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on the heads of the men above the Well, sir, there was something so aggravating in that shark settling down there, as if determined to stay until some of us tumbled overboard, that we all made up our minds to drive him away after some fashion. "We had a harpson aboard, and

SWORDFISH AND SHARK.

An Exciting Tale of the Deep Blue Sea.

"What strange thing has come athwart my hawser in the last dozen years?" mused Capt. Carnes

of the brig Mary, as he shifted his

adventure that happened to my vessel one day among the Windward Islands

group, and about fifteen miles away,

when there came a dead calm. The sea

was like a mill pond, and the sun beat

down like a ball of fire.
"One of the men, who was aloft for

something, discovered a large shark

prowling around the brig, and I

gave the men permission to buit for

"They balted a hook and tempted

him, but he would not even smell of the pork. He was a straight-out man-

eater, and he wanted sailor or

"He made two or three circuits

about the vessel, his dorsal fin showing

above water, and he then settled down

on our port quarter, about twenty feet

and kept his eves fastened

of the Caribbean Sea.

away.

"Well, I might tell you of a bit of

" We were just to the east of the

one of the men used it to give the fish several had gashes, but after each wound he'd make a circuit and come back to the old spot. You may rip a shark from stem to stern and he won't seem to mind " By and by the men got so hot that they asked leave to man the boat and either kill the grim devil or drive him away,

"I consented, and a sailor named Williams scrambled into the yawl as

he swung at the davits to cast off when she was down. The falls had scarcely been manned when one of them parted, and the boat dropped stern "The sailor was pitched ten feet away, and as he struck the water there was a yell from every man on the brig. He pitched right at the shark, and we expected to see him grabbed up in a

" Indeed, we all saw the fish whirl over and make a rush, but there was also a second rush, and as the sallor swam alongside and seized a rope a began in the water We knew that one of the fighters was the shark, but it was minutes before we made out that the other was a "I calculate that rumpus lasted all of

"They fought on the surface and under it, they creded and came back, they went under the brig and around er, and the sea was churned to perfect "The affair finally ended by the shark turning belly up, as dead as a hammer, and I guess there wasn't a foot of him which lauin't fell a thrust of the sword. He bled like a stuck hog, and was only fairly dead when the swordfish took a run for the brig. ... He backed off about fifty feet and

came full tilt, and, as true as I'm sitting here, he made her shiver as he struck. That sword of his struck good oak plank, sheathed with copper, but nothing stopped it until it showed for six luches in the hold. We saw him as he backed off, and knew that he had lost his weapon. It was a terrible burt, and when a breeze sprang up and filled our salis he was still iloundering around the shark's

body, seeming to have lost his compass points altogother. On the way down to Trinidad the brig made considerable water, and when we came to unload her cargo we found the sword sticking into her as I have " A portion of it was afterward carried to Boston, and is probably there

With Some London Wits.

One evening Artemus Ward and I, says Howard Paul, in some remiriscences of the London Savage Club in the New York World, were urging Byron to go to the United States. Artemus was praising the oysters, terrapin, and rye whisky of his native land, and I incidentally remarked that he

would enlarge his sphere of observation if he made the voyage,
"In point of fact," said I, "you'd find new types, fresh dramatic combinations unused material;" and I concluded by remarking in a perfunctory manner Every dramatist should go to Amer-Byron listened attentively and merrily

'Pon my soul, I can't see the great pull in going to America. Shakspere didn't go to America, and he made quite a name as a playwright." Exit Byron

Henry S. Leigh, the author of the "Carols of Cockayne," and endless clever eers de Societe in the comic periodleals of the day, was a quaint-l Ill-dressed man who had a tooth out it front, which gave his mouth an odd expression, and his nose had a rubicund

One day a member brought into the club a strange old gentleman, evidently an Oriental, who wore a pink turban, and whose complexion suggested parch-He mumbled in some foreign tongue unknown to us all.

Harry Leigh spotted the old man, and, being a linguist, pricked up his critical What language is he worrying?" I "I'm blest if I know," retorted Leigh.

