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In the beautiful district of Fannet, on the coast of Donegal, near Lough Swilly—the Lake of Shadows—lived two poor families, celebrated far and wide as the best neighbors ever known or heard of.

If Martin wanted a hand with his harvest Donnelly was ready to give it and ask no wages, and the kindness was returned when the potato digging came on. Their wives also lived in the greatest harmony, and they were such neighbors that they met continually, for one roof covered the two houses.

This long cabin, or rather range of cabins, stood on the banks of Mulroy, an inlet of the Atlantic, so landlocked as to look like a lake. Behind towered gigantic heather-crowned mountains; in front lay the high road leading from the sea to Milford, the nearest market town, a winding road, hard and white from limestone, now dipping down into a valley, now mounting up a sharp hill, and always keeping close to the blue waters of Mairoy, divided from it by a shelving bank festooned with wood-

Mulrov was studded with many islands —islands sacred to the "wee folks; islands in possession of the sea birds Islands where sleepy broad-browed seals

the nearer hills cultivated to their summits, the more distant so pale and in distinct that they were like smokecolored phantoms against the sky. Errigal, a cone-shaped mountain, the last point of Irish earth seen by the enilgrants as they sailed to America, and Muckish, the pig's back, were most prominent in the range.

The Martins and Donnellys did not know that they were looking at one of the leveliest landscapes in the world.

place was broken by the keening of mourners or the chant of priests, and then the children in the cabins would run out to the road, and look up and

A long procession wound from the seacoast, and on its way to yonder burial ground beneath the chapel at the edge of the lake-a holy spot, marked by a forest of black wooden crosses. The priest walked first; then came the coffin ollowed by a motley company-men in long gray stockings, knee breeches and progues, mounted on shaggy ponies, and women seated behind them dressed The keening woke the mountain

and grim, by the roadside; then the crying and chantling died away and flocks of curtos and plover circling overhend sang a shrill requiem. Two of the children were wont to folthe procession-Tengue Martin and Mary foundly. They were inseparable toddling fareful hand to school, hand it

hand to compet, playing together herdin, the cows together on the knowes. They would follow the procession together, as

when he was gone wandering sadly to the flax mill, their old play place, and then wandering back again with her head hanging down. But she found some conlation in knitting his socks, washing

riends, but they married strangers. and the good neighborhood was the same as ever. Time passed; they grew middle aged, then old; the days when they had played at the flax mill were

One day Mary was taken very Ill-so

constant question. His name was the A woeful man was Teague when he found his old friend gone. He walked beside her husband after the coffin, and

aw her laid low in the churchyard mould to be done, though his heart was heavy foure seated behind him on the bundle

his companion. An old woman? Yes; and her red shawl, the gray hair, the

Must Mary be a restless wanderer be a thousand times no! So, with a tremendous effort, he conquered his

Mary, darlin', is it you?" he faltered. It is, Teague, dear; it is." "An' what is it, Mary, that's keepin' you frae your rest? Sure you had the priest, an' he gave you the viaticum." The voice he knew so well answered

in accents that pierced his heart. the gate of heaven, but I wouldna be let in, and I'm flying about the world in the thorn bush. Think on me, Teague, in the night time when you ones is comfortable by the fireside an' pity me an elp me for the sake of we'er old

"Help you!" cried the poor man; sure I'd gie my heart a blood to help you ut how is it to be done? An' why wad

woman like you? specter; "That's what I'm here to tell tion in the chapel Sunday after Sunday, an' I was respectit for a good livin woman, but in all my lifetime I never prayed. My lips would be movin, but

ny thoughts would be away. When I was a young girl I'd be thinkin' of my sweetheart or my dress or the dance at the fair; when I was a married woman I'd be frettin' about the childer, thinkin' ane o' them would fall into the fire or another would be drowned in the well while I was out, an' when I was old there was frets an' anxieties still; but, anyway, in all them years I never prayed, so I canna be let

masses for my sinful soul; but the

"If I am forgiven, the night after the second mass is said for me I'll come to you in the form of a white bird, an' I'll stand in the window, at the foot of your bed, an' sing you a beautiful hymn before I fly away to heaven."

that night, he went straight to the priest after supper and told him the Father Dan took the money and promised to say the masses, encouraging Teague to hope that all would be well

Some days later he had a second visit from Teague. "Well, my good man," he began, "did you get any word from that poor

"An' how is it wi' her now?" then a beautiful hymn, like ane o them hymns that is sung in the chapel on Easter Day, was sung, an' so I knowed Mary was going to heaven."

