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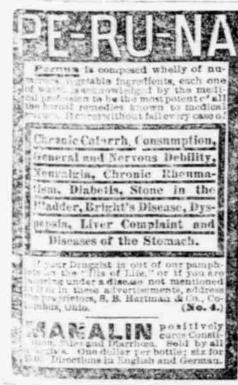
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There entered one day the church of a certain obscure convent in Madrid, the name of which tradition has not preserved for us, Peter Paul Rubens, the great Flemish master, accompanied by a few of his chosen pupils.

It was a habit the master had, this of entering the various churches he passed on his way through the streets of the Spanish capital. But the visits apparently gave him little pleasure, for he always emerged into the street again inveighing against the barbaric want of taste displayed by the Castilian friers in their sacred edifices,

To-day the bare dismantled interior of the church to which he had penetrated offered him less inducement than usual to linger.

He was about to depart when his eyes happened to fall upon a canvas half hidden in the gloom of a tawdry chapel. Rubens advanced quickly, stopped before the painting, and suppressed a cry of amazement.

"What is it, master?" "Look-look there!" said the author of the "Descent from the Cross," and pointed

The monk was young, and his face had a beauty which neither long penance, ner fasting, nor the throcs of death, had succeded in obscuring. He lay on the bare bricks of his cell, the one hand grasping a skull, the other pressing a wooden crucifix to his breast, and over his eyes the death film had gath-

In the background of this picture there the monk had risen, to die with greater humility on the bare floor. It represented a beautiful woman stretched on a bier, shrouded in sumptuous black draperies, and with the light of wax tapers in tall candlesticks streaming in her dead face. As the eye rested on these two cenes, the one contained in the other, the meaning of each, the fact that one complemented, completed and explained other, forced itself clearly on the

An unhappy love, dead hopes, a blighted life, a renunciation of the world—this was the mysterious drama reproduced on canvas at which Rubens and his

sition, the picture attested the hand of a Who can have painted this magnificent work, master?" came in a chorus

this corner." said Rub ner. Murillo is more tender, and Ribera has a more sombre style; besides the work does not belong to the school of either.

"No, I do not know the author, I am sure, and I should be willing to affirm that I have never before seen any of his work. I go still further. I do not believe the artist, unknown and perhaps no longer living, who has given the world this wonderful legacy, ever belonged to any school, or ever painted anything but this one picture, or ever could have painted another which would have approached it in point of merit. This is a work of inspiration, a personal affair, a reflex of the soul, a piece out of a man's life. But what a conception! Do you want to know who painted this

"Ah, you think-" death, too; that he did die, in point of fact, to the world, from that moment. I believe this work represents his spiritual dying to the world of its author rather than his natural death. Accordingly, he may still be living to-day, and as in thirty years' time the traces of many a tracic episode have a chance to become were a very fat and jolly old gentleman. We must certainly look him up, and, above all, find out if he ever painted

An elderly monk was kneeling in an adjacent chapel. Rubens approached and asked him where he could find the prior of the convent. The monk rose to als feet with some difficulty.

rather broken voice. your devotions," said Rubens with the bright courtesy which lent so great a charm to his manner; "but can you tell me who is the author of that picture ?

"Of that picture? What will you think of me if I tell you I have forgot-"What! You know, and you have forgotten ?"

gotten completely." he did not try to suppress.

unswer, and knelt down as before. "Father, I am here in the name of the king," said Robens haughtily. The ampered pet of royalty was little acustomed to this sort of treatment. The monk slowly raised his head,

"Then tell me, at least, where its author may be found. The king will want to know him, and I must congratulate him, tell him of my admira-

"Not dead, father-not dead ? And no one knew him his name has been forgotten! It should have been immortal! it would have ecapsed mine-I am reter Rubens, father," he added simply. At this famous name, familiar all over the civilized world, and connected in the heart of every man leading a monastic life with innumerable religious paintings of marvelous beauty, the prior's pale face flushed, and his sunken eyes fixed themselves on the stranger's face with a look

of veneration and surprise. "Ab, I see that you know me!" cried Rubens, smiling with naive satisfaction. "Well, perhaps you will treat me better now. So, then-will you sall me that picture ? "I must repeat it is Impossible."

"Then do you know of any other work by the same hand? At least tell me when the artist died." "You misunderstand me," began the prior. "I told you he belonged no longer

him."

"To what end? He has renounced all that belongs to this life—he has nothing more to do with the world. Let him die in peace."

