V.." he says, "and the big man was smilingly silent. "Surely you wouldn't hinder a newspaper man making a few dollars,' I said

to him facetiously. 'A talk from you is worth a great deal; I made a hand-He writes: 'There are throat (or head) some sum out of my first interview with "" Well, by George, I like a man who can make money out of me,' said the railway king. 'It takes a smart man to do it; fire away with your questions."

## Interesting Experiment.

A resident of Mason Valley, Nov., has raised toward promising cathood three kittens obtained from the nest of a wild cat. They are good ratters.

### A DUCK STORY.

A "Settler" in the Way of Astonishing and Voracious Yarns, Several old sports were peated around the table at the Board of Trade and as usual were deeply interested in narrating their achievements in the duckhunting line, and some very tall yarns were spun, but as nobody questioned the volunteered experience of anybody else in the crowd, everything went along peaceably until Colonel Minor took & hand with the following statement, which for the time being completly paralyzed the boys. "You fellows think you're mighty smart when you try to stuff us that you've killed forty and fifty ducks at a

shot. You're no good. I saw a shot once that kil ed a million!" "Oh, let up," chorused the gang.
"Won't do it. If you don't leave me alone I'll make it two million, and then I'll be on the inside.

"Let's have it, then, if it isn't too much sudden death." "Well, I don't care whether you believe me or not," said the old gentleman, "but it's the truth I'm telling

"In 1845 I was captain of the steamboat Gazelle, running in the gulf trade from Houston to Galveston, coasting as it were. At the northern end of the bay was a river barely navigable at the "The surrounding country was un-

best of times. settled, and the region was a perfect godsend for sportsmen. Winged game were innumerable, and seemingly made it their headquarters, more especially during stormy weather, as the locality was well sheltered and landlocked.

"A storm arose after we left Galveston on this particular trip, and as steamboats were not built either as large or as substantial as they are at the present time, we broke for shelter and anchored at the month of the river. [The spot is now known as San Jacinto Bay. "It was barely twilight, but the whole river as far as we could see was a solid mass of ducks, geese and trout.

"Suddenly a flash of lightning or a thunderbolt sprang out of the sky; there was a deafening and blinding shock, such as I had never before or have ever sence experienced, and all those ducks turned up their toes."

"Kill 'em all?" asked one of the onel. "but the whole of Galveston Bay was covered with ducks for a fortnight. The people lived on salted duck for about a year, and I gathered in about 160 hales of feathers."

"See here, now, we can't stand everything. "Wishimaydie if it ain't so. I've got some of the feathers at home yet, and will bring you down a sample the next time I think of it."-[Cincinnati Sun.

## Owls as Orpaments.

"I never saw anything like it in my life," said a Chestnut street jeweller the other day. "The women are just raul erazy over owls and owls' heads. They want them on everything they buy. A lady came in here only yesterday

and got a pretty little Swiss watch, with a perfectly plain, polished case. She wanted to know whether she could not have an owl's face engraved in the center of the case, or a circle of little wis around the edge. "Anything, so it's owls," she said.

"Of course, we had to do as she asked, but she'll grumble when she has to pay the bill. For the life of me I can't see what they find pretty in the staring old yellow-eyed bird. A glance around the jewelry store showed plain evidence of the rage. All the new styles of bronze clocks

were ornamented with figures of the solemn bird of night. He stared from vases and painted umbrella stands, and from every conceivable ornament, In silver he was worked up in a hundred different forms. His head formed the head of pepper-boxes, umbrellas and canes, and he was used to ornament lace-pins, breastpins and hairpins. A thing that attracted a great many ladies was a small natural owl's head,

covered with brown feathers, with the big yellow eyes wide open. It was set on a silver back, to be used as a breastpin, and was valued at \$10. Women who would be frightened half to death at the hoot of an owl on a dark night are now proud to wear stuffed owls' heads in their fall bonnets. The cheerless bird is also extensively used for decorating fancy note paper. [Philadelphia Press.

Too Much Candy. It has often been a query how much candy a boy could eat before he was satisfied. It is generally supposed by most boys that they can dispose of several pounds and then go hungry.

