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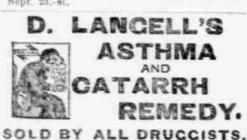


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"The Worst Man of Gold Ledge." CHAPTER L.

With a heavy thud, as though it would sreak through the rough roof, the rain poured down on the solitary abode of the Worst Man of Gold Ledge;" but it in no way distressed the occupant, who sat smoking in front of the luge, roaring fire, his eyes fixed meditatively on the glowing wood, "A bad night?" he muttered, and he turned his face towards the solitary light, stuck in a bottle, on the bench close by. An evil face, truly! Deep lines on brow and lip, a suffen light in the deep eyes, and evil possions marred a countenance that might have once promised better things. The more honest men who worked in the diggings both disliked and shunned him, because when Jach Henly was in a drunken pas-sion few cared to brave him, for he was leared as a vindictive bully. So he went his way alone, gambled in the rough den that formed the bar of the place, drank and swore, and hated his kind as heartily as they condemned him.

As he sat alone in the chilly autumn evening, as he had often sat before, there came a knock at the door. But there was no answer from Jack. He only shook the ashes from his pipe and sat quiet. For a few minutes there was silence, only broken by the sound of wind and rain. The stranger must have gone on his way. Not so. With a feeble tap, as though streugth was failing, the unwelcome visitor besought admission a second time. A dark frown crossed the drunkard's face, and with a ow curse, he turned on his seat. As he did so, the latch was raised, and a head appeared round the door.
'Come in if yer want to; but don't let

the rain beat in like that." Thus addressed, the door was slowly shut again, and a man, bent and shiver ing, advanced towards the fire. Jack Healy marked the unnatural brightness of the brown eyes and the tremulous movement of the outstretched hands, and his cariosity was roused. "Wher do ver hall from stranger?"

The wistful eyes looked into the sullen face as their owner replied,-", am a stranger here, and, what's more, have lost my way. Seeing a light, I made my way here for shelter. "Tain't much of a place, anything," said Jack; "but yer can sleep there till to-morrow, I guess." And he pointed to a heap of old skins and mats in the corner. A laint smile lighted up the old

into the corner indicated. But not to sleep; the brown eyes resumed their investigation of Jack Henly's face, till the atter grow angry of the scrating anything to say ? Then out with it, and With a quick step the old man came WHEN I VISCOT TOWNS. over to his side, and took his place beside ham on the bench.

"Thank you," and then he shrank back

"That is it," he said, with a sigh of chet. "Look here." He drew a small ong item his pocket as he spoke, and opened it. "Fifty pounds?" he continsed. "I saved it for her, and hoped to find her, but it is too late now." A gleam came into the drankard's eves

as he saw the gold and notes; but he said no word, only waited for the next semmunication. After fundling about or a few minutes in his pockets, his visitor next held up before his face a small arint. 'It is like her, my poor child. Have you seen a prettier face? Take it. man; have you seen any one here lik her? they say she came to these parts. The drunkard laughed as he took the print and placed it where the firelight

eil on it. "She's pretty," he said, after a moment's pause, "out what about "I was cruel to her, my pretty Martha, because she loved a man I knew to be a scoundrel; so she ran away and left me. I have looked for her since for the last year and traced her here; but I can do o more. I am dying, and can go no urther. Ay, it's true, man, and it comes to me that I shall never see her again. Now you must take this money and keep it, and when you see her give it to her, and say I forgave her before I died; say

Los simple word was enough. "Gol bless you," was the tremulous answer, and the old man crept back to the corner

that, man, You'll know her by the

and lav down. Meanwhile, Jack sat on in front of the ire. His pipe had gone out; but he feit to more desire to smoke. One thought one held predominant power over him: hat suddenly by a strange chance he was in andooked-for passessor of a large sam money. And as he held out his hand fore the fire, and saw the light flickergoa the gold pieces, a vision of what oyment, in his sense of the word, they mid being him, flitted before him. The rade delights of the neighbouring tawas, where drinking and "poker" formed the staple amusements, and shere meany would make him an object consideration, such as he had never lesca in his own village, were sore femp-tations. No one would know of this stranger's visit. He could easily bury he hely our night, and who would be he wiser as to what he had gained? It as an hour of fieres conflict, and as the disaid paper lay in his hands they em I to burn his fingers, oun is !"It was a great sum. Restless! ne man moved on his seat, and the ough dog which was the ouly creature nat loved him came croeping to his feet, ad looked up wistfully into his face. buck at last?" muttered his master under his breath, as he looked cautionsh and the room; but even as he said the ords, they brought no joy to him, ords there be luck in gold bought at price of another's death and at the fee of his own honor? Honor! The or I so med strange on his lips after the ing years of gradual descent into the legicalistion that now had become part of es mature. Then a tiere s feeling of anger turb his peace of mind, such as it was,