It must be gum Arabic. It was James Albery who told Arthur Matthison a discontented, peppery mem-ber, "that if he ever went to Heaven he'd kick up a row with the angels be-And one day, when a bankrupt man-ager who had struggled against bad business came into the chib and a: ced that all his chairs and benches

had been seized, Albery dryly observed : "I'm certain that is the first time in the history of his theater when his seats Frank Burnand, the editor of Punch, was brought into the club one night by W. S. Gilbert, and there was a gay spirit abroad after the Saturday dinner. In the course of conversation Gilbert

"Burnand, I suppose you receive quantities of funny copy from outside Burnand was off his guard and replied, Gilbert's hard face relaxed a little as "Why the deuce don't you put some of it in Punch then?" The laugh was certainly on the side of

Chewing Gum.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1887.

SUGGESTIVE FIGURES. ' Suicides In Relation to Age, Sex, Season It appears that the deaths registered in the 26 years 1858-83 in England and Wales as due to suicide were 42,630,

nillion persons living. The suicide rate increases rapidly with age until after middle life, but n the more advanced age periods again diminishes. The maximum rate is in the 55-65 years period, when it reaches 251 per million persons

and in the proportion of 72 annually per

At all age periods, with one exception, the male rate is far higher than the female, and the difference between them increases with age. The one exceptional period is the 15-20 years period, when the female rate is slightly the higher. At this same period the female deathrate and lunacy-rate are also exceptionally above the male rates. Taking all ages together, out of equal numbers living and in the same age distribution, the male suicides are

to the female suicides as 267 to The occupations in which the suiciderates are lowest are those which imply rough manual labor carried on mostly out of doors, and by men who are com paratively uneducated, such as miners, quarrymen, shipwrights, fishermen, gardeners, laborers of all kinds, brick-

layers and masons. The occupations with the highest suicide-rates are those which are sedentary and carried on by highly educated men, as the learned professions, and also such as notoriously lead to intemperance, as those of

innkeepers. Between the two extremes come farmers, shopkeepers, and town Tables are given of the rates in a number of selected occupations; and some of these—e.g., those of soldiers

and farmers—are subjected to special examination As regards farmers it was shown that their suicides were nearly doubled in the two years 1879-80, when agricultural distress was most acute; and that simultaneously with this rise in their suicide-rate there was a corresponding rise in their registered bankrupt-

It is shown that the amount of men in different occupations varies to a considerable extent with the lunacyrates and with the general death-rates the same causes that conduce to insanity and to general unhealthiness also conducing to self-dessuicides varies very definitely with the

seasons, forming a regular annual curve of which the minumum is in December, and the maximum in June. The commonest method of suicide is hanging; then follow in order, drowning, cut or stab, poison, gunshot. Women, however, select drowning before hanging, and poison before cut or stab. Women also differ from men In selection of poisons, men choosing painless and sure preparations, whill

women take any poison that is at hand indifferently.

The choice of method is also affected by age, the young showing a comparative preference for drowning, poison and gunshot; and by occupation, men using preferentially the instruments of their crafts; and by season, drowning being avoided in the cold months .- [London Times.

> FRIGHT-BLANCHED. How His Hair Became White.

"Young man to have white hair? Yes that's so. I'm just turning forty, which he too young to have it so naturally. How did it happen? Well, I don't mind telling you, although the experience was a pain one to me, and always makes me shudder when I think of It "I was in Boston when I was a young

man-that was about twenty-and wanted to call upon a friend of mine who had an office in one of the Washington street blocks. It was about six stories high, and I found that the room I had to visit was in the fourth story. " I stepped into the elevator, which

by the way, was not provided with so many improvements and safeguards as sent. A gentleman got on to go up and I followed him. He dexterously started the thing and soon stopped it on story higher and stepped out, leaving me "I had never been on one of them be

fore, but noticing the manner in which it was started, gave the wirea pull and was conscious of being slowly taken upward. One, two stories were passed and I caught a glance of the busy clerks in the offices, and then I reached for the wire to stop at the next story.
"I gave a slight pull. It did not stop;

I pulled again still harder, but the speed only seemed to increase. I was now just past the fourth floor and rapidly no the fifth. I pulled again, but still the thing kent on

I could hear the ominous rumbling of the machinery overhead. Would the thing never stop, I thought, or was I to to be hurled to death or crushed to nothing by the deadly cogs overhead?