'Did she speak, Teague?" Feen a word! The hymn sounded fainter an' fainter, till it was like a wee gentle sound o' wind on the Lough, an' was content in my mind to think that Mary was at her rest."

wild range of mountains behind it. admirers among the rich farmers-any one of whom would have pleased her parents better than the suitor she

man, but he was not rich-he had only the flax mill and a poor small farm and three cows. How vexatious it was that Rose should set her affections upon of a slated house and 14 cows. representing the worldly advantages of Mike and Sam, Toddy and John. But it was all to no purpose. Rose blushed

James Majilton was a handsome young

"No, no: that is not to be done," re-plied the priest. "James is a good boy, he pays his dues regular, an' is diligent at his duty, an' obedient to his church He deserves a good wife. Let Rose

After that opposition ceased, of course, and a day was fixed for the wedding. Plenty of corned beef and cabbage, bacon two fiddlers were engaged; the neighbors were invited to the feast; and all was

well. James was unconscious when Rose reached his bedside. To describe her wild grief would be impossible Hanging over the corpse, she let her tears rain upon his placid face, unheeding the grave reproofs of the women. Why do you be cryin' that way, Rose Dillon? Sure you know that your is-mentin' will keep him frae his rest." They alluded to the belief that the in-

the ferry to attend the wake. "Sure sure ve wouldna be that cruel to the poor boy that loved ye true? Lay back thon sheet, girl, an' drop nae mair tears over him. I ha' knowed it done."

pectfully, shaking their heads gravely and uttering many an "Och, hock! and Alaise-a-me!" the while.

tertainment of James's his cousins had seen to that. Tea and bread and butter and whisky were provided in abundance. spuff for all comers.

plover and curlew circled over his head, and the work of the world went on as

It happened that Rose's father followed her down to the ferry one evening and found her gazing at the flax mill so fixedly that she did not hear his footsteps.

"Oh, father, do you no see?" "Naething ava, Rose." the shore lookin' over at me, an' whiles he lifts his hand an waves to me. He's there every evenin' an' I still come here

to meet him. It's the only tryst we can hold now." She faded away from that time; and although James visited the mill no more. it was believed he was beckoning to her. A year had not passed before the crones, meeting one another, said : Do you know that I'm just done Rose Dillon's got to her rest!" It was true. The chapet belt was knelling for her; she was gone to meet James upon the further shore.

## \_\_\_\_

Quaint Child's Fancy. An original doll theory was given by a four-year-old the other day in answer to her own question : "Do you know what dolls are stuffed with?"

"They are stuffed with fairy kings and queens, and their crowns are in the dollie's head, and that is what makes her

Alistorian Bancroft as a Teacher.

George Bancroft, the historian, has with him at Washington a grand-daugh-ter, a beautiful girl of twenty, who was born in Germany, and has lived in that country all her life. She has never been in the United States until now, and although her father was born in Mussachusetts, and lived there until his marriage, the daughter can speak but a few words of English. Mr. Bancroft, instead of employ ng a teacher for her, gets up at 7 in the morning, takes a cup of coffee and proceeds to give her a lesson in English himself.

## A PRAIRIE YACHT.

A Cruise on a Cayuse-The Indian Among Horses. If the camel is the "ship of the desert," the cavuse is the yacht of the prairies. He is not for a pack but a passenger. He is at the door and I am ready for the

It is a May morning. The air is crystal. The forests are fresh. The birds are mirthful. The journey is inviting. It is to be a gallop through eastern Washington-the newest north-I make my mount at the door of a

friend, a dozen miles south of Spokane

Falls. I vault upon the back of a saddled something. What is it? A cayuse. What is a cayuse? An angel if humored -a devil if resisted-a blockhead-a Machiavelli. I saw hundreds of him. I talked with many men about him. Ifed him, and

rode him, and studied him, but never could I find him out. His origin is lost in antiquity-his reputation in the same. His name is not in our largest dictionary, nor his pedigree in any standard work I have seen. In descent he may be a degenerate of the English horse, as the mustang is of the Spanish. He is the Indian among horses.

