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ter-they wasn't.

VOLUME X 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1887.

presented all around him.

"Where have you taken rooms, dear?"

Mrs. Randallasked; "or shall you go to

housekeeping?"
"Rooms," cried the bridegroom;

Joe," for suddenly the truth flashed

upon her; "did you think I had money?

I thought everyone knew that I was Maude's pensioner. Oh," and her face

was very pale, "what a fool I have been!

was the quick reply, as her husband put

his arm around her; "I do love you. I did think the position reversed, and

that Maude depended on you; but never doubt my love. If it was not very ardent when I proposed to you, it

grows stronger every day that we spend

But yet you thought me wealthy?"

" A humiliating fact I cannot deny;"

and then in a sudden outburst of con-

fidence, Mr. Randall told his wife the

whole truth, dwelling somewhat longer

upon his business attempts and perplext-

ties, than on the hope he had enter-tained of a future life of luxurious idle-

spoke:
"You may not like to hear my father's

opinion of me, Joe, though he meant it to be a complimentary one. He always said I should have been a man, for I had

For ten years before he died he was

He left me a competency,

paralyzed, and I was the actual head of

his business, the weaving of carpets, in

which was stolen from me by a dis-honest trustee; and I should have

taken up some occupation to gain my

own living had not Maude been left an

orphan, and implored me to live with

for she needed me, and her lavish gifts

of clothing and jewelry I accepted in

the place of the salary anyone else in

my place must have been paid. I was

very happy; but I never dreamed that I

closed, but I am an old friend of the

a short time after my father died, and

owner, who carried on the business for

found his ignorance of the details swept

away all the profits. I will introduce you to him, and the sale of my diamonds

father was, until you conquer all the in-tricacies of the business, gain our old

out assistance.

ustomers, and carry on the whole with-

you, as I helped my father. When you

are a rich man"-and here Mrs. Ran-

dall's eyes grew dim with tender feeling

you can buy me some more dia-

It was not a matter for hasty decision.

Mr. Randall, remembering his failures, was doubtful of his ability, but his wife had her way, and before their wedded

life was six months old, Mr. Randall was

Spurred on by an honest shame that a

woman had a better business head than

his own, he did what he had never done

before-threw his whole soul into his

business, and was amazed himself to find

how soon he learned to guide it. He had

never suspected he possessed such ability,

love for the noble woman who was so

true and faithful a helpmate to him; who,

with all the knowledge he lacked,

never let one clerk or employe guess

At home in the evening, she showed

him the result of her day's correspon-

dence or book-keeping, and gave him clear instructions for the next day's

And he, learning quickly, had sufficient

ess, until she herself, after two years of

"You can do without me, dear. I

They had lived very economically in

those two years, Mrs. Randall governing the small house and one servant as

efficiently as she had controlled her

niece's grand mansion or the affairs of

the factory.

But ambition once roused in Joseph

Randall he resolved to give his wife

a home as handsome as the one she

had left for love of him. Depriving her

of no comfort he could afford to give

her, he denied himself all extravagancies

Cigars were thrown aside, clothing

was reduced to respectability, ignoring the many changes of fashion, riding was

exchanged for an occasional drive with

Mrs. Randall, and year by year Joseph

Randall saw his business increase, his

bank account enlarge, until he was

master of a flourishing business, and

of the magnificent home where Mrs.

Randall had employed me to paint the

of her strength and the noble beauty of middle life, they took nothing from the

love of a husband, who knew that to

her he owed all his prosperity. He realized fully the life of indolent luxury

he would have led, and contrasted it

with the useful one to which she had

A kind master, the families of his

work-people knew they had always a friend in the head of the vast establish-

ment in which the husband and father

toiled. Without children, both Mr. and

Mrs. Randall extended their charities far

and vide, and when gratitude met them,

for you I should be that dreadful object,

what in days gone by they called 'an old

His Last Tick.

"Old Sexton Brown," the once fa-

mous sexton of Grace Church, New York

City, used to show his friends an epitaph

which he copied from a tombstone in

Wales as one of the rarest curiosities of

It has never hitherto been published:

"Here lies in a horizontal position

the outside case of George Rutleigh, Watch Maker, whose abilities in that

line were an honor to his Profession.

