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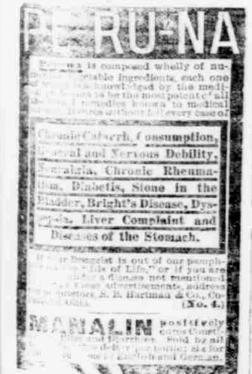
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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Dhere was many queer dings in dis land off der free I neffer could qvite understand; Der beobles dhey all seem so deefrent to As dhose in mine own faderland.

Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps Mitoudt der least bit off a cause ; Und, would you pelief id? dhose mean Yangee chaps,

Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws ! Shust dink off a vhite man so vicked as dot! Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show? Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt id vas Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?

Und dhen in der vinter vhen Katrine vas sick. Und der morninge vas shnowy und raw, Who made righdt away oup dot fire so qvick? Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righdts vellers I been, Dhere vas nodings dot's mean aboudt When der olds lady vishes to run dos ma-Vhy. I shuet let her run id, you see.

Und when dot shly Yawcob whas cutting some dricks (A block off der olds chip he vas, yaw!) Bef she goes for dot chap like some doueand off bricks, Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-

Vock oudt und veck in, id vas alvays der Dot voman vas poss off der house; Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot

she came. She were kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss. Und when dhere was water to get wrom der Und fire vood to shplit oup und saw,

She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not any-Det's too good for mine moder-in-law. -[Boston Globe.

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold Winter's night found a stage load of as gathered about the warm fire of a tavers Larroom is a New England villa e shortly a or we arrivel, a peddier grove up and ordered that his herse should be stabled for the night. Alter we had eaten supper werepaired to the purroom, and as soon as the fee was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several apecdotes had been related and finally the poldier was asked to give us a story. He was a short, thickset man, someabout forty years of age, and

gave evidence of great physical strength. to gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, N. H. "West gentieman," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it n his pocket, "suppose I tell you of about the in a thing of any consequence that happined to me? You see I am now right from the Far West and on my way home for Winter quar-

It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a small village in Hancock County. Ind. I said it was pleasant; I meant 'twas warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark.
"I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the barroom. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it poured down hard, and

It was very dark outdoors. "Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to dispose of on my way home. "The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew that if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he would not see that my horse was fed about midnight as I wished to be off before two.

"He expressed some surprise at this and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new load of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express agent left in the morning.

"There were a number of people about while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one man only arresting my att ntion. "I had in my possession a small pack-age of placards which I was to delive-to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were

notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. "These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact it was perfect, slight in frame, and had the appearance

He was a tall, well formed man, rather of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard cruel ma: ks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainous visposition. "When I went up to thy chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and in-

tended to leave some time during the The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I wished to know if I had ever been acquainted with him. 'I resolved not to let the landlord into

the secret, but to hurry on to Jack on, and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain I ft; for I had no doubts with regard to his identity.
"I had an alarm watch, and having

set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and seed myself. Worn I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily a oused, and by two o'clock I was on the road.

"The must was deep and my horse could not travel very fast, yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need of, for the cart was nearly em; ty, my whole stock consisting of about half a dozen tin pans and a lot of loose rags. " However, on we went, and in the

course of half an hour I was clear of the village, and at a short distance ahead lay a large tract of forest, mostly of great places. The road led directly through this wood, and, as near as I could remember, the distance was not far from tweive miles. The moon was in the east, and as this road ran nearly west I should have light enough.

"I had entered the wood and had gone, perhaps, half a mile, when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and a jerk, into a deep hele. I uttered an exclamation of asionishment; but that was not all. I heard another excamation from another source.
"What could it be? I looked quickly around but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound that I heard was

very close to me. 'As the hi d wheels came up I felt something besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll or tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jer occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my care! I knew this on the instant, The Product will always find us at our phice the main beautiful to the state of the

nough within for quite a party, providing they'd stow themselves close enough. Of course I feit puzzled. At last I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to obtain a ride. But I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably.

"My next idea was that somebody

had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in. "My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick

Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed that I had some money with me. And in this he was right, for I had over \$2,000. "I also thought that he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and either creep over and

shoot me or knock me down, or perhaps slip out and ask for a ride, or something of that sort "All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole. "Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool

and clear-headed under difficulty. In a few moments my resolution was formed. "My horse was now knee-deep in the mud, and I knew I could all post without any noise. So I drew my revolver-I never travel in that country without itit is a six-barreled one and sure fire. I

drew this and having twined the reins about the winpstock. I carefully slipped down into the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hasp.
"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a hasp which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the has, was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick,

so that a slight push from within could break it. " My wheel wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the scaple, the iron handle just sliding

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white onk, and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. "I got on to my cart as noisele siy as I

got off, and then urged by horse on, still keeping my pis of handy. I knew that at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good hand road, and I allowed my horse to pick his own way torough this mud. "It was about ten minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, fol lowed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied t

the door. This continued some moments and then came a heavy thomp, as though the sole of a boot were applied to the door.
"I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the viliain night try to judge about where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on

the footboard. "Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever sinc. I started, and nothing else in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long and then start up in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew

louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice: " 'Let me out of this!' he cried, and he yelled pretty loud. "I lifted my head up so as to make him think that I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was

doing in there. " Let me out and I'll tell ye, he replied. 'Tell me what you're in there for,' I

" I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered. 'How'd ye git in?' I asked. " Let me get out, or I'll shoot ye through the head, he yelled.

"Just at that mome..t my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good gol g. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back upon the foot-board and took the whip.

"I had the same horse then I've got now; a tall, stout, powerful bay mare, and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait then that even astonished me. She had a good mess of oats, the night air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a great pace.

"The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I di in't let him out. Finally he stopped, and in a few moments came the reports of a pistol, one, two, three, four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls waiz over my head. "If I had been on my seat, one of those balls, if not two of them, must have gone through me. "I popped up my head again and gave s yell and then a deep groan, and then

O, save me! I'm a dead man!" "Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down again on the foot-board. "I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of the whip, and she went along faster

than ever. The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no repry he made some tremendous and avors to break the door open, and as tols falled him he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with devetails and each sleeper belted to the posts with an iro ; belt. I had it ma e so that I could carry heavy loads there. " By and by, after all else had falled, the scamp commen el to holler 'whoa' to the horse, and kept it up until he became ho rse. "All this time I kept perfectly quiet,

he lding the roms firmly and poking the beast with the whip. "He wasn't an hour in going that dozen mines, not a bit of it.

"I made a much lear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say I had none, for I had a good pistol, and mo e than that, my passenger was safe, yet I did feel gind when I came to to old flour sarrel Increry that stands at the coge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men cleaning down

" Well, old feller, says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've ha a good ride haven't ". Who are you? he cried, and his voice trembled a little, too, as he asked am the man you tried to shoot,' I told him.

some stage horses.

Where am I? Let me out,' he velled. " 'Look here,' said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lay quiet. "By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and find the sheroff, and tell him what I believed I'd got

for him. "The first streaks of daylight were now just coming up, and in half an hour would be broad daylight In less than that time the sheriff came and two other me: with him. "I told him the whole story in a few

words, exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But, mind you, the sherdidn't tell him the su picions we had about him.

"Then I slipped the fron wrench out, and, as I let the door down, the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers had

"It was now daylight and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt.
"He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in

the town all day.
"After I reakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of \$200 which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow them away in my cart.

"I found the bullet-holes in the top of my vehicle, just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and and I been where I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one. "On the next morning the sheriff

called upon me and paid me \$200 in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. "I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the Winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Hardher is now in prison for life." So ended the position's story. In the morning I had the curlosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet hoics just us he had told us, though they

were now plugged up with phial corks. Viney came out while I was tooking and showed me the prints of the villain's feet upon the cart. They were plain must have been given with great

NORWEGIAN HOSPITALITY.

Interesting Customs of a Simple and Good-hearted People. In no land is hospitality more openhanded and more unaffected than in Norway, and though these features are beaten lines of travel, the genuine goodness of most, fine "gentlemanly"

ing and entire absonce of that sordiffiess which is so often a en even in prantitive regions, cannot fail to strike the unprejudiced observer. Nor is etiquette ig nored by even the rudest of the people. In the cities the stranger is apt to make many blunders. In the cohowever, this is not less marked, though perhaps the visitor will be less conscious of its presence.

One of the perminrities of the Nor-wegian farmer is that, when visiting a friend, nemust ignoreall the preparations made for his entertainment. see the coffee rousted, and the cups set out, and then, just when the good wife is about to offer him her hospitality, he gets up, bids the family good-by, and is only persuaded to remain after some re-Every cup must be filled to overflow-

ing, otherwise the host would be thought stingy. When milk, brandy, or beer is offered, the guest invariably begs that it will not "be wasted on him," and then, after emptying the cup, declares that "it is too much"-going through the same formaitties, it may be, three or four Limes. In the farmhouses, or utland "saeters," the guest is left to eat alone. sliver forks an i spoons being often sub-

stituted for the carved wooden ones used by the family, and a fine white clota for the bar, board which serves well enough on crdinary occasions. To a punctitious guest this may not be a drawback, for at the family table, as Indeed, among the peasants in Scandinavia everywhere, the different individuals dip their spoons into the same disaes of "grod" and sour milk; but for any one desirous of studying a people a load of foreign prejudice is a

grievous burden to carr about. When a child is born the wife of every neighbor cooks a dish of "hodergrod (porridge made with cream in tead of milk), and brings it to the convalescent. there being a good deal of rivalry among the matrons to outdo each other in the quality and size of the dish. When any one has taken food in a Scandinavian house he shakes hands with the host and hostess in rising from

the table and says:
"Tak for mad" ("Thanks for food"). to which they reply: "Vell bekomme ("May it agree with you").
In many parts of Scandinavia all the guests shake hands with each other and repeat the latter formula; and in Norway, at least, it is the fashion for a guest to call on the hostess a few days later, and when she appears to gravely "Tak for sidst" ("Thanks for last time"), great gravity on this formal visit

being a mark of good breeding .- [Peo-ples of the World. A Woman's Patriotism in Death. Judge Torrence told me the other day that the longer he lived the more he looked back with pleasure and

pride upon his service during the He was the son of a clergyman who went out as the Chaplain of a regiment, followed by his seven sons, while the wife and mother, with patriotism and heroism worthy to rank with that of any of the women of the Revolutionary period, remained at home and carried on the

Judge Torrence recites, with pardonable pride, how the seven sons were gathered a few years ago about the deathbed of that mother; how she took into her own worn and withered hand, while life still lingered, his own left hand, felt of it, and then "Give me the other hand, my

And as she felt of it with the two shortened fingers shot away in battle she murmured, "That is the one I want," raised it to her lips, kissed it foully, and soon after sank away to rest. - St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Old Sail-Cloths Made into Bibles. Old sail-cloths are used extensively for making the paper for Oxford Bibles. "There are huge piles of this old material," says the Leisure Hour, "gathered in here after battling with breezes in all the seas under beaven.

"They come in here to be torn into threads, and beaten into pulp, and bleached, drawn out into beautiful white sheets, to be presently printed on, walted off again to the ends of the earth-certainly eather a quaint and curious metamorphosis."

.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER.

Paro as Played by a Beautiful Girl. A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald writes from Long Branch, this strange story: One encounters strange adventures

on the broad piazzze here. " Very handsome, isn t she?" "Yes. Said to resemble Langtry, but is a trifle older." "They're coming this way. Jove, old man, she bowed to you. you know her?"

"It seems so. Yes, though a moment ago I was unconscious of the fact. We were fellow passengers for a week once and got well acquainted." 'How was that ?" "Do you really want me to tell you?"

"I was coming from New Orleans on

the George Cromwell in August of 1872. Some time ago? Yes, but the story connects closely with the bow of half a minute ago. "This lady, then fourteen years younger (as you will find if you count your fingers), was brought to the pier just as the vessel was about to start. She was very beautiful. Her father, a

"Certainly."

dapper little old man, with dyed hair mustaches, was most affectionate in his parting with the fair young girl. She was hurried on board the boat. The gangway was pulled ashore and we were off. "Now, she was the one beautiful woman among the passengers, and the young men of the ship's company were

anxious to make her acquaintance. She was shy and repelled us all. Well, toward evening we got out on the Gulf of Mexico. It was quite rough. My lady, the unknown beauty, was helped on deck by her ancient maid

and looked very pale. She was about to be sensick. " Now, all of a sudden it occurred to me that my friends, Captain Norton and Judge Weldon, of Bayon Saras, had sent a couple of bottles of fine old blackberry brandy to my stateroom for my use on the voyage. Here was a use for some of it.

In a july I was down in the cabin, had borrowed a corkscrew and had a bottle open. I carried a small glass of the excellent liquor to the deck and approaching the servant, said: 'Excuse me, madame, but the young lady appears ill. If you permit me, as a physician, to prescribe for her I think this will relieve her at once."

"But you are not a docto "True. I was just at that moment, however. She was not what she seemed any more than I was. But to "Yes, go ahead."

"The glass was accepted, and the result was that the following day I made every other man on the ship unhappy by taking a little walk on deck with the slender, dark eyed girl. It was my first attack, and I was gone in a few hours. She was very gentle, modest and lady-like. Her education had been well cared for-in a convent, if I remem-" Wall ?"