Every Indian on the Spokane plateau has his cayuse as every Bedouin in the Orient has his Arab. They are personal friends, and equals in all things. have a common bed and board and common alms in life. To eat, to drink and to have their own way-these are the be-all and end-all of their exist-But to be specific; my mount is an fron-

gray-weight, 700 pounds-black eyes and banged foretop-ears notched into four points-strong, stocky. · How far will he carry me in a day?" " As far as you can ride him," answers

the owner. Then comes a volley of facts about neighbors who have ridden cayuses seventy miles a day, for ten days at a stretch. What shall I feed him?"

"When you stop, picket him out Does he buck? " Every cayuse bucks." " Of course he bites."

"Kicks!" I have learned enough to start onalthough I found my Strongbow (for so I named the cayuse after the first mile) was somewhat better than his reputation .- [Overland.

### Little Girlhood.

While it is true that a large girl in many respects cannot do as a large boy does, and usually has no desire to, it is equally true (with the exceptions admitted to all rules) that a little girl can do almost exactly what a little boy can, and she usually wants to: further, if allowed to, she generally will

If mothers will guide instead of thwart this tend ney, it will be vastly to the benefit of their girls and not stall to the injury of their boys.

There would seem to be no good reason why the training and education of girls and of boys should not be essentially identical up to a certain aga. Be not in too great a hurry to impose

upon your little girl the burden of her

happy, free human being, caring not

sex. She comes into the world a little,

whether she is a boy or girl, so long as her divine rights of food, love and a good time generally are not denied to God gives her life : do not you, because she is a girl, curtail her liberty or forbid her the pursuit of happiness in her own and Nature's way? Things that are "nice" for a boy are "nice" for his sister while both are little children. Things

that are "proper" for a healthy, active girl are usually ju-t as proper for a healthy, active boy It is a mistaken notion that certain roughnesses, a certain disregard of the proprieties, a certain boisterous liberty, may be allowed to our boys because they are boys, when they are not permissible to ourgirls.

Would we have our girls rough and boisterous, then? By no means. And just as little should we have our boys so. But we would have our boys strong, athletic, fond of exercise; we would let them run and climb, and even shout, if the exuberance of their spirits demauded it—all in the proper time and place. We should not deny thesame privileges to our girls, so far as their strength allows them to take them.

## Even-Handed Justice.

An aged man appeared before the Cadi at Damascus. He was in much distress. "What can I do for you this morning?" asked the Cadi.

" Hassan, the rich merchant, has done my granddaughter, Fatima, a grievous injury. She was engaged to be married to a young man whom she loved. She was as lovely as the roses, but Hassan spread evil reports about her,

and he was to have married her, but has abandoned her in consequence of these false reports. She is now broken in health and spirits, and longs for death.

Justice, O Cadi! let justice prevail." The Cadi wrote out a capies, placed in the hands of his deputy, and in a short

time Hassan was brought into court. Hassan pleaded guilty. He admitted that he had spread the injurious reports, and that he knew they were false. He signed a complete retraction, in which confessed that he was a liar and a slanderer.

The court took the case under advise-Next the decision was rendered.

"Hassan, stand up!" said the Cadi.
"You have done this unfortunate girl a great injury. You have robbed her of her good name, which was all she had. The highest punishment for robbery is the loss of your ears. The executioner will cut off your ears to remind you that you must not cut off the reputation of

At a given signal the public executioner lopped off both of Hassan's ears. I'm not done with you yet, Hassan,' said the Cadi. said the Cadi.
"Mercy! Mercy!" pleaded the unfortunate man, "have I not restored the girl's reputation by my public retrac-

'Yes, you have restored her reputation after a fashion, and now I propose to restore your ears. The executioner will proceed to sew on your ears again. And it was done. 414

## A Word for Burglars.

W. S. Gilbert, in the London Times, says: "For my part, I could never quite understand the prejudice against burglars.

An unarrested burglar gives employment able telegraph clerks, police officers, railway officials, and possibly also to surgeons, coroners, undertakers and monument masons. As soon as he is in custody, the services of a whole army of solicitors, barristers, judges, grand and petty jurymen, reporters, governors of jails, and prison warders are called into requisition. Really, the

414 Epitaph for a Gentleman. To the gentler sex, polite and good, As the strong and manly are, He never sat while a woman stood And clung to the strap of a car.

