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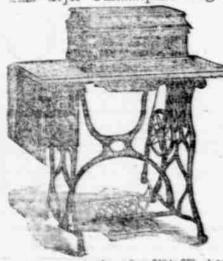
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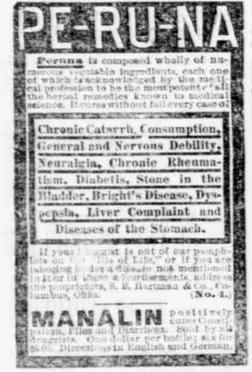
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IN HAPPINESS AGAIN.

"But the child will be wet through quite wet through !" doorway.

The school-mistress was right. The rain was pelting down in a genuine wintry fashion, with no trifling about it. evidently meant business, and as the business it had in hand was the thorough drenching of the two hurrying figures,

"Include, thin, an' its true for you," she id. "An' if ye'd be afther lettin' the ittle lady wait here a bit wid yez, till Pd be comin for her in the carriage. little Miss Lilias from the hall. But she's that shy wid strangers, bless her heart !"

The school-mistress was holding out her arms to the child, who straightway contradicted Nurse Norah by putting out her arms in turn, to be taken. Perhaps Miss Patience's rather tremulous smile was the magnet, perhaps the gay woodfire crackling away in the wide hearth. At all events the baby laughing, when Miss Patience carried her short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cens. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 108 Wall St., NEW YORK

> ing flames. got them. I want Norah.' She had put up her lip with a pitiful expression of distress, staring at the

> Such a soft pair of brown eyes smiled lown at the little one that it was no wonder she smiled back. More especially as the two pairs of brown eyes were so wor derfully alike that each seemed to be the reflection of the other But the small critic had not finished

great blue glasses Miss Patience always

yet. "You've got a cap like Norah. Only like Norah's; it's so big and agiy. I wonder if you've got red hair under it like Norah too?" Miss l'atience's unsteady white hands went up and put aside the cap. Off with it came a frontlett of grizzled hair.

During little Miss Lillias pulled it down over Miss l'atlence's shoulders, and fall to matching it with her own sunny

"it's most like them. Papa says it's a tile bit of of sunshine got all tangled up in my curls. I think it is really sun-shine, but I you know "-for it hurts pa-pa's eyes sometimes till the tears come Having strungled 20 years between life and eath with ASPHSIA or FHITHISK, treated by witness abvelving an benefit. ness to sit on de chair day and night graphing for breath. My sufferings were beyond description, in despair I experimented on myself compounding roots and brits and inhalting the madistration obtained.

thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CUBE FOR ASTRALA AND CATARRIL warranted to relieve the most stablish warranted to relieve the most stablish warranted to relieve the most stablish the pathol size it down to rest and sleep comfortably. Pieuse read the following condensess. "And what does mamma say about the sunshiny curls -eh, little Libra?"
"Mamma? But I haven't got any mamma!" the child said wistinuy. "Why haven't I got any mamma? I want one. All the other little girls have got one. I a-ked Norah why I hadn't

ot one the other day." "And what did North say?" The question was rather indistinct: Miss Patience's lips were pressed among the shining curls.

"Oh, Norah said may be papa'd bring me a new mamma some day. But when I asked papa, he just put me down off his knee, and went away, and forgot to tell me if he would. Do you think he

will, some time ? er tried."

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She was kissing the girl's bright hair over and over. Her voice had the sound

mil be my mamma?"
Miss l'atience's two hands were over

Miss Patience, you're crying! But that'd never do for a mamma. Now would it,

Nobody had heard him come in, but there he was.

ns stently. Mr. Ferguson came forward.

the heavy rain drowned my step. It came pelting down so, just as I was passing, that I was glad of any refuge, n I then I heard the voice of my little

effort to reach out after her disearled cap and glasses, which she knew, when she laid them off, that she could easily adjust at the first sound of the approach-

But cap and front had slipped to the hearth-rig. Mr. Ferguson had set his foot madvertantly upon them. Feeling something under foot, and see-ing that the little schoolmistress made him no manner of answer, but kept her

ince bowed on Lilia's curis, he stooped. and in some amazement picked up the Certainly he did not know what to do with it. He looked askance at the school-mistress's bowed head. Or was

They both glittere I mlike, with their wealth of golden hair, there in the fire-He let that prizzled front fall out of his hold. He forg t all about it in looking on that little schoolemistress,

"Beal" he said yery low; "Bell" "He you mean Lifty-bell, papa? asked He did not even hear her.