You ask a strange thing of me, father, When God lights the sacred fire of genins in a human soul, it is not that it may be hidden under a bushel and go out in darkness. It should accomplish its sub-What a glorious fame awaits him !"

what if he should refuse it?" Pope, who honors me with his friendship, and perhaps his Holiness may convince

"Ah, you see I was right in refusing to give you his name, or that of the monastery in which he conceals himself." "Then, father," cried Rubens, a flush mounting to his brow, perhaps the Pope and the King may be induced to break your silence. I shall see that it be

Senor Rubens!" exclaimed the monk he was drowning. There was a time with earthly vanities a soul in which there now only burdens the love of God? things here below? Would you drag him into the heat of the fray when he is so near to final triumph?"

"It is to aspire to win it." Let me speak to him -let him decideas you hope for the welfare of your soul.

the monk glided swiftly up the church. "Master" said one of Ruben's pupils who during the foregoing conversation, had been attentively scrutinizing the prior's features, "did it not strike you that there was a singular resemblance be tween that old friar and the dead monk in that picture?"

Rubens, sombre, shamed and deeply

moved, looked after the retreating form of the old man. Before disappearing the monk turned, and crossing his arm on his chest bowed low to the painter. "It is he yes, yes," murmured Ru compared to his? Let him die in peace.

the king and queen. Three days later, Rubens, alone and unattended, made his way back to the

modest chapel once more, to see the wonderful picture, and to speak to the artist

of the dead. The master approached. On the bier lay the prior. "He was a great painter," said Ru-

NELLIE THE DANGEROUS.

"My dear child, Nellie Middleton is not a coquette-at least, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. She has an exceeding desire to be liked, to be petted; to be something more than a mere ac quaintance of those whom she admires. She is a general favorite among women. unless they change to be jealous of her pealing to those supposed qualities.

know perfectly all the time she was play ing with me; that it is only her way of making herself agreeable; that she isn't overwhelmingly anxious for my ap-proval; that she isn't occupied when away from me in picturing to herself all like it. When she is looking at me in her soft, appealing way, she can twist me around her tinger." Viva gave a little sigh.

noon? "Yes; she will be here to supper." Nellie came, dressed simply enough in black-a very pretty girl, fair, but not blonde, with brown hair, brushed away from the wide, calm forehead; gray, line of feature not altogether unlike that

of Marie Stuart. She was quiet, almost silent. The girls ooked at one another as who should say Is this the paragon whom we were to dread?" and arched brows and pursed-up mouths in pretty contempt at me, not seeing, as I did, that Nellie was simply taking their gauge and a survey of her

She felt instinctively a certain stand offishness assumed toward her by the feminine element, and set herself to combat it; found in less than a week a hundred ways of being useful and entertaining. She was skillful in devising ways in which to afford the girls tele-a-telest with their respective "particulars;" behaved, in short, more like a grandmother than a belle of 20; won them all over, even including Bell, who seemed a her grudgingly and under protest, and then was ready for action.

During her week of quiescence there had been, though she had appeared unconscious of the fact, masculine observers. They had seen that she was not only lovely, but after that piquant fashion which depends much on expression, and She sang sweetly, played well, con-versed delightfully, had a keen eye and

day, .....

One thing, however, puzzled me - an unusual languor, almost timidity, in Nellie, and Otto Winstanley's almost in-

comprehensible conduct. He had joined in none of the conversation anticipatory of her arrival, and when she was presented, there was a start and a sudden dark upleaping of color and feeling to his face as he muttered something about a previous acquaintance.

I think no one else observed this, or the fact that his indolent flirtation with Bell glowed with sudden and unaccountable ardor since Nellie's arrival. Perhaps, also, no one else remarked that he certainly treated Miss Middleton with downright rudeness and neglect, or thought to ask themselves if a man was apt to be rude and neglected towards a sweet and winning girl to whom he was perfectly indifferent.

But be that as it might, two slow weeks

went, and I saw no more clearly into the mystery than I had done at first. But one evening Nellie came and sat down beside me in the twilight. She sat very still, looked even paler than usual, and I caught mysəlf pitying her, but at a loss how to manifest it, I remained silent.