ame over him. Why had he, with his orging for gold, been placed in such a ostiou, possessing it, yet not its posses-or? Then, with a leeling of dread lest it ould be seen by any eyes but his own, te fasts y gathered up the pile, and place in in his best. This done, he returned to I is sent in front of the fire and gave himself up to meditation again, The simple trust of the stranger had one toling as something so rare that he s puzzled at it. Fifty pounds! It was area sum to the dronkard, who had no nomy but what he earned, and had pent the last shilling he had in a drunken out. Once or twice an irresistible desize to hide the gold for his own flitted looked, the "Worst Man of Gold Ledge" again became human, "No," he muttered, "he trusted me, and Jack Henly sin't altogether had," So through the long, weary night he sat and fought the fight between his good and bad angels; and perhaps no greater victory has ever pronounced "lost to honor," as he strove gainst the terrible temptation before in. As the first faint light of morning Holes in the sky, he rose to his feet, and | James Guidie.

lay, laid his hand on the pailed brow. It was cold; his strange visitor was dead. CHAPTER II.

"Let me pass, I say, let me pass, if you won't give me anything."

The speaker, a pretty, but shabbily ressed girl, who was standing at the bar of the shanty, struck down the hand of the man who had attempted to bur her "Martha, my girl, best go home," was the threatening answer. "I tell you.I'm sick of yer tempers. And what's more,

I'm off to the other town to-morrow, so you must shift for yerself." He lounged away from the bar, followed by his companisms, leaving the girl alone. For an instant, a sullen look distigured the wan features which had lost their once innocent beauty, and then, wrapping her faded shawl round her, she crept away, the tears running down her cheeks as she went. During the brief aftercation and its subsequent end, a man, standing just outside the shanty, had been listening attentively.

turned to the owner of the bar. Who s tint ?" "Her?" was the contemptuous answer, with a glance in that direction. "Wal, she's just come with that beauty you saw go out. Ain't been here a week, and they say that he leads her a dog's life He means to give her the slip," "She ain't his wife, then?"

As the forlorn figure went its way, he

"Don't know," was the careless answer. "I guess I'll have ter go now." The man moved away to an inner room, and Jack Hehly for it was he left the bar and made his way after the girl. He had not gone very for when he saw a bundle, as it were, at the fact of a tree, and he went slowly up to it. "Look here." The bundle sat upright, and the sullen face raised itself.

"What du yew want?" There was suspicion in the wet eyes as the girl re-cognised that the man before her was the "Worst Man of Gold Ledge." The drunkard looked down with a dark frown; he had read the dislike in her tone, and he pansed to consider it, at the eleventh hour, he should fulfil his trust. Only a moment; then, palling forth a dirty piece of paper, he opened it and let the orant it contained drop into the girl's lap. she took it curiously; but as her eyes ell on it, a cry broke from her lips. "Where did yer get this?" she exclaimed.

"Yer father gave it me." "My father gave it you?" she repeated in amazement. "Why, where is he?" The mingled fear and sorrow in her voice did not quicken the man's specca He looked up and down the gully, as though he was searching for an inspira-

"Yer father's dead," was the slow an swer. "He came ter look arter year, and he was ill, and died, the night he lost his way, in my shanty. And he said as how I was to give yer fifty pound as he left ! belund. During his speech the girl had sat up-

right, and was surveying Jack with ever-increasing wonder. But when he had finished by giving her father's last mes sage to her, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. "He forgave me?" she said at last.

with a wistful look on the tear-dimmed "Yes, he jest forgave ver straight off: and now, if ver will take a word from me, the best thing as yer can do is ter take the money an' go away, and live—"
the pause i. The idea of his telling mry one to live respectably was prepos-

"Wal," he said, "I'm going now, If you like, I'll give the money to yew this evening, and I daresay as Tom, who's making tracks to Pine Town, 'ull give ver a lift."

