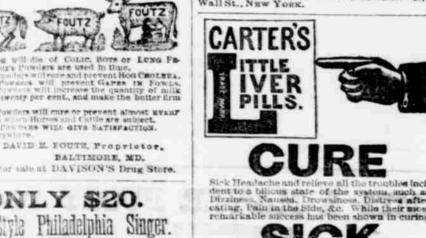
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DECIDED ECONOMY.

Mr. and Mrs. Blossom were new stars of a fine brilliancy, but of small magniude, in the society of Warrensburg. Alexander Blossom and Minnie Blossom had been married for one short year, which time seemed to them just one long

summer's day. There are several married people unlike Alexander and Minnie, for these were never happy except when they were together, and when they were together never unhappy for a moment. When Alexander came in from business he always ustituted a search for the brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who was waiting for blus, and when he began to despair she would start out of a certain passageway with a gay laugh and ask him where his

Of course, under these circumstances, t was necessary for her to take a good, square look in his eyes to determine if hey were the same as ever, and then occurred some of those manifestations which foolish people call foolishness, and which only stopped when the genial housemaid came to announce that dinner was served. Of course, the housemaid did not say: "Dinner is served;" her proclamation verbatim was: "Come now," but the meaning was the same.

I have omitted to say that Miunie was not very tall; that she was remarkably healthy and deliciously plump. Her lips were as near bursting from fullness as therries after a rain; her forehead was low, and her eyebrows, heavier than the ordinary, made her just so much more

There was nothing wonderful about Alexander. You will comprehend Alexander at once when I say that he received \$100 a month which he did not earn. However, he firmly believed that in some mysterious way his labor brought large

returns to his employers. With \$100 a month the Blossoms had to ive. Fortunately, they had no rent to pay; the market books under Minule's are figured up reasonably, and the domestic was kind enough to demand but

\$15 a month. --Oue day Alexander came home from his alleged business looking nice and eweet, and also looking for Minnie. The latter rushed out from the unexpected place in which she always hid, caught him around the neck, asked him where his eyes were, put a rapturous kiss just below his camel's hair mustache, and

"What do you think?" The sagacious husband implanted a rapturous kiss just below where Minuie would have had a splendld brown mustacke had she been in that line, and he replied that he did not know. He also demanded advice as to what it was approprinte to think. -

Minnie then explained that a letter had come addressed to him that looked like wedding cards; that she had-had spened it, and it wasn't wedding cards at Some men, hearing of a mysterious letter opened by a loving wife, would have uperisheed a feeling of vague unrest. Sot so Alexander. He silently weighed he merits of some hasty falsehoods and me trail bravely what the letter was, "An invitation to join the Warrens-ourg Social Club," said Minnie, "and I

have been thinking of it all the after-So she had, in her womanly way, she wi been thinking what dresses she ould wear. "lan't it nice!" she cried. Now, say we can go."

"Of course we can go." The auguardedness of this answer was contially masculine. Women, on the outrary, always begin by refusing, and afterward allow themselves to be argued nto anything whatever. "Then you must get a dress suit," said

Mrs. Hlossom. These were, indeed, strange words. they conveyed the revolting idea that he fashionable Alexander had nothing dress more formal than cutaways or Prince Alberta.

How, then, had he been married? The explanation throws light on a very dark enseage in Mr. Blossom's life-his dress suit had been pawned; and worse, the time of redemption had expired. "I can't go," he said, resigning himself

o Fate with a large F. "That's it," cried Minnie, delighted, "I've been figuring it all up and you can

Here she ran into the next room, and n one second returned with a sheet of legal cap bearing very illegal-looking fig-"Now, look at this!" Alexander looked; and I have to record

that he was not shocked. The figures and their method were about as nearly ke those of an ordained bookkeeper as Mr. Blossom's own. "We've got to be economical for two months, you see," said Minnie. "There

it is, all on paper." The indisputable document ran thus: "Grocer, 256; Jane, \$15; butcher, \$15; coal, 88; everything else \$10; altogether 578-878 out of \$100 leaves \$22-say \$20; two months, \$40." "One of these suits doesn't cost more

than that, does it?" she asked confidently. "Costs \$75," replied the gloomy Alexander. "Humph!" cried Minnie. "Can't you

managet If it were a \$75 dress, \$40 would o plenty. Alexander shook his head. "But the club meets early in the evennz," persisted Minnie. "Couldn't you

get one that would do-ready made, or something?" Alexander was pained. He said he trusted she did not speak in earnest. "Dear!" cried Minnie in despair, "what on we do? We can't take boarders, and you can't be a book agent. I wish someody would leave us some money." So do I," murmured Alec with feel-