Otto strolled in, and giving me a nod, sat down and began playing with Jup, the terrier. Having a vague idea that Nellie might be inclined to be more spe-cific with him than me, I made Mrs. Polly do some one a good turn, for one of the few times in her life, and getting up a fiction about being wanted, left them alone. What afterward occurred I have

from the best authority-Nellie herself. They sat in the fast growing twilight, memories busy at the heart of each; pride struggling with a feeling that, during those weeks, had fast been growing too strong for it. Nellie, with bowed head and swimming eyes; Otto watching her, and with face softening in spite of himself.

Suddenly Nellie, rose with an air of desperation, and brushing past Otto went over to the piano. As she reached it something rang

out sharply—a click, as if something metallic had struck on the marble hearth. Otto stopped to pick up something that shone in the red firelight just at his feet. She moved forward, as if to prevent him; stood then, as if paralyzed, as he held up a ring - a simple little thing only a plain gold circlet, bearing some words engraved on it, hanging from a chain attached to a hook, like a watchguard. Otto looked alternately at it and Nel-

lie, who stood by him, crimson and speechless, Nellie was silent. "Why did you keep it ?" "I wanted something to wear on the

chain, and I don't carry my watch." "Oh! I thought perhaps you cared for "You thought differently when we were last together."
"I had reason." "Answer, then. I ask you to judge

yourself. Had I not reason? Would not any man have been justified in being incensed and outraged at your con-"I was very young, very thoughtless. I never dreamed that you really cared. It was pleasant to talk and fret, and I

liked to vex you for the pleasure of reconcilement." "A strange pleasure, that wes pleased with the pain it inflicted on what it loved the best. A strange thoughtlessness, that permitted me no freedom, but claimed an unbounded liberty for yourself!"

"You have said all those things once." returned Nellie, with some dignity, "and it was painful enough to hear them "I had no intention of reproaching you," answered Otto; "for out of the bit-

terness of the heart the mouth spoke It is so miserable to look at you, and think what might have been, and how now we are hopelessly separated." "Otto," said Nellie timidly, "don't you think we might be friends? You need not treat me quite as an enemy. If you have suffered, so do I; and you cannot think wat a pain it is to see the eyes that once were my light look so coldly on me. It makes me wretched. Let us, at least,

Otto looked at her earnestly, took her hands, and drew her toward him. Half unconsciously she sank down on the little stool at his feet, her head close to his hand, that, following its old habitude, began to stroke the soft bright hair.

Presently-"No!" said Otto firmly. We can never be friends." "You are forgiving."

"Very. I will not bate an atom of my just rights. I must and will have you for my wife, as you once promised me to be, or nothing. Mere cool friendship will not satisfy me." "And I was not very obstinate," con-

cluded Nellie, "as that was precisely why I came, knowing that he was here. I have their wedding cards before me now. And now I am going to whisper in the ear of the public what I then thought. Nellie dropped that ring on purpose.

\_ Circussian Slavery.

Circassian slavery is a very old social institution in Circassia. Young girls were there taught at a tender age by their parents to look forward to it as their destination. Many went to Constantinople willingly, dazzled with the brilliant prospect held out to them of marrying a wealthy Turk; and so general was the consent of parents to this consignment of their tender children to degradation and infamy that the slave-dealer who came among the Circassians to purchase their offspring was usually looked upon as a benefactor.

Once in Constantinople, the poor creatures looked forward with certainty to becoming a wife of the Sultan, or at least of some very high and wealthy dignitary. But an infinitesimal proportion of them ever saw the face of the Sultan; large numbers we sold to Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, and even Persia, while many fell into bad an brutal hands. Even the palace of Stamboul fell very far short of fulfilling the anticipations of the few who entered

One day, during the reign of the late Sultan Abdul Medjid, an aged Circassian peasant presented himself at the gate of the palace inhabited by the Sultana (a Circassiad) second wife of Abdul. The peasant announced himself as the father of the Sultana, and expressed a great desire to see her once more before he died. He was refused admittance, and the daughter's reply was, "I will not and cannot look upon the face of the man who hesitated not to sell me into slavery."

Johnny was visiting at his grandpa's He had seen the cows, and drank the rich milk, but had never seen the milk-

"Mamma," he said, "where does the milk come from ?" "From the cows, dear." "How do they get it out? Do they pump it with her tail?"

A Genial Editor. A North Carolina editor puts on his free list every woman in the state who

"Antonio, my Antonio - Adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the para-

Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back, said,-"Girl, destroy not the life which has

preserved from rushing uncalled into his The girl tried impatiently to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and "Let me go! I must die in peace!