Bell!" he said again. This time the little school-mistress lifted her gleaning head. She look ap at him with eyes wild with pain. Her arm tightened about the child. "Yes." she said hoursely, "I know I will have to go away. I know I was I tesjue.

mad to come here. I was mad - wild and mad for a glimpse of the child. But

I will go away. He came a step nearer to her. "Bell, before you go away the second time I demand to know why you went the first." All the color flew back to her pale

"You can ask me that!" she said be-tween her set teeth. "You!" "I, who have the right to know why my wife deserts me and her child." She pressed her eager kisses on the hild's hair, the child who sat and

played with the great blue spectacles on her lap, not beeding anything of the low and thrilling voices around her. "I left the child," she answered him, because I knew I could leave her at least with you. And it was better for her; she would be quite happy, she would fur-get. And —Harold, do you think I did

pier for you to have Lily-bell's little innocent life in your keeping She held up her left hand ringless, in "That night I found I had no right to wear your wedding-ring -- "

not care, that it would be better and hap-

"Bell! Are you mad?" "That night"—she went on, trying to steady her trembling lips—"that night that other woman came and told you to your face that she was Harold Ferguson's wife, flaunting her marriage-certificate sefore you and daring you to prove the

"Bell! And I was so sure you had not The poor thing hid her working-face n the child's carls. "An I you could condemn me so utterhe said; "without a word, without

ving me a chance—-'

"What could be the good of that-or of this?" she answered brokenly. "You never denied that marriage certificate; I could see as much in your stricken face before I crept out at the library window on the terrace, where I had fallen asleep among the curtains, when you and she came in there. Oh, I never thought you meant it, Harold! No doubt you had married her long before, when you were so young you hardly knew what ou were doing—and you thought the coman was dead. No doubt it was all her fault, the -the mistake; she looked a cruel and a wicked woman. But what else could I do than just to creep away - to die, I thought. But misery does not kill!" she cried out with a bitter

"Bell, did you never hear I had a brother " A brother? Never.

A brother who had fled the country for the crime of forgery? It is no won-der you never heard it. My proud old father would never let his name be mentioned amon; us. When we moved to his distant part of the country, and built up our fortun sanew - here, where no one had ever heard of the crime and hame of Harry l'erguson." "Harry - Ferguson Her voice died in a gasp.

"Ah, now you see how you misunderstood the name on that certificate, and how it was a thun lerbolt to me." There was one long, long moment of

Then Bell Ferguson put her child from her iap and fell down on her knees. her clasped hands raised, her pale face

"tio, filv-bell-ask papa it it is too late, indeed - if he could let me come and be your mamma?"

And so when Norah presently arrived with the carriage from the hall, it bore back not that little lady only, but also, as Lilias triumphantly announced, that new mamma whom Norah had said papa would be sare to give her one of those

The Origin of Ear-rings. According to the Moslem creal the

reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings s attributed to the following curious egend; Sarah, tradition talls us, was so jeacous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that the took = solemn yow that she would give hers. I no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmand. Virginia, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embattered sponse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented and lesi led to torego her plan of revenue. But ow was she to fulfill the terms of the ow she had entered into? After meture effection she saw her way out of the menty. Instead of disfiguring the vely leafur s of her bon lmaid, she entented herself with boring a hole in ich of the rosy lobes of her ears. The end does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incombent pon him to mitigate the swart of these tie wo mils by the gift of a costly pair ear-rings, or whether Hager procured a trincets for herself. The fact resains, however, that the Turkish women, il of whom wear ear-rings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in yeaeration as the mother of Ishmael the founder of their race.