# TRUE LOVE PREVAILS.

They were going to have a grand festival in Barclay.

There were a few busy matrons over-seeing; but most of the work—the arrangement of the little tables, and the decoration of the room with evergreens and mottoes-was done with a will by

young faces smiled everywhere, pretty dresses flitted about, and the buzz of animated voices filled the air. Over in a corner, Dolph Gorman and Josie Wheeler were laboring over a motto, which was to convey, in big gilt letters, and an exclamation point, not highly original sentiment of "Wel-

"Well, I'm waiting for that C, you slow thing," said Josie, spreading out the W-E-L and regarding it admiringly, and pushing her hair out of her eyes with a sticky hand. "Isn't it going to

"Well, it ought to," said Dolph, holding out his aching fingers with an injured air. "This is the worst job I ever undertook. By the way," he added, looking into Josie's face anxiousiy; "Mrs. Thompson is determined to have me at the candystand-talks though it was foreordained at creation that I should sacrifice myself on the altar of taffy and sweets-and says I can ask somebody to assist me in the noble

Josie smiled, and blushed. "Well," she said, trying not to show the utter willingness she felt, "I expected to help serve the strawberries and ice-cream, and I've got my cap and apron all ready. All the waltresses are going to wear them, you know." "I was just going to ask you to wear cap and apron," said Dolph unflinch-

air of distinction to the burnt almonds. You won't refuse?" "Oh, I suppose not!" said Josie with a lighthearted laugh. "See here, Dolph Gorman, if you don't hurry with

ngly. "They il east a glory, and lend an

A strikingly-pretty and charminglydressed young lady, mounted on the top of a high step-ladder, had turned in a grieved pucker and her lips in a

post dangled above her head. Her stylish, delicately-sholed tting dress; her little, French owever ambitious, had ever perpeople promptly and completely.

he girls considered her something more "O, Mr. Gorman!" cried Miss La-Josie, with her laughing face clouding over, turned to look at her reflectively.

oung men admired her enthusiastleally

chief worshippers; but now she began to look at her in a new light. She began to dislike her extremely.
"Just look, Mr. Gorman!" cried Miss Lavine, holding up the end of the evergreen wreath appealingly. Two yards

lly-"save us!" Everybody laughed; for everybody knew that this was a delicate demand that Dolph should take his horse and buggy, which had already been of great service in their preparations, and go down to the woods, a mile distant, for a fresh supply of evergreens.

"Only too happy, Miss Lavine," Dolph responded, dropping his shears and paste-board, and rising with accommodating promptness.
"See here, Josie," he added in an undertone, "I'll bring the buggy round

Don't you think," said Nellie Storey, a little blonde of fifteen and a half, steal ittle bit affected?" Josie glanced in Miss Lavine's direc ion. She was descending a step-ladder

daintily, with Charley Ransom's eager assistance. Charley Ransom had been 'going with" Nellie Storey of late. "Yes. I do," said Josie, with the quick sympathy of a fellow-sufferer. "Dreadfully affected-so there!" "And conceited?" said Nellie. Miss Lavine was strolling towards a

window with Charley Ransom at her side. "Awfully conceited!" said Josie. "And officious?" said Nellie. They were leaning out of the window,

And Nellie looked comforted. Fifteen minutes later, Dolph's buggy came rattling up to the door.

Josie could hardly have told how it happened; but just as she started hastily towards the corner where her bat was hanging, she heard a delighted exclamafrom Miss Lavine-"O, Mr. Gorman! -saw a slender, light-brown figure

far and wide for the occasion, stood ready in a corner; the floor had been went clean; Josle had fintshed her "Welcome

and was overseeing Charley Ray som, who was tacking it up. Nellie S orey having refused to have anything to say Miss Lavine sank on to a chair and

I hope you didn't think I asked her to go?" Dolph went on earnestly.
"The L is a little crooked, Charley," "Of course I hadn't any idea of taking her," said Dolph, beginning to look abarried. "But when she came right out and got in, what could I do? I..."