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without ase or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored. By degrees she told him who she was

and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: An avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love. Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich innkeeper in Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barb arigo, the handsomest gondoller plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs.

and she, with a far more cuipable neglect of her duty, fled from her home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the very The person who had saved her led her

Giannettini received his child with rude reproaches; and, bidding her retire to her own apartment, he cast a suspicious giance at the person who had brought er home, whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart a young gondolier appeared at the door, and, furtively approaching her, said,-"Dearest! Dearest!

us to hallow your old age with grateful blessings, or must we water your path with tears?" "I don't want to have a parcel of beggers for my grandchildren," said Giannet-

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the oung man; "but what hinders that I should not become so, too? A stout arm. a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with

Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Glacomo Sforzo a cowherd." The man in the corner had harkened attentively to this dialogue. He arose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said,-"Well spoken, gondolier! Courage brings success, and struggling, conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!

'Never!" cried Giannettini. "Well," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage, Signor Giannet-

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pau-

So saying, he drew from his pocket a iece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning to a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, may an alvato, our CX of CS cook and one of the fingers was encircled with a

massive ring. "Tis my hand!" cried Giannettini.
"And your history," said the artist. Giving the sketch to Antonio, author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six thousand pistoles.

Without speaking, the artist turned haughtily away. The gondolier took the parchment and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria, but a glance from her soft dark eyes

With folded arms and a moody brow the artist commenced pacing up and down the room in the hostelry, casting at intervals a scrutinizing glance at the young girl, who, now penitent for her intended crime, was silently praying in a corner. As for Giannettini, he seemed unable to shake off the strange ascendency gained over him by his unknown visitor; his habitual effrontery failed him, and, for the first time in his life, he dared not

break the silence. An hour passed; then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, earing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy.
"One favor more," he said," "who are "What does it matter?"

"What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier, "Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of Men call me Michael Angelo!"

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasion of 1814 it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.

"Swift and Sententious."

what they don't want and wanting what becomes the mother of twin boys. they don't get .- [Philadelphia Call,

UNDER THE SHADOW.

"No," said the lawyer; "I shan't press your claim against that man, you can get some one else to take the case, or you can withdraw, just as you please,

"Think there's any money in it?" "There would probably be some noney in it, but it would come from the sale of the little house the man occupies and calls 'home;' but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow." "Got frightened out of it, eh?"

No. I was'nt frightened "I suppose the old fellow begged hard "Well, yes, he did." "And you cayed, likely?"

"No, I didn't speak a word."

"Oh, he did all the talking, eh?"

"What in creation did you do?" "I believe I shed a few tears." "And the old fellow begged you very hard, you say

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak a word to me.' "Well, may I inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty." "Ah, he took to praying, did he?" "Not for my benefit in the least. You see, I found the little house easily enough, and knocked on the outer door. which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped into the little hall, and saw through a crack of the door a cosy sittingroom; and there on a bed, with her silver head high on pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world just as my mother did the last time I saw her on

earth, Well, I was on the point of

knocking when she said :--" 'Come, father, now begin,' " "And then down on his knees by her side went an old white-headed man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I couldn't have knocked then for the life of me. Well, he began; first he reminded God that they were still his submis-sive children, mother and he, and no matter what he saw fit to bring upon them they shouldn't rebel at his will; of course, it was going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with the poor mother so sick and helpless, and oh! how different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared to them; then his voice broke, and a thin, white hand stole from under the coveriet and moved softly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons-unles mother and he should be separated; but at last he fell to comforting hunself with the fact that the dear Lord knew it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with the loss of their little home, that meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from entering if i uld be consistent with God's will; and then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord. In fact, it was

ing upon those who were about to demand justice. The lawyer continued more slowly "And-I-believe-I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself to-night, than to stain my hands with the blood of such a prosecution as that.

the most thrilling plea that I ever listened

to, and at last he prayed for God's bless-

"A little afraid to defeat the old man's "Biess your soul, man, you couldn't defeat it," said the lawyer. "I tell you he eft it all subject to the will of God; but he claimed that we were told to make known our desires to God; and of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see, I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood, and why I was sent to hear that prayer I'm sure I don't know; but I hand the case over." "I wish you hadn't told me about that

old man's prayer," remarked the client, twisting about uneasily. "Well, because I want the money the ace would bring, but I was taught the Sible straight when I was a youngster, and I'd hate to run counter to that you tell me about. I wish you hadn't heard a word of it, and another time I woudn't isten to petitions not intended for my

The lawyer smiled.'
"My dear fellow," he said, "you are wrong again; it was intended for my ears, and for your ears, too, my friend; and it was God Almighty who intended it. My dear old mother used to sing a song about God's moving in a mysterious

way, that I remember.' "Well, my mother used to sing it too," said the client, and he twisted his claim papers in his fingers. "You call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and him' that the claim has been met. " 'In a mysterious way,' " added the lawyer, smilingly.