"I know what," cried Minnie, with sudden brightness, "Don't you ask your father for money," said Mr. Blossom, sternly. "I don't intend to."

Alexander seemed to think she might have been a little more willful on this point. But he tried to look much re-We refere, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to the officers of the U.S. Patent Office. For circustate advice of the U.S. Patent Office. For circustate advice of the U.S. Patent Office. For circustate advice of the U.S. Patent Office.

The next day Minnle, in pursuance of her idea, went by stealth to the clothing emporium of Warrensburg and demanded the price of dress suits. The answer was

She then asked the price of the cloth. This was a great surprise to the tailor. ile affected to solve an intricate problem. and flually coming out with a mathematical flourish of his pencil, said: "Twenty dollars," "How much for cutting out?" --

"Weil," said the tailor, "bem! let me see. You wouldn't want it made up here, you think? Well, coat, vest and -"I should like to get the cloth and the cutting both for \$30, if you could," said Minuie, faintly.

get English goods, you know, at American price- We have cheaper goods,

"I should want this," said Minnie. "Well, as the best figure on that I'll say \$33. We don't make anything on it,

anyway." Mrs. Blossom was not decelved, but she pretended to be, and with another exertion of courage asked for a month's credit. Then she directed the cutting to be done by Alexander's measure, already with the tailor, and the next day carried her bundle in triumph to her dressmaker.

That was her idea. Her dressmaker, of course, was one of that infinite number of sewing women, found only by sheer good luck, who are called "jewels" by feminine gossips, and who charge two prices. They are said to be "reasonable" as distinguished from the real modiste.

According to immemorial usage among dressmakers, this particular "jewel" of Minnie's did not set a price, but she said it was a "splendid plan" that she would try, and that she would make everything 'satisfactory.'

What can be more satisfactory than satisfactory? Minnie departed in great spirita. Time rattled on and brought the night of the club's first meeting.

The Blossoms'acceptance had been duly sent, and Alexander had been complacently informed that a dress suit would be provided. He trusted to his wife implicitly, be-

lieving not that in two months she would create a wonderful novel, as ladies so easily do-in other novels-but that she would pursue the more useful and perhaps more womanly plan of calling on her father. Men are so tardy in conceding to their wives other than domestic virtues. But one man was about to have his masculine prejudices swept away. The important night having rolled into Warrensburg, Minute bade her depend-

ent husband to "come up and get ready." He went. The bundle was brought out for him to open. It was a regular tallor's box (such was Minnie's craftiness) and lo! on the collar of the coat was the glorifying name of a New York tailor. Minnie, of course, had obtained the name of her father and

sewed it on with her own fair hands. Alec, with a full heart, donned the suit and stood before the mirror. He cast two careful, comprehensive glances at the trim reflection, clasped Minnie to the new coat and exclaimed in many raptures: "You darling! It's-it's the regular

thing!" "Are you satisfied?" asked the wife, wishing him to commit himself beyond retracting before she divulged the low origin of the suit. "Of course," cried Alec, warmly, wishing he were a woman so that he could

gush a little. "Satisfied? Why, it's one of Ackerman's best-that's what it is. See the way it fits. I could tell that was Ackerman a mile off." When he had raved for ten minutes Minnie confessed the history of the suit. "So you see, after all," she said at last, we women do know something." Mr. Blossom looked at the coat more

critically, trying to detect a blemish, but he couldn't. "Are you still satisfied?" asked Minnie. He had to admit that he was. "Now, how much do you suppose !!