Then, without waiting for the burst of thanks that he knew was coming he turned to go home. Not before he caught the sobbing words, "And you're the Worst Man of Gold Ledge!

The next day Martha left for the nearest town, and after some little delay succe sled in getting a place as servant in a miller's family. But at Gold Ledge things went on as usual, and no one knew the secret influence which had rendered Jack Henly proof against one of the sorest temptations that could befall him. He drank, swore, and fought as usual; ut somehow men said, he was losing his merce, and that he was not so eager for a quarrel. Perhaps they would have wondered greatly if they could have seen that seene enacted in the old shanty, where both gold and life had been placed within his reach, and he had faile I to take either, bound by the magic of that simple trust of a dying stranger But Martha never forgot how he had come to her in her despair. And later on, as he lay dying, burt in a drunken fray, Martha went to see him, and when, the last struggle over, the "Worst Man of 4 iold Le Ise" lay in his grave, a rough cross marked the spot where he lay, with the words carved on it,-

> JACK HENLY. Aged 39.

"He was true to his true!"

Arrest Throwing-A Versanire Sport. A "Yorkshireman" sends to the Stand and the following description of the game of arrow throwing. The Yorkshire "arrow throwing" consists in throwing an arrow the greatest distance, and not in aiming at a mark, the ground from the stand point being measured out into spaces, each twenty yards apart radiating from the centre or stand point, and which are generally marked by small branches or twigs stuck into the ground, and called "scores," the one throwing the most scores winning the match, say out of about thirty or forty throws. The "arrow" is not a javelin or assegai, but very similar to the arrow used in modern archery, though without any feathers at the base or metal at the point. It is generally made of light, soft wood, varyug in length from two to three leet, neding to the fancy of the thrower. It s rather thicker at the point than the base, and sometimes is made of two kinds of wood, box being used for the point and willow for the base. The method of throwing is as follows: The "thrower" yard and a half in length, a knot being tied at one end so as to form a "button, round which the cord is "hitched," after having been passed round the base end end; the cord is then brought down to the point, which the thrower holds in his band, the cord being perfectly tight and parallel to the arrow to prevent it slip-ping from the "button," or knot, at the base until it is released in the act of across his mind, and he turned and | throwing. The "thrower" then passes onked at the algoring man. And as he I the remainder of the cord round ha leand, in order to insure a better gup, and taking a run of several yards, as a bowler does at cricket, throws the arrow with a jerk, overhand, as one would throw a bal or stone, the cord slipping from the arrow and over the knot as soon as the necessary impetus is given. A really expert seen won, then that of the wretched "thrower" will generally throw in a frankard and gambler, whose all men match at least from nine to cleven "score,"-i. c., 180 to 220 yards every

us thirteen or fourteen "score," - St.

TURIO:SE-SHELL A Sea Captain Tells How It is Obtained .-Glimpses of a Tortolse-Shell

Manufactory. "What have I aboard? Mostly fortoiseshell," said the captain of a three-masted conster, just in from the West Indies, to a Mail and Express reporter. "I have seen in this business twenty years. We cruse all along the Isthmus and among e West India islands after the shell, The natives make a business of collecting it in Cuba and Jamaica and all along the coast of the mainland from Costa Rica to Yuvatan. They fit out canoes with enough provisions and water to last six weeks, and go off to the small sea islands They capture the turtles in nels or with harpensis. They are very export. I have seen them drive a harpeon through

a turtie's shell over thirty feet away. They hard their turtles into the boat and take them ashore, where they kill them. They heat the shell before a fire, which sey build on the beach, and strip of the lates, which are the tortois shell of ommerce. At night they haul the cance up on the beach and sleep under Occasionally a hurricane comes up, and as their island is generally less than itfy feet across and only two or three feet above water, the fishermen are swept off in the sea and lost,

THE SAN BLAS INDIANS.