Integrity was the mainspring and Pru-

dence the regulator of all the actions of

his life. Humane, Honest and Industri-

ous, his hands nev r stopped until they

"He ha! the art of disposing of his time in such a way that he never went

wrong except when set agoing by per-

sons who did not know his key, and even

then was easily set right again.
"He departed this life, Nov. 7, 1811,

wound up in the hope of his being taken

in hand by his Maker, thoroughly

cleaned, regulated and repaired, and set

agoing in the world to come."

an aimless, indolent man of fashion

"The thanks are yours, dear. But

And as years robbed the devoted wife

that had become second nature.

panels of the bed-room doors.

guided htm.

Joseph Randall said:

churchyard literature.

had relieved distress.

sense to let her control the entire busi-

Every day filled his heart with deeper

engaged in his new business

her real position.

faithful work, said :

resign.

" Until then, let me direct and teach

will give us sufficient capital for a

"You will be nominal master, as my

was supposed to own her wealth.

" Now listen to my proposition:

usekeeper and chaperon, and we were

The factory my father controlled is

It was scarcely a life of dependence,

a true business head.

When he had finished, his wife

You are no fool in thinking that,"

I though that you loved me."

'shall you not return to your own

My own house! I have no house,

tress of the house.

home arose.

back till late. I didn't begin worryin

about 'em until it got to be very late, an'

walked the beach between the inlets with

me till late in the night; but we saw

nothin' of 'em. But I didn't give 'em

up. It had been a fine day, an it was a

clear, bright night, an' I kind o' trusted the young feller. Next day early in the

mornin' we spied the boat sailin' up the

inlet, an' I began wavin' and shoutin' to

em for joy. But some one as had a spy-

glass said they wasn't aboard—an'-mis-

the Jersey coast, an' he said as a man an'

a girl had landed there the day before,

an' the man-a young, good-lookin' chan

he said-had paid him to bring the boat

over.
"I'd kept up pretty well till then, but when I know'd she wasn't come but when I know'd she wasn't she

back, an' felt all of a sudden as if she

might never come back, I hid my face

"She was all the world to me, was

"When I got quieted down they began

to comfort me a-savin' as she might

I'd have welcomed her, for she was still

my little Maggie, an' I'd ha' loved her as

much as ever. But it got to be Winter

an' Spring an' Summer an' on toward Fall an' I heard nothin' of her.

ler came sailing over from the shore with

a telegram for me. It came from the city, an' it read that if I was to go to

one o' the hospitals there, I'd find a girl as would like to see me; an' it told

me to come quick, too, for she was very

it's likely yer know, too, as I wasn't

long a-gettin' to her. But I wasn't any

too soon. She was lvin' on a cot, an

when she saw me, it was just all

she could do to stretch her arms out

to me, so she could put 'em around me

an' press her poor, pale face against

" Father,' she whispered, 'I went

back on yer—on yer who'd been so good an' kind to me; an', father, I want yer to

say before I die as you've forgiven

held her closer. I held her till they told me she couldn't speak no more, an' then I haid her back. It was only

a few minutes after that she lived, but

afore she died she opened her eyes once

more an' moved her lips. I bent down to her an' she could just whisper:

back on me. I'm sure ver forgive m

For-father-I've forgives

But-father-I want yer to forgive him,

"I forgive, her, mister, an' I've tried

to forgive him. I'll try again, mister;

I'll try hard for the little girl's sake.

know as his sin's a-goin' to drive him

back here some time-drive him back

that he may go on his knees to me an'

the man's voice broke in his emotion

I had always been fond of Uncl-

liked him better than ever. I know

that his "little girl's " death weigher

heavily on him; and so after that

could to visit the tayern and cheer him

up.
One day toward Autumn, two years

afterwards, in one of my not infrequent visits to the tavern. Uncle Jake called me aside and said: "Mister, it's gettin"

