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EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

NUMBER 40.

PISO'S CURE FOR N COURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cough Syrup, Tastes good, Use CONSUMPTION believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. Dowell, Editor Enquirer, Eden-ton, N. C., April 23, 1887. The BEST Cough Medidne is Piso's Cure For CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists, 25c. PISO'S CURE FOR SUBJECT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE CONSUMPTION &

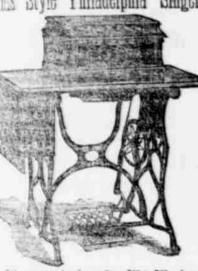
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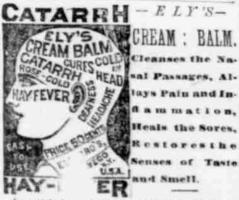
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CURE

they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end hore, and hose who once try them will find

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small

and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 20 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Long-Standing Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. This medicine is an Alterative, and auses a radical change in the system.

The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with ersistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials: -"For two years I suffered from a se-

vere pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, was greatly believed to bottles I was com-pletely cured." — John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbunele broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results. Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."-Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly

Springs, Texas. "I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my broth-er and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Saraaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City. "Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomich and liver increased my troubles. I

began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely - Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1 ; siz bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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CURE FOR For Nick Stomach,
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Costiveness, CONSTIPATION, TATTANT'S Effervencent Seltzer Aperient. It is certain in its effect

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Sept. 14, 1888, Jun. Rochester, N. Y.

YOU CAN FIND THIS REMINGTON BROS.

IRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE.

"BON GARCON."

There is a little corner in Southern Italy where Aready still lingers. Once I was in the habit of spending every spring there, but I shall never go again. Yet it is to me the most beautiful place in the

hill winding up, up, up the long white high road, which is like a shelf along the edge of the cliff. High above one's head hangs the mountain, leaning forward stark and grim, be-

One lands at the Marina and climbs the

low the wall of the road the ground fails sheer away to the sea. One sees nothing but the great shining plain and the threat-Round and round curves the road between those two silent watching enemics, till suddenly, without warning, one

reaches the plateau and comes out in a land of desire. It is only to climb a wall and then to walk onward without let or hindrance through the wheat fields under the clives, where the young green wheat blades are like swords for keenness, and their color strikes on the soul like a song too sweet

for words, and yet brave withal. And below the wheat on the lower terraces are the beanfields, sweat and heavy, where a man may lie full length on the short grass of the thread-like path, feel nothing but the warm odors, the little winds over the blossoms, be conscious of nothing but the glory of the wheat, the flickering shades of the gnarled olives in the afternoon light, and if he lies still enough the sound of the nightingale learning its song.

And yet he may be sick at heart! As I who lay there the livelong Aprilday, neither reading nor thinking, nor grateful to God for His wind and His beanfields, but with my fingers in my ears to that out the sound of the nightingale who sang loud, so loud!

For, instead of the young spring tide, I saw nothing but a woman, standing as first I saw her, dressed to white from hend to foot, with bare arms and shoulders, a wreath of brown winter ivy round her golden head and a great garland of it on her gown.

There she stood and looked me in the eyes, with a straight grave glance. Not the look she gave men as a rule, I found that out soon enough, for if ever there was a woman coquette, sedujaante (my English is not good at best, it leaves me always when I talk of her), it was she -Suzon.

I used to watch her often as she talked to men with that quick grace she had. and being used to analyzing faces-it is my profession for that matter, I who am a doctor-I saw that she, whom most women hated for her lovers, whom most men adored and thought a soft warm plaything, une, vraie femme, was in reality as cold as a stone image. It was a very pretty play which went

on around her, with often a change in the leane premier, but she did not act in it herself. She piped carelessly and all her court danced, but she grew neither warm nor weary.

I am not very sure how I came to be so friendly with her; I think she began I would not have presumed. But we fell into a way of walking over he hills together and sitting on the cliffs in the noon days, looking out over a sea like the glory of God for light and color, talking of many things sometimes, sometimes quite ellent, lying in the sun; I with my hat over my eyes, drinking in the scents of the spring air, just seeing

the splender of a bush of rellow broom standing out against a violet sea; she with her head flung back on the short dry grasses, often enough a cigarette in her mouth. As the days went by we grew quietly nearer one another, insensibly, till one morning I asked her something.

