

TAMES G. HASSON.

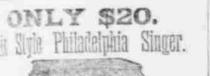
7,200 UNSTRIPTION RATES, "GR estima entside of the county

will the above terms be dethese who does a commit their eving in accuracy must not ex-the many facility as there who JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. be distinctly understood from

aper before you stop it, if stop VOLUME XXII. caliwars do etherwise. tion and Basic Strangt.



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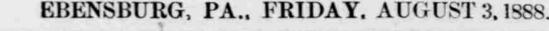
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give it to me!"

makes me feel proud of you."

here I have gone on and found all man-

have many faults-ten times as many as

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you;

you have not a single fault that I can see.

right and best. Bear with me, John-

bear with me for a time; for now that I

know what a good-for-nothing little

wretch I am, I shall at once begin the

work of reform-shall try to make myself

"You are already too good for me,

Mary. I am not deserving of so good a

little wife-such a dear, patient little

woman! You know well enough I often

go away and leave you without any wood

cut; I stay up town when I ought to be at

not remember an instance of the kind.

John Martin, now completely subju-

gated-"Heaven bless you! From this

when I spoke of the tinware, the dish-

you took it all seriously? It was too bad!"

Never again did John Martin scrutinize

the tinware, examine the dishcloths, peer

into corners in search of dust-never

again even so much as mention one of the

"How wonderfully neat Mrs. Martin

keeps everything about her house. Her

tinware is always as bright as new silver,

but also irons her very dishcloths. What

"What a steady fellow John Martin has

got to be of late! What has come over

him? He doesn't spend cents now where

he used to spend dollars, and he can

never be kept from home half an hour

when he is not at work. He seems to al-

THE DYNAMOGRAPH

Registers Messages.

most worship that little wife of his."

and it does look as if she not only washes

a housekeeper she is!"

And men began to say:

faults he had enumerated. It was not long becore the neighbor

women might have been heard to say:

and I will do my best in all things."

Let me have them; show me up!"

worthy of you."

to you; I---"

ust as you like.

caused to flow.

"AE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

A NIGHT IN A HELL. "The things that may happen to a man, or the things he may do when he is so under the influence of liquor as to be on what is generally known as a tear, are so singular as to be almost beyond belief." It was the old typographer who spoke. He was sitting with a group of friends and was sipping from a cup of hot bouil-

"You know I haven't drank anything for years except temperance drinks, and I am thoroughly cured of the desire for liquor which was for so many years the bane of my existence. How I ever managed to uscape from being killed on some of my sprees is a mystery to me. But of all the strange experiences I ever had, none, I think, equals one I had in New York when the Grand Duke Alexis was here, in 1871."

Cambria &

Ho was a good story-teller, was the old typographer, and the party sitting about him knew it, and therefore pressed him to a recital of what they knew must be a strange story.

The disciple of Franklin didn't seem to be in a hurry to tell his yarn, and he stroked his long gray beard and ruminated. Finally, after continued urging, he

said: "I'd tell it, only it's so like a romance that I'm afraid you wouldn't believe it." Then, thoughtfully, "But, by Heavens, it's true, every word of it, though now, nearly fifteen years since it happened, it seems to me like fiction rather than fact.' Hestpped his bouillon in silence, seemed lest in thought for an instant, and then raising bimself and leaning back in his chnir, said:

"Well, boys, here goes; I'll spin you the

"I was on a night case then, and used to live at the old Merchants' Hotel on Cortlandt street. I went off duty at 4 o'clock in the morning, and from that on used to go down to the hotel and play poker with kindred spirits until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning.

"I did this on the morning of November 20, 1871. This was Monday. The Grand Duke Alexis had arrived in the harbor on Sunday, and he was to have been received on Monday. So we played poker longer than usual in order to be up in the morning to see the procession. But there wasn't any procession to see, for it rained in torrents, and was as disagreethe a day as one cou

must be in my way. My hair fairly stood on end, after that operation, and I held my breath. There was only one thing for metodo. I did it. The cocktails I drank gave me courage, but when I wandered to the crowded reading-room I was almost like a crazy man. "Just as I reached the table a man rose

ting my teeth firmly together, I thrust both hands into my pockets again. I felt as if every eye in the room was on me. 1 know they were when an instant later 1 drew out both hands full of ---- " He hesitated.

chorus. nominations from ones up to twenties, ular in shaps, size and value.

one in the room. I know I showed it, but I braced up and put handful after hand-

the thing out."

