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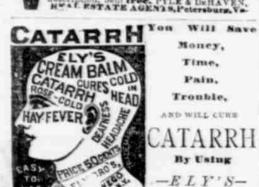
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"Guess, Nellie, with whom Louis Temple was parading the streets tonight," and Jennie Lambert curled up her thin lips scornfully, while carefully undoing her furs, and stretching her white hands over the cheerful blaze The familiar name brought a decided flush to the dainty face of Nellie Graver-She was the only daughter of the Honorable John Graverson, the millionaire, and sole mistress of the magnificent structure situated on Regent Street, her

The lady whose sarcastic words open this story, was a cousin of the heiress, and was treated the same as a sister, her parents having died when she was but a mere babe. She hated her cousin Nellie with a deathless hate for her beautiful face, elegant manners, magnificent carriage, and half millioni while she, though really pretty, was made to appear plain and insignificant by the more radiant and dazzling beauty of her consin. Still, it was to her interest to curb her hatred; but she was continually saying or doing something which annoyed Nellie exceed-

indeed, Jennie, I cannot guess Guessife, you know, is not my voca-tion," and Nellie looked at her coasin in-

pose you are anxious to become ne usinted with your future husband's friends. It was Renie Stewart, the pretty factory girl; and sue did look pretty to-night, leaning on Louis Temole's arm, and her face was raised to his n quite an adoring fashion," nudiciously. For once, Nellie Graverson gave her ousin the satisfaction of knowing that her shaft struck. She drew herself up proudly, a dark red suffusing her neck and brow. "Louis Temple walking in public with adactory girl! I cannot believe it! "Ask him, dear; I do not think it is he first time. Ah! there goes the door-

from the factory girl to the proud heiress," and with a low laugh Jennie vanshes through the drawing-room door,

hell now. His tastes are fastidious

her head as he enters. goes up softly behind her chair and gently places a white, shapely hand over

"What do you mean, Nellie ?" he asked, not quite comprehending. I mean this, I ouls Temple. You have been seen on the street with Renie Stewart, the factory girl. I ask you, is

lo you look at me so coldly? Furely you would not have me pass a halv on the street such a night as it is to-night—so slippery one can hardly stand, without offering to assist her, especially with one whom I am well acquainted." "A lady!" she repeated, scornfully, her fair face flushing hotly. "Tray, may I ask your opinion of a hidg? Is your ideal found in a factory wirl?" Louis Temple looked at his betrothed in pained wonder. He always knew she

was proud, but could it be possible she carried it to such an extent "I certainly think Renie Stewart a perfect little lady. The fact of her hav-

tion."

L. B. Phelps, P. M. Griggs, Ohlo, writes "Suffered with Asthma 60 years. Your medicine in 3 minutes does more for me than the most eminent physicians did for me in three years."

H. C. Plimpton, Joliet Ill., writes: "Send Catarrh Kemedy at once. Cannot getalong without mand my love. I shall not submit my self to be lowered to such an extent Consider our engagement broken," and she haughtily pulled a beautiful diamond

His face grew white as death, for he loved the beautiful, proud girl before him as only an honorable man can love. "Nellie, do you mean what you say?

do you not think your pride a tritle overstrained and far-fetched?" "I think Mr. Temple forgets himself," she answered icily. "You have not the right to question my actions," and she

Louis Temple, dashing his hat down over his eyes and plunging madly along the cold deserted street. "One places all his love and confidence et a girl's feet only to have it thrown back in his face with a careless shrug of the shoulders. Catch me trusting another one of the heartless

It was a fearful blow to him. He tried to make himself believe that he did not care, but the beautiful face of Nellie haunted him incessantly, and he often found himself wondering what he would

and baggage, for parts unknown. Nellie Graverson heard of Louis' departure with a calm, indifferent face, but when she was in the sanctum of her own chamber, the mask fell. Great heart rending sols shook the regal form. She had sent him off with a coldness that even surprised herself; but was she happy " would Louis' white reproschfu! face ever be erased from her memory ! Weeks and months flew by, and during

that time Nellie Graverson changes wonderfully. The proud, haughty expression on her beautiful face was giving place to a sad pre-occupied one. servants who always feared her before, were beginning to love their young mistress: she was so kind to them. my life," she would often say to herself, "and now I shall break my pride. Oh, i.ouis, I.ouis,! if I only had it to do over