Etiquette of Weddings. In former years, social etiquette de manded that weldings should take place in the forenoon, and the bride was obliged to wear a white dress; but the sensible plan of afternoon weddings has esused a great reform in all these things often a bride is married in her travellin, dress; and though white is, of course and with reason, still considered the most appropriate for the bridal costume, the dress is always made high to the throat, an I with the sleeves reaching blow the elbows, and the bride does not, therefore, run the risk of catching a severe cold on her wedding day. The pridesmaids, too, are now allowed a choice, not only of material, but of color for their costumes; and velvet and plush, and even fur, enter largely, during cold weather, into the attire worn by the oride's bevy of fair attendants. Black is io longer condemned at weddings; often black velvet is worn by the bride's mother, and even by younger members of the bridal party. It is sometimes inconvenient to procure a colored dress just when an invitation comes to a wedding; and many a black costume may be made sufficiently bright-looking an I pretty by the addition of lace, or touches of color, such as the introduction of ribbons and bows.

More than one woman, well known in society, persists in ponciling her eyebrows with India ink. The fashion might be condoned if it were an improvement, but not one woman in ten can practice it without making berself ridiculous. The is the mother of grown children. She a room insufficiently lighted, for one eyegave this otherwise dignified female the

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

- The right of private judgment is absolute in every American citizen. -To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibili-

-There are no greater prudes than those women who have some secret to -God has placed the genius of women

n their hearts; because the works of this genius are always works of love. -In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever a flicter gypt; in religious character it is a grand

 Happiness is a blessing often missed by those who run after pleasure, and generally found by those who suffer deasure to run after them. -Every event that a man would mas-

ter must be mounted on the run, and no man ever caught the reins of a thought except as it galloped by him. - Love is not altogether a delirium, yet t has many points in common therewith. call it rather a discerning of the in-

-Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie than the will can chose an ap-

finite in the finite, of the idea made

parent cvil. - True love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself; it is equal and pure, without violent demonstrations; it is een with white hairs, and is always young in the heart.

-Good listeners, whether at the table or elsewhere are as indispensible as good talkers, for the jest of the story owes the life of its success more to the ear of the istener than to the narrator.

-If we were all less dispose I to criticize and more really to take on trust, we should get on a vast deal better than we do now to allow for differences would be the best way to come into harmony

- Christians are like the several flowers n the garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourand become nourishers of each

-There are souls in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them where they go. Joy gushes from under their lingers like jets of light. Their influence an inevitable gladdening of the heart; seems as if a shadow of Gol's own gift ad passed upon them. They give light dithout memping to shine.

- Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measare, the laws depend. The law touches as but here and there, now and then. Manners are what yex and soothe, corupt or parify, exait or debase, barbarize creame as by a constant, steady uniores, insensible operation, like that of he air we br athe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals; hey destroy them.

-As the pleasure the ear finds in rhyme is said to arise from its recurrence at measured perious from the gratified expectation that at certain intertain effects will be repeated, so it is in life; the recurrence of the things that are the same or similar, the content in the fulfilment of expectations so familiar and so gentle that we are scarcely concious that they were formed, have a narmony and a charm, and often make the only difference between life's poetry

and its prose. -A man may be well grounded in the laws of nealth, yet, without exercise, have a feble body; he may be crowded with knowledge, yet, without mental activity, have a leeble mind; and likewise he may be well versed in theories of right doing, yet without the habit of practicing them, he may have a feeble weat character that has no power to resist temptation and no courage to do his inty. Peaching and training must go hand in hand; right feeling and rightoing must keep pace with right knowing it we are to half a dutiful child, an up-

right man, or a righteous Nation. The thought of the supernatural glid s with man, do what he will. It v sits the most callous; it interests the most sceptical. For a time even for a long time-it may lie asleep in the breast, either amiast the sordid despair of the proud, rich, and young enjoyments of life; but it wakes up in curious inquiry or dreadful anxiety. In any case, it is a thought of which no man can be reasonably independent. In so far as her tains his reasonable being and preser as the consciousnes of moral suscepthatties and relations, in so far will his thought of a higher world - of a hie enclosing and influencing his present lifea powerful and practical thought

The Tobacco Pipe in China,

The Chinese use a handsome little

A Novel custom still prevails among adies in some parts which will commend itself to maiden ladies growing old. is said that she who puts on a silk-knit garter the first day of the year and wears it continuously will certainly marry during the year. It is said that the mother of a young lady, being very much pleased with the silken garter worn by a voung lady for this purpose. proposed to knit a "lellow" for it; but the young lady declined, saying she had antileient confidence in the bewitching rirelet, and preferred the natural coming | tion. of the "le.low." -

A JOYFUL DAY.