A proposition was readily accepted by a fourteen-year-old lad on Fourth street, Sunday afternoon, that, if he would eat fifty cents' worth, it would cost him nothing, but, if he failed, he would have to pay the half dollar. As he started in, bravely eveing the delicious chocolate creams, he remarked that he regretted not having made the stipulation a dollar.

ness the spectacle. The boy kept changing from one kind to another and finally wished to take a run around the block, as he was getting cold, but was held to his bargain. After having sampled all the candies in the shop, and disposed of about fif-teen cents' worth, he showed signs of

Quite a crowd gathered round to wit-

having enough. He took the half-dollar out of his pocket, put it back, and then began eating again with renewed vigor for a few moments. After having disposed of twenty cents' worth, he suddenly threw the money on the counter and said he had all he wanted, and before he would eat any

more he would fight. He seemed anxious to get away from the crowd, which was convulsed with laughter, and went whistling down the street, a sadder and a wiser boy .-[Woodland (Col.) Democrat. \*\*\*

know what I mean by saying that Salvini places his voice in the top of his head.

#### Value of a Chest Voice. A centleman who is kind enough to be a devoted reader of this column wants to

voices and chest voices, as I understand the matter. All good singers have chest roices, and all well-trained actors. It is the chest voice that never fatigues, if the speaker also knows when and how to breathe.' I know this perfectly well, but it is knowing just how to place this ches: voice that makes Salvin's speech so beautiful. The knack consists in the proper throwing of the chest voice up against the masal cavity, which acts as a sounding-board. The late Mme. Rudersdorf perfectly understood this placing of the voice, and so do the best teachers in Paris -[Critic.

### NUMBER 5.

One Not Long For This World. "Isn't he a pretty baby, John? See, just look at him," and the mother holds up the tiny creature to papa, who kisses and fondles him lovingly.
"Yes, Kate, he is a pretty baby, but

THE PRETTY BABY.

Tom was a pretty baby, too, you re-"Yes, Tom was a pretty baby-everybody said so," and she glances across the room at a sunny-faced four-year old, "but Willie is not like Tom. Willie's hair is light, and his eyes," looking wistfully into the baby's face, "are dark, and so deep, that when I look in

them I am almost afraid, they have

such a far-away light, they seem to see something we cannot." 'Oh, nonsense! don't think that He'll grow up to be a fine fellow. Dut, Kate, I wouldn't think so much about him, he's a dear, good, little fellow, but I wouldn't worship him; it isn't right."
"As if I could help it," the mother says, reproachfully pressing the slight

form closer and looking into the dark eyes yearningly. A month passes away, and one day they stand beside a small, white easket, within which the pretty baby is sleeping. Ah, the mother's eyes were sharp and when friends said, "What beautiful bright eyes he has," she saw the faraway look and knew it as the light that never was on land or sea.

"Oh, John, John," she moaned, "I knew he wasn't long for this world. I could see it in his eyes. Oh, my pretty "Yes, dear, you were right," says

papa, and there is a quiver in the firm ce; "if it had pleased God to have left him with us we would have cared for him the best we could, but we must give him up, for it is His will, and He knows what is best for us." "Yes, I know it," and she stoops and cuts a tiny wisp of hair from the baby's

"Oh, John, you said I worshiped him. I did, oh, I did, and, God forgive me, I can't be sorry for it now, he was such a dear, pretty baby. Years pass on. Other babies are

born. They are all pretty babies, every one who sees them says that, but none are like the baby with the far-away look. As they grow up they love to gather around mother's chair, and she never tires telling of the dark-eyed baby who And, when with childish curiosity they open the Bible to look at the pict

ures, and find between the leaves a tiny wisp of hair tied with a white satin riba, they touch it reverently and whisper beneath their breath, "The pretty Years still pass on. The children grow to be sturdy men and women, and as the mother watches them she some-

then she smiles and is glad that in Heaven there is no time, and no matter how the others may change he is still the pretty baby. One day they gather around her bed. and looking in each other's face mourn

imes thinks, "If he had lived he would

lavo been such a beautiful man," and

fully whisper: She is dving." She stretches her thin hand toward the table on which the old Bible rests. and they say: "The balo's hair."