"My dear," her father said to her one "my dear, I imagine you look pale and thin. Are you not feeling well? Yes, papa, I am as well as usual," her heart beating quickly. "No, pet, you are not. I shall call in a doctor

"Oh, no, no, papa! I am not ill, indeed I am not : but-but-"But what, dear ""

am-I-would like a change." "To be sure, Nell; whenever you like." The following week they started for an indefinite per.od on the Continent. Two years passed away and again Nellie was home. Her father was very much worried about her; her two years' travel did her no good, and Mr. Graver-son brought his daughter home as listess and white as when he took her People marveled at the change in her.

her regal head was carried just the same, but with a certain sweet humility on the entle, high-bred face. One afternoon the Western express standed up at the station, and a tall,

miliar form stepped out on the plathe for collar on the great overcoat half hid his face, one could easily recognize " ust the same place." he muttered, | for the winter at the Niagara.

glancing around. "I wonder if -if Nellie is married yet? Oh, if I could only see her! Great heavens! is that-no-yes,

His attention was attracted by an elegantly dressed lady on the opposite side of the street. By her side was a ragged little urchin, her half-frozen hands incased in Nellie's sea'skin muff, and Nellie herself carrying the little girl's burden-a dirty oil-can and some salt

Louis Temple stood petrified. Could that girl with the salt mackerel and o'lcan be proud Nellie Graverson? Could that sad, sweet, smiling fare be the same face which looked so coldly on him two years ago for kindly escorting Renie Stewart home? The face was the same, and yet it had undergone some marvelous He stood and watched her until sho

was out of sight, and then with a sigh walked on. The next night a grand ball was to be given, and he ardently hoped once more to be near the girl he still loved passion-

with anusual care that evening.
"Maybe I can win him back. Oh, God! how I have suffered for my foolish The ball was at its height when Louis caught sight of Jennie Lambert, and he hastened up to her. "Oh, Miss Jennie, you have not changed one particle in the two years I have been gone. I would have known you any-

Nellie heard of his return, and dressed

"I am delighted to find I have not been forgotten. I heard of your return, and was in hopes of seeing you here to-Louis' spirits went down ten degrees Nellie had heard of his return then, an I

stayed away purposely.
"Have you seen Nellie?" nsked Jennie Lambert, watching the effect of her words. "No? She is here somewhere. there she is, to the right, on Gus Burns' arm. How happy she looks! Do you not think them a happy couple?" Nellie's face was indeed illumed tonight, but the happy light in the deep blue eyes and the delicate flush on the

She tried to appear interested with the anecdote her companion was relating, but all the time she kept saying to her-"Will he never come? Oh, how I

checks were not brought there by Gus

ong to see him! If he only gives chance to show him how I have "Happy couple!" exclaimed Louis, making a bad attempt to appear unconcerned. "Are—are they engaged" Then looking at him reproachfully:

"Can you ask? Do not their faces tell Louis Temple grouned inwardly. He forced a smile to his lips, and turning to Jennie, raked: "Are you engaged for this waltz? I should enjoy it so much "he same no. save the laugh on me at any rate;" and he waltzed away gayly

with Jennie. Nellie saw the smiling face so near Jennie's and a sharp pang shot through She begged of her companion to be excused. She must get somewhere by her-

At last she reached the conservatory, and sinking down on a bench in a quiet, secluded spot, she gave herself up to How long she had been there she

never could tell. At last she was startled by a well-known voice exclaiming: "Gus, I suppose you will except a friend's congratulationa!" "Congratulations?"—bewilderingly.

"Yes, Gus, upon your approaching marriage with Nellie Graverson." "Marriage-Nellie Graverson! Upon my word, Tom, you take one's breath away. I am not going to be married." Then going straight up to his iriend

and looking him in the eyes: "The-the fact is, old boy, I thought you all solid there. What ever came be-tween you two? I thought if ever a fellow idolized a girl, you did her."
"Yes, Gus, I did love that girl, and |I am ashaned to confess it) I love her still. Only—only——

"Only what?"-grasping his hand sympathetically.
"Only she did not love me. Gus," he burst forth, "if you value penes of mind, never trust a woman."