"Past the sixth floor I went, and it commenced to grow darker. The ma-chinery sounded louder, and I could almost see it from the light that struggled through the dingy loft window. I tried to ery out but my voice falled me. I determined to make one more effort,

and accordingly, reaching out in the dark, I encountered a wire, and yanked it with force enough it would seem, to break it. Still upwards I groped further, and found another, and this time with both hands I pulled for dear life. Thank heaven! The elevator ceased its upward motion, and slowly descended. As it moved down into the light I saw that I had hold of another wire, which I had overlooked before. Het the elevator run until the lower floor was reached, forgetting all else in my desire to get

into the alr. " As I stepped off a small boy, who had seen me go up, looked at me in astonishment and exclaimed; " Say, mister, are you the same man that went up a few minutes ago?'
'I thought it must have been a half hour but I answered 'Yes.' "'Did you go up to buy a wig?' he asked.

'No,' said I, 'why?' " Cause yer had black halr when yer started, and now it's white.' "I rushed to a convenient glass and grabbed my hat from my head. boy was right, gentlemen; my hair was as white as you see it now, turned from fright in the two short minutes when I was in the elevator. " Fact, gentleman, fact. My parents

did not know me when I got home, and I had to show several birth-marks before I could convince them that I was their son. Fact, gentlemen." And the gentlemen looked at him, wondering whether to call him a liar or a very unfortunate man .- [Boston Globe. Wit and Whisky.

was observed to take out one guest at a time and treat to a choice swig. When asked about this he said: "Why, by drinking with them singly I get half of my whisky myself. See?" - Atlanta Constitution.

OLD PLANTATION MELODIES. The Sweet Melodies of the Past,

"O, for the songs of my youth, that never grow old!" We don't know who said it. If it was not said it ought to have been. We love to think of those good old plantation melodies we heard the darkeys sing when we were a barefooted boy on a south Georgia farm. Among our first musical recollectious was the good song of "Old Uncle

Dar was an ole darkey, And 'is name wus Uncle Ned, An' 'e died not bery long ergo. An' 'e had no har on de top ob 'is hed, De place whar de wool orter gro.

Den lay down the shubbel and de hoe, And hang up do fiddul and de bow. Dar's no more work ter poor old Ned; He's gone whar de good darkies go. And then there's that happy old negro minstrel song which we first heard as a sung by the amateur minstrel corps of Balubridge, led by that genial soul, now Postmaster and editor of the Bainbridge Democrat, Ben. Russell. About all the words to the song

Pickyune er Butler am er comin' and er Pickyune er Butler am er comin' to de

The melody was quick and spirited, and before every chorus, Ben., who was the leader, delivered a spokan part. And at the "log rollin" we heard the happy negroes sing : Oh, stump Tony,

I knowed yer raisin, Down below. Yer daddy name Tony, Down below, Yer mamma named Lindy, Down below,

Yer raised in de backwoods,

Down below, Yer raised on literd knots, Down below. And so on, and so on, the leader singing the lines and the balance of the crowd ining in the chorus. But, ah, what a sweet old song is that we heard many a time float up to the big house from the "quarters" after supper

and frequently after we went to bed ; Down in dat cornfield, Yer hear that mornful soun', All de darkies am er weopin', Old Massa's inde cold, cold groun'. Massa lubbed dem darkles dearly, And de darkies lubbed him Now he's gone away and leff dem,

De'll neber see his smilin' face agin.