kind o' lonesome for the det an' m

down here Winters, an' I guess I won

stay here no longer after the Fall. I've

got a house as I took over in the village

ashore yonder, near to where the little

near Maggie, an' if yer'll come down off

girl's buried. The dog an' I want to b

an' on, we'll be glad ter see ver

for it ain't much company we'll be

and I did go down there as often as I

Well, Uncle Jake took the house

The blazing logs and the singing kettle

seemed particularly cheery one January night. A fierce wind was howling

around the house. It had been snowing

all day, but as it grew colder the snow

had stopped, and now thegusts sent ley

particles rattling against the window

The dog seemed sleeping peacefully

at least he hadn't stirred-when Uncle

Jake went to the hearth to lift up the

punch, and was just raising the glass to

his lips, when suddenly Samson sprang toward one of the windows with a fur-

ious bark. As I turned in the direction

in which he sprang I saw what might

have been an illusion, it vanished so

quickly-a man's face, pale, haggard and

driven, pressed against the pane. A moment later the dog was leaping

and threw it open, letting out the dog

who remained outside barking and howl-

ing for half an hour after I had closed

I told Uncle Jake that I thought a

man had been out there, but all he said

was: "I guess it's one o' them tramps

as comes around. Samson ain't particu-lar fond of 'em. But if the fellow was

cold and wanted a drink why didn't he

knock an' ask for it decent-like? Sure

The next morning was bright and

clear and very cold. As the wind had subsided, Uncle Jake proposed to

go over to the grave-yard-he hardly

let a day pass without going there.

The grave-yard was a little enclosure

a trifle further out of the village than

our house. As we entered the gate the dog suddenly darted forward

barking furiously as he had the night

before. Following him hastily we saw

what he was barking at. A thin, white

hand had clasped the headstone, and

over the grave lay, face downwards, the

Uncle Jake grasped me and held

me back a moment. Then we tried to

loose the hand. But it was clasped so

firmly that we could hardly draw it

from the stone. At last it fell, and

we turned the body over. I saw the

same pale, baggard, driven face that

was pressed against the window the

"he's come back. An'-an'-I think I've

forgiven him, as the little girl asked me

The Cave of War and Peace.

there is a remarkable cave in the side of

the mountains. Near by a little rill of water pours down the slope, soon to be

swallowed up by the thirsty soil. The

broken-off shafts of arrows are to be

stitutes the roof of the cathedral-like

It is said that many years ago a party

of the race of Shoshones were driven into this cave by their hereditary ene-

mies, the Piutes. Their defence was so

stubborn that the Piutes proposed a

peace, and in this cave the council was

called, and the peace made was to last

so long as a single arrow remained im-

Churning Extraordinary.

the story that a mouse fell into a bowl

of cream the other night, and in its ef-

forts to keep afloat churned the cream

into butter, on which it stood and

The Danbury News is responsible for

bedded in the rock overhead.

clean pantry shelf.

seen sticking in the soft rock that cor

Away down in the southwest of Nevada

" Mister," said Uncle Jake solemnly,

he'd ha' got it."

body of a man.

night before.

for to do."

est the door. I sprang toward i

kettle. The old man had brewed

it up as many parties as l

tell me how he wrong dher an me.

Jake, but after what he had told

" Father, I'm sure yer haven't gone

" I couldn't say nothin', mister, I just

Yer may know who the girl was; an'

after she'd left when one mornin' a

'It wasn't much more than a year

ome back. Ah, mister, if she only had!

Maggle. I took her to me as a child, an'

brought her up, an' set my heart on her; an for her to leave me in my old

in my hands an' cried like a baby.

days was mighty hard.

low, perhaps a-dyin'.

'The feller as was in her came from

Some folks as was at the house

York.

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THE LOVERS' GOOD-NIGHT. Good-night! And yet I would linger still, For there lurks in the phrase a strange

sad thrill, Overshadowing love's delight; And never, sweetheart, since Romeo To Juliet murmured it long ago. Was it harder to say, good-night! Soft quiver the moonbeams through the

vines. But a dewier lustre trembles and shines In your eyes, tear-dimmed yet bright: And, like the flush of the day's first dawn, The rose on your cheek blooms quick and is gone.

Good-night, my darling, good-night! Sad is the wave's kiss on the sand, But sadder the clasp of trembling hands, The brown one holding the white. And our hearts cling closer than ever be-

As those sorrowful words are faltered once more: "Good-night, dear love, good-night!" Tossed by the breeze, the jasmines pour Their perfume down by the tottage door

From petals of creamy light; But these sweets are mixed with a sense For lovers who part, though to meet again. Good-night, sweet blossom, good-night! From leaf to leaf, and from spray to spray,

play— Now here, and now lost to sight; But purer pearls are the tears that shine In your beautiful eyes upturned to mine. Good-night, bright weeper, good-night! But the moon will wane in an hour or And the flowers that swing at the cottage

The dew-spikes dance in their twinkling

Will rejoice in the new dawn's light; So love will slumber, so love's sleep beam In the trust and truth of its waking dream.