"Poor fellow! There goes the music, Lou, and I must go and hunt my partner. Will have a long talk with you to-morrow," and he hurnes off, heartily sorry for his friend. Nellie leaned against the bench for

support. He loved her still! Oh, if he only knew. But no, it was impossible. he could never tell him; no, a thousand times no! yet she would-In an instant she stood before him, her

face flushing and paling alternately, and the jeweled hands were clinching and unclinching nervousty. She raised her eyes to his beseechingy, and again let them fall on her clasped hamis

ands, "ter at heavens, Nellie, why do you look at me like that? you madden me. Have you not made me suffer enough?" he asked in a low hourse voice. Her lips quiver piteously.

He must have read something encouraging in the downcast face and mivering lips, for he clasped the tall figure in his arms. "My darling, you did not mean what you said two years ago, did you?" and he looked at her earnestly. "No. no, Louis. God knows how I have repented, since having uttered those heartless words. Can will you ever for ive me?"? For answer he kissed the penitent face so near his own. As they entered the ballroom, a half

hour later, two pairs of eyes noted the beaming fac-Gus was jubilant. And Jennie Lambert ground her white teeth together in impotent rage, and in her disappointment she hated her cousin more bitter than ever.

Natural Gas.

tiating with a cook-lady the other day. 'And have you natural gas, 'm?" was one question in examination to which the alleged mistress had to submit. "O! kindling wood to split; no fires to build; asked her if she knew of a good cook.

no askes to carry out. It must be a "I don't know but one any mother positive pleasure to cook with such con venienc's,' the poor woman cried with some effusiveness. "Indeed," said the examiner, coldly, "I couldn't think of cooking with natural gas. It's wicked stuff." Three months previous, before buly had lost a cook, who was lared away by the attractions of a situation in a house where they had the wonderful gas. During the family's summer visit it the sea-shore the gas had been ordered in because, as she told her husband, no good cook would take a place now where they didn't have it. And this was the first interview with a cook she had after her return and since the connections were made! We understand that this family has engaged a fine suite of rooms

FOUR BABES AT A BIRTH.

Mrs. Charlotte Tubbs of Caroline county, says a Baltimore special to the Morning Journal, has driven her husband nearly crazy by giving birth to a quartette of blue-eyed, rel-laced, baldheaded babies, each weighing from three to five pounds. Mr. Benjamin Tubbs would no doubt have been delighted at this family presentation but from the fact that just sixteen months ago his wife made him a Christmas present of her second pair of twins. One year previous to that she gave birth to a son, and ten months previous was the mother of twins. All the twins and the quartette are girls, and the only boy was the single birth.

Nine children in five years. This is the maternal record of Mrs. nomena. The mother is doing well. The babies were born a week ago and the fourth was born just five hours after tine first.

.

members, says an English journal, society ought to do to the ill-ored-to the prope who oppose you, and not for anythin your red racs. This is not want of courage, but it is good breeding.

Reconstructing a Shark. When the famous phosphate beds were discovered in South Carolina some years ago, vast numbers of bones and teeth were unearthed, showing that in early times this locality had been people-i by a great concourse of strange forms. Among the most abundant curiosities, as the workmen termed them, were quantities of enormous teeth triangular in shape, and serrated on the cutting edge. When shown to a naturalist they were immediately recognized as shark teeth, and it became evident that at one time the vicinity of Charleston was the bed of an ocean, and that gigantic sharks flourished there in great numbers. When-ever the beds of the Ashley and Cooper rivers are dredged to-day numbers of these teeth are brought up, and one in my collection is nearly if not quite as large as my hand. As the bones of the shark are of cartilage, they have long since been destroyed, and only these beautifully polished teeth—for they are as tresh and glistening as when first discovered-are left to tell the story. It would appear to be an impossible task to restore this giant from a single tooth. But it is not so difficult as one might imagine. From the shape of the tooth of the great Carcharolon we can form some idea of its appearance by comparing it with existing shares, and from its si e we can determine how large it was. One day I attempted a rough restoration to gain some idea of the dimensions of the giant. I had in my possession the jaw of a shark which I had caught in the pass readily over my shoulders. The shark was about thirteen teet long, and the teeth about an inch and two-eightlis wide, and an inch and a half in length. There were eight rows of these, each row being a little smaller than the last, until they dwin iled down to mere points. 1 took as many of the fossilte th as I had, and built up a jaw after the existing leaving space where I did not. Gradually the great mouth grew on the floor mate I found myself a small item in the area, and when completed I found that the mouth and allowed me to drive in a topbuggy, and that its length could not have been less in proportion than one hundred and twenty-nive or thirty feet.-C. F. Holder, in Wide Awake.