into the dim old eyes, and they say: "What does she see?" She smiles and whispers, "The pretty They place the wisp of hair on her breast, and fold the wrinkled hands upon it, and tenderly lay her by the

They place it in her hand. She kisses

it tenderly, and a bright light comes

### side of the pretty baby. - [Detroit Free ---

A New York Incident. A shock-haired, freekled-faced boy was noticed sitting alone in the rotunds at Castle Garden by Clerk Kilroy. 'Are you waiting for anybody, sonny?" he asked "No. str. I have nobody in this

country wants me." "Then what are you doing here?"
"Well, and I don't exactly know,"
quickly replied the boy. "I thought
some one would ask me." "When did you arrive, by what ship, and what is your name?" asked Kilroy. I arrived yesterday by the Egypt. My name is Timothy Clark. I came from St. Patrick's Industrial School, Belfast. Me father is dead, and me mother was drownded three years ago coming Lent. I have an aunt, Mrs. Mary O'Hara, who works in a silk mill in 41st street, New York. I don't know where that is, but perhaps if she knew that Timothy Clark, son of Sara Clark, of 29 Linden street, Belfast, was here, Father Riordan provided for Timothy

# that night .- [New York Sun.

Train Talk. "Funniest thing I've seen lately," said the candy man on the Rock Island suburban trains, "was the other day when a man rushed up to the Twenty-second street station and said to the station

. H-b-has the Joliet train gone? ". Yes, there it goes up the road there." " Does it ses-s-top-p-p-"
" Yes, it stops at Thirty-first street. " Does it s-s-s-top-p-p-a-a-" 'Yes, it stops at Thirty-ninth street.'
" 'Does it s-s-s-top-p-p-n-n-ny" 'Yes, it stops at Forty-seventh,
Fifty-first, Englewood, and Blue Island."

· Does it s-s-s-top-p-p a-a-any wh-"'Yes, it stops at all stations. But what difference does it make to you? You're not aboard. 'J-just what I'm k-k-kicking about. Does it s-s-top-p-p anywh-wh-where long enough so I could r-r-run and overta-ta-

#### take it?"-|Chicago Herald. ---Valuable Gift to the National Museum The average man knows, perhaps, a

score of insects familiarly by name; he has more or less knowledge, perwonderful variety of forms and colors. But the resources of nature are vastly greater than any one realizes who has not numbers special study of some branch Think of Dr. Riley's collection of North

American insects, which is said to contain 20,000 species, represented by more others preserved in alcohol or by other has given this collection to the National Museum, where all who care

to do so may study the fruits of his labor.—[Philadelphic Ledger. Indian Women.

# The Indian women are coming hourly as follows:

to the front. At a late meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Dakota, the Indian women reported having raised \$500 for missionary work among their own people the last

cieties.

Where the Lord of Creation Appears To Great Disnivantage. "My dear," said Mrs. Broadaxe, layng her hand affectionately on my

AT THE DRESSMAKER'S.

Stray and cimitar Notices.

Resolutions or proceeding of any corpers to or soriety a J. Communications designed to call at a rion to any matter of limited or individual interemnts to paid for as advertisements.

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Advertising Rates.

1 inch. 5 times .....

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-mia Fasawan commends it to the favorable con-sideration of advertisers. whose favors will be in-serted at the following low rates:

shoulder. I pretended not to hear her and puffed away at my cigar, intent only on my newspaper. But Mrs. B. was not to be baffled by any such little ruses. She took hold of the paper, and gently taking it from my land folded it and laid it on the center table.

"What in the name of Tom Scott, Herace Greeley and Sam Jones, did you jerk that paper from my hand for ?" I demanded in a voice as much like thunder as I could assume. But Mrs. Broadaxe was not frightened. She is a brave little woman. I tried to be a tiger, but slestill wouldn't scare.

She came right up, patted the tigeron the head, and sat down on his knee. Before I hardly realized what she was about, she actually took the eight from my mouth and kissed me on the I knew what was coming and began

feeling for my pocket book. Mrs. B. never kisses for nothing, and what was the use in one holding out, when I knew I would be forced to yield in the "How much do you want?" I asked in desperation.