Good-night, beloved, good-night! ----

A HELPMEET INDEED.

Just on the confines of one of our large manufacturing towns, there stands an imposing residence of brown stone, elevated by terraces above the road, surrounded by stately trees, and with an extent of garden stretching on all sides. I had been employed in panel-painting o eof the large bedrooms for some weeks, and my curiosity and interest had been excited by the fact that the master of the house. Mr. Joseph Randall, was a tall, handsome man of less than fifty years, while his wife was certainly twenty years older, a feeble old woman. Yet never were any young couple more scemingly devoted than this oddly-contrasted pair; and I, living in the house, with constant occupation there, certainly had good opportunity for witnessing any matrimonial differences, had any

When my work was done, I returned to my own home, and several months later, by quite an accident, not necesord here. I learned the story of Mr. Randall's marriage. From early boyhood he was a "ne'er-

do-well." Money ran through his fingers like sand, and after his father, his gran !father, and his uncle had each started nim in business, only to end in failure, the family decided that he would never be good for anything. He was a very handsome man, with a

college education, the instincts and manners of a gentleman, and kindly in feeling; but he was good-natured, trustful, and too easily influenced by whoever took the trouble to dictate to him. At thirty he found himself bankrupt, out of business, and without any de finite prospects: and while he was seriously considering suicide as a way out of his difficulties, he received invitation to visit an old friend in Grantley, a pretty village near the sea. He found Grantley at the height of its summer season, and his own attrac-

tions very readily acknowledged by the ladies, who danced with him, flirted with him strolled on the beach by moonlight with him, and accepted his graceful attentions with smiling pleasure. It was here that he was introduced to Miss Susan Harte and her plece and supposed beiress, Miss Maude Maxwell, They were ladies of position, refined

and graceful; the younger one lovely in the freshness of her youth, a pretty blonds face, and slender figure; the older one stately and dignified, showing in every word a cultivated intellect and Bob White, Mr. Randall's friend, after

the introduction, spoke his mind with frank if vulgar freedom : "Go in for the heiress, Joe. They say the old lady is worth a quarter of a million, and Miss Maude is her only rela-Anyone can see that they are devoted to each other."

And anyone could also see every evi-

dence of wealth in their surroundings.

Their own carriage, with two magnificent horses, was with them for their daily use, their costumes were of the most costly materials, their jewelry was superk. A lady's maid attended them, and they occupied an entire suite of rooms at the only hotel. Friendship led to intimacy, and Mr.

Pandall did try to fascinate the heiress, whose simpering prettiness covered a bold heart and a common-place mind. To dress well, to be a centre of attraction for bowing beaux, were the objects of her ambition, and her conversation never rose above the level of the smallest of small-talk. Though he had always seemed to lack

business ability, Mr. Randall was no fool, and he found himself evening after evening turning from Miss Maxwell's vapid talk to the fresh strong mind that shone through her aunt's conversation. Miss Harte was an accomplished musician, with a rich contralto voice, and love of music had always amounted to a passion with Mr Randall, so there was a strong bond of sympathy there. The summer wore away pleasantly,

and it was only when closed cottages and a deserted beach told of departing guests that Joseph Randall asked him self seriously how his summer flirtation was to end. He was not a concelted man, yet Maude Maxwell had let him see very plainly that she had a preference for his society and attentions. Yet he

shrank from the prospect of a wife with no idea above dress and gayety, how-ever richly she might be dowered. Loving neither, in the true sense of the word, he certainly found more pleasure in the society of the older lady, and then a little demon of policy whispered to him that, after all, the money was Miss Harte's, and, with her social posttion and real attractions, she might marry, and so deprive Maude of her

supposed inheritance.
It was true that she was old enough to be his mother; but a handsome woman, and one so thoroughly tasteful in dress, could always appear younger than actual years warranted, and he liked her; yes, he certainly respected and liked

For two or three days he hesitated, shrinking yet from placing himself in the position of a fortune-hunter, and then he wrote a manly tender letter to Miss Harte, asking her to be his