Spoiling Servants. be stopped on the street and interre be willing to leave it,

still more frequently is the query with regard to other servants, as, for example, yes," cried the candidate joyfully; when the other day a nurse with her natural gas all through the house; no charges was accosted by a lary who "I don't know but one-my mother, replied the girl, "and she is in pervice."

What wages does she get?

"Ah, whom does she live with ?"

Eggs-netly.

to chickens as well as to people "To chickens ? "Yes. They have their entrees and their egg sits, don't they ?"

PLAGUE-SCARRED.

Yes, I have met her face to face, says a rman writer. By "her," I refer to the lills the quickest and surest.
I saw her in 1873, and am one of the ew who have seen her, and lived to tell the tale. My poor mother saw her and was soon numbered with the dead. My mother was dead and buried be-I heard of her illness. I received a written message from my little brother, us. It was very short: " Mother is

Of course, I returned home as soon as ossible. I was in despair. I was not afraid of the cholera. What had I, in my state of mind, to dread? In fact, I almost prayed for death. When I arrived in the vicinity of our

village, I shuddered to see on every hand Signs of the desolation that had been wrought by the scourge. The church ells in the villages, at other times so usteal, morning, noon and night, were umb and elient as the grave itself. The seat in the fields had ripessed. The olden grain had fallen to the earth and prouted again. There was nobody to ther the rich harvest. Wagons loaded ith empty coffins were the only vehicles be seen on the public highways. I lost no time in reaching my native iliage. The nearer I approached my estimation the more I was a eighed down y a dreadful sense of desolution. White, eecy clouds were drifting across the azre sky. My imagination transformed he clouds into weird shapes. To me they looked like troops of spectres in white winding sheets, carrying long seythes.

leman, Mr. Nasay, with whom I was well assimilated, I saw him leaning over the gate. He stared at me without the slightest sign of recognition. There was on expression of intense weariness on his face. After I had passed the sate, he aroused himself and called

I nodded assent and drove on. It was not long before I met the coachman of the Sitky family. He was on sor-schuck. Where are you going?" I asked.

"I am going to inform Mrs. Nasay that acresister has just died." I delivered my message to the coach-

smarked the coachman, in a matter-of ad happened, adding; "As they both are dead they can tell turning his horse he rode slowly back.
At length I reached my parents' house, and was surrounded by the seenes of my boyhood. There was no harrying to the ate to meet me, no waving of handkerlefs, no signs of welcome. The winows did not greet me with their friendly

neighbor. It was young Janos Kazi. He stared at me stupidly but said

" Good morning, Janos." " H'm," he grunted, as he turned away. I walked through the yard. The same deathlike stillness prevailed. I tried to all locked. I called aloud, but there was no answer. A white cat came out of the stable, looked at me curiously and passed

on as if surprised to see me. There was a peculiar smell of cooking in the air, and going through the stable into the yard, I saw my young brother Julius. He was sitting or the ground in front of a small fire trying to broil a chicken on a stick. By his side was our ouse dog Hector.

and perceived that a wonderful cliang ere three deep perpendicular lines, or rather furrows. "What are you doing, my boy?" I nsked. "I am getting dinner," he replied, in-