Down in dat cornfield, etc. And there was another sweet and plaintive song, "Old Jesse." It was sung by a now sainted sister, with whom it was a great favorite. One of the verses ran thus: Old Jesse's hair was gray and long,

Like de moss upon the tree; His tooffle would drop out er de old But soon he will be free. CHORUS;

Den pity poor old Jesse an' wipe dat tear drop from your eye. Old Jesse's goin' ter leeb us now, An' in der groun' ter lie. Among the songs that has never grown

old with us is of "My Dear Old Cabin Home." We have heard it since childhood, but more then than we do now. It was once a great favorite with vocal serenaders: I am going far away, far away ter leeb you now,
To the Mississippi Riber I am goin'.
I'll take the old banjo an' I'll sing yer er little song.

Way down in my old cabin home. CHORUS: Here lies my old cabin home, Here lies my sister an' my brudder, Here lies my wife, she's the joy of my

An' de child in de grave wid its mother. Old age am comin' on and my hair am

turning gray,
And I'll hang up de banjo all along,
And we'll sit by de fire an' we'll pass de time away, Way down in me old cabin home. CHORUS:

Here lies me old cabin home, etc. There is nothing better in music than a full chorus of voices singing this grand old song. And that song the negro banjoist used to sing:

Ef I had a scoldin' wife, Whip 'er shores yer born, Tek 'er down to New Orleans, Trade 'er off fer corn, Trade 'er off fer corn, Trade 'er off fer corn.

Wish I was in Alabam, Sittin' in a big arm cheer. Great big boka by my side, An er whoopin' ter my dear, Er whoopin' ter my dear, Er whoopin' ter my dear. Er whoopin' ter my dear.

And that hop-ship-and-a-jump song of the little negro before the cabin door: Wheel about, turn about, Do jess so; Ebery time I wheel about

I jump jim crow. These melodious reflections carry us back to the good old days of childhood when we felt as free as a bird and as happy as a sunshiny day .- [Tatbottom (Ga.) Era.

Apollo's Double. They say that just by way of killing

time that hung heavy on his hands, Colonel Henry Davis, Jr., visited the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. When he returned to the hotel he had a great story to tell of his experiences. Bill, "said he to Congressman Springer, "I have been putting in a couple of urs inspecting the shef doovers of the "Ah!" said Springer. "I hope you enjoyed yourself.'

"Amazingly," continued Davis. "You didn't know I was a good deal of an art connozher, did you?"
"I can easily believe you," answered
Springer, "for I have always admired our delicate refinement and graceful discrimination." "I ran across one statute that par-

alyzed me," said Davis. "It was a perfect fac-simile of myself without my clothes on. "What could it have been?" asked Springer.
"When I get back to Illinois," said Davis, "I'm going to hunt up the original, for me and him are as much alike as two peas. He lives at Belvidere."

· Boone county? "Yes; Belvidere, Boone County, Illinois. His name is Apollo."-[Chicago News.

Printing With Luminous Type. An invention is reported from Turin. It consists in the application of lightgiving material to printing-ink, by which print becomes luminous in the dark, so that in future it will be possible to read at night, in bed or during a journey without the assistance of candle

SOMETHING ABOUT FRET-WORK. Money Can be Made with a Little Scroll Saw. - The Materia! Used.

"There is a great deal people don't know about the art of fret-sawing," said a well-known artist in fret-work in response to the inquiries of a reporter and people would wonder, too, if they knew how simple it is and how it is be coming the fashion. Take for instance the latest design

of a cabinet of fret-work. Nothing like it has ever been produced in the art of fret-sawing. Indeed it is hard to conceive of the effectiveness of the apearance of such an article when con structed out of differently colored and properly selected woods, and when you think that it is possible for a boy to construct such an article from the pattern, you begin to realize the real value of the fret machine.