"Rob!" - 1 It was a pactty young lady who sprang rough the open door of The Pansies. and joined her aunt, Miss Doris Deane, upon the green lawn though it might have been expected that a boy would answer the summons. No. Dr. Robert Herford had given his daughter his own name as nearly as he could, and called her Roberta, a title soon shortened to

dob" by loving lips. She was a charming girl, with the bloom and spont meousness of sixteen, and alost snatched the letter from her aunt's hand in her exuitation.

"It's come! I thought she never would write. Oh, Aunt Horis, is Blanche Annerly coming to our party? Miss Deane smilingly bowed assent, and Kob quickly devoured the letter. "Yes," she cried joyously. "Oh, Aunt Doris, she is so beautiful, and sweet, and gracious a periect princess! And to think of her coming here to this unpretentious place, when she is welcome

Triends. "it will be very pleasant," replied Aunt With a cry of delight the young girl sprang away to put tresh touches to the guest's chamber, to fill the window-sills

everywhere among her wide circle of

ith flowers, to take counsel with old Sally as to certain dainty dishes to be prepared for the table. She was a warm-hearted ambitious reature, eraving much in life that had

hitherto been denied her, especially conrenial companionship, and islanche Annerley was her ideal of all that was But all that she had dreamed of her did not equal Blanche Annerley's beauty when she came. There was a dignity, a

sortness, a harmony about her impossible to describe. Rob's evident worship she received with a smile of indulgence, and she seemed to find pleasure in her little ousin's companionship.

The pretty cottage gig, which was Rob's sole luxury, took them about the pleasant neighborhood, along winding roads, under nellow skies, past brown farm-houses, grid with crimson woodnine, over breezy uplands, dotted with cattle, and along the placed lake. The simplicity and peace seemed to suit the beaut ful heiress strangely.

asked Rob sweetly one day. "No dear." "dedville is such a dull little place!" "Is it?" said Blanche, "After four

"An I you are really not bore to

ears abroad, I am not pining for novelty, "Perhaps not. Were you very happy noroad ? The question seemed to sink like a stone into a bottomless lake. The shadow of some great emotion passed over Blanche

"I was very happy," she said. "I never knew out one person who had been abroad, said Rob. "It was Mr. Paul Ellery, one of our neighbors, Blanche. What is the matter? What dri you see? Was it a snake?? "No," said Blanche Annerley, recovering her breath. "It was only the brown root of a tree. I was a little startled. Did you say the gentleman was one of

Annericy a mobile face.

"Yes. Mr. Ellery came home last spring. The Ellerys are musical people, and Paul is the eldest son. He went abroad for instruction. It is a presty They have a grand piano there. like to visit there once in a while, Mrs. Helen Ellery is an old friend of Aunt Doris'. h's beautiful cousin made no reply. Only the soft bloom did not return to her

face during the remainder of the drive, and at dinner she excused herself on pleaof a headache. out no one under the roof of Pansy Cottage suspected the truth-that the existence of the man for whom Blanche Annurley's heart was breaking had that been revealed to her. But that evening she followed the line

of Bob's forefinger closely when the lat-ter pointed out the Ellery mansion, rising crey and stately among the oaks and pines, and a soft light came into her "Mr. Paul Ellery is the handsomest man I ever saw, Blanche," said Rob.
"He is very reserved. I am a little
airaid of him, though papa likes him

ever so much; and he is coming here this evening The red and white chased themselves ver Blanche's face, but she was silent. The others were chatting of the comwelled fingers tremble as she smoothed

down the folds of her half-mourning Her father had died in the spring. She was all alone. The close, ten ler, domestic life which had ever surroun led Rob she had never known. Her mother had died in her early childhood; her father had ever been harsh, stern a tyrant. For the first time in her life a heartfelt happiness, sweet and secure,

yes, Paul Ellery was coming that night, and with a delicious warmth in her heart she'r se and slipped from the room out into the sunset-flooded gar len. She was lonely no longer. The story they had told of the lost steamer was a wilful distortion. Paul E lecy had never been drowned. He lived and was near her, and soon they would meet.