"Why do you attend to that? Is there

"Why did you stay here? Why didn't you go to our relatives?"
"They refused to see me. They were atraid of the cholera." " Then there is nobody on the premises except your Nubody except Hector. I must feed

"Why don't you stay in the house instead of camping out here?"
I don't like to go into the house. achody die i in every room. I sat down on the box near the fire and ittle Julius turned his attention to roastng the chicken on the stick. The dog segan to paw the ground with his fore "Down Hector!" exclaimed the boy,

ingrily, "we don't want any more graves. a have had enough of them." " Do you think ---

"Yes, Hector knows beforehand when invhorty is going to die." There was a painful silence for a few minutes and then I remarked : " He will not have to dig many more My brother, whom I had left three wee's before a happy, romping, talkative child, did not reply, but kept on staring

"Famerals! who talks of funerals? The coachman took the coffin on his houlder and carried it to the family Tears rolled down my cheeks, and fell pen the hot conls and a shea. " Don't cry," said the child in a gruff ce. " Let us not like men come what

What has become of our coachman, Elapka? I know that he did not run "He is in a corner of the stable on some straw, dying."

I went into the statle, and there lay

the faithful old family servant. The color of his face was a bluich black, and g was shivering as if from cold.

" Even the cholera can't down old Klap-

at hat. There he lay in a semi-comatose "Klapka!" I exclaimed, "brave, honest, Mihala Klapka! Wake up! I've come to see you. Don't you know me?" With a great effort he opened his eyes.

A gray slandow flitted across his dark Probably it was intended for a smile of recognition. He raised his hand as if to make a military salute. He tried to stagger to his feet but the cramps

ka," he said, boastfully, but he was mis-taken. The cholera had got him down

I took my bottle of cholera medicine out of my pocket. His eyes were closed, but he seemed to know what I was doing, for he opened his blue mouth. poured in a few drops and it seemed to do him good.

Then he shivered all over, and I heard a hearse, crowing sound. It was the death rattle. He tell back and died, dreaming that he had drunk brandy. He Emished his dream on the other side of

death of the faithful old servant. " Hector was right," I said, returning to the fire, "Klapka is dead," "I told you the dog knew it," replied the Loy, with perfect composure. The dreadful scenes through which he had passed had destroyed all feeling. He

Tweive years have passed since that treadful day, but nobody has ever seen to smile. The indifferent, stolid exn his face when I saw him at the ire in the stable yard, is on his face He grew up tall and handsome, and it

woman in black left upon his brow. ----

Floral Superstition. Two ladies hurriedly entered the New Haven and Hartford waiting-room of the

them now," her friend answered.

'How soon does the train leave?" anxiously inquired one of them. "In five numutes. You have not much time to spare," the guard answered. "You get the tickets, please," the younger lady requested her companion. "I must have some flowers."

"You will miss the train if you go after

"I would rather miss it than go on it without some flowers. I will tell you why when I return," she answered, as she darted away. She came quickly back with lilies of the valley in her hand, and offered half of the bunch to her friend.

cure them," the lady said. "Do take them, please, I am some-what superstitions about it. You know I rode a good deal on the trains at one time, to and from school. The conductor of the train was a big man of middle age, with hair tinged with gray. No matter

"'Well, you see, miss, I have got a little wife up at home that thinks a great deal of me, and says no one would ever get very badla mixed up in a railroad accident who wore a flower about them. She pinned the first flower to my coat that I ever wore on a train, and now I'd rather go withot my dinner on a trip than go abroad without a flower, he said.

"Since the conductor told me that story I must confess that I have been affected with the same superstition, if you have a mind to call it so; but it is a harmless one at all events.'

The introduction of soap, it is said, is loppa are going up with a rush, and real estate on Mt. Carmel is largely hold by speculators for an advance. All around Shechem there is a lively demand for good soap fat, and the sleepy inhabitants of Ramoth Gilead think of building a due factory. Jerusalem is waking up It has a street cleaning bureau, big clocks on its public buildings, and its suburbs are being built up rapidly. Even in the vale of Gelienna the price of land has gone up.