"Why you won your money at the fare as fast as you won, and shoved the money

"Oh, y2s, it's an easy theory," resumed

the stepping stone to your present fortune?" he added.

"Oh, yes, of course! Fortune? Lord, man, if you were as poor as I am now you wouldn't five off such a remark as that, Stepping stone to a fortune, indeed! Why, when I came to realize that I had so much good money I started off on a regular "racket." "What I did I don't know, and I've never been abla to find any one who does. did manage to see the Grand Dake when he passed up Broadway, but the next thing I remember wasn't so pleasnnt-"It was the following Monday evening, I sat in a clinic on the veranda of an old hotel over in Jamaica, with the wind blowing great guns and rain and sleet beating against me like all possessed. There was no one near me, and I was almost 'broke.' I got inside the hotel and got a drink to brace up on, and I came back to New York and my case as soon as possible. -----"Now for the moral. Don't drink to excess or to unconsciousness. I might have committed murder and not known it. I may have been robbed without knowing it. I got my money without knowing it, and got rid of it without knowing it. In fact the whole experience was one that I know little or nothing about to day. "I say, Doe, will you give me some more bouillon, and give the gentlemen what-

DARBY AND JOAN. "Now, dear, for my faults!" cried John Martin: "pile them upon my head." The under-lip of the little woman trem-A spring rain was falling gently, conbled. For a moment she sat silent, then suddenly rising and throwing her arms anously, on Mrs. True's garden. The

lately transplanted geraniums and peabout her husband's neck, she burst into tunias lifted their heads gratefully to the "What have I done? What have I warm shower, and the fuchsias and sweet done?" cried John Martin. alyssum brightened under its influence. "Oh, John, my husband, I am unworthy If their mistress could have seen them, of you! How often, dear, must I have

she, too, would have rejoiced, for the flowers were her children, petted darlings, pained and worried you? I fear I have for whom no care could be too great, no John, John, bear with me, teach me. I attention too painstaking. She had housed them in winter, set them out in summer, trimmed, guarded, hung over "Nonsense, nonsense, Mary! I love you over them year after year. as I love my life-far better than when

Involuntarily one looked for her mild you became my wife! Go on, dear, and face at the window, smiling out upon tell me my faults. Dry your tears and them, but she was not to be seen. For "My dear husband, you have not a fault the second time only in her life Mrs. True lay in her chamber, too ill to heed the in the world--not a fault! If you have even one, my love for you has so blinded pattering rain, or to think of the plants my eyes that I have failed to see it. All growing so fast in the sweet, moist air, that you do or say seems good in my eyes. even though, through the open window of her room, both sounds and scents en-You seem to do and say everything in the tered freely, the peaceful sounds and best manner, in such a way as always healthful scents of the country.

K. Mcceman,

"But, good gracious! Mary, my dear!" It was very still in the room where she lay; very still and orderly. The old furcried John Martin, his face reddening and niture was polished and speckless; the his voice becoming thick with emotionlinen as white as snow; against the nil-"good gracious, Maryl just think; why, lows, which had been a part of her bridal outfit, rested the gray head, still neatly ner of fault with you! Now, I know I cared for, and the face, with its pallor, you have, or ever will have, poor child! still wore a look of kindly impatience.

At her side sat her husband, good Deacon True, with bowed head and sad eyes; and in his work-hardened hand he held her feeble one. You seem at all times to do that which is

Presently a footstep sounded on the muddy sidewalk outside. Then the gate latch clicked. Someone walked up the path and tapped softly on the house door, and was as softly admitted.

But the two, with their faces turned toward each other, took no notice. "How is she?" said the neighbor down

stairs who had "dropped in." "Failin'," answered Fidelia Perkins, the nraid of all work, temporarily engaged for the emergency.

"How's he?" home with you; I spend money for drinks "Fairly beat out with grievin'. Seems's and cigars when I should bring it home if he hadn't no heart for eatin' ordrinkin' "You do not, John-you do not! I do or nothin'. Just settin' up there along o' her, and holdin' her hand. I never did And what if you did-what if you did? I see folks set sech store by each other as they do."

like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be "Well, they haven't nobody else to set unhappy were you to do otherwise than store by, you see," said the visitor, estab-lishing herself by the fire, and holding "Heaven bless you, little wife!" cried out two substantial feet to the blaze.