The July statement of the public debt of the United States shows the following acts in respect to the bonds issued by the Government to the Pacific Railroads: 1. That the outstanding principal of

The Pacific Railroad Bonds.

these bonds amounts to \$64.623.512 2. That the total interest on these onds paid by the United States amounts to \$72,793,030,98. 3. That the interest repaid to the

Government by the companies, in the way of transportation service is \$20,819. 87, and that repaid by eash payments of ive per cent on net earnings is \$103,-

the companies, is \$50,869,620,36. 5. That the sinking fund, including bonds and cash, amounts to \$8,647,252.23. The Pacific Railroad Companies are, according to these figures, in debt to the Government, on bonds issued by them to the Government as security for those issued by the Government to them, and on interest paid by the Government but not repaid by them, to an amount exceeding \$90,000,000. This is a huge debt; and how it will ultimately be met and disposed of is a question for the future to determine. Whatever may be the fact, the vast advantages to the country

policy of Congress in regard to them was eminently wise. Private capital simply was not adequate to such a stupendous undertaking. The Independent.

of the Pacific Railroads show that the

THE introduction of the megaphone on shipboard—a sort of telescope for the ear. or machine for magnifying sound-is said ong distance, and it thus aids mariners in listening for the sound of breakers or carrying on conversation with persons on

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Resolutions or proceeding of any corporcisor society, and communications designed to call all a ion to any matter of limited or individual intere

The Age of Steel has been informed that the Brush Electric Company, of Cloveand, Ohio, are constructing the largest dynamo in the world. It will be 12 it. or 13 ft. long, 51 ft. wide, and weigh 10 tons. The dynamo will give a current of 122,500 amperes; number of watts, 245,-000. In other words, it will be four times the size and capacity of the "Jumbo" machine exhibited by Edison at the Electrical Exposition at Philadelphia. The latter was equal to the task of running 5000 sixteen candle-power incandescent lights. This monster machine of the Brush Company will be shipped to Lockport, New York, and used for the smelting of aluminium. Five hundred horse-power will be required to drive it, which will be furnished by water, with the aid of tur-bine wheels. From the particulars given by our contemporary it would appear that the dynamo in question will be the most powerful in existence; but the largest lynamo ever constructed is, to our knowledge, that designed by Mr. J E. H. Gordon, and built by the Telegraph Con-struction and Maintenance Company, ons dynamo was 13 ft. 4 in. by 7 ft., and its total weight 18 tons, the revolving magnet wheel alone weighing 7 tons, its diameter being 8 ft. 9 in. Its electrical power, however, is inferior to the new Brush dynamo, and it may be said that the latter represents four years' progress in dyna-

The Highest Observatory in Europe. In the heart of the province of Salz-burg, on the Sonnblick, which rises to a height of 10,177 feet, a great meteorological observatory, the highest in Europe, has just been erected, which will be in immediate communication with the central Meteorological Office at Vienna. The walls are over a metre thick. Telephonic ommunication has been established from be summit of the mountain, across the coldberg glacier down into the Rauris alley, and when the telegraph wires all have been extended from Taxeneach the communication will be complete. The view from the summit is magnificent, ranging over a great part of the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Salzburg. The oof is of copper, chiefly on account of its electrical advantages. The situation is very exposed, and is a sort of centre for the discharge of electrical disturbances. There were many oportunities of watching the behaviour of lighting during the rection of the building. Dr. Hann, the lirector of the Central Meteorological Institute at Vienna, has superintended all

the arrangements. long ago decided upon the danger of steam pipes passing through and in contact with wood. It was shown that the

A LATE observer, Mr. E. Sandford, reports having made a common snail carry load of two and a quarter ounces up a perpendicular wall, its own weight being about a quarter of an ounce. A snai weighing a third of an ounce drew a load of seventeen ounces on a horizontal table, and supported four ounces while crawling on the ceiling. It even climbed a thread with another snail on its back.