Young Married Folts. In this country, many matrimonial engagements are broken off because the families are antagonistic. The young people may love each other, but one jutare mother-in-law hates the other, and hence there is quarrel, discussion. and separation. "My daughter shall not live with Mrs. So-and-so," says Mrs. This or that. They manage this thing better abroad, by deciding that the young couple shall live in their own house, have their own income, and be not dependent on either mother-in-low. While the family relations are kept up with even greater vi or than with us, yet the in lepen tence of the parties to be married is respected. In this one respect the ctiquette of engagements abroad is far better than ours. It is a sensible outlook, perhaps lacking that wild romance which is supposed to accompany a trueeve match, but it has its advantages in the happiness of security. Nothing is eft to chance or caprice, and the "too auch no her-in-law," which sometimes wrecks the happiness of young p ople both be ore and after marriage in America, is call ully guarded against.

In a New York Hotel.

First Drummer-"That hotel clerk in

"You see, he wears a diamond breast pin that has so frequently been mistaken for the head light of a locomotive that he really thinks he is one. That's why he runs over people."

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ously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget

NOT APPRECIATED.

A Drummer Who Could Lie Well, But It Would Not Work an Order.

A salesman for a Minneapolis lumber house went East not long ago to sell lum-ber. One day he met a Yankee who used considerable lumber, and he started to talk to him. First he referred to the remarkably fine quality of the lumber, and he then went on to talk about prices. He said the drives were all hung up this

The Yankee picked up a stick and began to whittle. With a skill that few can emulate, he told how the snow had melted long before the ice broke, and how the streams we, c so low that the logs could not be moved. The manner in which he told the story would have made a dime-museum lecturer turn green with envy. This state of affairs, the salesman argued, would, ot

course, result in a rapid advance in The Yanker continued to whittle, The lumber salesman delicately emphasized the prospective advance and then informed his auditor that "seeing seit was him," he would put in a few cars

at the old rates. The Yankee pansed in his whittling.
"Young man," he said, "I have heardthat story for the last thirty-five years and I never heard it told better in my

> _____ Rather an Extensive Family.

They were speaking of certain trades n England being carried on by particular families; and with one accord they buttoned up their coats over their chainless waistcoats and coupled pawnbroking with the name of Attenborough. "I can give you a better illustration," said a distinguished Frenchman who has just finished a book upon England; "and that is the business of letting out carriages, as not only do the proprietors all bear the same surname, but the same Christian name as well." "How do you make that out?" they asked. "'Job' is a (hristian name, is it not?" "Yes," they replied. "And so is 'Master,' eh?" Again they assented. "Well, then, all

What He Thought.

the livery-stable people I know are called Job Master."

At Glasgow, in a private house, Dr. von Buelow, having been asked by his hostess what he thought of her piano, replied in these words, "Madam, your piano leaves something to be desired." "It needs new strings," he added, in answer to the lady's in uries as to what it really required. "The hammers, too, want new leather," he continued; "and, while you are about it, with the new leather you may as well have new wood. Then, when the inside of your piano has been completely renovated." cluded, having now worked himself intoa rage, "call in two strong men, throw it out of the window, and burn it in the

Plantation Philosophy. De greates' truth is sometimes told by the biggist liar I doan kere how smart er man is, de fast thing he knows he il meet er man dat's jes er little smarter. Der is allus about de smart man er incurnation not ter do his best. De racor dat splits er ha'r is sharper den de one dat cuts it squar' in two. Dar is ez much danger in ober doin' er thing ez der is in not doin' it well ernuil de dog mighty o ten runs so fas' dat he falls ober de

A Careful Diagnosis.

rabbit, an' den lets him git erway.

Noted physician-No. I was not out long. I only made two calls. Wile-Where did you go? "First, I went to see our esteemed German townsman, Mr. Schnaufootz, the

millionaire sausage manufacturer. He has symptoms of bay fever and may require a long course of treatment." "Who was the other patient?" "Old Schnolut, the little Dutch gro-

"Anything serious?" "No; nothing but a cold in the head."