Mr. Blossom couldn't tell. "Now a tailor"-he began. "Tailor!" cried Minnte. "You mean robber. I counted on just \$40, and out of that I have this suit, which you say you

like, and this dress of mine. You would have paid \$75 for the suit alone. To-morrow I shall go and pay up, and I warn you that every cent I have left out of the \$40 I shall spend on candy, every single cent." For Minnie had the woman's love of extravagance after all.

So this was Mrs. Blossom's triumph. Not a gentleman at the club was better dressed than her husband. They were both in raptures. Alexander

especially, when he had convinced himself that this suit did not proclaim to the world the disgraceful truth that it had been constructed by a dressmaker. The next evening when Mr. Blossom came home and instituted the search for

Minnie, she did not leap out at him from her old, unthought of hiding place. She was in her room and crying. "What is the matter?" asked Alex-

She did not reply at first, but still kept her head from him, but when she had been wrought up to the proper state of sympathy and alarm she cried a little more bitterly than before, and unconsciously relaxed her grasp upon a piece of

crumpled paper. Alexander divined that this dingy scrap was the source of the trouble, and

picked it up. It contained atrocious writing executed in red ink, and looked like the work of a dynamiter. But it was not so brief. It began: "Mrs. Blossom to Mrs. Darden, man Dress Suite," and after eighteen or

twenty lines of trimmings, linings, buttons, extra cloth, making, etc., culminated Under this "totle" Minnie had written

in trembling figures what she owed the tailor, \$23, and then she had made a "totle" of her own. The dress suit had cost her \$72.

"You hate me," she sobbed, "you'll think you've married a simpleton.' Alexander was not distinguished for a keen insight into human nature, but with so beautiful and appealing a creature as Minule in tears, who would not know the proper chord?

"Simpleton!" he cried, and distrusting the power of words alone, he seized her by the waist, "sae jimp," and gleefully whisked her about the room.
"So you want a compliment on your fluanciering? You shall have it. You have got a thing worth \$75 for \$73; made \$) by simply turning over your somewhat dimpled hand. Simpleton, for sooth; you are a money grubber! Take me to the theatre, capital! and I will give you the supper afterward. Eh? What do you think of that?" Minnie, flying from tears to smiles, fool-

ishly thought Alexander more adorable than ever, and that evening, at the play, although it was a very fatal tragedy, they successfully maintained the highest Better than all, when the story was re-lated to Minnie's father, he-knowing how to strike the right chord-immedi-

ately presented her with a large check as a guarantee that her first charming futile efforts at economy were properly appreciated

Beginning of the End. His best friend would not have called old Sokitup a temperance man. For years everything of a fluid nature had been awallowed up by him with a savageness that betokened a powerful thirst, At last nature struck and brought him

up short with the jumps, liver and last, but not least, dropsy.

A friend called on bim. "How are you, old man?" said the friend. "Very bad," said Sokitup, "they're coming to tap me to-morrew."

"Well, perhaps you'll get all right then," said the sympathizer. "I'm 'fraid not," said the sick man: Well," answered the tankt, part and please every taste, any proposed line of Advertising in American "Well," answered the tankt, part and tankt, part "nothing in this house ever lasted long

A BATTLE ROYAL.

While the number of persons in India who lose their lives by serpents and wild animals, as returned each year by official record, is so great as to amaze us, I am satisfied that not more than two-thirds of the actual number are returned. I passed five years in that country, most of the time in the interior among the natives, and I know how impossible it is for officials to collect anything like trust-

worthy statistics under this head. ---The head men of villages are supposed to report to certain officials, but they do so only under pressure. Where a report would give a district a bad name, it is altered and amended, and no doubt the Government connives at this. The amount of money paid out as bounty each year to the slayers of sorpents and wild animals is enormous, and it is increasing yearly, proving that all attempts to even lessen the general evil have resulted in

The tiger, hyens, tiger wolf, wolf, and other dangerous beasts have been driven back as towns and cities have been built up, but they have not been exterminated nor have their numbers been greatly lessened. In 1883 a tiger killed a man within three miles of the railroad depot at Hyderabad. In that same year a tiger carried off and devoured an English girl from the suburbs of Bengalore. Deadly serpents are a terror to-day in the outskirts of Madras, Bombay, Calcutta,

and other scaports. ---Under the tropical heat of India animal and insect life is called into being so rapidly, and nature furnishes such bountiful nourishment that it will ever be a country of danger. I have had a tiger sniff at me as I lay wrapped in my blankets in a jungle camp a hundred miles from town, and I have entered a bedroom in a house in Calcutta to find that a cobra held possession. -

From the Bengal line on the north, to the city of Hyderabad on the south, and from Sonpur in the east to the seacoast on the west, lies a great territory without a railroad crossing it. Several large rivers cut through it, and there are various military roads, but Nagpoor is the only town of any importance. This area of country is hill, valley, plain and jungle, and a great army might march through it and across it and back again, and not frighten its perils away.