The fact was, all the place was ringing with her doings. The men with whom she had amused berself for a time, not all being gentlemen, handled her name in the cafes without too much courtesy. And the women had always hated her for her beauty, her tollets, her artistic reputation; young as she was, she had had a mention at the Salon. So I asked her if it really amused her

sufficiently to be worth the price. She shook her head. When she was not painting she grew horribly ennuyee; she must do some-

thing. And then it was not all her fault she said. "It is to a great extent," I told her You lead men on horribly (not me-ce n'est pas la peine-but most mon). As soon as they make love to you they disgust you, repel you; you fling them over none too gently, and, well-enfin, they

talk." She nodded. I fancy she knew quite well what sort of reputation she had. But presently she said with amusement: "So you do not care about me-you?" "I like you so much that I do not like them to speak of you as they do. You are always bon garcon to me," I cried, turning sharply on her; "why cannot you

translate it literally and be a 'good boy' always? Drop your coquetry, take life frankly; you would do better." She did not answer.

The sun was hot, she began to look tired and said she had work to do, she must go home. I thought she did not like what I had said. But I walked to her villa with her, and as I stood in the loggia and bade her good bye, she put her hand into mine. And something prompting me, I said

very low: "Be a good hoy!" She looked me in the face. "I will," she said, as though she were making a vow. And she did, I know, for I never again saw in her that light manner which I had

nlways disliked; I never heard her talking to men as I had heard her often enough. And we were rather more together than ever. She would not let me treat her as a woman; indeed, she was the only woman I ever knew who was, a fond, bon gar

con-who knew the meaning of camaraderie. But my relation to her was getting all pose, and I knew it. "Mon camarade, mon bean garcon, mon his elegant phar-tical preparation, called her "Ma rose blonde, ma cherie." I made up my mind to go away; it was all I could do. She knew nothing about my wife, and of course I knew I must tell

So one very windy unpleasant day, as we were sitting in a little sheltered cove" the shore, I "screwed my courage to esticking place" and told her I must go to Rome. -. -I had had a very tiresome letter and was out of ture, like the day, and I did

not sav it n'esly. at me where she sat, close against the eternal rock, the glorious strong seacrashing and foaming at her very feet. I threw a stone into the water and waited to see where it fell. Then I said quite stendily:

Because there is no use in my stay-Certainly not; since you are well enough to go back to your work," she as-

sented (for I go to my Arcady because I do not sleep in Rome). Yet I knew she

had understood me. She threw a stone into the incoming wave in her turn, then she spoke slowly and carefully: "Are you going back to your wife?" she

"Who told you?" said I, not having voice "The princess, I think. The morning you came into the studio and she was there."

I seldom entered Suzon's house. One morning I had gone to ask her about photographing a picture. I remembered, and Princess Mathilde was there. "What did she say?" I asked.

"Precisely? She said what a very handsome man you were, and what a sad story VOORS WAS "Ah!" I said stupidly. "Where is your wife?" Suzon spoke

with careful civility. " I suppose you will join her in Rome?" "My wife, mademoiselle, is or rather was, in a maison de sante. She suffers from incurable homicidal mania." "I beg your pardon:" said my comrado softly, and held out her hand to me.

I took it as it was offered and let it go She did not ask me any more, nor did I tell her. Of what use was it to say that three times had that woman tried to murder me when crazed by drink, till her own people had had her shut up? Or why should I say to my bon garcon that I had only that day received a letter from the doctor at the asylum telling me that my wife had escaped, and he did not know where she was; could I tell him of any haunt in which she was likely to be

I saw no sense in telling all this to Suzon. When a man at the age of 23 marries a woman thirteen years older, and finds out soon after, that besides being addicted to drinking, she is of unsound mind and makes pleasing attempts to murder him, she and her doings are not a aubject on which he is likely to dwell. So I held my tongue.