The Compliment. Miss Sawyer, who is poor, was introduced at a lunch party to Miss Taylor, who is rich, and was coldly received. Miss Sawyer is bright and knows her own antecedents and Miss Taylor's also. the was unabasae I, an I spoke cheerily : I'm so glad to meet you. I've often vanted to. It's so funny -my rame is Sawyer and my grandfather was a tailor. and your name is Taylor and your

to make clo hes for yours and yours used to saw wood for mine. He Preferred Prose. *

gran further was a sawyer. Mine used

Lady (to husband in the back-ground) Isn't it exquisite, George? Notice how delicately and harmoniously the tones of the color are blended. That pare turquoise ofue catches so beautifully the shell-pink plush of the brocaded What do you think of it, George? Is it not a veritable poem? And only \$16 a yard!" Husband-"Yes, dear, it is a poem; but I think something in simple prose

How to Secure a Quiet Married Life. "You don't say that Tom Russell is going to marry Mollie Penderby?" "Yes, that's what they say."

will wear as long and won't cost so much.

money."

"Why, she's a periect noodle; she hasn't a mind of her own!" "That's just the reason he's going to marry her. He loves a quiet life, and, as she hasn't a mind of her own, she can't be always giving him a piece of it,"

The Rev. Mr. B-, of Oregon, has two little boys, Mathew and Johnny, who have been duly instructed as to the xceeding wickedness of swearing. But the seed seems to have fallen on stony ground, for, as their father was getting an armful of wood, he overhear! on the other side of the woodpile the following "J Johnny," said Matthew, in a coaxing but somewhat awe-struck tone, "less

Sweur, "less!" cried little Johnny, courageous v. There was a pause, during which Matthew seemed to be considering how

to do it. Then he called out in furious accents, "I swear." "The do I." piped Johnny.

He didn't want to be a Horse.

Two tricyclars chanced to halt by the roadside for a brief rest just as a group or Ir sle incorers were passing on their way holds from work. Attracted by the right new machines, two of the men pairs of a moment to look at them. "it you only had a trievele, l'at," said one of the 'cyclers to the nearer of the men, 'you could ride to and from your

"dide is it ye say, thin ? said Pat, with a contemptations look at the combina ion of man and wheels. "Do ye think I cam from the ould country to drive a donkey-cart, bedad, and be me own horse?

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mother having been dead these five

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tarth Remedy at once. Cannot getalong without it. I find it the most valuable medicine I have ever tried."

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"No " then I shall tell you, as I sup-

eaving Nellie in a thoroughly wretched When Louis Temple opens the door, he feels instinctively that something is wrong. Instead of his betrothed springing to meet him, she does not even turn

Great is his surprise when a hand reaches up and frigidly removes his, She rises slowly and looks at him coldly. "Well, Mr. Temple, have you seen Renie Stewart safely home?"

"Why, certainly, Nellie, dear, but why

ing to work in the factory does not alter "It alters mine, considerably, Mr. Temple; and a man who places a factory girl on the level with me can never com-

ring from her finger and handed it to

turned and swept majestically from the "What fools men are!" muttered

do with his empty life.

Three days later he surprised his friends greatly by leaving the town, bag

"I have broken my heart and spoiled

"Cannot we go away for-awhile? I

An up-town house-keeper was nego-

the gas connections had been made, this

Benjamin Tubbs Beside Himself With Grief .- Nine in Five Years.

Tubbs of Caroline county.

Nothing was thought of the rapid increase in Tubbs family until the last quadruple addition, and now poor Tubbs is almost beside himself. He could scarcely support the tive and does not know what to do with the nine. A subscription has been taken up to get him and his family better accomodations. It is remarkable that the four babies lived, and from the sound of their lung power and other healthy indications they will all live to keep the two purs of twins company. Physicians from all the country round have been to see the phe-

Good Breeling.