It was from Nagpoor that I went out en a commission for an animal house at Amsterdam-one of the most singular orders we ever got. It was for a den of poisonous snakes for an American circus, and it was expressly stipulated that no serpent whose bite was not known to be fatal should be accepted.

Having constructed the proper cages and collected a party of natives with experience, we started off and made a two days' journey to the south. This brought us into the hills and jungles, with animal life as plentiful and as savage as before the English set foot in India. We made our headquarters at a village called Boorghat, and were assured that we would have no trouble in loading a ship with poisonous reptiles, to say nothing of wild animals. The head man informed me that thirty-three of the villa-

months by snake bites, and that no record had been sent to Nagpeor, as required by law. -"It would give us a bad name, and do nobody any good," he explained. ----"But they want to publish the figures in England and elsewhere," I protested.

gers had lost their lives within twelve

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed, "Who will care to read such a record?" There were, he assured me, in the jungles about the village at least a dozen species of poisonous serpents, and that the loss of life in the village from this cause averaged five persons a month. In one year his people had killed and received bounty on eight thousand serpents,

but the number had in nowise dimin-He gave us many hints of caution, but we had been in the country long enough to know that the only precaution a man could take was eternal vigilance. On the first night of our arrival a large snake was killed by crawling within twenty feet of a group at a camp fire.

There were but two of us white hunters, and they gave each of us a hut to him-Before we turned in for the night the place was thoroughly searched, the hedding beaten with sticks, and small fires

were built outside. Soon after breakfast next morning a boy came running in with the news that a large snake had been seen to enter a deserted hut about forty rods away. We at once set off with our outfit, which consisted mostly of nets, and when it was found that the but had only a single opening-

the doorway-we soon had a net drawn Then some of the men and boys began pounding on the hut with clubs and making a great row, and directly the snoke made a rush. He was caught as a fish traps himself in a pound net, but he did not submit until after a tremendous struggle. The natives called him an indur, but in appearance he greatly resembled the American blacksnake. He was nine feet long, ringed with orango,

and was possessed of great strength and a terrible temper. After he had tired himself out we landed him in the cage, and to prove to us that he was poisonous a piece of fresh mext was held out to him on the end of a stick. In fifteen minutes after he had struck it the meat turned green, and in half an hour it smelled so horribly that we had to

throw it away. We did not get through with this first capture until about noon, and directly after dinner a woman came in to tell us that a sampur was backing in the sun on a flat rock. This serpent was as much dreaded as the African malabar, being ready to attack human beings on sight, and having a strength and temper which render him a dangerous antagonist. We must find bim asleep and steal upon him unawares or some of us would forfeit our

A scout was sent out, who came back to report that his snakeship was lying in his coil in a convenient spot for our operations, and we moved upon him. As an offset for his dangerous characteristics nature makes the sampur hard of hearing and a heavy sleeper.

Using the utmost cantion, one head native approached with a cast net, and by a successful throw made the dangerous fellow a prisoner. It took us three hours of hard work to get him into the cage, and he did not quiet down until he had thrashed himself sore.