Her one great grief had grown to be n tender memory, and all the days since had been prosperous and screne, unclouded by one harsh look or word.

NUMBER 26.

\$1.50 and postage per year. in advance.

Now, suddenly, she was young again, a young wife in her new home, with all her humble household treasures new about her, and this thrill of expectation in her breast.

"Where's the baby? Why don't they bring the baby to me?" she repeated, engerly. Her husband leaned forward, pressing

her hand in both of his. "The baby?" he said: "what baby?"

For him the sad present had swallowed up the past. "Our baby," she whispered, with a lock

of rapture in her faded eyes. "Oh. Lois!"

He bent his head still lower. That shadowy child of theirs seemed bardly more than a dream to him. He had never held it, or played with it, or talked to it in imagination, as she had.

"His name is Joalah, for you," continued the dying woman, trying to tighten her clasp of the hand holding hers, and looking earnestly up at him

"He will be little Jo. Perhaps his even are like yours, and he will be a good man like you, I hope. We will teach him to be good, won't we?" "Yes, yes, Lois."

"But why don't they bring him to me? I want so much to hold him, only once, for a little while. I won't keep him long. I want to feel his little hand on my face and kiss his little check. Please tell there to bring him."

"Hush, hush, Lois, dear." "Perhaps they don't know where his clothes are: I haid them all ready in the top drawer of the hureau in the spare room, his little blue socks, and his shirt, and the white slip-they said he must wear slips at first, not dresses. Everything's ready. A boy, you said. Oh, do let use hold him now."

The old man groaned aloud and tried to quiet her, but without success. Out doors a wind was rising, a soft wind, fragrant with the bitter-sweet breath of blossoming peach trees. It sighed at the open window, and swept a branch of the birch tree against the upper panes. The deacon tried to rise to close the

glass, but she moved uneasily as if to sit np in bed. He put his arms out to support her. She hardly seemed to see or cel them. Slowly her face grew radiant with surprise and delight "Ab, you have brought him to me at last," she cried, with hands outstretched. "Quick, give him to me here, close to my heart. Ch. how dear, how beautiful he is. I had not thought he would be half so beantiful." She held her arms as if they encircled a little form, and bent her face over them in tenderest mother fushion. "My baby! my baby!" she whiscored, then, with a sigh of utter content, sank back upon her pillows. The women downstairs listened for the sound of voices to begin again, expecting to be summoned, but no such summons Night and darkness fell in the continu and closed about the house. Fidalia put a lamp outside the chamber door and the door quiatly. She glanced toward the bed where Mrs. True seemed to be asleep. her husband, with his face buried in the pillow, near her. She left all the necessary articles for the night and moved away with a noiseless step. The bours went on slowly and silently. The stars shone out in the sky_at last, while the flowers slept down in the shadows, and the little bird was gently rocked in his soft cradle. All was still in the house where children's feet had never pattered up and down, nor children's voices echoed. When morning, calm and sunny, brightened the quiet room it showed the woman's face glorified with a smile of absolute peace. Who knows? Perhaps, indeed, her baby had been brought to her. Beside her, white and wan in the sunshine, lay her faithful companion. Whether hearts do break or not, I cannot tell. Heaven, at least, had mercifully let them die together, quietly, as they lived.

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to contain a comple of ment and the all sinvegensi it ginerinisis og Bagagereni Then was like oil as a write the start

surprisions, and he greatly feared lost his departing sports should bear away with er more than she had brought. He herefore stood over the trunk to et. . done ach article said area put its.

The fully spread uson the disting of the runk some b-iding. The shoped over a because by actual examination that its ras all here; and the halfy took advantage f the movement of trip bis bards and send him headlong into the trank himself. Before he had fairly time to really what und happened the lid was a based and focked Wart Brint,

The oaths which Tim O'Brian swora then he found blneedf fairly enged were much to entall upon him a thousand are of pargatory at the very least lithey lift not settld hits to a worse place who ther. He ravel, he restrict, he attempted to break the took, be struggle hand furnally but all ro no purpose. The trank was iron bound, and held us own structury. "I shall smother," he yviled, with a tiok an the trank.

"Dh. 1 h. hover," replied historder wife, er will pressive through the hity-hole. faron I is more expensive than a teaparty, you know, "

The kill you when Fight out, you Jettehelp you have your

"Yan are not out vet, dear," she interposed as he partsed for a word sufficiently strong. "Don't excite your ell, love, 1 ope you won't be lonely, sweet, but I must get ready for my tea-party. Good N. darling Traine."