The M ought to go a little higher," said Josic calmly. "Look here! said Dolph desperately,

I think, Charley," said Josie mus " that the E ought to be a little

There was a pause. You're joking, aren't you?" said Dolph anxiously. "You aren't mad? You'll help me sell candy to-night, won't ou? he added dublously. 'How do you dure to ask me?" cried Josie, blazing round at him suddenly, "No, I won't! Ask Miss Lavine!"

"All right," said Dolph quietly. And the next moment, Josie, standing with heated face and flashing eyes. heard Miss Lavine's soft voice crying Help you at the candy-stand? Dear

me, yes! How perfectly jolly, Mr. At eight o'clock that evening the school was transformed. The girls were at their prettiest, in

their white ruffled caps, and lace-bordered Josie Wheeler, among the rest, looked as sweet and fresh as a flower, as she flitted about among the tables, already filling rapidly with trays of crimson berries and pink, and brown, and yellow-

Dolph Gorman watched her wistfully from behind his candy-stand. Miss Lavine was at his side, in a overy costume of pale and dark blue. She was particularly bright and fas-cluating. Everybody was magically lrawn to her corner; she had already

sold an immense amount.

Josle, in spite of her apparent absorption, had watched it all with increasing misery She had seen the charming blue dress with a jealous pang; she had kept a mental record of the number of remarks Dolph had addressed to his pretty companion; she had noted her smiling re-

"I don't know, really," said Nellie Storey, depositing Mr. Rickett's straw-berries before him, and addressing Josia over his head, "I don't know what peop see in that girl." (Churley Ransom Imbeen, banging about the carely-stand.) "Why, everybody's crazy over he Just look at old Mr. Lame, buying chelate-drops! And Squire Simpson bought a candy dog and whistle. I saw him! fon't know as I ought to say it, Josi but don't you think that blue thing of hers is a little loud?" Perfectly horrid !" said Josie. "Perfeetly -- Did you say vanilla, Dr. Pell?

Perfortly dispusting The ebject of their remarks was at that entral post, with Dolph Gorman in The evergroen wreath, over which they had all labored faithfully, and which she had tacked up with her own ham

at morning, had started to con

One huge end hung despondently and dresion sight!—its little green needless at I feathery bits of ground pine, and everal loo-ened tacks, had dropped down on to the Rev. Mr. Blundel's silk hat, his table being just

Miss Lavine's bright face was full of "What shall we do, Mr. Gorman?" she whispered. "Look at Mr. Blundel's hat! Dear me!" A score of admiring youths who had gathered round her offered their services eagerly, but Doloh swept them aside. Where's the step-ladder:" he de-

ere unenrihed from some corner, and Dolph went to work. ladder, which was shaky; there were two or three frightened cries from those who saw it, and a crash Josie dropped Dr. Pell's strawberries into his lap, pressed a trembling hand against her thumping heart, and rushes across the room, followed by the doctor himself, in happy unconsciousness of the

There in the midst of a dismayed gathering, lay Dolph, quite unconscio One hand still clutched the hammer; the other was cruelly bent under him. A confused period followed. Everybody crowded round and uttered

strawberry-stain on his shirt-front.

startled exclamations. Several people, each unaware that any-body else had thought of it, rushed for water, and doused the quiet face Dr. Pell stamped about angrily, in ineffectual attempts to disperse the gathering for increase of air, and to stop

the flood of water. Poor Josie leaned against the post white and motionless, as utterly wretched a little being, probably, as at that moment "There, I've fetched him!" cried Charley Ransom, triumphantly filinging the last drop of water from an ice-cream

Jusie gave a little scream of lov; for Dolph had opened his eyes, painfully, and was trying to sit up, was trying, weakly, to wipe the water from his face; was actually on his feet! Dr. Pell lifted the arm which had lain under him. Everybody shuddered; some of the girls grew faint, for it bent midwway between the wrist and

