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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"THE IS A PREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

may plunge unaware.

VOLUME XXI.

\$1.50 and postage per year. In advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1887.

It is an awful sight to see a man drown,

but with foresight and skul no man need

to drown. Fancy a sea in which there is

no swimming, and a sea into which you

A man is beping over the green prairie.

looking out from under his broad som-

brere at the lazy cattle and the prairie

do s playing in the sun. Suddenly there

is a sound like a giant's throat swallow-

ing a choking shout of terror. The

prairie dogs run into their holes, and a

moment later come out cautiously and

The tall, reed-like grass is waving where the horse and rider were just now. The antelope on the crest of the divide

conder look around them watchfully.

But there is nothing to fear-no man in

the wages of a hard winter's work in his

pocket, riding his favorite broncho, dressed in the buckskins he had fringed

in the winter evenings, ready to show the

foolish girls how brave he looked in his rude attire. Where is he now—he and

his horse? In a grave of slimy, shiver-

ing mud-alkali paste blue with a name-

Picture to yourself the surface setting

back to its normal quietude, with an in-

describable gulp, a ghoul-like smacking of grave-lips. A grave that supplies it-self with dead—a grave that buries be-

fore it kills-an insatiable, bottomless

with grass. Sometimes it has a caked and seamed crust of bluish white aixali

on the top of it. But even that is a poor

safeguard, for the long green grass

around it will hide it from the rider un-

something incredible. I have never seen

a man caught in a sink-hole, but I have

cover it too late to turn his horse, and

slocking himself loose in the saddle vanit

over the horn pommel, when the pony

was caught, striking the ground beyond

the sink-hole. There were twenty men

there, and before the horse had sunk far

there were half a dozen ropes fast to

almost anything, but they could not pul

that horse back from the grave that was

closing over him. There is a strange

suction about this alkali-it holds all it

grasps with a horrible pertinacity .- [:an

---

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

Some Valuable Hints for the Pair Sex,

physician, "that the two greatest destroyers of the complexion are air and

somp? Well, it is so. I mean that there

is too little 'resh air, properly breathed,

and too much scap.
"The respiration has much to do with

the dullness or brightness of the com-

plexion. You may notice any lady who takes short, quick breaths, and she will

be slightly stooped and have a widtish leaden color about her face. Such wo-

men soon go into consumption or con-

school from leaning over the desk, and

to my mind the danger from this is great-

You never heard of a skin disease among

any savage tribes who were at all cleanly like our Indians and the New Zealand

not using soap as to their outdoor exer-

card it from their toilets, and supply its

place with ammonis, finer and clearer

quite as effectual as soap, and has not

fresh, soft appearance may be given by an application of oatmeal. If the oat-ment is moistened and left to dry upon

woolen cloth, the skin will have a much

more delicate and natural-looking bloom

than can be given by the most highly-

priced cosmetic.
"Now that it is fashionable to be

healthy, every lady should more than ever before seek for those aids which will improve herself physically.

efficacy of cold water that thousands

have made a too lavish use of it, thereby sowing the seeds of disease. Although

body. It should never feel c. ld.

temperature for a both.

the hands.

brought up

saltpetre explode?

Levick retiring.

bath should always feel cool to the

and like other stimulants, should be

used sparingly. From eighty to ninety degrees Fahrenheit is about the right

never be applied to a healthy skin. Al

coarse the friction should be given by

ing to these directions, will much improve the health. Instead of a feeling of lassitude there will be one of quick-

ened vitality, and the good looks will be naturally increased."—[Pittsburgh Lead-

A Case of Telepathy.

Dr. S. J. Levick was sitting in his II-

brory talking with a friend, and inci-

dent Hy the Subject turned upon tele-

of what he had noticed in hospital prac-

great tire of 1850 in Philadelphia was

He spoke of the fact that it originated

This gave rise to the question, will

from an explosion of sultpeire in Brock's warehose, and remarked:

He had not spoken or thought of this matter before for twenty years.