I never thought she could find me out in my pleasant land, though she had been there once with me long ago. I never thought that in her mad hatred she would remember how I invariably spent the spring months there after my winter's But I fancied I should find her in

"What are you going to do!" I asked "Work," she said quietly.

She never spoke of it, but I knew sho painted for her bread, and that she had no idea of saving money but lived from hand to mouth So I was anxious about ber. I could not trust myself to think about it. I would keep an courant with her doings; that was all I could do for her, though I knew she was horribly poor, and the life of a beautiful woman in Paris is not easy in that case. "We will have one more walk before !

go," I said to Suzon, and she said "Yes." So the next day we walked up the terraced high road, up and up till we reached the clives and the wheat, and then the beanfields, and, wandering on at our own sweet will, were happy and innocent, God knows. We sat down at last on the long grass

at the edge of the cliff overhauging the sea, where a little wind came up to us. We did not speak of its being our last day; we talked as usual, comrade to comrade, while a nightingale somewhere about kept trying his voice in broken ecstacies. It was like heaven.

I lay on the grass; Suzon, not far off. read Leopardi aloud. Why she chose that philosophie de desespoir, she who had still la joie de vivre, I do not know. But presently I ceased to hear her voice. I do not sleep at night, and, like all people who have insomnia, am utterly

unable sometimes to keep from falling into a deep sleep, especially in the open And so I did that day. And while I slept that woman must have been creeping on to us. For I started, dazed, from my sleep to see Su-

zon struggling in the grasp of a mad woman on the very verge of the cliff! Of course I knew who it was. I was on my feet like a flash, but not in time; for before I could reach her I saw my comrade flung out over that awful beight! And then two men who had been working is the fields camerunning and caught my wife. I did not wait to hear them tell how they had seen her creep up to me not

seeing I was not alone, how, just as she held the knife at my back, Suzon had leaped like a cut and caught it from her hand, and how that she devil had turned All that I heard afterward. Now I ran down that zigzag path to the shore and kneit by my little comrade! I thought she was dead for nearly every bone in her body was broken and her eyes

were closed in stuper. I proped for her heart with my hand (I who had never touchod her). She was alive, for I felt it stir, and then she opened her eyes and looked at me.
She knew me, but she did not, I think, remember where she was or sappened. The poor lips tried to speak

"Try again, my darling, ma cherie;" and failed. cried. "Tell me, are you in pain?"
Though I did not think she was, for her back was broken. "Say it again," she whispered.

"What?" I wondered. In despair I called her by every name I had for her and had never used except to my own "Ma cherie, ma rose blonde, mon What you said-I was always-to you!" she gasped fretfully.
"Mon camarade, mon bon garcon," I said, hardly able to get out the words.

"Bon gar—" the murmur died in her throat and her eyes closed. Prescutly I could no longer feel her heart. And when I knew she was dead I took her in my arms and carried her up to the little platean, full of wondering peasants where the gendarmes were taking away my wife. But I did not see them; I went straight to her house, even to that cham-ber where I had never thought to enter, and laid her on her bed

not her lover. It is two years since then.

My wife is shut up once more, safely watched now that it does not matter. I am at my work. Sometimes I am so tired that I can hardly undress at night, too tired to sleep.
But this spring I longed so for my old downward in the beanfields, and if lifted my head I could not see the young wheat

I never kissed her. I was her comrade,

A Strange Phenomenon. There is a strange phenomenon con-nected with the Upper Rei, say 500 miles below the source. A correspondent says that whilst he was .lving with a steamboat for weeks awaiting rain and a rise, he saw the river come up twenty feet or more in one night. The phenomenon may be accounted fer in this way:
The sources of the Red river are in the
Liana i stacado of New Mexico, and the rains failing upon these great plains pour down into the head waters of the river, and the water comes rushing down many hundred miles, where there has been no rains for weeks, and thus result in the unlooked for swell in the water.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

ner in which one of them was worked and the reader.