What the old money-changers and money-lenders did with their defaulting approaching to a principle; who contra het you flatly, and do not apologize when they are proved in the wrong; who tel you home truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect: who repeat illnatured remarks made in their presence, or repeated to them, making you fee that you are scorned and despised you know not why, and vilitied without tir. chance given you of self-justification; who abuse your known friends, and ascribe to them all the sins of the decalogue; who brutally attack your known who sneer at your cherished superstitions and fall foul of your contessed weakness; who take the upper hand of you generally, not counting your susceptibilities as worth the the traditional button. Such people as these and there are many of em masquerading as balies and gentle men of good position and irreproachable credentials—but, no matter what their lineage nor future, they should be cashiered; and society would be all the sweeter and more wholesome for the want of them. Contrast these spiney hedgehogs, these aggressive thora-bushes these stinging mosquitoes and ramping arantulas with their opposites - the well bred and gentle folk who never wound you, never tread on your corns nor ofiend your susceptibility in any way, and who carefully carry out of sight all their own private little flags which may be

fulf of Mexico, which would at the time model, using teeth where I had them and largest fossil shark could have opened its

The test of honesty has changed of late. People who would scorn to borrow an umbrella without leave, and who scrupuously return a borrowed book have no nesitation whatever in enticing the servants of their nearest neighbor or dearest friend away whenever their interest prompts the so doing. Strangers, there-lore, are clearly entitled to no consideration in this respect, and it is no uncommon thing for a tirly looking nurse girl to by so he woman in search of a nurse as to whether she likes her place or would

The girl tood her. The name was given and recognized as that of a gentleman who has some reputation as a bin vicust. -Very well, tell her to come to me and I'll give her a dollar a week more. I must have a good cook.

"Do you recollect Shakspeare's famous remark that 'all the world's a stage?" "Did you ever notice that it applies

When you get to Kisalva, stop a ment at the Sitky mansion and tell Sitky that my wife, who is his sister, is

In that case I might as well go back act sort of way, as if nothing unusual ach other so in the next world," and

yes, for they were covered by the No door opened as my carriage drove dimun being on the premises. A face ppeared above the fence of our next

The boy looked up, recognized me, hook hands, but he did not smile or drow any indication of being glad to see ne. I looked at him more attentively, had taken place. There was a peculiar ok of age a out him. Between his eyes

nobody in the place to cook for you?"
Nobody, he replied, dryly. " Where are they all?" Se When yo "The rest of the people belonging to he house. "They are dead." "All the servants dead?" " Most of them are dead, but some ran

t the fire. I placed my hand on his curly, and locks and said: " My poor little brother, tell the -when id our mother die?" " I don't know," he replied, in the same sadifferent tone of voice. "I can't keep he run of the days. It seems to me that was a long time ago." "Why didn't you let me know in time is come to the funeral?"

And this boy was only twelve years of

The old man, who had formerly served s a hussar, had lought manfelly against the recourge. Two weeks practically, when he left the cramps in his best, he tied cord Ugully around his he's above he linees, and thus stopped the circula-tion of the dread disease. It seemed as if he had earried the day, for the symptoms left him.

seized him, and he fell back again on the

I could not repress my tears at the

was an old man before he had ceased to That very day I took him to the headmarters of the sanitary committee in an oljagen: vallage, and put him in charge of his relatives. They fungiated the poor boy and put new clothes on him. He resisted with all his might. He fought like a tiger, and bit everybody who came

s not impossible that gentle fingers have oved with his curly locks and bright eyes ive beamed on him, but they have not effaces the three deep furrows that the

Grand Central depot vesterday

"No, no; I will not rob you of them after you risked missing the train to pro-

what the season, summer or winter, he always were a flower on the lapel of his coat. One day I plucked up courage to ask him why he did so.

"'Were you ever on a train when an necident occurred?' I asked him. "'Yes; I was once,' he said,' and I was almost the only one on the car who did not get hart badly. When the crash came I did not get a scratch; and, do you know, miss, I still think it was the flower my wife pinned on my cont and her prayers that kept me safe that night.'

What Soap Has Done for the Holy Land. doing much to civilize the people of the Holy Land. A large soap factory has been established on the site of ancient Sheehem, and the people are beginning to use it on their persons instead of try ing to eat it as they did at first. Along with the introduction of soap other reforms are going on. Bethlehem has been rebuilt, and the streets are lighted with gas. Cesarea is having a building boom. Nazareth is becoming the headquarters of big olive oil speculators. Corner lots in

there shows a disposition to run over everybody who comes in his way. Second Drummer-'I can account for "How ""