"Such a cabinet stands from the base 79 inches; it is 45 inches across and 15 inches deep. The front of the first section is ornamented with panels; in the centre of the second section are four drawers, and at the ends folding doors, back of which are receptacles for knick-knacks; the third section when open, forms a lady's writing desk, and the fourth, two doors open upon a mirror, fifteen by thirty inches in size. and on either side eight small doors which open into receptacles for a lady's ollot articles. The whole is sur-

mounted by a castellated top.
"The pattern for this costs but \$2, and yet this cabinet, when made up, will make as valuable an article of furniture as any that can be bought at a furniture store for from \$200 to \$300. Besides the beautiful results obtained by this work, there is money

"I can tell you of a case in point.

A young man who found it impossible to obtain employment became possessed of a foot-power scroll-saw and by its aid made brackets, card-baskets, matchboxes, frames and other articles, which gave him when sold a clear profit of \$5 a day.
"Hundreds of others here carned

\$50 to \$75 each by the sale of work done at leisure time. More than 30,000 foot-power scroll-saws have been made and sold to parties who are now using them for pleasure or profit, and besides there are probably three times as many more who use the ordinary hand saw. " From a square foot of black walnut

I have known to be made in a few hours a handsome clock-case worth at least \$5 and the material costing but ten cents. A piece of ebony, worth about a penny, furnished enough material for a oss for which a person would gladly have given a couple of dollars. " A square foot of good black walnut will be sufficient to make four or five

pretty brackets which will readily sell for What about the wood that is used in fret-work?" "There are more kinds than you

Imagine. First comes white pine, use-ful particularly for lining the bottoms of boxes, etc. Then there is Spanish cedar, easily obtained from eigar boxes but really only suited for coarse work Butternut, also known as white walnu cuts clean, but is soft and not adapte for delicate designs. Red cedar and white jumper are both hand-somely marked, though difficult to cut succe fully, because they are picky. White poplar is very useful to the fret-sawyer, as also is basswood, furnished by the

lime tree "But the highly ornamental goods are black walnut, white holly, ebony, ma-hogany, rosewood and sathwood. Besides these there are the tulipwood olive, bird's-eye maple and Hungarian

"You cut other material than wood in fret-work? Yes, there are Ivory and tortolseshell, for instance. There are varieties of elephant ivory, the Asiatic and African. The latter is more opaque and dead white than the other. "But the hippopotamus supplies Ivory which is much harder and far more valuable than that of the elephant, being of a purer white and almost free

"An interesting fact about ivory in connection with this work is that it requires seasoning the same as wood and is very liable to crack and warp when subjected to changes of temperature. It costs \$6 to \$8 a pound in the

rough. "Tortolse-shell can be applied to the same purpose as Ivory.
"Mother-of-pearl is another of these choice materials that can be used by the fret-sawyer."

"Good Beefand Plenty of It." The extreme importance of sufficiently

nutritious feeding in youth illustrated by a story that James M. Nixon In 1833 Aaron Turner's circus was performing on a route through Pennsylvania. and at Pottsville Napoleon Turner, the old man Turner's son, took a fancy to a wretched, starveling-looking boy, be-tween six and seven years old, who was

the show. The little fellow seemed to be & nice intelligent sort of boy for his age, but miserably thin and weak. His legs bowed out from simple inability to bear his body's weight. All his limbs were thin and shapeless as a spider's, except for their clumsy joints. His cheeks were sunken, and his breast seemed to have

mooning about in the neighborhood of

Nap. found the father of the lad and managed to get the boy apprenticed to The circus-men were amazed at sight of Nap's protege, and free to prophesy that he would never amount to

"Never mind," replied Nap.; "even if he doesn't, Fil save him from starving to death, anyway. They found that young Whitcomb (the boy's real name) could not eat meat. He had never eaten any. The smell of it made him sick.
The first article of faith in a circusman's creed is that one must eat beef to be strong and as it was a matter of settled determination in Nap. Turner's mind that young Whitcomb should be strong, and as Nap. was the biggest, young Whitcomb had to eat beef. He commenced lightly on it, a little at a time, and gradually of his own choice increased the ration. He was not put to

work at anything, but just allowed to loaf around the tent when the other boys were practising, and try to imitate them Very rapidly he picked up fle h, and verified the soundness of the circus confilence in beef by growing strong. In a few seasons he grew to be a robust, straight, handsome fellow, good at leaping, tumbling, slack-rope walking, and eventually, under the name of Henry Turner, became famous as one of the best four-horse riders in the country

as Nap. Turner used to say. Juliet's Tears.