She smiled and taking my face between her two small white hands " It's not money this time." "Then what is it?" I asked, trying to be savage again ; but it is no use trying to frighten Mrs. B. She is brave. "I want you to go with me to the

"To the dressmaker's -ob, dear, can't you enjoin some lighter penance on me She smiled and kissed me first on one cheek and then on the other-well, I consented.

dressmaker's this afternoon.

I was a fool for doing it, but we all become fools sometimes. We started, and after going a block or two Mrs. B. turned about to give my personal appearance an inspection. She made me stoop until she turned back the collar of my coat to suit her taste, then she whisked me about, smoothed the wrinkles in my back, brushed the small particles of eight ashes off my breast and gave me as much attention as if I had been a

We went to the fashionable shop of Mrs. Le Moyne, I following my wife and standing at the door and feeling as if I ought to apologize, or wait until somebody asked me to come

Mrs. Le Moyne met Mrs. Broadsre at the door, lifted her veil, kissed her and got her the best chair, and asked her to take off her wraps; was she cold, and seemed very solicitous about Mrs. B.'s comfort, but did not deign to notice me. Then Mrs. Le Moyne's assistant came and kissed Mrs. Broadare and asked about her health. No one kissed me or asked about my

atschool, until a little seamstress brought mea chair. (I to It + heave have a warmspot in my heart for that little seam-Mrs. Le Moyne brought out such a love of a dress, and I soon learned that it was to be Mrs. B.'s. There was a system of measuring, lacing; and some strange talk about poloname, basques,

waists, corsage and a lot of staff that I

I stood in the corner like a new boy

could not understand, nor remember All the while I sat in my chair unnoticed by any one. Mrs. B. was the all-important one in that little shop, at that moment. I was sorry I had come, and was thinking of stealing away, when Mrs. B. asked me to sign my name to a check for fifty dollars.

so had it been for fifty thousand. I was cowed. Mrs. Le Moyne thanked me and I rose in my own estimation, for I was good for something. When Mrs. B. got ready to go, she told me to come on just as she would have called her poodle, and I really expected to hear her whistle to me.

I followed her just as a poodle would

I did so. I would perhaps have done

Mrs. Le Moyne opened the door for Mrs. B., hoped she would come back again soon, and said her presence was always refreshing; but not a word was spoken to me, and I certainly did not feel very refreshing. I went home registering cast-iron, steel-banded, rock-ribbed vows never

while I lived; and to pray constantly for deliverance from such perdition after death. If a man wants to know how insignificant he is, just let him go with his wife to a dressmaker's. - Arkan-

to go near another dressmaker's shop

#### saw Traveler. ---

Dakota and the Plug Hat. The St. Paul Pioneer Press tells the story of a Dakota man who was sitting in the Merchants' Hotel, St. Paul, carefully watching another man who were a silk tile of the latest pattern. Finally, he confided to a friend that he was thinking how much money it

would take to induce him to wear a He said he might do it for \$100, but would tell everybody that he was doing it for a wager, adding that if a man were to wear a plug hat in his town in Dakota he would be tolerably certain

## Our Venerable Elsterian.

to be mobbed.

Historian Bancroft has a library of soms 12,000 books. He has been a prominent figure for sixty years; has met and known about all the prominent men of this country, and is one of the few Americans who knew Niebnbr, Bunsen, Goethe, Byron, Kaiser, Wilhelm, and other celebrities abroad. ---

# the world comes from Bloomington,

Ill., where the farmers' wives and children used to consider it their per quisite. Chemists declare popcorn to contain more albuminoids than most of the other cereals, making it good diet.

### What Dakota Meaus. "Voyager" writes to the New York Sun

"I believe that Idaho is a patched-up fanciful word, with no meuning; but Dakota is a different kind of thing. "Dakota means 'cutthroat." It is the name of the Sioux Indians, whose orig-

inal habitat is now Dakota Territory. "When a Sioux Indian meets another, he gives the sign of his own nationality by drawing his hand across his throat." This was more than all the money raised by their white sisters in three so-Married Married Control of the Contr

Popcorn. A large part of the popcorn used in