He had sufficient tact to avoid flattery and not to make sickening protestations, and the letter bore the stamp of sin-cerity on every line. An hour later his messenger brought an answer, and Miss Harte was his affianced wife. Escorting the ladies to their home, a

magnificent country seat, Mr. Randall

would not have been human had he not

IN THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

congratulated himself upon the future ownership of the wealth so lavishly re-The Sights, Sounds and Novel Experiences of the Traveller in Pekin. He had said nothing about the future On entering Pekin our cart got on toposition of Miss Maxwell, good-naturedly willing that she should find still a ye gods, what? I know not what we traveled over, but how I felt at the time home with her aunt; but he sometimes

no words can paint. thought he would give her a hint It seems that a few hundred or a few about assuming so much the air of misthousand years ago, it matters little which, an ambitious emperor, wishing The wedding was magnificent, the to anticl ate the great Applus, laid out honeymoon spent in traveling upon a wedding-gift of a cheque from Mr. some paved roadways in and about the capital with blocks of stone several Randall's uncle; and one morning, in yards square. They were doubtless cosy confidence, the subject of going useful in their day.

As Chinamen, however, worship tradition, and love a thing because it is old, these roadways which have become a loose assortment of mutilated stone blocks, are in their eyes holy relics of antiquity. What is more, the degree of holiness they may be presumed to possess is largely measured by the degree of badness which they unquestionably ex-hibit, and which is no doubt an incident of their antiquity.

This explains why all heretical repairs have been forbidden on these highways. This explains why the Chinaman who travels these streets in his cart has to hold on to the sides with all his might to keep his brains from being dashed out on the top or sides, or his shoulder dislocated. The foreigner, unless he be a missionary, takes it out, I fear, in swear-

The ruts in these city pavements were often a foot deep, and, of course, abrupt. Our tough little springless cart thumped and banged about in a way that would have shivered any Anglo-Saxon vehicle. A buckboard ride in the Adirondack wilderness in the midst of failen trees, rocks and bogs, is a good beginning for one who wishes to lead his mind up to a conception of what it means to take a drive in Pekin.

And yet I was after experience, and I ot it. In the intervals between the cart thumps, I noticed that I was in a crowded thoroughfare, made up of screaming Chinese of all ages and seres. Some were steering wheelbarrows, piled high with vegetables, baskets and boxes. Some wheelbarrows had donkeys pulling on ahead, and a man to each side steadying the load.

Bad luck to a man that got his little wheel in a rut, as happened not infre-quently. My, what a jabbering and esticulating goes up then, not only from the disabled parties, but from the dozens of others who cannot get by. Then we passed long trains of camels,

swinging along in their patient and powerful way, not noti ing anybody in particular, but apparently satisfied that everything means to get out of their way, as it does. These great trains of camels come down from the Northern plains of Mon-

golia, burdened with what that country furnishes, furs and coals principally. They are picture que features of the city, especially the attendant Mongolian, who stalks ahead in his fierce dress of furs, looking like some grim Norseman entering a city of efficientiate southern-Donkeys, and mule carts innumerable

struggled along in the rute and dust, while what chinks were left fairly swarmed with Chinamen on foot, carrying burdens on the ends of their bamboo poles, or skipping from stone to stone in their inces-ant efforts to avoid co-spools, that seemed part of the streets, and camels that knew no yielding to the right of way.

Sidewalk- seemed unknown. But the stench that greeted me from time to time was a m -t pain ui proof at the same spirit that forbade any change in the street pavement, allowed the sanitary arrrangements of the city to take care of themselves. Pekin has four walls, walls within

walls. And as though that was not enough in the wall line, the districts of the city are walled off at night, so as to guard against insurrection. Houses in turn, are walled in around like a hacien a on our southwestern frontier. When in 1260 the great Kuolai-Khan

made this his capital he kept his Tartar city distinct from the Chinese city by a wall. It is odd to note that the side orl inally occupied by the Tartars is a cleaner place than that peopled by the Chinamen. In-ide of the Tartar wall is the wall

surrounding the Imperial city, within which princes and high dignitaries live. In the centre of this walled enclo-ure is another wall guarding the Sacred City, beyond which no European has ever pen-etrated since the days of the first Jesuit missionaries.

The popular notion is that gold and precious stones are at a large discount in that neighborhood, but if that is the case, it has not had any perceptible good influence on Chinese currency. The stories heard to-day about this sacred palace are of a kind with those that Marco Polo told in the thirteenth century, when he inflamed Venice with

the marvels he pretended to have seen at the Khan's prince. Here is supposed to be the "Dragon's throne," the seat of the emperor, whatever that may be. Two square miles of pleasure grounds are here in the heart of a populous city, obstructing passage from one side to the other.—[Outing.