It was not much of a feat to secure the serpents we wanted, and in the course of a fortnight we were ready to pull up stakes. Then occurred an incident which almost made an old man of me in an hour. The hut I occupied had been used as a

sterehouse. On each side of the sin-le doorway was a stont fence made of potes running out about twenty-five feet, thus making a lane or passage about three feet wide. When the house was filled with grain a sentinel watched at the

mouth of this lane. Only one person

could go or come at a time, and each was

under supervision. HER CHANGE OF OPINION. They had slung a hammock for me so

that I faced the door and looked down this lane when lying on my right side. Each night a fire was built just at the mouth of the lane, and there were so many other fires scattered about that we felt safe from tigers or serpents. On this night I turned in at about 10

o'clock. Half an hour later it began to rain heavily, and in a few minutes all the fires were out. The rain continued until after midnight, and then it cleared up and the moon rose. I had slept for an hour, and awake just as the light of the moon came over the jungle. It shone full upon the lane, and the

cohra making its way toward me. We had seen none of them in our two weeks' stay, but I knew the species directly I caught its motion. My two guns were in To spring out of the hammock and seize one of them and fire at the serpent was the work of ten seconds. That was my programme, but as I made the first

first thing my eyes rested on was a large

removed my trousers, and the buckle had worked itself down among the fibres and become fast. I had only time for the one effort. To get clear I must dump myself out on my knees, and the serpent was too near for The cobra might flee in affright, but he was more likely to spring upon me. And suppose there was a pair of them, and that the other had already

movement I found myself fast. I had not

entered the huti In ten seconds after this thought came to me I was in a cold sweat, and so weak that I could not have stood on my feet. The slight movement I had made alarmed the cobra, and he coiled himself and waited fully two minutes before coming on again. I ought to move and also use my voice, but for the life of me I could neither raise a finger nor utter a

The serpent might have been ten minutes crawling the fifteen feet which brought him into the hut. As soon as he was over the threshold he was in the darkness, and I could no longer see him. I heard him crawling about over the dried grass on the floor, however, and knew that it was only a question of minutes when he would seek a closer acquaintance with me. He might not strike me at once. The cobra never attacks unless

It never strikes a sheper. My hammock was slung about three feet from the ground. After a few min utes I heard the snake crawling toward me, and I prepared for the worst. When I turned in it was very close and oppressive. I had, therefore, thrown the blankets out of the hammocks. The cold rain had chilled the snake, and he was looking for warmth. -

The blankets were on the ground and this fact prevented him from coming into the hammock. I could not see him, but I could hear and scent him as he twisted about and finally curied down. When he had become quiet I felt that I had a chance for my life. I would wait until he was asleep, and then make a sudden spring and a rush. If I waited until daylight aroused the patives, the cobra would I was cooler now, and I waited from

twenty to twenty-five minutes before moving. I was just planning to dump myself out of the hammock, when the moonlight revealed a new and unex; ected Canger. Standing at the mouth of the lane and looking straight in upon me, was a tiger. That he had entered the village in

search of prey I knew by his demeanor. That he was an old tiger and a man-eater one could see by his lordly air. Instead of coming in from the jungle, he had come across the open and cultivated land, and my but was first in his path. I did not believe he would enter the hut. The lane would look like a trup to him, and he would perhaps fight shy.

After looking at me for perhaps two minutes, the tiger moved out of sight, and presently I heard him stealing around the but looking for an opening. There was no other, and he returned and surveyed me again. -While my eyes were wide open, I did not move a finger, and the animal no

doubt believed me asleep. He probably saw the blankets on the ground, but I don't think he suspected the presence of the serpent. When the tiger finally entered the open-

ing and began to approach me I gave my-

self up for lest. With this feeling came

that of coolness, and I was never more clearminded in my life. For a moment I forgot the snake, but presently, as the tiger was within ten feet of the doorway, I heard the serpent fitter a low hiss and move about. The tiger had eyes and cars only for me. He skulked over the ground exactly as you

have seen a cat, making no more noise than a monae. When he reached the doorway and stood with his forepaws on the threshold my heart stopped heating. His next move would be a spring, and he would find me

belpless. There was an interval of thirty seconds. My sight went away from me. I was

half dead with terror. I faintly remember hearing a biss and a snarl, and all at once I rose, It was to see the cobra and the tiger rolling over and over in the lane, and

raising such a row that the whole village was aroused in a moment. I saw all the fight, but remember very little. Serpent and tiger rolled away down the lane and then back again, the one hissing like a steam engine and the other roaring and growling. In ten minutes it was over and both were dead, and then I fainted away, and was unconscious. The colum had bitten the tiger in more than fifty places, and the tiger had used his teeth and claws to tear his enemy.