large city in Pennsylvania stood a large farmhouse. There had been a murder committed there, and whiskey had played havoc with an heir, and the house had stood vacant for three years before I saw t. The farm had passed into the hands of a New Yorker on a mortgage, and he

seemed to have forgotten all about it. Naturally the cry of "haunted horse" was raised, and presently you could not have bired a neighbor to enter the house in the daytime. There were people living within a quarter of a mile of the place, and by and-by they began to tell

some queer stories. On two occasions parties of three or four went out from the city to stop in the house all night, but in each instance they were driven away by strange noises be-

I lived in a town forty miles from the baunted house, and consequently heard nothing of it. I had a case against an absconding treasurer. He had the funds of a large

got away with \$3,000 belonging to it. He furthermore borrowed about \$2,000 of his friends, and got \$800 on a forged draft. This occurred in a town about thirty miles from the haunted house. The defaulter had bought a railroad ticket for Chicago, and left behind him, as if by accident, a parcel addressed to a

he under another name, and that he had gone to Chicago as fast as steam could carry him, but I reasoned just the op-He had gone without his trunk or clothing, but when I same to overhaul his things his landledy figured out that two clean shirts, several collars, a stout

who died months before. There were three highways leading out

He walked all that night, with only two brief halts before midnight to inquire about roads; but once on his trail I soon picked up plenty of pointers. The absconder's name was Kelly, and

weeks ahead, and he followed out a regular programme. He left town dressed as a laborer, and carrying a value. He had a light felt hat, a black felt hat and a cap, and about once in ten miles he exchanged his head-

provided himself with a goatee and side I thus heard of him once as a smoothfaced young man wearing a cap and having one arm in a sling; next as a young-

I confess that I was badly puzzled and about to despair, when I came to a farmhouse where he had stopped for dinner. He was then smooth-faced and were a cap, and claimed to be an agent for a windmill company whose rights had been infringed on and who were taking steps to

collect royalty. When Kelly entered the kitchen for dinner a hired boy of color, who was not permitted to eat with the family, was left in the sitting room. His curlosity regarding the centents of the value was aroused, and he picked the lock and overhauled them.

on my errand I soon discovered that he had a secret. The sight of a silver piece loosed his tongue, and he told me of the hats and false whiskers. After that I had no trouble in follow-

assumed. town he left to the city with the haunted half circle to come back again. One or two nights he slept in barns, and so I lost track of him for a few hours. On one occasion his feet became sore and he lay by at a tavern for two days, and then I

actually got ahead of him. While the towns were only thirty miles apart, Kelly traveled all of 100 miles in making the distance, and was twelve days about it. I followed him mile by mile, and owing to a severe storm was thirteen

I overheard the following conversation in

"What did they see or hear?" various other noises." , "Well, it's funny." "Yes."

its fame was widespread, and the fact of a new ghost showing up just at this time made me suspicious. by a local detective, I visited the place. It was a rambling big farmhouse, situated twenty rods from the highway, and the ground around was grown up to weeds and bushes. All the windows were

We entered by a rear door and found the "oor rotting away and the plastering cr...nbling off. We pushed on to the sitt.ag room, where the young men had stationed themselves the night before, and here found some blocks of wood to sit down on.

There was a doorway leading into the front hall, but the door was gone. There was partly open. the door to and fro, and knew from the

of us had a lantern and inspected for him-At one corner of the cellar I found an old oyster can in a queer position. It seemed to be sticking to the floor above,

but after a close examination, without however, touching it with my hands, I made up my mind that it was held up there by a cord.

I said nothing to my companion about

this, nor about another discovery made

At one spot, where the plaster was off

from base to ceiling, I caught sight of a

wire behind the laths. This led up and

down, and the lower end was probably

We did not go upstairs. The front

stairs had never been finished, and the

back ones were so dilapidated that we

hesitated to trust them with our weight.

By eleven o'clock we had taken our seats

in the sitting room, eyes and ears alert

lanterns in a corner, and as we watched

and waited the room was in semi-dark

heard faint notes of music, and the sounds

satisfied that the sounds came from a

jewsharp. My companion whispered that

two female voices were singing, whiles

The music had scarcely died away when

the parlor door opened as noiselessly as-

I was perfectly satisfied that it was the

work of human hands, but I was startled.