"Broken," said the doctor briefly, "Get your hat, young man. My buggy at the door. I'll give you a lift home. Perhaps it was only that Josie was nearest at hand-perhaps it was for reasons of his own-that the young man seized her arm for support, and walked to the door leaning heavily upon it, the ookers-on immediately clearing a path

a twinge of pain mingling queerly in his white face, "I wasn't sure you'd speak to me!" . Oh, Dolph!" said Josle tearfully. . As for Miss Lavine, said Dolph simply "she's a jolly girl; but, for me I greatly prefer-all !- somebody else, said Dolph, looking steadily into his companion's face, which had grown

"Well," he observed, with a smile and

When Josie turned back presentlythe doctor's buggy having rattled awaythe look of distress in her eyes had given way to one of perfect contentment. "I don't know, after aft," Neilie Storey remarked later in the evening. as Miss Lavine is so-bad." Charley Bansom had engaged Nellie's company home.
"She's just as nice as she can be, and

-A Historie Book. The book on which all the kings of England, from Henry I to Edward VI, took the coronation oath, is in a private library in England. It is a manuscript of the four evan-

gelists, written on veilum.

The original binding, in a perfect state

of preservation, consists of two oaken

boards, an inch thick, fastened together

live! said Josie warmly.

with a thong of leather. The Word " Maverick." The Houston Age adopts without com-ment the fable that the word "mayerick," applied to cattle, originated as

follows "In the early days Mr. Samuel Maverick, a wealthy San Antonian, had a large stock of cattle and did not have them looked after and marked and branded very closely, and it got to be the case that all the unmarked cattle on the range were called "mavericks." This is fiction. The word was in use a hundred years ago in Louisiana, as appears by the history of Judge Martin. -[Galveston (Texas) News.

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6 months ..... 1 year...... 5 months...

g " 1 year.... 34 col'n s months.

The Way She Got Two Outings in One Day Timothy Timblethorpe awake the other morning with a determination to be unusually good-natured. He had been very ill-tempered the day before, and

His wife, however, did not respond to his cheerful "good morning," but lay apparently as dead as the proverbial log. Even the rise and fall of the bed covering above her gentle bosom was not perceptible, and a sudden suspicion that husband ceases from troubling and the

teary are at rest crossed his mind. With this feeling upon him he rushed towards the matrimonial couch to discover that two pillows had been placed lengthwise in the bed, so as to resemble the human ligure, and on one of them was pinned a note directed in Mrs. Timblethorpe's handwriting. He

opened it and read : Timothy -I have gone off with a man; when I return is immaterial to you.

TILIDA care? Then he thought of what all his intimate friends would say, if she had really cloped, and he knew that Brown, who never had a kind word for his own

as he looked into the closets and wardrobes in a somewhat dazed manner he could not discover that she had made very extensive preparations for her

with an assumption of indifference: "Where is your mother?" " Oh, she's gone out to ride with Uncle Bill," piped up a little volce. Just then a noise of carriage wheels was heard at the gate, and Mrs. Timble-thorpe with a bunch of field daisies in her bosom, presently took her place be-

Mrs. Timblethorpe's missive: "Did you have a pleasant ride?"
"Very," said his wife, as sweetly as if a cloud had never drifted across their domestic heaven.
"By the way," he continued, as he

stood with his hand on the door knob

ter take the children down to the beach The baroucke will be here at two This is how Mrs. Timblethorpe got

Not long ago a young Boston grocer went out into a northern Massachusetts city to establish a grocery on a large and He rented a big store, filled it up with electric lights, put an immense and glittering coffee mill in the front window, filled up his store with new goods stacked up in ingeniously constructed pyramids and the like, and favded pul-

ments in the daily papers. The trade started in briskly enough, but he soon discovered that his patrons were somewhat interested in the prices that he sold his goods at, as well as

in the imposing surroundings of his There was a rival establishment very much like his own, with electric lights big coffee mills, glittering pyramids of baking powders, boxes, etc., further down the street, and purchasers were continually comparing his prices with the rates in this rival store. One day a male customer, with an spen, considing face, came in and re-

"Five dollars and a half a barrel." But the other store down the street " Best Haxall, is it?"