THE TURKISH LAMPLIGHTER.

Ills Primitive Way of Performing Useful Function This functionary is a tall and gaunt old

Mussulman, with a fierce mustache, an

embroidered scarlet jacket, and a huge

"fustanelle." He carries a ladder, a box of lucifer matches, and a huge green cotton um-brella. He plants his ladder against the wooden post, on the top of which a common tin lamp is insecurely fastened, and taking off the glass chimney opens his umbrella to keep off the wind, The handle of the umbrella is tucked under his arm, and then balancing bimself on the richety ladder he proceeds to strike a light with his lucifers, carefully

protecting the sputtering flame with both his hands. Naturally this is a slow process, and by the time the dozen lamps are lighted everybody is safe at home, for the citizens do not go out at night, but retire to rest at a very early hour.

Rough on Boston.

A distinguished looking man was arrested in i'mindelphia the other day for seaudalously crooked walking. On examination it was found that he was not druck, but had lived in Boston for they live years and had become so use to crowled directs that he couldn't wark straight, - Larlington I reo Freis.

"It's such nonsensel" said Mrs. 'Carlton Ray, with a toss of her bright chestnut "One would think you were a child, Addy, playing with your dolls!" As Mrs. Carlton Ray and her daughter,

Adela, sat on the cool piazza of the fashionable summer hotel, the casual observer could hardly have distinguished without a second glance which was mother and which daughter-both were so young and fair. Mrs. Ray was a dimpled, rosy little widow, with eyes as blue as the midsum-

mer sky, a complexion like a rose-leaf, and a mouth which smiled at you like that of a six-months' old baby; while Adela, tall and dark, with soft hazel eyes, and dark brown braids, had a gravity of manner far more natural in seeming than that of her mother.

"One can't help one's heart, mamma!" pouted Adela, evidently taking umbrage at her mother's lecture, "Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Ray.

Don't talk about hearts, Addy: it's a mere physiological term." "But, mamma, I love him" "There it is again!" sighed the dimpled widow. "Love! Why, Addy, I'm aston-

ished at you!" "Well, mamma, what am I to do?" "Do? Why, look out for an eligible parti of course, with lots of cash and a house in Madison avenue, and a yacht, and all that sort of thing, if you must fall in love."

"It's very plain to see that you never were in love, manima." "No; nor anyone else, Addy. Depend upon it, it's all pretty phrases out of storybooks. Love means a nice establishment, with plenty of money, a cottage at Newport during the season, and a stylish wedding." Adela shook her head. -

"It's all very well to talk mamma." she said with a little sigh like the stirring of a zephyr; "but for all that, I love Guy "Guy Hawkesworth, Indeed!" echoed the little widow scornfully. "Why, he

hasn't a penny in the world!" "But he is so intellectual, mamma!" "Intellect won't keep the pet boiling, child, and Greek roots aren't half so good as turnips for everyday use."

'Addy, it's all nonsense! I won't hear another word ' "But he is coming here to-night, with his uncle, manura, to call." "Very well; then we'll take particular

pains to be not at home."

Addy pouted, and even cried a little, but her mother was relentless. "It is just the old days of your childhood over again, Addy," said Mrs. Carlton Ray, laughing, "when I used to take away the scissors to keep you from hurting your bleased little flogers. There's no use crying; you can't have the scissors. ma petite. I never did see such a goose in all my life as you are."

Consequently, Adela Ray was not a little surprised, a few days subsequently, as she entered the parlor, to see her mother chatting on the sofa with the identical Guy Hawkesworth and his uncle -the latter a tall, stylish-looking man of three or four and forty, with jet-black hair, and a skin bronzed by exposure to the surs and winds of a tropical climate. "Mamma," she cried, when the guests had finally taken their leave, "how on earth came you to see them? "I couldn't help it," said Mrs. Carlton

Ray, with a slight gesture of impatience. That stupid Thompson showed them right into the room before I could get a chance to slip upstairs." "How handsome Guy's uncle is!" cried Addy enthusiastically. "Handsome!" echoed Mrs. Carlton Ray

carelessly. "Do you call him handsome?

He is altogether too dark for my fancy.