I had not told the detective that I expect-

ed to find Kelly in the house. I had

simply said that I expected to make an

When the door swung open the man

"Great heavens! Let us be gone!"

I put my hand on his arm and waited

for the next move. In about a minute

we heard a tunk! tunk! tunk! on the cel-

lar stairs. I knew that the sound was

made by the oyster can being lowered a

few inches from the floor and drawn up

again by the string, but my companion

rose to his feet, wheeled half around and

"Look out for yourself! The cussed

"Keep still-listen!" I replied, and

ed. Then the park

when the can had "tunked" one for each

As I have told you I was dead sure

that all these things were caused by

buman agency, and yet I felt a creeping

of my flesh, and my forehead was damp

with perspiration. The detective with

me was as brave a man as ever took up a

trail, but such was the effect upon him

that his face was as white as snow, his

teeth chattered, and he clutched me and

"If we stay here another minute we are

I sat down and drew him beside me, and

and from the front hall came groans and

sighs and dull sounds of a struggle. I

knew that the wire I had seen was being

worked behind the laths, but my com-

He seized both lanterns and started

out, and I had to go along or he left in

the dark. When clear of the house he

made a run for the highway, and I found

bim on the farther side of it when I came:

stories, and whoever was hiding there

was likely to be in the garret. It was

also likely that this garret was reached

from the second story by a ladder. If the

If I got a sound of men and surrounded

the house, the occupant might get off by some unknown way, or find a hiding place unknown to us. If we failed to find

anyone the whole city would hold us up

There was no window in the garret at the back end of the bouse. It was hardly

daylight before I approached from that direction, entered the place with great

caution, and hid myself away beneath the kitchen stairs. I expected the occupent of the garret would come down before noon, but he did not show up.

It was a dark and gloomy day in the fall, with frequent rain squalls, and about two o'clock in the afternoon I

some notes several times over. Pretty

soon I heard a slight movement over-head. Then I took a fiddle string, made

one end fast to a nail, and when I had bauled taut I picked the string with my

thumb nail. I sent forth complaining sounds, and added a few sighs and

The sounds above me became plainer,

and I know that someone was listening at

I gave him a few more notes, scratched on the wall and floor, and in a few minutes a ladder was thrust down from

the scuttle. A few deep drawn groans on my part brought a man down the ladder,

and as he reached the foot of it I collared

It was Kelly. He who had played ghost

He screamed right out at sight of me.

and he did not get his nerve back until I had him outdoors. He fully believed

had him outdoors. He fully believed for the time that a spirit made the

The case was as I had figured. He had

planned to come to the house, and he in-tended to remain there several weeks.

He had affixed cords to the top of the

parlor door to swing it, and had arranged for all the sounds we had heard.

If I felt elated he felt very sheepish as

an offset, and when sentenced to two years in State Prison for his crime he said

was outwitted and bamboozied. Why, man, I had that whole plan in my head for months, and I'd have bet a hundred

to one that I'd get safe off. Just think

what a fool I was to take up quarters in a haunted house and then let some one

The Wrong Man Called.

"I'll take your caramels and gum drops,

Mr. Peduncle," said Willie, candidly, as

he pocketed the confectionery given to

him by the young man, "but I'll tell you

right now that Irene isn't at home and

isn't going to be, either, unless Mr. Han-

kinson comes. She told the girl so her

self five minutes ago. I heard her."

play the ghost on me!"

Chicago Tribune.

"It isn't that I was caught, but that I

the scuttle.

"What's the matter?" I asked. -

pleadingly exclaimed: & ::

both dead men!"

panion could stand no more.

the money in the State!"

tle would receive a rap.

tricks.

morning.

thing is coming up out of the cellar!"

door slowly and silently swung to.

started up in alarm and whispered;

guitar played an accompaniment.

the swing of a coffin lid.

important discovery.

whispered:

ness and the house as still as death.

in the front hall.

attached to some object.

and ready for any emergency.