To cur glass tubes by electricity, an iron wire one half minim in diameter is wound around the tube at the place required to be cut, and the ends are connected by means of copper conductors of n diameter are now cut in this way.

Make four gallons of paste of rye flour, ike the paste used for papering rooms, and then mix in one gallon of common oil paint. This will cover as much surface as five gallons of paint alone, For the second coat add two gallons of oil; and three for the third. These three coats will last about as long as three coats of oil paint. A good paint for brick is made of fresh lime wash and sulphate of zink. Ivony scales, pader knives, and so on, may be cleaned by scrubbing them with a new soft tooth brush, soap and tepid

water; then dry the ivory and brush

the whole in the sunshine. pairing the various forms of screwed bolts then in use. The Whitworth system has been very generally adopted in all parts of the civilized world except the United States. The Seller system introduced

here in 1864 has the same number of threads per inch, but the form of the thread is different. Wires and bars are now produced direct from fluid steel by pressing it through dies in a manner similar to the produc-tion of lead pipes from lead. An iron vessel, lined with refractory material, is rovided with a man hole, and a cover at ie top and securely closed. At the botom, opposite the man hole, there is a east ron outlet pipe, through which passes a steel tube with water circulating around t like a "tuyere," by which the steel pipe or die can be cooled. The inner end of the steel tube is lined with fire clay, where the very hot fluid steel meets it. The tube is plugged up by a steel stop-per, and the liquid steel is filled into the vessel with liquid carbon dioxide above it. The stopper being withdrawn, liquid steel is forced out, by pressure of the carbon dioxide, in a red bot rod or wire, which goes from the vessel into the rolling mill while still hot, and is there finshed off.

THE Bayeux tapestry is almost a unque piece of unwritten history. Desription of it have been more than once attempted; but perhaps the analysis of t worth most is one recently issued at openhagen. Prof. Johannes Steenstrup the writer. His little book gives an explanation of fifty Latin inscriptions found on the tapestry, and of a series of figures sewn into it with eight different colors. Herr Steenstrap states of the 1,512 figures which comprise the pictura story of the conquest of England, that 623 represent persons, 202 horses, 558 other animals, 57 buildings, ships, and boats and 49 trees. The tapestry is 224 feet long. Further, he has arrived at the conclusion that Bishop Odo, of Bayeux, caused the tapestry to be made in commemoration of the expedition in which he himself took part. doubtless, he says, the figures were made by Normans, and the fingers of Norman women plied the needles. The taspestry was made to adorn the walls of the new Cathedral, shore or on other vessels at a distance. which was dedicated at Bayeux in 1077.



RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. It is not a cure-all. It cures nothing but Rheuma-ism, but it is a safe and sure cure for that disease, bousands who have been cured will testify to its re-Mr. Citas. A. Cox. American and Morris St., Phila, said: "My wife was bed siden, and her condition made deepair. Doctors and everything else failed. The Russian Rheumatism Curs cared her in one week."

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LIKE HIS WORK.

His pupils were around him in an in-

to the canvas. It represented the death of a monk.

was a second one. It hung over the narrow pallet, from which one inferred

And in drawing, in coloring, in compo-

from the master's pupils. "There has evidently been a signature been erased, and quite lately, I should udge. The picture is not more than thirty years old, I think, nor less than twenty. As to the author, judging from the merit of the work, he might be Velasquez, Zubaran, Ribera, or that young genius, Murillo of whom I am so much enamoured. But Velasquez does not conceive things in this way; nor is the coloring or composition in Zurbaran's man-

picture? Well, that dead monk there! "Master, you are joking." "No, no, I know what I say. To join certain monastic orders, you know, is to die, to all intents and purposes -to die to the world. "I think the woman stretched on that bier there was the soul and life of that monk, that when she died it was his

effaced, I should not wonder at all if he anything else."

"I am the prior," he said in a low, "Pardon me, father, for interrupting

Yes, my son. I have forgo ten - for-"Your memory is poor, father," cried Rubens with an indignant tone of irony The prior turned from him without

What more do you wish, my son ?" "I wish to buy that picture." "It cannot be sold my son."