"We were together very much. She evinced a decided preference for me. I was flattered and-don't smile like that -happy.

"One night, the last before we reached New York, somebody proposed cards in the social hall. It was agreed upon, and the game was soon made up. We played whist for a time. Then other passengers came in, and as there was only one table somebody expressed a curiosity to know how the game of fare was played. They wanted to see the game and play it 'just for fun.' The idea was not a bad one, but I kept still, don't you see? There sat my pretty faced creature, just opposite, and I did not care to have her know that I had

ever seen a 'lay out.'
"But my friend, Charley Brown, of Broad street, was not so particular. Just as a taunt to me he said, 'Give me the cards; I'll keep the bank and deal." He soon had all the clubs out of one of the two decks of cards and had them spread out upon the table. There were plenty of ivory chips, and, giving them imaginary values, we distributed them among the players.

"The very instant the chips touched the fingers of the girl her whole manner changed. Her eyes became aglow with a strange, wild light I never before had seen in them, though I had studied the changing size of their pupils under the stars and beside the lamp in the lighted cabin. She acted very strangely.

"I moved over to her side of the table to give her such direction as I could without exposing my knowledge of the game-which was not inconsiderable. As the deal progressed she looked vacantly about the table from time to time as though seeking something that was not there. I even heard her murmur once, 'Who keeps the game?' but did not attach any importance to the words. When the cards were nearly all lifted from the table (for of course Charley had no box to deal from) he

"Are you ready for the call?" "'Yes, said my companion rather abraptly. "Now,' said Charley, 'I will look at the three last cards and tell you their

names. If you call the order in which they turn up you will be paid four for one. Seven, queen, lence " Queen, deuce, seven, for \$50!" exclaimed Clairette, utterly ignoring me and almost elbowing me away as she laid her money on the corner of the "The deal was finished. She had

"I didn't speak. I was staggered. I went out into the darkness of the night and sought Captain Clapp, the commander of the vessel. "Who is that beautiful woman whom you have seen me with so nuch?' I

called the turn !"

" Well ?"

asked.

" Do you really want to knew?" "'I must know.'
"'She is the daughter of Johnny Pool, the King of the New Orleans gamblers." "It was true. She did not appear at breakfast. Nor did I. I have never seen her since until now. There was at

don't speak of hers, but of mine. And ere she is let's take something." A Confidential Application. Mamma: "Come, Ivy, and say your prayers." Ivy: "Please, Dod, make Ivy a dood little girl, an' don't tell mamma, I 'tole the cake."

Grace against Endurance. The town girl can ride a horse with more grace than her country cousin, but the latter can stay in the saddle

longer. - Marietta (Gn.) Journal.

A GOOD FELLOW. The History of a Man Who Treated the World Better Than It Deserved. Didn't know Rodgers, did you-Abraham Rodgers, g. g. f., which means gen-eral good man? Well, I did, and I belped bury him yesterday.

When I first knew Rodgers, he was young fellow of 18, and the title of good fellow had already settled upon him. If they wanted the old church swept for Sunday, or the bell rung for prayer-meeting, some one asked Rodgers to do it. If any old hunker fell sick and hankered for rabbit soup, Rodgers was asked to go out and hunt for the rabbit. If any old woman wanted sassafras root for herbs, Rodgers was the good fellow who'd go to the fields and woods on her errand.

money in payment for his time, and it is only his due to say that he wouldn't have accepted it if they had. He was expected to pound down the nailheads in the sidewalks, replace broken planks, have an eye on the bridge, paint the schoolhouse steps, replace the broken glass in the church and be the guardian of all bad boys, and no one ever heard him kick. Later on, the old man Jackson fell

No one ever thought of offering him

sick, and when watchers were required he expressed his desire to have odgers come to the house and stay Rodgers went, put in sixteen days and nights of hard work, and when the old man died the widow feelingly exclaimed: "Oh, Abraham, but you are a noble young man! I can never, never repay

She never did-never even offered him the value of a pair of stockings, although Then Aunt Nancy Lee fell sick and died and Rodgers had just begun his day's work as a carpenter when one of the Lee boys rode up with the news and