The convers don reverting to te epathy

t was explained by saying:
"Now, if what we are talking about

should be interesting another mind, as

there is nothing to suggest it, that would

night, the friend going home and Dr.

The next day each accidentally took

up an evening paper and read the follow-

There used to be a much vexed

question in Philadelphia as to the ex-

the explosion at Brock's store, in Water str et, in 1850. Now that a brewery was

beenblown up by an explos on of oa meal,

the old question comes up nanew form :

While they were talking some one,

unknown to either of them, was penning

the paragraph in question .- [Philadelphia

No Use for the Jewels.

Young Housekeeper (to fish dealer) :

What do you charge for terrapin?" Dealer; "The diamond backs are \$48

Young Housekeeper: "Well, haven't

you got any without diamonds on their backs that come cheaper?"

Will lager beer explode?

osive outure of saltpetre, growing out of

The conversation broke up about mid-

tice, and in this way the subject

He had been illustrating it by ance lotes

Very course towels or brushes should

A sponge both every morning, accord-

"A cold bath is a powerful stimulant.

"So much has been said about the

complexions would be the result.

the injurious effect of the latter.

the face, and then dusted off with a

"If the ladies could be induced to dis-

"A little ammonia in the water is

"After the ablutions an exceedingly

This I attribute as much to their

er than from curvature of the spine.

"The habit is generally contracted in

tract some other lung disease.

"Do you know," said an ol Pittsburgh

"that the two greatest de

Half a dozen strong ponies can pull

seen a man ride to the edge of one, dis-

The tenacity of this paste of mud is

The sink-hole is not always covered

grave, set like a trap for the living.

til it is too late to avoid it.

Francisco Ingleside.

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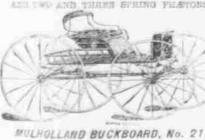
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JOSH COBB AND HIS DOGS. An Eccentric Coon-Hunter's Life and Sudden Death.

"There never was a greater coonhunter than old Josh Cobb, who belonged everywhere in this part of the State, and yet nowhere in particular," said an old-timer, who remembered his

subject well. As for that, there never was a better hunter of anything in the shape of wild game than Josh was. His long, single-barrelled rifle, his tall, gaunt figure, and the sharp-eyed yellow dogs that always trailed at his heels were objects familiar in every town, village, and camp from the Lehigh to the Chemung and the Delaware to the Susquehanna 30 or 40 years ago.

"There was a mystery about his vellow dogs that no one could ever solve. People in those days, who had known Josh for 40 years and more, never saw him without the yellow dogs following close in his tracks, yet they knew that the dogs could not be the same ones year in and year out.

No one else was known to have a dog of the same breed as Josh's. was long-limbed and long-haired with an eye as wild and sharp as a wolf's. Josh's dogs never made friends with anyon. besides himself. When he stopped they stopped, and never moved on until he

"During the 60 years that Josh traveled about in the woods these rellow dogs were his constant com-"Naturally in all these years the

hunter must have had at least six different generations of dogs, and they must all have been bred and raised somewhere by himself.
"The secret died with the old hunter, for since his death, a quarter of a cen tury and more ago, no such dogs as his mysterious, wolf-like yellow ones have ever been seen in this region.

"They were equally useful on the deer trail, in the fox chase, after bear, on the rabbit track, in the pheasan hunt, or after the wily coon. They would never hunt with a party unless Josh was in charge of it. Josh never had less than three of these strange, un-friendly animals at his heels. Frequently he had six or seven. "Sometimes he would not be seen in

any of the villages for months at a time, and his appearance in town after these long stays in the woods was always signalized by his going on an extended spree. He had but few words to say to any one, even when drunk, but he was determined in his purpose, and whatever he made up his mind to do, drunk or sober, no one could prevent him from When he was in liquor his dogs

watched about him constantly.
"Once he came into the old Egypt clearing and got drunk. He had dogs with him. A big bu-liwhacker named Elliah Hoar was there, also A big bushwhacker drunk. Hoar was the terror of every place where he happened to be when drunk. He was quarrelsome, tyrannical and brutal.