Love, the sweets of home, and dear dom-stic ties and customs, were possible to her as to others. If Heaven were kind, it would be the first joyful day this fair girl had ever known-love full of joy no words could ever tell She saw her host coming down the

I am searching for you, Blanche, Glal to see you looking so cheerink was afreid you were pining a little. want you to come in and be presented to gentleman who is very much in love with our fittle Rob, and to whom I may give her by an I by if matters turn out as des re. Rob is very young, but it would e a very nice thing for her, and I am in op a slie will make up her mind as I wish. Here we are."

Blanche, colier than ice, silent, mehanical, passed into the wide yellow There was Rob, sweet, shy, yet smiling, and a gentleman with the unmistake Ellery beauty, which she knew, in its fascination, to the core of the heart. But the name? She raised her eyes at the presentation

Mr. Forther was contained a stranger to He had a winning, kindly air. After a noment's conversation he took her hand. "Miss Annerley, let me introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Ellery."

with an expression of puzzled wonder.

The drapery of a door behind her had swung aside, a tall form, all grace and dignity, with eyes of still delight, ap-"Blanche!" "l'aul." she faltered. "Are you two old friends?" asked

Ah yes. Will you come and play for to the two happiest people, according to their belief, in the whole world, were free to sit in a cushioned window-seat and exchange hearts without interrup-

Arthur Forbes, "Travelled together?

It was only the work of a worl and a

announced, and Blanche's happy home late commenced. She could rejoice now. It was all a new, warm, happy world about her. the was sweet, and her heart grateful The bright frosty dawn found her filled

his. Soon two engagements were beldly

vita vontent. hob shyly embraced her with kisses. "I hope you are as happy as I am,

Cousin Blanche. "lam, detr.

en did not tell me; I never guested "I did not know there was anything to ell, Rob. Paul was my stepprother's tutor. He travelled with us for two years. My father found out that we love I each other, and he dismissed Paul. It was in Pars. I had no opportunity to see him again. They told me, after a while, that he had set sait for home, an the steamer was lost, with all on board I believed it. Oh, I have been through great trouble, dear little Rob?" "But it is en led now."

Aristocratic Sarnames.

I bono raphers complain that scarcely one the list word in a thousand is spelt come thy that is, all its last as are not sounded precisely as they are in the a phabet. And such criticism is perfect ly just, though from the force o' habit, we's idome office the faulty orthography of common words. But if we meet proper names, of persons or places, their eccentric spelling is more observable and cometimes even puzzling. High'y educate i persons often hesitate in prononneing a proper name which they see for the first time. This remark especially applies to some aristocratic surnames, as will be seen by the introduction of the subjoin d, with their recognized pronunciation:

Charanal I must be sounded as if writ-ten Clarronald. Perby, in speaking either of the peer, the town, or the race, should always be called Darby. Dillwyn is pronounced Fillon, with the accent on the first syllable. In Blyth the th is dropped, and the word becomes Bly. Lyveden is pronounced as Livden, and l'epys as l'epis, with the accent on the first sy lable. In Monson and Ponsonby the first o b comes short u, and they are cailed Munson, Punsonby. In Floring the o is silent, and the word is spoken as Blunt. Brougham, whether referring to the late illustrious statesman or the vehicle named after him, should not be red as two syllables - Brawline or B oob un but as one lineous. Co! pulsaun, I neliesny, Marjordianks, and Cholmendely four formidable names to c unitiated must be called Californ, Dukara, Marshbanks, and Chamley homseley is also raffed thumbay Main varying and M'Lead must be pro-nounced Mannering and Macloud. The final x in Molvneux and Vanx is

sounded, but the final x in Devereux and Des Vaux is mute. In Ker the becomes short a, and the word is called Kar; it would be awfully bad form to pronounce it Cur! In Waldegrave the de dropped, and it becomes Walgrave, with the accent on the first syllable Berkeley, whether referring to the person or place, should be pronounced Barkley, Buchan is called Bukan Beauclerk, or Ceanclark, is Ceanclare. with the accent on the first syllable, and Beauvoir as Peevor. Weniyas is proounced as Weens, and Willoughby Tresely as Willowby D'Eresby; St. ohn must be Sinjin as a surname or heistian name: when applied to a ocality or a building, it is pronounced as spelt, Saint John, Mentgomery, or Montgomerie, is pronounced Mungumery, with the accent on the second syllaide. In Elgin g takes the hard sound t has in give; in Gifford and Giffard it takes the soit sound as in gin - as it also loes in Nigel. In Convgham the o beom's short u, and the name is called unningham. In Johnstone the t is ilent. Strachan should be called trawn : Heathcote, Hethcut ; and Hertford, Hartford,

The av is dropped in Abergavenny, which is called Aberganny; and the n in Penrith, which is called Perrith. Peanchamp must be pronounced Beecham; Bourne, Burn; and Bourke, turk. Gower, as a street, is pronounced as it is written, but, as a surname, it be-comes (for. Eyre is called Air; and Du Plat is Du Plah. Jervis should be pronounced Jarvis; Knollys as if written Knowls; Mendes as if written Mynjes; and Machamara must be pronounced Macnamarah, with the accent on third syllable. Sandys should be spoken as ne syllable Sands; St. Clark is also one word-Sinclair; and St. Leger is called Sellegar. Vaughn is spoken as one syllable-Vawa; and Videbots is Vealbuch. Villiers is called Villers, with the accent on the first syliable Trywhit is called Tirritt; and Tollemache pronounced Tollmash, with no accent on either syllable. The pronunciation of a dead Conservative Premier's title is Beckons eld , Bethane should be spoken as Pecton, and Milnes as Mills. Charteris, by those moving in what Jeemes calls the "Hupper Suckles," is pronounced Charters, and Glamis is called Glams. Geoghegan is always spoken as Gagan, and Ruthven is pronounced Riven. It will be observed that most of the above names are much abbreviated in their pronunciation, as recognized by "society" -a fact which forms one of the many protests against the cumbrous nature of English orthography.

Couldn't Bother With a Drummer.

Recently I was awaiting the convenience of one of these "aristocrats" whose store is in a small inland town in the State. While I was patiently putting in my time on a cenvenient chair a gentleman, carrying two grips similar to those used by drummers, entered with a busi-ness-like air, and putting his baggage upon the floor began to make a minute inspection of the contents of the showcases. The autocrat was arranging his window, and now and then casting an interested clance into a dressmaker's work room opposite. He paid no attention to the new arrival, supposing him, as he afterward tearfully remarked, to be "only a disummer." The stranger glanced at him several times, and was plainly growing impatient. Finally he evidently decided that he had waited long enough, and with a muttered exclamation that he couldn't buy anything if he wasn't shown anything, he seized his grips and vanshed through the door before the astenished jeweler could recover his scattered

They were still more widely scattered a few days afterward when he learned that his competitor, a few blocks away, had sold the stranger a pair of diamond carrings and a two-carat stud. Now when a drammer comes into his store the autocrat's obsequious manners almost make his visitor's hair stand on end in astonishment.

Points, New and Old. Menu cards are never used at lunch-

The pineapple is almost the only fruit that requires the use of both knile and

A knife and fork are both used in eating salad, if it is not cut up before

Progressive dinner parties, modeled on the progressive enclire party, are the latest and must novel form of hospi-

Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the Cam-ENIA FAREMAN commends it to the invorable con-sideration of advertisers, whose favors will be in-serted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times 1 " 3 months 1 " 6 months 1 " 1 year 2 " 6 months 2 " 1 year 3 " 6 months 3 " 1 year 2 1 year.
3 6 months.
3 1 year.
4 col'n 6 months. months..... ** 1 yesr ----

Business items, first insertion 10c, per line; each

Resolutions or proceeding of any corporatioor society, and communications designed to call att in ion to any matter of limited or individual interest

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

turn from a shopping expedition the

-A little girl greeted her mother's re-

must be only for as advertisements. Jos Phintino of all kinds heatly and expeditously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget

other day with the news, "Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. called while you were gone.