"I wonder if he is rich?" said Adela "Right No. Guy was telling me his history-such a romantic one-how he had lost all his fortune in the diamond tracts of Brazil."

"Then he won't do for me to bombard

with my fascinations," laughed Addy. "No, certainly not," said Mrs. Carlton Ray decisively. "Well, mamma, you needn't speak so sharply," said Addy in a plaintive voice. "Of course, I was only in jest about it,

Why, he is old enough to be my grand-"Nonsense, Addy, he's only forty-three "Isn't that rather ancient?" "Indeed, no-it's just the prime of life,"

Addy looked at her mother in some sur-"Well, mamma," she lunghed, "have it your own way." "There is no way about it," said Mrs. Carlton Ray, "Do run upstairs and get my parasol, Addy-it's just the pleasant-

est time of day for a walk." And the pretty little widow was unwontedly slient and thoughtful for the rest of the bright midsummer day. "Mamma," said Adela gleefully one morning, "I've got good news for you." "What is it?" asked Mrs. Carlton Ray,

glancing up eagerly from her book.

"Major Truefitt is to be here to-morrow -the rich widower that half the girls in town are raving about." "What of it?" "What of it, mamma? Isn't be as rich na Crossus? "Rich!" echoed Mrs. Carlton Ray, with a slight accent of annoyance in her voice.

'It seems to me that this world of ours is getting more and more mercenary every Adela stared; she was quite unused to the enunciation of this strain of sentiment from her mother's little cherry-red

month. "Mamma, what lathe matter?" "Don't be a goose, Addy: what should be the matter?" And Mrs. Carlton Ray escaped out of the door before Adela could ask any more

"At all events," thought Addy, "TH sew the blue ribbon on my Indian muslin dress. Mamma used to talk a great deal about my making myself charming in the eyes of the rich Major Truefitt, when be came, and there's one thing quite cer-

won't be love's labor lost." So Addy sat down singing to her work. To transpose a well-known serving Ma jor Truefitt came and saw, but Adela Ray conquered.

tain-Guy Hawkesworth likes blue, so It

The old major, within a month of his arrival at Seaside Point, fell desperately in love with the tall, dark-eyed lassle whose jetty curls hung like the tendrills of a vine round her blue veined temples, and haid his tough old heart and his vast fortune, jointly and severally, at Addy's dainty slippered feet.

"I'll see what mamma says," said the beauty demurely, but within herself she determined to be true and constant to poor Guy Hawkesworth, who had not a penny of his own beyond the salary he carned as contributor to half a dozenfashionable magazines and a score of

So the stole into Mrs. Carlton Ray's room that wight, just as the widow had outling the light, and the mosalicht by in last; our golden squares on the carAdvertising Hates.

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Mamma, you are not undressed?" "No," said Mrs. Carlton Bay: "I

thought I would enjoy the levely moonlight a little first." "I am glad of that, mamma, for I had something to tell you to-night." "Something to tell me "Yes. Major Truefitt has proposed to

"But you have not accepted him?" Adela's quick car caught something quite unwonted in the tones of the widow's voice.

"Why should I not, mamma?" she asked with wily demureness. "He is "But you don't love him, Addy?" "-"Does that make such a difference?"

asked Adela, smiling in the shadows to herself. "It makes all the difference in the world, Adela," said Mrs. Carlton Pay eagerly. "You must marry Guy Hawkesworth, darling. I want you to have a happy home, because-

'Because why, mamma?" mercilessly persisted Adeia, pestling up close to her mother's side, "Because I am going to be married, Addy," whispered Mrs. Carlton Hay, thankful for the semi-darkness of the

moonlighted room, which hid her blushes from her daughter's searching glances. if "You, mamma! And to whom?" "To Mr. Rudolph Hawkesworth,

"What! Guy's uncle, who lost his fortune in the diamond-mines of Bru 17 Why, mamma, he is as poor as poverty's "He is rich in a true heart and a noble nature, Adela," gravely responded her "And he's dark as a gipsy, and old

enough to be my grandfather!" "Adela!" "Mamma, darling don't he yeard with me," pleaded the girl. "Indeed-indeed, I'm not in earnest; but do you really love

"I do really love him, Addy." "Oh, mamma, after all you have said about hearts being only physiclogical ideas and true love a dream of ignor-"Addy, don't reproach me: I never knew what love was until-until heasked

"Then you are actually going to marry 'Without a fortune?"

me to be his wife."