"On this occasion he tried to stir up a quarrel with unoffending Jo-h Cobb, and finally struck him. Instantly all five of the dogs were upon the bully He fought his way out of the barroom and, as he went out of the door, shot and killed one of the dogs, Josh's favorite, named Grad, "Josh got sober next day. He had

the dead dog buried, but never said a word or made any sign indicating that he had any feeling in the matter. He shouldered his rifle and went back to the words with his remaining does. The day that Josh left the clearing Elijah Hoar had gone back to his bark job, over near Nebo Swamp. He didn't come in to the cabin that night, and next morning one of the men on the job went out to see what the reason was, He found Hoar lying on his face by the dead, with a rifle ball through his

"There was never any evidence discovered that warranted the arrest of any one on the charge of having killed the bark-pooler, but no one ever had any doubt as to who it was. Josh Cobb had avenged the death of his dog, as sure as the dog was dead. "Old Josh's last hunt was in the month of February, 1856. That was a

favorite coon-hunting month of his, or rather coon-killing north, for as be know where he could go any time and get the game he wanted, there wasn't much hunting about it. "About that time of your the coons are still haddling t gether in their Wintornests in hollow trees. Thirty years ago coon skins had a good market value, and old Josh always made a raid to-

ward the end of Winter, Taking his dogs one day he went over to Nebo Swamp, and in a short time located eight trees, each one of which, his woodcraft assured him, conbaland a family of coons smoozing away in the hollow trunk. He cut down one tree after another, and his dogs soon routed out the coons and made short work of them.

Josh had felled seven of the trees and 42 coons were lying about on the snow, ready to be gathered up and "Ha set to work on the eighth tree, which was what was known as a 'pep-perage' tree. It was dead and hollow, One big limb stuck out from the trunk 40 feet from the ground.

"Josh worked away with his axe at the trunk, and had the tree nearly ready fall, when the big limb suddenly separated from the trunk and fell with Josh could not get away in eraslt. time, and the heavy branch struck him on the head and he dropped to the ground with a crushed skull. "The singular howling of Josh's dogs attracted the attention of a mule driver who was returning from the backwoods by the road on the outer edge of the swamp. He followed the and in to the tree, and found Josh lying senseless.

carried him to the wagon followed by the whining dogs, and took the wounded bunter to the clearing. Josh nover came to, and died during the As no one knew of any relatives

of his he was buried at the clearing. His dogs lingered about the spot for several days, and their howling distressing that it was resolved to shoot the poor creatures, but they disappeared before the resolution was carried into effect. Whatever became of them no one ever knew."

The Right Time To Water Horses. Professor Pritchard, in a recent lecture, pointed out that one capital reason horves suffer so much from

indigestion in cold weather is the common practice of allowing them to drink after feeding heartly. If the precaution were taken of allowing them to have their water before having their feed of corn and other provender, they would suffer far less in his opinion. If, in addition, the practice of always giving chilled or lukewarm instead of cold water to horses were always adopted, they might be allowed to drink freely as soon as they come in from the field, although in a profuse state of perspiration.

Wealth of Some Millionaires.

I had an argument with a well-known broker the other day over the amount of capital represented by the big operators Wall street. We estimated nearly \$650,600,000 among men of over a million capital.-[Town Topies.

REVELATIONS BY A BARTENDER.

The Tricks of the Liquor Business. "I will give you a practical insight into the mysteries of our profes-ion," the bartender said to the reporter. "In the first place, before we get our liquors they are saited."

Salled?" queried the scribe. "Well, brought down to a certain degree by waters and powders, so that hey have a delicate and palatable flaver. This system makes the price considerably less to us. Then, when we get our whiskeys and brandies they undergo another process."

'Yes, we reduce them still further. For instance, we buy a barrel of whisker which holds forty gallons. From that we get half as much again. We take say a gallon of whiskey and to that we add a quart of water and a quart of spirits which we buy at \$1.25 a gallon. But that would change the color and destroy the flavor." The bartender smiled grimly as he

said: "Oh! no, we have remedles for that. We use chemicals which give a natural color and consistency, and then we have powders which impart a flavor. In fact the system is so periec: that men who profess to be judges of the real article pronounce our liquors perfect. "But haven't you a No. I article for

sale?" quested the reporter.
"No; what we sell for No. 1 is the superior article blended with inferior stuff. For that we charge fifteen cents a pon-The cost to us is about \$3 25 a gailon. Well, is there not a superior quality of rum? Surely that is genuine. You cannot counterfeit the flavor." "Bless your heart, that is a simple

thing. We just take the ordinary cheap rum, mix a pint of molass s to every gallon, and then add a few drops of a cortain chemical we use and we have the widely celebrated rum. This pure Scotch which we have so often praised is nothing but the commonest gin. We simply put a little Scotch chemical flavor into a bottle of the article, and we have the real old Highland whiskey warranted ours. But your wines; you cannot adulter-

"Not all of them. There are some which we buy so cheap that it is not worth while to tamper with them. Claret for instance. French claret we can buy at twenty-eight ceats a bottle wholesale and a cheaper grade costs us twentylive cents. 'We can adulterate port wine which is adulterated when we buy it. We mix

a quart of spirits with each gallon, which

many think improves its flavor. Then to bring it back to its original color we mix powders with it and we have Sherry wines I believe are also adultera ed with vinegar, sugar and syrup, but of that I know nothing personally. "I will give you a practical illustration of some of our methods. Here is a four and a half gallon keg, into which am going to put three gallo s of saited

and three quarts of water, and when I have finished you will have before you some fine old Bourbo, whickey. The bartender at this point drew three gallons of liquor from a barrel and then put it into a smaller cask. Then he took nearly agailon of spirits and three quarts of water, and after mixing the two, poured them into the keg. Then he drew therefrom a glassful of the mixture. It did not have either the color or the

whiskey, three quarts of cheap spirits

flavor of the genuine article, and the scribe looked puzzled. "Possess your soul in patience, my dear boy, and you will see the whole system," said he professor. "Now you observe this small bottle with the dark subsunce; that costs us \$3 an ounce. It is both the flavor and the color that we put in. I take, see, about two tal le-poonfuls and put it into the cask. Now! mix it up, sufting the a tion to the word. Then the bartender dies v a wineclass. ful of the article from the keg and the reporte: was astoni hed. No difference

could be se a between the original whiskey and that which had been manufac-This we bottle and sell over the bar at bee cents a drink," said the barrender. "And your tem prance drinks are or e still," he con inued, "Sel zer, or inta ce, is ma e of water and pur de dust c arged with acids. One or two glasses

will never burt invbody, but if you take it regul ray it is b und to fetch you." Well, Isn't there any purctemperates Well there is clifer, but even that, in

a majority of case, is mixed with impure spiris sans we callit, to prevent turning sour - [N. V. Mattana Express.

A Girl, a Boy, and a Cow.

About two years before the war, near pretty and substantial residence, a autiful young girl, about 14, was sleeping in a hammock swung from two stately oaks in a grove. In a mendow to the rear, a fat, mockeved cow reclined in the shade. Across the road from the house, the girl, and cow, was a meadow, a pathway running through it, and coming up the pathway was a boy with a gun. When within 100 yards of the girl.

and about 150 vards from the cow, a bird flew up, sailed in the air toward the cow, and the boy fired at the bird, which flew on unburt, but the cow received a pretty strong dose of shot. She immediately arose in fright, dashed through the grove, caught the girl and hammock on her horns, and

rushed with her shricking victim about the lot. The terrified girl became silent, and the crowd of relatives and friends in pursuit thought that she was

The wild fury of the cow as she rushed around soon tore the netting loose, and the girl dropped unconsciously to the ground, unburt. She was picked up and taken in the house, and on examination only a few minor bruises were found The boy, thinking he was the innocent

cause of the killing of the young girl, disappeared. All trace of him vanished.

It was thought that he had perished by his own hand, but about six years after the war a travel-stained stranger was in the town inquiring for persons most of whom had been swept away by

After a long search the stranger learned where one of the parties he was in search of lived, a few miles out of He went there, made himself known, and turned out to be the boy of The people he found were father and mother, who had mourned him dead for

michtiveurs. The boy had been in South America. rot rich, and, yearning for the love of the old folks, returned to the desolated home of his childhood and made his

loved ones comfortable. For the first time then hearing that the girl was uninjured, he called on her, found her pretty, good, and a first-class home woman. He put in with a will, her heart as his own, and the old folks' consent, and has been for the last twelve or fourteen years one of the leading business men of this section .-[Americus Republican.

Curious If True. A correspondent of the Pall Mull re-

marks that all words beginning with sl have in some degree a second rate or bad quality about them. "Look through the dictionary," he says, "and you will not find one that is quite first-rate, for 'sleep,' which is about the best of them, is after all halfway to death, and the great majority of these words are more or less disgusting as well as degraded."

SWINDLING HER LANDLADY. An Ex-Boarding-House Keeper Tells a Good Story.

" I have at last managed to get out of the boarding-house business, and I can assure you that nothing on earth will induce me to take it up again for a living if I can help it," said Mrs. Perry to the

"It isn't living-it's simply a trying existence, and that's all," she con-" Every time you pick up a paper, almost, you come across some horrid joke on the poor boarding-house keeper about tough beef and ancient turkeys; but how rarely a word about the 'tough

poarders !- boarders who find fault with everything, their room, the service, and particularly the food. "Let me tell you a little story illustrating what landladles have to put up A nice boarder that I had was such a

dear little widow. Young, handsome, and so charming the young men-and old ones, too, for that matter-at once onounced her.
"She brought her child, a little girl of years, and a maid with her, and took my best room for herself and a very

ood one for the maid. She also had a little sky terrier. Her references couldn't have been better, and besides she had friends living in the neighborhood who moved in the 'best society.' Of course she was the most admired

lady in the house; all the men young and old, married and single, were crazy after her, and, singular as it may seem the women were too. She paid her board promptly for three or four weeks and had numerous extras. She seemed to have all the money she wanted and more too.

"One day she came to me and said it was a good deal of trouble for her to pay each week. As she only drew er money once a month she hated, she ald, to keep so much on hand, therefore, would it be just as convenient for me to take it once a month? "Certainly I had no objections. As it began to be near the time for her

bill to be due I noticed that she acted very depressed and was found crying mee or twice Everybody was deeply sympathetic, but all that could be gotten from her was that she was worried but thought everything would be soon all right. We mustn't trouble ourselves about her, she wasn't worth it,' was her reply to

Finally, one day she sent for me to come to her room. She was crying ap-parently very bitterly. Between her sols she managed to tell me that the bank which she had kept her mone alled and she had lost every dollar. What was she to do? I told her to take things easy and

perhaps something would turn up. Yes, she thought her friends would help her Of course I told her that she was perfectly welcome to remain where she was a few days or a week, until she bad made some arrangements. "I thought at least she might have offered to change her rooms for smaller ones, so as to give me a chance to let them. But she did not, and not only that but she found fault with the table and really made herself very disagreeable, and then I was making her a

present of her board. She kept this up until I could not stand it any longer, without giving any sign of paying up or leaving. Then I spoke to her about it and she resented my remarks. At this I told her she must go and that I would feel obliged to keep her luggage until she settled her

left that night—child, maid, dog and all. Out she went straight to a rival boarding-house near-by and took several of my best boarders, too. She told them that her remittance had been only two days late, and that I had not only refused to wait that short time for her money, but had insulted

She smiled and said, 'very well,' and

her by calling her a sharper and goodness what all. You can imagine what a storm such a story created, and my men boarders were especially furious at me. "And what do you suppose I found in that woman's trunks? Two or three flat irons-to make them heavy, suppose-several old dresses and a lot of newspapers. I suppose her maid must have been systematically carry-

\_\_\_\_ THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

ing away all her handsome dresses for

Something About the Disillusions of Life. In my imagination the cottage by the sea is always occupied by a newly wedded pair: a maryelously handsome man, chivairous as a Scottish knight and brave as a Numidian lion, and a dainty little darling in pink and rufites. with a coil of sunny bair, and a nature as shrinking as a violet. She regards him as a model of perfection, and he

rests serenely under the impression that she is faultless. In real life the husband does not go on forever assuring his companion that he "could not live without her " levishing caresses, and calling her "sweet; nor does she always exert herself par ticularly to make home pleasant for her lord and master.

Common hamanity cannot exist on rose leaves and kisses; consequently be discovers ere long that supporting a wife demands something more serious than wearing a buttonbole bonquet, and scenting his kerchief with White Rose or

She learns that housekeeping is not as romantic as she thought at first. That t doesn't consist altogether of training the ivy to climb at the east window, and smiling sweetly at tea. There is work real drudgery-to be done. Ere long the rent of the aforesaid cot-

tage by the sea falls due, and it con-tinues to fall due with startling regu-That arouses him somewhat from his dream of happiness. Presently he is aware that there is such a being in existence as a tax collector, and before long he recognizes the fact that butchers must be attended and that bakers are heartless enough to expect money in return for their wares; also that dressmakers do not work for nothing, and that milliners have rights that must be recognized.

With such reminders it is not wonder-

ful that she who sang-

"Leave me not darling. in a voice full of tremulous pleading, bids fair to become an inveterate scoid, or that he wonders distractedly, if rest is found anywhere, except "under the dalsies."- St. Louis Magazine.

On a Mexican Street Car. Although the etiquette of a Mexican street car is free and casy, and men smoke inside or on the platform, women

are invariably treated with respect, and half a dozen men will get up to give place to any woman, young or old, rich The Mexican gentleman has all the courtesy for which the Latin races are famous, and life is smoothed and its angles rounded by the constant courtesy of this most polite nation. Do not imagine that because people

resemble the American railway smokerall filth under foot, and the air befouled with rank eigars and old pipes. The windows are generally open, and a constant current of air drives the smoke out.- Boston Herald.

smoke in the street cars their interiors

ALKALI SINKS DESCRIBED. HIS ONLY CHEW. Treatherous Spots on the Green Prairie in Which Travelers Are Sometimes Lost.

How a Boy Was Induced to Chew Tobacco never tried to chew tobacco but once," remarked the Rev. Mr. Bedwall, " I shall never forget the circumstance. "Tell us about it," remarked a young lady, who a few moments before

had been baptized by the reverend gentleman I was a very small boy at the time. and a great favorite of Daniel, a colored man owned by my father. I used to go out to Dan's cabin at night and listen to his ghost stories until I was afraid cross the yard to the house,' as the negroes termed our

"One night, when the wind scattered the snow-flakes around the old cabin, and while several large sweet potatoes roasted in the fire, I sat with " No one who has been raised among

colored people can forget the comfort of sitting around the cabin fire. The old spinning-wheel, the hamper basket in corner, the red bedsteads and the dug-out cradle, all come back and defy the influence of a glowing future and "Dan was strikingly communicative on the night in question. We had killed hogs that day, and the truth is, old Dan

less tint of putrid death, has filled his throat—covered his eyes before he could had been drinking. Tom, remarked the old man, 'yer What does this mean—this hideous freak of nature—some work of a devil don't chew terbacker, does yer?" endowed with a moment's power? No; " Dat's a pity. A boy who doesn't chew terbucker never will be a man. I'll only an alkali sink; only a natural well filled with paste as yielding as water—retentive as Hades.

I tried and failed signally. Dar now. Donn yer know dat a boy what can't spit will never be a man's Haven't yer noticed how a man ken

bet yer can't spit ober dat back log. Try

Ves. sir. "Well, wouldn' ver like ter place veset on de record, an' larn to spit like a white man? or Ves. sir.

" Well, heah, take dis,' and he cut a

piece of tobacco from a large twist. · Smack dat in your mouf an' chaw while de 'taters is roastin.' "I obeyed, and in a few moments could spit like a man. 'Cum down on hit savage,' he said. 'Hit hard. Watch me, and he chewed vigorously. The fire grew excessively warm. I looked around and the hamper

Doan spit it out. Hit savage, Chaw hard. De victory is in sight. Is yer sick? " No. sir : but-but-"I had eaten a hearty supper, but

baskets seemed to be tumbling over each

other

threw out the tobacco I was as empty as one of the hamper baskets, limber as the spinning-wheel bund Dan spread a blanket on the floor, and, as I dozed off to sleep, I heard him blowing the ashes from the potatoes,

I never have taken another chew.

---Aperdote of the Pope.

Although not connected with the American press, Pope Leo XIII is not only a man of talent, but he is also very Twenty years ago His Holiness was Papai nuncio at Brussels. He was invited to take dinner at the royal table one day. He accepted the invitation.
Among the guests was a certain count, who, for some reason or other, made it his business to poke fun at the

He was particularly merry over the celibacy of the clergy, and finally took out a snuff box and asked the nuncio to look at it. On the cover of the box was a semi-nude picture of a celebrated coquette. "How does your Eminence like the

pleture?" asked the scoffer.
The nuncio examined the picture carefully, and remarked as he handed it That is a very beautiful lady, Count. It is a portrait of the Countess, I That was positively the last time the Count ever asked a clerical gentleman to

examine that snuff box. Lunar Fancies. In Devonshire it is believed that on seeing the first new moon of the year. if you take off one stocking and run across a field, you will find between two of your toes a hair which will be the color of the hair of the lover you are to

In Berkshire the proceeding is more simple, for you merely look at the new moon and say : " New moon, new moon, I hall thee!

By all the virtue in thy body, Grant this night that I may see He who my love shall be.' The result is guaranteed to be satisfactory, as it is in Ireland, where the people are said to point to the new moon with a knife, and say :

" New moon, true morrow, be true now

to me, That I, to-morrow, my true love may In Yorkshire, again, the practice was to catch the reflection of the new moon in a looking-glass, the number of reflections signifying the number of years which will clapse before marriage. All these superstitions are suggestive of that which Tylor calls "one of the most instructive astrological doctrines"
-namely, that of the "sympathy of

growing and declining nature with the waxing and waning moon. Tylor says that a classical precept was to set eggs under the heart new moon, and that a Lithuanian precept was to wear boys on a waxing and girls on a waning moon-to make the oys strong and the girls delicate. On the same grounds, he says, Orkneymen object to marry except with a growing moon, and Mr. Dyer says that Cornwall, when a child is born in the interval between an old and a new moon, it is believed that he will never

"Heaven Lies about Us in Our Infancy." What a beautiful and loving delution it is! the belief which all mother or fathers entertain that there is something

so very extraordinary a out their own

live to manhood .- [All The Year Round.

baby as to distinguis; it from every other bany. Although, when I come to think of it more attentively, I am not so sure that it is a delusion, after all. It may be that, instead of naving hoodwinked and blinded us to the imperfections of our own children, our Father, and their Father, has but lent a new keepness to our vision, has but brushed away the that we can see more truly and deeply into the hidden beauty and mystery which He has cast around each of His

You know what Emerson says, that "infancy is the perpetual Messt h which comes to the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise. And there is a beautiful saying of old Jean Paul, of which I often think: "The smallest children," he says, "are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

Hitle ones.

And if it be so, it is no wonder that we should feel hushed and awed and thrilled, as we sometimes do, in the presence of a little child.

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APPETIZERS. Dakets Court Proceedings.

A man was recently arrested on a charge of stealing. An officer brought him before a Dakota justice of the peace, when the prisoner said:
"Jedge I object to this; I want to be let off for a while." "Pris ners' objec'suns ain't gener'ly considered very heffy by this court," replied the Justice sarcustically.

"No, sir! The law must take her co'rse ev'ry time."
" Can't let me off half on hour?" " Not if the Court knows herself." "But you see, Judge, I had jist struck a man out here for a trade on my near

want to git off for jist a little while.