"Well, I'll sell you this flour for \$5 and it has four X's on the barrel! Do you see! They can't begin to do that The open-faced man went out and travelled right over to the other store. "That man in the new store," said he,

offers to sell me the best Haxali flour,

with four X's on the barrel, for \$5, and

about three inches long. ches long. Just look at them!" ordered a barrel delivered at once. The grocer from Boston is beginning to get an idea of the sort of competition he

has to fight .- [Boston Evening Record. Where to Hear the Best Speech. The best French is always spoken in Paris, where there is an inimitable accent which makes law. The best English is certainly spoken

## the old French spoken by the pretty women of Quebec. | Montreal Gazette.

Indies, and there is a peculiar charm in

have teen married in St. Louis. The wedding was one of the most ram ntic that has ever taken place in that city. Pierre Paran was born in Saoin, Italy, In 1815; emigrated to France a ew years later, and to this country at the com-men ement of the war, throughout which he served on the Union sole, at present receiving a petsion for wounds received in service. Before coming to received in service. Before coming to America be lost his first wife, whom he

had married in France. At the ci se of the war, alread verging on old age he settled down on the soon after met the Widow do Bourn, who also came from France, and a cose matured charms of half a contry & nourishment captivated the shall arrient affections of the old solder, the immediately began a cour-stop, which has a last been crowned with a second and

Angelique Roschelle, and the was to be in Britishy, France, emigrating to this country with her first husband a lew years before her present husband crossed

tive in their affection, Nime But a insisting that " it was belief to marry twice than to die once

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## LOST AT THE MILL.

basked on warm evenings. Beyond Mulroy rose more mountains,

They thought Mulroy a wild, desolate Sometimes the deep silence of the

in nomespue and scarlet headgear. echoes, the fairy gion throwing back the ound to the flax mill that stood, gaunt

own doors, and would stay there to play. The gossips of the country remarked he tender friendship of the children. and foretold that it would end in mat-The first separation of these little friends took place when they were hirteen years old, and Teague was hired by a farmer. Mary moped and fretted

his clothes, and carrying the little bundle to him on Saturday at the farm-Things did not turn out as the neighbors expected. The friends did not be-come lovers; they remained devoted Years went by. The old Martins and Donnellys were "gathered to their and Mary and her husband, and Teague and his wife, lived on in the old cabin, "under the roof wi other

Ill that the priest was sent for. She received the last rites of the church was at a distance—gone to Milford with cattle to sell—would not return home ill late. Mary watched the door as long her sight lasted.
"Is there no word of Teague?" was her

and then he came back to the cabins, the truest mourner she had. But work had and the next morning he took his flax to As he jogged along the limestone road in his cart he was suddenly aware of a of flax. How had she got there? He hrilled with terror, and it was all he could do to look round and see who was

features, the blue eyes, which had never ost their brightness, all reminded him of Mary. He looked closer. It was Mary certainly, and he must conquer his fear and speak to her for the sake of their lifelong friendship. cause her old comrade failed her? No

"There's nae rest for me. I flew up to cold an the rain, or lyin aback o' then

you not be let into heaven, a good livin 'I'll tell you, Teague," replied the It's true that I went about my uty regular, an' knelt wi' the congrega-

"Mary, Mary, poor soul! What is it I can do for ye?" "Listen, Teague. Go to his reverence, Father Dan, an' pay him to offer up twa

"The money, Mary, It's here," touching his pocket, "aye, if it was twiste as much-it's here. But how will I know that the masses is accepted, an' that ye'll be let into heaven?" The figure began to fade away, and the voice was fainter.

The voice died away softly, and, just as they reached the flax mill the figure disappeared. Weary though Teague was

"Come back an' tell me if she appears to you again," said he.

"I did, your reverence-I did." "Thanks be to your reverence an' the Lord, she's got to her rest now! It was in the night time, an' I was lying on my bed wi' the blessed rosary in my hands, prayin' constant, when I heard the flutterin' o' wings at the window, an'

The flax mill on the Mulroy road was the scene of another ghostly appearance. The reader must transport himself in imagination across the ferry opposite the mill to the farms lying beneath the hills, from whence there was a good view of Teague and Mary's house, and the Rose Dillon was the prettiest girl in the whole country, and she had many

Father Dan was entreated to use his influence, and he did say a word or two, and persisted in clinging to James. "Put your commands on her, your reverence; she willna go against the church," her father said.