Real American Communists.

The Zoarites are a very peculiar people, who live in Ohio and hold their property in common. They are as old as the Shakers or the Oneida Community. Their views of property are much the same as those bodies hold, but their practices as to married life are different.

seventy-five years ago in Wurtemburg, Germany. For a good while after the colony came to this country marriage was considered an irregularity. The cholera of 1832 made frightful ravages among them. They then began to consider the propriety of marriage. They esteemed it wrong to go outside and contract marriages among the world's people, and so they married among themselves.

Their community had its origin about

They are now the largest and most prosperous communistic society in the United States, and are exceedingly thrifty in their business affairs. They own ten or twelve thousand acres of land, and are superior farmers and millers. They believe in a millennium of peace and glory, prior to which the Gospel will be preached all over the world. Their religious services are much the same as those of the leading

Naming the Salvation Army. General Booth of the Salvation Army gave a reporter this account of the nam-

little tract, describing the movement, and he wrote on the title page: 'The Christian mission is a volunteer army. "I leaned over his shoulder, took his pen out of his hand, crossed out the word 'volunteer,' and wrote 'Salvation.' "We liked the sound of it, seeing that it really described what the organization was-a body formed and united after the fashion of an army, with the purpose of delivering men from sin and the devil. So we adopted the name Salvation Army. "The terms General, Captains, Lieutenants, etc., soon followed. The drums, flags, banners, and the like were adopted gradually, in carrying on the purpose of attracting the people."

LATE FORGIVENESS.

"No, Mister," said Uncle Jake, "I ain't spliced nor never was." For many years Uncle Jake had kept a little tavern near one of the inlets where the sea breaks through the long sandbar into the Great South Bay, at a point about fifteen miles from New

Of a pleasant Sunday in Summer it was a pretty lively resort. Uncle Jake made a jovial host, and people used to say that he owed his good health in a great measure to the frequency with which he drank to it himself. Most of the fishing parties from the harbors along the bay stopped here for a clambake and a cocktail; yachtsmen an-chored near the inlet and sportsmen would put up at the tavern for a week or two at a time.

But in winter it was a dreary spot. The monotonous turmoll of the sarf was broken only now and then by the shrill cry of the gull or the shrieking of the wind as it whirled across the bar. During the long storms only an occasional wrecker or a patrol from the life-saving station visited the place, and at any time in Winter a party like ours was

a rarity.

A real Bohemian freak had brought us down to Uncle Jake's that night. The evening before a dozen of us artists had met at a little reunion in the studio of one of our number, and one of us seeing a sketch of Uncle Jake's tavern on the easel, had proposed paying him a Winter's visit.

We all knew Uncle Jake, and the idea of a Winter's visit to him was too much of a novelty to be resisted. So we set out for the tavern the next day, and arrived there before night time. Jake knew that the trip across the bay had been a rough one. So he started a roaring wood fire; and when we had finished supper he put a steaming bowl of punch on the table.

But despite his attention and the joility of our party, he wasn't in the test of spirits. Not that he didn't dip his glass into the punch bowl pretty but he seemed moody and didn't talk

His low spirits seemed also to have a depressing effect on Samson, his big mastiff, who was about as well known along the coast as Uncle Jake himself. Usually be barked a friendly welcome to every one who came to the house. But he had been sullen and silent all the even ing and had sat near Uncle Jake. resting his head on his master's knee and now and then looking up wistfully I had known Uncle Jake and his big

dog longer than the others had, and I noticed that comothing was weene The old man seemed glad enough to see me again and made me sit next to him. But I felt that since I had been there some change had come over him and the dog and the old place; and at times he looked as though he would like to tell me something but hesitated on account of the others.

I remembered a pretty, bright-eyed lass, about 17 years old, when I last saw her, who was at the tayern in former years, and whom we used to call 'Uncle Jake's little girl." She made herself handy about the place, and was so simple and graceful in her bearing that she was a favorite with all who went there. The sun had browned her face and arms, and the wind had played with her fair hair until it hung ver her forehead like tangled sun-

beams. She was tall and lithesome, and as strong as she was graceful. Often when she was a mere girl of 10 or 12, I had seen her pulling her skiff across the bay and halling the old fishermen as they scudded past in their smacks. Many a time they would lay to and take her aboard and tow her skiff home; and then she would take the helm from the skipper, trim the sheet and shout with glee as the spray came dashing over

I wondered what had become of her and asked Uncle Jake, but he didn't seem to hear my question, though the dog sprang to his feet and roamed about un easily before he slunk back to his master's feet. I was about to ask the question again when one of our party pro-

While they gathered in a group around the old piano in the corner, the old man stole quietly to the door of another room and beckened me to follow him. As I joined him he was stooping over an old bureau fumbling among some papers, while the dog, who had slipped in after him, watched him intently until he put his hand on a tin-type which he drew out and showed me. It was the picture of a child, and in the features I recognized "Uncle Jake's littlegirl."