Such creamy curtards, such melting tarts, such spley calls, as more that day succepted in the house of Mrs, Timothy C'Brinn were for years a tradition it Swanville. Euch hrewing and hoking such compounding adalate the Dividing to the eye and delightful to the julate, had certainly never before been known in the

Mrs. O'Brinn proved herself a woman of energy, and fully equal to the occasion. Before the stm stood revenued the gravips. had all been blilden to test it at afternoo the Disparations were well forward, and the lasty had caused to be imported from the procury to the house contain supplies which she had in value naked of her huslistnit.

The afternoon came and with it the gossing. The event of a temperaty at Tim prevent the absence of any one; and in once mysterious way they felt that something was likely to occur of unusual in-The husters met her guests smiller and erena. Never had also appoared more at her ense. The time passed quickly and deasantly until tea time, when the indias were ushered into the room where stood the grout trunk. "I know you will pardon "me, ladies," the hostows said in her gransful, easy menmer, "that I have gratified a whim of my own and used this trank for a table. My craptmother and her weddlog breakfast rpan it, then my mother did, this some to mirate her, and I like to keep up old emaones. We will call this the bridat feast," The grasts expressed themasives, harmed with so rayed an like, and in to highest spirits out Cown to the boundial mind provided for them. This word sheer nucl fraumant too areas covered their tengues, and secondal and an flowed freely. The host - believity d the conversation to her bushand, and ere was not a scandal of his next life fr undiscussed. He heard more truth concerning hims off in half an hour then ordinate in "alisten to in a lifethue. He endured it us long as it was possible for mortal pathenos. to endure, and then turned anarily over in his trunk, swearing a mighty oath. The gossips dropped their ten-cups in

Lears and I dropped into his seat. Then putdriven all love from your heart. Oh, will amend in all things!"

"What?" asked several of the party in "Greenbacks. Greenbacks of all de-

Greenbacks rolled up in little wads, irreg-"Well, I was as much astonished as any

ful of good money on the table in front of me. Then, my pockets being emptied, I straightened them out deliberately and then began to count. There was \$427 in the pile before me. "Astonished? Well, boys, you never

saw a man so astonished in your life. I rolled the bills up in a wad and stuffed them into my pocket, and, as you may suppose, went and took a drink. Then I left the hotel and steered for Bleecker street, where in those days there was a restaurant that Bohemians used to frequent. There I sat down to try and think His story was apparently ended. He

relayed into silence. table, and probably cashed in your chips

into your posket. That's easy." the typographer; "but it had all been done when I was absolutely unconscious. Notwithstanding the fact that it was good luck it frightened me, and I haven't played faro from that day to this."

"Twas a queer experience, surely." remarked the journalist who heard the yarn. "And I suppose that money was

"Don't hurry, boys; I'll tell you, but it



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tended to for MODERATE FRES.

"I'd been drinking considerably while I was playing, and finally went to bed much the worse for liquor. I couldn't get any rest, though I slept after a fash-

"When I got up in the evening I felt very 'rocky.' 'Twas cold, dismal, and the weather was enough to give a man the blues without the help of the liquor I had in me.

"I was reckless, and decided not to go to work. I had a twenty-dollar bill and a twenty-five cant piece in my pocket.

"I put on a heavy overcost and went up to the corner of Cortlandt street and Broadway and started up town. I paid 10 cents for stage fare and had 15 cents left, besides the twenty-dollar bill, for which I had special use. That was just the price of a cocktuil. I wanted that cocktail when I got up to Bond street. So I got out and got it. That warmed me up a little and I started to walk up town.

'Mike Murray was running a gam-MATURE'S For Sick Stamach. bling saloon on Eighth street then, I drifted over there with my twenty-dollar bill, and there's where my experience be-

CONSTIPATION, Costiveness, Tarrani's Effervescent "It wasn't as hard to get into a gam-Selfzer Aperient. bling house then as it is now, and I had It is certain in its effect no trouble in reaching the faro table. is policieable to the le. It can be reflect in facure, and it cares institute, not by outrag-, instars. Do not take My head was far from level, but in a spirit of recklassness I threw down my twenty dollar bill and called for a stack of dollar chips. I got 'em, and I also got and purgatives your cas or allow your chil-n to take them, always this elegant pharthe drink of whiskey I called for.

"I drank frequently and played with varying luck. Whiskey and seltzer was my drink, which was served at the table where I sat. Finally I ordered a bumper, drank it, and that is the last I remem-

"Nothing extraordinary in that, I should say," remarked one of the listen ers. "It was simply an ordinary case of drunk."

"Hold on a bit, and see," resumed the old typographer. "It will be novel before I get through." He puffed vigorously at his cigar for a moment and then resumed. The next thing I knew was when I

woke up and found myself in a strange SOLD BY ALL DRUCCISTS. room. It was a little room, and its furniture of such a character as to indicate that I was in a hotel.

Laving struction 10 years between the and the stir ASTRENA or PHTHISIO tracted by from aby schars, and rearying no benefit. I a comparised during the last 5 years of my li-e to sit on my chair day and night graphine for ath. Ny effectives were beyond description, despair 1 experimented on myself compound-rests and herbs and inhalting the medicine schemed. I for unterly discovered that "There was a bell pull hanging on the wall near the bed that proved that. My vest was on a chair near the bed. I reached for it, for I was terribly thirsty, and I wanted to see if there was any REUL CURE FOR ANTHMA AND money there to buy a drink with. You ARRH, warranted to relieve the most sub-man or ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES, recan bet I was happy when I found \$1.75. the patient can be down to rast and sleep nriably. Fisses read the following condens-typets from uncollected testimonials all of re-So I pulled the bell. "A bell boy responded and I began cate-

chising him, for I wanted, above all er V. R. Bolmes, Sun Jose, Cal., writes : "1 things, to find out if my room was paid for, and how much money I had to the nich. I provide instantaneous relief." E. M. Carson, A. M. Warren, Ren. writes; What transiend by excitment of yelfacture of different y and Goemany; trust the eligente of different. Rind

""What can I do for you, sir?' asked the kid who came up in answer to my ting.

" 'Toll me where I am.'

"'You're in the Grand Central Hotel." "Good. What time is it?"

" 'Half-past 10 o'clock, sir.' "'All right. Bring me a whiskey cocktail.' He started for it. 'Hold on!' I

tried." a have many other bearty initimumials of cure chell, and in order that all sufferent from Asth-Uniarth. Hay Peyer, and kontred diseases shouted; 'don't be in such a deuce of a hurry; make it two."

there an ephericanity of testing the value of Remote we will send in any address TRIAL CULACE FREE OF CHARGE. If your drug-"He made it two, and I never saw two cocktails that tasted so good in my life. he to keep it do not permit him to sell you Well, I paid the kid, and gave him 10 cents for himself. That used up a half same wurthless imitation by his representing it to Whole as four of address plainty. Address, J. ZIMMERNIAN & CO., Props., Whole a chargens, Wowter, Wayne Co., O Full size Nex by mail \$1.00. dollar. That left me a dollar and a quar-

"I got up, dressed, and went down stairs to tackle the clerk and see if I'd anid my bill. There was an awful crowd a the corridors, but what brought them there I couldn't imagine. Everything that had happened in the past was a blank. There seemed but one thing to be done, that was to take a drink. I took it. I then had 10 cents besides my dollar. "Then I went out and braced the clerk

and found out my bill was paid. That cheered meup, So I went and took another drink. But the crowd in the hotel bothered me, and I couldn't make out what it meant. Finally I mustered up HOME AND CITY MADE We return hans, to the Postmaster, the what it meant. Finally I musters courage to ask what was going on.

ever they wish." WITHOUT FAULT.

John Martin had been married only a few weeks when, one Sunday, it came into his head to propose to his wife that they should plainly and honestly make known the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife.

Mrs. Martin, after some hesitation, agreed to the proposal, stipulating, however, that the recital should be honestly made, and with the sole aim of mutual amendment. The hushand was of the same mind, and the wife asked him to lead off with her faults. John Martin coughed and looked

askance at his demure little wife. He was loth to begin. He stroked his beard, shufiled his feet, and cleared his throat, but no word did he utter. "Well, my dear, as you were the first to

propose this matter, and as you are the head of the house, it seems but just for you to speak first," Thus urged, John Martin gave a preliminary "hem," cast a dubious glance towards his wife, who, with her plump, dimpled hands folded in hersnowy apron. and with serious face, sat looking straight before her, and thus began:

"Dear child, the first fault that I have to mention is that you do not keep the tinware as bright as it should be. It frequently shows stains of smoke. My nother always kept her tinware burnished like silver." "Thank you, dear, for mentioning it,"

and Mrs. Martin alightly colored. "In future you shall see no stain or speck on cup, pot or pan. Go.on, dear." John Martin's face brightened, and his

voice became less husky, as he proceeded. "I have also observed that you often use your dish-cloths for a day or two without washing, and finally throw them away. Now my mother always washed her dish-cloths when done using them, then hung them up to dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend in this particular. "I have noticed that you throw away not a little dry bread. Now, I remember that when at home my mother never threw dry bread into the scrap-basket, but utilized it in making very palatable pud-

dings." The color deepened on Mrs. Martin's cheeks, and descended to her neck as she said:

"Thank you, dear. I shall not forget. Pray proceed." Being now thoroughly warmed up with

his subject, and fully launched upon his hence)-"Don't you want to subscribe for cruise for faults of omission and commismy paper?" sion, John Martin's timidity disappeared, and making his own and the second section of the

"No, that's so," assented Fidelia, taking out her knitting. "Now you just moment you have not a fault in the world make yourself comfortable, Mis' Clap. -not a solitary fault. Indeed, you never had a fault. I was but joking, Mary, I'm real glad to see somebody. It's dreadful lonesome here. Jest those two cloths, and those other matters-merely still critters unstairs, and me and the cat joking little woman, ha, hai And downstairs, and nothin' on earth to do. Why, there ain't so much as a teaspoonand John kissed away the tears he had ful of dirt to clean up nowhere in the house. I never did see such house-"It will not do, John-it will not do. heepin ."

"She was a master hand for cleanin'," All you said was but too true; I see it all said Mrs. Chapp, shaking her head thoughtfully, "and as I say, there warn't now. But hear with me, instruct me, no children to make dirt."

"No, there warn't, but them plants is about as had, to my thinkin,' cluttering up the place half the year, and havin' to trail around with a waterin' pot, and weedin' and stewin' over 'em the rest of the time. She took a sight of comfort in 'en, though." "She was a real good woman, Mis' True

was," sighed Mrs. Clapp, speaking already in the past tense. "And he's a nowerful good man."

"There ain't no better." "Queersech good folks hadn't a family." "Well, they did have one child."

"Do tell? I never heard of it before, Boy or girl?'

"Boy, I believe; law, Mis' True was most tickled to death about it. She was as proud as an old hen with one chick, but it didn't last long. I was sent for to nurse her, and she was a dreadful sick woman, out of her head, just raving about that baby; goin' on about what she was meaning to do for it.

"She had it all planged out for a lifetime how she was a goin' to rock him to sleep nights, and how, by and by, he was A correspondent of the Baltimotr Sea agoin' to set to the table in a high chair thus describes the electric type-writer, alongside of her, and, finally, bow he was which promises to rival to some extent to take the farm and live with them althe telephone. The instrument in apways. My! she was ramblin' on so fast pearance somewhat resembles an eraiand a smiling away to herself, while the ary mechanical type-writer. It has a rest of us-me and the doctor and the key board and the types are placed on deacon-was jest a fightin' for that baby's steel bars, which play upon a common life. And, at last, when she come to hercenter, as is the case with the typeself there warn't nothin' but a dead baby writer. The motive power used is electo shew her."

tricity, by means of which evenness of action is assured. No matter how heav-"Dear, deart did she take on much?" said Fidelia, dropping her knitting in her ily or how lightly the keys are struck, inp.

the impression on the paper is the same. "Take on? Well, not like some folks, A remarkable feature of the invention She didn't screech nor cry; but she jest used as a typewriter is, that the carriage turned awful white, and hereyes got big moves automatically both forward and luchward. When the end of the line is and had lookin'; it was enough to ha'nt you to see 'cm, and she never said nothin' reached the carriage returns to the starting point without the sid of the to me; jest monued, and caught ahold of operator, and the paper bar moves one actch, so that all that is required of the the deacon's coat sleeve as if she needed somethin' to comfort her. It did seem's perator is to depress the keys. The if her heart was broke sure. She never ost important field for the new invenhad no more children." tion is sold to be in connection with the

"I gness that's why they've been so set telegraph. It is said at the vatent Office on each other," mused Fidelia. that the instrument can be used both

"Well, as to that, there ain't no tellin', as a transmitter and a receiver of intel-Some few folks are so-considerate and igence over a single wire, no matter how feelin'-but mighty few. Most married cat the distance may be. The receivfolk get tired of livin' together, or, at any og instrument does not require the atrate, they appear so, to home. The deacon tendance of an operator, but prints the dispatch; automatically. The instruments and Mis' True they's been like they was a'courtin' all these years. He's done all at both ends of the line print the disthe chores for her that a mortal man patch sent and so a safeguard against could do, and she's been as sweet to himistakes is provided. It is claimed that well as sweet as one of them doves a cooin the electric type-writer will be valued as away out there on the barn." a local aid to business, and offers many advantages over thotelophone. One ad-

"Hark! What's that?" said Fidelia. bolding up one hand, warningly, vantage claimed for it is that, no matter It was only the sound of a weak voice, whether a person called up is at his above, and a deeper voice trying to anplace of business or not, the message swer soothingly.

can be printed through the medium of his typewriter, and will be there for po-While the two women had talked the afternoon had waned. The rain seemed rusal on his return. The dispatches printed are in letter form, and not an like fast falling tears. The flowers, some of them, were closing drowsily. The endless tape. The instrument which has been christened the dynamograph, 18 shadows were deepening. The light considered by Patent Office officials to green foliage of a birch tree near the one of the greatest inventions upon house looked gray in the twilight. hich patents have been issued. The Through the open chamber window electricians do not stint their prairs and above sounded the sleepy trill of a bird, re positive that the machine will greatly safely snuggled in his nest under the young leaves.

Curiously enough this tender note alone had the power to rouse the dving woman. She had always been in close sympathy with all fair helpless things, flowers, young birds and infants. Now,

TAMING A HUSBAND.

Timothy O'Brian's third wife was no parties suffic instanced under the sul of conversion ground than the convertices widower begin to search for a partner to make good they loss.

Such was, however, the unfortunate reportation which Tim had acquired, both a severity of temper and for tightness in holding the purse-strings, that no tady in the term of Faranville could be found andficiently anxieus for matrimonial folicity to units her for with his.

"Finothy O'Erlan was not a man to be easily discouraged, and if a wife was notto be found in Summville, the world was wide and women were plenty elsewhere. He had accusion to go to Boston to promre supplies for the grocery from which he derived blasupport: and in Boston he found a lady to his mind who was not sufficiently sequainted with his peculiarl-

ties to refect his suit. When O'Heinn brought his bride home ft will readily be supposed that the gas-sips of Swanville lost little time in making her acqualitance, and very little more in informing her of her husband's reputa-

Mrs. O'Brinn smiled at all that wastold her, tossing her bead a little at the story of the heatings meckly received by the three former wives, and pursing up her Hps as if to intimate that she, the fourth. and no notion whatever of submitting to any so ungalight conduct.

It was not very long before her fortitude was part to the test. The bride announced to ber invsband that it was highly becoming and proper that they make some return for the attentions shown them, and that she contemplated nothing less than a teapariv.

Surprise for a moment held O'Brian silant. Such an innovation was so astounding as fairly to deprive him of the power of speach. He quickly recovered it, however, and swore that he would be melther dictated to by his wife, nor ruined by her EXTRA VALUE AND

The lady, instand of attempting to allay the rising storm, did all to her power to provoke him still further; and it required and she didn't care a copper who saw her pillow her head on his shoulder. The not much to be set him ton.

dismay. "Be quiet, Timmy, love," Mrs. O'Delan. said with the atminit coolin-ma ratile the dishes. Yes ware envisor, Mrs. Brown, that it was thought the beather Tith mave his second wife hestered has

"Mover sukes allven eveloimed Mes. Brown, "Is your buildenial for the termine" "Certainty, Why sheedland in her Don't you ever find it measurer to discipine Mr. Brown?" asked Mrs. O'lician.

"But Mr. O'Drinn fn such n-ser-hus-st "Such a britter" the holdens relatly frished. "I know it. But he mante to.

"Tidou"t, " said a voice from the transh "Oh, Lam sure you do, Thunay, Mare," returned his hely. "for I emmol let your our until you do, and you neter by your

tired and bringry by this firm." It is needleds to relate the conversition. which followed. Bouldless the cuttre has male chorns arged upon the endy-it the expediency and necessity of mendical en-

At any rate the unfortunity O'Bring. was forced to capitalate, and by the tame the indies had finished their ins ha was propagation to permise anything

They released hum, nod, webcarned him hangefored compensates in the light of day as the return of the predigal. This imits were still with long confidencest, birt when he had been fed with the remnames of the good things with which the gravity had been regaled, he was so far verveent as to comply with his wife's

his cane, as they had fallen down, the rest having been consumed.