bave a method of their own for removing the plates from turtle shells. They place a live furtle before the fire, heat the shell until it softens, and then strip off the plates. When this is done the put the turde back into the sea, and uness the furtle dies new plates grow in a There are always thirteen plates on the back, and seven points around the edge of the shell that can be used. The belly plates are also used for certain purposes. They have four kinds of turtles lown there: the green turtle, the loggerhead, the roundrump and the hawk's-bill. The last is the kind that produces tortoise-shell. The best shell comes from the Mosquito coast. The turtle season begins in March and lasts until October, During the first balf all the fishing is done with nets and harpoons: later the turtles are captured on the beaches, where they deposit their eggs. The creatures are turned on their backs here. It takes half a dozen men to turn some of the large

"There is one piece of beach half a mile long, just below Great Town, to which the turtles make pilgrimages in great numbers. From 4,000 to 5,000 are turned there every year. This place is called Turtle Hill, from the fact that there is a large hill back of the beach, on top of which is a large stone just the ape of a turtle. Most of the turtles caught weigh neward of 200 pounds and many weigh 600 or 700. The small tartles have from two to three pounds of shell and the large ones as bigh as cight pounds. We pay the natives \$4 a pound for the shell. Sometime the price we sell it for here is less than we pay for it, but as we pay in depreciated currency and merchandise, we still have a profit. At other times, when shell is scarce here, the price goes up to \$15 a pound. About half of the shell gathered comes to the United States, the remainder goes to England, France and Germany."

ONE OF THE LARGEST TORTOISE-SHELL MAN-UFACTORIES:

in existence is located within half a mile of the City Hal. A visitor to this establishment found fifty men and boys and any number of whirling, buzzing, sawing machines at work on the shell in all the different stages of transportation from its rough state, when received, to the beautifully designed ornament when finished. The shell is first cleaned and ground by a dozen men standing before tube of water and alternately diping the pieces of the same shade and color are selected, that when wedded into one piece it will have a perfectly uniform appearance and cannot be distinguished from a natural shell. The shell passes to a long row of men and boys. Some operate minute scroll sows that cut out beautiful designs; others manage turning, cutting, slicing and stamping machines and emory and cotton polishing wheels. Now the work passes to the engravers, who cut the shell into beautiful designs of seroll work, flowers and fruit. The engravers are experts, brought over from France. They are paid from \$20 to \$25 a week. A poor engraver will ruin more work in a day than his salary amounts to in a week. The business has chiefly grown up within lifteen years.

Trivial Names of Post-Offices.

The New York Tribune commends generally the article from the pen of Eishop Coxe and published in the Factor protesting against the trivial and absurd names of places, rivers, mountains, etc. that appear upon the map of the United The Tribune thinks, however. that the Bishop does not go far enough in his denunciation. It says, for instance, that "Pompey" as the name of a towa is alsurd, but it is better than "Para loa," which alorus a settl-ment in Fallix county. There is "Vigil," too, which is lion," or "Vestal," all in this state. Why "Ovid," "Ulysses" and "Homer"; Very true. But why "Oppenheim," and "Higginsville," all of which are to be found in New York? The Telban notes what the Bishop will doubtless concede, that his article was especially directed against the names as they appear in the geography of New York state. It suggests that he should have gon-West where he would find among the names that have passed under the scrutiny of the government, and been formally adopted, such as these: "An iconsin. "Vuiture," "L'bet," Lake," "Tombstone," "Big Flat," "Jig Harbor," "Shank," "Muddy," "Truly," "Useless," "Novelty," "Medical Lake," "Deception," "Spangles," Centennial," "Chug Water." Somewhat apolog dically the Telleme then says: The sole trouble is not the lack of ar-

tistic sense among the people, though that is far from being developed as it will be hereafter. One great difficulty is that the country grows too fest for its clothes or its names. Between 3,000 and 4,000 new postoffices are established every year. Where find appropriate and pleasing names for them? Are postoffice derks posts on twelve hundred a year Would congress appropriate money for a bureau of nomenclature? Where is the poet that would guarantee to furnish i dozen good names every day the year round-all different? Under these circumstances what does the clerk do? He idopts the name which has grown up in the neighborhood, and, in fact, cannot "Hog Centre," the postoffice can hardly he denominated "Lovers' Retreat." In founding new offices in the far West. the clerk often names them, as a delicate compliment, after the Postmaster-General. There were twenty odd "Hattons" at one time. When everything else fails he calls it "Washington."

. \_\_\_\_\_ Wife-"You haven't been inside of a church since we were married."
Husband (sorrowfully)—"No; a burnt throw, his best efforts reaching as high 

4

IN THEIR BUSTLES.