In the next room some one was playing a jangling accompaniment and the rest were shouting a bolsterous song. I thought then would be a good time to ask him what had become of the girl whose childish features we were looking at, so I inquired, by way of introduction, if he had ever been married. It was to this he had replied:
"No, Mister, I aln't spliced, nor

never was. But yer see," he continued, as though he knew what I was driving at. " It's uncommon lonesome here in Winter, an' many a time when I've heard o' some young one ashore yonder as wasn't cared for at home, I've got its folks to let me take it out here with me. The children kind o' cheered me up durin' the long Winter evenin's, an' when Summer came I'd ask to have 'em stav a bit longer. The little ones would beg real hard, too, for I made a good deal of 'em, and they thought kind o' well o' Some o' them stayed a few years, but

as they got big an' could be handy at home their folks fetched 'em away from me; an' so at last they all went; all but little Maggie, her as they used to call Uncle Jake's little girl.' It was a bad home I'd took her from, an afore she'd been with me long her father wandered off an' her mother died in the poorhouse. There wasn't no one to take her from me then, so she staved here; an' right glad I was to keep her. She was a smart, likely little thing,

an' I thought as I'd care for her an' lay by a bit o' money for her. When she first came here she was no more than 5, an' when yer saw her two summers ago she was goin' on 18. Yer know Maggie was as good-look-

in' a girl as yer could find hereal outs, an' many a feller as has come here with his boat in Summer has been kind o took wi' her. I was kind o' proud to have 'em so too, for I'd a precious good opinion o' Maggie, an' I liked to see 'em back me up. It weren't every one she'd talle to. neither; for she'd make her choice like any lady, would Maggie.
"I let her go sailin' whenever she wanted. She was a good girl an' a com-

Maggie. It's goin' on three years now, Mister, that a little after the June M. got to be eighteen, there was a young feller as came over here to stay. He was a good-lookin' chap, strong an' quick, an' as handy in a boat as any one I ver see. He seemed to kind o' like it

fort to me Summer and Winter, was

"In the beginnin' he hired one o' my boats by the week, an' when he'd had it that way about four weeks he took it for the season. Well, I was glad to let him have it, for it was often as he'd take Maggie out, an' I felt easy when I knew Maggie was with him.
"One bright mornin' in September

just afore they sailed away she came a-runnin' in to me an' says as they was a-goin' for a long saft an' wouldn't be Advertising Rates.

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NUMBER 24.

APPETIZERS.

Drinking Cider for a Wager.

"When Senator Teller and Judge Joslyn were in the Interior Department, I used to doa thriving business," said a Wash-

ington ci ler mili man. "Did they drink much?" was asked.
"Drink much!" replied the cider dealer, "well, you ought to have seen

"Secretary Teller would sit on that beach and let a quart down in ten minutes. He was fond of a companion and if it was Judge Josyln who sat with him I was sure to sell three quarts. "I remember Judge Josyln coming in with an Illinois farmer. Evidently the Judge had been boa-ting of his ciderdrinking propensities, and a wager was

made on which could drink the most. "'Let us begin on a quart bottle each, said the Judge. "The men sat down and the bettles were opened. Joslyn liked it a little sharp. I was busy at the time of the visit, but in an almost incredit le length of time I heard Joslyn say to the boy:

" 'Two more bottles. "Ten mir tes clapsed and I heard that same voice:

"Two more bottles, please."
"The farmer protested, and offered to pay for the four quarts if the Judge d declare it a draw and say nothing about it.

"Josi n would not do it and repeated the order. "I looked at him and he winked a wicked wink.