A bully once theraughly subdued, is generally the morkest of men, and ever after that day in his wife's trank, Timothy was pointed out by all the ladies as a model husband. And when their own husbands proved refractory or capitous, these dear creatures were accustomed to say to them:

"I should think you wanted to spend a day in Timothy O'Brian's wife's trunk?"

"PARRYDISE BILED DOWN !" B! The Graphic Testimony of an Expert in

There was a bridal couple coming in on

the Bay City train the other day, and the

passengers in that particular our were.

on the grin most of the time over their

The bride had got the man she loved,

111111111

the Connubial Line.

I URNITURE! MAR MALOR AND CHAMBER SUITS. LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES CHAIRS, Mattresses, &c., 1695 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PENN'A The Assisting to purchase County and att The Assist of the est prices are respectfully when an We are confident that we chan be a set out of the est prices are respectfully when an We are confident that we chan be a set out of the est prices are respectfully when an We are confident that we chan be a set out of the est prices are respectfully when an We are confident that we chan be a set out of the est prices are respectfully	C. A. SNOW & CO. pp. Patent Office Washington, D. C.	had arrived and that he was due in the city when I started on my little excur- sion, but that the weather had prevented the reception	 till he had brought forth quite a formidable array of faults. He then heaved a sigh of relief and declared he could think of nothing more. The young housewife sat in silence, her chin quivering and a something rising in her throat that would not "down." "Now, my dear, proceed." cried John Martin. "Tell me all the faults you have observed in me since our marriage, and spare me not." "Are you sure, dear, that you have thought of all my faults!" said Mrs. Martin. "Can you not think of some other little thing in which I have failed!" "Well, dear," said John, stroking his beard and gazing fixedly at the toes of his houts, "well, I have sometimes thought that the windows are not kept quite as clean as my mother kept those of her house." "I fear you are right, John," gulped the little wile. 	for newspapers." "Don't see how that can be." "Why, you see, I have a private wire of my own to the baseball grounds." Faith and Works. When Prof. K. reached the rostrum for prayers be found his watch about two minutes slower and himself as much later than be expected. Looking at his watch he exclaimed, "I shall have no faith in my watch after this?" "It is not faith, but works, you need." was the quick response of Prof. J.—Har- per's Magazine. "The Latest Fish Story. A North Pornoua man went up the canon on Sunday and fell into a big eddy, the water awerping him down over the faits. The was fished out by his friends, not hurt a bit, and when he felt in his pockets he tound three troat, each 7 inches long. -San Francisco Bulletin.	The years between had vanished. They were happy years, too, happier than most people onjoy, for her desires had been taxing gratified, her ambitions were to a simplest kind. To live within their small means; to lay aside a little each year; to keep the house immoniate and the flowers thriv- ing; to know peaceful nights and quiet, uneventful days; to help a neighbor in trouble; to sit in the village church regu- larly on Sunday, and to be sure that the grass grew green and the white violets flourished over a certain small motion in	 biy served bim for a similar purpose with much of his former informeria, he prepared to administer to his bride a sound eastlent. "Stop?" sold the lady, producing a carring knile and meditatively cranthing its edge. "It was not in the marriage contract that behould be flogged by you; nor do I intend to be. If we cannot live together, we'll separate, but you shall not strike me." "Yery well, very will," he returned, with an oath as long as his cose. "Pack up your things and be off then. You any have your tengenty in Besten." Like the discret norman obse was, Mrs. Offician made no reply to this part. 	 1 Enough if all the time, "chuckled hold-head. bald-head. * "And we can?'s help it, you know." * "No, you can?t—I'll be daraed if you kin?" * "I pressure it all scema very elly to an old man like you, "cantinued the hanhand." * Does it i. Does till "cackle i, the old fellem at he holdest around. "Well, you they the the ball scenario." Well, you they the the time order and i weather it is not on any they the time time order and i work in the time time order and i work in the time time order and i work in the time time time order is the time of the	
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simplyly business itercommunication.

Unceasing Evolution.

Newspaper Canvasser (a few years

American Citizen-"No, I've got no usa