They are now the Popular Histing-Place for Small Dutinble Articles,

Since Surveyor Beattie began to appoint women as inspectors of customs, more attempts at samighing have been leteste I than ever before. The women have shown great zeal and aptitude for the work, and the male inspectors inorder to make as good a record, have been exhibiting more activity than usual, The newest expedient for snangeling is the bustle. The bustle now required by fashion is a capacious structure of wire and ocean travellers of the gentler sex who desire to escape enstance duties have adopted the expedient of filling their leastles with merchandise. Deputy-1 4 lector McClelland said recently that bustles were becoming the furden of his life. It seemed as if every third woman arrived from Europe had her bastle filled with dutiable goods, and he was nearly distracted.

There was a large number of scizures reported recently. It seems that nearly every woman who goes to Europe brings back a meerschaum pipe for some male triend. In the bustle of Freulein Charlotte Weinmann, a passenger on the steamer Trave, Inspectress Westoner discovere I two meerschaum pipe bowls. Inspectress Lily B. Brieback found in the bustle of Mrs. S. H. Harbridge, a passenger on the steamer City of Chester, two meerschaum papes and one cherry-wood pipe. On Freulein Weinmann's and in her baggage were also found thirty yards of silk, thirteen yards of velve fifty yards of linen, three silk simwis and many other articles of value. Some the stuff was concealed in her bustle. Around Mrs. Harbridge's waist were found two pieces of eashiners, an lanother piece was found sewed in the lining of her skirt. In the bustles and on the persons of the Misses Evans, who arrived on the Chineland from Antwerp, were found silks and velvets.

J. Bierman, who arrived Friday on the steamer Trave, declared that he had no dutiable goods. He was met on the dock by a friend, who approached Inspector G. Scherman and told him if he would pass Bierman's trunks that gentleman would make it all right with him if he would call at his office, corner of Broadway and Houston street. The impector examined Bierman's trunks, which were ound to contain the following dutiable articles: Seven books, 2 boxes of medicine, 12 linen sheets, 3 cases draughtsmen's instruments, 6 tablecloths, 1 needle case, 36 linea napkins, 12 towels, 1 pocketbook, 72 linea handkerchiefs, 6 fancy handkerchief boxes, 7 boxes toys, 1 card case, I looking glass, 70 pieces ribbon, 15 dolls and 12 umbrellas. They were

Inspectress M. S. Wilson also made a eizure from a passenger on the Trave. On examining the trunk of a Miss Wagner, she discovered a false bottom, which he removed, and below it found the foltwing articles: Three vards cotton velvet, three pieces of silk containing 18) 171 and 21 yards respectively, 1 gold bracelet. Miss Wilson then took the ady to a private room and searched her and found 8 yards of woolen dress goods concealed on her person. N. F. World.

Marrying for Money. Girls, don't marry a man for money osition, or anything but love. Don't do if you want to live to a good old age and be happy. You may think that money can bring you all you desire, but it can't. That is where you are mistaken. It can buy a good many things, but it can never purchase contentment for your heart or happiness for your soul. It may bring temporary smiles to your face, but Don't think that I would advise you to marry a worthless fellow, just because you imagine you love him. A refined, good intelligent woman should never marry a vulgar, ill-bred man. No. no. never unite yourself to any one who is not a man in the truest meaning of the word. Neither could I advise a woman o marry a man who had no visible neans of supporting her, but for heaven's sake do not marry a millionaire or a king if you don't love him. It will not do People have tried it time and again, only to find it is a miserable failure. It may do for a while. You may revel in gilded pleasure, but a time will come when these things will be a hollow mackery to ron. There will be an "aching void" the orld can never fill. Sometimes mothers are to blame for the unhappiness of their daughters. They teach them that respect for their lusband and lots of "boodle are infinitely to be preferred to that feelishness called love. That would do very well if life had no waves of trouble but it takes something more than simple respect to make two hearts cling together in the hear of adversity. A woman that turns her back on wealth and takes the man of her choice may miss some of the luxuries of life, but she will be happy. Don't marry a dude. Better get your a monkey. It is cheaper and a great deal