"Did they. I hope you answered, Quite well, I thank you, when they asked how you were."
"N-o, mamma, I don't think I did." "And didn't you kiss them nicely?" "N-o, mamma, I didn't." "Well [impatiently], what did you do,

quite disgraced your poor mother,"
"O no, mamma; I did not. I talked. to them in the same dressy tone that you use when company comes." -It was the same boy who was given permission by the hostess at a grown-upparty, where he was asked, because the

you illmannered little girl? I fear you

lamilies were intimate, to eat a whole mold of strawberry ice-cream that was left after all the guests had been served. He sighed as soon as he had said, "No, thank you," and presently confided to a small daughter of the house: "It's dreadful to grow up, and I know I'm doing it. Why, last year I could

have eaten all that ice-cream as easy as could be, and now I can't eat a bit more than two saucers full!" -The mother led the bad boy into the woodshed by the ear, and having selected a pliant shingle, was about to

apply it where it would do the most good, when he said: "Hold on, mar!"
"No, sir; that's the second time you've-

been in the water to-day." "Are you going to strike, mar?" "Don't strike. Let us arbitrate." But ma wasn't a Knight of Labor, and

she struck. -Concerning the Unitarian, the Rev. William B. Greene, of West Brookfield, this story is told. A man died in the neighborhood, and the reverend co.onel was called upon to officiate at the funeral. Some time afterward, on inquiring why he was summoned to the funeral of a man not of his flock, he was told, "Mr. ---did not believe in much of any thing, and we thought your belief came the nearest to nothing of any body's, so we sent for you!"

slight attack of prevarication, and, wishing to impress upon his infantile under tunding the sintulness of telling ting the father related the story about George Washington and his little hatchet, closing with the remark that George Washington was a good boy and never told a lie The child sat in deep thought a moment and then said: "Papa, too in't he talk ?

-Georgie is four years old. One day

the youngster had been taken with a

-"John, dear," she said, "yesterday I covered your boot-jack with silk plush and painted some flowers on it, and it is perfectly lovely. You will be delighted when you see it, I know.' "I've seen it," said John.

-A windy contributor enters an editorial room. "Whew," said he, panting, "that long stair-way makes me Editor-"Ah! if that's what makes

"Last night. I threw it at a cat."

you blow I'll have it taken down; i am glad you have discovered the cause."

"You have; when?"

An Accommodation Train. Cetween Tuscaloosa and Akron, Ala., the train came to a sudden halt in the woods. Then one of the passengers got off and started back over the track at a leisurely pace, and pretty soon the train

slowly iollowed him. Several people were auxious to know what was going on, and inquiries flew thick and fast. The conductor finally

came into the car and a woman asked: "Conductor is anything up?"

"Yes m. "Are we going backward?"

"We are "What has happened?" "A boy in the next car lost his hat." "and we are stopping just for the

"Yes'm, but don't let your handkerchief blow out of the window. We are half an hour behind time now and can't

stop again this forenoon."

She Was Above Shop Girls. Coming down in a Sixth avenue elevated train lately, the writer sat opposite a young lady, neatly dressed in black. She was talking to a young man, and was struggling to get a pair of undressed kids

on her hands.
"Oh dear?" said she, "how I do detest gloves. It takes me a good half bour toget my gloves on." Why do you wear them, then ?" he "th, my! I wouldn't go barehanded for the world. I'm afraid somebody will take me for a shop girl."

type-writer in a wholesale house at a salary of \$5 a week. A Real Cause of the Quarrel.

t pon inquiry the writer learned that

the young woman was the engineer of a

Sympathizing friend—"I am always sorry when I hear of there being any discord in a family. What caused the quarrel between you and your hus-Wife (gloomily)-"A mere matter of a pinion." "Absurd! I should think you would have more sense. A mere matter of "A pinion, I said. A bird's wing for my hat. It cost twenty dollars and he "I guess, my dear, it wasn't the pinion you quarreled about but the bill."

He had a Spell. "I see, James," remarked a New Jersey grocer, as he was looking over his books the other day, "that you constantly leave the 'h out of 'shugar.' "Certainly, sir; that's according to Webster!