"The farmer was a big stout fellow and drank his fifth pint at the end of about twe ty-five minutes from the start. Then be raised up, walked over to the counter, and, shipping the pay into my hand, requested me to tell the Judgewho was taking to some one-that he had stepped out at the back door and would return in a mement. "I never saw that man again and I

don't believe Jeslyn has.
"The Judge drank his third quart before he noticed the absence of his friend, and after waiting some time for the farmer, left, declaring he had scarcely begun.

A R smor srote Shiloh.

"Endurin' of the war" it was not safe in Kentucky for Southern sympathizers to rejoic over Southern -u., esses. A certain of "seco o 'from the hills of late's creek, in Manuson county, had been frequently admonstrad by Judge Turner of Richmond, Kontucky, that if he was not more cautious he would land In Camp Chase or some other Northern

One day the Judge obs rved his old as he passed and repussed the door. Calling him in, the Judge asked him what was the matter.

"Well," said the old man, "Jedge, if you'll lock yer door I'll tell you." After assuring bineself that there were

"Judge, I hearn as the Rebils an' the Yankees has had a master fi ht. As I hearn it, the Rebils and the Yankees they met away down on the Miss-issippi river, and they fit three days in and three days out, an' the cen uv the third day cum John C. Brackenbridge, Kentucky's notile son, an axe, for the privering our the fiel for fifteen minuts, an'-Jedge-they do say he slew er hunderd thousand uv m. "- Century.

Sweetness Wasted on the Desert Air. Two colored women were conversing. about a neighbor. "I'se gwinter hab de law on dat n'e-

"Dat will only make it wuss. Why don't you go ober dar and cuss her for all she am wuff?" "I'se bound to hab de law on her, bekase dars no satisfacshun in cussin'

"Why ain't dar no satisfaction in cussin' her. "Betase she has done los' her hear-in." I has been cussin her steady for last six munifs, and I clidn't find out till yis'erday dat she lost her hearin' befoah she was borned. The boun ter hab de law on her or scald her, which eber am de wussest."—[Texas Siftings.

From the Boarding-House.

"I see," said Mr. Gruff, drawing & long but almost invisible something from the plate of butter, "I see that Dr. Taylor, the microscopist of the Agricul-tural Department at Washington, is photographing butter and butterine, so that he can tell them apart." "Is he?" asked Mrs. Saven, the land-

Yes, he is, and it occurs to me, Mrs. Saven, that it might be well to take your butter upstairs and comb Its heir up nice and smooth, so that it will appear presentable if he should come here to Mr. Gruff is living at a hotel now .-

take its-" [Chicago News.

Riding a Texas Broncho.

Dr. Ho mes says that "on horseback a man's system becomes clarified, beause his liver goes up and down like the handle of a churn. The doctor has evidently taken a deck

passage upon a Texas broncho sometim luring his existence, but is diffident about telling the whole truth. Liver, lights, stomach, lungs, heart, id even ices, go up and down, and if man's sy tem is not clarified a portion of it is g nerally sear fied, and when the operation is concluded he invariably acmowledges that he is "well off." - Fia-

tonia (Texas) Argus.

It Should Have Stayed.

An example of nineteenth century rusticity: Farmer: "I tell you I seed the thing iast night right up there in the sky! It was a comit. I know them things when

Farmer's Wife: "What time did you see it John?" Farmer: "Hefpest nine, near's I could tell. But the strangest of all, Maria, was the fact that when I got up this morning I couldn't see the darned thing

powhere."-[N. Y. Star.

Treating the Poet Kindly. The poem published this week is not thus rendered immortal by reason of its Intrinsic merits, but out of consideration for its author.

Had the verses not been published the writer might have considered himself a poet and some day been impelled to commit a greater infinity. As it is, somebody will now kill him and prevent the possibility of a repetition of the offense. -[Manitoulin (Canada) Expositor.

---Doing Very Well.

"Look here, Jake," said a gentleman to his Teutonic friend, "you shouldn't keep your children penned up in this close tenement all summer. weeks in the country would do them a world of , ood and give them a fine appetite."
"Abbetite, mine frient!" said Jake in
amazement. "Mine Gott! you should

see de appetite dey have got already."

A Royal Milliner. Rumor has it that the Princess of Wales is an eminently clover milliner,

This is claimed to be true because the and gives finishing touches to all her mouse left a trait of butter all along the own bonnets and hats.

der, Bright's Disease, Dys-Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Stomach. "ills of Life," or if you make a description of the advertisements, a ldr The unit Diarch pa. Said by all a the dellar per bettle; six for SHAVING PARLOR!

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