eracy did at Appomattox. How a Chicago Man Got Into Parliament, I was in London on the day that the Gladstone Ministry resigned, a year or two ago, and I had some odd experiences. I wanted very much to be present at the session of the House of Commons because everyone believed there would

nicer. Don't fool with that class of

animals. They generally wear a \$10 hat

on a 10 cent brain, and the woman who

takes one of these chaps will get left

about as badly as the Southern Confed-

be extraordinary excitement. I went to Mr. Waller, the American Consul, and secured a letter to Mr. O'Connor, the Consul, however, assuring me that the chances were against me. He thought that if I could get the letter into Mr. O'Connor's bands I would succeed, but he did not believe that I could get the letter to Mr. O'Connor. I went to the Parliament house to find a great erowd of prominent and distinguished people endeavoring to gain admission. The difficulty, I soon discovered, was to have the three or four lines of policemen give any attention to the letters carried y persons who presented them. I noticed, however, that messengers and telegraph boys went through the lines with out being questioned or detained. I am not a very large man, and I at once determined to go through the three lines of policemen in the character of a messen-I buttoned my cost, put my hat on the

back of my head, ran around until I got into a fame then taking O Connor's letter in my land made a dash for the door, To the first policeman who attempted to check me I showed the letter addressed very well do otherwise. If the combined | to Mr. O'Connor, and made vehencent imbeculity of the community calls its If | and hurried explanation to the effect that the letter must be in Mr. O'Connor's hands before the session opened. He hustled me along to the next line and the next man hustbal me to the next, and I went through the door, pushed torward by the man who stood on guard. Once inside I asked for Mr.O'Connor, presented my letter, explain d bow I got in, and he, laughing pleasantly over the torident, gave me a good seat, and I beard the famous debate to great advantage. I was one of the few Americans who

gained admission that day to the Horsey

- - - - - Luce Germ.

HER LACK OF FAITH.

"I not hate you, Herr Eamiro - I say of that! I say I not so much love you nest with the passion so great, the woman e once like it do love, she unhappy Friglein Hartina lisped as toyed with the jeweled langles that

inkle-tand sparkled on her handsome chite arms. There was nothing peculiarly Gorman bout the fearlein except her pritty, spiny complicated speech and that siztive title of address; and her not onby was, perhaps som what mue rium. crise was a rarely fascinating or enture. had a sionder and statue-spie figure. el the crace of a Parisienne; there was glint of red in her abundant dark mer; complexion was pure as pearl, with a ely reso tint wavering in either classes al her hage was such as Supplie's might to been so entiously dreamy and yet write I, so sky and yet so fearless, a altegether poetic and enchanting. Her many, her talent and her line meet spremo, had obtained many enviable cresses for her in combe opera; and r annability and innocent life had

om all her trimophs. "Your notion is new to me, fraulein, was the half-vexed, half indignant comment of Philip Ramiro, "I guinnot amderstand why a great love need make any person nahappy."

The fraulein's inxuriant dark lashes hid a sudden wistfulness in her targe

rought her a commendation sweeter

"Herr Ramiro, he prefer not, maybe, to understand," she returned, still in those provoking accents of quiet doubt. "The man—ab, he can so dissemble and he not know, he not feel, ever the love so great that it him make unnap-

And then, with an abrupt and consummate change of manner, that was one of her witcheries, she continued: "And like that I not love you my Philip. I love little, so I not think, I not care. I not fret, for what you do. In the grand play, every night, with the forable countess, whose most devoting

ever you must be. I not ever think about

on with melanchely, with the small alousy that foolish would seem per-And that would be egregiously foolish. indeed," Philip interrupted, with an "Our countess of the play, once without the dazzing paraphernalia of her part, is not a wholly adorable being. I assure you. And, besides, my fair skeptie, my experiencees in a sentimental way have been so meague, that ay love making on the stage is not even tolerably realistic—I cannot even graceully embrace the countess as she dies in my arms at the end of the net. You corny indement of what is becoming, remiste and manly, fraulens-poor faith a tay affection for you. I wonder you

consent to become my wife!" he added, represelifully, and with slight at surenen-"All, but for you I have the one very eatnest esteem," was the mive reply, made with an indestillably charming an l conciliatory smile. "You not have se much fault as many you better are than

"Your compliment is rather dubious, Hartina," the young actor observed,

"Ah, but the men, they are all alike," she pursued still in those unbelieving, oddly resigned tones. "They many things do they tell not, they wish no us to know - the wives, who love much that much sorrowful we should be, perhaps. They many things do-I say not ike; the little supper, so durity, so leasurable, with the mes lemoiselles, so

"Yothing of that sort can be catalogued with my follies, frauloin," he interposed, somewhat sternly.