"Webster, Webster! Young man I've been in this business for twenty-eight years and I don't propose at this late day let no Webster come around and dictate to me. Put in the 'h,' sir, and don't you leave a single 's' out of 'sinnamon if you wish to keep your place here!

Progress and Poverty. Western man-Oh, you folks are too slow. Why don't you build up towns the way we do? Eastern man-Our towns are growing.

W. M. -You don't rush them enough. You ought to start dozens of new enterprises every day. E. M. Such things take capital, and we are poor. W. M. Why, what keeps you poor? E. M. Sending money to our enter-prising relatives who have gone West.

Her Grief. "What's the matter, Molly?" asked Col. Percy Yerger of his little six-year-

old daughter. "Pa, my mocking bird is dead." "Well, never mind, Molly; I'll buy

you another one," replied Col. Yerger. "I am calm enough now, but when I saw that poor little dead bird, I could have cried like a child," said Molly. ___

STAR SHAVING PARLOR



PIANO-FORTES. Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CC.

The cry came from the village schoolnistress, who was standing in her open She was beekoning and calling to the nurse who was hurrying past with the little lady of the hall bundled in her

Nurse Norah was not sorry to hear her-

a out of the cold and wet, and shut out the dismai alternoon, and sat down with

her in the big armchair before the danc-"It's like Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf," Libas remarked presently, in her baby voice, with a nod at her scarlet cloak drying before the fire; and then looking up into Miss Patience's face, as she sat on her lap, "Gran'mamma, what great eyes you've got! What makes them so big and so queer? North hasn't

Mis l'atience promptly took them off.

But that which shone on Miss Pa-tience's own head was certainly not rad like Norah's, but of spun yellow

into them -just like when you look up at the sun, don't you know?" It must have furt. Miss Patience's too; her eyes have filled up suddenly. She pressel the little head down on

"No, no: not that, my Lily-bell-not that! And you have your father, my durling. You can do very well without Mammas are not always

The child's brown eyes stared wonderingly into the fire, as if she were think-"Nobody ever calls me Lily-bell but sapa," she announced presently, "Do on think, if I ever got a mamma, she'd all me Lily-bell, too ? Miss Patience, I hink-don't you think you could come

her face; the child was puffing softly at "Recause," she said, "I think you'd be a very pretty in amma, without that ugly cap and those big ugly eyes, you know, al that queer hair. Oh, Miss Patience.

Lilias took his presence as a matter of urse. "Now would it, papa?" she said again "I beg your pardon for entering without knocking, he was saying to Miss atience, whose back was towards him. But I never supposed the school-room was occupied at this hour. I suppose

He broke off, for he was now standng on the hearth, facing the school-mis-Miss Patience had made one hurried ng wheels of the hall carriage.

shining head hers, or was it Lilias's?

at a European acquires the same ability only by considerable practice. As each fiding produces only a couple of puts, the pipe has to be refilled over and over again to obtain satisfaction. Every time a pinch is snoked the remnant is blown ont by litting the tube and blowing vigorously through it from the lower end. The rapidity with which a devotee of this pipe fills it, puffs the paper into a tiame, lights the to: acco, blows the paper out again, lifts the tube, blows out the refus; fills it again, etc., is quite a remarkable performance. The common ern, merely a slender point of bamboo. with a hole bored in the side near the closed end. A pinch of tobacco is laid on this hole, affording one or two whitls.

water pipe made entirely of brass or It is all in one piece except the bowl and neck, which is merely a tube with an upper chamber for the tobacco. The merest pinch of long cut tobacco fills the bowl, and one filling is only expi-cled to provide one or two whitls. The body of the pipe contains a neat com-partment for tobacco. The long clawike nails of the Celestial are used in reaching in this little box for a pinch of tobacco as deftly as a pair of tweezers. Long strips of prepared paper are used for lighting. This paper burns slowly, and when required for lighting the pipe is blown into a flame by a peculiar purt. Any Celestial msn, woman or child can produce this flame with a single puff,

Penciling Her Eyebrows.

other day I met at a reception a lady who had evidently made up in a hurry or in brow was half an inch higher, more arched and longer than the other. It appearance of a diabolical wink with one eye, which, to say the least, was gro-