During the first three years of my career as a detective I had some singular jobs given me to work on, and the manthe developments of the case may interest

About three miles outside the limits of

fore midnight.

and prosperous lodge in his hands, and

party in the Garden City. It ought to have been reasoned that this party was

pair of boots and an old suit of elothes were missing from the house. The boots and old suit had belonged to a boarder

of the town. I worked two of them without success. On the third I soon found a farmer who had seen a foot traveler resembling my men pass on the evening he had absconded. Five miles farther on I became positive of his iden-

he was a keen, sbrewd fellow. He had planned the embezzlement and escape

great. He was a smooth-faced man, but had

ish man with a goatee and a black hat; again as a full-whiskered man with a light hat.

He was careful not to say anything of this to the family, but when I came along

ing Kelly, no matter which disguise he There was a direct highway from the house, but he did not keep it. He would branch off here and there and make a

I traced him into the suburbs of the city and there lost him, and though I had the help of three or four local officers, we could get no further trace of him. At length we heard of a person a hundred miles away who bore Kelly's description, and I was about to start after him when

a restaurant: "So the boys that went to the haunted house got a scare?" "An awful scare. I guess a new ghost has taken possession.'

"Saw doors open and heard groans and It may seem strange to you that I at once decided that I had located Kelly again. It was quite probable that he had known of the haunted house for years, as

That night at ten o'clock, accompanied broken and some of the doors stood open, and a more gloomy place I never

was a doorway to the parlor, and the door As we looked into the parlor I swing movement that the hinges had been freshly oiled. When we came to inspect the cellar we

found little but cobwebs and dust. Each The Difference a Financial One. The difference between a veterinary surgeon and a horse doctor is not palpable to some people, but it becomes sain when the veterinary surgeon semis in his bill. - Boston Journal of Education,

STORY OF A NUGGET. f.vine enucly on an ebon-hued velvet enshion in the cabinet which occupies an alcove in the library of one of the most elegantly appointed and substantial mansions of San Francisco, there is a memento of the California of forty years ago-a silent remainder of days when the yellow idol, whose shripe was in the old river

of the then new land, counted his fiercely eager devotees by the thousand. Several days ago business matters called a reporter to the residence in question and necessitated a lengthy interview with the genial gentleman whose home

beds and among the rocky mountain sides

There was no lock or catch on the door opening into the parlor, but it was shut. The reporter had risen to go when his The two windows looking out of the room eyes chanced to catch a duil, yellow gleam had been boarded up. We placed our from a glass-covered case close at hand. Another glance disclosed as the object which had attracted attention, a solid, massive nugget that bore every appear-It must have been near midnight when ance of being virgin gold, and that certhe performance opened. We suddenly tainly must have weighed enough to make its value seem a small fortune to lasted for two or three minutes. I was the average man.

Considering that people, even weafthy ones, do not, as a general rule select such articles for bric-a-brac ornaments, curiosity was pardonable, and the reporter asked, with a quasi-apology for his in-

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. why and how you choose that monster nugget for the place of honor in your cabinet ?" The response to the interrogatory was

delayed for a moment, as the nugget's possessor mused in silence. "Well, it is not a story that I often tell, because it makes me live over again the days that were often too bitter to make pleasant recollections, but I'll waive my scruples this time, young man, and tell you a little piece out of my life that that lump of gold was connected with. Sit down again and take a cigar, and I'll sattisfy your enriosity. Only I want it understood that if you make a yarn out of this (as you probably will) you call nonames.

The condition imposed was not obnexions, and the reporter's ascent to it was willingly accorded Mr. -, who is, by the way, one of Sau isco's oldest and best known resi dents, a genuine pioneer, now rich,

respected and honored, settled himself for a comfortable talk, and thus began: "You most likely know what a motley crew it was that swarmed into California in the 'good old times,' as they called them. We were the representatives of nearly every grade and condition of society. Scions of the bluest blood aristocracy rubbed shoulders with gamblers and thieves from the slums; white handed professional men, doctors, lawvers and elergymen swung their picks and rocked their cradles in the same claim with as I did so the parlor door opened again, burly roughs who couldn't read nex

> nicely brought up, was fairly well educated, and was used to better pickings; but a roving strain in my blood, and a paternal purse that refused, from necessity, to respond any longer to my sometimes heavy demands, were responsible for my coming out here. "Passing over the first few months, in which I learned what fare and monte

were, at an expense that left me absolute-

ly without a cent in the world, I'll be-

"I was a healthy young chap; had been

write.