thanks to good beef and plenty of it,

Of course, all readers of Shakspere are aware that Juliet was a very sweet young malden, and the thriftly citizens Verona take mercantile advantage of the fact. They sell "Juliet's tears,"
which are confections resembling
liquid gum drops, or brandy balls. The correct tribute to leave on Juliet's dried rosebud, wrapped in a magnolia. to her townspeople.

WATERING THE MILK.

The Story of an Oriental Peddler. There was an Arab youth in Bombay who made a living by peddling milk. Like all Arab Moslems, he was abstemious, frugal and very religious. He worked very hard. He got up before daybreak, said his long prayers, bought his milk, and I am sorry to say, he watered it. But he most religiously abstained from watering it

By dint of hard work and watering the milk he had saved 200 rupees, and he concluded to go back to his happy village in Arabia Folix, and buy a little flock of goats and sheep, and live happy during the rest of his life. He went on board of one of the native Arab crafts and salled happly with a light heart for the port of Sans, in the

Red Sea. I need hardly say that our Arab friend, Iben Hasid (for that was his name) never parted from his bag of rupees. He would creep into an obscure corner of the little vessel, open the bag and run the bright silver through his hands, and feel so happy. Well, on board of that craft was one of those mischlevous African monkeys, that are always an inevitable

appendage to an Arab vessel. This monkey spied 1ben Hasid out, and was seemingly a boon companion to him. In fact, our friend Iben would show him the rupees and tell him of his future plans, and keep the bright rupees running through his hands into the canvas bag.

But the treacherous monkey was up to his tricks. He watched his opportunity. He snatched the bag of rupees suddenly and ran up with it to the masthead, and there he imitated the usual proceedings of Iben Hasid, by trying to run the rupees through his clumsy, thick hands.

Of course, the rupees fell on the deck and in the water. Poor Iben Hasid scrambled for his rupees. When the monkey had emptied the bag, he flung the emptied bag at the Arab's head, and scampered, as usual, all over the vessel. The poor Arab, after recovering the bag, put the remaining rupees into it, and returned to his obscure corner of the

ship and began to count them. Alas! there were only 100 rupees left. But Iben Hasid was a devout and good Moslem, and he thus exclaimed: " Allah! Thou art just and righteous and Mohammed is thy prophet. saved 200 rupees by selling milk, half of which was water. If I had not watered milk, I could certainly not ve saved more than 100 rupeer "Therefore thy judgment is right. The rupees that I made by water have now gone back to the water, and the 100 rupees I made by the milk remain. Therefore let me again say, 'Allah, il Allah, and Mohammed is his

Housekeeping in Japan.

prophet.

A lady writing from Japan says: "Housekeeping here has no trials. The worn and vexed spirits of American chatelaines ought to rest in Japan after death. Capable and faithful servants are plenty and cheap. Our establishment boasts five, and for these we pay about what two would cost in New York. "I do not visit my kitchen once a month, never give an order outside of a spoken wish, yet the domestic machinery moves with an ease and perfection unattainable at home by almost any effort on the

part of the mistress. "The manners of the servants are amusing, not to say startling, to an American accustomed to the cheerful familiarity of her native help.
"Every night at bedtime our five retainers appear, prostrate themselves in succession to the earth, and retire.

This to wish me good night and to renew their testimony of profound re-spect and pleasure over the privilege serving me. It was difficult at first to preserve the necessary dignity for the ceremony, but now I am as majestically gracious as any other po-"The other day, on one of my rare

visits to the kitchen, a hairpin became loosened and dropped without my notice. I had been seated in my room only a few moments when my ouseman entered, bearing a small salver, which he presented to me with many genuflections "Fancy my surprise to see a little halrpin upon it, and to learn from my proud but embarrassed servitor that it

had fallen to the kitchen floor from my "Afterward I found there had been a discussion as to who should pick it up, and almost a quarrel as to whom belonged the inestimable honor of bearing It to its owner!"