A sudden splendor glowed in her maglificent eyes; but not yet had womanly incredulity and apprehension. "How I know that ?" she queried, with a persistence that would have angered and repelled him, had be not deemed her the most emicaring and desirable crea-ure in all the world. "I not have the elief so necessary; I not have the faith so beautiful. If with the passion so scat I should love you, my Philip, and on then do not the true always, I die then I do think, like the poor countess in the play. Or perhaps I do not that till the great jealousy kill the foundness, kill conscience, ail in my soul good,; and hen I do something very evil to some ther-to you, maybe.

"You will have no cause for jealousy of me, my dear Hartina," the young man declared, carnestly and with imaressive tenderness. Yet as he quitted her presence, he

looked rather bored and distressed. "The jealousy of my guileless Thorina, is the one defect of a most gracious nature, he thought, anxiously, "She has not indeed the beautiful faith in love, so necessary always and surely most essential to the peace of us professional people, who sham so easily on the stage that we are possibly presumed to acquire an absolute distaste for sincerity. But then she is my wife, perhaps my fanciul traulein can be persuaded that all cen are not monsters of duplicity that dl mea are not alike," he mentally mended, smiling in a diverted way at Harsing's comprehensive and trite de-

The girl did not again allude to the acomfortable and improfitable theme. The unsophisticated young foreigner had sufficiency of dignity and tact: and if er woman nature yielded to the greater url more jealous love, she chose to mainan her rantalizing reserve, that, howver, only made her more pleasing to the an that i lolized her.

He seemed to be quite content with the placid affection his bride youchsafed m. She never annoved him by any in the watchfulness, by any unreasonable nestioning, by any ignoble espionage. o umpleasant fancies, no hateful inrances ever seemed to trouble her de 'And, after all, I should be sorry in

ny wife loved me enough to make

herself miserable about me," he once said, mischievously, and perhaps tenta-Ah, but you not know much I now do love," she returned, with a bewildering little laugh. "And you do not vet what give me displeasure - what nake me so -ah, so like one man creat oysters.

"Nor am I likely to do that." He miled as he turned away somewhat There was a look on her counmance that disturbed him; and it was look that deep ned and darkened as larting gased after him.

"I warn him once, not again," she rets he seem. I wait, I make sure; then What?"

Her arge eyes glittered a fierce feverish scarlet growt in each soft cheak

Some subtle change, indefinable and unbeautiful had taken all the fresh and tender grace from that fairest countenance; jealousy, ever puissant to mar and moment of her turbulent mood. she left her privily bomboir and went | supposed supernatural manifestations.

restlessly and analossly down the corridor toward a secluded room - a sort of bachelor den where Pamiro smoked and studie), and, occasionally, gave an informal stag-party

At the curl of the dusky corridor the last low light of a Winter sunset shane bloo lered against a lonely window, and odly the ghostly glimmer of a solitary star illuminated the place as she pansed before a door that was slightly ajar. From the yet unlighted room beyond came the sounds of subdued voices and of low and merry laughter.

Indistinctly through the dim light she perceived her husband lounging in his great chair; and beside him, arrayed in a robe of glistening silk, reclined an unfamiliar pe son, whose handsome head seemed to rost significantly near Ramiros willing shoulder.

A strange darkness came before her sight; a noise as of flames confused her brain; her heart throbbed and labored as in a clutch of steel. But she stood motionless and waitedonly a few seconds, doubtlessly, but ages

of such ineffable torture as only the jeal-Ramiro rose slowly. "Come," he said, in a voice that sounded tragic to the listener-"come, for the last

The person in the glistening robe only droopest and strunk before him, with an norticulate whisper of weak supplier-

"I love you-you only," Ramiro prononneed, in a voice that seemed hourse with mortal pain; "and a man does not lie to the woman who holds his life in her hands. I am bound, but my bonds shall be broken." he proceeded, drawing the drooping figure nearer until the handsome head lay on his bosom, until his lips were close to the hidden face.