and eggs, tea and whisky were provided: going merry as a marriage bell, when James was taken suddenly ill. The priest was sent for, and then a messenger went across the ferry to summon Alas! there was no time to say fare-

ordinate grief of survivors troubles the that it is unable to soar toward hea-"Wad ye keep the poor fellow flyin' about the world?" asked her grand-mother, who had been brought across

And then followed a long list of examples, the experience of close upon 90 The "wake house," as the mill was called, while James lay there holding his last party, was quite full, and men and women listened to Grannie Dillon res-There was good cheer at this last en-

and there were plates of cut tobacco. bundles of clean pipes, and supplies of The visitors went one by one over to the bed, and turning down the sheet, took a last look at the corpse.

James was laid to rest in the chapel graveyard at the edge of Mulroy, and the

What is it you see there, girl?" he "It's James that's standin' yonder on

burglar does more good than harm.

It was to be given in the little school behind the church; and the school was, accordingly, the scene of much bustling

xeltement on the morning of the eventthe young people of the town. The room was gay and noisy. Bright

"O, Mr. Gorman!" cried an appeal-And Dolph turned with good-humored

The end of the evergreen wreath which Miss Lavine was not a Barclavite. Nowatch-were such as no Bareley girl. Miss Lavine was on a short visit to old halled the festival joyfully, as a mesons of enlivening her not over-gay week, and had won the hearts of the Earchy young She was the brightest, the airiest, the gayest girl they had ever seen. The

She was not a suspicious person, but it did seem to her that Miss Lavine had required Dolph's services an unreasonable number of times that morn-Hitherto she had been one of her

of this provoking thing wanting. Mr. Gorman -she clasped her hands tragic-

here for you. It's lonesome, you know, going by yourself-eh?" 'All right," said Josie gayly. ing up to Josie when Dolph had de-parted, "I'm horrid to say it, but don't you think that Miss Lavine is-well-a

necessarily close together. " Horridly officious!" was the ener-

whisking through the door, and, following wonderingly, saw Miss Lavine flushed and laughing, waving a grace-ful adieu from her place at Dolph's side, saw the buggy flying briskly down the It was high noon when the buggy came back. The preparations in the school were enriy complete. The saucers and spoons, borr wed

was immediately surrounded. Dolph threw his armful of evergreens on to the floor, and hurried to Josie's side. "Well," he began breathlessly with his hand on her arm, "I hope you didn't think "
The arm was pulled sharply from his grasp; the owner of the arm averted her

"this is ridiculous, you know; it's un-

MRS. TIMBLETHORPE'S SCHEME.

was resolved to make amends for his violent demonstrations.

her spirit had taken flight, where the

Timothy dropped into an attitude sug-estive of Sardanapalus after his downfall. Could it be possible that Tilda had deserted the children, whose cheery voices were borne upward to his ears from the hammock in the garden? She might have left him, but how could thesa cherubs get along without a mother's

wife, would say he was a brute.

Mechanically he dressed himself, and He finally descended to the breakfastroom; where his off-prings were already assembled around the table, and said,

fore the smoking ura, When the meal was concluded, Timothy asked, as he lighted his cigar with

two outings in one day, and Timothy prevented his by ther-in-law from getting the better of him .- Boston Budget. ---

The step-ladder was found somewhere behind the screen; hammer and tacks

marked: "What do you sell the best Haxall

"Oh, yes."
"Well," said the new grocer, "they
don't sell this kind of flour for \$5. Did you notice how many X's there were on the barrels down at the other store?"

your flour hasn't got but three X's." The grocer scratched his head. "Did you notice the size of the X's on his barrels?" he finally asked. Yes," said the customer. "They were " Ah, that makes the difference, don't you see. The X's on my barrels are six The customer was convinced and

The best German is spoken in Vienna, although I always liked the Dresden In Florence they speak the best Italian, but the Romans pronounce it better. I never heard more musical English than from the lips of educated New York

Romance in St. Louis. Pierre Birria and Angelique de Bouton

the widow. The old lady's maiden name was

The old couple were very deministra-

# In Initially, Attorney for the Bureau, James J. Brooks, Chief Servet Sertion, Washington, D. C. Send for Cir-