Children's Teeth.

Children's teeth are often neglected by parents, who give the young mouths little attention until decay and the child's complaints of toothache warn them of their duty. Even if they know there is decay going on, they dismiss the subject with the thought that they are only the first or temporary teeth, which will soon

be replaced by the permanent ones.

This is a great mistake, as the regularity of the second set depends largely upon the healthy condition of the first which should be retained in their places until the second set is ready to appear, when they will generally drop out or become loosened, and are easily removed.

Much mischief is done by premature
decay and the extraction of the temporary teeth. Many think that they should be removed to make room for the permanent teeth-a dangerous mistake, which should be avoided if after trouble would be prevented.

One of the most beautiful provisions of nature in the human economy is that for the removal of the first teeth by absorption of their roots to make room for the second to advance. Sometimes this absorption does not go on fast enough, and the second tooth is observed to be coming through before the first is loosened. In such a case the

dentist should be consulted, who, if he

has made a proper study of this frequent condition of things, will very readily

correct it .- [Dr. Gilbert. A Farm Bought by Begging. A small boy was seen to approach a welldressed middle-aged gentleman on Pennsylvania avenue, near Tenth street, with a pitcous appeal of hunger and of distress at home. The gentleman's sympathy was aroused,

and he took the boy into the Alderney

lunch hall, on D street, where he bounti fully provided for the boy's appetite, and also made purchases for him to take The gentleman left the boy in the place, feeling satisfied that he had done a charity. While the boy was drinking his coffee,

farm in Maryland?" "Yes, sir. I don't know how big it is, but it's right large."
"I know that boy," said the young man; "he is the best professional beggar in town. He and his father are regular deadbasts. I remember the boy a long time back, and often have seen him come

into a sertain saloon. "His father is a first-class blacksmith. but won't work. He lives off this boy's ington National Republican.

APPETIZERS.

Kay-Boles and Latch-Keyn Latch-keys are more frequently used in the night than at any other

The night is very often dark. For six months in the year, on an average, the weather is cold.

If men partake of stimulants to excess it is generally at night when the labors of the day are

Taking all these facts into consideration, why are the keyholes of latch-locks not placed in an accessible position? Why are they not easily disvernible and easily penetrable? We have known latch holes to be placed immediately under the door knob at about two feet six inches from

the ground, where a tall man had to bend himself nearly double to get at And we have known them to be placed in immediate juxtaposition with anotheand larger keyhole, so that in the dark t was almost impossible to know one

from the other. Most latch holes are obscure little apertures not easily seen in broad day-light by a person with all his faculties at their keenest. Now how must it be on a dark night for a person with his hands benumbed with cold and more or less confused with the good cheer of a supper

It is simply cruel, brutal and preposterous to place a person in such a situation, when all trouble might be easily avoided by placing the hole at the end of a small cup or funnel of metal and surrounding it with a disc of polished silver, or even with a phosorescent nimbus, as could be easily

Calculate, if you can, the misery, the lokerings, the criminations and recriminations, that have grown out of the inability to open front doors with night keys; the people who have been rung up out of their beds, and the others who have been forced to go to hotels or walk the sircets. Think of it, and say whether we are not justified in asking for reform in this matter .- Texas Siftings.

----He Jumped at Conclusions.