" And the very last thing she said was that you must be chief pall-bearer. Aunt Nancy always loved you, and you must Kodgers went, Aunt Nancy forgot to say

that he should be pold for his day's work, although she left \$12,000 to the heathen, and so Rodgers was out again. He had scarcely sectiod down to work when some one discovered that the old hand fire engine which had been stowed away for six years ought to be put in condition. A lending critzen suggested to Rodgers to go ahead and fix the old tub up, and his bill should be paid by a subscription. Rodgers tink-rol away for a week, and a leading grover gave him a bar of soap, and a dry goods man came down with a roll of tape. The effort to reward him died out with that. Rodgers lived just that sort of a life until he was 40 years old. Heeven put off gotting married to sit up with a sick horse and be rewarded with a thank you. In one year ne was pall-bearer

two funerals, and sat up with fourteen different dead people. When he worked for pay people paid him waen they got rendy. When there came a week in which somebody did not want him to compoun a salve, repair a tub, sit up with a corpse, subscribe for a mill-dam, rai road or public hall, or give a day's work to public improvement or charity, Mrs. Rodgers felt that the judgment day could not be far off.
He had put in three weeks looking up Widow Davis's lost cow, o gging roots for Widow Jenkins, and sitting up with Elder Smith, when Judge Froth suddenly

Of course his last words were:
"I fall in the created of my country, and went Abraham Rodgers to be cilef boss at my funeral. I will and bequeate my \$75,000 to my wife, and I leave my thanks to Abraham. Rodgers bossed the funeral. He bor-

rowed all the chairs, got the singers together, formed the funeral procession, and rode two miles to the grave in a pouring rain to stand with uncovered head. Next day he was ill, and yesterday, as I told you, I helped bury him. When he died he hadn't a dollar in the house. He had selected cemetery lots for fifty people, but he had none of his own. He had helped to put as many into c skets, but he was buried in plain coffin at the expense of his friends. Very few of his friend- turned out, as they were busy with their work. He had formed funeral processions half a mile long for 'squires, elders, deacons and judges, but there were only four vehicles in his. The clergyman seemed to be in a harry, the grave-digger was impatient for u to be gone, and as we turned away some one remarked:

"Oh, his wife will get along ome way -wislows aiways do."-[Decroit Free

President Jackson's Inauguration, At Jackson's inauguration there was for the first time on such occasions at Washington, a military page int. A band of the veterans of the Revolution forme I his body guard, bayonets bristled around the Capitol, and on Pennsylvania avenue martial music resounded, and salvos of artiflery were fired at different points in the avirons to announce that he oath of office had been admustered An immense concourse of people j ined in the shouts with which the "here of New Orienns" was greeted, as he rode on a surrited horse from the Capital to the

"I never saw such a crowd." wrote Daniel Wed-ster to a friend ' Persons have come 500 miles to see General Jacks at, and they really seem to think that the country is rescue, from some dreadful danger. Hunters from Kentucky and Indiana,

fighters from Tennesee and sturdy front-iersmen from the Northwest mingled in the throng with the more refined dwellers on the Atlantic slope and the impetuous people of he South, who had all the virtues and the faults arising from their pecu iar social institutions. Arriving at the White House, the motley crowd clamored for refreshments, and seen grained the barrels of punch which had been prepared, in drinking the health of the new caref magistrate.

cakes, and the east room was filled with At one time General Jackson, who had retreated until he was pre-sed against the walt, was only protect diron lapary by a number of his friends, who linked arms and formed a long barrier about

a great deal of china and glassware was

broken in the struggle for ice-cream and

Such a scene had never before been witnessed at the White House .- [Hugh J. Hastings's "Ancient American Poli-

How Coral Is Obtained.

Coral is obtained by means of a wooden apparatus in the shape of a cross, having in its centre a leaden stone or slug Nets, the meshes of which are loose, least one very sad heart that night. I are hung on the bars of the cross and dragge; at the bottom of the sea, and among the crevices of the rocks. These

> break up or tear off its branches, which adhere to the meshes. The apparatus is drawn up by the fisherman who ever he thinks it is sufficfently laden. Cord fishing is largely followed in

ne's winding about the coraline plant,

Algeria, the innual production amounting to \$190,000. One Way of Settling a Ghost.

At Birmingham, Coun., the body of a young woman was disinterred and all the pins in her hair and sproud removed, to

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APPETIZERS. Touching Story of Devotion.

Quarantine officer McAllister was presented a few weeks ago with a tame albatross by a British shipmaster. On Thursday the sea captain fell ill and the doctor had a lot of pills made up for his use. As he was about to send the pills to his patient he was summoned to atten i a meeting of the Board of Health. and he departed, leaving the pills on the

table in the same room with the alba-tross. On his return the pills were gone. A second box was compounded, but before they could be taken to the ship they had disappeared in the same mys-

terious way.