"Good God, man, but my nerves are all gone!" he gasped. "I wouldn't stop in gin with the time when I drifted somethat house another five minutes for all how up to Carter's Bend, on the north fork of Feather River. I was satisfied that all the noises had When I walked into the place I was been made by human agency. Some one had taken possession of the house, and I the dustiest-looking out-at-elbows tramp that ever trudged a California roadhad a feeling that it was Kelly. It dead broke, not enough dust to buy a short drink, no tools to work with, and was just in line with his other sharp desperately hungry. But the boys were I did not tell my companion what I too open-hearted in those days to let a suspected nor what I intended to do, poor fellow starve, and I was as happy as a king that night after I'd stuffed myself but I had all my plans laid before with fried bacon and pancakes, and had The old house was two and a half rolled myself up in an old army blanket

in the corner of a good-natured miner's "Next day the boys 'chipped in' and gave me enough of an outfit to make work possible. The diggings were new, person was Kelly or any other sharp fellow, the ladder would be drawn up, or and I had no difficulty in getting a claim anyone showing his head above the scutthat at least paid for my daily necessities.

"Two or three weeks later I struck it rich and took enough out the first day to make me begin to think of home and a big bank account some day soon. I was only a youngster, and had worked myself sick already, and I was fool enough to tell all over camp about my good luck. Early the next morning I started for my hole and found it had been 'jumped.' "The two roughs who were profiting by my find were not disposed to be at all gracions, and, in a word, I was soon lying

on the ground, with my head split open with a blow from a pick handle. "When I came to my senses I was in the crept up stairs in my stocking feet, entered a room near where the garret scuttle was located, and began playing the ghost for some one clas's benefit.

I had brought along a mouth organ, and I sounded and hung on to a few lonecablu of a queer old fellow who had been more than commonly civil to me before. "The effects of the thrashing I had received, and my previously weakened and exhausted condition, left me an easy prey to the fever that followed. For three weary months Jim (Jim Willis was my benefactor's name) rursed me as though I were his own child. He even fed me with his own hand, and when I was at the worst, for days and days he left his work untouched and sat by me, bathing my

poor aching head. "Twice he rode seventy miles over the mountains, and out of his scanty savings paid for a doctor to bring me the medicine that pulled me safely through the

crisis of the disease. "Was it at all strange that I grew to ook upon Jim as my best friend in the world, or that I loved him-yes, loved him-better than anybody or anything on earth? Why, I often thought that I would have died, and died gladly, for Jim. God bless the dear old fellow's memory! There never breathed a truer or a nobler gentleman than Jim. "Finally, when I got to be strong enough to do something for myself, Jim came to me and said: _ ""Walter, my boy, we're on our last legs about. The claim's cleaned out, and

there's not a half dozen ounces in tho sand ! "To make a long story short, we were relocated a few days later in a place some twenty or twenty-five miles distant, Our luck was almost phenomenal. Every night the buckskin sack in which wo stored our treasure was made considerably heavier. This went on until we were both sure of realizing our utmost bopes

of fortune. "One morning, the first thing after I jumped into the hole, I turned up a nucget, a bowlder of pure gold that fairly took my breath away. "I just knelt down and bissed its vel-

low sides and cried over it and acted like erazy man. When Jim saw it he, too, it was such a big one. We didn't work any more that day, but laid out under the trees with the nugget safe between us, planning what we were going to do with our wealth.