But just then there was a sharp cry, exceedingly bitter; there was a swift rush across the room, and the next in stant that happened which Hartina had once ferefuld. She was indeed very like a mad crea-

ture as she confronted Ramiro and his companion; her eyes were wild, her face pallid, and she held some grim and with a hurried exclanation Runito sprang toward her, but too late to hinder her deed of madness. There was a flash, a report, and he staggered back into his chair; and Hartina, her frenzy already ended, her remorse already b gun, flung

herself at his feet, sobbing distractedly. "It was a bit of rehearsal," he explained, faintly, an in a curiously calm yours. "I was always deficient in emotional roles, an I we were rehearing a bit from an act in my new play we, Jack and I. Jack had assumed feminine dress who had excitedly thrown off the loose shommering garaient, and stood piteously regarding the young acto "Can I nothing do, my Philip, nothing

that I your love, so pardoning, so kind, I have again?" the girl pleaded, weep-"You can keep in your mind always,

my unimppy child, that I should ever have remained faithful to you, had you let me live," he answered, meaning no He smiled down upon her; still smiling, leaned back faintly in his chair, and

To Hartina, a great passion had indeed been a melancholy sentiment -a jealous love that had brought her only tragedy and despair,

\_\_\_\_ A Sulphur Bath in the "Old White."

The sulphur bath is a local luxury, engiting; the little filitation, so anutnot bad. Having read the pleasing account in large print in the daily papers of a man who scratched for twenty-eight years and then unfortunately got cured and entered the advertising columns in time to spoil your appetite for breakfast, you conclude to bathe. Modern physiology is discovering so many kinds of microscopic muisances concealed about one's mustomy that the idea of a sulphur bath is rather attractive. Having given yourself up bodily to old Burrill, a whitehaired, powerful old muiatto of twenty years' experience, he leads you to a bathroom and puts you to boil. When you are somewhat soft he comes in and rubs you with a brown crash towel, the sensation being lazily and warmly picasant, When you are quite done he takes you out and polishes you off for the table, industriously chatting meanwhile about Herry Wall, Jay Could, and others of his chems here and at Old Point Comfort in winter, summarizing each of his paragraphs with "Vanity, nothin" but camty." Old Burrill says that there has been very little bathing, comparatively speaking, this sammer, all those who came for rest and treatment having, as a sulphurous includences of an aqueous kind. In fact, here as elsewhere, the springs, though they are the origin of the watering places, have almost fallen into disuse as compared with seasons of some years ago. You leave the bath

Youd That Paris Consumes,

entirely permeated with sulphur. If you

rubbed against a post you would take

Some interesting figures with regard to the consumption of food in Paris have recently been published in France, from which we take the following details: It than 345,594 oxen, 186,595 calves, 1,979,-5 is slicep and 352,004 pigs were killed at Paris. Adding to this the 7,962412 Paris. pounds of horse-flesh which was sold for food, in pounds of meat is the average consumption of each inhabitant. The largest number of cattle came from the provinces, and the rest were supplied v Germany, Switzerland and Austria-Haugery.

Resides this an average of nine pounds of tongues, livers, kidneys, caives' heads, twenty-three pounds of fish, twenty-two pounds of poultry and seven pounds of system per inhabitant has to be added to the consumption of meat. It will appear strange that the average of seven pounds of ovsters falls on each inhabitant of Paris, the more so as the poorer classes contribute largely to raise the average. It is stated that the eyster for who hathers is the greatest demand at Paris is that known as the Portuguese oyster, the flavor of which has been improved by some new experiment in the growth of

Try Your Acuteness on This,

Ftiteen hundred dollars is the bonus paid for the liquor privilege for a large icuie, and the sum represents simply the replus profits on the beer and whisky to be swallowed at the frolic. How much flected. "I not yet know he all so good | is to be spent in such beverages in order to earn that much excess of profit? Here he not so good, 1 do - ah, not know is a chance for Mr. McGlynn's "anti-poverty" eloquence.

Physical Research.

The Society for Physical Research, which was organized in England some years ago, now has many branches, and ando, seemed almost to age her in the | the printed reports of its investigations form a considerable literature. Its ob-And while that sudden, unreasoning | ject is to study spiritualism, clairvoyance, mood was yet strong within her spirit. | mind reading, apparitions and all real or