Irritated and perplexed, Dr. McAllis
ter made up a third box of pills, and
then stepped into an adjoining room for a moment to change his collar. On his return he was aghast to perceive the albatross lying dead on the

table alongside the half-consumed box of The fidelity of the intelligent bird to the interests of his former master had cost him his life .- | San Francisco Post.

Really Surprised. "What do you mean by using such violence towards your wife?" asked the

judge of a colored prisoner. "I didn't use no violence, boss."
"But you did; her face is all swollen up from the blow. Didn't you strike "Yes, boss, but hit was an accordent. I'se neah-si hted."

"What's that got to do with it?" "Heaps, boss, heaps. Yer see I was at de g te and was gwinter go down town, and I jiss ki sed my hand to Matildy "Kissed your hand to her?" "Yes, toss, kissed my hand to her, but owing to dedefee in my eyes, Ispaced she was more'n twenty feet off, but she

wasn't. She was so clus ter me dat de back ob my han hit her smack in de mouf. I nebber was so sprised in my Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay twenty dollars and costs or you go to the county jail."

A Unique Honeymoon. The colored female cook of a family living at the South end came upstairs the other atternoon, and, twisting up. the corners of her apron with consider able embarrassment, said to her mistress ; "You see, missus, I thoughtit mought be bes' to be tellin' yo dat I-dat I

done get married has week! now, Hannah?" And what is your name "Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see, my husban he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheft in a hotel. "A chot, ch? That very ulce. And

do you expect to leave as directly. Han-"Not d'reckly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for de present. You see my husban he's done gone to New York an Washington on his honeymoon, an' it'll be

nigh unto six weeks befo' he comes.

Johnny's Ambition. "Do you go to school, Johnny?" inquired a lady. Yes'm.

back !"- Boston Record.

Dispatch.

"And do you study hard?" Yes m. "I suppose you want to be a great man when you grow up?" " Yes m

"And what do you think you'll be?" "I know what I'm goin to be. "What is it, Johnny? Tell me." "I am goin' to be the man that wears the big fur hat and throws the stick around in front of the band."-[Pitteburg

"I heard that somebody in this crowd said I was a liar," said a Fourth ward illy as he approached a knot of mea he thought he knew. "Which of you was "It was me, I reckon," quietly remarked a strapping stranger from up the creek, as he walpped off his coat and

Convincing the Bully.

"That's all right!" continued the Fourth warder, "keep on your clothes, I didn't say I wasn't, did I?" [New York Tid-Bits. "Ante-Be lum Times ' in the Family. "Mamma," asked a Congressman's

proceeded to roll up his sleeves.

child of his mother, "what are these ante be lum times I hear papa talking "They are the times before the war. my child.' The child was quiet for a full min-

"Oh, I see," he said, "that was be-

#### fore aunity married uncle, wasn't lt?" The mother restrained the child from further violence.- [Washington Hatchet.

A Careful Domestic. The proverbial philosopher, Tupper, in his autobiography, touches incidentally upon the terrors of servent-girlism in an count of a zealous, well-intentioned nold w to arranges his papers. not to des roy anything, I was hereified y the uncon cious Audrey's reply : " Oh! sir! I meyer burns no paper

### but what is spoiled by being written

A Dog Justifiably Mad. A canine with a tin attached to his tail by a strong cord passed hurriedly down the street. " is that dog mad?" inquired an anxlous perio trian. "Well," responded another, "I caught a glimpse of his countenance as he

passed by, and he didn't look the first bit pleased."-[Pittsburg Dispatch. ----The Countryman in Town. A countryman and his son "put up" at a city hotel. Son out seeing the town.

Old gent come down from his room at midnight and says to the night clerk: "Has my son come in yet?" Night Clerk: "Guess not. Haven't seen him." Old Gent: "Well, you needn't set up for him any longer."

#### dal vell material good? Will it wear?" Mose Schaumburg, Jr. . "You pet It vas first class. It vil never your

no madderhow many dimes you uses it. Don't you want some of our inde tible orange plossoms?" (Texas Siftings. Letter by George Washington. A Philadelphia gentleman has recently found an antograph letter of

### negotiates for the purchase of a good, lively negro bey. Cure for Neuralgia.

It is said by one who has tried it that cayenne pepper sprinkled upon hot flannels will afford instant relief to

George Washington, in which the latter

He Knew Her. Mrs. Often de Vorced: "Is this bri-

persons troubled with neuralgia.