"Some way or another, however, the nugget had brought over me a queer feeling of distrust of everybody around me. I fancied that every one in camp wanted

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been struck dead for that), lest he should make away with the treasure. "That night I was wakeful, knowing that the whole camp was aware of our great lock, and fearful that some of the more lawless crowd might attempt a robbery during the darkness. "Some time along in the morning . awoke with the cold perspiration oozing

even watched old Jim (I ought to mave

knew, that something was wrong. reached over to where Jim slept, and found his blankets-empty, next to where the treasure was buried. My bands could hardly perform their office as I toro up the earth. It was gone,
"I rushed out into the faint moonlight, Not a soul was in sight. I hurried back, got a revolver, slipped on boots and

from every pore. I felt, rather than

trousers and ran toward the nearest cabin, intending to give the alarm, but just as I passed a little thicket I saw Jim kneefing over what I knew instinctively was the stolen gold. "Slipping softly up over the grass carpeted ground, I distched my beavy re-

volver by the barrel and raised it to strike. "At that instant, and as the blow, aimed with all my excended, descended, there was a rush behind me, amonth, a

shot, and I knew no more: "When I awoke Jim's lifeless body was lying near rae covered with a rough blanket. A group of stern-fixed miners stood about me, and as I arose I was seized and pinioned. "When I collected my scattered with

enough to ask what it all meant, the

answer was merely to point to the pistol

still grasped in my hand and to the nelv wound that showed where a heavy blow had crushed in Jam's head. "Suffice it to say that the peculiar circumstances of the affair were such as to make my guilt doubtful, and that I found no difficulty in burrowing my way out of the shanty where I was confined over night. For days and weeks, I suppose, I roamed the hills, living on wild berries and sleeping in the underbrush.

until I was fairly tosane with grief and

privation.

"I had killed Jim the man who had given me my life, the man to whom I had owed more than I ever could have tendld. Was his robbing meany justification of the crime? No. I would gladly have given him ten timewas much if I could have brought him back to life. "I think it must have been six months or more afterward that I went back to the scene of my crime. I had gone back to

again, but it was no use. Nightly I lived. over again the horrors of that one night, and woke trembling so that my teeth fairly chattered. So I went back. "It was evening when I reached the place and walked into the saloon where everybody used to congregate after the day's work was done.

"When I told who I was and said that

I was ready to be punished as might

San Francisco and tried to start byer

seem most fitting, there was a silence of a minute or two, and then some one stepped up beside me, and looking curiously into my face, burst into a loud guffaw, and ".Why, you darn fool, the chap who killed old Jim Willis was found must day layin'in the bushes, not a rod from where

be did it, with his head cut open. He only lived long enough to say that he done it.

"And it was true.
"I had not killed Jim; I wasn't a murderer, after all. "The way of it was this: Jim had cone out quietly through the night, and during his absence the real thief had stolen into the cabin, dug up the gold and the nugget and stolen away with them. Jim had met him and been killed in the struggle, and it was his murderer whom I struck and fatally wounded. An ac-

complice, who had been on the watch, had tumbled me over. "So that's why I hunted up the nugget, and I have kept it, as you see. The story is queer, perhaps, but it has the merit of being absolutely true, every word of it."

MAKING SARATOGA CHIPS The Way in Which These Delicions Dainties Are Produced. The process of manufacture is a very simple one, the only machinery used, if

such simple tools can be called machinery

consists of a parer and a slicer.

be carefully cut out.

The former is composed of a round piece of tin, one end of which serves as a handle, while the other contains a knife so set that it will cut only a thin paring. The latter consists of a knife set in a wheel shaped contrivance, which, on being turned by a crank, cuts the potato into slices of the requisite thickness. Only the best of potatoes can be used, and even then there is great waste, as all "specks" and other imperfections must

several hours, being stirred occasionally. This for the purpose of removing the starch, which, if allowed to remain, would cause the chips to become sour. The slices are then ready for boiling. A large kettle, set in a brick arch, in which a natural gas fire is burning, is kept nearly full of hot lard. Enough of the slices are placed in the kettle to cover the surface, when they are boiled until they become crisp and

After the potatoes are sliced, they are

placed in water and allowed to remain

kled with salt, and placed in a sieve to After cooling, the chips are ready for packing. They are put up in stout paper boxes, one-half pound in each box, and retailed for fifteen cents per package .- Pittsburg

brown. They are then ladled out, sprin-

Dispatch.

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