Yes, but I'm willin' to be tried, but I

hoss when the off cer'-Which 'un did you say-the sor'l?" " Why, Jones, I can give you a darned good trade if you want something to match that off hoss o yourn. This Court is adjurned till t'-morrer at 10 o'clock-come out to the barn and look

over my roan mare."-Estelline (Dak.)

----

Hope Springs Eternal, Etc. An old maid at least seventy years of age was helped into a chair in the office of a New York police justices. She was Do I understand you to say that

you think your pocket was picked by a young man who sat alongside of you in a Third avenue car? asked the Yes, I'm sure of it. He squeezed me up in the corner so that I could scarcely breathe, and he kept smiling at me, and smiling at me, as if he Why did you permit him to do that?

Why did you not complain to the conductor?" asked the justice. 11-1-" Out with It. "I thought perhaps he was-he

Was what?"

Youth, Age and Knowledge. "Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "aa men grow in age and experience, they advance in knowledge."

"Going to propose to me."-[Texas

"I don't think so, replied Smith.
"Don't think so? That's rather singular. The opinion I hold on the subject "It may be, but I have my own opin-ion, nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know When I was a youth I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am new

and I don't know half as much as my

son."- Boston Courier. ---

"Circumstances Alter Cases," "No. sir; I haven't seen the will, but I propose to fight it. My made was der than a loon and couldn't make Lawyer Filehem : " But I drew it up for him, and know that he bequeaths his entire estate to you." "Is that so? Then just consider yourself retained to defend the instrument.

I propose to protect my dear uncle's memory to the furthest extremity." -[Philadelphia Press.

From the Learned City. New Yorker (to Boston young woman): Shall we take a bobtail cur, Miss Pene. Miss Penelope: "What is a "bobtall" New Yorker: "One drawn by a single horse and without a conductor. Don't you have them in Boston?"
Miss Fenelope: "Ch. yes; but we call them Darwinian cars."—[New York

Times. - --Imperance of Manners. Manuers are of more importance than laws. Upon these, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law tenches us here and there, now and then. Man ers are what yex or soothe or corr. pt or patriy, exait or sensee, burbar ze or reline us. If con-term steady, uniform measure operation like that of the air we proside to They live their whole form and eclor to our liv s. According to their quality.

they totally destroy them - independ

th y aid morals, they supply laws, or

Borke. A Good Reason. Teacher: "Now, Susio, you may read the next verse." Susic: "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Teacher: "Susie, why should we cast our bread upon the waters?"
Suste: "To feed the fishes, ma'am."—

Pittsburg Chronicle. ----Allowances Must be Made.

A Scotch lady, at her daughter's wedding, was asked by an old friend whether she might congratulate her on the 'Yes, yes," replied the mother, "upon the whole it is very satisfactory. It is true Jennie hates her good man, but

then there's always a something!"

"Good morning, Neighbor Pratt," said a not overpopular man to another as they met on the street. "Do you know I'm going out of town to be gone two

A Neighborly Suggestion.

"Good!" was the quick reply; "I am glad to hear it. Why can't you make it. four weeks?"—[Harper's Bazar. Madam's Intention. Second Husband (to wife): " Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear?" Wife: "Yes, indeed; and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of

my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love."-[New York 415

Paternal. "What relation, Bobby," said Mr. Dobbins to his first born, "am I to your mother's father?" Bobby: "He is your fodder."

Sun.

"Nonsense; how can he be that?"
"Fodder is what folks live on, sin't it?"-(Binghamton Republican. ---

A Sufficient Reason. Said she: "Td like very much to know Why the men do not propose?" Said be: "It's cause their salary wouldn't go Very far towards buying a woman's clothes." - Chicago Telegram.

> ---"No Such Word as Fall,"

"There's no such word as fail," said an old gentleman to his son "That's so, father," was the hopeful response. "I guess I'll make an assignment."-|Merchant Traveler.

Johnnie: "I guess, enough for one ---

Johnnie's Arithmetle.

five apples and your brother gives you three, how many have you?"

Teacher: " If your father gives you

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