"All that cannot be. The author is no longer of this world."

keeps you busy studying it. to the world; but that does not signify "He is living. Then I must know

lime mission and give light to other men. Tell me the monastery where this great artist hides himself. I will seek him out. He must be given back to his country. "And," said the prior, in a low voice, "If he should I should apply to the

"Oh, no, no; you will not do this thing,

"It will be wrong-very wrong. Take the picture if you like, but leave him who is at rest to the end. I speak in the name of God. Yes, I have known this great man, as I call him-loved him, comforted him, redeemed him from amid the waves of earthly passions and miseries, where when he had forgotten God. Now he is very near to eternal blessedness. Glory, fame! Do you know of greater ones than those to which he aspires? What right have you to seek to influence once more Do you know the anguish the bitterness, the supreme disillusions which led him to a realization of the utter vanity of all

"But this is to renounce immortality I' "And with what right do you place yourself between this man and the world? "With the right of an older brother, of a teacher, of a father-for I am all that to him-I am all that to him-I repeat, I do it in the name of God. Respect my right And drawing his cowl over his head

, you are right," said all of them "Subtract the wrinkles and beard, and the thirty years which the master holds have elapsed since the picture was painted, and I think we shall find that he was right when he said that the dead monk was the portrait of the artist him self, and, moreover, that it is the work of none other than the prior of this con-

bens. "Come, let us go. That man is right. What is the greatness that I have And with a last look at the wonderful canvas, he left the church, and repaired to the palace, where he was to dine with

But the painting no longer hung in its In the knave of the church stood a sier, and around it knelt all the mempers of the community, chanting the office

bens, after a long pause, filled by many mixed emotions. "Now is the time when be friends." he looks most like his work."

though how she manages that, doubtess you will soon be able to tell better than I; but with men, she has the art of finding out the thing in which you specially desire to shine, and to appreciate you in that thing. For instance, keen little thing that she is, she discovered what my wife don't know yet, that I am not very proud of my scribbling-think it, in fact, very poor stuff, indeed; but I like to be considered as a man of fine taste and keen perceptions and sympathies. It didn't take Nellie more than three times to find that, and she is always ap-

ny good and winning qualities, and yet I "And you say she is coming this after-

soft touch; grew on you, in short; strengthened her hold upon you day by

THE MISER'S HAND. One evening, in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking toward the bridge of Rialto, in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked around with a hurried, frightful glance. She paused at the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then, losing her eyes, and murmuring faintly,

been given you! If you are unhappy enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been

At length, this evening, her father, Giannettini, so far forgot himself as to strike his daughter with some violence

verge of suicide. gently to her home, and having given her up to her father, seated himself in an scure corner of the hostelry.

Giannettini rushed forward, shouting.-"Out of this! Out of my house, beg-The young man did not stir. "Have you finished?" he said, in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Giannettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Do you not know that since I was ten years old, and Maria five, we have loved each other fondly? Will you not, then, allow

the help of Heaven, do a great deal, sig-"A lover's dream!" "Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense,

"Pshaw!" said the unknown; "babblers are more tiresome than thieves! Before to-morrow you shall handle that

"Six hundred fools' heads !" cried the inn keeper. "I would not give a zecchin

reassured him, and he set out on his mis-

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag toward Giannettini.

Most mea's lives are spent in getting

4. That the balance of interest paid by the United States, and not repaid by and the Government from the building

to be a boon in prospect for mariners. Its design is to enable a person to hear or carry on a conversation with people at distance and it is constructed of two huge cone-shaped tubes, eight feet long and three in diameter at the large end, which dimintsh to an apex in the form of rubber tubes small enough so place in the ear. Between these tubes are two smaller ones constructed in the same manner, but not more than half the diameter. By placing the rubber tubes in the ear and speaking through the smaller cones the serson can hear and can be heard at a

SCIENTIFIC. The Largest Dynamo of the World, East Greenwich. Mr. Gordon's enorm-

mo construction.

wood, by being constantly heated, as-sumes the condition, to a greater or less degree, of fine charcoal, a condition highly favorable to spontaneous combustion.

the same diameter with the poles of a powerful battery. This iron becomes heated when the current flows, and it is only necessary to cool it suddenly with a few drops of cold water in order to procure a clear cut. Glass tubes four inches WE have met with the following cheap node for painting out door structures:

well, dip the latter in alcohol and polish the ivory until it has regained its former sheen. If the water gives the ivory a yellowish tint dry the object in a heated place. If age has yellowed it place the object under a bell jar with a vessel containing lime and muriatic acid, and set Sig Joseph Whitworth was the first to naugurate a system of Standard screw threads. The form of thread, and the number of threads per inch which he recommended, were based partly on the results of numerous experiments and partly on the average obtained by com-