"You saw the greater portion of this fight, did you not?" inquired a lawyer of a witness in an assault and bat-Well, it's like this," commenced the witness. " No equivocations, sir! You saw the

whole occurrence, I believe. You were Yes. I war thar." "Judging from the appearance of your incerated features and parti-colored complexion I should say you saw the whole

"Wall, yer shouldn't jump at conclusions in that random sort of style. It's like this-"Answer, on your oath now, did you, or did you not, see the fight?" "No stree! The fust I knowed about

cross the eyes, an' I didn't see anything for an hour, hour an a half or two hours afterwards."-[Merchant Tray-

thar bein' any likelihood of a fight Bill Spooner fetched me the gol duradest swipe

He Sighed for Greenland, Little Johnny Gunwad was citting by the window with his head on his hand and an expression upon his face showing that he was in deep thought, when his mamma suddenly interrupted him by

What are you thinking of, Johnny, what makes you so quiet?
"I was thinking," said Johnny, "what a picnic it must be to live up in Green-

"To live in Greenland!" said his mother in surprise. "Why, what under the sun ever put that idea into your head? Well," replied Johnny, "my teacher told us to-day that in Greenland the days are three months long, and I was thinkng what a snap it would be when Saturday came around and there wouldn't be

any school for three months."-[Peck's ---Tittle-Tattle. A lady who belongs to an old and very large Boston family says she always takes an exciting novel with her on the

Back Bay horse cars that she may not hear her family talked over. One lady had the felicity of hearing her own reception and the probable amount of her wealth discussed all the way from Newbury Street to the Brunsseemingly, to the fact that they were in a public conveyance. - [Boston Beacon.

---Coming Churning Contest. It is probable that a churning match will be one of the attractions at the next Maine State Fair. The idea is to place a dozen or twenty churns in a row on a stage and have a plump and rosy farmer's daughter sperate each dasher, offering good prizes to those who excel in time, quality, and quantity of production neatness in appearance and jauntiness of motion also

Value of a Chest Voice.

(Me.) Journal.

be considered as points .- | Lewiston

A gentleman who is kind enough to be a devoted reader of this column wants to know what I mean by saying that Salvini places his voice in the top of his head. He writes: 'There are throat (or head) voices and chest voices, as I understand the matter. All good singers have chest voices, 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 chest voice that makes Salvini's speech so beautiful. The knack consists in the proper throwing of the chest voice up against the nasal cavity, which acts as a sounding-board. The late Mme. Ruders-dorf perfectly understood this placing of the voice, and so do the best teachers in Paris - [Critic. ---

What Dakota Means. "Voyager" writes to the New York Sun

"I believe that Idaho is a patched-up fanciful word, with no meaning; but Dakota is a different kind of thing. "Dakota means 'cutthroat." It is the name of the Sloux Indians, whose original habitat is now Dakota Territory. When a Sloux Indian meets another, he gives the sign of his own nationality by drawing his hand across his throat."

> ---The Next Best Thing.

"Madam." said a polite passenger a crowded street car from his comfortable seat to a lady who was preserving her balance with difficulty, "permit me "Oh, thank you, sir," replied the lady sweetly as she prepared to sit down.
"Er-as I was about to say-permit

me-ah-to call your attention to that

what sames to be the mather wid the "Ah! Mrs. Murphy, he has had a terrible attack of spine in his back; he will filt it comin on this long while."

he was observed by a young man, who asked, " Does not your father own a big

strap."

poor man?"

USSIAN HEUMATISM Mas Rev R. H. Rominson, Staumton, V. Mas Was Mattaing, 1830 Wylle St., Philai J. F. Newton, Camden, N. J. Mas Mare Capron, Moorsstown, N. J.

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Two medical journals are fighting over chewing gum. One thinks it preserves the teeth, developes the gums, and should be encouraged; the other points out the injurious draught upon the sallyary and sample of the work sent for stamp. Address HOME M'F'G CO., P. O. Box 1916, Boston, Mass. glands and digestive organs, and its grushing effect upon temale leveliness.

A good story is told of a Kentuckian who was fond of fine whisky and always kept his jug. He it was who said:

"I never saw any mean whisky. Some is better, but all is good."
One night, when he had company, he

or lamp A new daily paper, in which this lum-

inous material will be used, is, it is said, about to be published at Turia.

grave is a gold-paper heart, and a Altogether, the memory of the fair Capulet is the source of no small revenue

begging. In fact the farm was paid for largely by this boy's begging."- [Wash-

Mr. O'Toole's Disease. "Good marnin," Mrs. O'Toole! An