"Without anything but his own noble "And I may be Guy Hawkesworth's "You must follow the dictates of your

own heart, love." "Mamma," whispered Addy, kneeling down beside her mother, and hidling her head in Mrs. Ray's bosom, "I am so "So am I," snswered the little widow, between laughing and crying.

And Major Truefitt's suit was urged in

CARNOT'S GRANDFATHER. Sapoleon's Approclation" and What Nichulur Said of Him. Seidom are the whirligigs of time and the strange revenues which they bring more familily or more curiously trated than in the records of historic houses; and of the existing palaces of the French capital not one has undersone

so many interesting vicissitudes as has the

lysee, where at the end of June, 1815, Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot con versed for the last time with his imperial mester. From 1800 to 1814 the inflexible Rosublican had held studiously alouf from he imperial regime. He would have absolutely nothing to do with Napoleon so long as the Casar was prosperous and powerful. He had voted against the condition of the Legion of Honor, he had voted against the consulate for life, and he was the only member of the Tribunate who clared to raise his voice against the e-tableshment of the empire. et so highly did Napoleon appreciate the talents and the virtues of the soldier, statescorn, and man of science, who had served the Convention and the Directory

comprehensive message "Mon-jeur Carnot, anything you like, as you like, and when you like, Carnot wanted and would accept nothng. When bowever, political bankraptcy had overtaken Napoleon in 1814, and when his marshals and his courtiers were deserting him on masse Carnot reappeared to oder, as he put R. a "sexanarion arm" to the defeated and rained

this services were gladly accounted, and

be was instructed to place Antwerp in a

so well, that he sent him this pithy but

had accomplished listask that it was dis-covered that the man who had "organized victory" for the Republican armies, whose name was closely associated with the Institute, the Feole Normale, and the Bureau of Longtitudes, is id no higher grade than that of a major of engineers. He had bestowed the very highest rouls be had forgotten his own coains, and it was only by seniority that he had rissue to the post of a "Chef de Paintillon." Perhaps the fine-t tribute over rendered to his character was that paid by the illustrious historian Nielmhr. not' he said, "is in many respects the greatest man of this century; his virtues are of an exquisite onture. My positical ideas differ from his, and my love for him might seem an anomaly; but this ove exists and if there remained to me in the world only a single crust of bread. I should be proud to share it with Car-

Proscribed by the Pourbons because he had woted for the death of Lamis XVI., be died in exile at Magdeburg; but little could be have deemed in last and sorow stricken days that his grandson would, ere three generations had expired, be elected Chief Magistrate of a republic the pulsan e and durability of which had been the dream of his long and useful life. As little could he have reckoned that the Liyaco, where for the last time he had seen and conferred with Napoleon, would be the mansion assigned as a official residence to his descendant.

When, however, the chronicle of this chameleon-like structure is considered tonishment at its changes of occupants is over once by a conviction that there is scarcely anything in the way of mutability that is not possible in that edicion of many musters.

Early in the eighteenth century the Regent Orients begged from the bary Louis XV, a vest tract of land abuiling on the Changs blysees, and this property he presented to his triend hierary do la Tour d'Auvergne, Count of Evreus, who proceeded to build on the site that which was called at the period 'a delicious residence."

So delicious, indeed, was the mansion found to be that it was coveted by Mad-ame de l'empadour, who inhabited it for some years. Here she took lessons in painting and cagraving from the impous Poucher, and in her studio at the Elysco she executed a number of eichings in copper, almost as delicious as the house urounded by smiling gardens in which

VOLUME XXII. or but scalawage do otherwise .nawag-life is too short. PISO'S CURE FOR' ONSUMPTION believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. Downell, or Enquirer, Eden-N. C., April 28, 1887. The BEST Cough Medine is Piso's Cure For onsumption. Children ke it without objection. By all druggists. 25c. Absolutely Pure. CONSUMPTION FOUTZ'S ORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS